

Stories of China and India

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Stories of China and India

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Stories of China and India

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The Adventures of Marco Polo

The Great Traveler

Edited by

Edward Atherton

Author's Preface

Books of travel find a place in the series of Home Reading Books, and there is no book of the sort that so well deserves it as the Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and the Marvels of the East. He left Venice in the year 1271 as a lad of seventeen years, and returned to his old home twenty-six years later.

In the meantime he had traversed the provinces of Persia and the nearer East, crossed the high steppes of the Pamir region and the whole length of China, and resided at the Court of the Grand Khan of Tartary for many years as one of his trusted officers. For a part of the time he was the governor of a great Chinese city, and he was often entrusted by the Khan with important missions to distant parts of the empire and to foreign countries.

By a lucky chance, as he himself styles it, he was permitted by the Khan to return to Venice, where he lived the life of a merchant prince, willing to converse about his extraordinary adventures, but with no thought of writing them out for future generations to delight in.

By a chance still more fortunate for us, whatever he may have thought of it, he was imprisoned for about a year at Genoa in the company of a professed man of letters. Here he dictated a long account of his travels in the kingdoms of the East, and of the marvels that he had seen there.

His book is of the first importance to historical geographers. It is of the highest interest also as a human document. It is, moreover, one of the great story-books of the world. It not only throws a flood of light upon the state of southern Europe in his time, thus supplementing Froissart's account of northern Europe a century later, but it opens the East, till then unknown.

The amazing conquests of the Mongols under Jenghiz Khan and his successors brought the East, from the steppes of Russia to the Pacific, under a single dynasty. Whoever had a tablet of authority from the Grand Khan could travel unmolested from the Oxus to the Hoang-Ho. Marco Polo lived at precisely the right time. Not long after his death the further East became closed to Europeans. The Moslems succeeded the Mongols as rulers in Central Asia, and they stopped the road to China like a wall. No European could pass. It was not until the sixteenth century that China was rediscovered, so to say.

Marco was a merchant — and so he tells us of trade; he was a soldier — and he tells us of the wars of the Tartars; he was a court-official — and thus we have an accurate account of the government; he was, for three years, the governor of a great city — and we have, from him, a picture of the Chinese people in their homes; he was the trusted ambassador of the Emperor to foreign parts, and he has described many provinces of the remote East from personal experience; others he describes from hearsay. Many names, now familiar — the Pamir, Madagascar, and so forth — appear in his book for the first time.

This resolute, intelligent, and sober-minded man spent the best years of his life under absolutely unique conditions. He

returned to Europe, and has left an account of his adventures. The present volume is designed to open his book to American children. The story is generally told in Marco's own words (using Colonel Yule's scholarly text and notes), though changes in diction have been introduced whenever it was necessary to make his meaning clearer. When he has treated the same subject in different chapters, his paragraphs have often been brought together in this volume. Extended comment is made where it may be useful. The modern equivalents of Marco Polo's proper names are always given, as it has seemed unadvisable to burden a child's memory with archaic terms. A few of the ancient names are given along with the modern in cases where they have some modern currency. Marco's errors as to dates, places, are corrected so far as is possible. Little stress has been laid on the merely curious features of his story. It is, however, hoped that a long acquaintance with the narratives of early voyagers, and a lively sympathy with the spirit of the great traveler, has enabled the writer to present all the essential features of this great book.

E. A.

The Adventures of Marco Polo

Chapter 1

Introductory

More than six hundred years ago a lad of seventeen years old started from Venice, on the Adriatic Sea, to make a journey across the whole breadth of Asia to Peking, the capital of China. Asia was then a nearly unknown country, and this journey of Marco Polo's is the most famous in history. Years afterward one of his friends wrote down his adventures, and the present volume tells them over again — some of them — for young people.

Marco Polo left Venice in the year 1271 with his father, Nicolo Polo, and his uncle, Maffeo Polo, bound for Peking, which is more than five thousand miles, in a straight line, from Venice. By the roads they traveled it was at least three times as far. They were more than three years on their journey.

Nearly every step of their way was full of danger. On the sea they traveled in frail sailing vessels, with no compass to guide them — for the compass was then unknown in Europe. By day they coasted along from headland to headland, keeping as close to the land as they dared. At night they anchored near the shore when they could find a sheltered bay, or else steered timidly by the stars. Contrary winds delayed them or drove them out of their course. Their vessels were small affairs, not

able to buffet storms. The seas they traversed swarmed with pirates and enemies.

On land they made their journeys on foot, on horseback, on camels, always traveling with caravans for fear of robbers. When they came to a river they crossed it as best they could. Sometimes there were boats at the ferry. Sometimes they had to make rafts for themselves. There were few good roads in those days. The mountain passes were very difficult, and often buried in snow. They crossed vast deserts, where there was little water and no food for man or beast. Very often the people in the villages were hostile, and always there was danger from wandering bands of robbers or of soldiers.

After three years and a half of journeying they at last reached Peking. They had traversed Armenia, visited Bagdad on the Tigris, Hormuz (at the mouth of the Persian Gulf), crossed Persia and Turkestan, climbed the high passes of the Himalaya mountains to the elevated plains of the Pamir region, plodded across the vast desert of Gobi, and so through all China to Peking. Their homecoming, years afterward, was by a still longer route, as you shall hear.

The adventures of an American boy who should make such a journey in 1902 would be well worth telling. Think what strange people and strange countries he would see! But on every ocean he would find stout steamships to take him safely from harbor to harbor. At every seaport he would find an American consul ready to give him any advice and assistance he needed. There would be plenty of provisions in every city put up in a handy way for transportation and use.

For a great part of his land journey he would find good roads leading to large cities where there were hotels and shops, and maybe a telegraph line, possibly a railway. He would have little trouble in hiring horses and servants. Most of the rivers would have bridges, or, at least, good ferry-boats. When he had to cross mountains or deserts, which are nearly as difficult today as long ago, he would at least know beforehand just what difficulties he was going to meet, because other men, who had been there before him, had written down their experiences in books for him to read, if he chose. In very many places he would find someone, usually a merchant, who could speak some words of English. Half the danger, and nearly all the anxiety, of such a journey, has vanished. Even so, the experiences of an American boy would be interesting to read.

Marco Polo's Journey to China

But in Marco Polo's day all was different. Very few Europeans had penetrated these wild and almost unknown regions. The dangers and difficulties were very real. Often his party traveled at the risk of their lives. None of the natives could speak Italian, the language of the Polos, and so young Marco set about learning the languages of the foreigners. In time he learned to speak several languages, and he could write, he tells us, no less than four.

Trade between the East and the West

In those days, six hundred years ago, nearly all of Asia was unknown to most Europeans. But there were certain routes along which traders traveled, bringing the goods of the East to people who lived on the Mediterranean Sea, and exchanging them for western manufactures. The silks and carpets of Persia, for example, had been known in Europe for more than a

thousand years. For very many years the beautiful glass and gold-work of Venice had been sent to the East.

A few European merchants had trading houses in Constantinople, in Bagdad, in Bassorah, and there they sent their wares. Their agents at these places exchanged them with the masters of the caravans who arrived from India, from Persia, even from distant China. Silks came from China, you know; muslin from Mosul; calico from Calicut in India. Our ancestors, before the Crusaders had brought back the spices of the East, used no seasoning for their food except salt. Pepper, cloves, nutmegs, cinnamon, etc., were unknown. Common drugs like camphor and laudanum had to be brought from the Orient. Most jewels came from India, too — diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls. The Crusades (1095-1270) opened the trade between the East and the West, and made the daily life of Europe a new thing.

Christian Missionaries in the East

Then, again, Christian missionaries had spread over a large part of the nearer East. There were bishops and churches in Turkestan as early as the fourth century (A.D. 334). One of the tribes of Turkomans became Christians about A.D. 1000. There were Christians in India, too, from the very earliest times. It is very probable that one of Christ's apostles — Saint Thomas — preached in India.

In one of the great cities of Tartary, in the year 1253, a European monk, De Rubriquis was his name, found Russians, Greeks, Hungarians, and even a Frenchman from Paris and his wife. These were sometimes fugitives from justice, and more often prisoners taken by the Tartars and sent to their cities to

teach the arts of jewelry, weaving, house-building, and so forth. The Tartars usually killed all their prisoners who had no trades; but they spared the artisans and the learned men, and sent them to Samarkand or to Bokhara to help to make the city beautiful, or else to teach in its schools.

You must not, therefore, think of the western part of Asia as entirely untraveled by Europeans in those days. A few, very few, Europeans had wandered into Persia, Tartary, and India. No one that we know of had seen China or Japan. The nearer East had been more or less in touch with Europe for centuries through wars or through commerce. The further East (China, Tibet, Siam, Japan) was unknown. Until just before Marco Polo's time, it was impenetrable, because it had been cut up into many small kingdoms that were usually at war with each other. But Jenghiz Khan, the great conqueror, had overrun all of Asia before his death; and during his lifetime and that of his sons it was a Tartar kingdom. Whoever had a passport from the Tartar emperor could travel anywhere.

The Civilization of the East

The people who lived in the countries of the East were, most of them, civilized in their fashion. The Persians, for instance, were learned, polite, industrious, and in past centuries they had built great and splendid cities.

The people of Hindustan had great buildings, too; poems as fine as Homer's, and plays only second to Shakespeare's. The Chinese were wise, learned, very intelligent, and industrious. They also had great books. They knew how to make gunpowder, to use the mariner's compass, they invented the art of printing books from types, and they could make paper.

When we say that the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, knew such and such things, we mean that these things were known in Persia, in Hindustan, in China, by the wisest men and the upper classes; the mass of the people were poor, ignorant, and oppressed. All the wealth and most of the knowledge were confined to the rich and powerful. It is not easy for an American boy to understand at once; you will have to read to the end of this book to really comprehend it all. Marco Polo himself will tell you. But you have to know something of the circumstances of those times beforehand, in order to read his book with pleasure.

The Civilization of Europe in the Fourteenth Century

Let us begin with European countries and see what they were like; and, first of all, let us take England, about 1354, a hundred years after Marco Polo was born. King Edward III was on the throne, and he and his son Edward, the Black Prince, were fighting France and winning great victories.

England was prosperous, rich, a nation of farmers. The wool that they raised they sent to Flanders (Belgium) to be made into cloth. There was a great difference between a nobleman and a yeoman, but of late years the people and the nobility had been getting closer and closer together. Many of the London merchants were very rich, and they sometimes married their daughters to noblemen.

England had a Parliament of King, Lords, and Commons (that is, common people), and the wealth of the kingdom was controlled by Parliament. The King could not spend money unless the Parliament first voted to give it to him. Best of all, the English knight and the English archer had fought together

in so many battles in France that they had grown to respect and to like each other, as they never would have done if they had stayed peaceably at home.

England was not a learned country then. Few people could read and write. They had only a few books. The first translation of the Bible into English was made in 1382 by Wycliffe. The French, and not the English, language was used in courts of law until 1362. The English language, as we know it, was not born until the time of Chaucer, who fought in these very wars with France and who died in 1400. Some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were founded, but they were really monasteries quite as much as universities.

France was far less prosperous and happy than England. She suffered so many defeats in her wars (Cressy, 1346; Poitiers, 1356) and lost so many provinces that the whole kingdom was poor and the common people starving. It was dangerous to go about in the streets of Paris at night for fear of wolves and robbers. France was no more learned than England, though there had been a university in Paris since the year 1200. The books that were studied there were not written by Frenchmen, but by Greeks (Aristotle), Romans (Seneca), or even by Persians (Avicenna).

The Commerce of the Mediterranean Sea

The cities of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, in Italy, were all powerful and all busily engaged in trading in the Mediterranean Sea, and even in the Black Sea, at this time. They were rivals, and frequently at war with each other. The Popes of Rome were also striving with enemies. In the year 1309 the Pope left Rome, which had been the capital city of Christendom for thirteen centuries and of heathendom for

many centuries before that time, and went to reside at Avignon in France. The Papal Court did not return to Italy till 1377.

The Arabs and Moors in Spain

Spain was a Christian country up to the year 709 A.D., when an army of Saracens (Arabs) landed at Gibraltar with their general, Tarik. The name Gibraltar is a lasting memento of this invasion, for it comes from the Arabic words gebel-al-tar-ik, which means the hill of Tarik, Tarik's hill. The Saracens gradually conquered a great part of Spain, and by and by (A.D. 1091) they invited the Moors from North Africa to come over and help them. They were not finally expelled until 1492, the year when America was discovered by Columbus. Of course all the Saracens and Moors were Mohammedans — believers in the religion taught by Mohammed.

The Civilizations of Asia in the Fourteenth Century

So much, at least, you must know about Europe; and there is still something to be said about Asia before we can let Marco Polo tell his own story in his own words. The prophet Mohammed died in the year 632 A.D., after converting all Arabia to his religion. Under his successors, the Caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad (Caliph means "successor"), the Arabs set out on a wonderful career of conquest, carrying their religion with them and making all their subject-nations conform to it. They conquered Damascus in A.D. 634, Syria and Palestine in 637, Egypt and the south shores of the Mediterranean Sea about 640, Persia in 641, Spain in 711. They ruled in Turkestan, with capitals at Samarkand and Bokhara, and Mohammedan kings governed most of northern India about A.D. 1200.

The Mohammedan Arabs were rude and ignorant when they first invaded these distant Eastern countries; but it was not long before they learned all that their captives had to teach them and became learned, civilized, and luxurious.

Their capital of Bagdad on the Euphrates was one of the most splendid cities of the world. It was full of palaces, fine buildings, mosques (churches), and colleges. Hundreds of learned men frequented the courts of the Caliphs. They wrote books of their own, and they translated all the great books of the Greeks into Arabic. They were astronomers, mathematicians, physicians, geographers, and so forth. You must imagine Arabia and the adjacent countries to be prosperous, rich, peaceful, and to be governed by the Arabian Caliphs and their officers, who were brave, intelligent, religious (in their way), courteous, and refined. This condition of affairs endured up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, and then came a mighty change. These powerful and rich kingdoms were swept away by the hordes of Mongol warriors from the north of Asia.

The Tartars and Mongols

The northern parts of Asia — Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia — and large parts of Russia were inhabited by Tartars and Mongols. A French monk who visited them about 1253 A.D. describes them to the life. "They have no settled habitations; neither know they today where they shall lodge tomorrow. They have all Scythia to themselves, which stretches from the river Danube to the utmost extent of the East. Each of their captains, according to the number of his people, knows the bounds of his pastures and where he ought to feed his cattle, winter and summer, spring and autumn.

Their houses were moved from place to place on immense wagons twenty feet wide, drawn by two-and-twenty oxen in two ranks, eleven in each rank. The axle-trees of the carts are of a huge bigness, like the mast of a ship," says the monk.

Another traveler says: "They are a people of great valor, excellent horsemen, expert with the bow, and used to hardship. If they have food, they eat; and if not, they endure cold and heat, hunger and thirst, better than any people in the world." One of their own kings said of them that they only understood two things — how to eat and how to die. They were horsemen and herdsmen. They despised the life of towns, and thought a farmer was only fit to be a slave. They fed on meat, and jeered at people who eat bread made from wheat — "the top of a weed," they called it.

They were divided into tribes under petty chieftains, and these tribes were perpetually at war with each other, or with the more civilized people near them — Russians, Persians, Chinese, and so forth. They were robbers, and robbers who sometimes came in huge bands; but they were not a nation.

The Conquests of Jenghiz Khan

In the year 1206 one of their petty chiefs — Jenghiz Kahn — proclaimed himself to be the chieftain of all the Mongols, and he was accepted as their king. Then commenced the most astonishing series of wars and conquests. He attacked the more civilized people about him with huge armies, and conquered them one by one. The whole of northern China was overrun by his hordes, and Peking was captured in A.D. 1215. All of Central Asia was subdued in the next few years. He died in 1227, but his sons and grandsons carried on his wars. It is

scarcely an exaggeration to say that "without their leave no dog dared bark from the borders of Poland to the Yellow Sea of China."

Europe's Dread of the Mongols

All Europe was in deadly terror of the Mongols led by Jenghiz, "the Scourge of God." In 1223 he invaded and overran a great part of Russia. In 1241 his sons carried their conquests into Poland and captured Buda-Pesth in Hungary. Here is a curious proof of the universal fear. In the year 1242 the people of England could scarcely sell the herrings they had fished from the sea. And what do you suppose was the reason? The Dutch sailors were kept at home so as to be ready to defend Holland against the Mongols if they should come, and would not come over to England to buy the fish they needed! And so the English sailor could not sell his herrings! Take a map of the world and see how far it is from China to England. The terror of these Mongols spread over the whole earth.

An Arabic verse says of Jenghiz:

> In every direction that he urged his steed
> He raised dust commingled with blood.

"The Mongols came, destroyed, burnt, slaughtered, plundered, and departed," one of the Arab historians said; and the whole history of the conquests of Jenghiz Khan is given in that one sentence. In the year 1219 his armies slew 160,000 men. In 1220 200,000 perished at the siege of the city of Otrar. They completely sacked and burned Bokhara, Samarkand, Balkh, and Khorassan in 1221. In the same year, at Nishapur, all but 400 of its 1,700,000 inhabitants were put to death. At Nessa 70,000 were slain; at Urgeng, 70,000; at Merv, 700,000;

at Herat, 1,600,000. These are the figures given by Arab historians. The sum is four millions and a half! It is certain that millions were slain; how many millions we cannot be sure.

The Mongol Kingdoms

Jenghiz had sons and grandsons, who divided up his conquests between them. One of them (Hulaku) ruled in Persia and Armenia, another (Barka) ruled in Russia, another (Chagatai) in Turkestan, another, of whom Marco Polo will have much to say (Kublai), ruled in China.

Northern China had been captured from the Chinese by the Golden Horde of Tartars a century before the time of Jenghiz. He conquered it from them. Southern China was still Chinese. It was the great work of Kublai Khan to subdue southern China and to make it part of his empire. India was ruled by a Mohammedan sultan at Delhi and by very many less powerful chieftains, both native and foreign.

This is what Marco says about the great conqueror:

Of Jenghiz, and how he became the First Khan of the Tartars

Now it came to pass in the year 1206 that the Tartars made them a King whose name was Jenghiz Khan — that is to say, the Very Mighty Ruler. He was a man of great worth, and of great ability, eloquence, and valor. And as soon as the news that he had been chosen King was spread abroad through those countries, all the Tartars in the world came to him and owned him for their Lord. And right well did he maintain the sovereignty they had given him.

What shall I say? The Tartars gathered to him in astonishing multitude, and when he saw such numbers he

collected a great supply of spears and arrows and such other arms as they used, and set about the conquest of all those regions till he had conquered eight provinces.

When he conquered a province he did no harm to the people or their property, but merely established some of his own men in the country along with a proportion of theirs, while he led the remainder to the conquest of other provinces.

And when those whom he had conquered became aware how well and safely he protected them against all others, and how they suffered no ill at his hands, and saw what a noble prince he was, then they joined him heart and soul and became his devoted followers. And when he had thus gathered such a multitude that they seemed to cover the earth, he began to think of conquering a great part of the world.

The first part of Marco's account is entirely true. Jenghiz Khan was indeed a ruler of great ability, eloquence, and valor. He was the first general who knew how to make the scattered tribes of Tartars and Mongols work together instead of fighting among themselves. But the last two paragraphs are very far from true as they stand. They need explanation. Marco Polo means that when Jenghiz had conquered a province inhabited by Tartar people he did no great harm to them, but enlisted them in his army and led them forth to plunder the more civilized kingdoms round about. This was exactly what the savage Tartars liked. Jenghiz was a leader that they loved to follow, for he was always successful, and gave them endless chances for plunder and spoil. It was after "he began to think of conquering a great part of the world" that he showed what manner of man he was, and you must hear a little of his horrible cruelty.

He treated the Tartars whom he conquered with some kind of justice, but his Christian or Saracen captives he killed outright, by thousands and by tens of thousands — men, women, and children alike. Often he tortured them with cruel tortures — boiling them in huge caldrons, burying them alive, and doing worse things to many.

The artisans (workmen who had trades) and the educated men he spared, and sent them to some of his cities. All the rest he butchered or sold into slavery — ten thousand from one city, a hundred thousand from another, five hundred thousand from another. The cities were plundered, the inhabitants were killed, and then the buildings were set on fire. Jenghiz invaded China in 1213 with four armies, and utterly destroyed more than ninety large cities. It was his boast that a horse could gallop over the places where these cities had been and never stumble. The Mongol armies were immense. A son of Jenghiz had one army of three hundred thousand men on the Caspian Sea, while another of six hundred thousand was harrying China.

This is what happened to the city of Herat. In the time of Jenghiz Khan it was a crowded city, with extensive suburbs and a very large population — several hundreds of thousands of people — some writers say more than a million. It was taken by siege in 1222-'23, and the lives of its inhabitants were spared, though the Tartars plundered their property. The people rose against the garrison that was left there and drove them out, and the Tartars besieged the city once more, and after seven months captured it.

Then the conquerors deliberately proceeded to slay every man, woman, and child in the city. For seven days and nights

the massacre went on, and the Arab historians declare that more than a million people were killed in that one horrible week. The Tartars did not leave the place till they were satisfied that no single inhabitant remained alive.

After their departure some three thousand wretched citizens who had escaped assembled amid the smoking ruins of their city. In a few hours a band of Tartars returned and completed the slaughter, so that all perished save sixteen miserable creatures, who hid themselves in sewers or in the dome of the mosque. Finally, these sixteen were joined by twenty-four others from the villages round about, and for fifteen years these forty persons were the sole survivors of the proudest city of the East, which had counted its children by hundreds of thousands.

It is almost impossible to conceive such terrible calamities. You have to imagine great cities like Boston or Baltimore or St. Louis burnt, plundered, destroyed, and every man, woman, and child within them butchered like beasts. Hide where they might, there would be no escape, no pity, no hope. Jenghiz and his armies were everywhere considered to be a punishment sent by God. Europe and Asia alike trembled before them.

Such awful calamities can never happen again. Modern wars are dreadful and cruel, but they can never be overwhelming disasters like the Tartar invasions. No civilized army would consent to do deeds of horrid cruelty, and the telegraph and steam and a thousand modern inventions suffice to protect the world against any number of barbarians.

How Barbarians become Civilized

Marco Polo's travels began in 1271, forty-four years after the death of Jenghiz Khan. In these forty-four years the Mongols had become somewhat civilized by contact with their subject nations, just as the Arabs became civilized after they had ruled Persia for a century.

Imagine, if you can, that our Indians, instead of being conquered by the white people, had become stronger and stronger. Suppose that all their separate tribes had banded together under a single very able chief — a second Napoleon. Suppose that hundreds and hundreds of thousands of these Indians had slowly worked their way eastward, conquering and killing as they went until finally they had overrun the whole country and made their capital in New York.

At first they would plunder and burn and slay; but by and by they would think it pleasant to stay where they were rather than to return to the great plains of Kansas and Colorado from which they came. As soon as they made up their minds to this, one chief would take charge of New York, another of Albany, another of Boston, and so forth, and each chief would set up some kind of a government. His soldiers would be always on hand to carry out his orders. You and I would be his slaves. If we could build houses, or make jewelry, or weave cloth, or manufacture swords, we should be put to do these things. If we could not we might be killed, or we might be chained and set to do any kind of work.

At first our masters would be cruel, ignorant, unjust. They would be just as likely to burn down a house as to live in it. By and by they would learn from us, their slaves, how to use the

houses and the machinery and all the appliances of a vast city so as to be more comfortable, more splendid. They would find out that to get the most out of us they must be just, not to say kind and generous. Some of them would know that we had books about justice, books about law, medicine, machinery, and so forth; and some of us would be set to translating these books into their language for their use. In time they would learn from us all that they wanted to know. They would become civilized in their way. It would not be exactly in our way, but it would be like our way.

How the Conquering Arabs and Mongols were Civilized

Now this is exactly what happened to the Mongols when they settled in Persia, in India, in China. They learned from the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese exactly what they wanted to know, and they became like them in many ways. Precisely the same thing happened when the rude and warlike Arabs conquered Persia, Damascus, Egypt, and Spain. They learned all that they wanted to learn, and they wanted to learn anything that would make them happier, more intelligent, more magnificent, more powerful.

When the Arabs took Alexandria in Egypt (A.D. 641), they burned all its precious books and manuscripts in the furnaces under their hot-water baths. What did these rude warriors want of books? Yet it was not long before one of the Mohammedan kings of Spain had a library of six hundred thousand manuscripts. The Arabs of Mohammed's time (A.D. 630) lived in rude, one-storied mud huts or else in tents. In 1253 their descendants built the Alhambra at Granada, one of the finest buildings of the whole world.

Jenghiz Khan lived in a wicker-work house. One of the Mogul emperors of Hindustan built the tomb for his wife that is now known as the Taj Mahal at Agra, built about 1630.

One thing more it is necessary to remember. The Arabs started on their wonderful career of conquest to carry the religion of Mohammed throughout the world. The Tartars and Mongols under Jenghiz Khan, and for generations afterward, were pure heathens. They worshiped idols when they worshiped anything. They hated the Mohammedans more than Christians even. Indeed, it is likely that at one time they would gladly have joined with the Christian crusaders in an attempt to drive the Saracens out of Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

Chapter 2

How Marco Polo happened to go to Peking (A.D. 1271)

It is time to tell how this Venetian lad happened to make his famous journey. His father Nicolo and his uncle Maffeo were merchants of Venice, trading with the extreme East. In the year 1260 they started on a voyage to Constantinople and the Crimea of Russia. From Russia they went to Bokhara, and thence to the court of the Great Khan Kublai, somewhere in China, or, as it was then called, Cathay.

The Khan was delighted with his visitors, and showed them many favors. He had never seen a European before, and the two brothers were very intelligent and had much to tell him. Among other things they told him about the Christian religion, and the Khan made up his mind to send letters to the Pope of Rome, asking him to send missionaries to China to preach to his people and to civilize them. What better messengers to the Pope could he choose than these brothers? So the Great Khan wrote his letters and sent them by the Polos to be delivered to the Pope, making them promise to return. Here is Marco's account of their visit to the Khan.

How the Great Khan received the Two Brothers

When the Two Brothers got to the Grand Khan, he received them with great honor, and showed much pleasure at their visit, asking them a great number of questions. First, he asked about the emperors, how they administered justice in

their dominions, and how they went forth to battle, and so forth. And then he asked the like questions about the kings and princes.

And then he inquired about the Pope and the Church, and about all that is done at Rome, and all the customs of the Latins (Romans). And the Two Brothers told him the truth in all its particulars, like sensible men as they were; and this they were able to do, as they knew the Tartar language well.

When that Prince, whose name was Kublai Khan, Lord of the Tartars all over the earth, and of all the kingdoms and provinces and territories of that vast quarter of the world, had heard all that the Brothers had to tell him about the ways of the Latins, he was greatly pleased, and he took it into his head that he would send them on an Embassy to the Pope. So he urgently desired them to undertake this mission; and they replied that they would gladly execute all his commands.

After this the Prince caused letters to the Pope to be written in the Tartar tongue, and gave them to the Two Brothers. Now the contents of the letter were as follows: He begged that the Pope would send as many as an hundred persons of our Christian faith; intelligent men, acquainted with the Seven Arts, well qualified to prove by force of argument to idolaters and other kinds of folk, that the Law of Christ was best, and that all other religions were false and naught; and if they would prove this, he and all under him would become Christians. Finally he charged his Envoys to bring back to him some Oil of the Lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem.

When the Prince had charged them with all his commission, he caused to be given them a Tablet of Gold, on which was inscribed that the Ambassadors should be supplied with everything needful in all countries through which they should pass — with horses, with escorts, and, in short, with whatever they should require. And when they had made all needful preparations, they took their leave of the Emperor and set out.

The "Seven Arts" were those taught in the universities of Europe at that time: the three liberal arts— grammar, rhetoric, and logic, how to speak correctly, how to speak with elegance, how to argue and reason; and the four sciences — arithmetic, music (the science of sounds), geometry, and astronomy. The tablet of gold was a kind of a passport. The Khan gave tablets to all his chief officers; and whoever had such a tablet could obtain food, servants, lodgings, horses, and in fact any needed assistance, from every subject of the Khan anywhere in his vast dominions.

The Two Brothers return to Venice

The Two Brothers set out on their journey and reached Venice in the year 1269 and found that there was no Pope of Borne. The old Pope was dead, and no successor had yet been elected. These were very troublous times in the Church, and no Pope was chosen for two years. So the Two Brothers decided that their return to the Great Khan must be put off no longer, and they determined to set out from Venice and to take Marco, then a lad seventeen years old, with them. Just at this time one of their friends was elected Pope of Borne (he was called Pope Gregory X), and he gave them letters to the Khan

and ordered two priests — he could spare no more — to go with them.

The priests went a short way, but soon turned back, afraid of the perils of the journey; and so it happened that no missionaries reached China at that time. The Great Khan was determined to have some religion taught to his people, and so he sent to Tibet for Boodhist priests. It was in this way and at this time that Boodhism was introduced into northern China. If the Great Khan had received the hundred Christian missionaries that he asked for, it is likely that China would be today a Christian country!

So the Two Brothers and young Marco started on their long journey in the year 1271, as has been said. After three years and a half they reached the court of the Great Khan near Peking. Marco was a boy of seventeen when he set out. He did not return till he was a man of forty-one. The best part of his life was spent in Tartary.

How the Great Khan received the Travelers (A.D. 1275)

When the Two Brothers and Mark had arrived at that great city, they went to the Imperial Palace, and there they found the sovereign attended by a great company of Barons. So they bent the knee before him, and paid their respects to him, prostrating themselves on the ground.

Then the Lord bade them stand up, and treated them with great honor, showing great pleasure at their coming, and asked many questions as to their welfare and how they had sped. They replied that they had in verity sped well, seeing they had found the Khan well and safe. Then they presented the letters which they had received from the Pope, which pleased him

right well; and after that they produced the Oil from the Sepulchre, and at that also he was very glad.

And next, spying Mark, who was then a young gallant, he asked who was that in their company? "Sire," said his father, Messer Nicolo, "'tis my son." "Welcome is he too," quoth the Emperor. There was great rejoicing at the Court because of their arrival; and they met with attention and honor from everybody. So they abode at the Court with the other Barons.

Now it came to pass that Marco, the son of Messer Nicolo, sped wondrously in learning the customs of the Tartars as well as their language, their manner of writing, and their practice of war; in fact, he came in brief space to know several languages. And he was discreet and prudent in every way, so that the Emperor held him in great esteem. And so when he discerned Mark to have so much sense, and to conduct himself so well and beseemingly, he sent him on an embassy to a country which was a good six months' journey distant.

The young gallant executed his commission well and with discretion. Now he had taken note on several occasions that when the Prince's ambassadors returned from different parts of the world they were able to tell him about nothing except the business on which they had gone, and that the Prince in consequence held them for no better than fools, and would say: "I had far rather hear about the strange things, and the manners of the different countries you have seen, than merely be told of the business you went upon"; for he took great delight in hearing of the affairs of strange countries. Mark, therefore, as he went and returned, took great pains to learn about all kinds of different matters in the countries which he visited, in order to be able to tell about them to the Great Khan.

When Mark returned from his embassy, he presented himself before the Emperor; and after making his report of the business with which he was charged, and its successful accomplishment, he went on to give an account, in a pleasant and intelligent manner, of all the novelties and strange things that he had seen and heard; insomuch that the Emperor and all such as heard his story were surprised, and said: "If this young man live, he will assuredly come to be a person of great worth and ability." And so from that time forward he was always entitled Messer Marco Polo, and thus we shall style him henceforth in this Book of ours, as is but right.

Thereafter Messer Marco abode in the Khan's employment some seventeen years, continually going and coming, hither and thither, on the missions that were entrusted to him by the Khan, and sometimes, with the permission and authority of the Great Khan, on his own private affairs.

And as he knew all the Sovereign's ways, like a sensible man he took much pains to gather knowledge of anything that would be likely to interest him, and then on his return to Court he would relate everything in regular order, and thus the Emperor came to hold him in great love and favor. And for this reason also he would employ him the oftener on the most weighty and most distant of his missions. These Messer Marco ever carried out with discretion and success, God be thanked. So the Emperor became ever more partial to him, and treated him with the greater distinction, and kept him so close to his person that some of the Barons waxed very envious thereat.

And thus it came about that Messer Marco Polo had knowledge of, or had actually visited, a greater number of the different countries of the World than any other man; the more

that he was always giving his mind to get knowledge, and to spy out and inquire into everything, in order to have matter to relate to the Khan.

It will be convenient to set down in this place that Marco arrived at the court of the Khan in the year 1275; that he was an official of the court at least as early as 1277, when he was sent on an embassy to Tibet, Yunnan, and northern Burma; that he was for three years governor of the great Chinese city of Yang-chow; and that we know of three embassies of his — to Karakorum in north Mongolia, to southern Cochin-China, and to southern India.

How the Travelers finally returned Home (A.D. 1295 or 1296)

When the Two Brothers and Marco had spent years in foreign parts they began to think about returning home. Marco was a man of over forty by this time. Then, again, their fortunes depended on the favor of the Great Khan, who was growing to be an old man. If he should die they might fare badly at the hands of his successor. But the Khan did not wish to part with such useful persons, and refused to let them go.

By and by it happened that a messenger came to the Grand Khan from his great nephew, the Khan of Persia. The Persian ruler had (in 1286) lost his wife, and wished to marry a lady of Kublai's court. It was necessary to send this lady — a girl of seventeen — from Peking to Tabriz, the capital of Persia. The overland roads were not safe to travel on account of wars, and at any rate such a journey would be most difficult for the princess and her company of ladies. It was suggested that the voyage might be made by sea, and finally it was so decided.

The party was fitted out nobly, and left China in the year 1292, six years after the Persian queen had died. They went by sea to Sumatra and India (as the book relates), and, after many escapes, landed in Persia two years later. In the meantime the Khan of Persia had died, and the princess was wedded to his son. She wept when she parted from the noble Venetians who had been her companions for so long. They went onward toward home, and reached Venice in 1295 or 1296, after an absence of twenty-six years.

The Travelers at Home in Venice (A.D. 1296)

When the three Polos reached Venice they found that members of their family had taken possession of their house and had divided their property. They had been counted as dead men. No word of them had reached their friends for six-and-twenty years. It was necessary to convince their Venetian cousins that they were not impostors. Here is the way they did it:

They invited a number of their kindred to an entertainment, which they took care to have prepared with great splendor; and when the hour arrived for sitting down to table, they came forth all three clothed in crimson satin, fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And when water for the hands had been served, and the guests were set, they took off those robes and put on others of crimson damask, while the first suits were by their orders cut up and divided among the servants.

Then after partaking of some of the dishes, they went out again and came back in robes of crimson velvet; and when they had again taken their seats, the second suits were divided as

before. When dinner was over, they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company.

These proceedings caused much wonder and amazement among the guests. But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining-hall, Messer Marco, as the youngest of the three, rose from table, and, going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived.

Straightway they took sharp knives and began to rip up some of the seams, and to take out of them jewels in vast quantities, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact. For when they took leave of the Great Khan they had changed all their wealth into this mass of rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, being well aware of the impossibility of carrying with them so great an amount of gold over a journey of such extreme length and difficulty.

Now this exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement, insomuch that they seemed quite bewildered and dumfounded. And now they recognized that in spite of all former doubts these were in truth those honored and worthy gentlemen of the house of Polo that they claimed to be; and so all paid them the greatest honor.

And when the story got wind in Venice, straightway the whole city, gentle and simple, flocked to the house to embrace them, and to make much of them, with every conceivable

demonstration of affection and respect. On Messer Maffeo, who was the eldest, they conferred the honors of an office that was of great dignity in those days; while the young men came daily to visit and converse with the ever polite and gracious Messer Marco, and to ask him questions about Cathay and the Great Khan, all of which he answered with such kindly courtesy that every man felt himself in a manner his debtor.

How the Book of Ser Marco Polo came to be written Six Hundred Years ago (A.D. 1299)

Marco Polo had not the slightest desire to write a book about his adventures. Though he had kept a kind of a diary in China, it was entirely for his own use. He wanted to live in Venice, to enjoy his life quietly, and to be respected by his fellow citizens. He was perfectly willing to converse with his friends about his travels, but we should never have had his book if it had not been for a war that was going on between Genoa and Venice.

These two cities, you know, were rivals for the trade of the East — of the Levant — and they were often at war. Marco Polo was a rich and powerful noble, a man of great experience in wars by sea and land, and so he was made "Gentleman Commander" of one of the war-galleys of the Venetian navy.

There are several things to notice about the galley. In the first place, the galley was rigged with sails, so that advantage could be taken of favorable winds; but her motive power was the oars of the rowers. These men sat on benches along the sides, and pulled huge sweeps or oars. Two larger sweeps at the stern served for rudders.

The archers and spearmen were crowded along the main deck, while the officers were on a higher platform at the stern. At the bow was a machine for throwing huge stones on to the decks of an enemy's vessel so as to sink her, or at least so as to wound as many of her company as possible.

This galley carries the flag of Venice (the lion of St. Mark) at the foremast, and Marco Polo's private banner (his coat of arms) at the main. The beak of the ship is made sharp, to be used as a ram.

In a battle, which lasted all day, the Venetians were beaten, and Marco Polo, with seven thousand others, was taken prisoner, and put in chains. Sixty-six of the Venetian galleys were burned; eighteen were taken to Genoa. The Venetian admiral in despair dashed his head against a bench and died. The other prisoners were carried in triumph to Genoa. Marco was thrown into prison along with a gentleman of Pisa named Pusticiano; and it is to Marco's imprisonment (he was not released till 1299) that we owe his book. He wrote it, or rather dictated it, at this time. You will notice that it always speaks of him in the third person. It says "he did so and so," not "I did." Marco Polo died in Venice in the year 1324, leaving a wife and three daughters, but no son to bear his name.

He bequeathed money to his family and friends, to various convents and religious houses, and set free his servant " Peter the Tartar " and gave him money.

Chapter 3

Introduction to his Book

Great Princes, Emperors, and Kings, Dukes, and Marquises, Counts, Knights, and Burgesses! and People of all degrees who desire to get knowledge of the various races of mankind and of the diversities of the sundry regions of the World, take this Book and cause it to be read to you.

For ye shall find therein all kinds of wonderful things, and the divers histories of the great Armenia, and of Persia, and of the Land of the Tartars, and of India, and of many another country of which our book doth speak, particularly and in regular succession, according to the description of Messer Marco Polo, a wise and noble citizen of Venice, as he saw them with his own eyes.

Some things indeed there be therein which he beheld not; but these he heard from men of credit and veracity. And we shall set down things seen as seen, and things heard as heard only, so that no jot of falsehood may mar the truth of our Book, and that all who shall read it or hear it read may put full faith in the truth of all its contents.

For let me tell you that since our Lord God did mold with his hands our first Father Adam, even until this day, never hath there been Christian, or Pagan, or Tartar, or Indian, or any man of any nation, who in his own person hath had so much

knowledge and experience of the divers parts of the World and its Wonders as hath had this Messer Marco!

And for that reason he bethought himself that it would be a very great pity did he not cause to be put in writing all the great marvels that he had seen, or on sure information heard of, so that other people who had not these advantages might, by his book, get such knowledge.

And I may tell you that in acquiring this knowledge he spent in those various parts of the world good six- and-twenty years. Now, being thereafter an inmate of the prison of Genoa, he caused Messer Rusticiano of Pisa, who was in the said prison likewise, to reduce the whole to writing; and this befell in the year 1298 from the birth of Jesus.

Description of Armenia

This is a great country. It possesses the best baths from natural springs that are anywhere to be found. The people of the country are Armenians, and are subject to the Tartars.

The country is indeed a passing great one, and in the summer it is frequented by the whole host of the Tartars of the Levant, because it then furnishes them with such excellent pasture for their cattle. But in winter the cold is past all bounds, so in that season they quit this country and go to a warmer region where they find other good pastures.

And you must know that it is in this country of Hermenia that the Ark of Noah exists on the top of a certain great mountain, on the summit of which snow is so constant that no one can ascend; for the snow never melts, and is constantly added to by new falls. Below, however, the snow does melt, and runs down, producing rich and abundant herbage.

The country is bounded on the south by a kingdom called Mosul, the people of which are Jacobite and Nestorian Christians, of whom I shall have more to tell you presently. On the north it is bounded by the Land of the Georgians, of whom also I shall speak. On the confines of Georgia there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, insomuch that a hundred ship-loads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but 'tis good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries roundabout they have no other oil.

Marco Polo here describes one of the great oil-fields (petroleum oil) of the world, near Baku, on the Caspian Sea. Some of its wells of oil and gas have been burning for centuries, and the temples of the Fire-Worshipers (Parsees) stood here from very early times.

Of the Great City of Bagdad, and how it was taken by the Mongols (A.D. 1258)

Bagdad is a great city, which used to be the seat of the Caliph of all the Saracens in the world, just as Rome is the seat of the Pope of all the Christians. A very great river (the Tigris) flows through the city, and by this you can descend to the Sea of India. There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way; they descend some eighteen days from Bagdad, and then they enter the Sea of India. There is also on the river a great city called Bassorah (Basra), surrounded by woods, in which grow the best dates in the world.

In Bagdad they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and gold brocades, such as cramoisy (crimson, often crimson

velvet), and many other beautiful tissues richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds. It is the noblest and greatest city in all those regions.

Now it came to pass on a day in the year of Christ 1258, that the Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, whose name was Hulaku, brother to the Great Khan now reigning, gathered a mighty host and came up against Bagdad and took it by storm. It was a great enterprise! for in Bagdad there were more than one hundred thousand horses, besides foot soldiers.

And when Hulaku had taken the place he found therein a tower of the Caliphs, which was full of gold and silver; in fact, the greatest accumulation of treasure in one spot that was ever known. When he beheld that great heap of treasure he was astonished, and, summoning the Caliph to his presence, he said to him: "Caliph, tell me now why thou hast gathered such a huge treasure? What didst thou mean to do therewith? Knewest thou not that I was thine enemy, and that I was coming against thee with a great army to cast thee forth of thine heritage? Wherefore didst thou not employ it in paying knights and soldiers to defend thee and thy city? "

The Caliph knew not what to answer, and said never a word. So the Prince continued: "Now then, Caliph, since I see what a love thou hast borne thy treasure, I will even give it thee to eat!" So he shut the Caliph up in the Treasure Tower, and bade that neither meat nor drink should be given him, saying: "Now, Caliph, eat of thy treasure as much as thou wilt, since thou art so fond of it; for never shalt thou have aught else to eat!"

So the Caliph lingered in the tower four days, and then died like a dog. Truly his treasure would have been of more

service to him had he bestowed it upon men who would have defended his kingdom and his people, rather than let himself be taken and put to death as he was. Howbeit, since that time, there has been never another Caliph, either at Bagdad or anywhere else.

Of the Great Country of Persia

Persia is a great country which was in old times very illustrious and powerful; but now the Tartars have wasted and destroyed it. In this country of Persia there is a great supply of fine horses, and people take them to India for sale, for they are horses of great price [a single one being worth as much of their money as is equal to nearly $1,000 of American money]; some will be more, some less, according to the quality. Dealers carry their horses to cities on the shores of the Sea of India, and there they meet with merchants who take the horses on to India for sale.

In this country there are many cruel and murderous people, so that no day passes but there is some homicide among them. Were it not for the Government, which is that of the Tartars of the Levant, they would do great mischief to merchants; and indeed, in spite of the Government, they often succeed in doing such mischief.

Unless merchants be well armed they run the risk of being murdered, or at least robbed of everything; and it sometimes happens that a whole party perishes in this way when not on their guard. The people are all Saracens — i.e., followers of the Law of Mohammed.

In the cities there are traders and artisans who live by their labor and crafts, weaving cloths of gold, and silk stuffs of sundry

kinds. They have plenty of cotton, and abundance of wheat, barley, millet, and wine, with fruit of all kinds.

Concerning the Great City of Yezd

Yezd is a good and noble city, and has a great amount of trade. They weave there quantities of a certain silk tissue known as Yasdi, which merchants carry into many quarters to dispose of. The people are worshipers of Mohammed.

When you leave this city to travel further, you ride for seven days over great plains, finding cover to receive you at three places only. There are many fine woods, and in them there is great sport to be had in hunting and hawking, there being partridges and quails and abundance of other game, so that the merchants who pass that way have plenty of diversion. At the end of those seven marches over the plain you come to a fine kingdom which is called Kirman.

Concerning the Kingdom of Kirman

In this kingdom are produced the stones called turquoises in great abundance; they are found in the mountains, where they are extracted from the rocks. The people are very skilful in making harness of war; their saddles, bridles, spurs, swords, bows, quivers, and arms of every kind are very well made indeed, according to the fashion of those parts.

The ladies of the country and their daughters also produce exquisite needlework in the embroidery of silk stuffs in different colors, with figures of beasts and birds, trees and flowers, and a variety of other patterns. They work hangings for the use of noblemen so deftly that they are marvels to see, as well as cushions, pillows, quilts, and all sorts of things.

In the mountains of Kirman are found the best falcons in the world. They are red on the breast, under the neck, and between the thighs; their flight so swift that no bird can escape them.

On quitting the city you ride on for seven days, always finding towns, villages, and handsome dwelling- houses, so that it is very pleasant traveling; and there is excellent sport also to be had by the way in hunting and hawking. When you have ridden those seven days over a plain country, you come to a great mountain; and when you have got to the top of the pass, you find a great descent which occupies some two days to go down.

All along you find a variety and abundance of fruits; and in former days there were plenty of inhabited places on the road, but now there are none; and you meet with only a few people looking after their cattle at pasture. From the city of Kirman to this descent the cold in winter is so great that you can scarcely abide it, even with a great quantity of clothing.

Of the City of Camadi and its Ruins;
also touching the Caraona Robbers

After you have ridden downhill those two days, you find yourself in a vast plain, and at the beginning thereof there is a city, which formerly was a great and noble place, but now is of little consequence, for the Tartars in their incursions have several times ravaged it. The plain whereof I speak is a very hot region.

The beasts of the country are peculiar; and first I will tell you of their oxen. These are very large, and all over white as snow; the hair is very short and smooth, which is owing to the

heat of the country. The horns are short and thick, not sharp in the point; and between the shoulders they have a round hump some two palms high. There are no handsomer creatures in the world. And when they have to be loaded, they kneel like the camel; once the load is adjusted, they rise. Their load is a heavy one, for they are very strong animals. Then there are sheep here as big as donkeys; and their tails are so large and fat that one tail shall weigh some thirty pounds. They are fine fat beasts, and afford capital mutton.

In this plain there are a number of villages and towns which have lofty walls of mud, made as a defense against the banditti, who are very numerous, and are called Caraonas. You must know that when Caraonas wish to make a plundering incursion, they ride abreast, keeping near one another, sometimes to the number of ten thousand, at other times more or fewer.

In this way they extend across the whole plain that they are going to harry, and catch every living thing that is found outside of the towns and villages; man, woman, or beast, nothing can escape them! The old men whom they take in this way they butcher; the young men and the women they sell for slaves in other countries; thus the whole land is ruined, and has become well-nigh a desert.

Now that I have told you of those scoundrels and their history, I must add the fact that Messer Marco himself was all but caught by their bands; but, as it pleased God, he got off and threw himself into a village that was hard by. Howbeit he lost his whole company except seven persons who escaped along with him. The rest were caught, and some of them sold, some put to death.

Of the City of Hormuz (Ormus)

The plain of which we have spoken extends for five days' journey, and then you come to another descent, where the road is very bad and full of peril, for there are many robbers about. After two more days you come to the ocean sea, and on the shore you find a city which is called Hormuz. Merchants come thither from India with ships loaded with spicery and precious stones, pearls, cloths of gold and silver, elephants' teeth, and many other wares, which they sell to the merchants of Hormuz, and which these, in turn, carry all over the world to dispose of again. In fact, 'tis a city of immense trade.

Their ships are wretched affairs, and many of them get lost; for they have no iron fastenings, and are only stitched together with twine. The ships are not pitched, but are rubbed with fish oil. They have one mast, one sail, and one rudder, and have no deck, but only a cover spread over the cargo when loaded. This cover consists of hides, and on the top of these hides they put the horses which they take to India for sale.

They have no iron to make nails of, and for this reason they use only wooden treenails in their ship-building, and then stitch the planks with twine as I have told you. Hence 'tis a perilous business to go a voyage in one of those ships, and many of them are lost, for in that Sea of India the storms are often terrible.

The people are black, and are worshipers of Mohammed. The residents avoid living in the cities, for the heat in summer is so great that it would kill them. Hence they go out (to sleep) at their gardens in the country, where there are streams and

plenty of water. For all that they would not escape but for one thing that I will mention.

The fact is, you see, that in summer a wind often blows across the sands which encompass the plain, so intolerably hot that it would kill everybody, were it not that, when they perceive that wind coming, they plunge into water up to the neck, and so abide until the wind have ceased.

In the month of May, 1442, a Persian poet — Abd-er-Razzak — was on the shores of the Persian Gulf. He evidently felt these hot winds, for he has left us this comical account of the hot weather:

Soon as the sun shone forth from the height of heaven,
The heart of stone grew hot beneath its orb;
The horizon was so much scorched-up by its rays
That the heart of stone became soft like wax;
The bodies of the fishes, at the bottom of the fish-ponds,
Burned like the silk which is exposed to the fire!
Both the water and the air gave out so burning a heat
That the fish went away to seek refuge in the fire!
In the plains hunting became a matter of perfect ease
For the desert was filled with roasted gazelles!

Chapter 4

The Deserts

Now, then, I am going to tell you about the countries toward the north, of which you shall hear in regular order. Let us begin.

Marco Polo is going from Hormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, northeastward across Persia to Bokhara, and from there eastward across the Himalaya Mountains and the high plateau of the Pamir (12,000 feet above the sea) to the extreme western border of China. His chapters now have gloomy titles, like this one: Of the Wearisome and Desert Road that has now to be Traveled, or this: Concerning a Certain Desert that continues for Eight Days' Journey.

He not only tells what he has himself seen, but also recounts stories told to him by others. Sometimes he believes such stories; sometimes he sets them down in his book because other people believed them. Here is one that has a real foundation in fact, marvelous as it seems:

Concerning the Old Man of the Mountain

I will tell you his whole history as related by Messer Marco Polo, who heard it from several natives of that region.

The Old Man was called in their language Aladdin. He had caused a certain valley between two mountains to be enclosed, and had turned it into a garden, the largest and most beautiful

that ever was seen, filled with every variety of fruit. In it were erected pavilions and palaces, the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite paintings.

And there were little brooks, too, flowing freely with wine and milk and honey and water; and numbers of ladies, the most beautiful in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sang most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold. For the Old Man desired to make his people believe that this was actually Paradise.

So he had fashioned it after the description that Mohammed gave of his Paradise, to wit, that it should be a beautiful garden running with conduits of wine and milk and honey and water; and sure enough the Saracens of those parts believed that it was Paradise.

Now no man was allowed to enter the Garden save those whom he intended to be his Assassins. There was a Fortress at the entrance to the Garden, strong enough to resist all the world, and there was no other way to get in. He kept at his Court (that is, outside of the garden) a number of the youths of the country, from twelve to twenty years of age, such as had a taste for soldiering, and to these he used to tell tales about Paradise, just as Mohammed had been wont to do, and they believed in him just as the Saracens believe in Mohammed.

Then he would introduce them into his Garden, some four, or six, or ten at a time, having first made them drink a certain potion (of hashish, a drug like opium) which cast them into a deep sleep, and then causing them to be lifted and carried in. So when they awoke they found themselves in the Garden.

Now this Prince whom we call the Old One kept his Court in grand and noble style, and made those simple hill-folks about him believe firmly that he was a great Prophet. And when he wanted one of his Assassins to go on any mission, he would cause that potion, whereof I spoke, to be given to one of the youths in the Garden, and then had him carried back into the Palace.

So when the young man awoke, he found himself in the Castle, and no longer in that Paradise; whereat he was not over well pleased. He was then conducted to the Old Man's presence, and bowed before him with great veneration, believing himself to be in the presence of a true Prophet.

The Prince would then ask whence he came, and he would reply that he came from Paradise! and that it was exactly such as Mohammed had described it in the Koran. This of course gave the others who stood by, and who had not been admitted, the greatest desire to enter therein.

So when the Old Man wished to have any Prince slain, he would say to such a youth: "Go thou, and slay So-and-So; and when thou returnest my Angels shall bear thee into Paradise. And shouldst thou die, nevertheless even so will I send my Angels to carry thee back into Paradise."

So he caused them to believe; and thus there was no order of his that they would not face any peril to execute, because of the great desire they had to get back into that Paradise of his. And in this manner the Old One got his people to murder any one whom he desired to get rid of.

Now it came to pass in the year 1252, that Haluku Khan, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, heard of these great crimes

of the Old Man, and resolved to make an end of him. So he sent one of his Barons with a great Army to that Castle, and they besieged it for three years, but they could not take it, so strong was it.

And indeed if they had had food within, it never would have been taken. But after being besieged those three years they ran short of victual, and were taken. The Old Man was put to death with all his men, and the Castle with its Garden of Paradise was leveled with the ground. And since that time he has had no successor; and there was an end to all his villainies.

The "potion" that was given to the youths was, as has been said, hashish, a drug like opium. It sends you off to a deep sleep filled with pleasant dreams. The Arabs called people who used this drug hashishiyyin. And as the Old Man of the Mountain set his youths to murdering and slaying, they came to be called assassins. And that is the way that this word, assassin — one who murders — got into our English language. The story is strange, and so far exactly true. Just how much truth there is in the rest of it we cannot tell. There certainly was an Old Man of the Mountain — in fact, several such in different countries. The crusaders, for instance, knew of one in Syria long before Marco's time.

The Old Alan of Syria was dreaded far and near by both Saracens and Christians, because he so often caused princes to be murdered. For he used to bring up in his palace youths belonging to his country, teaching them above all things to fear him and to obey him unto death, promising them an entrance into the joys of Paradise. When the Christian King of Jerusalem was once on a visit to the Old Man of Syria, one day as they walked together they saw some lads sitting at the top of a high

tower. The Old Man, turning to the King, asked if he had any subjects as obedient as were his own; and, without giving time for a reply, made a sign to two of the boys, who immediately leaped from the tower, and were killed on the spot. They obeyed because they were sure of Paradise, they believed.

Concerning the City of Balkh

Balkh is a noble city and a great, though it was much greater in former days. But the Tartars and other nations have greatly ravaged and destroyed it. There were formerly many fine palaces and buildings of marble, and the ruins of them still remain. Here, you should be told, is the end of the empire of the Tartar Khan of the Levant, and this city is also the limit of Persia.

When you have quitted the city you ride some twelve days toward the northeast without finding any human habitation, for the people have all taken refuge among the mountains, on account of the robbers and the armies that harassed them. There is plenty of water on the road, and abundance of game; there are lions too. You can get no provisions on the road, and must carry with you all that you require for these twelve days.

Of Talikan, and the Mountains of Salt

Talikan is a fine place, and the mountains that you see toward the south are all composed of salt. People from all the countries round, to some thirty days' journey, come to fetch this salt, which is the best in the world, and is so hard that it can only be broken with iron picks. 'Tis in such abundance that it would supply the whole world to the end of time.

When you have ridden three days you find a town called Kishm. There are a great many porcupines hereabout, and very

large ones too. When hunted with dogs, several of them will get together and huddle close, protecting themselves with their quills at the dogs, which get many dogs a serious wound thereby. At the end of three days you reach a province called Badakhshan, about which we shall now tell you.

Of the Province of Badakhshan

Badakhshan is inhabited by people who worship Mohammed, and have a peculiar language. It is in this province that those fine and valuable gems, the Balass rubies, are found. In the mountains there are vast numbers of sheep, 400, 500, or 600 in a single flock, and all of them wild; and though many of them are taken, they never seem to get the scarcer. Those mountains are so lofty that 'tis a hard day's work, from morning till evening, to get to the top of them. On getting up, you find an extensive plain, with great abundance of grass and trees and copious springs of pure water running down through rocks and ravines.

In those brooks are found trout and many other fish of dainty kinds; and the air in those regions is so pure, that when the men who dwell below in the towns, and in the valleys and plains, find themselves attacked by any kind of fever, they lose no time in going to the hills; and after abiding there two or three days, they quite recover their health through the excellence of that air. And Messer Marco said he had proved this by experience; for when in those parts he was ill for about a year, but as soon as he was advised to visit that mountain he did so and got well at once.

In this kingdom there are many straight and perilous passes, so difficult to force that the people have no fear of invasion. Their towns and villages also are on lofty hills, and in

very strong positions. They are excellent archers, and much given to the chase; indeed, most of them are dependent for clothing on the skins of beasts, for stuffs are very dear among them. The great ladies, however, are arrayed in stuffs, and I will tell you the style of their dress. They all wear breeches made of cotton cloth, and into the making of these some will put 60, 80, or even 100 yards of stuff.

Of the Province of Chitral

You must know that ten days' journey to the south of Badakhshan there is a province called Chitral, the people of which have a peculiar language, and are Idolaters (Boodhists), of a brown complexion. They are greatly skilled in sorceries and magic arts. The men wear earrings and brooches of gold and silver, set with stones and pearls. They are a pestilent people and a crafty; and they live upon flesh and rice. Their country is very hot.

Now let us proceed and speak of another country which is seven days' journey from this one toward the southeast, and the name of which is Kashmir.

Of the Province of Kashmir

Kashmir also is a province inhabited by a people who are Idolaters (Boodhists), and have a language of their own. They have an astonishing acquaintance with magic and enchantment; insomuch that they make their idols to speak. They can also by their sorceries bring on changes of weather and produce darkness and do a number of things so extraordinary that no one without seeing them would believe them.

The men are brown and lean, but the women, taking them as brunettes, are very beautiful. The food of the people is flesh, and milk, and rice. The climate is finely tempered, being neither very hot nor very cold.

There are in this country hermits (after the fashion of those parts), who dwell in seclusion and practice great abstinence in eating and drinking. They keep from all sins forbidden in their law, so that they are regarded by their own folk as holy persons. They live to a great age.

There are also a number of idolatrous monasteries. The people of this province do not kill animals nor spill blood; so if they want to eat meat they get the Saracens who dwell among them to play the butcher. The coral which is carried from our parts of the world has a better sale there than in any other country.

Now we will quit this country, and not go any further in the same direction; for if we did so we should enter India, and that I do not wish to do at present. For, on our return journey, I mean to tell you about India: all in regular order. Let us go back therefore to Badakhshan, for we cannot otherwise proceed on our journey.

You must know that one of the Ten Obligations or Commandments of the Boodhist monks is not to take life — any life — not the life of man, or beast, or insect. It is not right to take away, they say, what you cannot give again. So the Boodhist monks, and generally all the Boodhist people, are kind to animals, because Boodha, who lived about five hundred years' before Christ (he was born about 560 B.C. and died 480 B.C.), taught this doctrine. It is obeyed today by three hundred and fifty million Boodhists in China, Japan, Tibet, and

southern India. For a long time northern India was a Boodhist country, too; and animals all over Asia lived a happier life because of Boodha's teachings.

When Marco Polo was on an embassy to the island of Ceylon (where the people were all Boodhists) he learned the history of this religion, and tells it very fully, as follows. Marco was, of course, a Roman Catholic (there were no Protestants until Luther's time, A.D. 1520), and although he admires the Boodhists, he calls them "idolaters," which means "worshipers of idols." This they never were. They had statues of Boodha in their temples, just as there is a statue of Moses in the great Church of St. Peter's in Rome. Moses was a man — a prophet — who founded a religion. Boodha was the same. Neither of them claimed to be a god, and neither of them asked for worship from his fellow men.

History of Boodha

You must know that in the Island of Ceylon there is an exceeding high mountain called Adam's Peak; it rises, right up so steep and precipitous that no one could ascend it, were it not that they have taken and fixed to it several great and massive iron chains, so disposed that, by help of these, men are able to mount to the top. And I tell you they say that on this mountain is the tomb of Adam our first parent; at least that is what the Saracens say.

But the Idolaters say that it is the sepulchre of Boodha, before whose time there were no idols. They hold him to have been the best of men, a great saint in fact, according to their fashion, and the first in whose name idols were made.

He was the son of a great and wealthy King. And he was of such a holy temper that he would never listen to any worldly talk, nor would he consent to be king. And when the father saw that his son would not be king, nor yet take any part in affairs, he took it sorely to heart. And first he tried to tempt him with great promises, offering to crown him King, and to surrender all authority into his hands.

The son, however, would have none of his offers; so the father was in great trouble, and all the more that he had no other son but him, to whom he might bequeath the kingdom at his own death. So, after taking thought on the matter, the King caused a great palace to be built, and placed his son therein, and caused him to be waited on there by a number of maidens, the most beautiful that could anywhere be found. And he ordered them to sing and dance before the Prince, so as to draw his heart toward worldly enjoyments. But 'twas all of no avail.

And I assure you he was so staid a youth that he never had gone out of the palace, and thus he never had seen a dead man, nor anyone who was not hale and sound; for the father never allowed any man that was aged or infirm to come into his presence.

It came to pass, however, one day, that the young gentleman took a ride, and by the roadside he beheld a dead man. The sight dismayed him greatly, as he never had seen such a sight before. Immediately he demanded of those who were with him what thing that was, and they told him it was a dead man. "How, then," quoth the king's son, "do all men die?" "Yea, forsooth," said they. Whereupon the young gentleman said never a word, but rode on right pensively.

And after he had ridden a good way he fell in with a very aged man who could no longer walk, and had not a tooth in his head, having lost all because of his great age. And when the King's son beheld this old man, he asked what that might mean, and wherefore the man could not walk. Those who were with him replied that it was through old age the man could walk no longer and had lost all his teeth.

And so when the King's son had thus learned about the dead man and about the aged man, he turned back to his palace and said to himself that he would abide no longer in this evil world, but would go in search of Him Who dieth not and Who had created him.

So what did he one night but take his departure from the palace secretly, and betake himself to certain lofty and pathless mountains. And there he did abide, leading a life of great hardship and sanctity, and keeping great abstinence, just as if he had been a Christian.

And when he died, they found his body and brought it to his father. And when the father saw dead before him that son whom he loved better than himself, he was near going mad with sorrow. And he caused an image of his son to be wrought in gold and precious stones, and caused all his people to adore it. And they all declared him to be a god; and so they still say.

They tell, moreover, that he hath died fourscore and four times before this time. The first time he died as a man, and came to life again as an ox; and then he died as an ox and came to life again as a horse, and so on until he had died fourscore and four times; and every time he became some kind of animal.

But when he died the eighty-fourth time they say he became a god. And they do hold him for the greatest of all their gods. And they tell that the aforesaid image of him was the first idol that the Idolaters ever had; and from that have originated all the other idols. And this befell in the Island of Ceylon in India.

The Idolaters come thither on pilgrimage from very long distances and with great devotion; and they maintain that the monument on the mountain is that of the King's son, according to the story I have been telling you; and that the teeth, and the hair, and the dish that are there, were those of the same King's son, whose name was Boodha, or Sakya-Muni the Saint. But the Saracens also come thither on pilgrimage in great numbers, and they say that it is the sepulchre of Adam our first father, and that the teeth, and the hair, and the dish were those of Adam.

Whose they were in truth God alone knoweth; howbeit, according to the Holy Scripture of our Church, the tomb of Adam is not in that part of the world.

In leaving Badakhshan you ride twelve days between east and northeast. At the end of those twelve days you come to a province of no great size, extending indeed no more than three days' journey in any direction. The people worship Mohammed, and they have a peculiar language. They are gallant soldiers.

There are numbers of wild beasts of all sorts in this region. And when you leave this little country, and ride three days northeast, always among mountains, you get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height, you find a great lake between two mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain

clothed with the finest pasture in the world; insomuch that a lean beast there will fatten to your heart's content in ten days.

There are great numbers of all kinds of wild beasts; among others, wild sheep of great size, whose horns are a good four feet in length. From these horns the shepherds make great bowls to eat from, and they use the horns also to enclose folds for their cattle at night.

Messer Marco was told also that the wolves killed many of those wild sheep. Hence quantities of their horns and bones were found, and these were made into great heaps by the wayside in order to guide travelers when snow was on the ground.

The Plateau of the Pamir, 12,000 Feet above the Sea

The Plain is called Pamir (the name means " the roof of the world"), and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing, so that travelers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Travelers' Tales

What an extravagant story this must have seemed to the people of Venice, who had always lived at the level of the sea; yet it is quite true. Water boils, at the level of the sea, where the pressure of the atmosphere is great, at 212°. That is, if you put a thermometer into water that has just begun to boil, you will always find the temperature to be 212°. But if you go to the top of a high mountain, where there is much less air above you (and

where, of course, the air presses less on the water to be boiled), you will find that the temperature of boiling water is much less. On the top of Mont Blanc, in Switzerland (15,781 feet high), water will boil at 185°. So that an egg boiled for three minutes is a very different thing on Mont Blanc from what it is at New York. When Marco Polo told this story in Venice, I suppose few people believed him. Nobody could know the reason of it in those days, nor until 1643, when Torricelli, an Italian of Florence, invented the barometer and measured the pressure of the air with it.

Very likely the Venetians doubted Marco's story about the sheep with horns four feet long, too. Yet the sheep are there today, and some of them have horns nearly five feet long. The scientific men call this animal Ovis Poll, which is the Latin for Polo's sheep. Modern travelers tell us also that even today the roads over the high plains of the Pamir are marked by large piles of the horns of dead sheep projecting above the snow. Yet Polo's Venetian friends laughed in their sleeves and said, "There's a traveler's tale for you."

All through this book you will find instances of the sort. Whatever Marco Polo saw for himself, he usually describes correctly. He does not always explain it correctly. For instance, he could not possibly have understood about the low boiling-point of water on high mountains. No one could understand this until the barometer was invented. But he told the facts as he observed them. Sometimes he tells strange tales that he heard from the country-people. Many of these tales are true, or partly true — as the story of the Old Man of the Mountain and his assassins. Some of them are mere inventions. But all of them are interesting because they show what the people believed and

what Marco Polo thought was worth writing down. They show that, if nothing else.

One of the copyists of Marco Polo's manuscript tells us very frankly what he thought about it. He had just copied the whole book. At the end of it he writes: "The contents seem to me incredible, not lies so much as miracles. What he says may all be very true, but I don't believe it; though, to be sure, throughout the world very different things are found in different countries." Then he signs his name and says he finished the copy complete November 12, A.D. 1392. No doubt people in general held the same opinion: the book was entertaining, but not true. It is only of late years that it has been shown to be true; but anyone might have seen, it seems, the good faith and sincerity with which it was written. Marco Polo writes like a truthful man.

You must always remember how this book was composed. Marco was in prison walking up and down and talking to his friend, who wrote down what he had to say. It was like a long conversation to pass the time. He was probably wondering if he would ever be released and allowed to return to Venice — wondering if, after twenty-six years of journeying over half the earth and after being a governor of a great city in China, he was to end his days miserably in prison. He had no idea at all of writing an encyclopedia. He was talking about his own adventures and telling a few things that might be useful to other Venice merchants — where they could sell coral or buy gold brocades and ivory, and so forth.

Chapter 5

Marco enters the Kingdom of the Grand Khan of Tartary

Marco and his party entered the Great Khan's dominions by way of Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan, and finally comes to the great desert of Gobi which he crosses at its western end.

Of the Great Desert of Gobi

The length of this Desert is so great that 'tis said it would take a year and more to ride from one end of it to the other. And here, where its breadth is least, it takes a month to cross it. 'Tis all composed of hills and valleys of sand, and not a thing to eat is to be found on it.

But after riding for a day and a night you find fresh water enough mayhap for some fifty or a hundred persons with their beasts, but not for more. And all across the Desert you will find water in like manner, that is to say, in some twenty-eight places altogether you will find good water, but in no great quantity; and in four places also you find brackish water.

Beasts there are none; for there is naught for them to eat. But there is a marvelous thing related of this Desert, which is that when travelers are on the move by night and one of them chances to lag behind, or to fall asleep or the like, when he tries to gain his company again he will hear spirits talking, and will suppose them to be his comrades.

Sometimes the spirits will call him by name; and thus shall a traveler ofttimes be led astray, so that he never finds his party. And in this way many have perished. Sometimes the stray travelers will hear as it were the tramp and hum of a great cavalcade of people away from the real line of road, and taking this to be their own company they will follow the sound; and when day breaks they find that a cheat has been put on them, and that they are in an ill plight.

Even in the daytime one hears those spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums. Hence in making this journey 'tis customary for travelers to keep close together. All the animals too have bells at their necks, so that they cannot easily get astray. And at sleeping-time a signal is put up to show the direction of the next march.

So thus it is that the Desert is crossed.

Other travelers have something of the same sort to say. A Chinese historian, describing the route, says:

You have to cross a plain of sand, extending for more than one hundred leagues. You see nothing in any direction but the sky and the sands, without the slightest trace of a road; and travelers find nothing to guide them but the bones of men and beasts. During the passage of this wilderness you hear sounds, sometimes of singing, sometimes of wailing; and it has often happened that travelers, going aside to see what those sounds might be, have strayed from their course and been entirely lost; for they were voices of spirits and goblins.

Noises like voices, or more often like drums, are produced when the sands are moved by the wind, and travelers in all parts

of the world have described them. There is a natural reason for such sounds, then, and it is not necessary to invent goblins or spirits to account for them.

Concerning the Salamander

After traveling thirty days in the great desert Marco came to provinces and cities on the other side. In one of them he found "a vein of the substance of which the Salamander is made." You must know that all the ancient world believed that there were four elements — air, earth, fire, and water — and that beings of some sort inhabited them: birds, the air: worms, the earth; fish, the water; and salamanders, the fire. A salamander was supposed to be shaped like a lizard, and to live in the fire; at least, not to mind living in it. Marco Polo describes asbestos, which is a mineral, composed of silky fibers that you can separate with a knife. It is entirely incombustible. Fire only burns off the dirt on it and leaves it clean and white. It can be made into a kind of cloth, and our firemen have coats of it that look like waterproofs and are fireproof. There is plenty of it in mines in America, and Marco Polo found some of it in Tartary. Here is what he says about it:

In the same mountain there is a vein of the substance from which Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they say in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth; and I will tell you about it.

Everybody must be aware that it can be no animal's nature to live in fire, seeing that every animal is composed of all the four elements. Now I, Marco Polo, had a Turkish acquaintance of the name of Zurficar, and he was a very clever fellow. And this Turk related how he had lived three years in that region on

behalf of the Great Khan, in order to procure those Salamanders for him.

He said that the way they got them was by digging in that mountain till they found a certain vein. The substance of this vein was then taken and crushed, and when so treated it divides as it were into fibers of wool, which they set forth to dry. When dry, these fibers were pounded in a great copper mortar, and then washed, so as to remove all the earth, and to leave only fibers like wool. These were then spun, and made into napkins.

When first made, these napkins are not very white, but by putting them into the fire for a while they come out as white as snow. And so again whenever they become dirty they are bleached by being put in the fire.

Now this, and naught else, is the truth about the Salamander, and the people of the country all say the same. Any other account of the matter is fabulous nonsense. And I may add that they have at home a napkin of this stuff, which the Grand Khan sent to the Pope.

Coal was known in England from very early times, but wood was the only fuel of Europe till after Marco Polo's day. He tells us that it was used in China.

Concerning the Black Stones that are dug in Cathay, and are burnt for Fuel

It is a fact that all over the country of China there is a kind of black stone existing in beds in the mountains, which they dig out and burn like firewood. If you supply a fire with them at night, and see that they are well kindled, you will find them still alight in the morning; and they make such capital fuel that no other is used throughout the country. It is true that they have

plenty of wood also, but they do not burn it, because these stones burn better and cost less.

On leaving this province you ride ten days between northeast and east, and in all that way you find no human dwelling, or next to none, so that there is nothing for our book to speak of.

Now we will leave this and tell you about other provinces to the north, for we are going to take you a sixty days' journey in that direction.

Of the City of Karakoram

It is a city of some three miles in circumference, surrounded by a strong earthen wall, for stone is scarce there. And there is within it a great citadel, wherein is a fine palace in which the Governor resides. 'Tis the first city that the Tartars possessed after they came out of their own country (and it was their capital city until the year 1256).

Originally the Tartars dwelt in the north. Their country was one of great plains, and there were no towns or villages in it, but excellent pasture-lands, with abundance of water. But there was no King in the land. Now it came to pass that the Tartars multiplied exceedingly (and in the year 1206 Jenghiz Khan became the King of all the Tartars, as you have heard before).

Of Those that did reign after Jenghiz Khan

Now the next that did reign after Jenghiz Khan was Okkodai, his son, and the third prince was Kuyuk Khan, his grandson, and the fourth was Mangku Khan, another grandson, the sixth, Kublai Khan, who is the sovereign now reigning. If you were to put together all the Christians in the

world, with their emperors and their kings — aye, and throw in the Saracens to boot — the whole of these Christians would not have such power, or be able to do as much as this Kublai, who is Lord of all the Tartars in the world. I mean to show you all about this great power of his in this book of ours.

Prester (Presbyter) John

Somewhere in these regions Marco Polo supposed a Christian king — Prester John — to live. Europeans for centuries thought that somewhere in the north there lived a Tartar monarch who was a Christian (and no doubt there did); and various kings wrote letters to him to ask his help against the Saracens. If they had found him he would have proved to be some petty chief, not the great king they thought. He is only mentioned here to explain that line of Shakespeare's (Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Scene I, line 276, where Benedick, a young lord of Florence, is speaking of things he would rather do than to talk to a sharp-tongued girl. He says: "I will fetch you a tooth-picker from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the Great Khan's beard"... rather than say three words to this girl. Shakespeare had read Marco Polo.

Concerning the Customs of the Tartars

You should be told that all the Grand Khans, and all the descendants of Jenghiz their first Lord, are carried to a mountain that is called Altay to be interred. Wheresoever the Sovereign may die, he is carried to his burial in that mountain with his predecessors; no matter, and the place of his death were one hundred days' journey distant, thither must he be carried to his burial.

Let me tell you a strange thing too. When they are carrying the body of any Emperor to be buried with the others, the convoy that goes with the body doth put to death all whom they fall in with on the road, saying: "Go and wait upon your Lord in the other world!" For they do truly believe that all such as they slay in this manner do go to serve their Lord in the other world. They do the same too with horses; for when the Emperor dies, they kill all his best horses, in order that he may have the use of them in the other world, as they believe. And I tell you as a certain truth, that when Mongu Khan died (in China) more than twenty thousand persons, who chanced to meet the body on its way, were slain in the manner I have told.

Now that we have begun to speak of the Tartars, I have plenty to tell you on that subject. The Tartar custom is to spend the winter in warm plains, where they find good pasture for their cattle, while in summer they betake themselves to a cool climate among the mountains and valleys, where water is to be found as well as woods and pastures.

Their houses are circular, and are made of wands covered with felts. These are carried along with them whithersoever they go; for the wands are so strongly bound together, and likewise so well combined, that the frame can be made very light. Whenever they erect these huts the door is always to the south. They also have wagons covered with black felt so that no rain can get in.

These are drawn by oxen and camels, and the women and children travel in them. The women do the buying and selling, and whatever is necessary to provide for the husband and household; for the men trouble themselves about nothing but

hunting and hawking, and looking after their hawks and falcons, unless it be the practice of warlike exercises.

They live on the milk and meat which their herds supply, and on the produce of the chase; and they eat all kinds of flesh, including that of horses and dogs.

The clothes of the wealthy Tartars are, for the most part, of gold and silk stuffs, lined with costly furs, in the richest fashion.

Concerning the Tartar Customs of War

All their armor is excellent and costly. Their arms are bows and arrows, sword and mace; but above all the bow, for they are capital archers, indeed the best that are known. On their backs they wear armor made of leather that has been boiled, which is very strong. They are excellent soldiers, and exceeding valiant in battle.

They are also more capable of hardships than other nations; for many a time, if need be, they will go for a month without any supply of food, except milk, and such game as their bows may win them. Their horses also will subsist entirely on the grass of the plains, so that there is no need to carry store of barley or straw or oats; and they are very docile to their riders.

Of all troops in the world these are they which endure the greatest hardship and fatigue, and which cost the least; and they are the best of all for making wide conquests of country. And this you will perceive from what you have heard and shall hear in this book; and as a fact there can be no manner of doubt that now they are the masters of the biggest half of the world. Their troops are admirably ordered in the manner that I shall now relate.

You see, when a Tartar prince goes forth to war, he takes with him, say, one hundred thousand horsemen. Well, he appoints an officer to every ten men, one to every hundred, one to every thousand, and one to every ten thousand, so that his own orders have to be given to ten persons only, and each of these ten persons has to pass the orders only to other ten, and so on; no one having to give orders to more than ten. And everyone in turn is responsible only to the officer immediately over him; and the discipline and order that comes of this method is marvelous, for they are a people very obedient to their chiefs.

When the army is on the march, they have always two hundred horsemen, very well mounted, who are sent a distance of two marches in advance to reconnoiter, and these always keep ahead. They have a similar party in the rear, and on either flank, so that there is a good lookout kept on all sides against a surprise.

When they are going on a distant expedition, they take no gear with them except two leather bottles for milk, a little earthenware pot to cook their meat in, and a little tent to shelter them from rain. And in case of great urgency they will ride ten days without lighting a fire or taking a meal.

They also have milk dried into a kind of paste to carry with them; and when they need food they put this into water, and beat it up till it dissolves, and then drink it. It is prepared in this way: they boil the milk, and when the rich part floats on the top they skim it into another vessel, and of that they make butter.

Then they put the milk into the sun to dry. And when they go on an expedition, every man takes some ten pounds of this dried milk with him. And of a morning he will take a half-pound

of it and put it in his leather bottle, with as much water as he pleases. So, as he rides along, the milk-paste and the water in the bottle get well churned together into a kind of pap, and that makes his dinner.

When they come to an engagement with the enemy, they will gain the victory in this fashion. They never let themselves get into a regular battle, but keep perpetually riding round and shooting arrows into the enemy. And as they do not count it any shame to run away in battle, they will sometimes pretend to do so, and in running away they turn in the saddle and shoot hard and strong at the foe, and in this way make great havoc.

Their horses are trained so perfectly that they will double hither and thither, just like a dog, in a way that is quite astonishing. Thus they fight in running away as well as if they stood and faced the enemy, because of the vast volleys of arrows that they shoot in this way, turning round upon their pursuers, who are fancying that they have won the battle.

But when the Tartars see that they have killed and wounded a good many horses and men, they wheel round bodily, and return to the charge in perfect order and with loud cries; and in a very short time the enemy are routed. In truth, they are stout and valiant soldiers, and inured to war.

And you perceive that it is just when the enemy sees them run, and imagines that he has gained the battle, that he has in reality lost it; for the Tartars wheel round in a moment when they judge the right time has come. And after this fashion they have won many a fight.

All this that I have been telling you is true of the manners and customs of the genuine Tartars. But I must add also that in

these days they are greatly changed; for those who are settled in Cathay (China) have taken up the practices of the Idolaters of the country, and have abandoned their own manners; while those who have settled in the Levant have adopted the customs of the Saracens.

Concerning administering of justice among the Tartars

The way they administer justice is this. When anyone has committed a petty theft, they give him, under the orders of authority, seven blows of a stick, or seventeen, or twenty-seven, or thirty-seven, or forty-seven, and so forth, always increasing by tens in proportion to the injury done, and running up to one hundred and seven. Of these beatings sometimes they die.

But if the offense be horse-stealing, or some other great matter, they cut the thief in two with a sword. Howbeit, if he be able to ransom himself by paying nine times the value of the thing stolen, he is let off. Every Lord or other person who possesses beasts has them marked with his peculiar brand, be they horses, mares, camels, oxen, cows, or other great cattle, and then they are sent abroad to graze over the plains without any keeper. They get all mixed together, but eventually every beast is recovered by means of its owner's brand, which is known. For their sheep and goats they have shepherds. All their cattle are remarkably fine, big, and in good condition.

Now I have told you all about the manners and customs of the Tartars, but you have heard nothing yet of the great magnificence of the Grand Khan, who is the Lord of all the Tartars, nor of the supreme imperial court. All that I will tell you in its proper time and place.

The Great Wall of China

It is a little strange that Marco does not mention the Great Wall of China while in his description of "the marvels of the East." He certainly knew all about it.

Several hundred years before the Christian era the wild tribes of Mongolia used to make raids into China and harry the country. One of the great Chinese emperors determined to put a stop to these raids by building a huge wall all along the northern boundary of his country. You can find it on any good map of China. It begins northeast of Peking (longitude 119° east) and runs over mountains and valleys westward (to longitude 103° east), and there are several loops of it, enclosing various provinces. The foundations are usually made of granite blocks, the wall of bricks. It is about twenty-five feet thick at the base and fifteen feet at the top, and from fifteen to thirty feet high. Every now and then there are towers. Such a wall as this was quite sufficient to keep out the Tartar horsemen, especially when it was lined with Chinese soldiers with bows and arrows and with pots of boiling pitch to pour on an enemy's head. This amazing rampart stretches all along the boundary for fifteen hundred miles! Think of building a wall like that from Winnipeg, in Manitoba, to Galveston, in Texas! The length would be about the same. The Chinese Empire 2100 years ago took this way of shutting out its enemies, and it has lived inside its wall ever since.

Chapter 6

Of the Province of Shang-tu, in China, and of the Great Khan's Palace there

After all these wanderings, not the half of which have been told, the young Marco, with his father and uncle, finally arrive at the court of the Khan, three years and a half after they had left Venice. They were well received; evidently the Khan thought very highly of the Polos. In this country of Cathay (China) Marco spent more than twenty years as a high officer of the Khan's court, trusted and honored.

And when you have ridden three days you come to a city called Shang-tu, which was built by the Khan now reigning. There is at the place a very fine marble palace, the rooms of which are all gilt, and painted with figures of men and beasts and birds, and with a variety of trees and flowers, all executed with such exquisite art that you regard them with delight and astonishment.

Round this palace a wall is built, enclosing a compass of sixteen miles, and inside the park there are fountains and rivers and brooks and beautiful meadows, with all kinds of wild animals (excluding such as are of ferocious nature), which the Emperor has procured and placed there to supply food for his falcons and hawks, which he keeps here in mew. Of these there are more than two hundred falcons alone, without reckoning the other hawks.

The Khan himself goes every week to see his birds, and sometimes he rides through the park with a leopard behind him on his horse's croup; and then if he sees any animal that takes his fancy, he slips his leopard at it, and the game when taken is made over to feed the hawks. This he does for diversion.

Moreover, at a spot in the park where there is a charming wood, he has another palace built of bamboo, of which I must give you a description. It is gilt all over, and most elaborately finished inside. It stands on gilt and lacquered columns, on each side of which is a dragon all gilt, the tail of which is attached to the column, while the head supports the architrave.

The roof, like the rest, is formed of bamboos, covered with a varnish so strong and excellent that no amount of rain will rot them. These bamboos are a good three palms in girth, and from ten to fifteen paces in length. In short, the whole palace is built of these bamboos, which serve also for a great variety of other useful purposes. The construction of the palace is so devised that it can be taken down and put up again with great celerity; and it can all be taken to pieces and removed whithersoever the Emperor may command. When erected, it is braced against mishaps from the wind by more than two hundred cords of silk.

The Lord abides at this park of his, dwelling sometimes in the marble palace and sometimes in the cane palace for three months of the year, to wit, June, July, and August, preferring this residence because it is by no means hot; in fact, it is a very cool place.

When the 28th day of the August moon arrives he takes his departure, and the cane palace is taken to pieces. After this is

done the Emperor is off and away. You must know that the Khan keeps an immense stud of white horses and mares; in fact, more than ten thousand of them, and all pure white without a speck.

Coleridge, the English poet, fell asleep while he was reading Marco Polo's story and dreamed the poem beginning:

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding spots of sunny greenery.

Concerning the Grand Khan now reigning, and his Great Power

Now am I come to the part of our book in which I shall tell you of the great and wonderful magnificence of the Great Khan now reigning, by name Kublai Khan; Khan being a title which signifieth "The Great Lord of Lords," or Emperor. And of a surety he hath good right to such a title, for all men know for a certain truth that he is the most powerful man, as regards forces and lands and treasure that existeth in the world, or ever hath existed from the time of our First Father Adam until this day. All this I will make clear to you for truth, in this book of ours, so that everyone shall be fain to acknowledge that he is the greatest Lord that is now in the world, or ever hath been.

Now this Kublai Khan is of the right Imperial lineage, being descended from Jenghiz Khan, the first sovereign of all the Tartars. And he is the fifth Lord in succession, as I have already told you in this book. He came to the throne in the year 1269, and the Empire fell to him because of his ability and valor and great worth, as was right and reason. His brothers, indeed, and other kinsmen disputed his claim, but his it remained, both because maintained by his great valor, and because it was in law and right his, as being directly sprung of the Imperial line.

Up to the year now running, to wit, 1298, he hath reigned two-and-forty years, and his age is about eighty-five, so that he must have been about forty-three years of age when he first came to the throne. Before that time he had often been to the wars, and had shown himself a gallant soldier and an excellent captain.

Of the City of Peking

You must know that for three months in the year, to wit, December, January, and February, the Great Khan resides in the capital city of Cathay (China), which is called Cambaluc (Peking), and which is at the northeastern extremity of the country. In that city stands his great palace, and now I will tell you what it is like.

It is enclosed all round by a great wall forming a square, each side of which is a mile in length; that is to say, the whole compass thereof is four miles. It is also very thick and a good ten paces in height, whitewashed and loop holed all round. At each angle of the wall there is a very fine and rich palace in which the war-harness of the Emperor is kept, such as bows and

quivers, saddles and bridles, and bowstrings, and everything needful for an army.

Also midway between every two of these corner palaces there is another of the like, so that taking the whole compass of the enclosure you find eight vast palaces stored with the Great King's harness of war. And you must "understand that each palace is assigned to only one kind of article; thus, one is stored with bows, a second with saddles, a third with bridles, and so on in succession right round.

The great wall has five gates on its southern face, the middle one being the great gate, which is never opened on any occasion except when the Great Khan himself goes forth or enters. Close on either side of this great gate is a smaller one by which all other people pass; and then toward each angle is another great gate, also open to people in general; so that on that side there are five gates in all.

Inside of this wall there is a second, enclosing a space that is somewhat greater in length than in breadth. This enclosure also has eight palaces corresponding to those of the outer wall, and stored like them with the King's harness of war. This wall also hath five gates. In the middle of the second enclosure is the King's Great Palace, and I will tell you what it is like.

The King's Great Palace

You must know that it is the greatest Palace that ever was. The roof is very lofty, and the walls of the Palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons, sculptured and gilt, beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects. And on the

ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. On each of the four sides there is a great marble staircase.

The Hall of the Palace is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful, that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof also is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent luster to the Palace as seen for a great way round. This roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever.

On the interior side of the Palace are large buildings with halls and chambers, where the Emperor's private property is placed, such as his treasures of gold, silver, gems, pearls, and gold plate, and in which reside the ladies of the Court.

Between the two walls of the enclosure which I have described there are fine parks and beautiful trees bearing a variety of fruits. There are beasts also of sundry kinds, such as white stags and fallow deer, gazelles and roebucks, and fine squirrels of various sorts, and all manner of other beautiful creatures, insomuch that the whole place is full of them. The parks are covered with abundant grass; and the roads through them being all paved and raised two cubits above the surface, they never become muddy, nor does the rain lodge on them, but flows off into the meadows, quickening the soil and producing that abundance of herbage.

Then there is a fine lake, containing fish of different kinds, which the Emperor hath caused to be put in there, so that he

can have them at his pleasure. A river enters this lake and issues from it, but there is a grating of iron or brass put up so that the fish cannot escape.

Moreover, on the north side of the Palace, about a bow-shot off, there is a hill which has been made by art from the earth dug out of the lake. This hill is entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves, but remain ever green. And I assure you that wherever a beautiful tree may exist, and the Emperor gets news of it, he sends for it, and has it transported bodily with all its roots and the earth attached to them, and planted on that hill of his.

No matter how big the tree may be, he gets it carried by his elephants; and in this way he has got together the most beautiful collection of trees in all the world. And he has also caused the whole hill to be covered with the ore of azure, which is very green. And thus not only are the trees all green, but the hill itself is all green likewise; and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the Green Mount; and in truth 'tis named well.

On the top of the hill again there is a fine big palace which is all green inside and out; and thus the hill, and the trees, and the palace form together a charming spectacle; and it is marvelous to see their color! Everybody who sees them is delighted. And the Great Khan has caused this beautiful prospect to be formed for the comfort and solace and delectation (delight) of his heart.

You must know that beside the Palace that we have been describing, i.e., the Great Palace, the Emperor has caused another to be built just like his own in every respect, and this

he hath done for his son when he shall reign and be Emperor after him.

Now I am going to tell you of the Chief City of Cathay, in which these Palaces stand; and why it was built, and how.

Concerning the City of Cambaluc (Peking)

Now there was on that spot in old times a great and noble city called Cambaluc, which is as much as to say in our tongue "The City of the Emperor." But the Great Khan was informed by his astrologers that this city would prove rebellious against his imperial authority. So he caused the present city to be built close beside the old one, with only a river between them.

As regards the size of this new city, you must know that it has a compass of twenty-four miles, for each side of it hath a length of six miles, and it is four-square. And it is all walled round with walls of earth, which have a thickness of full ten paces at the bottom, and a height of more than ten paces; but they are not so thick at the top, for they diminish in thickness as they rise, so at top they are only about three paces thick. And they are provided throughout with loop holed battlements, which are all whitewashed.

The streets are so straight and wide that you can see right along them from end to end and from one gate to the other. And up and down the city there are beautiful places and many and fine hostelries (inns, hotels), and fine houses in great numbers. All the plots of ground on which the houses of the city are built are four-square and laid out in straight lines, and occupied by great and spacious palaces, with courts and gardens. All these plots are assigned to different heads of families. And thus the whole city is arranged in squares just like

a chess-board, and disposed in a manner so perfect and masterly that it is impossible to give a description that should do it justice.

Moreover, in the middle of the city there is a great clock — that is to say, a bell, which is struck at night. And after it has struck three times no one must go out in the city, unless it be for the needs of the sick.

And those who go about on such errands are bound to carry lanterns with them. Moreover, the established guard at each gate of the city is one thousand armed men; not that you are to imagine this guard is kept up for fear of any attack, but only as a guard of honor for the Sovereign, who resides there, and to prevent thieves from doing mischief in the town.

Concerning the Twelve Barons who are set over all the affairs of the Great Khan

You must know that the Great Khan hath chosen twelve great Barons, to whom he hath committed all the necessary affairs of thirty-four great provinces; and now I will tell you particulars about them.

You must know that these twelve Barons reside all together in a very rich and handsome palace, which is inside the city of Cambaluc. To every province is assigned a judge and several clerks, and all reside in this palace, where each one has his separate quarters. These judges and clerks administer all the affairs of the provinces to which they are attached, under the direction of the twelve Barons. Howbeit, when an affair is of very great importance, the twelve Barons lay it before the Emperor, and he decides as he thinks best. But the power of those twelve Barons is so great that they choose the governors

for all those thirty-four great provinces that I have mentioned, and only after they have chosen do they inform the Emperor of their choice. This he confirms, and grants to the person nominated a tablet of gold such as is appropriate to the rank of his government.

These twelve Barons also have such authority that they can dispose of the movements of the army, and send them whither, and in such strength as, they please. This is done indeed with the Emperor's knowledge, but still the orders are issued on their authority. They are styled "The Supreme Court." This body forms the highest authority at the Court of the Great Khan; and indeed they can favor and advance whom they will.

How the Khan's Posts and Runners are sped through Many Lands and Provinces

Now you must know that from this city of Cambaluc proceed many roads and highways leading to a variety of provinces, one to one province, another to another; and each road receives the name of the province to which it leads; and it is a very sensible plan. And the messengers of the Emperor in traveling from Cambaluc, be the road whichsoever they will, find at every twenty-five miles of the journey a station.

And at each of those stations used by the messengers there is a large and handsome building for them, in which they find all the rooms furnished with fine beds and all other necessary articles in rich silk, and where they are provided with everything they can want. If even a king were to arrive at one of these, he would find himself well lodged.

At some of these stations, moreover, there are posted some four hundred horses standing ready for the use of the

messengers; at others there are two hundred, according to the requirements, and to what the Emperor has established in each case. At every twenty-five miles, as I said, or anyhow at every thirty miles, you find one of these stations, on all the principal highways.

Even when the messengers have to pass through a roadless tract where no house exists, still there the station-houses have been established just the same, excepting that the intervals are somewhat greater, and the day's journey is fixed at thirty-five to forty-five miles, instead of twenty- five to thirty. But they are provided with horses and all the other necessaries just like those we have described, so that the Emperor's messengers, come they from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

And in sooth this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this manifests! For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept, specially for the use of the messengers. And the great buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished as I have told you. The thing is on a scale so costly and wonderful that it is hard to bring oneself to describe it.

But now I will tell you of another thing that I had forgotten, but which ought to be told while I am on this subject. You must know that by the Great Khan's orders there has been established between those post-houses at every interval of three miles a little fort with some forty houses round about it, in which dwell the people who act as the Emperor's foot-runners.

Every one of those runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run their bells are heard jingling a long way off. And thus on reaching the post the runner finds another man all ready to take his place, who instantly takes whatsoever he has in charge, and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk who is always on hand for the purpose; and so the new man sets off and runs his three miles.

At the next station he finds his relief ready in like manner; and so the post proceeds, with a change at every three miles. And in this way the Emperor, who has an immense number of these runners, receives dispatches with news from places ten days' journey off in one day and night; or, if need be, news from a hundred days' off in ten days and nights; and that is no small matter!

In fact, in the fruit season many a time fruit is gathered one morning in Cambaluc, and in the evening of the next day it reaches the Great Khan at Shang-tu, a distance of ten days' journey.

Moreover, there are also at those stations other men equipped similarly with girdles hung with bells, who are employed for expresses when there is call for great haste in sending dispatches to any governor of a province, or to give news when any baron has revolted, or in other such emergencies; and these men travel a good two hundred or three hundred miles in the day, and as much in the night.

I'll tell you how it stands. They take a horse from those at the station which are standing ready saddled, all fresh, and mount and go at full speed, as hard as they can ride, in fact. And when those at the next post hear the bells, they get ready

another horse and a man equipped in the same way, and he takes the letter or whatever it be, and is off full speed to the third station, where again a fresh horse is found all ready, and so the dispatch speeds along from post to post, always at full gallop with regular change of horses.

And the speed at which they go is marvelous. By night, however, they cannot go as fast as by day, because they have to be accompanied by footmen with torches, who could not keep up with them at full speed.

Those men are highly prized. And each of them carries with him a tablet, in sign that he is bound on an urgent errand; so that if perchance his horse break down, or he meet with other mishap, whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, he is empowered to make him dismount and give up his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such a case; so that the courier hath always a good fresh nag to carry him.

How the Great Khan causes Trees to be planted by the Highways

The Emperor hath ordered that all the highways should be planted with great trees a few paces apart. Even the roads through uninhabited tracts are thus planted, and it is the greatest possible solace to travelers.

How the Great Khan causes Stores of Grain to be collected, to help his people withal in Time of Scarcity

You must know that when the Emperor sees that grain is cheap and abundant he buys up large quantities, and has it stored in all his provinces and great granaries, where it is so well looked after that it will keep for three or four years.

And this applies, let me tell you, to all kinds of grain, whether wheat, barley, rice, or what not; and when there is any scarcity of a particular kind of grain he causes that to be issued. And he lets the people have it at whatever price will produce general cheapness; and everyone can have food in this way. And by this care of the Emperor's his people can never suffer from famine. He does the same over his whole Empire, causing these supplies to be stored everywhere according to the wants and necessities of the people.

Of the Charity of the Emperor to the Poor

I have told you how the Great Khan provides for the distribution of necessaries to his people in time of scarcity by making store in time of cheapness. Now I will tell you of his great charity to the poor of his city of Cambaluc.

You see he causes selection to be made of a number of poor families in the city. And each family he causes to be supplied with wheat and other corn sufficient for the whole year. And this he never fails to do every year.

Moreover, all those who choose to go to the Court receive a great loaf apiece hot from the baking, and nobody is denied; for so the Lord hath ordered. And so some thirty thousand people go for it every day from year's end to year's end. Now this is a great goodness in the Emperor to take pity of his poor people thus! And they benefit so much by it that they worship him as he were God.

He also provides the poor with clothes. For he takes a tenth part of all wool, silk, hemp, and the like that is made; and he has these woven and laid in a building set apart for the purpose; and the Khan has these stuffs made into clothing for poor

families, suitable for summer or winter, according to the time of year.

He also provides the clothing for his troops, and has woolens woven for them in every city, the material for which is furnished by the tax of one-tenth part aforesaid. You should know that the Tartars, before they were converted to the religion of the Idolaters, never practiced almsgiving. But the sages of the Boodhists told the Great Khan that it was a good work to provide for the poor, and that his idols would be greatly pleased if he did so. And since then he has undertaken to do for the poor so much as you have heard.

Concerning the Religion of the Cathayans, their Views as to the Soul, and their Customs

As we have said before, these people are Boodhists, and each one has a tablet fixed high up on the wall of his chamber on which is inscribed a name that represents the Most High and Heavenly God; and before this they pay daily worship.

They believe that as soon as a man dies his soul enters into another body, going from a good to a better, or from a bad to a worse, according as he hath conducted himself well or ill. That is to say, a poor man, if he have passed through life good and sober, shall be born again a gentleman; and on a second occasion shall be born a prince, and so on, always rising, till he be absorbed into the Deity. But if he have behaved ill, he who was the son of a gentleman shall be reborn as the son of a peasant, and from a peasant shall become a dog, always going down lower and lower.

The people have an ornate style of speech; they salute each other with a cheerful countenance, and with great politeness;

they behave like gentlemen, and eat with great propriety. They show great respect to their parents; and should there be any son who offends his parents, or fails to minister to their necessities, there is a public office which has no other charge but that of punishing children who have acted with ingratitude toward their parents.

The natives are of a peaceful character, both from education and from the example of their kings, whose disposition was the same. They know nothing of handling warlike weapons, and keep none in their houses. You hear no noisy quarrels or discussions of any kind among them.

Both in their commercial dealings and in their manufactures they are thoroughly honest and truthful, and there is such a degree of good-will and neighborly attachment among them that you would take the people who live in one street to be all one family. They treat the foreigners who visit them for the sake of trade with great cordiality, and afford them every help and advice in their business. But, on the other hand, they hate soldiers, and not least those of the Great Khan's garrisons, regarding them as the cause of their having lost their native kings and lords.

Chapter 7

You have now heard a part, though only a part, of what Marco Polo has to say about the Grand Khan, about his magnificent palaces, the way in which his kingdom is governed, his care for his people in times of famine, his charity to the poor. Suppose you should write down an account of the way our own country is governed. Would you not find some things as well done in China in the thirteenth century as in America nowadays? Marco Polo evidently thought that China was at least as well governed as Venice. Stop a moment, and think of it. There was no kingdom in Europe at that time where the monarch was more intelligent and kind, the cities more safe and prosperous, the people more content and happy. Yet this emperor was the grandson of a ferocious cutthroat. The Mongols and Tartars that first came into China were mere robbers.

How had they become civilized so quickly? The answer is that they had conquered a nation — the Chinese — who had been civilized (in their way) for centuries. The Tartars learned from them just as the conquering Arabs learned from the more civilized Persians, just as the rude Romans learned from the conquered Greeks, just as the Indians would learn from us if they were our masters, and ruled in New York and Boston and Washington.

Some Account of the Civilization of the Chinese

Marco Polo tells us about the Tartars who were the rulers of China in his time. They conquered the country about A.D. 1275, but for thousands of years before that time the Chinese had been a prosperous, happy, and contented people. The Chinese have a written history going back to 2400 B.C., more than four thousand years ago. While the Tartars were mere savages, herding their cattle on the steppes, the Chinese were a civilized nation. For instance, the Chinese invented paper in the first century, and had printed books soon afterward. There were no printed books in Europe till 1438. The mariner's compass was used in China at sea at least as early as 300 A.D. It was not known in Europe till A.D. 1302. What we call civil-service examinations (that is, choosing public officers by examinations to test their fitness) were not held in England until about fifty years ago, nor in the United States till about thirty years ago; but China has chosen its public officers in this way for thirteen hundred years.

China has been a nation for four thousand years at least; that is, it has been one people under one government. Since 221 B.C. they have had an emperor. This nation of hundreds of millions of people lived peacefully in its quarter of the world.

It was troubled sometimes by the Tartars, but the great wall kept them out from the time it was built (200 B.C.) till the ninth century.

The country was separated from Europe and the nearer East (Persia, Arabia, etc.) by vast distances, and it grew up by itself. England is near to France, and in many ways it is like France. It has French words in its language, French pictures in

its houses, French books, French cookery, French fashions. But China had no foreign words, pictures, or customs. It was like itself and like no other country for thousands of years.

Confucius the Sage

Confucius, the wisest man of China, and one of the great men of the world, was born 551 years B.C., and died 479 B.C. He was what we call a philosopher, a man who loved wisdom. He was the Chinese Solomon, if you please. He thought about such questions as these: What is right action? What is wrong? Why is such a thing right? Why is such another thing wrong? What rules should a man follow in everything that he does? Here is a rule that he made twenty-five hundred years ago: "What ye would that men should not do to you, do not that to them." Leave out the "not" in this saying of his and we have the Golden Rule of Christ: "What ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them".

"Do not be ashamed of mistakes and thus make them crimes," was another saying of his. Confucius left many such sayings as this, and his friends and pupils gathered them into books and made a kind of religion out of his teachings. Confucius never pretended to be anything more than a man — he never claimed to be divine — but he said he knew what was right, and he taught the right way to others. Another of his sayings was: "Walk in the trodden paths." He meant by this: Do what your fathers did — think as they thought. This is good in its way, but it does not cover the whole ground. It cuts out all improvement if it is too strictly carried out. The Chinese were improving fast in his time, but this maxim helped to stop them, and by and by they stood still. They have improved very little in the last thousand years. His teachings have been the religion

of China for twenty-five centuries, and every educated man in China knows them by heart today. Confucius did not say that the teachings of other wise men might not be true also. And so one of the Chinese emperors, who thought that some of the Boodhist doctrines were true, invited Boodhist priests to come to China and teach them to his people in the first century A.D. That is the way Boodhism came into China.

Confucius thought it very important that everyone should be educated, and every Chinaman has had the same opinion for thousands of years. In fact, the Chinese word which means "public officer" means also "educated man." Their very language implies that only educated men can possibly be officials. All over China, in the poorest villages as well as in towns, there are schools, and all the boys are sent there to be taught the sayings of Confucius. The girls are not taught unless they are the daughters of rich people, when they often have teachers at home. Nine out of every ten men in China can read and write and cipher.

If you will look at a set of Chinese plates someday you will be sure to find one with five bats on it. Now the Chinese word that means "bat" also means "reverence." These five bats stand for the five things everyone ought to respect, to reverence. The first is the Emperor, the second is one's parents, the third is one's teacher. Every Chinese is taught to respect knowledge and the people who give it to him.

Every province has a kind of college, where boys are examined in their studies. Hundreds of thousands of young men pass this first examination and become, as we should say, college graduates — Bachelors of Arts. There are higher examinations, too, for the Bachelors, who become, as we

should say, Doctors of Law. Every doctor is sure of some government office, and there are no Chinese judges, mayors, governors, and so forth, who are not scholars. Some of the Tartars reach high office even today because they are soldiers; but every Chinese must be a scholar.

The written language of the Chinese goes back to 3400 B.C., and they have had books for more than three thousand years.

It will show you what a learned people they were to say that twenty-one hundred years ago the educated people of China were such a power that one of the emperors began to be afraid of them. So he ordered (200 B.C.) all the books (manuscripts) in the kingdom to be destroyed, hoping to get rid of knowledge in that way, and so to be free to do what he liked without criticism.

As the Chinese were a thousand years ago so are they now. The common people are honest, very intelligent in their way, industrious, frugal, devoted to their parents, their wives, their children. In the great seaports, their contact with Europeans has not helped them. They have learned most of our vices and few of our virtues. There are three hundred million people in the empire, and comparatively few in the seaports. The mass are, indeed, honest, intelligent, industrious, frugal, good sons, good husbands, and good fathers. They behaved very badly in the Chinese war of 1900, but not half so badly as many of the European soldiers who ought to have done better.

Chapter 8

Marco Polo's book now begins to tell about different provinces of the Chinese Empire and to describe the people he meets, their manners of speech (for the spoken languages of different parts of China were, and are, different), their trades, occupations, manufactures, etc. All these particulars are of the highest interest to history, but we shall not follow him in his travels from place to place. We shall learn more by taking chapters out of his book, here and there, that describe some new and strange thing, like this one about great snakes and serpents that he saw. You must read over these paragraphs and see if you can tell what kind of animals he was talking about.

Great Snakes and Serpents that Marco Polo Saw

In this province are found snakes and great serpents of such vast size as to strike fear into those who see them, and so hideous that the very account of them must excite the wonder of those who hear it. I will tell you how long and big they are.

You may be assured that some of them are ten paces (that is, nearly thirty feet) in length; some are more and some less. And in bulk they are equal to a great cask, for the bigger ones are about eight feet in girth. The head is very big. The mouth is large enough to swallow a man whole, and is garnished with great pointed teeth. And in short they are so fierce-looking and so hideously ugly, that every man and beast must stand in fear

and trembling of them. There are also smaller ones, such as of eight paces long, and of five, and of one pace only.

The way in which they are caught is this: You must know that by day they live underground because of the great heat, and in the night they go out to feed, and devour every animal they can catch. They go also to drink at the rivers and lakes and springs. And their weight is so great that when they travel in search of food or drink, as they do by night, the tail makes a great furrow in the soil, as if a full cask of liquor had been dragged along.

Now the huntsmen who go after them take them by a certain trap which they set in the track over which the serpent has passed, knowing that the beast will come back the same way. They plant a stake deep in the ground, and fix on the head of this a sharp blade of steel made like a lance-point, and then they cover the whole with sand, so that the serpent cannot see it.

Indeed, the huntsman plants several such stakes and blades on the track. On coming to the spot, the beast strikes against the iron blade with such force that it enters his breast and cuts him, so that he dies on the spot; and the crows on seeing the brute dead begin to caw, and then the huntsmen know that the serpent is dead and come in search of him.

They also sell the flesh of this serpent, for it is excellent eating, and the people are very fond of it. And when these serpents are very hungry, sometimes they will seek out the lairs of tigers or bears, and devour their cubs, without the sire and dam being able to prevent it. Indeed, if they catch the big ones they devour them too; they can make no resistance.

Now, does not this sound like a traveler's story? A serpent thirty feet long, as big as a cask, that can devour tigers and bears! But if you call the brute a crocodile or an alligator instead of a "serpent," all the wonder ceases. Marco Polo was describing crocodiles which he saw for the first time, although they had been known in Egypt thousands of years.

Of the Battle that was fought by the Great Khan's Army against the King of Burma and Bengal

But I was forgetting to tell you of a famous battle that was fought, and that ought not to be omitted from our book. You see, in the year of Christ 1277, the Great Khan sent a large force into the kingdom of Vochan. Now there was a certain King called the King of Burma and Bengal, who was a very powerful Prince, with much territory and treasure and people. And it came to pass that when this King heard that the host of the Great Khan was at Vochan, he said to himself that it behooved him to go against them with so great a force as should insure his cutting off the whole of them, insomuch that the Great Khan would be very sorry ever to send an army thither again.

So this King prepared a great force; and he had, let me tell you, two thousand great elephants, on each of which was set a tower of timber, well framed and strong, and carrying from twelve to sixteen well-armed fighting-men. And besides these, he had of horsemen and of foot-men good sixty thousand men. In short, he equipped a fine force, as well befitted such a powerful Prince. It was indeed an army capable of doing great things.

And what shall I tell you? When the King had completed these great preparations to fight the Tartars, he tarried not, but straightway marched against them.

And when the Captain of the Tartar army had certain news that the King aforesaid was coming against him with so great a force, he grew uneasy, seeing that he had with him but twelve thousand horsemen. Nevertheless he was a most valiant and able soldier, of great experience in arms, and an excellent Captain.

His troops too were very good, and he gave them very particular orders how to act, and took every measure for his own defense and that of his army. And why should I make a long story of it? The whole force of the Tartars advanced to receive the enemy in the Plain of Vochan, and there they waited to give them battle. And this they did through the good judgment of the excellent Captain who led them; for close to that plain was a great wood, thick with trees.

And when the army of the King of Burma had arrived in the plain, and was within a mile of the enemy, he caused all the castles that were on the elephants to be set in order for battle, and the fighting-men to take up their posts on them, and he arrayed his horse and his foot with all skill, like a wise King as he was. And when he had completed all his arrangements, he began to advance.

The Tartars, seeing the foe advance, showed no dismay, but came on likewise with good order to meet them. And when they were near, and naught remained but to begin the fight, the horses of the Tartars took such fright at the sight of the elephants that they could not be got to face the foe, but always

turned back; while all the time the King and his forces, and all his elephants, continued to advance upon them.

And when the Tartars perceived how the case stood, they knew not what to say or do; for well enough they saw that unless they could get their horses to advance all would be lost. But their Captain acted like a wise leader who had considered everything beforehand.

He immediately gave orders that every man should dismount and tie his horse to the trees of the forest that stood hard by, and that then they should take to their bows, a weapon that they knew how to handle better than any troops in the world.

They did as he bade them, and plied their bows stoutly, shooting so many arrows at the advancing elephants that in a short space they had wounded or slain the greater part of them, as well as of the men they carried. The enemy also shot at the Tartars, but the Tartars had the better weapons, and were the better archers to boot.

And what shall I tell you? Understand that when the elephants felt the smart of those arrows that pelted them like rain, they turned tail and fled, and nothing on earth would have induced them to face the Tartars. So off they sped with such a noise and uproar that you would have believed the world was coming to an end! And then, too, they plunged into the wood and rushed this way and that, dashing their castles against the trees, bursting their harness, and smashing and destroying everything that was on them.

So when the Tartars saw that the elephants had turned tail and could not be brought to face the fight again, they got to

horse at once and charged the enemy. And then the battle began to rage furiously with sword and mace. Right fiercely did the two hosts rush together, and deadly were the blows exchanged.

The King's troops were far more in number than the Tartars, but they were not so brave, nor so hardened to war; otherwise the Tartars, who were few in number, could never have stood against them. Then might you see swashing blows dealt and taken from sword and mace; then might you see knights and horses go down; then might you see arms and hands and legs and heads hewn off; and besides the dead that fell, many a wounded man, that never rose again, for the sore press there was.

The din and uproar were so great from this side and from that, that God might have thundered and no man would have heard it! Great was the medley, and dire and dreadful was the fight that was fought on both sides; but the Tartars had the best of it.

In an ill hour indeed for the King and his people was that battle begun, so many of them were slain therein. And when they had continued fighting till midday, the King's troops could stand against the Tartars no longer, but felt that they were defeated, and turned and fled.

And when the Tartars saw them routed they gave chase, and hacked and slew so mercilessly that it was a piteous sight to see.

But after pursuing awhile they gave up, and returned to the wood to catch the elephants that had run away; and to manage this they had to cut down great trees to bar their passage. Even

then they would not have been able to take them without the help of the King's own men who had been taken, and who knew better how to deal with the beasts than the Tartars did. The elephant is an animal that has more intelligence than any other; but in this way at last they were caught, more than two hundred of them. And it was from this time forth that the Great Khan began to keep numbers of elephants.

How the Khan rewarded the Valor of his Captains

So we will have done with this matter, and go on to tell you how the Great Khan rewarded those Barons who had behaved well in the battle. Him who was before captain of one hundred he made captain of one thousand; and him who was captain of one thousand men he made to be captain of ten thousand, advancing every man according to his deserts and to his previous rank.

Besides that, he also made them presents of fine silver plate and other rich appointments; gave them Tablets of Authority of a higher degree than they held before; and bestowed upon them fine jewels of gold and silver, and pearls and precious stones; insomuch that the amount that fell to each of them was something astonishing. And yet 'twas not so much as they had deserved; for never were men seen who did such feats of arms for the love and honor of their King as these had done on that day of the battle.

Of the Great Descent that leads toward the Kingdom of Burma

After leaving the province I have been describing to you, you come to a great descent. In fact, you ride for two days and a half continually downhill. On all this descent there is nothing

worthy of mention, except only that there is a large place there where occasionally a great market is held; for all the people of the country round come thither on fixed days, and hold a market there.

They exchange gold for silver; for they have gold in abundance; and they give one ounce of fine gold for five ounces of fine silver; so this induces merchants to come from various quarters, bringing silver which they exchange for gold with these people; and in this way the merchants make great gain.

After you have ridden those two days and a half downhill you find yourself in a province (of Burma), which is pretty near to India. You travel therein for fifteen days through a very unfrequented country and through great woods abounding in elephants and unicorns, and numbers of other wild beasts. There are no dwellings and no people, so we need say no more of this wild country, for in truth there is nothing to tell.

Concerning the Province of Kwei-chau

After leaving Koloman you travel along a river for twelve days, meeting with a good number of towns and villages, but nothing worthy of particular mention. After you have traveled those twelve days along the river, you come to a great and noble city which is called Phun- gau-lu.

The people live by trade and handicrafts, and they manufacture stuffs of the bark of certain trees which form very fine summer clothing. They are good soldiers, and have paper money. For you must understand that henceforward we are in the countries where the Great Khan's paper money is current.

The country swarms with tigers to that degree that no man can venture to sleep outside his house at night.

Moreover, when you travel on that river, and come to a halt at night, unless you keep a good way from the bank the tigers will spring on the boat and snatch one of the crew and make off with him and devour him. And but for a certain help that the inhabitants enjoy, no one could venture to travel in that province, because of the multitude of those tigers, and because of their strength and ferocity.

But you see they have in this province a large breed of dogs, so fierce and bold that two of them together will attack a tiger. So every man who goes a journey takes with him a couple of those dogs; and when a tiger appears they attack him with the greatest boldness, and the tiger turns on them, but can't touch them, for they are very skilful in avoiding his blows.

So they follow him, perpetually giving tongue (barking), and watching their chance to give him a bite. So, to escape the dogs' din, the tiger makes off, and gets into the wood, where mayhap he stands at bay against a tree. And when the travelers see the tiger in this plight they take to their bows, for they are capital archers, and shoot their arrows at him till he falls dead. And 'tis thus that travelers in those parts do deliver themselves from those tigers.

They have a good deal of silk and other products, which are carried up and down, by the river of which we spoke, into various quarters.

Concerning the Great River Hoang-Ho

It is a great river and more than a mile in width, and so deep that great ships can navigate it. It abounds in fish, and very big ones, too. You must know that in this river there are some fifteen thousand junks (vessels) all belonging to the Great

Khan, and each of these vessels will require twenty sailors, and will carry fifteen horses, with the men belonging to them.

The Canals of China

You must understand that the Emperor has caused wide and deep canals to be dug between river and river, lake and lake, forming, as it were, rivers on which large vessels can ply. And thus there is a communication between each city and Peking, so that great vessels with their loads can go the whole way. A land road also exists, for the earth dug from those canals has been thrown up to form an embanked road on either side.

Any good map of China will show you some of the canals. One of them (the Grand Canal) starts from Hang-Chau (south of Shanghai) and runs north to the Yang-tze-Kiang river, thence northwest, about seventy-five miles from the sea-coast, to the Hoang-Ho river, thence north to Peking. There are hundreds of smaller canals also. The Grand Canal is more than one thousand miles long, and it passes through forty or fifty great cities. Thousands of junks are constantly passing through it carrying the rice of the southern provinces to the north.

Concerning the Great City of Siang-Yang-fu and how it was Captured

Now you must know that this city held out against the Great Khan for three years after the rest of the province had surrendered. The Great Khan's troops made incessant attempts to take it, but they could not succeed because of the great and deep waters that were round about it, so that they could approach from one side only, which was the north. And I tell you they never would have taken it, but for a circumstance that I am going to relate.

You must know that when the Great Khan's army had lain three years before the city without being able to take it, they were greatly chafed thereat. Then Messer Nicolo Polo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco said, "We could find you a way of forcing the city to surrender speedily"; whereupon those of the army replied, that they would be right glad to know how that should be.

All this talk took place in the presence of the Great Khan. For messengers had been dispatched from the camp to tell him that there was no taking the city by blockade, for it continually received supplies of victual from those sides which they were unable to surround; and the Great Khan had sent back word that take it they must, and find a way how.

Then spoke up the Two Brothers and Messer Marco the son, and said: "Great Prince, we have with us among our followers men who are able to construct mangonels (a kind of war engine for throwing huge stones.) which shall cast such great stones that the garrison will never be able to stand them, but will surrender at once, as soon as the mangonels shall have shot into the town."

The Khan bade them with all his heart have such mangonels made as speedily as possible. Now Messer Nicolo and his brother and his son immediately caused timber to be brought, as much as they desired, and fit for the work in hand. And they had two men among their followers, a German and a Nestorian Christian, who were masters of that business, and these they directed to construct two or three mangonels capable of casting stones of three hundred pounds' weight.

Accordingly they made three fine ones, each of which cast stones of three hundred pounds' weight and more. And when they were ready for use, the Emperor and the others were greatly pleased to see them, and caused several stones to be shot in their presence; whereat they marveled greatly and greatly praised the work. And the Khan ordered that the engines should be carried to his army.

And when the engines were got to the camp they were forthwith set up, to the great admiration of the Tartars. And what shall I tell you? When the engines were set up, a stone was shot from each of them into the town. These took effect upon the buildings, crashing and smashing through everything with huge din and commotion.

And when the townspeople witnessed this new and strange visitation, they were so astonished and dismayed that they knew not what to do or say. They took counsel together, but no counsel could be suggested how to escape from these engines, for the thing seemed to them to be done by magic. They declared that they were all dead men if they yielded not, so they determined to surrender.

So the men of the city surrendered; and this all came about through the exertions of Messer Nicolo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco; and it was no small matter. For this city and province is one of the best that the Great Khan possesses, and brings him great revenues.

Concerning the Great River Yang-Tze-Kiang

I assure you this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there pass and repass on its waters more wealth and merchandise than on all the rivers

and all the seas of Christendom put together! It seems indeed more like a Sea than a River. Messer Marco Polo said that he once beheld fifteen thousand vessels (junks) at one time. And you may judge, if this city has such a number, how many there must be altogether, considering that on the banks of this river there are more than sixteen provinces and more than two hundred great cities, besides towns and villages, all possessing vessels.

Messer Marco Polo aforesaid tells us that he heard from the officer employed to collect the Great Khan's duties on this river that there passed upstream two hundred thousand vessels in the year, without counting those that passed down!

Indeed, as it has a course of such great length, and receives so many other navigable rivers, it is no wonder that the merchandise which is borne on it is of vast amount and value. And the article in largest quantity of all is salt, which is carried by this river and its branches to all the cities on their banks, and thence to other cities in the interior.

The vessels which ply on this river are decked. They have but one mast, but they are very large, for I can assure you they carry, reckoning by our weight, nearly five hundred tons each. In going upstream they have to be hauled, for the current is so strong that they could not make head in any other manner.

Now the tow-line, which is some three hundred paces in length, is made of nothing but bamboo. 'Tis in this way: they have those great bamboos of which I told you before; these they split from end to end into many slender strips, and then they twist these strips together so as to make a rope of any

length they please. And the ropes so made are stronger than if they were made of hemp.

Chapter 9

Marco did not visit Japan, but he sets down what he heard. People were talking about Japan in his time because the Great Khan had lately been at war with that country, as we shall hear.

The Island of Japan, and how the Great Khan sent an Army against it

Japan is an island toward the east in the high seas; and a very great island it is.

The people are white, civilized, and good-looking. They are Boodhists, and are dependent on nobody. And I can tell you the quantity of gold they have is endless; for they find it in their own Islands, and the King does not allow it to be exported. Moreover, few merchants visit this country because it is so far from the mainland, and thus it comes to pass that their gold is abundant beyond all measure.

Kublai, the Grand Khan who now reigneth, having heard much of the immense wealth that was in this Island, formed a plan to get possession of it. For this purpose he sent two of his Barons with a great navy, and a great force of horse and foot. These Barons were able and valiant men, and they weighed anchor with all their company and put out to sea.

They sailed until they reached the Island aforesaid, and there they landed, and occupied the open country and the villages, but did not succeed in getting possession of any city or castle. And a disaster befell them, as I shall tell you.

It came to pass that there arose a wind which blew with great fury (a typhoon) and caused great damage to the coasts of that Island, for its harbors are few. It blew so hard that the Great Khan's fleet could not stand up against it, and when the chiefs saw that, they came to the conclusion that if the ships remained there the whole navy would perish. So they all got on board and made sail to leave the country; and a great part of the fleet was wrecked and a great multitude of the army perished.

The Great Khan's army consisted of about one hundred thousand men. They must have had something like a thousand ships (junks), many of them quite stout and seaworthy. The Chinese ships of those days were far better than the vessels in which Columbus crossed the ocean in 1492. No doubt most of these ships were wrecked and their crews perished. Some people think it not impossible that a few out of the thousand junks drifted or sailed all the way across the Pacific ocean and landed on our continent, where the survivors may have taught their arts and trades and customs to the Indians of South America. It is not impossible, and it should be mentioned here, but at the same time you must remember that nothing of the sort is proved.

Concerning the Island of Sumatra

Let me first say one marvelous thing, and that is the fact that this island lies so far to the south that the North Star is never to be seen.

There are wild elephants in the country, and numerous unicorns (rhinoceroses), which are very nearly as big. They have hair like that of a buffalo, feet like those of an elephant, and a horn in the middle of the forehead, which is black and very thick. They delight much to abide in mire and mud. 'Tis a

passing ugly beast to look upon, and not in the least like the unicorn of our stories; in fact, 'tis altogether different from what we fancied.

There are also monkeys here, in great numbers and of sundry kinds.

Concerning India

When you leave the Island of Ceylon and sail westward about sixty miles, you come to a great province of India the Greater; it is the best of all the Indies, and is on the mainland. In this kingdom they find very fine and great pearls; and I will tell you how they are got.

Pearl Fishers

The sea here forms a gulf between the Island of Ceylon and the mainland. And all round this gulf the water has a depth of no more than ten or twelve fathoms, and in some places no more than two fathoms. The pearl-fishers take their vessels, great and small, and proceed into this gulf, where they stop from the beginning of April till the middle of May.

The men jump into the water and dive to the bottom, and there they remain as long as they are able. And there they find the shells that contain the pearls, and these they put into a net bag tied round the waist, and mount up to the surface with them, and then dive anew. When they can't hold their breath any longer they come up again, and after a little down they go once more, and so they go on all day. These shells are in fashion like oysters. And in these shells are found pearls, great and small, of every kind, sticking in the flesh of the shell-fish. In this manner pearls are fished in great quantities, for thence in fact come the pearls which are spread all over the world.

Concerning the Kingdom of Golconda, in India, and how Diamonds are found there

It is in this kingdom that diamonds are got; and I will tell you how. There are certain lofty mountains in those parts; and when the winter rains fall, the waters come roaring down the mountains in great torrents. When the rains are over, and the waters from the mountains have ceased to flow, they search the beds of the torrents and find plenty of diamonds. In summer also there are plenty to be found in the mountains, but the heat of the sun is so great that it is scarcely possible to go thither, nor is there then a drop of water to be found.

Moreover, in those mountains great serpents are rife to a marvelous degree, and this owing to the great heat. The serpents are also the most venomous in existence, insomuch that anyone going to that region runs fearful peril; for many have been destroyed by these evil reptiles.

Now among these mountains there are certain great and deep valleys, to the bottom of which there is no access. Wherefore the men who go in search of the diamonds take with them pieces of flesh, and these they cast into the bottom of the valley. Now there are numbers of white eagles that haunt those mountains and feed upon the serpents. When the eagles see the meat thrown down they pounce upon it, and carry it up to some rocky hilltop where they begin to rend it.

But there are men on the watch, and as soon as they see that the eagles have settled they raise a loud shouting to drive them away. And when the eagles are thus frightened away the men recover the pieces of meat, and find them full of diamonds which have stuck to the meat down in the bottom. For the abundance of diamonds down there in the depths of the valleys

is astonishing, but nobody can get down; and if one could, it would be only to be immediately devoured by the serpents.

There is also another way of getting the diamonds. The people go to the nests of those white eagles, of which there are many, and find plenty of diamonds. And when the eagles themselves are taken, diamonds are found in their stomachs.

So now I have told you three different ways in which these stones are found.

Concerning the Province of Guzerat, in India, and the Brahmans

You must know that these Brahmans are the best (people) in the world, and the most truthful, for they would not tell a lie for anything on earth. They eat no flesh and drink no wine; nor would they on any account take what belongs to another; for so their law commands.

These Brahmans are idolaters. They are very long lived, owing to their extreme abstinence in eating. There are certain of them who live the most ascetic life in the world, and these worship the ox. They eat not from bowls or plates, but put their victuals on leaves; these, however, they use dry, never green. For they say the green leaves have a soul in them, and so it would be a sin. And they would rather die than do what their law says is a sin. They would not kill an animal on any account, not even a fly or a flea.

Marco describes the countries of India in order as he visited them, and tells what manner of animals are found in each, what customs the people have, what manufactures and products each province furnishes. These chapters of his are mostly very very short and need not detain us, though they are

important to history. One thing we must notice, however. On speaking of the kingdom of Malibar, in British India (on the west coast, in latitude 13° north), he says that ships come here from many quarters, especially from China. This will make us remember that long before Marco Polo's day the great Chinese junks (vessels) traded to various parts of India. As soon as Europeans reached India, then (about A.D. 1315), they heard accounts of the countries still further eastward. Our early knowledge of China came to us both from travelers by land, like Marco, and from the early navigators.

He describes Abyssinia, Madagascar, and Zanzibar, too, though he did not visit them.

Concerning the Island of Zanzibar

The people are all black, and their hair is as black as pepper and so frizzly that even with water you can scarcely straighten it.

There are also lions that are black and quite different from ours. And their sheep are all exactly alike in color — the body all white and the head black; no other kind of sheep is found there, you may rest assured.

They have also many giraffes. This is a beautiful creature, and I must give you a description of it. Its body is short and somewhat sloped to the rear, for its hind legs are short, while the fore legs and the neck are both very long, and thus its head stands about three paces from the ground. The head is small, and the animal is not at all mischievous. Its color is all red and white in round spots, and it is really a beautiful object.

The people live on rice and flesh and milk and dates; and they make wine of dates and of rice and of good spices and

sugar. There is a great deal of trade, and many merchants and vessels go thither.

In Madagascar, or somewhere in southeastern Africa, Marco tells us there is a huge bird called the rukh (roc) that you have no doubt read of in the Arabian lights. There is no such bird nowadays.

After he has finished his description of India and got back to the city of Hormuz, from which he started, Marco speaks of various wars among the Tartar princes, and then gives an account of some of the northern countries.

Siberia

You find in this country immense bears entirely white, more than eight feet and a half in length. There are also black foxes and abundance of sables; those creatures, I mean, from whose skins they make those precious robes that cost about $3,000 each. And you must know that there is a part of this country quite impassable for horses. There is so much ice as well as mud and mire that horses cannot travel over it. Wherefore they make sledges, which are carriages without wheels. On such a sledge they lay a bear skin, on which the traveler sits, and the sledge is drawn by six big dogs. There is no more to say on this subject, and so I shall tell you of a region in that neighborhood in which there is perpetual darkness.

Concerning the Land of Darkness

Still farther north and a long way beyond that kingdom of which I have spoken there is a region which bears the name of Darkness, because neither sun nor moon nor stars appear. The people of this region (the Eskimo) are tall and shapely, but very

pale and colorless. One end of the country borders upon Great Russia.

Description of Russia and its People

Russia is a very great province, lying toward the north. The people are Christians. They have several kings in that country, and they have a language of their own.

It is not a land of trade, though, to be sure, they have many and valuable furs, such as sables and ermine and fox-skins, the finest in the world. They also possess many silver mines. There is nothing else worth mentioning, so let us leave Russia and I will tell you about the Black Sea and what provinces lie round about it — and we will begin with Constantinople. At the straits leading into the Black Sea, on the west side, there is a hill called the Faro — but since beginning on this matter I have changed my mind, because so many people know all about it, so we will not put it in our book.

You can almost hear Marco Polo talking in these last sentences. These are probably his very words, taken down by his secretary as they fell from his lips. He has completed his long and wonderful story, such a story as no man before him had ever told. It is time to give the

Conclusion

And now ye have heard all that we can tell you about the Tartars and the Saracens and their customs, and likewise about the other countries of the world, as far as our researches and information extend. Only we have said nothing whatever about the Black Sea and the provinces that lie round it, although we know it thoroughly.

But it seems to me a useless task to speak about places which are visited by people every day. For there are so many who sail about that sea constantly, Venetians and Genoese and Pisans, and many others, that everybody knows all about it, and that is the reason that I say nothing of it.

Of the manner in which we took our departure from the Court of the Great Khan you have heard at the beginning of the book, in that chapter where we told you of all the vexation and trouble that Messer Maffeo and Messer Nicolo and Messer Marco had about getting the Great Khan's leave to go; and in the same chapter is related the lucky chance that led to our departure.

And you may be sure that but for that lucky chance we should never have got away in spite of all our trouble, and never have got back to our country again. But I believe it was God's pleasure that we should get back, in order that people might learn about the things that the world contains.

For according to what has been said in the introduction at the beginning of the book, there never was a man, be he Christian or Saracen, or Tartar or Heathen, whoever traveled over so much of the world as did that noble and illustrious citizen of the City of Venice, Messer Marco, the son of Messer Nicolo Polo.

Chapter 10

What Kind of a Man was Marco Polo?

After reading so many of his adventures told almost in his own words, you have some kind of an idea about the man himself. Stop here and try to describe him to yourself. Was he brave? Yes, of course he must have been brave to go through all these adventures and not shrink nor complain. He was brave and resolute. Colonel Yule, of the British army, who has made the best edition of his book, tells us what his conclusions are. See if you agree with him.

Marco, he says, was, first of all, brave. He was a shrewd man of business, wise in all practical affairs. He returned to Venice loaded with riches. He was prudent; if he had not been, the noblemen at the Great Khan's court would have found it easy to get rid of this stranger, whom they envied. He was a silent and grave man, like so many of the Oriental people. One of the Persian poets of his time (Saudi) said well:

A trained orator, wise, aged,
First meditates, and then speaks;
Do not speak without consideration;
Speak well — and if slow, what matters it?
Deliberate — and then begin to talk.
Say, thyself, "enough," before others say "enough."
First deliberation, then speech;
The foundation first, then the wall.

He was full of respect for religion, even the religion of the strange people among whom he lived. He sincerely admired the Great Khan, who had been so kind to him, and he served him faithfully and well — and indeed the Khan was a great king and a ruler of high intelligence, worthy of respect. Marco loved splendor and magnificence, as did all the Venetians of his day. He was a keen sportsman, and delighted in recollections of hunting and hawking. Nothing seemed to astonish him. He had seen so many strange sights and had so many strange adventures that he describes a wonderful or a ludicrous thing with perfect gravity, just as a Chinese might do. In many respects he grew to be, in fact, more Asiatic than European.

We think of Marco Polo today as the man whose journeys opened the East to us — as the great traveler. Probably he did not think of himself in that way at all. He was not a man of science, nor an enthusiastic explorer like Columbus or Vasco da Gama. He thought of himself as a merchant, a gentleman, a court official, a nobleman of Venice. But his character and his opportunities have made him a secure place in the world's history. His name will never be forgotten.

Marco Polo's Discoveries

"He was the first Traveler to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, naming and describing kingdom after kingdom which he had seen with his own eyes — Persia, Badakhshan, Khotan, the steppes of Mongolia; the first to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness, its mighty rivers, its huge cities, its rich manufactures, its swarming population, and to tell us of the nations on its borders — of Tibet, Burma, Siam, Japan, Java, Sumatra, Ceylon, India; the first in his own times to describe Abyssinia, Zanzibar, Madagascar, Siberia, and the

Arctic Ocean." Many of these names so familiar to us were first heard of from Marco Polo. Some of the places he visited were not entered by Europeans again till 1850 or so, six hundred years later.

A Few Words about the Progress of Geographical Discovery in Asia, Africa, and America

Alexander the Great, in his conquests in the East, introduced many countries to the knowledge of Europe. In the year B.C. 331 he conquered Persia; he entered India in 326. One of his generals sailed down the Indus River to its mouth, along the coast to the Persian Gulf, and up the Tigris to Bagdad.

Wherever the armies of the Romans went they made surveys of the country, and they have left good accounts of Persia and India. The Greek emperors of Constantinople encouraged exploration, too. Their trade in the East was extensive and very valuable. Justinian (born 483 A.D., died 565) sent two Christian monks to China, who brought back the knowledge of silk manufacture with them, as well as some eggs of the silkworm.

The Arabian Caliphs at Bagdad (750-1258) caused European books of science to be translated into Arabic, and fostered learning of all sorts. Arabian travelers visited India and described it very fully before the year 1000 A.D.

The continent of America was first heard of about this time. Iceland was a province belonging to Denmark, and the Northmen regularly visited it. In the year 985 Erik the Red discovered Greenland, and the next year the coasts of New England and of Nova Scotia were discovered. For some time

regular voyages were made from Iceland to Danish settlements in Greenland. There is no doubt that America was several times visited by these Danes hundreds of years before Columbus (his discovery was in 1492, you remember).

The Crusaders (1095-1270) became perfectly familiar with the nearer East and heard of more distant countries. They had an idea that if they could but join forces with Prester John they could easily conquer the Saracens and drive them out of Syria and Jerusalem.

De Rubriquis was sent by King Louis IX of France, a crusader, to spy out these eastern lands. His travels took him as far as Karakoram, the capital city of the Mongol Khans, about the year 1253.

Ibn Batuta

This was just before the journey of Marco Polo. The Saracens of those days had great travelers too. Ibn Batuta — born at Tangiers in 1304, died at Fez, in Morocco, 1377 — was the greatest of them. He explored Syria, Persia, Arabia, parts of Africa, Egypt, the Black Sea, and Bokhara, and became an officer of the court of the Mohammedan Sultan of Delhi. The Sultan sent him to China in the year 1342, and from China he went to Ceylon. In twenty-eight years he traveled some 75,000 miles, and finally returned to Morocco to write out an account of his wanderings. If you remember how journeys had to be made in those days, his journeys, which averaged 2,700 miles a year for twenty-eight years, will seem amazing, as indeed they are.

The Mariner's Compass

It was in the fourteenth century that the mariner's compass became known in Europe (1307). It had served as a guide in sea voyages in China for a thousand years before this time.

As soon as sailors learned to depend upon it, long voyages were possible. They could sail by the compass whether the stars shone or not.

Prince Henry the Navigator (born 1394, died 1460)

A granddaughter of King Edward III of England (Froissart's King Edward) married the King of Portugal.

Her son, Prince Henry (Prince Henry the Navigator, he is called), devoted himself to discovery. He founded a special school of navigation and geography with the especial object of finding a sea-route to India. The land-route everyone knew of. Marco Polo had described it. But at that time the land-route was closed to Europeans. Prince Henry's first discovery was of Madeira (1418). His ships explored the west coast of Africa, but they were not yet ready to venture on the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope to Marco Polo's Madagascar and to India.

Christopher Columbus

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa in 1435 (or perhaps in 1436). For a while he went to the University of Pavia, but he was a sailor by the time he was fifteen years old, and a sailor he remained to the end of his long life. "Wherever a ship has sailed there have I voyaged," he said. He is known to have been in England, throughout the Mediterranean Sea, to the west coast of Africa, to Iceland, and even "a hundred leagues beyond."

Whatever a sailor of those days knew he knew: navigation, astronomy, map-making, as well as seamanship. About the year 1470 (he was then over thirty-five years old) he married the daughter of a sea-captain. Now, this captain was one of the officers of Prince Henry the Navigator, and had lived in the island of Madeira. You must look at a map of the world and find Madeira, and notice that it is a considerable distance to the west of Africa — a kind of stepping-stone in the journey from Europe to America. Columbus went to Madeira to live, and there he heard all that other sailors had to tell him of the vast ocean to the westward. There were many people who half believed in a continent close to Europe on the other side of the Atlantic. Pieces of wood carved in strange ways had drifted to Madeira from the West.

He began to reflect about possible new discoveries, and to write to scientific men — map-makers and geographers — about them. This was in the year 1474 (he was by this time nearly forty years of age). His ideas may be put in this wise: The world is certainly a globe; hence, by sailing west from Europe you can reach India. Now, Columbus had seen maps of Asia, in which all Marco Polo's discoveries were laid down. These maps made Asia much wider (east and west) than it really is — and so they brought Cathay nearer to Spain than it should be.

Then, again, the true size of the earth was not known till 1666. The people of Columbus's days thought the earth much smaller than it really is. They thought a degree of longitude at the equator was about 58 miles; it is really nearly 70 miles.

Now, Columbus thought Asia much wider in longitude than it really is, and therefore he counted fewer degrees of longitude in the distance from Spain to Cathay than there are;

and then, again, he thought each degree narrower than it is. So it seemed to him an easy thing to sail westward to Cathay. It was very important to find a sea-route to India, because the Mohammedans had shut up the land-route. From this time onward, Columbus had only one idea: to discover India and Cathay and Cipango (Japan) by sailing westward.

To test his plan he needed men, money, and ships, and he was a poor sea-captain. He must then find some intelligent and liberal king or government to supply him with what he needed. He must first convince people that his idea was right, and then get his ships and men. He began by asking the Genoese to help him. They refused. He convinced the Portuguese that he was right. They refused to give him the ships, but sent a secret expedition of their own to discover the Indies by sailing westward. But the Portuguese sailors soon came back, afraid (as well they might be) of the vast ocean.

Columbus was indignant at the treachery of the Portuguese, and sent one of his sons to England to ask the English King (Henry VIII) to help, while he himself went to Spain to beg the Spanish King and Queen for their aid. This was in the year 1484 (and Columbus was then nearly fifty years of age).

The King was Ferdinand of Leon and Castile and the Queen was Ysabel (Isabella). They were busy with civil wars and in fighting the Moors, but Columbus got a hearing at last, and in 1487 the whole matter was referred to a commission to be reported upon.

In 1490 (Columbus was then fifty-five years old) the commission decided that the plan of Columbus was not worthy of the King's support. After six years of waiting, this was

the result! Columbus was almost in despair, but he was not yet ready to give up his hopes. He started to go to France, to beg the French King's aid. On his way he stopped at Palos, and at the door of the Convent of La Rabida he asked for bread and water. Here he talked to an intelligent priest, who had formerly been confessor to Queen Isabella. The priest was interested in what he heard, and begged Columbus to stay a while till he should write to the Queen.

The Queen sent a kind answer, invited Columbus to return to the court, and provided money for his expenses. On his return there were more delays, and finally, in 1492, Columbus decided to go to France. He was actually on the road thither when the Queen's messengers brought him back, and at last promised her aid. This was in April, 1492, when Columbus was fifty-seven years old. It had taken twenty-two years to obtain his opportunity.

The Discovery of America

The object of Columbus's voyage was to find a sea-route to Cathay, and to convert the Grand Khan of Tartary and all his people to Christianity. He carried with him a letter from the King and Queen of Spain to the Grand Khan, and he fully expected to deliver it to the Khan in person. He sailed from Palos with three ships and one hundred and twenty men on August 3, 1492.

The expedition stopped at Madeira to refit, and again set sail on September 6. On the 11th of October they found driftwood carved in a curious fashion. On the next day — October 12, 1492 — after a voyage of thirty-six days, they

landed on one of the islands of the West Indies — America was discovered!

We have the log-book of Columbus and many of his papers, and yet it is not certain which one of the West India islands he first landed upon. It was probably Watling's Island. Nothing shows the perils of navigation in those days better than this uncertainty about the landfall of Columbus. Even with his papers before us, we are not sure what island he first saw. In this voyage he discovered Cuba, which he thought was the Cipango (Japan) described by Marco Polo; and also Santo Domingo. He returned to Lisbon, triumphant, on May 4, 1493, carrying with him gold, weapons, plants, cotton from the West Indies, besides nine of the natives to be exhibited to the King and to be baptized as Christian people.

The rest of the story of Columbus you know. He is the discoverer of our continent and the most noted navigator of all time. His story has been retold here because his voyage probably would never have been made if it had not been for the famous book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, printed two centuries before his time.

The Story of China

(abridged)

by

R. Van Bergen, M. A.

Preface

In writing this book I have endeavored to impart as many facts about the Middle Flowery Kingdom as are positively known. Personal observation enters largely into its composition, but I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following writers: D. C. Boulger, Mrs. Bishop, M. von Brandt, A. R. Colquhoun, Sir J. F. Davis, G. N. Curzon, Justus Doolittle, R. S. Gundry, Abbe Hue, Henry Norman and S. Wells Williams.

While this book is written primarily for young people, it is hoped that the information contained in it will be found interesting to older readers.

R. VAN BERGEN.

The Story of China

I. The Country

General Description

When Columbus began his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, it was his purpose to find a new and shorter route to India and Cathay, or China. The word Cathay is no longer used by us, but the Russians and the people of Central Asia, still call the Chinese Ki Tai (kee-tye).

It is not definitely known how the name China came into use. A great many people who have lived in China, and who have studied the language, have tried to investigate the matter. Some think that it came from the Tsin family, who owned a large territory in the western part of the empire, when the first people from Europe came overland to China to trade. One of the members of this family became Emperor of China. His country was known among the people of Arabia, Persia, and India as Jin, Chin, or Sin. It seems likely that the old Israelites had also heard of the Chinese, for the prophet Isaiah says in one place: "Behold, these shall come from far: and lo, these from the north, and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim." But there are others who believe that the word China comes from the old Chinese word Tsan, meaning silk. They say that the word China means the Land of Silk, just as Brazil means the Land of a (crimson) Dyewood. We cannot tell who is right, but we know that if we speak of China to a Chinese, he

does not know what we mean, unless he has learned that word from us.

The Chinese have no special name for their country. When they speak or write of it, they call it sometimes Chung kwoh (choong-kwoh), that is, the Middle Kingdom, because they believe that their land is the center of the world. They also think that China is the most civilized and refined country on earth, and they call it Chung Hwa Kwoh, which means the Middle Flowery Kingdom. When they think of China as a powerful empire, they call it Shih pah seng, that is, the Eighteen Provinces, just as we speak of our country as the United States.

The Chinese often calls himself Han-jin or Han-tsz', meaning the son of Han. Sometimes he speaks of himself as a Tang-jin, or man of Tang, because at one time China was called Tang shan, or Land of Tang. They have other names, but these are the most common.

II. The People

How the Chinese were Governed in the 1800's

When we speak of China and its monarch, we call him an emperor and we call his country an empire. We do this because we have no better name. China, from its size, may deserve to be known as an empire; but the Solitary Man, who sits in the Purple Forbidden City at Peking, is certainly not an emperor.

The Chinese speak of him as Tien-tsz' (teen ts), that is, Son of Heaven. Sometimes they mention him as Hwang-Shang, or the August Lofty One. He is the High Priest, who stands between the people and the gods. But he is more than that, for he is the common father of all the people.

To love and reverence their fathers is taught to Chinese children from their babyhood. No crimes are punished so severely as those showing disrespect for parents. The father is complete master in his family; he may sell his wife and his children. The Chinese do not like or admire a man who does so; but if he wishes to do it, nobody can stop him. Therefore the Son of Heaven at Peking, as the common father of all the people, may do as he pleases, and the people must obey.

As the Son of Heaven, he is also the High Priest. Nobody but he can worship at the great Altar of Heaven, and when he performs that ceremony, he does it for his people. If there is a flood, a long drought, a famine, or a plague, in any part of the vast country, it is the duty of the Tien tsz' to blame himself, and

to punish himself; because he considers that the evil is owing to his neglect of duty. When he takes the blame upon himself, or punishes himself, it is announced in the King-Chau (king-chow), which means literally Court Records, but which foreigners in China call the Peking Gazette, and which is really the oldest newspaper in the world. It is distributed over every part of China, and anybody may subscribe for, and read it.

As a father, the Tien-tsz' is expected to treat the people as his children, that is, to show them kindness, sympathy, and love. As a High Priest he lives in the Purple Forbidden City, where he can be seen by nobody, except by the members of his own family and high officers of state. When he intends leaving the palace, his route is chosen and announced in time to have the streets cleaned, curtains stretched at both sides, and orders given that no one shall show himself, either in the streets or in the houses. The emperor is carried on a canopied platform upon the shoulders of eighteen men. Everything he uses has a particular color, and this color may not be used by the people. The color of the cover of this book is called Imperial Yellow. If it were sold in China, the people would think that it had come from the palace.

The outward gate of the palace must be passed on foot. The oldest statesman must leave his sedan chair here at the gate. Only the Tien-tsz' may use the paved walk leading up to it. The empty throne must be worshiped as if he were sitting on it. A screen of yellow silk over a chair is looked upon while the Chinese falls upon his knees; and when Li Hung Chang or any other Viceroy received a dispatch from the palace at Peking, incense was burned and he knelt down as he received it.

Since the Son of Heaven cannot do everything himself, he employs officers to act in his place. In the chapter on Examinations I shall tell you how these officers are chosen. If the officers do not do their duty, or if they are too severe or cruel, the people often complain in this way: "A strange way for parents to treat their children!"

China Proper, as you know, is divided into eighteen provinces. These eighteen provinces have eleven governments, at the head of each of which is a Tsung-tuh (tsoong- tooh) or Viceroy, or a Fu-yuen (foo-yooen), one rank below the Viceroy, but having so nearly the same authority that he is addressed as Viceroy by foreigners.

These Viceroys, each in his province or provinces, — for one Viceroy sometimes rules over two provinces, — have the same authority as the Son of Heaven exercises over the whole country. But their first duty is to preserve law and order. If any disturbance or riot breaks out in their province, they are sharply called to account, and may lose, not only their position, but also their heads. They are made responsible even for accidents which they cannot help. Li Hung Chang more than once asked the Tien-tsz' to punish him, because heavy rains had caused a flood in his province. Chang Chih Tung (chahng chee toong), a Viceroy almost as well-known as Li, asked to be removed from office because there had been a drought, followed by a famine. The Viceroy, like the Tien-tsz', has power over life and death.

Each province is again divided into several tao (tahoh), literally a circuit, but which we might call a county. At the head is the taotai (tahoh-tie), who is really a deputy of the Viceroy, and responsible to him. They are superior to the other officers

of the county. The county is again divided into fu, chau, or ting (foo, chahoh, ting), which may be translated as districts.

The people, however, are allowed to choose their own "elders," who decide disputes and quarrels. The Chinese, one and all, dislike the idea of employing a lawyer. "We don't want to have a man," they say, "who will try to tell us that right is wrong, and wrong is right."

Chinese officials, one and all, have a bad name. We have been told that they are dishonest, and rob the people. You must know, however, that a great many of these officials receive the same, or almost the same, pay that was given two thousand years ago, and at that time a penny in money would buy more than ten dollars will now. The salary of a Viceroy is not enough to pay one secretary; yet out of his salary he is expected to pay several secretaries, and a small army of other officers. The government knows this and pays them an extra sum of money, about twenty times as much as the salary, but even this is not enough to meet expenses. The Chinese are aware of this, and are willing to pay an official a fair price for his services. Among the lower magistrates, however, are many who are actually in league with thieves and robbers. But if the people think an officer is trying to rob them, they have several means of putting a stop to it.

The lowest magistrate or officer of a district knows quite well that, if a complaint is made by the people of his district, the officer above him, or the county officer as we would say, will fine him one-half of all he has made, and that fine must be paid. There is no means of getting out of it. So he prefers taking less and keeping it all. It is the same with every officer, even with the Viceroys.

Besides this, there are everywhere in China a number of people who have passed the examinations (see the chapter on Examinations), and who are known to us as literati or men of letters, that is, learned men. These men may be put in office at any time, and they watch the officers, hoping, no doubt, that if one is removed, they may have a chance to be appointed to his post. The Government at Peking has the names and addresses of all these literati, and is not at all sorry to use them as spies upon the officers.

There is another good reason why officers should behave themselves. They are appointed for a term of three years, and their record is kept at Peking. If they have made a good record, it is likely that they will be promoted. These are the rules for an officer: No officer can be appointed in the district where he was born, and he cannot marry a girl from the district where he holds office, nor own land there; nor can he have a son, brother, or any other near relative holding office under him. An officer knows, therefore, that every man under him may be a spy, and that, if he does wrong, the fact will be reported, and count against him when his term of office expires.

As you know, the President of the United States has a number of men around him, each of whom is at the head of a department, which he manages for the President. These men have the title of Secretary, — as Secretary of State, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of the Treasury, etc. The Secretary of State carries on the business of the government with other nations; the Secretary of the Treasury looks after the money of the United States, and pays the bills of the nation.

China has eight such departments, but the heads of these do not, as in the United States, act as advisers. That office

belongs, first, to the Nui Koh (nwee koh). This is a council made up of six men, four councilors and two assistant councilors, half of whom are Manchu and half Chinese. This council informs the Tien-tsz' about the business of China. When he asks them for advice, they write it on a slip of paper, and fasten it to the paper under discussion. After everything is finished, they present the paper to the Tien-tsz', who by a stroke of his vermilion pencil marks the advice which he selects. That advice becomes at once a law, and is published in the King-Chan or Peking Gazette.

The second council is the Kiun-Ki Chu (keeoon-kee choo), or General Council. This is the most influential body in the government. The members of this council meet every morning between five and six o'clock in the Forbidden City, and attend to whatever business may be before them. If they are called by the Tien-tsz', they sit upon mats or low cushions, for no one is permitted to sit on a chair in his presence. In times of war, every question is decided in this council.

The eight departments are:

1. The Li-Pu (lee-poo), or Department of Civil Service. It appoints the officers, promotes, removes, rewards, or punishes them, and grants or denies requests for leave of absence.

2. The Hu-Pu (hoo-poo), or Department of Revenue, is almost the same as our Treasury Department.

3. The Le-Pu (lay-poo), or Department of Religion, controls and directs everything belonging to ceremonies.

4. The Ping-Pu (ping-poo), or Department of War, also embraces the Navy Department. As the name shows, it is supposed to look after the army and navy.

5. The Hing-Pu (hing-poo), or Board of Punishments, somewhat resembles our Department of Justice and Supreme Court combined.

6. The Kung-Pu, or Board of Works, is to some extent like our Department of the Interior.

7. The Li Fan Yuen (lee fahn yooen), or Colonial Office, directs the affairs of the provinces beyond China Proper, as Mongolia, Koko-Nor, etc.

8. The Tsung-li Yamen (tsoong-lee yahmen), or Foreign Office, transacts business with other nations.

One of the most important parts of the government is the Tu-chah Yuen (too-chah yooen), or Censorate. Its first duty is to see that manners and customs are kept unchanged. You will understand now why it is that our customs are not introduced into China. The man who should dare to introduce them, would be a traitor, and, if he were caught, would probably lose his life. The Censorate also keeps a record of all the officers, and does not hesitate to blame a Viceroy or even the Tien-tsz' himself. There are numerous instances where the Tien-tsz' was roundly told the truth by these censors. It is, of course, ticklish work, especially if the Son of Heaven is a man who has a will of his own. A great number of censors have been punished with death for expressing themselves too freely. But the Tien-tsz' knows that every one of his acts may be criticized in this manner, and it makes him careful.

In the last six years the Censorate has opposed every movement toward progress in China. Many high officers who were in favor of reforms, said plainly that they dared not express themselves openly, for fear of being reported. The

Board of Punishment has no regard for rank or wealth, and a Viceroy's head is cut off just as easily as a beggar's.

Examinations:

How Officers are appointed

The author of a recent book on China mentions as one of the reasons for the long existence of the Chinese nation that all her officers are taken from among the people. That is quite true. Just as every American-born boy may sometime be President of the United States, so every Chinese boy, however poor and humble his parents, may be Prime Minister of China. Many of the highest ministers of State have been poor boys. Wen Hsiang (wen hsee- ahng), for many years prime minister, was the son of a farmer who leased ten acres of land. His successor in office, Shen Quel Fen (shen khwy fen), was the son of a street peddler who did not earn more than ten cents a day.

To be an officer means honor and wealth. Anyone who passes the necessary examinations may be put into office, and all Chinese may be examined, excepting only the sons of actors, executioners, jailers, and of such people as are supposed to lead a bad life. No person can be examined within three years of the death of his father or mother; for during that time the son is supposed to be mourning, and not thinking of anything else.

Persons from almost every class of society may become candidates for degrees. All officers must be graduates of the second or third degree. Nothing is required except a thorough knowledge of the writings of Confucius and Mencius. The reason of this is that these writings teach virtue, and every officer should be a virtuous man.

Two examinations must be passed before a candidate may present himself for the first or lowest degree. The first examination is by the district judge. If the candidate succeeds, he will be examined by the judge of a Fu City, or county seat. If successful, he receives a certificate of scholarship, but no degree. He may now send in his papers for the real examination.

These papers must state the candidate's name, age, stature, complexion, the place of his birth, the names of his father, grandfather, and principal teacher. It must be signed by two graduates as securities. These graduates are well known, and are responsible for the candidate's character and behavior.

There are from three thousand to six thousand candidates at these examinations, and, since the hall will not hold them all, they are called by districts. No candidate is permitted to enter the hall unless the graduate who is his security is present, to answer for him when his name is called. After he is admitted, the candidate is taken to his seat. He is not allowed to bring any books, but only writing material and a little food.

When the candidates are seated, subjects are given out for two compositions and one poem. The subjects are usually some saying of Confucius or Mencius. Each candidate is supposed to know the rules and regulations. The work must be finished before night. The name of the writer is written on one corner, the paper is folded over and pasted so that the name cannot be seen, until the merits of the work have been decided.

Those whose compositions are considered the best, are called for another examination. They must write from memory from a book called the "Sacred Edict," and it must be done with

perfect accuracy. After this is finished and inspected, the names of the successful candidates are announced. They receive the first degree, known as Siu-tsai (seeoo-tsie), or "Beautiful Ability." The number of successful candidates is very small. To secure impartiality, this examination is held under the direction of a scholar from Peking.

Every three years the examinations for the second degree are held at the provincial capitals under two graduates from Peking, sent especially for this purpose. Graduates of the first degree, to the number of from 5,000 to 8,000, come from all parts of the province. The wealthiest come with servants and friends; but most of them are so poor that they must borrow the money for their expenses.

The large examination hall in the provincial capital is divided into little cells or closets enough to accommodate about 10,000 candidates. They bring bedding and food with them, for they must remain two days. No friends or servants are permitted to enter. When all the candidates are in, the doors are shut, and no one can enter or leave until the time for writing the compositions is past, and they have been handed in.

Three compositions and one poem must be finished. They are delivered to examiners, who look them over, and those which have bad mistakes are thrown out. Those which are approved are copied in red ink by clerks, and each copy is carefully compared with the original. This is done so that the handwriting of a candidate shall not be recognized.

The papers are now for the second time examined by other scholars, and those which are good, receive a round red mark. All others are refused. The approved compositions are then

placed in the hands of the chief examiners, and those of the greatest merit are selected by them.

On the morning of the third day the gates are opened, and the candidates come out. The next day they must submit to another examination, and write other compositions and a poem. Again they are given a day's vacation, and then a third examination is held.

After all the papers are in, and have been carefully examined, the result is announced. The successful candidates number about one out of every hundred. These receive the second degree of Kyu-jin (keeoo-gin), that is "Promoted Men."

Men who are of weak health cannot support the fatigue of these examinations. Several are found exhausted, and not a few die, in which case the body is carried over the back wall, as it would bring bad luck to take it through the front door. Whenever a candidate breaks any of the rules, he is reported and his name is posted on the outer door of the hall. After this he is not allowed to enter until another examination comes around.

Every three years another examination is held at Peking. Graduates of the second degree are helped with their traveling expenses by money from the treasury. They come from all parts of the empire, and from two hundred to three hundred candidates succeed. These may be kept at Peking, or they may be appointed to office in the provinces. Their degree is Tsinsz' — "Entered Scholars," or Doctors.

There is another examination at Peking for Han-lin (hahn-lin), or "Member of the Academy." This, however, is an office, and not a degree.

There are also military examinations. These consist in lifting heavy weights, bending bows, shooting arrows at a target, shooting from horseback, and sometimes shooting at a mark with a gun.

The chief part of a military examination is to shoot at a mark with bow and arrow from horseback. It is amusing to see it. The horse is led into a trench by a groom. This trench runs in a perfectly straight line, and is about two feet wide, so that the rider cannot easily be thrown off by the horse shying. When the rider is seated, the horse is started by a cut from the whip of a groom. The arrow is shot at a bundle of straw about six feet around, and not more than five feet distant from the trench. The successful candidates are made officers of the army.

I have told you that about one in every hundred of the candidates for the second degree succeeds, and that there are usually about 8,000 in every province. What becomes of the other 7,920? Some of them continue studying, and present themselves every three years until they die of old age or perhaps broken-hearted. Many of them enter into business; but most of the graduates of the first and second degree are the literati, that is, scholars who hold no office. They are usually poor, and many are engaged as teachers in village schools, or as tutors in the families of wealthy men.

All the learning these men have acquired after many years of hard study, is a knowledge of the writings of Confucius and Mencius. The object, naturally, to go to school again, and to learn the studies which we think necessary. They, therefore,

oppose every effort to introduce our schools or school system, and, since they possess great influence among the people, it is difficult to see how China can be reformed.

It has frequently been said that degrees and offices can be bought in China. It is true that literary degrees may be secured for money, but such a degree does not entitle the bearer to office. Every rank in China is shown by a certain uniform, but especially by the button on the hat. This rank brings with it certain privileges, and wealthy people are willing to pay a reasonable price for them. It may be stated that the road to an office can be reached only through the gate of examinations. But it would not be so easy to deny that money may be, and is, used to influence promotion.

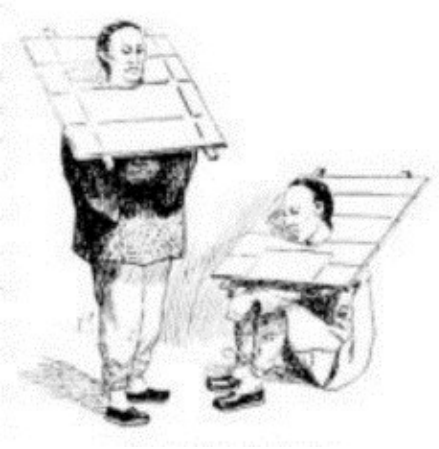
You have seen from this that all that is necessary to enter official life in China is an extensive knowledge of the books of Confucius and Mencius. A scholar in these writings may be made a judge or hold some other responsible position. The Chinese have a Constitution and a good Code of Laws. But they are scarcely ever studied, and the judge trusts to his own sense of what is right in deciding a case.

All cases of whatever nature that are brought into court are decided by the same judge. Most of the disputes about debts or payments are settled by the village elders. Six tablets are placed at the governor's palace where complaints can be inscribed; but the usual rule is to write the complaint, and to carry it to the governor or judge.

The Chinese, however, dislike to make an appeal to the Court. In criminal cases, no judgment can be given until the criminal has confessed, and for that purpose torture may be

employed. It is stated that more persons die from this than from execution by law.

The most common punishment for criminals is flogging with a bamboo weighing from two to two and two-third pounds. From ten to one hundred blows are given. Transportation, perpetual exile, and death are also punishments for various crimes. Visitors in China often see Chinese with a board round the neck, upon which the name, residence, and offence of the bearer are written. This is the Kia (kee-ah), or cangue. The frame of this board weighs from twenty- five to thirty pounds, and is made so as to rest upon the shoulders without chafing the neck, but it is so broad that the man cannot feed himself. A policeman stands near him to see that he does not run off.



The Tie That Binds

The word religion means "the tie that binds." The belief in Feng Shui (feng shooee), or the air-and-water spirit, is so general in China, that it may be called a part of the religion. But the real tie that binds is filial piety and ancestral worship. This is what holds the Chinese together, and molds them into one people.

You know that the national character of a people depends greatly upon its belief or creed. The Chinese believe in a life after death, or they would not worship the spirits of their ancestors. Every religion has certain outward signs or ceremonies. If we wish to know something of a people, we must find out what they believe, and how that belief influences them. If a Chinese should wish to find out something of our belief, he would probably go to the different churches, and have a talk with their ministers. So the best we can do is to visit different temples in China, and to hear what their priests tell us.

In Chinese cities you will frequently see a high wall, apparently surrounding an open space. If you enter through the gate, you will see first a large open court, with a stage for a theater at one end. A temple opens on the side opposite the stage. As you enter you will see no idols, but instead a greater or less number of tablets, as the temple is old or new.

If we ask the priest, he will tell us that this temple was built so many years, sometimes hundreds of years, ago by a wealthy man in honor of his father, and the tablets which we see are supposed to contain the spirits of this father and of all his descendants. These tablets are made of wood, and are about a

foot high, three inches wide, and are placed upright in a block. The characters written upon them give the name and title of the deceased, the exact hour of his birth and of his death, and the names of his sons. The Chinese suppose that a man has three spirits, one of which, after death, dwells in this tablet, another in the tomb, and the third goes to a lower world, where it remains until it comes back to earth in another form.

The temple also contains a number of paintings supposed to be likenesses of the deceased, although they are very unlike any living person. These paintings are brought out and worshiped only at the beginning of the new year, on the birthday anniversaries of the deceased, and when a theatrical exhibition is given in their honor.

All over China a holiday is kept in the beginning of April. It is called Pai Shan (pie shahn), or "Worshiping at the Hills." Everybody, men, women, and children, go to their family tombs, carrying a tray containing the sacrifices or food, and the candles, paper, and incense, for burning. Here the family pray, and worship the spirits of the dead. The grave is carefully repaired and swept, and before leaving, three pieces of turf are placed at the back and front so as to hold long strips of red and white paper. These strips show that the usual ceremonies have been performed, and that the grave has been cared for. If a grave has been neglected for three years, the land may be sold.

There is no more sacred spot to the Chinese than that occupied by the ancestral temple. Here rest the spirits of his ancestors; here the members of the family meet on their own holidays, and here he expects his own spirit will finally rest, and receive its share of the worship. You know now the reason why the Chinese who come to the United States always provide for

the return of their bodies to China, if they should have the misfortune to die here. They wish their bones to rest among those of their ancestors, so that their spirit may dwell in the ancestral temple. They cannot imagine a more dreadful condition than for their spirit to roam in a strange land, homeless, uncared for, and unfed.

On the day when the spirits of the ancestors are worshiped, food and drink are placed upon the grave. If you were to say to a bright Chinese: "They cannot, and do not, eat anything; the food and drink, when you take it away to eat and drink it yourselves, is just the same as when you placed it there," he would probably answer: "That is quite true; we know very well that nothing is eaten or drunk; but we wish to give some outward token that we are grateful to them; we wish to show how much we love the memory of our ancestors, how happy we should be if they could sit down to enjoy themselves with us, and if we could provide for their wants."

Because all the Chinese worship in this manner, this ancestral worship is really the Chinese religion, or the tie that binds. There are a great many other temples, and people go there to pray, but only when they want something, and think this the speediest way to obtain it.

The word "Kiau" means "to teach" or "a system of teaching." The Chinese use this word in speaking of the different temples, and what the priests teach. But since very few Chinese care anything for this teaching, it cannot properly be called religion.

Still, there are three different kinds of teaching, and just as many kinds of temples. The first is known as Ju-Kiau (joo

kiow), which means "System of Teaching of the Learned." It is really nothing more than the worship of Confucius and his teaching. Over fifteen hundred of these temples are connected with the examination halls, and it is said that in one year over sixty-six thousand pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer, are offered and eaten by the worshipers, who also use the twenty-seven thousand pieces of silk presented as offerings.

The Tao-Kiau or Tao System of Teaching, is the oldest in China. It was founded by Lao-tsz' (lou-tsz), meaning "The Old Boy," because he was an old man when he was born. It is named Tao-ism (tou-ism) after the first word of Lao- tsz's book, which is Tao or Truth. His teachings recommend retirement and contemplation as the best means of purifying the nature. But the Chinese do not care to worship him. They have a greater respect for gods who are supposed to do them harm, than for those who may be able to help them. In the Tao temples the god who is most worshiped is Lu-tsu (loo-tsoo), who is thought to be the great medicine god, so they go to him to get a prescription. Here is the story of how Lu-tsu was changed into a god:

About a thousand years ago there lived a scholar named Lu-tsu, who had passed the examination for the second degree. Being an ambitious man, he started for the capital to be examined for the last or highest degree, and on his journey he stopped at an inn. He was very weary, for he had made a long march. A servant handed him a pillow to rest upon while supper was being prepared, and the scholar soon fell asleep. He dreamed that he had passed the examination, and was appointed to be an officer in the government. He was promoted very rapidly, until at last he was prime minister.

Then he dreamed that he was an old man, and that it was his birthday. He was just celebrating it with his sons and their children, and his friends when he awoke. When the servant entered he said to Lu- tsu: "So you have been prime minister, have you?" "You must be one of the genii," replied the scholar, "for you have guessed it." The servant said: "I don't see why you should be disappointed that it was only a dream. Suppose your dream had come true? When death comes, what is it all but a dream?" Lu-tsu began to ponder what the servant had said, and at last he came to the conclusion that the man was right. He made up his mind to give up his ambitious plans, and to do his best to be a good man. The servant guessed what Lu-tsu was thinking of, for he said: "If you desire to be a good man, I will teach you a secret by means of which you can change anything you point at into gold. Then you may help the poor, and do other kind acts." "Will the gold ever turn back to its previous condition?" asked Lu-tsu. "Yes, after many years." "In that case I do not wish to know your secret," said the scholar, "for I should not care to make a man glad, if he must be disappointed afterwards." "Why," exclaimed the servant, who was really one of the genii, "if you are such an honest fellow now, I will change you into one of us." He was as good as his word, and Lu-tsu was at once promoted to the rank of god of medicine.

You have all seen the Chinese flag. It is in the form of a triangle, a blue dragon upon a yellow shield. The dragon is also one of the gods of Taoism. All the divisions of water are subject to him, as well as all that live in them. He is also master of clouds, and waterspouts. He is so mighty a god that his name, "Dragon," is used to show the power of the Chinese Emperor,

who, they say, is seated on the Dragon throne, and when you see him you see the Dragon face. Therefore, the Dragon is upon the flag and upon the Emperor's coat-of-arms.

The Chinese believe that there really is a dragon, and some of them say that they have seen one. At all events, it is a familiar object on articles made by them. But all the representations of the dragon look very much alike. If you were to ask a Chinese scholar the reason of this he would probably tell you this story: "During the reign of the Tsin emperors (A.D. 265-317), one of these rulers decided to build a bridge over the surface of the sea, that he might enjoy the fresh salt air. The Dragon had a liking for this emperor, and because the work was to be done in his realm, he offered to take charge of it. The Emperor gladly agreed. One day, as he was going to see how the bridge was getting on, he met the Dragon in disguise, but he knew him at once. "Dragon," said he, "I would like to see you as you really are." "Well," replied the Dragon, "I don't mind; only you must promise me not to have my picture taken." "All right," said the Emperor; and he saw the Dragon in all his beauty, just as you see him on the flag. But the Emperor forgot his promise, and had the picture taken by a skillful artist. The Dragon was very angry, but when the Emperor built him a temple his anger was appeased.

Such stories as these make up Taoism or the Religion of Truth. The Chinese believe them, and a great many tales more wonderful still. There are not many Taoist priests, and when you ask them what they wish most, they answer that they hope to be one of the Sien-jin (seen-gin) or genii. Genii, they think, do not die, but pass from this life into another airy state, where they enjoy an everlasting dreamy happiness.

In the hills or the forests, the temples and cloisters of the Buddhists are found. They search for solitude and peace, because they desire to think of nothing except rest. These temples, therefore, are always found in beautiful spots, and are always built on the same plan.

They consist of several buildings, one directly behind the other. If the ground slopes, each building rises several feet above the one in front of it, and is reached by a flight of stone steps. Artistically laid out paths lead to these temples, winding through groves of pine and bamboo, and over fine arched bridges. These parks are among the most beautiful spots in China.

When you enter the first building, you see before you a large statue or image with an expression of contempt upon its face. This image is called Mi-leh-fuh (mee-lay-foo). It guards the temple, and is supposed to smile at the folly of man, who cares only for pleasure. Back of this image and facing the door is another image, dressed in armor, and with a large battle club in the hand. This is Wei-to Poo-sah (wie-toh poho-sah), who, as the guardian god of the temple, protects it from thieves, evil spirits, etc. There are several other idols in this building.

The building immediately in the rear is about ninety feet wide, seventy feet deep, and from forty to fifty feet high. There are some temples even larger than this. It is called in Chinese: The Great, Glorious, Precious Temple. There are three images of Buddha or Fuh, as they call him here, viz., the Past, the Present, and the Future Fuh. These images are made of metal, stone, wood or clay. The largest have a framework of wood, covered with mortar and gilded on the outside. They have, or

are supposed to have, a heart and other imitations of the human body, and are well executed.

Some of the Buddhist temples have pagodas attached to them. These are built of stone or brick in many different stories, and are from eighty to two hundred feet high. They are a peculiar feature of the landscape. In Canton there are two pagodas and many temples, halls and pavilions. The appearance of a large Buddhist temple is really imposing, and the building shows great skill in architecture. The roof is covered with fretwork, and figures of horses, elephants, etc. The interior is handsomely carved. These temples have rooms specially prepared to receive wealthy guests. Foreigners in Peking usually pass the hot summer months in such temples in the hills west of the capital. The majority of worshipers of Buddha are women.

The Belief in Spirits

No Chinese would start on a journey, build a house, marry, bury a relative, or even close a bargain, without first consulting the spirit world. He has no idea, and does not care to know, how many spirits there are; but he thinks that the earth and the air are full of them. While he believes that there are kindly spirits who bring him good luck, he is far more concerned with the bad spirits, of whom he thinks there are a great number, all anxious to do him harm. He gives the latter presents in order to make them friendly toward him.

It is not strange that where so many people believe in spirits, men should be found who believe, or pretend to believe, that they can communicate with the spirit world. Every city in China has hundreds of such men, who do a thriving business, being consulted by rich and poor alike, and they charge a good price, according to the wealth or poverty of their customers.

The priests in most of the temples make a living by foretelling the future. These temples have an altar, and a big box in which the people throw their least valuable copper coins. Before the altar are several other boxes, shaped like part of a stovepipe, each containing little sticks with a number printed on them. There are also several wooden balls, cut in two.

When a man wishes to know what will happen to him in the future, he goes to such a temple, and throws into the box as

much cash as he thinks proper. He then burns a candle and some incense before the horrible image of the god. After this, he takes one of the small boxes in his hand, and, kneeling before the altar, shakes it gently until one of the numbered sticks drops out of it. At the same time he asks the question which he would like to have answered. Then he picks up the stick, places it before the god, and returns the box to its place. To make sure that he has the right number, he takes two of the half balls in his hand, and drops them on the floor. If they fall on the flat side, the stick is the right one; but if they roll on the round side, the stick is wrong, and he must go through the ceremony all over again. After he has in this manner discovered the right number, he takes the stick to the priest, who selects a paper with the corresponding number on it, and gives it to him. On this paper is written a sentence just like those we sometimes find wrapped around some of our candy. That is the answer to his question. He may explain it as best suits himself, and if the answer proves wrong, his own explanation is at fault.

When a Chinese finds out that a thief has visited his house, he does not call in a policeman or a detective, but a priest. This priest takes a plate and smooths over it a carefully moistened paper. He then makes mystic motions over it, and rubs it with another wad of paper tightly rolled up, which he takes from his sleeve. Figures and houses appear on the paper in the plate, and at last comes the picture of the thief. I do not know if it is always the right picture, but if it is, we might learn something from the Chinese, as it is certainly a cheap way to play detective.

Every Chinese believes in the Yau-Kwei (yah-oo kwy), or genii. These are supposed to be men who have escaped death and entered upon spirit life. The Chinese believe that the Yau-

Kwei can reappear in the body or without it, just as it suits them.

When a person suffers from nightmare or sleeplessness, the Yau-Kwei are the cause of it. They are also blamed for bad dreams. The first and easiest way to get rid of them is to scold them roundly as soon as awakened. If that does not succeed, one or two strong, healthy people are called in to pass the night with the patient, because it is thought that these spirits are afraid of the strong and only attack the weak. Should this fail to bring relief, a sword, wet with human blood, is brandished over the bed, or else a man is engaged who is said to be able to shoot spirits. Looking-glasses are hung upon the four walls of the bedroom, so that the Yau-Kwei has no opportunity to enter unperceived. If the spirit still declines to leave, a complaint is made against it at the office of Chang-tien-tsz' (chahng-teents') or Chang the Son of Heaven, who resides in the province of Kiang-si, and who is supposed to rule over the Yau-Kwei, and even over some of the gods. He has a seal containing a charm, and when he issues a command over it, all the genii tremble and obey.

The patient, after paying well for it, receives a paper containing his name, place of residence, age, and a statement of the facts of his case, sealed by Chang's magic seal. The paper, after it has been burned, is supposed to be received by some god, who must see to it that the guilty Yau-Kwei is caught and punished. When such offending genii are caught, they are confined in sealed bottles. The Chinese, one and all, believe this to be true. They say that visitors have heard the noise made by these bottled Yau-Kwei, who make every effort to escape from their uncomfortable prison.

The Kwei are supposed to be the ghosts of the dead. They are thought to be the spirits of those men whose sins were not so bad as to condemn them to the place of the wicked, but who must wander about until they are fit to reappear in another state. These Kwei are very troublesome to the Chinese. They roam about in search of food or rather of the smell of food, and when they visit a house and do not find what they want, they are angry and somebody in that house falls ill. Then the master of the house sends for a priest, who must find out what kind of a Kwei has been around, and what sort of food he likes. Sometimes the patient gets better, but very often he does not. In that case it is probably the priest's fault.

In the central and southern part of China, the climate is very unhealthful during August and September, and a great many people fall sick. The Chinese explain this by saying that during those two months the gates of hell are opened and the spirits are allowed a vacation or holiday. This accounts for the Fang yin-kau (fahng yen-kow), a sort of spirit holiday, sometimes called Shi-shih (shee-she). During these months every locality has a day appointed when a feast is set out upon tables in open places or courts. Patterns of clothing made of paper in different sizes and colors are hung around, and priests are engaged to see that everything is done properly. As soon as it grows dark, lanterns are suspended from high bamboo poles to guide the Kwei to the food. The priests begin to howl their incantations, while others beat upon the tom-toms, producing a deafening noise. All this excitement is kept up until daylight, when the spirits are supposed to be satisfied and to have left for another spot. The patterns of clothing are burned for their

benefit, and the food, always of an inferior quality, is given to beggars.

It is impossible to mention all the different names given by the Chinese to the supposed dwellers of the air and water. But special notice must be taken of the Feng Shui, because it exercises great influence upon the daily life of the people, and is the real cause of their dislike of foreigners. The characters used in writing this word mean air and water, but the word Feng Shui should be translated by the phrase, "Principle of Life," although to the Chinese its meaning is "luck."

Not one among those hundreds of millions of Chinese, from the Emperor down to the poorest coolie, would think of burying his father without first employing a Feng Shui man to find out a lucky spot. They suppose that by doing so the spirit of luck will enter into the body of the dead, and that it will follow his children and their children, wherever they may be found.

From what I have seen in China, I think that the Feng Shui sin-sang, or Feng Shui doctors, honestly believe that they are able to discover lucky spots. It is certain that they have studied, for their conversation shows it, and they are held in great respect. Their charges are high, and their directions are strictly obeyed.

When these Feng Shui or "luck doctors," are employed to find the lucky spot for a grave, they pass some days in examining the general outline of the country, the hills, canals, rivers, any height or declivity, etc. They then secure the dates of the birth and death of the deceased and of other members of the family, and return home to consult their books. Sometimes

the result is not given to the family for weeks, and the funeral is postponed. When the decision of the Feng Shui doctors is received, the land indicated as the lucky spot for the grave is bought at any price, if the family can afford it. This accounts for the fact that grave mounds are found all over China. There is no greater punishment for a Chinese than to have the tomb of his ancestors destroyed. He firmly believes that it ruins all his chances of luck, and this renders him desperate.

If the spot thus selected fails to bring the expected good luck, the Feng Shui doctors have always plenty of excuses to show that the luck was good at the time of the funeral, but that it must have changed since. Defacing a tomb, or cutting down a tree near it, destroys the Feng Shui. A man convicted of such an offense is punished with great severity by the courts.

When a Chinese decides to build a house, the Feng Shui doctor is in even greater demand than the architect. He determines the location of the doors and windows, points out where the furniture must be placed, and enters into the most minute details. If, after all these precautions, sickness or other misfortune follows, another Feng Shui sin-sang is called in. After examining the premises, he may order one door closed and another made, or decide upon some slight change in the position of the furniture. If ill-luck continues, the doctor is again changed. Whatever disappointment a Chinese may meet, his faith in the Feng Shui is never shaken.

When new canals are constructed, or railroads laid out, the general outline of the country must necessarily change somewhat. This disturbs the Feng Shui of every grave within sight, and fully accounts for the opposition shown by the people to such improvements. Nor is it only the ignorant who

are governed by this belief. The more highly a man is educated among the Chinese, the greater is his faith in, and fear of, the Feng Shui. But it must be remembered that Chinese education means the knowledge of Chinese literature only. That is the study of what was known two thousand years ago, and no account is taken of the progress made since that time.

The Chinese People

China is the only one among the nations that has worked out a civilization entirely its own. Other nations have borrowed or adopted, but China has always been unwilling to do so. As a nation China is so old that we are scarcely able to form an idea of its age. It was a civilized nation in the time of Abraham, and was highly civilized when the people of Europe could neither read nor write. But from that time to this the Chinese have made no progress, and much of their life today is the same as it was thousands of years ago.

Western nations do not understand the Chinese, and they, in turn, do not understand us. In the first place, their language is difficult to learn, because they have almost as many different characters as words. While every character represents the same idea, the word for it is pronounced so differently in the different provinces that it is impossible to recognize it.

You will understand this better if you remember that a Russian can understand our figures, 1, 2, 3, etc., when he sees them written or printed, but when we pronounce the figures or numbers, the sound conveys no meaning to him. In the same way, if a Frenchman were to tell you that the number of a certain article was, for instance, huit, you would not know what he was talking about, unless you had studied French. But if he were to take a piece of paper and write on it 8, you would understand him at once. It is exactly the same all over China.

In learning any European language we are aided by certain resemblances to our own, or to other languages with which we may be acquainted. But with Chinese this is not so. We may have studied the languages of every civilized people that ever existed, but when we begin to study this language, we must begin all over again. And, since by language we express our thoughts, it is almost impossible for any of us to comprehend the Chinese mode of thinking.

It would be unjust to call the Chinese a half-civilized people, but neither can we call them a highly civilized people at the present day. They for their part call us "foreign devils," because we do not know the first beginning of their laws of politeness and courtesy. Those who are better acquainted with us, secretly pity us, because we are so very ignorant and stupid. They make fun of our short-cut hair, our tight-fitting clothes, our thin-soled leather shoes, and our gloves in summer time. They call the appearance of our ladies "wasp-like and ungraceful," and they think it very rude that a husband and wife should walk in the streets arm-in-arm.

Compared to us, the Chinese are calmer and quieter, and not so easily made to lose their temper. They dislike fighting, although they do not readily yield. This dislike is not from fear of pain, but because they do not like to be considered rude. They are able to bear more pain than we are; they can work more continuously, and never ask for a holiday. They will do as they are told, when they consider it right; but when they consider it wrong, no power on earth can make them obey orders.

A great many look upon the Chinese as people who cannot be made to understand what is good for them. This is wrong.

The Chinese believe that they know more than we do, and that we should be glad to learn from them. Hundreds of years ago they understood printing, the use of the compass and of gunpowder; it is so long ago that they have almost forgotten when they first made silk, chinaware and porcelain.

That is the real difference between the Chinese and ourselves. Their "past" has been so long, that they are always looking backward. Our past has been very short, compared with that of China, and we live in the future. That is why we make progress, while they are standing still.

We have had all the knowledge and experience of the oldest nations to draw upon, and we exchange ideas with every civilized nation. But the Chinese dislike and avoid any departure from the ways of their fathers. It must be remembered that respect, love, and veneration for his father, is taught the Chinese from his earliest youth. Speaking disrespectfully to a parent is a crime to be punished with death, and no excuse is admitted. The Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee," has been scrupulously obeyed by the Chinese nation.

The Chinese are neither dull nor stupid. Some years ago one of them, a student in Yale College, took the first prize in English composition. In Hong Kong and other cities in China, many Chinese are living who were educated in England, and graduated as physicians and lawyers. They are considered by foreigners to be highly capable in their professions.

It is said sometimes that the Chinese are "a nation of liars and thieves." It is quite true that in China, as in every Oriental country, politeness and courtesy are more highly thought of

than a strict regard for the truth. But we must remember that just as we have been taught, from childhood, to speak the truth, and to consider it disgraceful to lie, so in China the children are taught to be polite and courteous or to lose the respect of all.

The family tie is very strong. The Chinese hate to move from one place to another. In some villages every family bears the same name, which is that of the village, too. For instance, there is Chang Kia (chahng keeah), the village Chang, or, as we might say: Changville; Sie Kia (see keeah), the village Sie, or Sieborough.

A son, when he marries, is expected to live with his parents, and his wife becomes the chief attendant to her parents-in-law, while every tie binding her to her own parents is dissolved. When a father dies, the oldest son becomes head of the family, and is in duty bound to provide for his younger brothers. The laws in such cases are very exact, and are invariably executed. While the position of woman is low in China, her standing in the family depends largely upon herself. Recent history has shown what a woman can do. The Empress-Dowager has broken many a law of the Chinese; she has passed through several revolutions, but she is ruling China still. Politeness or good manners is a science. If a man ask another, who may be ever so poor, where he lives, he must say: "Where is your mansion?" The person thus spoken to, even if he be rich and live in a palace, must reply: "My hut," or "my hovel is in such and such a street." "What is your honorable age?" "My worthless number is forty-five." "Is your noble son doing well at school?" "The contemptible little dog has learned a few characters." The Chinese father is excessively fond and proud of his sons; for without them there would be no one to worship

before his tablet after his death. To show an interest in a Chinese' sons always puts him in good humor.

When a Chinese really does lose his temper, he uses very bad language, but he does not come to blows. If the insult or injustice is so great as to provoke murder, he does not kill the other man, but himself, because in doing so the other man is looked upon as a murderer, since he was the cause of the deed. They often kill themselves by swallowing poison, after first hiring men to carry their bodies to the door of their enemy.

The costume of the Chinese men and women is loose and flowing. Most of the people wear homespun cotton, but the wealthy classes wear silk, satin, gauze, furs, and clothes of other expensive materials. Summer clothing is thin and light, but in winter one garment is put on over another according to the degree of cold. They have no stoves or fireplaces, and depend upon their clothing for comfort and heat. The time for the change from summer to winter wear, and vice versa, is announced by the Emperor.

The men shave the front part of the head, but keep a small patch on the top and back, which is allowed to grow, and when long enough is braided into a queue. Most of us are familiar with this Chinese headdress. In ancient times, however, the Chinese wore their hair long and bound about the top of the head. After the Manchu had conquered China, they issued an order that all the Chinese should adopt the queue as a sign of allegiance. At first the people objected and refused to obey. The Manchu did not appear to notice this, but made an order that criminals must leave their heads unshaved, and have their queues cut off. The Chinese did not like to look like criminals, and the queue was adopted without further trouble.

The Manchu did not bind the feet of girls, but among the Chinese it is done everywhere. The process begins when a child is about five years old. A cotton bandage two or three inches wide is wound tightly about the foot in different directions, and among the higher classes the foot is not allowed to grow from this time. The horrid custom has existed for so long that the Chinese themselves do not know when it was first practiced.

The Chinese, rich and poor, eat their rice morning, noon and night. This constitutes the principal article of food. The poor have some relishes, such as fresh or salt fish, or vegetables. The rich have pork, fowls, eggs, fish, or game. Before each chair is placed an empty bowl and two chopsticks, while the dishes containing the food are placed in the center of the table. The chopsticks are about eight inches long, and look somewhat like our penholders. They are made of bamboo, wood, ivory, or silver. When seats are taken at the table, the bowls are filled with hot rice. The person at the head of the table takes his chopsticks in the right hand and, holding them between the thumb and fingers so that the lower ends approach each other like a pair of pincers, takes one or two mouthfuls. The other persons follow his example. Then the bowl is brought to the lips by the left hand, and the rice is pushed into the mouth by the chopsticks in the right hand.

The Chinese have yet to learn habits of personal cleanliness, and the houses of rich and poor alike are dirty and untidy.

Marriage, Birth, and Death

Young men or women are not supposed to have anything to say about marriage. When the father of a son thinks that it is about time that the young man should marry, he sends for a woman who is employed by families in the neighborhood to help at weddings and funerals, as it would be very improper for one parent to call on the other to arrange the matter. Such a woman is employed to find somebody of the same position and wealth as the young man's father who has a daughter of suitable age. If all is satisfactory, presents are exchanged, and the parents of the bride give a written agreement to those of the groom. The prospective bride and groom may be children, but that makes no difference. They are engaged, and nothing but death can end the engagement.

When it has been decided that the marriage shall take place, the first thing to do is to choose a lucky day. Nothing can be done without that. After the day has been selected, the bride begins preparations by having her eyebrows pulled out, so that she may be known as a married woman. On the morning of the "lucky" day, she is carried from her own home to that of her future husband in a beautiful sedan chair, used only for such purposes. After she has arrived at the groom's house, the young couple worship together before the spirit tablets of the groom's ancestors.

The bride in doing so, parts from her own family to enter into that of her husband. This worshiping together is the real

marriage ceremony. Then the bride and groom drink sam-shu, or native wine, out of the same cup, when the bride removes her veil, and the young husband sees her for the first time. The day is spent in feasting and receiving congratulations.

Meng tsz', or Mencius as he is called by us, is considered by the Chinese as the wisest man after Confucius. He says in one of his writings: "There are three kinds of impiety, but the greatest of these is to be without sons." All the Chinese think that it is of the highest importance that every family should have at least one son. They want to be sure that the spirits of the dead ancestors will be supplied with food, and that sacrifices will be made at their tombs. If a wife has no children when she is forty years old, the husband may marry again; but if the second wife has children, the first wife is looked upon as the mother.

When there are many girls in a poor family, girl babies are sometimes drowned because the parents cannot support them. In many parts of China the bodies of children are frequently seen floating in a river, or wrapped up in a mat outside a city wall, or hung from the branches of trees to keep them from the dogs. These babies have not been killed, but may have died of sickness. Some of them may have even been nursed tenderly. When a child dies the parents grow very angry. They think that some of their ancestors must have left a debt unpaid, and that the man to whom the money was due, entered into the body of the child to cause anxiety, trouble, and expense. So the body of the poor child is thrown anywhere, and the house is swept, crackers are fired and gongs beaten, to frighten the Twan-ming Kwei (twahn-ming kwy), or short-lived devil, that it may never dare to enter the house again.

It is on the funeral of parents that the Chinese spend most money. When a well-to-do man dies, the house is filled with people weeping and wailing, and calling upon the spirit to come back. Candles, incense, and food, are placed before the body. A company of priests is hired to come and chant prayers for the dead, and a quantity of clothing is put in the coffin. For several days after the death different ceremonies are performed, and every seventh day until the forty-ninth day.

The coffin is of well-seasoned wood, the planks sawed very thick and nailed together with large spikes, and coated over with a very hard varnish. The lid is nailed down in cement so that it is perfectly air-tight. The most valued present a dutiful son can make to his parent, is a fine coffin. It is kept in the house near the entrance, so that guests and visitors may examine and admire it. When the coffin is carried out for burial, from ten to twenty men are required. Men and sometimes women follow in the procession, dressed in coarse white clothes, for white is the color of mourning. The men braid their queues with white, and keep them so for several months, just as we wear a black band around our hat or arm. The women in the procession weep and wail.

The Chinese usually bury near the surface, and heap the earth over the grave until it looks like a mound. The rich people have the coffin placed upon a cement floor, and covered with an arch of brick laid in cement.

In less thickly settled districts, the poor bury their dead on hillsides which are bound to be lucky, and such spots look like a cemetery. Near Hankow is a burying ground about ten miles long and one mile wide. But graves are found almost everywhere throughout China.

The Chinese at Home

In China the houses of the poor are almost without exception mud hovels, without any attempt at comfort, and barely serving as shelter against the weather. A cowshed in the United States would appear luxurious to millions of Chinese, for there are more poor people than we can imagine. The officials and wealthy people are, of course, better housed, although their ideas of comfort are quite different from ours. Thus, for instance, the Chinese are quite anxious that there should always be a draught in the house, a discomfort which we avoid as much as possible. "We like a current of air," say the Chinese, but that is only an excuse. The true reason is that they all believe the air to be occupied by spirits, good and bad, and, if a bad spirit enters their house, they wish to give it an opportunity to leave.

In the north the houses of most of the people are built of mud. There is so little wood that it is used only in the framework of the houses of the rich and of the high officials. The walls are thick and curve slightly at the top. Most of these houses are of one story, having neither cellar nor basement. If they are composed of two, the upper one is used for recreation. The rooms on the ground floor serve for all the purposes of daily life.

Social life, as we understand it, does not exist in China. There are rich men, but their number is very small compared to the population. Most of the Chinese are poor, and a very

large number of them are so poor that if for half-a- day they are thrown out of work, they know that during that time there will be nothing for them to eat. They are up at daybreak, and work until dark, and the word Sabbath has no meaning for them. They have three holidays in the year, and their highest idea of happiness is that on those days, and on the occasion of a wedding or a funeral, they may have a small piece of meat to eat with their rice and cabbage. Everybody in China works, except those who absolutely cannot. The beggars one sees on the bridges and in the crowded streets, beg only because they have no other means to keep from starving.

It is, however, not only the poor man who must work without ceasing, but the highest officers, and even the Emperor himself, have very little time for leisure or recreation. A Cabinet Minister at Peking once gave an account of his daily duties as follows: He left his house every morning at two o'clock, because the Emperor received him in audience at three, and he was charged to remain at the palace until six. From six to nine he attended the meeting of the Privy Council, which advises the Emperor upon difficult questions. From nine until eleven he was at the War Department, and from eleven to two he sat as a member of the Supreme Court. From two to five or six he was at the Tsung-li Yamen, or Foreign Office. Such was his round of duties without intermission, and it evidently left him little time for pleasure or social life.

Whatever social life there is contains not a sign of friendship or good feeling. To slap a Chinese on the back and call him "a good old fellow," would make him your enemy for life. It would be a dire insult to ask him after the health of his

wife. Wife and daughters must not be referred to by the slightest word.

Not so many years ago, the Chinese Government sent a number of boys to the United States to be educated. One day one of the boys, while walking with an American girl, met the carriage of the old Chinese who was in charge of the party. The young man took off his hat to salute. According to Chinese good manners this was a direct insult, but it was a still greater offense for him to be walking with a young lady. The members of the Chinese Government were terribly shocked when they heard of this apparently innocent matter, and it was one of the reasons why all these young men were ordered to return to China.

When a Chinese gentleman receives a caller, every word he speaks and every motion he makes is prescribed by law. Foreigners know nothing of this law, and, beyond the common rules of what we consider good-breeding, do not attempt to rival the politeness of the Chinese. Many Chinese who do not understand this consider foreigners very impolite, and consequently dislike them.

It sometimes happens that the Chinese meet their foreign acquaintances at dinner. If the dinner is given by a Chinese, the foreigner feels clumsy and awkward in handling the chopsticks. But when a Chinese is entertained by a foreigner, he does not allow himself to be inconvenienced by the knife and fork; he simply puts them down and helps himself with his fingers. He considers the foreigners very stupid not to learn how to use chopsticks, as every civilized man has done since the days of Confucius.

What Boys Learn at School

When a boy is six years old his father thinks that it is time to send him to school. As soon as he has made up his mind, he goes to consult a fortune teller who will find him a lucky day. When that important question is decided, and the day arrives, the little fellow goes with his father to the school selected. There are no public schools in China, but a great number of private ones, kept by men who have passed one or two examinations, but who could not succeed in the third.

The little boy looks neat and tidy. His hair has been shaved from his forehead, and the rest plaited into a long queue or pien-tsz' (peentse), as he calls it, which hangs almost down to his heels. If it is in the summer season, he wears small baggy trousers of grass-cloth, and a loose jacket of the same material, or of cotton, and he is bare-headed. But if it is winter, he has three, four, or five jackets, one over the other, some of them padded with cotton. He has a skull cap of black or blue silk on his head, with a red tassel of silk threads falling down behind, and a little scarlet twist at the top. His shoes have thick, white soles, often with embroidered toes. Sometimes he has a little purse in his belt, but if there is any money in it, it is only a few copper pieces. He has no pockets; if he wants to carry or hide something, he uses his sleeves. They are so large and long that they will hold many things Chinese boys like.

At last he comes to the schoolhouse and enters the schoolroom with his father. Here there is a tablet with the

name of Confucius inscribed upon it. The little fellow kneels before this tablet, and burns incense. When he has performed this duty, he is introduced to the teacher, to whom he makes some small presents, which he has brought with him. Then he lifts his little almond eyes and looks around him.

He sees the small schoolroom with a number of little desks with high stools behind them, most of which belong to the parents of the boys. Each little desk has an ink-stone upon which the boys rub the cake of Chinese ink, — we call it Indian ink, after dipping it in a little water. This is the inkstand, and the pen is a little brush with a holder in it, looking like our camel's-hair painting brush. When he begins to write he holds it straight in his hand, so that the holder points to the ceiling.

The first years at school are spent in learning to recite by heart the sound of the characters, or picture-words, without knowing anything of their meaning. Every day the teacher gives the child the sound of several characters. When the boy thinks that he knows them, the teacher takes the book away, the boy turns round with his back to the teacher, and shouts the sounds from memory in the order in which they are given in the book.

The Chinese language is very difficult to learn. It has no alphabet, but there are two hundred and fourteen primitive words, from which all the others are derived.

Even when a person has learned all these characters, he does not know Chinese by any means.

It would be difficult for a foreigner, coming to the United States, and not perfectly familiar with our language, to understand such an expression as: "Will you please pare a pair of pears for me?" because the sounds are so much alike: pare,

pair and pear all have a different meaning. In Chinese there are words with exactly the same sound which have ten, twelve, and sometimes eighteen different meanings. For instance, the one word che, pronounced in exactly the same tone of voice, may mean: famine, fowl, foot, print, foundation, hindrance, sieve, small table, to wind silk, to make fun of, to crowd, to draw water, to strike, to examine, etc. And if it is pronounced with a breathing before it it has a dozen other meanings in addition to those already mentioned.

When foreigners in China, who think they know something of the language, begin to speak it, their mistakes are sometimes very funny. One man amazes his servant by telling him that he wishes him to purchase half-a-dozen wives, although he thinks he is ordering him to buy half-a-dozen fowls. Another thinks that he is calling for a cake, but his servant brings him a bottle; he wishes to talk about leather, but all the time he is speaking about his nose. Another man grows very angry because his servant does not bring him his hat, although he really has been asking for the cat. "Bring me a biscuit," a gentleman said, or thought he said. His servant looked helplessly at him, for what he really said was: "Bring me a soldier."

But we want to know what the boys learn at school. Let us stand by this boy, who is eight or nine years old, and hear what he is shouting. Every boy in the schoolroom shouts out the characters he is learning at the top of his voice. When he begins a new sentence, the teacher repeats it, and the boys, holding their books in their hands, and with a swinging motion of their bodies, repeat his pronunciation. They then return to their

seats, and learn the words by heart. The noise in a large schoolroom may be imagined.

The first book the boy studies is the San-Tsz'-King (sahn-ts'-king), or Learning by Three Words, because each line has that number of characters. The first sentence reads: "Men at their births are by nature good at bottom." Another sentence, which Chinese boys learn very thoroughly without enjoying it very much, says: "To educate without severity shows a teacher's laziness." Do you see that bamboo cane, within reach of the teacher's hand? He uses it frequently and promptly, as every boy knows.

The boys learn from their books that there are three great powers: heaven, earth, and man; that there are three lights: the sun, moon, and stars; and that there are six kinds of grain used for food: rice, millet, pulse, wheat, rye, and barley. After a good deal more of this, they begin to study Chinese history, and then they are promoted to the stories told of wonderfully wise boys and men.

Here is one about Lao Lai-tsz' (lah-oh lie-tsz'): At the time when David was King in Jerusalem, that is about three thousand years ago, this Lao Lai-tsz' was seventy years old. His parents, however, were still living. For this reason he grew angry if his neighbors spoke to him as Honorable or Venerable, words which are always used when a man has passed the age of sixty, because he thought that if his parents heard him addressed in this manner they would remember how very old they were, and it might make them feel sad. He wished to make them very happy, and so bought the very best food in the market for them, and thought of them day and night.

Sometimes he would dress himself in a coat of the same pattern and color as he had worn when a boy. Then he would come into his parents' room, and jump and play with the toys which he had had in his childhood. At other times he would bring a pail of water from the well. He would take it to the guest room and pretend to stumble, and begin to cry. Then he would run up to his father or mother, and, like a little child, ask to be petted and soothed. He did all this so that the old people might, for a time, forget their great age in caring for their little boy, and once again imagine themselves young.

Here is the story of Koh Kü (koh kee). At the time when emperors of the Han family reigned over China (B.C. 202-A.D. 221) there lived a man named Koh Kü. He lived with his wife, his son, a fine boy three years of age, and his mother who was very old. They were very happy, for Koh Kü worked hard and supported his family.

But trouble came. There was no rain. The harvest failed, there was no work, and there was no food. The Chinese do not, as we would do, move to another place to find work. They would not think of such a thing, for who would worship at the ancestral graves? So long as there was any food in the house, the old grandmother and the little son ate together. At last the food began to give out; they all grew thin, and their strength began to fail.

One day Koh Kü took his spade, and called to his wife to follow him with the child. He hurried on beyond the bamboo fence around their little homestead, and then stopped. When his wife and child came to where he was standing, he said to her: "Wife, we are now so poor that I can no longer support my mother, and the child takes from the little food we can give her,

so that both are growing weaker before our eyes. We may have another child, but when a mother is dead, she can never return. The child must die; then my mother's life may be saved, and perhaps we may manage to live until a better time comes."

The poor woman could not speak. She knew that her husband was master; but she held the child close to her heart, while Koh Kü was digging the grave. Suddenly the spade seemed to strike against some hard substance. The man bent down, and scarcely believed his eyes when he pulled out a pot full of gold. But the most wonderful part of it was that written on the pot were the words: "Heaven gives this treasure to the dutiful son Koh Kü. The officers must not take it away from him, and the neighbors must not ask for a share."

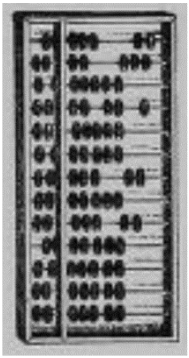
Another one of these stories is about Wang Liang (wahng leeahng): About fifteen hundred years ago, at the time when the Emperors of China were of the Chin family (A.D. 386-534), there lived a boy whose name was Wang Liang. He was only a child when his mother died, and soon after her death his father married another woman named Chu. The boy's stepmother took a strong dislike to Wang; she scolded him continually, and complained of him to his father. Wang did not like this at all. He did not mind so much being scolded and punished, but he did not want to have his father annoyed.

It was in winter, and snow was falling heavily. Icicles were hanging from the eaves, and pond, lake, and river were covered with ice. Mrs. Chu had been scolding and complaining as usual, and at last she threw herself into one of the stiff-backed chairs, and said: "Oh! dear, I wish I had a dish of fresh carp!"

There were plenty of carp in the lake near by, but who was going to catch them under that thick sheet of ice? Wang thought that he could do it. He left the house and went to the lake, where he threw himself upon the ice, hoping that the heat of his body would melt it. Heaven smiles upon such dutiful conduct. The ice did melt, and two beautiful carp leaped out. Wang caught them, and ran home.

When he came into the room where his stepmother was half asleep, he knelt before her, and offered her the fish.

Here the story ends. I hope that Mrs. Chu was a little kinder to the boy thereafter, and that Wang did not catch cold from his wetting.



Besides reading and writing, Chinese boys learn arithmetic. They use no slate, but a swanpan or abacus. This is a case with wires strung across it. On the wires are strung five movable balls, and beyond a dividing slat two more balls. The five balls are units, and the two balls make a ten. Of geography, grammar, and other studies they learn nothing.

Games and Holidays

Chinese boys are, as a rule, more quiet than our boys, but they are quite as fond of play and fun. When a new boy enters a school, it is not at all unusual for some other boy, who ought to know better, to take the newcomer's nicely-plaited queue and slyly tie it to that of another boy, all the time shouting his lessons, so that the teacher will not notice what he is doing.

Chinese boys know nothing of football, baseball, or any such games. If you were to ask one of them what game he likes best, he would probably answer: kite-flying. That is a game which their fathers and even grandfathers like. The Chinese know how to make kites to perfection. Some of them look like birds or butterflies, with wings cleaving the air; others are in the shape of animals, and many are like dragons. Sometimes a tiny lighted lantern is fastened to the tail of a kite, which, when it rises, looks like a little star. Sometimes a number of kites, in the form of birds, are fastened by short strings to the principal cord. When they rise in the air they look like a flock of birds flying around one center.

Boys begin to fly their kites on the ninth day of the ninth month. If you ask them why they do so, they will tell you that once upon a time a man was warned that he would have a great misfortune on a certain day. The man decided to prevent it by taking all the members of his household into the mountains for that day. He did so, and when he returned in the evening, he found that all his domestic animals were dead. This was on the

ninth day of the ninth month, so, the people think, it must be an unlucky day. Therefore, they go out and fly kites to spend the time.

From the tenth to the fifteen of the first month most of the stores are closed, and nobody does any business except the men who sell lanterns. There are any number of peddlers in the streets, with their lanterns hung from long bamboo poles, and they do a brisk trade.

You have seen these Chinese lanterns with their light bamboo frame covered with bright colored paper. They are of all shapes. Most of them are made in the shape of a ball, fixed to the end of a stick, but there are some in the form of rabbits, horses, fowls, shrimps, crabs, beetles, and some very handsome ones imitate the lotus or other flowers. Wealthy people have their lanterns made of gauze or silk, and the most expensive ones are ornamented with small figures, to whose heads, legs, or arms with fine wires are attached. When the lantern is lighted the heated air makes these wires revolve, and the figures on the outside begin to move, and you see an old man fishing, or a ferryman rowing across a stream, or two Chinese gentlemen wishing each other a Happy New Year.

The Chinese have a feathered ball, very much like our shuttlecock. They make it rebound on the thick sole of the shoe or on the instep of the foot. They can do it sometimes two or three hundred times without missing once. When they bounce the ball up and down with the hand they call it playing Ta chiau (tah chee-ow).

When Chinese boys play with tops they call it Ta teh-lo (tah tey-loh). Their tops are made of bamboo, with a piece of wood going through it, and a hole cut in the side, which causes

a humming sound when it spins. Blind man's bluff is called by them "Hiding from the cat."

In early spring they have a ceremony called "Turning the Dragon." The dragon, sometimes thirty or forty feet long, is made of a large number of lanterns fastened together and covered with colored paper and cloth. Being made of lanterns it has so many joints that it can be easily turned and twisted by the carriers. Long poles are fastened to a number of the joints, and in the evening it is lighted up. As the big dragon, with wide-open mouth, is carried through the streets, turning and twisting in every direction, and rearing its horrible head, it is followed by a large crowd of people. Gongs are beaten, crackers are fired, and there is yelling and shouting. The Chinese think that this dragon will frighten the evil spirits and drive sickness away.

The greatest holiday in China is New Year's Day, between the middle of January and that of February. It is not on the first of January, as with us, because the Chinese month begins with every new moon.

Most of the Chinese would not dream of going to bed on New Year's Eve. They believe that if they watch for the dawn of New Year's morning for several years in succession, they will surely have long life. The children also sit up "to round the year" as they call it. Everybody, young and old, burns firecrackers.

Several days before the New Year the people begin making preparations. The principal streets are filled with booths where articles of various kinds are sold. Houses are cleaned, new charms and scrolls are bought, and new clothes are rented or purchased, while debts are paid before the old year ends. If the

whole debt cannot be paid in full, the creditor is at least given something on account. Stocks of provisions are laid in, for the stores will be closed perhaps for five or six days. In former years it was customary to close for fourteen days, but that is not done now.

As soon as midnight is passed, the Chinese worship at the ancestral tablet. Then the family goes out by the front door, while the servants or women lift up the lanterns or lamps to light them. They then bow down toward a part of the heavens which the almanac has indicated as the proper place. They call this worshiping the heaven and earth, and think that in doing so they will be receiving the spirit of Good Luck which is supposed to come out of that quarter.

At this moment all the Chinese are terribly anxious, for they believe that the first person they see or the first word they hear will influence, for good or ill, their fortune in the coming year. If the first person they see coming along should be a priest with his shaven head, what a terrible misfortune that would foretell! They tremble as they listen to hear the first word. If it should refer to fire, loss of office, failure in business, sickness, or death, they would enter with a heavy heart upon the new year. But if the first word they hear is one of joy or prosperity, how glad they are, for that means a lucky year for them.

When the morning breaks, the streets are found to be covered with crimson paper of burnt-out crackers. These are fired to frighten evil spirits. The beggars are about, and take in a rich harvest, for no Chinese would refuse alms, and thus run the risk of beginning the new year badly.

Upon almost every front door you will see new men shin (main shin), or door spirits. They are cheaply colored pictures

of two generals. It is said that once upon a time the Emperor had a dream that evil spirits would enter his palace. He ordered two of his bravest generals to guard the gate, and the spirits were so frightened by them that they were afraid to enter. When those two brave generals died, it was thought that the evil spirits would be as much afraid of their pictures as they had been of the men themselves, and that is why they are used to guard the house.

There are other cheap ornaments about the doors, houses, and windows, but they have all the same purpose, namely, to drive away evil spirits and to invite such as are good.

When a Chinese gentleman meets a friend on New Year's morning, he clasps his own hands, keeping them well within his long sleeves, moves them up and down before him, bows low, and says several times "Kung-she, Kung-she," (koong- shay) which, I suppose, means about the same as our "Happy New Year."

"Receiving the Spring" is another holiday, although it is not observed by everybody. The "Feast of the Dragon Boats" is sometimes spoken of as the Children's Festival. It is chiefly the racing of so-called dragon boats, which are long and narrow, and carry from twenty to thirty men. The waist and stern are painted, and the bow is shaped like the head of a dragon with gaping jaws. A boy or man sits upon the dragon's neck and directs the oarsmen by means of a flag which he holds in his hand.

Crowds of people upon the river banks watch the races, and accidents from collision are frequent. The winning crew receives prizes.

This holiday is about 2,400 years old, and this is the story they tell about it: There once lived a very wise Minister of State named Ken Yuen (can yooen), who urged his Emperor to introduce reforms. But the Emperor, who did not wish to help the people, grew angry and dismissed him. Ken Yuen could not survive this disgrace, so he threw himself into the river and was drowned. Some fishermen who saw him disappear searched for his body, but it could not be found. Sometime after this Ken Yuen's spirit appeared and complained that the offerings which the people brought him were always stolen by a big reptile. So these dragon boats are made to frighten away the monster.

In the eighth month of the year comes the "Festival of the Moon," when the people, and especially the children, eat moon cakes, which are shaped like the moon, and painted with spots of bright color. The Chinese tell this story about it:

One evening the Emperor Ming Wong was walking in his garden with some of his councilors. Suddenly the Emperor's son asked if the moon was inhabited or not. "Would you like to see for yourself?" asked the tutor of the young prince, and, of course, the boy said yes. The tutor threw his staff into the air, and it was at once changed into a bridge, over which he and his pupil walked to the moon. They found it inhabited by beautiful women, living in splendid palaces surrounded by charming gardens. The prince wished to remain, but the tutor told him that it was time to go home. When they were about half-way over the bridge, the tutor asked the prince to play upon the lute which he carried with him. This the prince did. They happened then to be directly over the city of Nanking, and the people could be seen rushing to the roofs of their houses. "Give them what money you have in your pockets," said the tutor. The

prince did so, and he and the tutor reached home in safety. The next day the prince thought that his trip to the moon must have been a dream, but very soon a letter came from the Governor of Nanking saying that on the fifteenth of the eighth month, heavenly music was heard, and a shower of money fell from the sky. Then the prince knew that his journey to the moon was true, and so the day was made into a holiday.

II. Past and Present

The Deluge as Told by the Chinese

There is no distinct account of the creation in Chinese history, but the Shu-King (shoo-king), a history written so long ago that nobody is able to say exactly when, tells of events which happened before the Deluge. A number of people who, after learning the Chinese language, studied and translated this old book, were surprised to find that there is a difference of only fifty-seven years between the date usually assigned to the Deluge told of in the Bible and that given in the Chinese account. But the Bible says that only Noah and his family were saved; and the Shu-King has it that a great many people escaped. The story is somewhat as follows:

At the time of the flood the Emperor of China was named Yau (yah-oo). After the waters had gone down somewhat, he called a meeting of his ministers, and said to them:

"A great many people are ruined because of this flood. What can we do to help them?"

The ministers answered: "Ask Kwan!"

"No," replied the Emperor, "I cannot do so. Why, that man would not obey my orders, but would do just as he pleased."

The ministers shook their heads, and looked wise; but as they did not know any better advice to give, they all repeated:

"Try him. Perhaps he may succeed."

So Emperor Yau gave his consent and told his ministers to engage Kwan, but to be careful not to let him have things all his own way. Kwan worked hard for nine years, but did not succeed in bringing help to the people. The Emperor grew tired of waiting, and poor Kwan was put to death.

Emperor Yau thereupon sent for Kwan's son, Yu, and asked him if he would try and do the work. Yu agreed, and worked so hard that he really succeeded. He drained the land, and so restored order in the empire.

When the Emperor heard of it, he sent for Yu, who, of course, went as quickly as he could. When he came before him the Emperor began with a joke, perhaps to make Yu feel at ease:

"You need not stand so far off!" he said to Yu. "By your looks I should not be surprised if you had something interesting to tell me."

"Well, Your Majesty," replied Yu, "perhaps I have. The flood was very high, and the water was well up on the high mountains, and the foothills could not be seen at all. Whenever the people made a misstep, slipped, and fell in, they were wet, and lost their temper. (The Chinese never did like cold water or a bath!) When I could see the way, I took a boat; but the worst of it was when I had to climb on foot, on account of the brush. It was lucky that I had spiked shoes.

"I traveled from one mountain to another, and made the people cut down trees. Sometimes I had a shot at some game, and I let them eat the meat raw, for there was no way to make a fire to cook it.

"Then, to make a passage for the water, I had pipes laid, and cut nine ditches. As soon as the ground was dry, I set the people plowing and sowing, and then they had an opportunity to cook their food. Sometimes a man would come and ask me for something, but when I found that he had anything that he did not need, I told him to trade it. So now, everybody is happy."

Yau was well pleased, and was going to speak, when he saw that Yu had not quite finished; so he smiled at him to go on.

"With Your Majesty's permission," said bold Yu, "you, too, have some work to do. Think how much mightier an Emperor you would be, if you would look after your ministers, and see what schemes they have to defraud the people. Then the people would believe in you; they would admire and praise you."

Many emperors of whom we have heard would not have liked this sort of speech, but Yau was not a bad-hearted man. I suspect that is why the Chinese are so proud of him. He showed that he was not offended, by calling a meeting of his ministers. When they had arrived, and the roll had been called, he said:

"Gentlemen, do you know that you ought to be my legs and arms, my eyes and ears? Attend to your duties, and help the people if they need any assistance. The first thing I want you to do is to advertise in every paper, that I am the Master. When you have done that, send for an artist, for I wish to have groups painted of the sun, moon, and stars; of the mountains, the dragons, the insects, and the flowers. Also, I need some new clothes. I do not care for gaudy colors; some embroidered cloth will do, with a neat mixture of blue, red, yellow, white and black. Then the courts of law must be attended to, and don't

forget the band, for I am fond of music. Pay the greatest attention to all these things. If I make a mistake, let me know it. Don't smile before my face, and blame me when my back is turned! Now about the common people; you know what blockheads they are. If they do not attend to their business, give them a gentle reminder. Use the lash occasionally, and make them learn their lessons, and see to it that they are kept at work. If any come and ask for work, let them have it; but if they are idle, stir them up."

When Yu heard of this speech to the ministers he was pleased, and said to the monarch:

"The Emperor is like a great light. Every man of this country may see it if he is not blind, and even the people near the Big Pond. But Your Majesty should hear what your ministers have to say. If you wish to promote them, let them show by their language that they are fit for the position, and set a good example to the people. Have plenty of mounted police, and who will dare to raise any objection? Whenever a new law is made, have it published at once, and keep a record of the criminals."

Yau died at the ripe age of one hundred and two. He did not leave the empire to his son, but to a stranger named Shun (shoon).

Before I go on with my translation of the Shu-King, I shall tell you something about this Shun. His mother died when he was very young, and after some time his father married again. Then the boy had a hard time of it. When his stepmother had children, his father loved them better than he did his oldest son. He began to beat poor Shun, and at last tried to kill him.

In China a father can do what he pleases. His children must not only obey him, but dare not even talk to him. This is called filial piety, and the child who neglects it is severely punished. So Shun suffered in silence, more so because his stepmother was sly and his younger brother proud. But he bore it all, and never once showed how much it hurt him. He was always obedient to his parents, and kind to his brother. He made up his mind to be respectful and quiet, and at last his parents began to love him, and then he had his reward. But the neighbors had noticed all this, and they admired him so much for his conduct, that they would have elected him to any position, if only they had known what elections were.

This is what the Shu-King says of him:

"If you study the old Emperor Shun you will find that he was like the emperors before him. He was wise, polite, kind, true, and honest. When the Emperor Yau first heard about him, he sent for him, and put him into office, so that he might see for himself. When he found Shun always the same, — kind, just, polite, wise and honest, — he made him a general superintendent, and afterwards promoted him to be Master of Ceremonies, whose duty it was to introduce all the nobles who came to pay their respects to the Emperor. Once he was ordered to explore the deepest parts of a vast forest, and to find out what caused a flood. He had gone about this work, when a terrible thunder and rain storm overtook him, so that people were afraid that he might be killed. But he showed how brave he was, by keeping cool, and so escaped from dangers which would have overwhelmed other men. Therefore, the Emperor could not help admiring Shun, and thought of how to reward him."

You must know that in China the Emperor need not leave the throne to his oldest son, as in Europe. He is supposed to study all his sons, and to make the best one his heir. In former times he could appoint anyone, and this is exactly what Yau did. Not only did he make Shun his heir, but he insisted that he should be Emperor from that day. Shun obeyed, and was another ruler of whom the Chinese are very proud. Yu, who restored order after the Deluge, was made prime minister. After reigning thirty-three years, Shun resigned and made Yu his successor.

Brief History of China

When we study the history of England, we read of rulers of the House of Plantaganet, of the House of Tudor, etc. Such a family of kings is called a dynasty. In many accounts of European nations only the history of the dynasty, or of the reigning family, is given, and little or no attention is paid to the history of the people. It is the same with the history of China. In their long, long records of the past they mention twenty-six dynasties.

The writers of Chinese history tell us that the Emperor Fuh-hi (foo-hee) was living in the time of Noah. They state that much progress in civilization was made under his two successors — Shin-nung (shin-noong), that is, "the Husbandman," and Hwang-ti (hwhahng-tee), or the "Yellow Emperor." New inventions increased the comfort of the people. Of Yau and the Deluge we have read in the last chapter. Until Yu, of whom I have told you, became Emperor, each ruler had always selected his successor; but from that time on it was the son who succeeded, although, if there were more sons than one, it was not necessarily the oldest. The Emperor retained the right to appoint as his successor any one of his sons.

The first Emperor of the Shang family (B.C. 1760-1198) is said to have worshiped God under the name of Shang-ti (shahng-tee), or Supreme Ruler. When no rain fell for seven years, he prayed earnestly, saying: "Do not on account of any neglect of mine, who am but a single individual, destroy the

lives of the people!" When his prayer was ended rain began to fall plentifully.

The worship of images or idols began under Wu-yih (woo-yee), the twenty-fifth Emperor (B.C. 1198). He is spoken of as one of the most wicked of all China's rulers. The "History Made Easy," one of the Chinese books, tells us that he ordered images of clay to be made in the shape of human beings, and had them called gods. He grew tired of them, however, and cast them aside. Then he had leather bags made, filled with blood, which he threw up in the air. He shot at them with arrows, and when the blood was pouring down, he shouted: "I have killed the gods! " The people soon grew very tired of such a madman, and another dynasty succeeded to the throne.

The Tsin dynasty, from which probably we have the name of China, existed only three years under the Emperor Chi hwang-ti (chee hwahng-tee), which means "First Emperor." His father had made war upon the last of the Chau family, and compelled him to kneel in the dust at his feet.

This First Emperor made his capital at Hien-yang (heen-yahng), on the River Hwai (hwie), where he built a great palace from the spoils of all the captive kings who had submitted to him, and he ordered that all the treasures of their palaces should be brought to him. He visited various parts of the empire, built public buildings, ordered canals and roads to be constructed, and drove the Huns back into Mongolia. It was he who continued that Great Wall, extending from the sea to the desert, a distance of 1,250 miles. This Wan-li Chang (wahn-lee chahng), or Myriad Mile Wall, as the Chinese call it, was constructed to keep out the Huns and other nomadic tribes (B.C. 220).

This Emperor was very vain. He desired to be thought the first emperor the country ever had, and ordered that every book in China should be burned. This order was carried out, and all the historical records of the country, as well as the works of Confucius and Mencius, went up in flames. There is, however, no doubt that several copies of their works were saved.

The Tsin dynasty did not last long. Chi's successor was defeated by Liu Pang (leeo pahng), who, under the name of Kautsu (kah-oot-soo), was the founder of the Han dynasty. The Chinese say that their modern history commences at this time. The capital of China under the Han dynasty was first in Shen-si (shen-see), but later at Lohyang in the province of Honan.

When Ming ti (ming tee) was emperor, some learned men were sent to India (A.D. 65), where they studied the religion of Buddha. From that time Buddhism spread in China, but became so steeped in superstition that nothing but the form remains. Ming and his successor, Chang, extended the empire westward as far as the Caspian Sea. The Chinese had intercourse with the Romans. They say of Rome: "Everything precious and admirable in all other countries comes from this land. Gold and silver money is coined there; ten of silver are worth one of gold. Their merchants trade by sea with Persia and India, and gain ten for one in their traffic. They are simple and honest, and never have two prices for their goods; grain is sold among them very cheap, and large sums of money are employed in trade."

The Tang (tahng) dynasty occupied the throne 287 years (A.D. 618-905), during which time China was probably the

most civilized country in the world. Li Chi-min (lee chee-min), the son of the founder, was one of the best emperors of China. He was known for his goodness and wisdom, his temperance, refined taste, and love of art. The capital of the empire was again removed to Sien-gan (see-en- gahn), in Shen-si. It was he who established schools, and began the system of examinations for officers (A.D. 627). He ordered all the writings of Confucius and Mencius to be collected, and commanded that the memory of Confucius should be honored by special ceremonies. A code of laws was also prepared by his order.

Theodosius, the Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, sent an envoy to Sien-gan, bearing presents of emeralds and rubies. It was at this time that the first Christian missionaries entered China. The Emperor Tai-tsung (tie- tsoong) listened to them with interest, and ordered a temple to be built for them. He also had some of their sacred books translated into Chinese (A.D. 643).

After a reign of tweny-three years, Tai-tsung died, and was succeeded by his son Kau-tsung (kah-oh tsoong). Under him the conquest of Korea, commenced by his father, was completed. It was, however, not he who ruled, but a woman named Wu Tsih-tien (woo tsee-teen). She obtained such power over him, that the real Empress was first degraded and afterwards put to death, when this woman took her place. After her husband's death she ruled in her own name. She extended the limits of the empire, but did not hesitate to murder anyone opposing her, not even her own sons. At last, when she was very old, one of her sons — Chung-tsung (choong-tsoong) — entered into a conspiracy against her and confined her within her own apartments. Here she died at the age of eighty-one.

In 1127-1280 the empire was attacked by the Mongols. About 1245 Li-tsung (lee-tsoong) calling in the help of Kublai Khan (kooblie khahn), his son, Ti Ping (tee ping), drowned himself. The Mongols, now in possession of Northern China, lost no time in invading the south. Kublai founded the Yuen (yoo-en) dynasty, and built the Grand Canal. The Mongols, however, were expelled in 1368, and the Ming or Bright dynasty succeeded.

The son of the founder, Yung-loh (yoong-loh) removed the capital to Peking from Nanking, where his father had lived. He was also the author of the code of laws which is still supposed to be in force in China. It was during this dynasty that the Portuguese and Jesuits came into China. In the year 1618 Tien-ming (teen-ming), a Manchu prince, declared war against the Ming. He died in 1627, but left his army in command of his son, Tien-tsung (teen- tsoong). At this time the empire was disturbed by insurrections, and one of the rebels attacked Peking, whereupon the last of the Ming hanged himself (1643). While different rebels were claiming the throne, the Manchu Tien-tsung marched upon the capital, and declared himself emperor. He died the following year, and his son Shun-chi (shoon-chee) is considered as the first emperor of the present Manchu, Tsing, or Pure dynasty.

The Manchu introduced the fashion of shaving the head and wearing the queue. Kang hi (kahng hee), his successor, reigned sixty-one years. It is said of him "that he was tireless in his duty to the government, careful to select none but honest and able officers, liberal toward others, but with simple tastes for himself, and eager to promote the happiness of the people

by the steady execution of the laws, and by watching over the conduct of the high officers."

His grandson Kien-lung (keen-loong) proved worthy of his grandfather. He also reigned sixty years. It was he who subdued Thibet. He received embassies from the Russians, Dutch, and English, so that China became better known in Europe. The Chinese were confirmed in their theory that theirs is the Middle Kingdom, and that all other kings and emperors must acknowledge an older brother in their Tien-tsz, and as such do homage to him. Tribute was never expected. Kien-lung died in 1799, having given the throne in 1796 to his fifth son, Kia-King (kee-ah king), who reigned twenty-five years.

Kia-King was succeeded by Tau Kwang (tah-oh kwahng) in 1821. His reign was a constant succession of wars and insurrections, and is remarkable because for the first time in its long existence China was involved in a war with Europeans.

Tail Kwang was the sixth emperor of the Manchu, or Tsing dynasty. He was the second son of Kia-King, and was born in 1781, hence he was forty years old when he succeeded his father. As a man, he was fitted for times of peace, but was unable to meet or overcome the difficulties which filled his reign.

Each emperor, upon ascending the throne, assumes a certain name by which, not he, but the period of his reign, shall be known. Thus, Tau Kwang means Glory of Reason. The family name is Gioro (gee-oh-roh), from their ancestor Aisin Gioro (i-sin). The word Tsing, or Purity, denotes that the dynasty shall be known by the purity of its justice. It is the same

with other dynasties: Ming, the Illustrious; Yuen, the Original, etc. The present dynasty is also mentioned as the Ta Tsing (tah tsing). Ta is a prefix meaning Great.

Confucius — 551-479 B.C.

In the year 551 B.C., during the reign of the Emperor Ling Wang, a boy was born at Yin-chow, in the province of Shan-tung. His father, named Kung, was a judge; he died when the child was three years old. The boy's mother brought him up, and took care that he was well taught. This shows how civilized the Chinese were at the time when kings were ruling in Rome, and long before the foundation of the Roman Empire.

The boy, who was named Chong-ni, grew up and showed a taste for old writings. He was steady and quiet, and thereby gained the respect of his neighbors. When he was seventeen years old he received an appointment in the revenue office. A few years later he was promoted to an office somewhat like that of surveyor. When he was twenty-four years old, his mother died. There was an old custom or law (law and custom have almost the same meaning in China), that an officer, upon the death of a parent, must resign his position, and live in retirement for three years. This custom had gone out of use, but Chong-ni acted upon it. He resigned, and withdrew into retirement.

During these three years Chong-ni devoted his entire time to the study of the old writers. It was his intention to teach their doctrine to the people, and hoped to induce them in this manner to return to the customs of former times. After the period of his mourning was over, he spent several years in traveling, and at the age of thirty he returned to Yin-chow.

From this time the boy Chong-ni became known as Kung Fu-tsz', or Kung the Teacher, which many years afterwards was turned into the Latin form of Confucius by the Jesuit priests in China. He settled down in Yin-chow as a teacher, and the number of his pupils grew rapidly, until he was asked to come to the court of the Prince of Tsi (tsee). He accepted; but when he came there he did not like court life, and so, with those students who had followed him, he continued his travels, teaching all the time.

One day as he was passing through a field, he noticed a man engaged in snaring birds, and placing them in different cages. Kung Fu-tsz' looked on for a time, while his students were wondering why their teacher took such an interest in such a simple thing. He finally went up to the man, and said:

"I do not see any old birds here; where have you put them?"

"The old birds," replied the man, "are too wary to be caught. They are on the lookout, and if they see a net or cage, far from falling into the snare, they fly away and never return. The young ones, which keep with them, also escape. I can catch only such as fly out by themselves, or go in company with other young birds. If I do sometimes catch an old bird, it is because it follows the young ones."

"Did you hear that?" asked Confucius, turning to his students. "The young birds escape only when they keep with the old ones. It is always so with us. Our young people are led astray by boldness, want of forethought, inattention, and by thinking that they know more than older people. And when the old ones are caught, it is because they are foolishly attached to the young, and allow themselves to be led astray by them."

Confucius was sixty-eight years old before he returned to Yin-chow. Here he continued to teach a very large number of students, at the same time collecting the ancient writings. When he had completed this work, he invited his students to go with him to one of the neighboring hills where for many years sacrifices had been offered. Here he had an altar built; put his books upon it, and, turning his face toward the north, he fell upon his knees and thanked Heaven that life and strength had been given to him to finish the difficult task, and prayed that the Chinese might benefit largely by his work.

There are several Chinese pictures of Confucius kneeling as in prayer, with a beam of light shining upon his books, while his students stand around filled with wonder and admiration.

A few days before his death he said:

Tai shan, ki tui hu!	(Pron.) Tie shan, kee twee hoo!
Liang muh, ki hwai hu!	Leeang moo, kee hwie hoo!
Chi jin, ki wei hu!	Chee jin, kee way hoo!

TRANSLATION:

The great mountain is broken!
The strong beam is thrown down!
The wise man is decayed!

He died in 479 B.C. leaving one grandson called Tsz' sze. His descendants are hereditary dukes of the empire. Many temples have been erected in China in his honor, and he is considered as little less than a god by the Chinese. Confucius' life was devoted to the study and examination of the ancient writings, which he resolved to teach to his countrymen. This proves how old the civilization of China is, when at such a remote period, 2,450 years ago, it was possible to collect

writings which were old at that time. It is remarkable that the teachings of Confucius contained nothing new or startling, but aimed at a return to former habits and customs. China must have been, indeed, a country far advanced in civilization, when a thoughtful man like Confucius could devote his life to urging the Chinese to return to the customs of bygone years. But what is most remarkable of all, is that his life should have had such an influence upon hundreds of millions of men.

Confucius says of himself: "The wise man and the man of virtue — how dare I rank myself with them! It may simply be said of me that I ever strive to improve, and that I never grow weary of teaching others. I may be equal to other men in knowledge of literature; but I have failed to reach the character of a superior man, one who carries out in his conduct what he teaches. These are the things which cause me fear: that I do not properly cultivate virtue; that I do not discuss thoroughly what I learn; that I am unable to act with righteousness when I know it; and that I am not able to change that which is not good. I am not one who was born wise. I am one who is fond of olden times, and who is seeking knowledge there. I am not a maker, but only one who transmits; but I am one who believes in and loves the wise men of old."

Confucius collected the Wu-King or Five Classics, and the S'shu or Four Books. The Five Classics, of which the Shu-King is one, contains Spring and Autumn, a work written by Confucius himself.

Confucius was not one of the wise men, like those who flourished in Rome and Greece, who taught of a future life. When one of his students once asked him what death meant, he answered sadly: "How can I tell you about death, when I am

not perfectly acquainted with life?" His teachings embraced only the relations of life and its duties. The great principle taught by him, which can be perceived throughout every institution of China, is the relation of the child toward the parent, or, as it is called, filial piety. There is no greater duty with the Chinese, nor is there a disgrace more dreaded than that of being thought Puh-hiao (poo- heeahoh), viz., undutiful. At the very earliest age, children are taught to be respectful and dutiful; such a thing as familiarity between child and parent is absolutely unknown. As the children grow up their old parents are entitled to be reverenced and cherished; all their wants must be anticipated, and everything must be done to please them. When the parents are dead, they must be worshiped by their children and sacrifices must be offered to them. The highest honor that can befall a man is to bring honor upon his ancestors.

The punishments for undutiful behavior to parents are horrible in their cruelty. But, as we shall see in another chapter, it is this principle of filial piety which renders the Chinese submissive to the authorities. For the Emperor is the father of all, and, since his authority is transferred to officers, disobedience to them would equal undutiful conduct.

The relation between husband and wife is simple. The wife's duty is to honor and obey, while the husband appears to have no duties at all toward her. When it was known in Peking that the wife of Prince Kung was dead, a gentleman of the United States Legation asked a high Chinese official if Prince Kung would retire for a while, or go into mourning. "Oh, no!" he replied, smiling, "the death of a wife is nothing at all. Why should the Prince go into mourning for her? He can get as

many more wives as he wishes." But if very little is said of the duties between husband and wife, much is said as to the attitude of the elder brother to the younger. The rule is: Hiung ai, ti kin (heeoong ie, tee kin), that is: The elder must love, and the younger must respect.

This relationship of elder brother and younger was shown in China's conduct toward Korea, which country was thought to be tributary to China. Korea never paid any tribute, but sent presents to the Emperor of China on New Year's Day, and received in return presents of far greater value.

Confucius mentions five great virtues, and among these Jen, or charity, ranks first. When one of his students asked him if there was anything which might serve as a rule of practice for all one's life, he replied: "What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." This rule is very similar to our Golden Rule, and comes nearer the teaching of the New Testament than any other saying of the old philosophers.

The motive of Confucius' teaching was his earnest desire to return to the ancient or patriarchal form of government. He had not the least idea that he was preparing a set of laws, but he wished men to be governed by moral influences only. He believed that if the emperors would set an example of virtue, the people would respect, obey and imitate them. For more than two thousand years his teaching has been the real law of the people. The Chinese still cling to the law of filial piety, which is good, and to that of ancestral worship, which is bad. They refuse to admit that their condition might be improved, and would sooner die than permit changes to be made.

The following is an extract from General Wilson's book on China, describing his visit to the tomb of Confucius:

"The grave of Confucius is within a separate enclosure, the entrance to which is covered by a large pavilion of the usual type, where the descendants of the sage come twice a year to offer sacrifices and worship him. A paved, sunken road, which runs between low retaining-walls on each side, leads to the tomb, which is a simple mound of earth about twenty feet high, overgrown by bushes and forest trees, including an oak. A stone tablet, nearly as high as the mound, a stone table, and an urn or incense-burner, stand in front of it. It is flanked by the burial-mounds of the mother, son, and grandson of Confucius, and the whole enclosure is heaped into mounds covering the remains of the successive heads and dignitaries of the family."

Early Intercourse with China

The Chinese are mentioned by the Greeks as the Seres. This word is probably derived from the Chinese sze, meaning the silk fiber or thread. "The region of the Seres," says a Greek writer, "is a vast and populous country, touching on the east the ocean and the limits of the habitable world; and extending west nearly to Imaus and the confines of Bactria. The people are civilized men, of mild, just, and frugal temper; avoiding quarrels with their neighbors, and even shy of close intercourse, but not unwilling to dispose of their own products, of which raw silk is the staple, but which include also silk stuffs, furs, and iron of remarkable quality." At that time the Chinese were known for their honesty, and they are known so still among the other people of Asia.

Chinese writers state that there was trade between their country and one which they call Tat-sin Kwoh. This was probably the Roman Empire. Roman writers also mention China, and it is well known that silk was brought to Rome, where it sold at a high price. It is said that two monks brought the first silkworm eggs to Constantinople in the sixth century after Christ. They had hidden them in a hollow bamboo staff.

Although among Europeans trade was always the principal cause for exploring new countries, another reason was the desire to preach the Gospel. There is a tradition that a pious man went to China from the country of Ta-Tsin (Palestine) in the year 636 A.D., and that he was kindly received by the

Emperor. Not very long ago a stone was standing in the yard of a temple at Sian-Fu (see-ahn foo). It had an inscription in the Syrian and Chinese characters, and bore the date 781 A.D. It was the only trace left of the work of those old missionaries. The inscription, translated, reads as follows:

"A stone tablet commemorating the diffusion of the illustrious religion in China by a priest from the Church in Ta-Tsin (Palestine), with a preface, written by King Tsing."

The first really good description we have of China is given by two Arabians in the years 850 and 877 A.D. They describe their journey, the customs of the Chinese, what goods are most in demand, and how to carry on trade. At that time the city of Hang-chow, where the trade was conducted, was one of the largest and wealthiest in the world. It was destroyed in A.D. 877, from which year Canton became the market for foreign trade.

A well-known account of China is that given by Marco Polo. Nicolo Polo, a noble of Venice, and the father of Marco, left that city about the year 1250 A.D., with his brother Matteo, on a trading voyage to the Crimea. From there they drifted eastward until they carne to China, which, had lately been conquered by Kublai Khan. They were kindly received, and after remaining some time, received permission to return home, on condition that they would come back to China. In 1274 they did so, this time accompanied by Marco, then a boy of sixteen. They arrived safely, and were again received in high favor. Marco took office under the Chinese and rose to the position of Tao-tai(tah-o-tie) or Prefect of Che-Kiang (chay-keeahng). This time Marco and his father and uncle remained in China for many years, and finally returned home by way of

Southern Asia. But when they reached Venice they were so changed that nobody recognized them, and the Venetians at first refused to believe that they were really the three Polos.

Everyone was amazed at the number of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones that they had brought back with them. When the news of their great wealth became known in Venice, all their former friends and acquaintances hurried to their house to congratulate them. Everybody wanted to know their adventures, and Marco was asked to give an account of what they had seen.

In his book he tells about the conquest of China by Kublai Khan and his fierce Mongols that had taken place only a few years before his arrival in that country. He visited the southern part of China, and says "that the number of inhabitants is so great that no person can count them, and if they were men-at-arms," (that is, soldiers) "those of the province of Manji (mahn-jee) would conquer the whole world; they are not so, however, but prudent merchants."

Marco Polo was afterwards captured in a war with Genoa and thrown into prison. This was several years after his return. As he had nothing to do, he began to dictate further accounts of his travels to a fellow-prisoner, who wrote them down in French. A famous German writer says of him: "If the name of Discoverer of Asia were to be given to any person, nobody would deserve it better than Marco Polo."

In strong contrast with Marco Polo's account of China is that of Sir John Mandeville, a Knight of St. Albans, who claims that "he passed the sea on St. Michael's Day of the year 1322," and that he wrote his adventures in English, "so that other noble and worthy men, if he err from defect of memory, may

redress and amend it." It seems that Sir John's memory was very short indeed; or else, his imagination must have been remarkable. He says that in the Far East he learned of men and women who have "dogs' heads, and they are reasonable and of good understanding, except that they worship an ox for their god." He claims to have discovered a country where there is "a kind of snails so great that many persons lodge in their shells, as men would do in a little house;" and another where "are white hens without feathers, but they bear white wool, as sheep do here." He must have discovered some very curious islands, for in one of them "are people of great stature, like giants, hideous to look upon; and they have but one eye, which is in the middle of the forehead, and they eat nothing but raw flesh and fish." In another island "there were dwarfs who have no mouth, but instead of a mouth they have a little round hole; and when they eat or drink they take it through a pipe, or pen, or such thing, and suck it in."

In describing China, he says: "The greatest river of fresh water in the world is there, which, where it is narrowest is more than four miles broad. This remarkable river flows through the land of pigmies, where the people are only three span long. These men are the best workers of gold, silver, cotton, and silk, and of such things that are to be found in the world. They have sometimes a war with the birds of the country, which they kill and eat. They do not admire the men of our stature, any more than we do giants. Cathay is a great country, fair, noble, rich, and full of merchants." In the palace "all the vessels that men are served with, in the hall or in chambers, are of precious stones; and especially at great tables, either of jasper, or of crystal, or of amethyst, or of fine gold. And the cups are of

emeralds, and sapphires or topazes, and of many other precious stones. Vessels of silver there are none, for they set no value on it to make vessels of; but they make therewith steps and pillars and pavements to halls and chambers."

Sir John tells many other stories even more marvelous than these. People at that time believed them, and so it is no wonder that they were anxious to find a short route to Cathay.

A more truthful story is told by Friar Odoric, who really did travel in China at about the time when Sir John Mandeville said that he was there. Odoric noticed the peculiar method of fishing with cormorants; that of allowing the finger nails to grow long, and he speaks of the custom of dwarfing the feet of women.

His description of the division of the Khan's empire into twelve provinces with four viceroys is correct, as are also the names Hand Showing the Long Finger Nails mentioned by him of the post stations. But he is, like most men of that age, very superstitious, and is apt to explain what he does not understand by magic or witchcraft.

How a Jewish colony came to settle in the heart of China will probably remain a mystery forever. It was located at Kai-fung (kie-foong), about 450 miles southwest of Peking. In 1850 some rolls or scrolls covered with Hebrew characters were bought from the descendants of former Jews. It was said that a synagogue had been built here in 1164, the ruins of which Dr. Martin discovered when he visited the place in 1866. At the present time there are a sufficient number of Jews in the province of Ho-nan to form a separate community.

Before the discovery of America in 1492, no strong effort was made to trade with China. Venice, up to that time, had been the center of European commerce, and she was satisfied to purchase her stock from the Arabs, who brought their goods by caravans to the coast of the Mediterranean. At the beginning of the sixteenth century a daring spirit of exploration was aroused in Europe.

Americans and China

Do you know what name the Chinese have for us? They see our flag, and so they call us Hwa-Ki (hwah-kee), or Flowery Flag people. Well, we need not be ashamed of that name!

Directly after the War of Independence, the Americans began to look out for trade. On Washington's Birthday of the year 1784, the ship Empress, commanded by Captain Green, left New York for Canton. She returned on May 11th, 1785, having been one year, two months and nineteen days on her voyage.

It may interest you to hear what a prominent Chinese, Seu-ki-yu (shoo-kee-yoo) has to say about George Washington. He devoted some time to a study of what he called "the barbarian countries," and in 1848 published a work in two volumes, entitled "A General Glance at the Countries by the Sea." After describing the United States, he goes on to speak of our first President.

"Washington was born in the ninth year of the Emperor Yung Ching. His father died when he was but ten years of age. He was educated by his mother. While yet young he showed himself very intelligent in regard to civil and military affairs. He had great personal strength and courage."

Seu gives a good description of the events of Washington's life, and then expresses his admiration for him:

"In an address to Congress, Washington said that it would be a criminal ambition to obtain a kingdom for one's self, to leave to one's children. Honesty should distinguish those who are to be raised to this position in the nation. Surely, Washington was an extraordinary man. His successes as a soldier were more rapid than those of Shing and Kwang, and in personal courage he was greater than Tsau-pi (tsow-pee) and Liu-pang (leeoo-pahng). With the two-edged sword (of justice) he restored order over an area of several thousand miles. He refused to receive any reward in money. He worked to found a government by election. Patriotism like this is to be praised under the whole heavens. Truly, it reminds us of our own three great ancient dynasties. In conducting the government he fostered virtue, he avoided war, and succeeded in making his country greater than all other nations. I have seen his picture. His face shows great power of mind. Who does not agree that he has the character of an extraordinary man?"

When the news was sent across the Pacific of the discovery of gold in California in 1849, large numbers of Chinese came to the Pacific Coast. At first they were well received, but as more and more of them kept coming, there arose opposition to Chinese labor. After California was admitted as a State in the Union (1850), this opposition increased so much that Congress made a law forbidding the entrance of Chinese laborers into the United States. Since, however, Congress has no power to make laws which come into conflict with a treaty, an embassy was sent to Peking, asking that the treaty be changed so that the United States might regulate Chinese immigration. To this the Chinese government readily agreed.

The Tae-Ping Rebellion

In 1853 a riot broke out in China; in a very short time it grew into an insurrection, and threatened to expand into a revolution. Before order was restored millions of people had perished, and many thriving towns and villages had become blackened ruins. It brought into prominence Li Hung Chang, the man who often promoted the progress of China, and as often opposed it.

Siu-tshuen (see-oo tshoo-en) was born in 1813, in the Hwa (hwhah) district of Kwang-tung. It is situated in a level, fertile, rice-growing region near Canton, with the White Cloud Mountains on the south, and the Nan-ling range on the north.

The boy's family name was Hung. Every inhabitant of the village where he lived was a Hung, and the village might have been called Hungborough. Siu's father was a village elder.

Would you like to see Siu's house? It was of one story, built of mud in a wooden frame, and covered with tiles. A narrow door opened from the street into the hall, showing a kitchen and some sleeping rooms on either side. Opposite the door was a sitting room. The house was not more than thirty-five or forty feet deep, and twelve or fifteen wide. In it lived grandparents, parents, and children, a buffalo, a few pigs, some fowls and a couple of dogs. Still there was room enough for half-a-dozen idols, but there was no room left for the children to play.

Young Siu had all the fun he wished on the edge of a mud hole or small pond in front of the village, used by the ducks, dogs, pigs and other animals as a sort of common. When he had reached his fourth year, one of the older boys accidentally pushed him into the water, where it was beyond his depth, and he might have been drowned, had not another boy, seeing his queue floating, pulled him out. His father made him a sort of life-preserver, in the shape of a hollow gourd, which he fastened behind his son's back. When Siu showed himself in such an unusual article of dress, the boys shouted "Gourd boy! Gourd boy!" The child ran home, and pleaded with his father to be relieved of the gourd. His request was granted after a bamboo had been applied to his back. Siu never forgot that first whipping. He may not have liked it at the time, but in after years he always said that it did him good.

Siu was the youngest son. The other boys were helping their father in the field, but Siu was to be a scholar and an officer. When he was seven years old his father made a contract with the village schoolmaster, Ting-jin, to teach the boy for one year, whereby he agreed to pay two dollars in money, fifty pounds of rice, and one and one-third pounds of tea, salt, lard, and lamp oil. Ting-jin was to supply the necessary paper, ink, and brushes.

Ting-jin was one of the ten thousand who had passed the examination for the first degree, but could not advance beyond it. He was satisfied to make his living by teaching as he had been taught, using the bamboo cane not more than he thought necessary. Siu continued to go to school for three years, when his mother died.

After six months' mourning, the boy resumed his studies. When he was eleven years old, Ting began to tell him the meaning of the characters which he had committed to memory. Siu was kept at school until he was fifteen, when his father needed his help in the field.

In China everybody works, especially among the peasants, and Siu had to do his share. He was selected, however, to herd the cows and buffaloes of the village, and while engaged in this business he kept up his studies.

His evident desire to learn attracted the attention of the elders of the Hung clan. They met, and decided to give him an opportunity for further study. They subscribed a small sum of money, sufficient for Siu's expenses. So when he was sixteen years old, Siu left on foot for the chief town of the district where he resided, and presented himself for the first preparatory examination. After giving his name, his father's, and his grandfather's, as well as his place of residence, he was assigned a seat. There were four or five hundred boys and men in the hall. In the evening Siu handed in his compositions, and among the names of the approved writers he was proud to hear his own. He was now a "hien ming," which means having a name in the village.

Following up this success, Siu went to the chief city in the department, and came out a "fu ming," that is, he had a name in the department. But his luck left him at the provincial examination at Canton. He returned home with too much learning to earn his living by labor, and not enough to earn it with his brains.

Once again the Hung clan came to Siu's assistance, and started a school. Thus he passed some years, and his father

procured a wife for him. After this he opened another school in a village about ten miles distant, but dutifully left his wife at home to assist his parents.

In 1833 Siu once more made his way to Canton to try to pass the examination. Arriving a few days before the time set, he was walking in the street, when, on passing a fortune teller's stand, he thought that he would consult him upon the result of his journey. He did so, and received the answer: — "You will succeed; you will be ill; my respects to your virtuous father."

This answer contained both sweet and bitter, but, on the whole, Siu felt happy. As he was strolling along the street he met Liang A-fah (leeahng ah-fah), a Christian Chinese who was distributing tracts. Siu was much surprised to see his friend employed in this way, but he took several of the tracts without paying anything for them.

Siu failed again in his examination, and returned home. He read the tracts, but not being able to understand them, put them on his shelf. There they remained for about ten years. Again Siu went to Canton, only to fail; and when he returned home, he fell ill.

Brain fever set in, and brought him to the brink of the grave. When he recovered, he had a vision or dream, which was deeply impressed upon his mind. He resumed school work in his own village, and in due time he presented himself again at the examination hall at Canton. But he was doomed to disappointment.

Soon after his return home, he was visited by a relative of the Li family, who, happening to see the tracts upon the bookshelf, asked leave to read them. When Li returned them

he remarked that their teaching was quite different from that of Confucius. This remark induced Siu to read them again, and he became convinced that he was chosen from heaven to destroy the idols, and to convert the people. Many believed in him, and he ordered a demon-killing sword to be made.

His unbelief in Confucius caused him to lose his pupils, and Siu made up his mind to visit some friends in Kwang- si. On his way he increased his number of believers, and after a year he returned home and published several essays. Upon being told that there was a white man at Canton preaching almost the same doctrine, Siu went to that city and introduced himself to Rev. I. J. Roberts, an American missionary. Siu was then about thirty-four years old. After studying for some time, he applied for a position as assistant to the missionary. This request was declined, and Siu decided to visit his relatives in Kwang-si. Upon his arrival he found the number of his followers increased to such an extent that he, with their help, began to destroy idols. When the officers prepared to punish him, he collected his men and began to march toward Kwang-tung.

The weakness of the governors added to his strength, and he declared war upon the Manchu, calling himself Tae-Ping Wang, or King of the Great Ping dynasty. He then moved northward, to the Yang-tsz', where he repeated his successes. After he had taken Nanking, he prepared to descend the river. An American named Ward offered to protect the trembling Chinese merchants at Shanghai against the Tae-Ping, if they would subscribe the necessary money. They agreed, and Ward engaged some one hundred and fifty foreigners, and went up the river to meet the rebels. Ward, who was recklessly daring,

checked the advance of the Tae-Ping. With the assistance of Li Hung Chang, of whom you will hear later, he enlisted Chinese, and laid the foundation of the "Ever-Victorious Army." Always in the heat of the battle, he was severely wounded, and died. Major Gordon, a British officer, then took command of the imperial army, and gradually closed in on Siu. At last the Tae-Ping surrendered, and the leaders were beheaded by order of Li Hung Chang.

This rebellion cost China millions in men and money. It should have taught the value of discipline, but as soon as peace was restored the old careless order of things was continued.

How a Poor Boy Made a Name

In 1842 a fourteen-year-old boy arrived at Macao from England. His name was Harry Parkes, and he was an orphan. He had taken the long journey from England to China in order to join his sister, who was living there as the wife of a missionary, the Reverend Mr. Lockhart.

After he had arrived, his brother-in-law gave him an opportunity to study Chinese. Harry studied hard, so hard that when the first war with England broke out, he was engaged to go with the fleet and help in the buying of provisions. By that time Harry knew enough Chinese to make himself understood by the country people.

Of course, Harry thought it fun to see the fighting, and was only sorry sometimes that he could not carry a gun. He was permitted to be present when Sir Henry Pottinger met the Chinese to agree upon terms of peace; and he was also present when the treaty was signed.

When Hongkong was opened to the British, Harry was sent there as interpreter in the service of the government. He kept up his studies, and did so well that he very soon understood the Chinese characters.

After Harry had learned Chinese well, he was appointed consul. He then secured leave of absence, and visited England, where he married. When he returned to China with his wife he

stopped at Siam, and there made a treaty with the king on behalf of England.

When Harry came to Canton as consul he found things in a bad condition. The Chinese government would not carry out the terms of the treaty. Foreigners were not allowed to enter the city, and were treated as "outside barbarians" and slaves. Parkes was not the man to submit to such treatment. He wrote a strong letter to the governor, and when he received an insolent reply, he placed the matter in the hands of the British admiral.

The admiral, Sir Michael Seymour, made his way to the Yamen of Governor Yeh, but did not succeed in seeing the governor. In the year 1856 another difficulty arose. The Chinese seized a "lorcha," or schooner, flying the British flag, and this was made a pretext to begin a second war.

The English fleet under Admiral Seymour had taken some of the forts on the river at Canton, and on the 29th of December, 1857, had bombarded and captured that city. The Chinese officers fled, and Harry Parkes immediately took measures to maintain law and order. For two years Canton had a just and reasonable government, which the Chinese people of that city appreciated.

Lord Elgin was appointed by the English government to go to China, and try to arrange terms for a peace that would be lasting. The British understood how hard it was for the Son of Heaven at Peking to give up the idea that he was the ruler of the whole world, and to receive the ambassadors of other nations as his equals. But the British felt that if trade with China

was to continue, it would be necessary to transact business at Peking, and not at one of the provincial capitals.

There was an alliance at this time between England and France, and the two countries decided to act together in forcing China to respect the treaties.

The combined fleets of England and France sailed north to the Pei-ho River. Two Chinese officers were sent to meet the British and French ambassadors, but when their papers were examined it was found that they had no power to make treaties. A letter was sent to the Emperor that, if no higher officers were sent, the Taku forts at the entrance of the river would be taken. When no answer came to this letter, the forts were attacked and taken, after two hours hard fighting, in August, 1860. The British and French troops then moved rapidly upon Tientsin, which they captured. In spite of the protests of the Emperor, a land force of the allies now advanced on Peking.

What was our friend Harry Parkes doing all this time? He had his hands full at Canton. But when the British government determined to send an army inland, a man was needed who understood China and the Chinese, and Harry Parkes was ordered to go with Lord Elgin as interpreter.

An immense army under Seng-ko-ling-sing lay between Tientsin and the capital. The British and French advanced, driving the Chinese before them, and when they were nearly half-way, a flag of truce was sent by the Chinese, who asked for a meeting to arrange terms of peace. Harry Parkes and some Sepoys were sent forward to find quarters for the ambassadors. After making all arrangements, Harry saw that it was too late to return to camp that night. The following day he and his companions, among whom was the correspondent of the

London Times, were riding back to their camp, when Harry noticed a band of Chinese horsemen galloping toward them. Before they could do anything, they were surrounded and taken prisoners. They were dragged before a Chinese officer, probably Seng-ko-ling-sing himself, and ordered to kow-tow. Harry refused to do so, and said that he was there under a flag of truce, and that the British would punish them severely. After the Chinese officers had consulted together, the prisoners were placed into covered carts and taken to Peking. At last the carts stopped, and, stiff and sore, they were ordered to get out. They did so, and Harry almost gave up hope when he read: "Board of Punishment" upon the building where the carts had stopped. They were taken in and put into a filthy room, occupied by criminals and lepers. After being kept in this place for some days, Harry was brought before some Chinese officers. He offended these officers deeply when, referring to England's Queen, he gave her the title which the Chinese thought belonged only to their Emperor. They used threats to make him confess that his Queen was of a lower rank, but Harry held his ground. He was taken back to prison, and loaded with chains.

After being brought several times before the officers, and maintaining the same brave attitude, he was asked if he would write a letter to Lord Elgin, asking him to stop the advance upon Peking. He replied that he could not do so. He was threatened with death if he refused, and he answered that if he was put to death, the British would surely avenge him. At last, after one of these examinations, he was taken to better quarters, and his chains were removed.

Lord Elgin had, of course, missed his interpreter, and, suspecting treachery, had broken off the negotiations, and notified the Chinese government that, if anything happened to Harry Parkes, he would hold that government responsible. The British and French defeated Seng-ko-ling-sing, and marched upon Peking. Hsien-Feng, the emperor, fled, and once more Harry was called before the officers.

When they saw that they could not persuade him to do anything but his duty, they told him that they would send him out of Peking, but Harry refused to go without his companions. A few days later a covered cart was brought to the door. He and the others were put in, and carried away. After a long ride, they were ordered out, and found that they were in sight of the British camp.

Harry learned soon afterwards that he owed his escape to Prince Kung, who had managed to send him out of Peking fifteen minutes before the time when orders would arrive from the Emperor to put him and his companions to death.

With their guns trained upon the walls of Peking, and one of the gates of the capital in their possession, the ambassadors demanded and obtained the right to reside at Peking and to be received by the Emperor without kow-towing. Other concessions were made: new ports were to be opened to foreigners, — Chefoo and Tientsin in the north, New-chwang in Manchuria, Swatow on the south coast of China, and two in the Island of Formosa. Missionaries were to have the right to live in any part of the eighteen provinces, and all foreigners were to be free to travel through China with a passport. In addition to this, China was to pay the cost of the war.

To punish the Chinese for their treachery, the Summer Palace was burned down before the treaty was signed, as a sign that they had been defeated. A good many people thought that this was wrong. A Russian writer says: "The opinion that during the last Anglo-French war with China the Europeans, and not the Chinese, were defeated, is universal throughout the whole of Inner Asia, wherever we traveled. Certainly, to the Asiatic mind, an enemy who appears beneath the walls of a hostile city and does not destroy it, is no victor, but rather the defeated party. The Chinese government took advantage of this circumstance to spread the report among their faithful subjects of their victory over the Europeans. Yet they can scarcely have suppressed the knowledge of the destruction of the Emperor's summer palace, and that just act of the English chiefs, which caused such an unreasonable indignation, finds a new justification in the circumstances here stated."

Queen Victoria admired Harry Parkes' loyalty and courage. He was knighted; and in 1863 was sent to Japan as Minister of Great Britain. No man ever did more for Japan as well as for England than Sir Harry during the eighteen years of his residence in Tokyo. He was then made Minister to Peking, where he died. His body was taken to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey. A statue of him was erected at Shanghai.

Several years after Parkes' death a foreigner was traveling in the interior of China in a hired boat. He was surprised to notice that, wherever he stopped, mandarins came and kow-towed before him, and sent presents. At last he asked the owner of the boat the reason for this. The man pointed to a dirty little flag with some Chinese characters on it that was hung out on the boat, and said that it was a first-class flag. He had painted

on the flag the characters by which Sir Harry Parkes was known in China, and, although he had been dead for some time, his name still inspired deep respect in the Chinese.

China's Latest History

At the beginning of the year 1900 there were several small disturbances about Peking. Chinese Christians and foreign missionaries were attacked by men who belonged to what is called the Ta-chuan (tah choo-ahn), — Big Fist Union, or Boxer Society. The Chinese are very fond of forming societies, or unions. The principal idea is mutual assistance. For instance, there is a beggar union. When a beggar who is a member of this union grows too old to beg, he receives from the union money enough to live. Members of the Big Fist or Boxer Society must have an athletic training from their boyhood. They are employed as watchmen by the foreign residents and by the wealthy Chinese. Sometimes, when such Chinese go traveling, and carry large sums of money with them, they hire a member of the Ta-chuan Society to go with them, and they feel perfectly safe, for they are under the protection of that Society. When the Chinese government wished to send a large amount of bullion, that is, gold or silver, it hires members of the Ta-chuan to guard it on its way. Not a penny of it is ever lost.

At the time that the first disturbance of the Boxers near Peking took place it was said that the Tsze Hsi favored the movement against the native Christians and foreign missionaries. At all events, in spite of the efforts of the European ambassadors, the Chinese imperial troops seemed unable to put down the Boxer movement.

In May 1900 the disturbances caused by this Society became so serious that the foreign ambassadors felt that the lives of all Europeans in Peking were in danger. The European

powers, Japan and the United States, accordingly sent troops from the coast to guard the embassies. Warships were also sent to the mouth of the Pei-ho River. As no satisfaction could be obtained from the Chinese government, the allied forces took and held the Taku forts, and after severe fighting captured the city of Tientsin. Meantime the foreigners in Pekin were closely besieged and in great danger. Rumors of massacre reached the coast, and the allied nations sent large numbers of troops to the rescue of their fellow-countrymen in Peking. After hard fighting the relief column reached the capital, forced an entrance by the Great East Gate, and raised the siege of the Legations. Peking was then occupied by the allied forces. The Chinese government had fled, no one was certain whither. Just as, years ago, Lord Elgin ordered the Summer Palace to be burned to show the Chinese that they were defeated, so now it was decided to march troops through the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City, to impress upon them the enormity of the crime their government had committed.

The allied powers now discussed the terms to be made with China, and negotiations were opened with the government through Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang. It was finally decided that the European nations would withdraw their troops, if China would agree, among other concessions, to punish the chief men responsible for the outrages against the foreigners; destroy the Taku forts, and allow permanent Legation guards to be maintained, and the diplomatic quarter to be fortified. Without delay, Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang were authorized by the Emperor and Empress to agree to the demands of the powers. The government issued an edict forbidding anti-foreign societies, and declared that all local

officials would be held responsible for the maintenance of order.

Conclusion

When we study the history of the world, we generally begin with Asia. Some people even think that the Garden of Eden was between the Euphrates and the Tigris; others suppose it to have been in the Valley of Cashmere, in India. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that in the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh we find the foundation stones of our civilization, so far as we are able to trace them. If we continue studying the history of the world we come to the shores of the Mediterranean. We then go to Egypt, follow the coast line to Phoenicia, cross to Greece with its sunny isles, stop at Rome and visit Carthage. But suddenly a veil is cast over the picture as it has unfolded before our mental vision. We see hordes of barbarians over-running all Europe, and trampling civilization for a time under their feet.

Years of darkness and misery pass, but the seeds of our civilization have not been destroyed. Once more, on the mild shores of the Mediterranean, civilization flourished, and Venice, Genoa and Florence became the centers of a new life.

Commerce is one of the great motive powers in civilization. The nation where the world's commerce concentrates is the center of the spirit of progress.

As the veil of barbarism lifts more and more, we see that the scene moves from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

Portugal, Spain, Holland, France, Germany and Great Britain successively struggle for the highest rank among the nations.

Progress has made enormous strides in the last fifty years. When Jules Verne wrote his story "Around the World in Eighty Days," people thought it an amusing but impossible tale. Thirty years ago it took one hundred and thirty-two days to go from Holland to Japan. Now one can go from New York to Yokohama in seventeen days; and if the time be well chosen, a person can send a telegram to Yokohama and receive an answer in three hours.

In the United States the development has been wonderful. In how few years did our people spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast!

As soon as this was accomplished, a movement was begun to extend our influence across the Pacific. It is a remarkable fact that, while Great Britain and Russia had made several attempts to open Japan, it was the United States that finally succeeded.

Asia has finally been caught in the maelstrom of progress. China, the immutable empire, which has seen the origin, greatness, and decay of so many nations, has opposed our civilization for sixty years. What if these four hundred millions of hard-working, sober, thrifty, and intelligent people should say to the nations of the world: "You have made us adopt your ways; now we will enter the race with you."

No man can foretell what the future of China will be. The past, however, indicates that China will not be permitted to continue its policy of isolation, and that the passive civilization of Confucius must give way to the active spirit of modern times.

I have been upon the Yang tsz' River, and have seen the smokestack of the factory almost side by side with the pagoda. I have seen coal and iron mines that have been worked for many, many centuries. Those who have examined China, with its wonderful natural resources, declare that it is the storehouse of the world for ages to come.

Nowhere will the development of the Middle Flowery Kingdom be watched with deeper interest than in the United States.

India's Story

Told to Boys and Girls

by H. E. Marshall

India's Story

Chapter I

Alexander the Great Invades India

Unlike the other countries of Greater Britain, India is no new-discovered land. At a time when our little island was still unknown, still lost in the cold grey mists of the ocean, ships sailed from India's sunny shores, and caravans wound through the sandy deserts laden with silks and muslins, with gold and jewels and spices.

For through long ages India has been a place of trade. The splendors of King Solomon came from out the East. He must have traded with India when he built great ships and sent his shipmen that had knowledge of the sea to sail to the far land of Ophir, which perhaps may have been in Africa or equally perhaps the island of Ceylon. From there these shipmen fetched such 'great plenty' of gold and precious stones, that-'silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon.'

The court, too, of many an ancient heathen king and queen was made rich and beautiful by the treasures of the East. Yet little was known of the land of gold and spice, of gems and peacocks. For beside the merchants, who grew rich with their traffickings, few journeyed to India.

But at length, in 327 B.C., the great Greek conqueror Alexander found his way there. Having subdued Syria, Egypt,

and Persia, he next marched to invade the unknown land of gold.

The part of India which Alexander invaded is called the Punjab, or land of the five rivers. At that time it was ruled by a king called Porus. He was overlord of the Punjab, and under him were many other princes. Some of these princes were ready to rebel against Porus, and they welcomed Alexander gladly. But Porus gathered a great army and came marching against the Greek invader.

On one side of a wide river lay the Greeks, on the other side lay the Indians. It seemed impossible for either to cross. But in the darkness of a stormy night Alexander and his men passed over, wading part of the way breast high.

A great battle was fought. For the first time the Greeks met elephants in war. The huge beasts were very terrible to look upon. Their awful trumpetings made the Greek horses shiver and tremble. But Alexander's soldiers were far better drilled and far stronger than the Indians. His horsemen charged the elephants in flank, and they, stung to madness by the Greek darts, turned to flee, trampling many of the soldiers of Porus to death in their fright. The Indian war-chariots stuck fast in the mud. Porus himself was wounded. At length he yielded to the conqueror.

But now that Porus was defeated Alexander was gracious to him, and treated him as one great king and warrior should treat another. Henceforth they became friends.

As Alexander marched through India he fought battles, built altars, and founded cities. One city he called Boukephala in honour of his favourite horse Bucephalus, which died and

was buried there. Other cities he called Alexandreia in honour of his own name.

As they journeyed, Alexander and his soldiers saw many new and strange sights. They passed through boundless forests of mighty trees beneath whose branches roosted flocks of wild peacocks. They saw serpents, glittering with golden scales, glide swiftly through the underwood. They stared in wonder at fearful combats of beasts, and told strange stories when they returned home, of dogs that were not afraid to fight with lions, and of ants that dug for gold.

At length Alexander reached the city of Lahore and marched on to the banks of the river Sutlej beyond. He was eager to reach the holy river Ganges and conquer the people there. But his men had grown weary of the hardships of the way, weary of fighting under the burning suns or torrent rains of India, and they begged him to go no further. So, greatly against his will, Alexander turned back.

The Greeks did not return as they had come. They sailed down the rivers Jhelum and Indus. And so little was known of India in those days, that they believed at first that they were upon the Nile and that they would return home by way of Egypt. But they soon discovered their mistake, and after long journeyings reached Macedonia again.

It was only the north of India through which Alexander had marched. He had not really conquered the people, although he left Greek garrisons and Greek rulers behind him, and when he died the people quickly revolted against the rule of Macedonia. So all trace of Alexander and his conquests soon disappeared from India. His altars have vanished and the names of the cities which he founded have been changed. But for long ages the

deeds of the great 'Secunder,' as they called him, lived in the memory of the Indians.

And it is since the time of Alexander that the people of the West have known something of the wonderful land in the East with which they had traded through many centuries.

Chapter II

How Brave Men Went Sailing Upon Unknown Seas

Centuries passed. India suffered many changes. It was overrun and conquered by Mohammedans and Turks. Its temples were destroyed, its people slain or carried away captive.

But through all the changes, through battle and war, revolt and massacre, the trade of India continued, and merchants vied with each other for the possession of it. Nearly all of it, however, was in the hands of Arabs and Moors, and, except for the merchants of Venice, few Christians had a share in it. The Moors brought the goods from India in their ships to Suez. There camels were laden, and by them the merchandise was carried through Egypt to Alexandria. And at Alexandria the Venetian merchants took it in their ships to the ports of the Mediterranean.

The old trade-routes to India and the East were by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. These being in the hands of heathen peoples, Christian sailors and adventurers turned their thoughts ever more and more to the finding of a new way to the East.

In the fifteenth century the Portuguese were a great and powerful people. Among the bold adventurers who sailed the unknown seas their sailors were the most daring. And one of their greatest sailors and explorers was Prince Henry the

Navigator, the fifth son of King John I. He did much to make his country great in trade, and was called the 'Father of Discovery.'

Prince Henry sent out many expeditions, and although the new way to India was not discovered, many new lands and islands were, and were added to Portugal. The Pope, too, who was very powerful in those days, issued a Bull, as it was called, saying that all lands and islands which might be discovered between Cape Bojador on the west coast of Africa and the shores of India should belong to Portugal forever.

After Prince Henry died, the people of Portugal still eagerly sought for the new way to India. But for many a long year they sought in vain. It was in 1486 that a sailor called Bartholomew Diaz set out. Southward and southward he sailed down the coast of Africa until, driven by storms, he and his sailors lost sight of land. For thirteen days they sailed they knew not whither, battered by wind and waves, fleeing with furled sails before the storm. At length the sea grew calm again, the wind sank. Then Diaz turned eastward, hoping soon to come in sight of the coast of Africa, from which he had been driven.

For many days he sailed along and saw no land. So he turned northward, and at length came in sight of what is now known as Flesh Bay.

Without knowing it Diaz had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. He had passed it so far to the south as to be out of sight of land. The adventurous sailor still sailed on, not knowing where he was, for now land lay west of him instead of east. After many days he reached the mouth of a great river. It is now known as the Great Fish River. Here he was obliged to turn

back, for his sailors, fearful of the unknown regions into which they were drifting, were unwilling to go further.

Once again the Cape was safely rounded, and Diaz, mindful of the dangers through which he had passed there, called it the Cape of Storms.

But when they at length reached home and King John II heard the tale, he named it the Cape of Good Hope, for now he had good hope that the long-looked-for road to India was indeed discovered.

For some years after this King John was unable to send out any more expeditions. And meanwhile Christopher Columbus, sailing westward, discovered what he believed to be the further shore of India, and claimed it for the King of Spain. Then the King of Spain asked the Pope to grant to him all lands which might be discovered by sailing westward even as he had granted to the King of Portugal all lands which might be discovered by sailing eastward. This being done, the King of Spain and the King of Portugal agreed to share between them all the world which might be still unknown.

After the discovery of Columbus, the Portuguese became more eager than ever to find the way to India. King John ordered three ships to be built, tall and strong such as should be able to withstand the storms of the Cape of Good Hope. Bartholomew Diaz himself made the plans, for none knew better what stout ships were needful, for only he and his men in all the world had passed that stormy cape.

Before the ships were ready to sail, King John died. His cousin Manuel, however, who succeeded him, was as eager as

his uncle had been that Portugal should be great and prosperous, so he ordered that the ships should be finished.

A noble called Vasco da Gama was chosen to be leader of the expedition, and one bright spring day in 1497 the King and courtiers, monks and priests, and a great crowd of people followed Vasco da Gama and his sailors to the shore, and there took leave of them with prayers and cheers and thunder of guns. But the rejoicings were mingled with such tears and sobs of those who thought never to see their dear ones again, that the place was afterwards called the Shore of Tears.

When the last farewell had been said, these brave men sailed out into unknown seas, there to meet many dangers and perils, danger from wind and waves, from fierce dark savage peoples, from strange and terrible beasts.

Nor were the dangers all from without. Within the ships were dangers too. For the men grew weary of the long struggle with storms, fearful of what might lie before them, and prayed their leader to return. 'But nay,' he cried sternly, 'if I saw an hundred deaths before mine eyes, yet would I sail right on. To India we shall go, or die.'

Then, seeing that they could not move their commander to return, the sailors mutinied. But Vasco da Gama was both bold and quick. Seizing the ringleaders, he loaded them with fetters on hands and feet, and thrust them prisoner into the darkness of the hold. Then taking the chart and all the instruments which helped him to find his way across the pathless ocean, he cast them overboard. 'I need neither pilot nor guide, but God alone,' he cried. 'If so we merit it, He will lead us safely to our journey's end.'

Thus the fearless leader crushed the mutiny, and continued his voyage.

Chapter III
Success at Last

Having escaped many dangers, having suffered many misfortunes, having lost two of his ships, Vasco da Gama did at length, after a voyage of eleven months, reach India. The joy was great when at last the long- looked-for shore appeared, and the dream of years was realized.

Vasco da Gama landed some little distance from the town of Calicut, which was well known in Europe as the place from which calico came. But until that day no European had set foot there.

But even now that India was reached, the dangers were not over. The Arab merchants, who had grown rich through their Indian trade, were jealous of the newcomers. So they tried to make mischief between the Zamorin or King of Calicut and the Portuguese. They told him that these white-faced people had come not to trade, but to conquer his land.

By treachery the Arabs succeeded in taking Vasco prisoner. The Indians who helped them, however, did not dare to put him to death, and he was at length set free. But he never forgave the Moors and Arabs for their treachery, and swore to be avenged upon them.

Meanwhile, however, they had so set the people of Calicut against the Portuguese, that it was only with great difficulty

that Vasco could gather a small cargo of spices and drugs. With this he was forced to be content, and set sail for home.

But, as the wind was against them, the Portuguese, instead of sailing straight across the Indian Ocean, sailed northward along the Indian coast until they came to Cannanore. Here the King received them with great honour. For it had been foretold long ago by one of his wise men that the whole of India should one day be ruled by a distant King whose people should be white, and who would do great harm to those who were not their friends. So the King of Cannanore and his counsellors, making sure that these were the white men who were one day to rule India, made haste to be friendly.

To Vasco da Gama the King sent such great presents of pepper and cinnamon, clove, mace, ginger, and all kinds of spice, that the ships could not hold it, and Vasco was obliged at last to refuse to take more.

Thus at length, well rewarded for their troubles and toil, Vasco and his men sailed home. And after more adventures and dangers they reached Lisbon in safety.

Great were the rejoicings when the ships arrived. For they had been gone two and a half years, and both King and people had given up all hope of their return.

Now that at length the route to India was found, Portugal was raised to great importance. Her kings took the proud title of 'Lords of the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and China,' and for a hundred years the flag of Portugal was honoured on every sea.

Vasco da Gama was richly rewarded. He was given the title of Dom or lord. And when everyone was paid, and the widows

and children of those who had lost their lives in the adventure had been cared for, it was found that the Portuguese had still made sixty times as much as they had spent on fitting out the expedition.

The way to India once found, the Portuguese were not slow to make use of it. Again and again expeditions set out, and soon not only traders went, but soldiers also, to guard them from the hatred and spite of the Moors and Arabs.

The Portuguese made friendly treaties with the Kings of Cannanore and Cochin. They built factories and left factors and clerks there, and thus the commerce of Europe with India was begun. These factories were not what we mean now by factories. They were not places where goods were made, but simply trading stations, houses where the natives brought their goods and exchanged them for other goods. A factor means really one who does trade for another.

With the King of Calicut and with the Moors there was war. Whenever the Portuguese met a Calicut vessel they attacked it, took what they wanted of the cargo, sunk or burned the ship, and killed all the sailors.

Those were terrible times, and trade was not the peaceful thing that it is now. It was almost as dangerous and quite as exciting as war, and traders were often little better than pirates.

When Vasco da Gama made his second voyage to India he avenged himself terribly on the Moors, as he had vowed to do. Coming upon a fleet of twenty-four of their vessels he captured them all. After having taken as much of the cargo as he wanted, he cut off the hands, noses, and ears of the sailors. He then tied their feet together, and so that they might not untie the knots

with their teeth, he ordered his men to knock them out. Lastly he set fire to the ships, and with sails set to the shore, he let them drift homeward with their ghastly crew.

That a wise brave man like Vasco da Gama should be so brutal seems terrible now, but in those fierce times he seemed only to be taking a just revenge.

In a very short time the little Portuguese trading stations grew into forts, the forts grew into towns, where Christian churches rose beside Moslem mosques and Hindu temples; Portuguese vessels cruised along the coasts attacking any ship, no matter of what country, which might dare to enter Indian waters; Portuguese viceroys held sway on Indian shores from the Gulf of Cambay to what is now Madras; and the trade with Burma and Bengal, with China and Japan and all the East was in their hands. All this was not brought about without much fighting and many wars. But Portugal in those days was strong and powerful, and all over the world her merchants were as much feared for their might as envied for their wealth.

Chapter IV

How the Dutch and the English Set Forth to India

The Dutch, like the Portuguese, were a sea-going people. For many years they had been the carriers of Europe. Every year their ships came to Lisbon, there to buy the goods which the Portuguese brought from India, and from Lisbon they carried them to every port in Europe.

At that time the Dutch were under the rule of Spain, but in 1572 they revolted, and in 1580 they declared themselves free. In the same year King Philip II of Spain made himself King of Portugal too, and soon afterwards he ordered that all Dutch ships found in Spanish waters should be seized, and that all Spanish and Portuguese ports should be closed to them. In this way he hoped to ruin the trade of the rebellious Dutchmen. But they, finding that they could no longer trade with Lisbon, resolved to seek the way to India for themselves and trade direct.

Just as the Moors had tried to keep the Portuguese out of India, so now the Portuguese tried to keep out the Dutch, and there was much fighting both by land and sea. Even after the Dutch reached India the Portuguese tried to make mischief between them and the natives. These were no true traders, they said, but spies come to view the land, and later they would return in force to conquer it.

But the Dutch were hardy and brave, and not easily discouraged. In 1588 the Spanish Armada was defeated by the English, and after that Spain had few ships and men to spare for fighting in distant seas. So by degrees the Dutch drove the Portuguese out of their colonies and took them for themselves. They founded a Dutch East India Company, which grew wealthy and powerful, and soon all the trade of the East was in their hands. Holland had more ships than all the kingdoms of Europe put together. The Dutch ruled the sea. Dutch harbours and colonies were scattered over all the globe, and Holland became the market of the world.

The spice trade especially, the Dutch were determined to keep in their own hands. And in order to make this easier, they destroyed whole plantations of spice and pepper trees. For that and other reasons the price of pepper was soon doubled. At one bound it rose from three shillings to six and eight shillings.

Up to this time the English merchants had been content to buy from the Dutch as the Dutch had before been content to buy from the Portuguese. But now they were angry, and resolved in their turn to go to India direct for what they wanted.

So it was in a tiny matter like the price of pepper that the seeds of our great Indian Empire were sown.

On the 22nd September 1599 the Lord Mayor of London with the aldermen and merchants met together and resolved to form an East India Company. 'Induced thereto,' the old paper says, 'by the successe of the viage performed by the Duche nation,' they too resolved 'to venter in the pretended voiage to the Easte Indias, the whiche it maie pleased the Lorde to prosper.'

But although meantime there were several meetings 'annent the said viage,' it was not until about a year and a half later that the first ships set out. For there were many preparations to make, the Queen's consent (it was Queen Elizabeth who ruled England in those days) had to be given, money had to be found, ships had to be bought and fitted out, and even the fact that we might be going to make peace with Spain had to be thought about.

But at last, on the 13th of February 1601, five ships set sail from Woolwich. They were named the Red Dragon, the Hector, the Ascension, the Susan, and the Guest. Although they set sail in February, there was so little wind that they did not reach Dartmouth until Easter. But at length a fair wind blew, and the bold adventurers sailed out into the ocean and were soon beyond sight of land.

Many adventures befell them; storms and calms, sea-fights and sickness they endured. At last so many of the men were ill with scurvy, that on reaching Table Bay they resolved to land. Scurvy is brought on by eating salt meat and no fresh vegetables. It was a new disease, having never been heard of until Vasco da Gama took his first voyage to India. In those days they had not found out how to carry fresh food on ships. The men had to live for the most part on salted meat and biscuits, and they nearly always fell ill.

So now Captain James Lancaster, who was in charge of the expedition, thought that if he could land and find fresh food for his men, they would soon be better. The people who lived in Africa were all black savages. When they saw these strange ships come into the bay they gathered round to look and wonder. Then James Lancaster made signs to them to bring

him sheep and oxen. 'He spake to them in the Cattels Language, which was never changed at the confusion of Babell, which was Moathe for Oxen and Kine, and Baa for Sheepe. Which language the people understood very well without an Interpreter,' says an old writer. 'The third day after our coming into this Bay the people brought downe Beefes and Muttons, which we bought of them for pieces of old Iron hoopes, as two pieces of eight inches a piece for an Oxe, and one piece of eight inches for a Sheepe, with which they seemed to be well contented.'

For seven weeks the Englishmen stayed in Table Bay. By the end of that time nearly everyone was well again, and they sailed on their way once more. After passing through more adventures and dangers, and seeing many strange and wonderful sights, they at length came to Achin in the island of Sumatra.

Queen Elizabeth had sent a letter to the King of Achin, and now Captain James Lancaster went on shore to deliver it. He was received with great honour and was led to the King's court riding upon an elephant, while a band marched in front of him making a fearful noise with drums and trumpets.

After Lancaster had presented his letter there were banquets and cock-fights in his honour, with much present giving, without which no Eastern could do any business. Then after a great deal of talking the King wrote an answer to the Queen, and a treaty of peace and agreement to trade was made.

Although the Eastern kings were heathen, they were not wild savages like the people of Africa. This king was a Mohammedan, and when the Englishmen came to take leave

of him, he turned to Captain Lancaster and asked, 'Do you know the Psalms of David?'

'Yes.' replied Lancaster, greatly astonished, 'we say them every day,'

'Then,' said the King, 'I and these nobles about me will sing a psalm to God for your prosperity.'

So very solemnly this heathen king and his nobles sang a psalm. It was a curious sight. There in the gorgeous heathen palace stood the few rough English sailors. Around them singing crowded the dark-faced Indians, clad in brilliant dresses of red and yellow, glittering with jewels and gold.

When the psalm was ended, the King again turned to Lancaster. 'Now,' he said, 'I would hear you too sing a psalm in your own language.'

So in their turn the Englishmen sang. And the psalm being finished, they took their leave.

From Achin Lancaster sailed on to other places, for he had not enough goods yet to carry home. And he felt that it would be little to his credit did he sail back with empty ships, when all the Indies lay before him from which to gather precious stores.

Like the Dutch, the English had to deal with the Portuguese, for they 'had a deligent eye over every steppe we trode,' and by force and treachery they tried to keep the English from trading with the Indians.

The Englishmen, however, got the better of the Portuguese, and at last, well laden with spices, they sailed homeward. But on the way they met with great and terrible storms, so that 'the ship drave up and downe in the sea like a

wrake' and 'Hayle and snow and sleetie cold weather' took the heart out of them, until the master and crew were in despair, and gave up hope of ever reaching home.

But at length the sea grew calmer, and after months of toil and peril they reached the safe shelter of the Downs, and gave thanks to God for all the perils and dangers passed.

Such were the beginnings of British trade with India. And although some of the ships and many of the men had been lost on the voyage, the Company had made much money. King James of Scotland was now upon the throne. He made Captain Lancaster a knight as a reward for the brave way in which he had steered his ships and led his men through storms and dangers.

Chapter V

The First British Ambassador goes to the Court of the Emperor of India

When the first English adventurers sailed to India, the Dutch treated them kindly. But very soon the struggle between English and Dutch became as fierce as the struggle between Portuguese and Dutch had been. For a long time Bantam, in the island of Java, was the only town where the English had a factory, and in some places the natives were so afraid of the Dutch that they would not trade at all with the English. Yet the English trade grew, and almost every year the East India Company sent out new ships. Now, instead of giving the vessels names like the Bed Dragon or the Roebuck, they called them the Peppercorn, the Clove, Trades Increase, or Merchant's Hope.

Finding it difficult to found factories in the East India Islands, the English next tried to do so on the mainland. The first factory which they succeeded in founding there was at Surat. Sir John Hawkins, one of our great English 'sea-dogs,' was the first to land there. But he found it very hard to trade, for the Portuguese were still in power. There he met 'a proud Portugal' who 'tearmed King James King of Fishermen and of an Island of no import. And a fig for his commission!' There, he says, 'I could not peepe out of doores for fear of the Portugals, who in troops lay lurking in the byways to give me assault to murther me.'

The kings of India were not like the savages of Africa and America. They were great potentates living in splendour, although the people over whom they ruled were miserably poor. They sat upon golden thrones studded with jewels, they bathed in golden baths and ate and drank from golden vessels. Their clothes glittered with gems and were fringed with pearls.

The Great Mogul was the chief of these kings. He was Emperor of all India, and the other kings paid him money or tribute, and acknowledged him as 'overlord.' Over those states which lay near his capital at Delhi he ruled like a tyrant, but over the distant states he had little power. There the kings did very much as they liked.

It was often very difficult for the English to get leave to trade in the dominions of these proud tyrants. For the curious thing was that in those days they thought little of Europeans. The King of Great Britain was to them merely the ruler of a tiny, barbarous and poor island somewhere far away in the cold bleak seas. It seemed to them that they were being very kind, and that they stooped from their high state in listening at all to the wishes of such a petty prince.

The Great Mogul was haughtiest of all. He was quite willing to take presents from the King, but he was not willing to do anything in return. So at last it was decided to send an ambassador from England to live at the court of the Great Mogul to see what he could do for British trade.

Sir Thomas Roe was the first ambassador who went from Great Britain to India. He was also the first gentleman who had to do with the East India Company. For at the beginning they had said, 'We purpose not to emploie anie gent in any place of charge, but to sort our business with men of our own quality.'

Even now, although many of them thought that it was a good idea to send an ambassador to the court of the Great Mogul, they were very fearful lest the King should send some favourite of his own who would cost them much and do but little good. 'A meere merchaunt' would do just as well and cost them far less they thought. But in the end the choice fell on Sir Thomas, who was both courtly and wise. He was used to kings and courts, he was courteous and polite, but he made up his mind that the dusky Eastern kings should treat him with honour, as became a messenger from a ruler greater than themselves.

So from the beginning Sir Thomas held himself proudly. 'If it seeme to any,' he says, 'that shall heare of my first carriadge that I was eyther too stiff, to Punctuall, too high, or to Prodigall, lett them Consider I was to repayre a ruynd house and to make streight that which was crooked.'

When Sir Thomas Roe landed at Surat he did so in great state. The ships in the harbour were decked with flags and streamers, cannon fired, and before him went a boat in which a band played, and when he reached the shore eighty soldiers marched around him as a body-guard.

Roe's troubles soon began. The Mogul was not at Surat, but at Ajmere, about six hundred miles away. To get there the ambassador needed men and horses. But the Mogul's servants and the governor of Surat delayed and delayed. They said one thing and did another. They promised easily and broke their promises just as easily. 'In all their dealinges ther was new falsehood,' says Sir Thomas, and in every way they tried to hinder him.

At last he overcame all the difficulties and started on his long journey. The country through which he passed he found miserable and barren. The towns and villages were all built of mud, and the houses were so miserable and dirty that there was hardly one fit to rest in. Today that same region is rich and fertile. Green fields and gardens are everywhere to be seen, and well-built prosperous towns and villages are dotted about.

The journey was long and difficult, and Sir Thomas fell ill on the way and did not reach Ajmere until Christmas. A few days later he went to see the Great Mogul.

Sir Thomas kept a diary and wrote many letters when he was in India. In them he tells of much that he did and saw, and of the troubles he had to bear.

Among other things he tells us exactly how the Great Mogul spent his days. Every morning as soon as he rose he showed himself at a window called the Jharukhá or interview window. Here the people came to do honour to him. While he worshipped the sun they cried out, 'Live, O great king! O great king, life and health! Here too the Great Mogul gave and received presents, letting them down and pulling them up with silken cords. From this window he reviewed his troops and gave judgments, never refusing the poorest man's complaint, says Roe. At nine he went away, and at midday he came back to the window again to watch elephants and other wild beasts fight. After watching for an hour or two he went away to sleep. At four he appeared at the Durbar or audience, when he received the great men who came to visit him, and did the business of the state. Then after supper he went into another room which was very private, and where only the most honoured guests were allowed to come.

Every day was exactly the same as another, so that Sir Thomas said it seemed to him that the Great Mogul was as much a slave as the poorest in the land. For had he failed to show himself for one day the people would have broken out into riots.

It was at the Durbar that Roe first saw the Mogul. When eastern princes came to visit the Mogul they bowed themselves to the earth and fell upon their faces. But Sir Thomas refused to do any such thing. He was a stiff-necked Englishman with a very good idea of the importance of his King and of himself. He was quite willing to be as polite and as courteous to the Great Mogul as he would have been to a European prince, but no more.

Sir Thomas found the Mogul seated upon his throne, and surrounded by his nobles who stood in three rows, one below the other. As Sir Thomas passed each row he bowed, and at last stood before the Mogul.

The Mogul was very gracious to Sir Thomas and seemed pleased with the presents which he had brought. What pleased him most was an English sword and scarf, although, pretending to be very grand and dignified, he did not pay much attention to them at the time. But at ten o'clock that night he sent for one of Roe's servants to come to show him how to wear the sword in English fashion. Then he strutted up and down the hall, drawing it and flourishing it like a child with a new toy, and for a month he was never seen without it.

But although the Great Mogul continued to be very friendly, Sir Thomas could get little out of him but empty

promises. Neither he, nor his sons, nor his counsellors were willing to bind themselves to any treaty.

For nearly three years Sir Thomas remained in India. He followed the court about from place to place, seeing many wonderful and some dreadful sights. At last, finding that he could do but little good, he begged to be allowed to go home. This he soon did, carrying with him a letter from the Great Mogul to King James full of flowery language, but little more.

It almost seemed as if Sir Thomas had failed in what he had been sent to do. But this was not so. He failed indeed to get any real treaty signed, but when he left India the position of the British there was far better than it had been. They were allowed to trade much more freely, and Sir Thomas had shown that Britons must be treated with dignity and that they were not to be trampled upon. Above all, danger from Portuguese rivals was over.

Chapter VI

The Hatred of the Dutch

Year by year the jealousy of the Dutch grew, until in 1622 it burst out in bitter hatred.

At Amboina in the Molucca Islands the Dutch had built a large factory and a strong fort where they had two hundred soldiers.

The British too, had a factory there. But it was only an ordinary house without fortifications or defenses of any kind. They had no soldiers, and they numbered only eighteen traders.

Suddenly one day the Dutch seized all the British, loaded them with fetters, and threw them into dark and horrible dungeons. They did this pretending to have discovered a plot to take the fort.

Next day the prisoners were brought out of their dungeons one by one, and were told to confess their share in the plot. But there had been no plot, so the Englishmen could confess nothing. Then in the horrible manner of the time, the Dutch tortured them to make them confess. With the rack, with fire and with water, the poor wretches were tortured, until at last, in order to free themselves from the torment, they were willing to confess to anything, and to say any words which might be put into their mouths.

But although they confessed to a plot, and accused each other of taking part in it, that did not save them. They were all condemned to death. Once more, heavily laden with fetters, they were thrown into the dungeons there to await death.

Now some courage came back to the poor men. They were not afraid to die, but they wanted their fellow-countrymen to know that they died innocent of any plot against the Dutch. One of them had a Prayer Book, and in that he wrote a few pitiful words. 'We be judged to death.' he wrote, 'this 5th of March Anno 1622. We through torment, were constrained to speak that which we never meant nor once imagined. They tortured us with that extreme torture of fire and water that flesh and blood could not endure it. But this we take upon our deaths, that they have put us to death guiltless of that we are accused. And so farewell. Written in the dark.'

Through the long sad night the prisoners comforted each other. They asked pardon, and freely forgave each other for the false things they had said, then praying and singing psalms they waited for the morning.

When day came they were led out to die. Guarded by soldiers they were marched through the town so that all might see the triumph of the Dutch. Then they were led to the place of execution and their heads were cut off.

When the news of this cruelty reached England, the people were filled with horror and anger. But the matter was hushed and the Dutch were never punished for what they had done.

The rivalry between the two nations now became even more bitter than before. For a time the Dutch were the more successful, and instead of making money the English East India

Company began to lose it. As they had been driven from Java, they became very anxious to set up a Victory on the east coast of India. But from place to place they were hunted about by the jealousy of the Dutch and the dislike of the Indian rulers.

At last a trader called Day bought a piece of land from one of the native princes. This was the first land owned by the British in India. It was only a narrow strip of sandy beach about five miles long and one wide, but it was a foothold. Here, in 1639, the British built a fort which they called Fort St. George. This was the beginning of the town of Madras.

Day had many difficulties to fight. Both the Portuguese and the Dutch had factories near Fort St. George, and the Dutch especially tried to make the Indian prince forbid the British to build a fort. The East India Company too had at this time little money to spare, and some of the Council were not well pleased at the thought of all that would be spent on a fort, which they thought was unnecessary.

But at last every difficulty was overcome. The little British fortress was finished. Brass cannon shone at the loopholes and the Union Jack floated from the walls.

Within the walls were houses for all the company's staff. And there they lived very much like a large family. In the morning they went to chapel and heard prayers read by the chaplain; they all dined and supped together in the great hall, and when work was over for the day they met in their pleasant gardens and amused themselves with shooting, archery, and bowls. But in those days no ladies were allowed to go to India, and if any of the men were married they had to leave their wives at home.

Outside the walls of Madras a native town grew up quickly. For the Hindu people soon heard of the new town, and, as they were not allowed to live within its walls, they built their little mud and bamboo huts without. Under the trees which grew near they set up their looms, and wove and printed in the open air the cottons and muslins which the British were so eager to buy. So the fort where the British lived came to be called 'white town,' and the native village without the walls was called 'black town.'

By degrees the British got leave in various ways to build other factories. One day the daughter of the Great Mogul set herself on fire and was very badly burned. The native doctors did not know what to do. So the British doctor from Surat was sent for. He cured the Princess very quickly, and the Mogul was so delighted that he told the doctor to ask for whatever reward he liked. He asked that the Company might be allowed to build a factory at the town of Hooghly on the Hooghly River. This they were allowed to do, but they were forbidden to build a fort or to land a cannon.

Then when Charles II of England married Princess Catherine of Portugal, he received the Island of Bombay as part of her dowry. But Charles did not care for a possession which was so far away, and which was said, too, to be damp and unhealthy. So he gave it to the Company for £10 a year. The Portuguese, who had already settled there, were not very pleased at being handed over to the British. But they soon found that they were as free, or freer than they had been under their own king, and they settled down quietly. The Company strengthened the castle which the Portuguese had already built. And although the climate was so unhealthy that no

European could live there for more than three years at a time, the harbour was so good that in about sixteen years it became the chief trading port on the west coast. Now it is the second city in the Empire, and one of the healthiest towns in India. For the marshes have been drained, and the forests of cocoa-nut trees, which kept off the fresh sea breezes and made the town unhealthy, have been removed.

About this time the Great Mogul tried to make everyone in India Mohammedan, as he was. He persecuted those who would not become Mohammedan, and among other things he made them pay a heavy tax. The Nawab, as a native prince who ruled for the Mogul was called, now insisted that the British at Hooghly should pay the tax too. This, and other oppressions of the Nawab, at last became so unbearable that the British left Hooghly and went back to Madras.

Soon after this the Nawab of Bengal was changed, and the new ruler asked the British to return. They did go back, but not to Hooghly. Instead, they built their factory at a little village twenty miles nearer the sea, but it was still without any fortifications. A few years later the persecutions of the Mogul became so bad that the Hindus rebelled. Then the Nawab gave the British leave to fortify their factory against the rebels. So they built a fort called Fort William. They also bought three small native villages. And this was the beginning of the beautiful city of Calcutta which is now the capital of British India.

Thus at the beginning of the eighteenth century the British had a firm footing in India. They had three fortresses: Bombay castle on the west, Fort St. George at Madras on the south-east

coast, and Fort William at Calcutta in the north-east, in this way commanding trade from all directions.

Soon, from these three towns as headquarters, other factories began to be dotted all along the coast and far inland. These three towns were called Presidency towns as a head or president of the Company lived in each. Under the president there were merchants, factors, writers and apprentices. Every week the president and four or five of the chief men met in council to arrange the business of the Company. Within the walls of the factory or fort the president was as powerful as the Viceroy of India is today. Every British factory was ruled by British law as if it had been a town at home. And out of such small beginnings our great Indian Empire has grown. Today a large part of the west coast is still called the Bombay Presidency. On the south-east coast is the Madras Presidency, and in the north is the Bengal Presidency. They take their names from those far-off days when the Company first began to trade.

Chapter VII

The French in India

While year by year British trade in India had been growing greater, another European country had begun to try and gain a footing there too. This country was France. And in India, as in Canada, the French and British were to struggle for power.

Almost at the same time as the British founded their East India Company, the French founded one too. But for one reason or another they were not fortunate, and it was not until many years later, in 1668, that the first French factory was set up in India. This, like the first of the British, was at Surat.

But besides having all the usual difficulties with native princes to get over, the French had to fight the British and also the Dutch. Both by land and sea the Dutch beat the French, and drove them again and again out of the factories which they tried to found.

At length the French bought a piece of ground from a native prince about a hundred miles south of Madras. Here they built a fort and town, which they called Pondicherry, and at last began to prosper.

The French settlement was very small, and they were everywhere surrounded by enemies. So the leader, whose name was Martin, asked the native prince to allow him to have some native soldiers. The native prince was very friendly, so he gladly agreed to give him three hundred men. Martin was the

first white man who had thought of making use of the Indians as soldiers, and it was found that when they were properly drilled and had European officers they made splendid soldiers.

Besides drilling these men and teaching them order and obedience, Martin made use of them as colonists. He gave each man a piece of land and encouraged him to till it, and to set up looms and weave muslins and other stuffs which he wanted for his trade.

For nineteen years the French colony prospered. But the Dutch were determined to hunt them out. At home they were fighting with the French, and one day they appeared before Pondicherry with a fleet and an army large enough to conquer a whole state.

The French were helpless. Against this great army there were thirty-four Frenchmen, three hundred native soldiers and only six guns. Yet, few though they were, Martin and his brave men held out for twelve days. But the Dutch surrounded them both by land and sea. They were starving, and gave in.

The French, having promised that they would all go back to France, were allowed to march out of their well-defended little fort with all the honours of war. The native soldiers were allowed to go where they liked.

This seemed to be the end of French power in India. But four years later peace was signed between the Dutch and the French, and one of the conditions of the treaty was that Pondicherry should be given back to the French. This was done, and once more the French returned.

For some years after this the British, Dutch, and French traders lived almost in peace. But all around them, among the native princes, there was constant war.

Kingdoms rose and fell, rulers mounted thrones and were hurled again from them, 'The country being all in warrs and broyles.'

Then in 1744 the French and British went to war at home. This was the war of the Austrian Succession. And not content with fighting at home, they carried the war into their colonies.

At this time a very clever Frenchman named Dupleix was governor of Pondicherry. He did not want to fight, and he tried to make the British president at Madras agree to keep peace, even though their kings at home were fighting.

But the British president knew that ships and men were being sent from home to help him to fight the French, and he would not agree to be at peace. Dupleix was in despair. He had begun to fortify Pondicherry, but the walls were not even finished. He had only a garrison of about four hundred men and one little warship. He knew that when the British ships with their heavy guns arrived, his town would be pounded to bits in a very short time.

The French had always kept on very good terms with the native rulers. So now in his need Dupleix asked the Nawab Anwaru-Din to help him. Dupleix had more than once helped the Nawab when he had been in trouble, and now he sent him handsome presents. Anwaru-Din was so pleased that he at once sent a message to the governor of Madras saying that he would not allow the French to be hurt, and that he would allow no fighting within his dominions.

The British thought they were not strong enough to fight the French and the Nawab too, so they left Pondicherry alone. The British fleet, when it arrived, sailed away again, and, instead of taking the town, the admiral contented himself with attacking French trading ships on the sea, in that way doing a great deal of damage to French trade.

Meanwhile another Frenchman named La Bourdonnais had, with great difficulty, got together a little fleet of ships, and he came sailing to help Dupleix.

One July day the French and the British fleets met. From four o'clock until the sun went down, they fought. But although the French lost most men, it was neither a defeat nor a victory for either side. Yet next day, in spite of the fact that they had the best of the position, the British sailed away and left Madras to its fate. Had they but known it, La Bourdonnais, although he was making such a brave show, had food left for only one day, and nearly all his powder and shot was done.

The news of the battle reached Madras together with the news that the British fleet had sailed away, and that soon the French might be expected to appear before the town.

Madras was almost as unprotected as Pondicherry. The walls were weak and there were scarcely three hundred men to protect them. So the British president, in his turn, sent to the Nawab for help. But, forgetting that it was useless to ask anything of a native without giving him something, the president sent him no present. This the Nawab looked upon as almost an insult, and he did nothing.

It was not long before the French ships appeared before Madras, and after three days' fighting the president gave in.

Everything became the property of the French, the town, the fort, and all that they contained, gold, silver and merchandise. But La Bourdonnais agreed that the British should be allowed to buy back their town for a large sum of money. Meanwhile they became prisoners of war. The Union Jack was hauled down and the French lilies floated in its place.

But now, as soon as he heard of what had happened, Anwaru-Din was angry. Although he had done nothing to help the British, he had not meant that they should be driven away altogether. So the very day that Madras surrendered he sent an angry message to Dupleix saying that if he did not stop fighting at once he would send an army against Pondicherry.

Dupleix knew very well how to manage the Indians. So he told Anwaru-Din that if the town were taken it should be given to him. With this the Nawab was quite satisfied.

Thus Madras was promised to two people. La Bourdonnais had promised to sell it back to the British, and Dupleix had promised it to the Nawab.

Neither Dupleix nor La Bourdonnais would give way, and these two men who had worked so well for their country, quarreled.

And while they quarreled a great storm shattered the French fleet, and much of the spoil taken from Madras was lost. At last, with such of his ships as remained to him, La Bourdonnais sailed home. 'My part is taken regarding Madras,' he wrote. 'I give it up to you. I have signed the treaty. It is for you to keep my word. I am so disgusted with this wretched Madras, that I would give an arm never to have set foot in it.'

Meanwhile the Nawab had been growing more and more angry as week after week went past, and he saw no sign of Dupleix keeping his promise and handing Madras over to him. Dupleix did really mean to keep his promise, but he wanted to destroy the walls first. He wanted to drive the British out of India altogether, and he saw that unless the fortifications were destroyed, it would be easy for the Nawab to give the town back to the British, if he liked and the French would be no better off than before.

While the quarrel with La Bourdonnais went on Dupleix could do nothing. Now it was too late, for the angry Nawab had gathered his troops and was marching against Madras, which was by this time garrisoned with French soldiers.

Anwaru-Din made no doubt of crushing these impudent, faithless Europeans, as with ten thousand soldiers, with horses and elephants, and all the glitter and splendour of an eastern army, he closed round Madras.

To meet this host, four hundred men, bringing with them two cannon, marched out of the town.

The white turbaned, brilliant, Indian horsemen dashed upon this handful of men. But suddenly the French ranks divided. There was a roar of cannon and the foremost Indian horsemen lay dead.

The Indians were startled and confused, and before they could recover, the Frenchmen had fired again and yet again.

Such warfare as this was new to the Indian warriors. They indeed had cannon, but they were so old and clumsy that they were more dangerous to those who fired them than to anyone else. And if they were fired once in quarter of an hour, that

seemed to them very quick work. They had never dreamed that it was possible to fire a cannon four or five times in a minute.

Panic seized upon the Indian horsemen. They turned and fled. Soon the whole army was fleeing in utter rout, leaving their tents and baggage in the hands of the French.

For the first time the Indians had found out how powerful the white-faced traders were, and as they fled they told their tale of wonder, and spread their terror everywhere around.

Dupleix now took complete possession of Madras. It was neither given to the Nawab nor sold back to the British. Many of the British were taken prisoner to Pondicherry. Others fled in the night and took refuge at Fort St. David, another British station about twelve miles south of Pondicherry. Among these was a young man named Robert Clive.

Chapter VIII

The Siege of Arcot

It seemed now as if Dupleix would sweep all before him and that France should be supreme in India. Against him were only a few hundred Britons in Fort St. David, but the little fort held out against attack after attack. At last came the news that at home peace had been signed between France and Britain, that fighting must cease, and that by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Madras was given back to Britain.

Thus after five years of fighting things seemed to be exactly as they had been at the beginning. But there was this difference, the French and the British, instead of trading peacefully side by side, had now become deadly enemies. Each was eager to banish the other from India. And from now too, the Europeans were no longer merely traders. They had begun to make their power felt by the Indian princes. Now, instead of being somewhat despised and looked down upon, the Europeans were looked up to, and in their quarrels with each other, the native princes became eager to have European help. They had learned what European soldiers could do. The native princes were nearly always fighting. Now a very bitter quarrel began and as the French and British took different sides, they were soon fighting as badly as before, although France and Britain were at peace. They were therefore not supposed to be fighting against each other, but only helping the native princes.

The part of India over which Anwaru-Din ruled was called the Carnatic, and his capital was Arcot. The Lord of the Deccan, another part of India, was Anwaru-Din's overlord. In 1748 the Lord of the Deccan died. At once his sons and relatives began to fight for the crown, and Dupleix resolved to help one of these relatives called Muzaffar Jang and his friend Chanda Sahib. Anwaru-Din was on the other side, and in a great battle he was killed, his army was scattered, and his son, Mohammed Ali, fled to the British for protection.

With the help of the French, Muzaffar Jang was at length proclaimed Lord of the Deccan, and Chanda Sahib Nawab of the Carnatic. A great durbar or meeting was held, to which all the nobles of the Deccan gathered to do honour to their new lord. And amid the brilliant throng was Dupleix, dressed in a gorgeous Mohammedan robe. It was he who sat in the place of greatest honour. It was upon him that honours and powers were heaped. He was made governor of all the land south of the river Kristna, he was given the title of Commander of Seven Thousand Horses, he was allowed to carry the ensign of the Fish among his standards, this being considered one of the greatest honours of India, it was he indeed who was the true ruler of the Deccan. Near the town of Gingi a monument was raised in his honour. Upon it in French, Persian, Malabar, and Hindustani was written the story of his greatness. And round it grew up a town called Dupleix-Fathábad, or the place of the victory of Dupleix.

In a few months the French, from being simple traders, had become the greatest power in the land, and the British looked on helplessly. In all that wide land they possessed only Madras and Fort St. David. Mohammed Ali was their only friend, and

he was now besieged by the French and by the army of Chanda Sahib. For Dupleix had made up his mind to destroy Mohammed Ali. He felt that French rule in the Deccan was not safe or sure so long as he lived. The British, on the other hand, had made up their minds to protect him as their only hope of checking French power.

So to the help of Mohammed Ali they sent all the soldiers they could. Among them went Robert Clive.

Robert Clive had come out to India as a clerk or writer in the service of the Company. He did not like his work and he was very unhappy in it. He was never meant to be a clerk, but was a born soldier. Since the taking of Madras by La Bourdonnais, Clive had seen some fighting. He had been made an ensign, but when the fighting was over he had to go back to his hated desk. Now again officers were needed, and Clive was given the rank of captain and sent to Trichinopoli where Mohammed Ali was besieged.

But Clive had no sooner arrived at Trichinopoli than he saw that there was little to be done there. He saw that it would be far better to attack the capital, Arcot, which had been left almost unguarded. So he hurried back to Madras, told the president what he thought, and begged for soldiers.

The president saw that Clive's plan was worth trying, and he gave him all the soldiers that he could spare, keeping only a hundred men to guard Madras and fifty for Fort St. David. So with two hundred British and three hundred Sepoys, as the native soldiers were now called, the young captain was soon hurrying along the road to Arcot.

He had need of haste he knew, if his going was to be of any use. So when a fearful storm of thunder and lightning and rain overtook them, he still marched on. When the Indian spies who were watching saw this, they were filled with terror and admiration for the leader who was not afraid even of the 'voice of heaven.' They fled to Arcot with the tale, and so frightened the garrison there that they rushed from the fort leaving guns and ammunition behind them. Thus without needing to fire a shot, Clive and his men marched into the town between lines of admiring, wondering Indians, and took possession of the fort.

But Clive knew that he could not hope to be long left in possession undisturbed. So he gathered food, strengthened the fort, and made ready in every way he could to stand a siege. Hearing, too, that the runaway garrison were still lurking near, he marched out one night and attacked them, killing many and scattering the rest to the hills beyond, without losing a single man himself.

Soon the news of the taking of Arcot reached Trichinopoli. And, just as Clive had hoped and expected, Chanda Sahib sent back many of his soldiers to recover his capital from the British. In this way he weakened his chance of taking Trichinopoli, for he had not enough soldiers to besiege both places properly at once.

Soon an army of ten thousand men, French and Indian, came marching to surround the handful of daring Britons. They made no doubt of crushing them very quickly. The town of Arcot had neither walls nor moat to protect it. Round the fort itself the moat had been long neglected. In places it was

dried up or bridged over, and the handful of British soldiers shut up there were led by a clerk of twenty-five.

But the fort held out week after week. Side by side Briton and Indian fought, catching something of the spirit of splendid daring and patient courage which filled their leader. Food grew scarce. There was little but rice left, and not enough of that. And now the sepoys showed the stuff they were made of. They came to Clive, not to grumble, but to tell him that they could live on the water that the rice was boiled in, and that the British soldiers might have all the rice itself.

So week by week the little garrison, Indian and Briton, stood shoulder to shoulder, and worked and fought together. At length the enemy made a breach in the wall, and their leader sent a message to Clive asking him to surrender. But Clive replied with scorn. He had no thought of giving in.

The Indian leader then determined to make a last grand attack on the fort. He chose the 24th of November, which is a great Mohammedan feast day. It is said that the soul of any good Mohammedan who dies fighting on that day will be carried straight to paradise. All night riotous sounds came from the Indian camp where the men were working themselves into a fury of religious zeal. They prepared for battle by making themselves mad with a kind of drug called bhang. And when morning came they were reckless of death, eager for the joys of paradise. With wild prayers and feasting they had become so frantic that they knew not what they did.

But Clive had been warned by spies, and he, too, made ready for the attack. All night he worked, and at last, towards morning, utterly worn out, he threw himself upon his bed, dressed as he was, to try and snatch a few hours' rest.

With the first streak of dawn the alarm was given. Clive started from his bed. All was in readiness. Every man was at his post.

The stars had faded in the pale sky, and in the cool, dim light a sea of dark-faced fanatics surged and howled round the fort, their white turbans tossing like foam-crested waves on dark water. Armoured elephants, wearing iron plates upon their foreheads, with which to batter down the gates, led the way. On came the seething mass with mad, triumphant yells.

Suddenly, from the walls, the sharp crack of musketry rang out. It was unexpected; it was sharp and hot. For every spare musket in the fort was ready loaded, and men lay behind the shooters handing loaded guns to them as quickly as might be. The oncoming wave reeled. Stung to madness the elephants turned. In wild terror they broke through the crowding ranks behind them, trampling many to death.

It was not only the gates which were attacked. Where the moat was dry, the besiegers swarmed thick and fast. But the fire from the fort was sharp and steady, and man after man went down. Part of the half-ruined moat was still full of water, and here the besiegers launched a heavily laden raft. The defenders fired upon it again and again, but each time they missed it. It had nearly crossed the ditch when Clive, noticing how badly the gunners were aiming, took one of the guns himself. He aimed coolly and well, hit the raft and overturned it. In a minute the water was full of wounded, struggling, drowning men. The few who could swim made for the bank and escaped.

For an hour the fight lasted. Then the enemy fled, leaving four hundred dead and dying round the walls. Of the defenders, four only were killed and two wounded

Now and again during the day the firing was renewed but at last it ceased. The night passed in silence, and when the next morning dawned the enemy's camp was empty. They had fled in the darkness leaving their guns and ammunition behind. The siege, which had lasted seven weeks, was at an end.

The siege of Arcot was the turning point of British fortunes in India. From there Clive marched out to win battle after battle. Many a time he led his men with reckless almost careless daring. But he seemed to bear a charmed life. Again and again by daring he won. Again and again his genius and his bravery carried him through the greatest of dangers.

All this time the French and the British were only supposed to be helping the native rulers. But the real struggle was not between two Indian princes, but between France and Britain, between Clive and Dupleix. They were both great men, but Dupleix was a statesman, not a soldier. He had to trust to others to carry out his plans and orders. And the French generals were old and stupid, while against them they had a 'heaven born general' young and eager.

Soon it was the British, not the French, who were all-powerful in the Carnatic. The French nawab, Chanda Sahib, was killed, and the British nawab, Mohammed All, was put in his place.

Then Clive, weary of war, and much in need of rest, sailed home. He had set out for India a poor and rather despised boy. He came home a hero and conqueror of world-wide fame.

Wherever he went he was féted and cheered. The directors of the Company called him 'General' Clive although he was really only a captain. They loaded him with thanks, and presented him with a sword, the hilt of which was set with diamonds.

Meanwhile Dupleix, Clive's great rival, struggled on trying to win back for France what had been lost. But he got little help or encouragement from home. His king did not care and did not understand what a great kingdom Dupleix had won, and with proper help might have been able to keep for him, a kingdom larger than the whole of France itself. So at last Dupleix was called home in disgrace. For a few years he lived miserably, and at last died forsaken. Three days before he died he wrote, 'I have given my youth, my fortune, my life, to enrich my country in Asia. My services are treated as fables, and I as the vilest of mankind." La Bourdonnais too had been disgraced and imprisoned and died in misery.

They were not the last men who were to earn worldwide fame in India, and disgrace at home.

Chapter IX
The Black Hole

While these things were passing in the Carnatic the British at Calcutta had been trading quietly, growing rich and prosperous, at peace with their Nawab. But in 1759 the Nawab died. He was succeeded by his adopted grandson, Suraj-ud-Daula, or, as the British soldiers and sailors called him, 'Sir Roger Dowler.'

Suraj-ud-Daula was bad and cruel. He hated the British and soon managed to pick a quarrel with them. He had several make-believe reasons for quarrelling with them. One was that they had sheltered some of his enemies. Another was that they had begun to strengthen their fortifications without leave. The real reason was that he believed that the British were very wealthy and that vast treasure was gathered in Calcutta. He was greedy as well as cruel, and he wanted this treasure for himself.

He now suddenly seized a factory at Cossimbazar which was near his capital. He plundered it and took all the British prisoner. Among the prisoners was a young man called Warren Hastings. Of him we shall hear again.

Having plundered and destroyed Cossimbazar, Suraj-ud-Daula marched in haste against Calcutta with fifty thousand men.

The walls of Calcutta were weak, the guns on Fort William old and very nearly useless. Around the town was a half-dug

ditch, begun years before but never finished. Of the garrison not two hundred were British soldiers and not ten of them had ever been in battle in their lives. Among them was no man with knowledge or courage enough to be a leader.

When the news that the Nawab and his army were coming reached Calcutta, everything was thrown into wild disorder. Batteries and earthworks were built in haste, but without any real knowledge of how best to defend the fort. Messages were sent to the Dutch and French factories near, begging for help. It was refused.

On Wednesday, the 16th June, the Nawab's army swarmed into the native town around the fort, and fighting began. It was a fight at fearful odds. There were less than two hundred white men against a rabble of fifty thousand dark-faced heathen, mad with hate and greed.

On Friday night the women and children, of whom there were many in the fort, were all taken safely to the ships which lay in the river. With them, to their shame be it said, went the president and the captain of the garrison. Then they sailed away leaving their comrades in the fort to their fate. In vain those left behind made signs to the ships to stop and wait. It would be dangerous the captain said, and he sailed on. Had they waited another tide every man in the fort might have been saved.

Forsaken by their leader, the garrison chose a Mr. Holwell to be their head, and for two days longer the fort held out. But although Mr. Holwell did his best he was neither a soldier nor a leader of men. He could not keep the men in order, or make them fight and hope when all was hopeless. They became

unruly, broke into the store, and were soon helplessly drunk. The Nawab's soldiers swarmed everywhere. Resistance was useless, and on Sunday afternoon the British yielded.

There were one hundred and forty-six prisoners, among them one lady who had refused to leave her husband. For a short time they were gathered in the square of the barracks. There they stood and talked together, watching the flames from the burning town leap and flicker against the fast darkening sky, listening to the wild cries which reached them from without, and wondering what would be their fate.

Then suddenly they were all ordered to march into a small prison house at the end of the barracks. This was a room about eighteen feet square with only two tiny barred windows. It was known as the Black Hole.

At first the prisoners refused to believe the order. But striking them with their clubs, driving them at the sword's point, the Indians forced them in. Then the door was shut

In the tiny space there was no room to move. The prisoners were packed tightly against each other. The evening was hot and still. The breathless heat of an Indian summer night was made worse by the flames and smoke from the burning buildings all around. In a few minutes the heat became intolerable. Gasping for breath, raging with thirst, the wretched prisoners beat upon the door and shouted to their jailers to let them out. They threatened, they implored, all in vain.

Instead of opening the door the natives brought lighted torches to the windows, so that they might the better see the agonies of their victims.

'Water, water,' gasped the stifling wretches. Water at last was brought, but the skins in which it was carried could not be passed through the bars of the windows. It was poured into hats, it was spilled upon the ground, men fought for it like beasts, trampling each other down in their eagerness for a few drops which in the end only made their thirst the more unbearable.

Then came the bitter cry for 'Air, air.' Those who were far from the windows struggled and fought like demons to get near. Some fainted and slipping to the ground were trampled to death. Many went mad with horror and pain, and in the morning when at last the long agony was over, only twenty-three moaning, stricken spectres crept out. Among them was the lady who would not leave her husband. But she was alone, for he lay among the dead.

Chapter X

The Battle of Plassey

Clive did not stay long in England. He soon returned to India with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and upon the terrible day of the Black Hole he landed again at Fort St. David. But in those days news travelled slowly, and it was not until August that the people of Madras heard of the cruel deed. Then, gathering an army of fifteen thousand sepoys and nine hundred British soldiers, Clive set out to avenge the death of his fellow-countrymen. The little army went by sea, with Admiral Watson in command of the ships. Madras is a long way from Calcutta, and sailing in those days was a slow business, for the ships were often at the mercy of the winds. And although Clive set out in October, it was December before he reached Bengal.

Clive lost no time in attacking the Nawab, and very soon Calcutta was in his hands. The Nawab marched to meet Clive with thousands of soldiers, with elephants, and horses, and cannon, which were both great and many. But Clive, with his little army, beat the Nawab so thoroughly that he was soon suing for peace.

This Clive granted, the Nawab promising to restore all that he had stolen from Calcutta and to give more privileges to the British than they had had before. This was not a great triumph, and it hardly seemed as if Suraj-ud-Daula was punished enough

for his cruel treatment of the British. But perhaps Clive thought that it would be difficult to force him to do more as he was so powerful.

But Suraj-ud-Daula was treacherous as well as cruel. He had made promises, which he never meant to keep, merely in order to gain peace. Now he tried in every way that he could to wriggle out of these promises. He secretly wrote to the French and asked them to help him against the British. He did all manner of things, changing his mind again and again.

Clive at last grew tired of the Nawab's lying and wriggling, and made up his mind to put an end to it. Britain and France were again at war, for the Seven Years' War had begun. So Clive now besieged the French factory at Chandranagor. The French fought bravely, but Clive was more than a match for them, and after ten days they gave in.

With the loss of Chandranagor French power in the north of India was at an end. For more than eighty years they had struggled with their rivals, the British, in trade. Now that struggle was over. Clive, having thus put an end to Suraj-ud-Daula's hope of help from the French, next turned to crush him.

Suraj-ud-Daula, who was wicked and treacherous, was hated by all, and many even of his own followers were ready to betray him. Now, although it does not seem a very fine thing to do, Clive joined with these traitors in order to bring about the downfall of the Nawab.

Mir Jafar, the commander-in-chief of Suraj-ud-Daula's army, was one of the discontented. Now Clive promised to make him Nawab if he would betray his master.

Another of the traitors was Omi Chand, a very wealthy and very greedy Indian banker. Clive plotted with these men, and all was nearly arranged when Omi Chand threatened to tell the Nawab all about it, unless the British promised him an immense sum of money for himself.

Omi Chand was as wicked and as treacherous as Suraj-ud-Daula. 'The greatest villain upon earth,' Clive calls him, and he thought that the best way to meet his lying was by lying. Clive had two treaties drawn up. One was written upon red paper and one on white. The one on red paper was only a sham treaty and in it Omi Chand was promised all that he wanted. In the other, which was the real treaty, his name was not mentioned. All the council signed both treaties except Admiral Watson. He would have nothing to do with the deceit. But Clive was not to be stopped, and someone else signed Admiral Watson's name for him.

Of course this was wrong, and this deed shows like a black blot among all the splendid and brave acts of Clive's life. But the position of the British in India was full of danger. They were but a handful of white men in the midst of millions of dark foes, and Clive thought that it was only by meeting treachery by treachery that he could save them all from death. And he was never ashamed of it.

Long afterward, when his enemies accused him of this deed, he said that he would do it again if the need came, 'Yes, a hundred times!'

When Clive was ready to fight he sent a letter to Suraj-ud-Daula which made him see that he could no longer trifle. Then he gathered his army and marched to Plassey to meet the foe.

But now Mir Jafar, who had quarreled with the Nawab, made friends or seemed to make friends with him again. Clive knew not what to do. Was Mir Jafar going to keep his word and help him, or was he not? Without his help the risk of a battle was almost too great. If the British lost, it would mean an end to their power in Bengal. In this difficulty Clive called a council of war, and asked his officers what they would advise. 'Shall we attack or shall we wait for more help?' he asked. Seven officers voted to attack, thirteen, Clive himself among them, voted to wait.

So it was settled. There was to be no battle. After the council was over, Clive went away by himself and walked about for an hour thinking it all out again. As he was sitting under some trees still in doubt, a letter from Mir Jafar was brought to him. In this letter Mir Jafar swore that he was still faithful to Clive. This might be true or it might be false, but Clive had made up his mind. He would fight, come what would. Returning to the camp he gave orders to march.

At six o'clock in the morning of 23rd June 1757, the battle of Plassey began, and by five in the afternoon the huge Indian army with elephants and camels, horses and clumsy ox-drawn cannon, was fleeing from the field. Mir Jafar had not helped Clive, neither, however, had he helped the Nawab. He had stood aloof waiting to see which side would win. And when the Nawab's most trusty general was killed and the Nawab himself in despair threw his turban on the ground at Mir Jafar's feet, begging for help, Mir Jafar soothed him with soft words. But instead of helping him he sent more messages to Clive.

Plassey is one of the most important of Indian battles. It is not important because of the number killed. On Clive's side

there were only twenty-two and on the Nawab's five or six hundred. It is important because at one blow it gave to Britain the whole of Bengal, for Mir Jafar was merely a tool in the hands of the British.

When the battle was over Mir Jafar was not sure how Clive would receive him. But Clive had got all that he wanted, so he greeted him as the new Nawab, and with the usual great ceremonies he was seated upon the throne.

But when Omi Chand appeared to receive his reward it was very different. Clive, although he was many years in India, never learned to speak any of the Indian tongues. So now he turned to his secretary, 'It is time to undeceive Omi Chand,' he said.

'Omi Chand,' said the secretary, 'the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing.'

The greedy banker could hardly believe his ears. Already he had been gloating over his ill-gotten gains. The shock of disappointment was too great. He fell back fainting in the arms of his servants. He never recovered from the bitter blow. His mind was so shattered that he became quite foolish and childish and died some months later.

Suraj-ud-Daula fell into the hands of Mir Jafar who put his late master cruelly to death. In this the British had no hand.

But Mir Jafar, although he had got what he wanted, and was Nawab, soon found that it was not all a bed of roses. He had to pay immense sums of money to the British as a reward for having made him Nawab. To get this money he ground his people cruelly. Used as they were to tyranny, the oppression of Mir Jafar was more than even they could bear, and they

rebelled. Outside enemies threatened him too, and to put the rebellion down and drive out these enemies, Mir Jafar was obliged to ask help from Clive.

Clive gave the help but demanded still more money. So the Nawab was little better off than before.

Mir Jafar raged with wrath. He felt that he was a mere puppet and that the British were the real rulers and he longed to be rid of them. So now he began to plot with the Dutch, who still had a factory in Bengal. But in a fight both by land and sea the British beat the Dutch. The power of Holland in India was destroyed forever, and the British were supreme in Bengal.

Chapter XI

Times of Misrule

In 1760 Clive again sailed home. He was only thirty-five but he was now enormously rich, a great soldier and conqueror, and perhaps the most famous man of his day. In England he was received with joy. Honours were heaped upon him. He was made a peer and became Lord Clive, Baron Plassey.

But while Clive was being féted and feasted at home, Bengal was quickly sinking into a state of fearful confusion.

Many of the British hated Mir Jafar, as he had been leader of the troops at the time of the Black Hole. They made up their minds to depose him and to set his son-in-law, Mir Cossim, in his place. This they very quickly did. But they soon found that the new Nawab was not so easily dealt with as the old, and quarrels began.

Mir Jafar had been old and feeble and a mere tool in the hands of the British. Mir Cossim was young and clever, and anxious to free himself from their power. They, it was true, had put him on the throne, but he had paid them for that, and now he tried to show that he meant to rule without their help or their interference.

The officers of the Company were very badly paid, some of them indeed receiving only a few pounds a year. It was quite impossible to live in India on such small sums. So, instead of attending to the work of the Company only, every officer

became a merchant on his own account, and bought and sold to the natives. This was called private trading and was forbidden by the directors of the Company, but in spite of that it was still continued.

Soon all the trade of Bengal was in the hands of the white people, and the native traders were ruined for they had to pay duty while the British were allowed to trade everywhere without paying duty. If a boat hoisted a British flag, or a trader showed a Company's passport, he could buy or sell as he pleased. The Company's officers made a great deal of money by selling passes to people who had nothing to do with the Company. They forced the natives to sell their goods cheaply, and made them pay dear for what they bought. In fact, they did as they liked. The whole land was filled with misery, and these years have been called the darkest in the history of British rule in India.

The native people were utterly miserable, and the Nawab, too, became poor, for a great deal of his money came from customs and duties. And now all the money from them went into the pockets of the Company's servants. Mir Cossim tried his best to make the British stop this inland trade and keep to the trade between India and Europe. This made the British traders angry, and both sides prepared for war.

Mir Cossim gathered his army at his capital, Monghyr, on the Ganges. He thus lay between the British at Calcutta and at Patna, where they had another factory.

The factory at Patna had no defenses, and seeing themselves cut off from their friends, the British attacked and took the town of Patna, hoping to be able to defend themselves

there. But they were not strong enough to keep the town, and the soldiers of the Nawab attacked and took it again from them. Many of the British were killed, and all the rest were taken prisoner.

Mir Cossim rejoiced greatly at this victory, but when the British at Calcutta heard of it they were very wrathful, and, to punish Mir Cossim, they dethroned him, and again made Mir Jafar Nawab.

Mir Jafar was by this time not only old, but ill and foolish. The traders, however, did not want a real ruler, they only wanted a figure-head, and he did as well as any other.

The British now sent an army against Mir Cossim, and as they marched towards Patna, they beat his soldiers again and again. Then a massacre, quite as bad as that of the Black Hole, took place. For the Nawab, mad with anger, ordered his men to kill all the British prisoners.

They had been shut up in a large house built round a square. Now three of the chief of them were brought out into this square, and there cruelly put to death. The Indians were then ordered to fire upon the rest who were quite unarmed. Against their fierce, dark foes, the white men defended themselves as best they could with bottles, sticks, bits of furniture, anything that they could find. But it was all useless, and soon the last man fell dead and their bodies were thrown into a well.

So the war began, and soon the whole country was ablaze, for the Nawab of Oudh and the Great Mogul both joined with Mir Cossim against the British. But they, when they heard of the massacre of Patna, swept with an avenging army over the

land. For months the war lasted, and ended with the battle of Buxar. This was a victory as important as Plassey, for it made the British secure as the greatest power in India.

The Nawab of Oudh and the Great Mogul made peace. Utterly vanquished, Mir Cossim fled, to die a few years later in wretched exile. Yet Mir Cossim, with all his cruelty, had been a clever ruler. He had tried to do the best for his own people, and much of the trouble and war was no doubt due to the misrule of the Company's officers, which was such 'as to make the very name of Briton a shame.'

In those days it took a long time for news to travel home. But now every ship brought news of battles, revolutions, loss. At length the directors began to be alarmed. Filled with grief at the awful news of Patna, wearied with constant tidings of disaster and war, they begged Lord Clive to go back to India again and try to bring order once more into the terrible confusion there. And in 1764 Clive sailed again for Bengal.

When Clive arrived he found that poor old Mir Jafar was dead, and that the Company had enthroned another Nawab. He found, too, everything in such confusion that he wept 'for the lost fame of the British nation.'

For eighteen months Clive stayed in India working hard. He had immense difficulties to fight difficulties with the directors at home, with the Council in India, with the British soldiers and officers, with the natives and their rulers. But Clive had a will of iron, and all that one man could do, he did. He sent away the men who had done the worst deeds, he put down mutinies, he made treaties with the native rulers, and at last brought some sort of order out of wild disorder. But he made

many enemies and wore his health out, and after eighteen months he again went home.

At first he was received with honour as before, and thanked for all that he had done. But soon his enemies began to attack him. They recalled again the deceit he had used against Omi Chand, they accused him of taking bribes, and of many other wicked deeds. Against these accusations Clive had to defend himself before the House of Commons. And he defended himself so well that the Commons, after much stormy debate, passed a resolution, 'That Robert, Lord Clive, did render great and meritorious services to his country.'

So Clive won the victory over his enemies. But the struggle had left him sad. He could not forget it. He suffered much, too, from a painful disease brought on by his hard life in India. And one day his friends found him dead, killed by his own hand. He was only forty-eight.

Chapter XII

Warren Hastings, First Governor-General

When Clive left India, the British were really the rulers of all Bengal. There was still a Nawab, who lived in state, but he had really no power. He was a mere pretense. There was still a great Mogul, but he had neither land nor people, having been driven from his throne by the Afghans. He was even a greater pretense than the Nawab. But to him Clive agreed to pay £260,000 a year for the province in Bengal, thus still owning him as overlord.

The revenues of Bengal, that is, all the money coming from taxes and customs, which are, as a rule, paid to the king or government, were now paid to the Company. But of this revenue they allowed the Nawab a salary, and paid the 'tribute' to the Mogul.

But although the British were now, it might be said, the owners of the land, they did not trouble themselves about the happiness of the people. They took the money, but with it they took none of the duties of rulers, and soon the misery and poverty of the people became greater than before. The old Nawabs had perhaps spent their money badly, but they had at least spent it in the country. Now, that money was sent to China to buy tea and silks for the Company, or the officers of the Company took it home to spend in England, Thus, much of the wealth of India, instead of being 'circulated,' that is, passed from hand to hand among the people of India, was

taken right out of the country, and the natives grew daily poorer and poorer.

A few only made money. These were the rent collectors. Now that the Nawab and his officers had no power, there was no one who could keep these native collectors in check. For the British did not know how much the land was worth, or how much rent the farmers paid, or ought to pay. They had to believe what the native collectors told them, and they, knowing this, ground the poor to the last farthing, paying what they chose to the Company, and growing rich themselves. In a few years the state of Bengal was again one of hopeless misery and confusion.

To make matters worse, in 1770 a fearful famine swept the land. Since then many famines have desolated India, but this was the first which had happened under British rule. Those in power were quite unprepared for it and knew not what to do.

The misery was awful. The people, worn to skeletons, died by thousands. They fell by the wayside, many lay unburied, poisoning the air, many were thrown into the rivers, until the waters became so foul that people dared not even eat the fish. The farmers sold their cattle and their tools to buy food. They even sold their children, until no one could be found to buy any more. They ate the leaves of the trees and the grass of the field, until there was no green thing left. Horrible diseases followed in the train of famine, and when at last the misery was over, a third of the people had died.

Many of those who still remained alive were ruined. It was impossible to gather rent from the starving and the penniless, and the Company received little or no money. Now, at last, the directors at home saw that there must be a change. They had

ceased from being mere merchants to become rulers, and they must take up the duties of rulers. Someone, with a mind beyond buying and selling, must be at the head of the government. So it was that in 1772, Warren Hastings was made Governor of Bengal and first Governor-General of India. As Governor-General he ruled not only over Bengal, but over Madras, Bombay, and all British possessions in India.

Warren Hastings had, you remember, been taken prisoner at Cossimbazar before the Black Hole tragedy. He had escaped from there, had fought at Plassey, and after a time gone home. He was now forty, and had been in the Company's service since the age of eighteen. He was not a soldier like Clive, he was a statesman. But, like Clive, who became a soldier without any training, he had become a statesman in the same way.

Clive, by the sword, had won a great empire. It was Hastings who kept it and made British rule in India sure.

When the new Governor came to Bengal he found a hard task before him. Everywhere there was confusion and oppression, and into this confusion he brought some rough order and justice. But in the doing of it he made many bitter enemies, enemies more bitter even than those Clive had made for himself. They hindered his work and made his life hard and difficult at the time, and they so blackened his name, that for a hundred years or more, people believed that Warren Hastings was a cruel, hard, unjust ruler. Now it has been shown that at a very difficult time he tried to do his best for the people of India and for the Company. And if he made mistakes, we may well believe that most men of his time would have made more.

One of the first things which Warren Hastings did was to place British collectors over the native collectors in order to try to find out how much rent the farmers really paid. And although, for want of money and proper helpers, he could not make things quite right, still he made them better.

He appointed judges to go round to the different towns and try those who had been thrown into prison, and often left there until they were almost forgotten. And although there were still Indian judges, a British judge, or collector, was always there to see that no cruel, barbarous punishment was carried out. In these, and other ways, Warren Hastings laid the foundations of British rule in India.

Chapter XIII

Warren Hastings War

Although Hastings was no soldier he had battles to fight.

The Maráthás were a tribe of warlike Indians who every year swept over the land plundering and destroying. At first they were little more than mounted robbers, burning villages, wasting harvests, leaving a track of death and desolation behind them. But, as years went on, their power grew greater and greater. From a band of raiders they had grown to be a wealthy nation with a great army of well-drilled soldiers, and now they declared that they would conquer all India.

Another people, called the Rohillas, lived in Northern India. Rohilla means mountaineer. These mountaineers were a wild and warlike set of raiders who had come from the hills of Afghanistan and settled in Northern India. The land of which they had taken possession they called Rohilkhand, or land of the Rohillas.

The Maráthás now made war on the Rohillas, and they, in their need, begged the Nawab of Oudh to help them. The Nawab promised to do this if they would pay him a large sum of money. This the Rohillas gladly said they would do, but when, with the Nawab's help, the Maráthás had been driven back, the Rohillas refused to pay.

For this the Nawab of Oudh resolved to punish them, and he asked Hastings to help him.

Hastings did not want to fight the Rohillas. Neither did he want to offend the Nawab of Oudh, who was now friendly. For Oudh lies next to Bengal, and Hastings was anxious to keep a friendly state between British India and the states around, where the princes were always fighting with each other. He wanted a 'buffer state' in fact a state to soften the blows which might be aimed at him.

He was also in need of money, for the directors kept writing letters saying, 'Be just, govern well, but send us money.' It was very hard to do both as things then were. So now Hastings decided that, although the British had no quarrel with the Rohillas, it would be well to help the people of Oudh to fight them if the Nawab would pay for the help. The Nawab readily promised a large sum of money, and the Company's soldiers were sent to help him against his enemies.

In a battle, which the British leader called the battle of St. George because it was fought on St. George's day, the Rohillas were utterly defeated and their leader slain.

The most of the fighting had as usual fallen to the share of the British. But when the Rohillas had been beaten, when they broke and scattered, when before the glittering bayonets of the redcoats they swept forward in mad flight, then the men of Oudh dashed after them and began a fearful slaughter and pillage. The Rohillas left all their camp baggage behind, and while the men of Oudh plundered it, the British soldiers looked on somewhat scornful and discontented. 'We have the honour of the day, these robbers the profit,' they said as they saw the piles of gold and gems and rich stuffs laden upon camels and elephants to be carried back to Oudh.

But the Nawab paid the money he had promised, and the British had still a friendly state upon their borders.

Soon after this, three new councilors were sent out from England to Calcutta. These three men knew nothing of India or of the Indian people. They were jealous of Hastings and angry at the things he did. On the council there were now five Hastings, and one friend, and these three. But as the three always voted together, and against the Governor and his friend, for some years they did very much as they liked, and although he was Governor-General, Hastings had really little power.

The natives soon began to see that Sahib Warren Hostein, as they called him, was no longer all powerful, and now one of them, who hated him, thought that the time was come when he might be overthrown.

This man was called Nuncomar. He was one of the most important among the natives, but he was a bad old man. Yet, although he was bad, he was clever and useful. So the directors told Hastings to employ him. Hastings did, but he disliked the old villain so much that he would rather have had nothing to do with him. Nuncomar knew this very well, and he became the Governor-Generals deadly enemy.

Now, knowing that the three English gentlemen on the council were also the enemies of Hastings, Nuncomar wrote a letter to them, accusing Hastings of taking bribes and of other wickedness.

The letter was read at the council, and the three wished to bring Nuncomar in to hear what he had to say. The idea that these Englishmen should take the word of a wicked old Indian against one of themselves was more than Hastings could bear.

He was very angry. 'I will not suffer Nuncomar to appear before the board as my accuser,' he said. 'I know what belongs to my dignity as head of it. I will not sit at this board as a criminal, nor do I acknowledge the members as my judges.' Then Hastings left the room.

But the council would not be stopped, for they intended to ruin Hastings. When he had gone they made one of themselves chairman. Nuncomar was called in and questioned, and without more ado, and without any proof, they decided that Hastings had been guilty of bribery, and ordered him to repay the money he had taken.

Hastings of course refused. He did not admit that the three had any right to try or condemn him. And now other natives, terrified by the threats of Nuncomar, or bribed by his gold, made bold to accuse Hastings of all manner of cruelty and injustice. It seemed as if the authority of the Governor-General was at an end, and that there was nothing left for him but to give up his post and go home.

Then suddenly bad old Nuncomar was accused in his turn of forgery. To forge, in this sense, means to make something false, meaning, for some wicked reason, to pretend that it is real. Nuncomar had written out a paper making believe that it was written by someone else, and by this means had got a large sum of money to which he had no right.

This was only one of the many bad things which Nuncomar had done in his life. But it was enough. He was seized, put in prison, and tried before four British judges. They, finding that he was guilty, condemned him to death. Nowadays, no man would be hanged for forgery, but in those days it was the law of Britain. It was not, however, the law

among the Indians. Indeed, lying and cheating did not seem to them to be very wicked.

Besides, Nuncomar was a Brahmin. The people of India were divided into castes or classes. Of the four chief castes, the highest and sacred class was the Brahmin. Next came the Royal caste, then the Merchant, and last, the Sudras or slave or servant caste. Each caste kept strictly to itself, and no man might marry anyone who was not of his own caste, so they never became mixed. There are still castes in India, but the two middle classes have almost passed away, and the Sudras are split up into many sub-castes.

Brahmins were looked upon as sacred. If anyone killed one even by mistake, the deed was looked upon with horror. Now the people of India found it hard to believe that their terrible white masters really meant, of set purpose, to put a Brahmin to death. They shuddered at the thought. But Nuncomar was hated by all, and no man, either British or Indian, not even his friends the three councilors, tried to save him.

And so one August morning a great crowd, brown-faced, bright-eyed, eager and wondering, gathered to see the end of the mighty Brahmin. Nuncomar marched to death in a calm and stately manner. His white head was bowed to a dishonoured grave, but he showed neither fear nor shame. Around him his friends wept and howled in an agony of farewell. But he stood unmoved. It was God's will, he said. And so with unshaken, eastern calm he died.

Breathless, wide eyed, the swaying crowd watched. Then when all was over, they fled shrieking with fear and horror, many in their terror plunging into the waters of the Hooghly.

So great was the shock of this deed to the Indian mind that not a few Brahmin families fled from the town altogether, and for years it was looked upon as a place accursed.

The death of Nuncomar removed Hastings' greatest enemy, and because he was Hastings' enemy, and because one of the judges was Hastings' friend, it was said that the Governor-General had tried to have Nuncomar hanged.

But there was never any real reason for believing that. Nuncomar was hanged, not because he was Hastings' enemy, but because he was found guilty of forgery, and, according to the ideas of the time, was deserving of death.

One enemy was thus removed, yet Hastings had still to fight his councilors, who hated him as much or even more than before. But first one died, and then another, and the third and bitterest went home, leaving Hastings at last free to rule as he thought best.

Meantime, while Hastings was struggling to hold and rule British India, the government at home was flinging away the colonies on the other side of the world, for the war of American Independence had begun. The French helped the Americans, and war between Great Britain and France was declared. In India, too, there was war in Bombay, Madras, and Bengal. There was war with the Maráthás; there was war with a fierce Mohammedan leader called Hyder Ali, who, after deposing the rightful ruler of Mysore, swept the Carnatic with his terrible host, and swore to conquer all Southern India; there was war with the French who still possessed Pondicherry and some other towns. They helped the Maráthás, and still more they helped Hyder Ali. There were battles and sieges, defeats and victories.

But in 1782 Hyder Ali died, weary of warring against a powerful nation who might have been his friends, and begging his son to make peace. The Maráthás, too, made peace, promising no more to help the enemies of the British, and in 1783, the news of the Peace of Versailles reached India and put an end to the war between French and British. So everywhere there was peace.

Then in 1785, after sixteen years of toil, Warren Hastings sailed home, leaving all India at rest.

At first Hastings was received with honour even as Clive had been. But his enemies had been at work, and before many months had passed, he was called to account for many of his deeds in India.

Hastings was impeached. In Great Britain to impeach means the process by which any man may be called upon by the Commons to defend himself before the House of Lords, for treason or other high crimes against the state.

Hastings was accused of cruelty, bribery, and misrule in many ways. He knew that the charges brought against him were for the most part untrue, or so twisted by hate as to seem much worse than they were, and he defended himself well. 'Every department of the government which now exists in Bengal,' he said, 'is of my making. The office formed for the service of the revenue, the courts of civil and criminal justice were created by me. To sum up all, I kept these provinces in a state of peace, plenty, and safety, when every other member of the British Empire was full of wars and tumults. The valour of others won; I enlarged and gave shape to the dominion you hold there. I preserved it. I maintained the wars which were of

your making or that of others, not of mine. I am accused of desolating the provinces in India which are the most flourishing of all the states in India. It was I who made them so. I gave you all; and you reward me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment.'

But in spite of all that Hastings might say, the trial dragged on for seven long years, filling his life with anxiety and trouble. But at last it came to an end, and the Lords declared Hastings 'not guilty.'

So the little, bald old man, who yet looked every inch a great man, went away to live quietly in his beautiful house, there to forget in a simple country life the glories and the troubles of the first Governor-General of India.

Once, many years later, when Parliament wished to know something about India, Hastings was called upon to attend. As he entered, the Commons received him with cheers. They listened respectfully to what he had to say, and, when he had finished, they rose to a man and stood bareheaded until he had passed from the hall. The Lords, too, treated him with like honour. So it seemed that even in his own day, his name was cleared. Yet there were many people who still believed that Hastings had been a cruel ruler. There are many who believe so to this day. Of course many things were done in those first years of British rule in India which would seem very terrible to us now. But we cannot judge those times as we would our own. And the people of Bengal did not think of Hastings as cruel. To them he was a deliverer rather than a tyrant. The men admired him, and the women sang their children to sleep with songs of the wealth and the might of the great Sahib Warren Hostein.

At last, at the great age of eighty-seven, Hastings died. To the end he was a kindly, cheerful, brave old man, taking an interest in all around him, and ruling his estate with as great care as he had ruled the broad lands of India.

Chapter XIV

Tippoo Sultan

In 1786, the year after Hastings came home, Lord Cornwallis went out to India as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Unlike Hastings or the governors before him, Lord Cornwallis was not in the service of the Company. He was the first Governor who had had nothing to do with the Company, and he was the first British peer to rule in India.

When Lord Cornwallis was first asked to go to India he refused. 'I have no wish,' he said, 'to forsake my children and every comfort on this side of the grave to quarrel with the Supreme Government of India whatever it may be; and finally to run the risk of being beaten by some Nawab and disgraced to all eternity.' But at length, 'with grief of heart,' he consented to go.

Lord Cornwallis tried to keep the peace in India which Hastings had left. But he soon found himself forced into war with Tippoo Sultan the 'tiger of Mysore,' the son of the fierce Hyder Ali. At first Tippoo got the best of things, but in the end he was defeated. He was made to pay a large sum of money, and to give his two sons into the keeping of Lord Cornwallis as surety that he would keep the peace.

Cornwallis improved what Hastings had begun both as to the collecting of rents and the courts of justice. In this he was helped by Mr. John Shore, who, when Lord Cornwallis went

home, became for a short time Governor-General. He was made a baronet and later became Lord Teignmouth.

He was the first British ruler to put down one of the terrible Indian customs. This was called 'sitting in dharna.'

The life of a Brahmin was, as you remember, sacred, and any man who killed a Brahmin, or even who caused his death without meaning it, was accursed. If a Brahmin therefore hated a Hindu for any cause, he simply sat down on his doorstep and refused to move, to eat, to drink, or to sleep. This was sitting in dharna.

The poor Hindu dared not go out or in, for fear of injuring the Brahmin. He dared not eat or drink, while the Brahmin fasted. He was caught like an animal in a trap. There was no escape, and he stayed there until he died of hunger and fear.

Lord Teignmouth made sitting in dharna a crime, and so one horrible custom was done away with.

The next Governor- General was Lord Wellesley, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley who was later the great Duke of Wellington.

At this time Napoleon was conquering Egypt. To him this was merely the first step towards India. He meant to conquer that too, and drive the British out. So the French became very busy in India. Tippoo Sultan, who had already been beaten by Lord Cornwallis, made a secret treaty with the French against the British. And both the Nizam of the Deccan and the Maráthás had large armies which were officered by Frenchmen. So when Lord Wellesley arrived in India, he found himself, as it were, surrounded by Frenchmen. He quite expected any day to see French ships arrive to help Tippoo, or

the Nizam, or the Maráthás. Lord Wellesley, like nearly all the British of his day, hated the French and doubly hated Napoleon. And he was as full of dreams of driving the French out of India as Napoleon was of driving the British out. Lord Wellesley's thoughts were not at all turned to trade. He thought only of Empire, so his first desire was to get rid of the French officers and sepoys, and try to persuade the native rulers to make friends with the British, instead of with the French.

The Nizam was quite willing to be friends with the British, for he thought that they would protect him from the Maráthás, who were now the strongest native power in all India, and who were eager to be still greater. So some British troops were sent to the Nizam's capital, Hyderabad. Then the French sepoys were drawn up and told that they were no longer needed, and might go. But the sepoys had not been paid for months, and when they realised that they were being sent away without being paid, murmurs and then yells of discontent broke from the ranks. At the best of times they were a wild, undisciplined army. Now they turned upon their French officers with such fury, that they fled to the British camp for refuge.

When the British heard what the riot was about, they paid the men. Greatly delighted at their unexpected good fortune, the sepoys scattered to their homes, and in a few hours the Nizam's French army had vanished. The officers were sent home to France. Wellesley promised to help the Nizam with British soldiers, should he be attacked, and the Nizam, on his side, promised not to go to war without first asking British consent. Thus one enemy was got rid of, and soon all fear of

invasion by the French was over, for the news that Nelson had shattered their fleet in the Nile was brought to India.

Lord Wellesley next tried to make peace with the Maráthás. But the Maráthás were not at all anxious to make friends with the British. They were great and powerful, and feared no one. They were willing enough to help the British in battle if they were paid. But they were just as willing to help their enemies. They would fight for those who paid most.

With Tippoo there was no making friends at all. He hated the British too thoroughly, and in 1799 war with him began. Among the British leaders in this war was Colonel Arthur Wellesley.

Battles were fought in which Tippoo was beaten again and again, and at last he was shut up in his capital, Seringapatam.

Now Tippoo asked for peace. 'Half your land and two million pounds,' were Lord Wellesley's terms.

Beaten though he was, these terms were too hard for Tippoo. 'Better,' he cried, 'to die like a soldier than to live a pensioned Nawab.'

For a month the siege of Seringapatam lasted. Food was growing scarce in the British camp, when at last the town was stormed and taken.

The defenders fought bravely. Among them might be seen the short, stout figure of Tippoo clad in a dress of white and crimson. But at last, wounded in four places, he fell dead. Still his soldiers fought on, and when at last Seringapatam was taken, and the British flag floated upon the walls, his body was found buried beneath those of his followers.

Tippoo, being dead, and his capital taken, the whole of his land, called Mysore, fell into the hands of the British. Lord Wellesley divided it into three. Part he put under the rule of the Company, adding it to the Madras Presidency. Part he gave to the Nizam, who had helped him in the war, and part he formed into a new kingdom, and upon the throne he placed a little boy, a descendant of the king whom Hyder Ali had driven out. But this kingdom was really under British rule also.

Tippoo had been such a cruel ruler, that all over India there was rejoicing at his downfall, and the people made songs about it which were remembered and sung for long after.

Fill the wine-cup fast for the storm is past,
The tyrant Tippoo is slain at last,
And victory smiles
To reward the toils
Of Britons once again.

Let the trumpet sound, and the sound go round
Along the bound of Eastern ground;
Let the Cymbals clang
With a merry merry bang,
To the joys of the next campaign.

Chapter XV

Warrior Chieftains

When Seringapatam was taken, letters from the Nawab of the Carnatic were found in Tippoo's palace. These letters showed that the Nawab had been plotting with Tippoo against the British. The Nawab was by this time very ill, almost dying indeed. So Lord Wellesley let him die in peace, then he told his family that their treachery had been found out, and that they could no longer be allowed to reign. He then took possession of the Carnatic and added it to the Madras Presidency. Thus all the coast of India, from Bengal to Cape Comorin (except Pondicherry), was now under British rule, and instead of stretching only a mile inland, in the south of the peninsula, British possessions stretched from sea to sea.

When Wellesley wrote home to tell of these triumphs, he said, remembering what had befallen Clive and Hastings, 'I expect either to be hanged or rewarded. In either case I shall be satisfied, for an English gallows seems better than an Indian throne.'

Wellesley, however, was not hanged. He was thanked and rewarded as the conqueror of the tyrant Tippoo. He was given a large sum of money and was made an Irish marquess. But, far from thinking this honour great, he called it his 'gilt potato.' Such was the pride of 'the glorious little man' as his friends loved to call him.

The Maráthás were now the only great danger to British power in India. But they were a great danger. In the north, indeed, Oudh lay between British India and the land of the Maráthás. But the rule of the Nawab of Oudh had grown weak, and his native army became hardly more than a rabble of wild, mutinous soldiers, which cost him a great deal, and were of little use.

It was plain to Lord Wellesley, that in case of war, Oudh would be no defense. Besides the Maráthás, he feared the Afghans. He knew that often before they had descended from their mountains in conquering hordes. Now, he was afraid that once again they might attack Oudh, and from there sweep over Bengal.

So Lord Wellesley made the Nawab disband his soldiers, and in return for part of Oudh, he promised the Nawab to protect and fight for him. This was called the treaty of Lucknow, and by it, still more of India was added to the possessions of the Company.

But now the Maráthás began to quarrel among themselves, and at last their overlord, who was called the Peshwá, fled to the British for protection.

Wellesley consented to help and protect him, but he demanded a great deal in return. The Peshwá was a weak young man, he was mad with fear, and was ready to consent to anything. And by the treaty of Bassein, signed on the 31st of December 1802, he became little else than the vassal of the Company.

The Peshwá gave up part of his land to the British; he promised not to go to war without British consent, to make no

treaties whatsoever, and to take no Frenchmen or any other European into his service.

Lord Wellesley made much the same kind of treaty with several of the native princes. These treaties were called Subsidiary Alliances. A Subsidiary Alliance means a union for help. It generally means the union of a lesser or weaker power with a greater. The Indian princes paid a 'subsidy' or sum of money, in return for which, the British promised them soldiers, help, and protection in time of war.

By making these treaties with native rulers, Wellesley hoped to force them to keep peace with each other, so that there might not only be peace within British India itself, but around its borders. But when the other Maráthá chiefs heard of the treaty of Bassein, they were very angry. They would by no means suffer the overlordship of the Company, and they prepared to fight. One of their chief leaders was called Sindhia. He was young, vain, and proud. He had hoped one day to make himself Peshwá, but now this treaty had 'taken the turban off his head,' he said.

So Sindhia gathered an army and war began. This is called the second Maráthá war, as the first was fought in the time of Hastings.

At first the Maráthás did not seem sure of what to do. They marched back and forth with restless haste, now here, now there. But at last British and Indian forces met in a great battle at Assaye.

On the British side the leader was General Arthur Wellesley. He had only a small army, but, as so often before, the small British force beat a huge Indian army. Yet the fight was

fierce, and when the battle was over, many of the British lay dead. But the Maráthá were fleeing from the field and the power of Sindhia was broken. Assaye was fought on the 23rd of September 1803, and is one of the greatest of Indian battles.

Other battles, other victories followed. In the north, in Hindustan, a British army fought against the French sepoy troops. There, too, they gained victory after victory, and at last, in a battle called Láswári the French sepoys, 'who fought like demons rather than like heroes,' were scattered forever.

The war had begun in September. It was over in December. On the 8th of that month, proud, vain Sindhia signed a treaty by which he owned the Company as overlord.

Of all the Maráthás chieftains, only one now refused to bend to British power. His name was Jeswant Rao Holkar. He had no dreams of Empire, but was a wild, free, raiding horseman like his forefathers, who had been a terror to India. From his capital of Indore he swept out with his robber horsemen, plundering and wasting at will.

Like the freebooting Scots of old, he and his men rode with a bottle of water and a bag of grain at their saddle-bow, caring not through what desolate country they passed. They lurked in the hills, they dashed upon the enemy unawares, slaughtering stragglers, but never meeting them face to face in open battle.

While the Maráthá war lasted, Holkar robbed and plundered at will. Now he was warned to keep within his own land, and cease from hurting the friends of the British.

But Holkar was proud and haughty. The length and breadth of India was his if he chose to claim it, and he threatened to burn towns and villages and slaughter the people

by hundreds and thousands, if he were not allowed to take what he thought was his due, and rob and plunder where he pleased.

This was not to be endured, so a campaign against this haughty chieftain began.

At first, things went well. Then came disaster. A small British force under Colonel Monson found itself face to face with the whole of Holkar's army. Monson had food for only two days, and suddenly struck with fear he turned his back upon the enemy, and marched away.

Now came the wild chieftain's chance. His light horsemen followed and harassed the retreating British, dashing upon them unawares, swooping down upon stragglers, surrounding and slaying those who went in search of food. Hungry and weary the British toiled on. The rains began and the rivers became swollen and impassable torrents. The roads were churned to seas of mud in which the wheels of the gun carriages sank axle deep, so they had to be left behind and the ammunition destroyed. Wet and weary, covered with mud, stricken with sickness and famine, the men lost heart. The retreat became a rout, and after weeks of toil and suffering, a battered few reached Agra. 'I have lost the flower of the army,' writes the commander, 'and how they are to be replaced at this hour, heaven only knows. I have to lament the loss of some of the finest young men and most promising of the army.'

Holkar was now insolently triumphant and he began to besiege Delhi. But although he and his barbarous hosts swarmed around the ten miles of shattered wall and fallen rampart, they were bravely held at bay by the mere handful of determined men within. Then hearing that another British

army was coming, he marched away, plundering and destroying as he went, the fires of burning villages and the blood of the slain marking the road by which he passed.

But Holkar's triumph was not for long. He, too, was beaten at last, and was sadly forced to bow the knee before the might of the British.

Chapter XVI

The Mutiny of Velloke

Now suddenly there came an end to Wellesley's 'forward policy' as it was called.

At first both the directors of the Company and the Parliament of Britain had been dazzled by the way in which he had brought prince after prince under the rule of the British. But the directors soon began to be annoyed and anxious too. It was trade and money that they wanted and not Empire. And instead of bringing in money, Lord Wellesley's wars swallowed it up. Then when the news that a bandit chieftain had destroyed a troop of British soldiers reached home, their patience gave out and their fears increased. They thought that the whole of the Maráthás would again rise. The idea, too, that India could only be ruled well and kept in peace by forcing the native princes to bow to British law, was new to them. They did not see the need or the use of all Lord Wellesley's alliances with native rulers. They were tired of wars, so Lord Wellesley was recalled, and Lord Cornwallis sent out again as Governor-General.

Lord Wellesley returned home a sorely disappointed man. But he left his mark on Indian history. He founded the first college for officers of the Company at Calcutta, and he may be said to be the founder of the Indian Civil Service as it is today.

Lord Cornwallis came to India the second time with orders to free the princes from their treaties, and not to interfere any

more in their quarrels with each other or with their subjects. But Cornwallis was now an old man, and he had not been more than ten weeks in India when he died. So the orders of the directors were not fully earned out, neither were the plans of Wellesley followed, and for two years India was full of unrest. Holkar, on the eve of being conquered, was not conquered. All his lands were given back to him, and although he was made to promise not to disturb British possessions, he burned, plundered, and slaughtered in Rajputana, which was not under British protection. Holkar became more and more haughty and wild. He fought and drank until he made himself mad, and was at length shut up as a madman, until he died.

Yet within the borders of British India there had been peace for a time. Now suddenly it was broken.

The army officers at Madras began to think that the sepoys would look much better if they were all dressed alike. So the commander forbade them to wear earrings or 'caste' marks. They were also ordered to shave their beards and trim their moustaches all alike, and worst of all, they were made to give up wearing turbans, and told to wear a round black hat very much like what Europeans wore.

The Madras sepoys hated all these new orders, and to make matters worse, the other natives taunted them and laughed at them. They said that this was only a beginning, and that soon their white masters would force them to give up both caste and religion, and become Christian.

Stories of their discontent and anger were brought to the officers. But they did not believe them, or did not care, and they insisted that the new orders should be obeyed.

At the fortress of Vellore there lived the sons and relatives of Tippoo Sultan who had died, you remember, fighting against the British.

Here there was a garrison of less than four hundred British, and about fifteen thousand sepoys. And it was here that the anger of the sepoys broke out, encouraged, it is thought, by these Indian princes.

In the early dawn of a July morning, the sepoys silently and stealthily surrounded the barracks and the houses of the officers. All was still and quiet, when suddenly the hush of the morning was broken by the loud crack of guns. Through the windows of the barracks the sepoys poured volley after volley upon the sleeping men. Some of the officers, awakened by the noise, ran out of their houses to see what the matter was. They were shot down upon their doorsteps. Others were slaughtered in their beds. Before they could arm or defend themselves, every officer and half of the men were killed. But at last those who remained drove the mutineers back and took refuge in a jutting out part of the fortifications near the gateway. Here they awaited help, for they managed in some way to send news of the mutiny to Arcot.

In the meantime the flag of Tippoo was planted upon the walls, and the rebel sepoys were feasted by the native princes.

Help was not long in coming. Arcot was only eight miles away, and there was a brave and eager officer called Colonel Gillespie. As soon as he heard the news he gathered his men and galloped to Vellore as fast as he could. So eager was he that he outstripped his men and arrived first at the gates. He found them fast shut, and guarded by the mutineers. Alone thus

against the enemy he was in great danger. But the British soldiers on the rampart, when they saw him, buckled their sword belts together into a long rope, and, letting it down over the wall, drew the gallant colonel up into safety.

Soon the troopers and two cannon arrived. They burst the gate open, rushed in and charged the mutineers. Everywhere the rebel sepoys gave way. They could not stand before British bayonets. Some fled, others were taken prisoner, and four hundred lay dead among the narrow streets of Vellore.

Colonel Gillespie with his quick action had broken the spirit of the mutiny. There were other riots both near and far, which showed how widespread had been the discontent. But the British were now on their guard, and the worst of the danger was over.

Chapter XVII

The Ghurkas

It was in the year 1813 that a great change took place in the trade with India. As the Company became more and more rulers they became less and less traders. Indeed, instead of making money by their trade, they lost it. Yet they had a monopoly of the trade with India, and no one else was allowed to take part in it. Indeed no European was allowed to live in British India unless he held a post in the Company.

Besides this all the goods from or to India had to pass through the India House and the Port of London, and rising ports, such as Liverpool or Glasgow, had no hope of any profit from it. For not only had all the goods to go to London, but they had all to be carried in ships belonging to the Company.

At last the other merchants and ship-owners of Great Britain began to be impatient of the Company's monopoly and wanted to share in the Indian trade. Napoleon, too, was still trying to ruin British trade by shutting all the ports on the Continent to our goods. And the manufacturers and mill owners of Lancashire and Yorkshire saw in India a new outlet for their wares.

So merchants and ship-owners sent petitions to Parliament begging that the trade of India might be made free to all. The directors of the Company, although they were now losing money, were bitterly opposed to this. But the people of Britain won the day. In 1813, when the Charter of the

Company was renewed, the ports of India were opened to all the merchants of Great Britain, who were free to trade from their own ports, and to carry goods in their own ships and not in those of the Company only. But people who wished to live in India had still to get a license from the Company. It was not until twenty years later that anyone who liked was allowed to live there.

For some years after Lord Wellesley left, the plan of not interfering with the native states and their wars was followed in India. In Central India the wild Maráthás and a still wilder tribe called the Pindaris plundered and spoiled at will. Meantime the British were occupied fighting the French both at home and abroad. But that struggle was coming nearly to an end, when in 1813 Lord Hastings went to India as Governor-General and the new trade began. This Lord Hastings has of course nothing whatever to do with Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General.

At home Lord Hastings had been one of those who had found fault with Lord Wellesley's wars and conquests. But he had hardly arrived in India when he was obliged to change his mind, for he found himself forced into war.

The Maráthás, the Pindaris, and a third people called the Ghurkas had made Central India a waste of misery. The Ghurkas were a warlike race from the mountains of Cashmere. They were small and hardy. From their mountains they had swept down upon the peaceful province of Nepal, which lies along the base of the Himalayas, and completely conquered the people. Having conquered the people of Nepal and taken their lands, the Ghurkas next attacked towns and villages within British borders.

At first, for the sake of peace, and to carry out the orders of the directors about not interfering, no notice was taken. Finding that the British did nothing, the Ghurkas grew bolder and bolder. At last their attacks became so bold, that just before Lord Hastings arrived, the governor sent a message to the Ghurka chief ordering him to give up the British lands of which he had taken possession.

The Ghurka chief, having so long done as he liked, and still thinking he could go on doing as he liked, refused. Then war began, for Lord Hastings saw that there would never be peace in India until these bandit chiefs were made to keep the peace even within their own borders.

The Ghurkas were proud and haughty. They were a brave and fearless race of mountaineers, and they did not fear the British. 'What power can fight against us in Nepal?' they asked. 'Our hills and fastnesses are the work of God. They cannot be taken by mortal men. As for the British, they cannot even conquer mud fortresses which are the work of men's hands. How then can they take our forts, which are created by the Everlasting One?'

At first it seemed as if the Ghurkas were right. The British in India were not used to mountain warfare. The little Ghurkas were very fierce in battle. Their charge was terrible, like that of our own Highlanders. After firing their guns, they rushed upon the foe with fierce yells, attacking them with their little deadly knives. And the sepoys, dismayed by this sudden onrush to which they were not used, gave way before them again and again. Misfortune and disaster followed each other.

Apart from fighting, the difficulties were great. The British army had to pass through almost trackless jungle where wild beasts prowled, and poisonous snakes glided. The toils and hardships of the way were enough to make the bravest falter. And it is told of one officer that he was so terrified that he turned and fled back to camp leaving his soldiers to their fate. But not many were like him.

When the jungle was passed and the mountains reached, troubles and hardships were by no means left behind. Up pathless valleys, along ledges overhanging sheer precipices, the heavy cannon had to be dragged. As they rose higher, icy winds whistled around the men, snow lay deep upon the ground through which they had to struggle.

Every pass was defended by a fortress easily held by a few against the attacking army. General Gillespie, the hero of Vellore, besieged one fort for a month. It was held against him by only six hundred Ghurkas. But both sides fought with so much determination that the garrison was reduced to seventy before the fort yielded, and of the besiegers five hundred lay dead, among them the gallant general.

From all sides came news of failure and disaster. The Ghurkas rejoiced in victory, and seeing the British worsted, all the bandit chiefs in India began to plot together for the overthrow of the British Raj.

But at length the tide of war turned. A gallant general, Sir David Ochterlony, carried fort after fort in the face of every difficulty and danger. In spite of their heroic fighting, in spite of their brave defenses, the Ghurkas were defeated. They saw at length that their vaunted 'Heaven-built' forts, and mountain

passes were no defenses against the British Lion. So they gave in.

By the treaty of Segauli peace was made. A brave enemy became a firm friend, and from that day to this there has been no quarrel between the British and the Ghurkas. Later, the Ghurkas became British soldiers, and the Ghurka regiments are among the best of our Indian army.

Chapter XVIII

The Pindaris and the Last Maráthá War

The trouble with the Ghurkas was over, but the lawlessness of Central India became worse and worse. The Pindaris made life a terror. Rather than fall into the hands of these fierce bandits, whole villages of people were known to burn themselves alive in their huts. Rather than be driven off by them like sheep, to be sold and slaughtered, women drowned themselves in the village wells.

Yet, while horrors unspeakable still raged around, and the Pindaris carried fire and sword among the peaceful, defenseless villages, Lord Hastings could do little, for the directors at home kept telling him not to interfere.

But at length he made up his mind to look on no more, but to crush the power of the Pindaris forever. To do this, he gathered the largest army ever seen in India. From north and south the soldiers came; from Madras, Bombay and Bengal, until the Governor-General had an army 116,000 strong. It was a far greater force than was needed to crush the Pindaris. But Lord Hastings knew that he had not only to deal with them but with all the Maráthá chiefs, who were weary of their Subsidiary Alliance, and of the peace that it gave them, and who were longing to be free again to fight and plunder as of old. And if the Pindaris were successful ever so little, Lord Hastings knew it would give the Maráthás courage to rise against the British too.

But before there was any fighting, Lord Hastings found means of settling with several of the lawless chieftains. The Pindaris thus found themselves forsaken by many of their friends, and surrounded on all sides by a watchful enemy. In the battles which followed, many of the Pindaris were slain, some yielded themselves prisoners, and many were killed by the villagers whom they had been used to oppress and plunder, and who were now glad of revenge. Some sought refuge in the pathless jungle. For nearly a year the last chief held out, followed by a little band of about two hundred. But he, too, at last sought shelter in the jungle, and there, one day, his dead body was found, torn and mangled by tigers, while beside him, grazing quietly, was his horse, the only friend from whom he had not been forced to part.

So thoroughly were the Pindaris rooted out, that in a few years their terrible deeds were almost forgotten, and those of them who were left became as peaceful farmers and weavers of cotton as the peasants whom they had plundered in days gone by.

The Peshwá, or overlord of the Maráthás, had, you remember, made an alliance with the British. But for a long time he had been growing restless, and eager to be rid of his alliance. Although he still pretended to be friendly, he was really trying to stir up the other Maráthá chiefs against the British, urged on by a favourite called Trimbukji Dainglia, in whose power he was. Already, about two years before the Pindari war, Trimbukji had murdered a man because he would not side against the British.

For this, Trimbukji was put in prison. The prison was not very strong, but so that he might have no chance of escape, he

had a guard of British soldiers. But in spite of this, when he had been about a year in prison, he escaped. It was very cleverly managed.

One of the British officers had a groom who was a Maráthá. This man used to walk his master's horse up and down outside the prison, passing under Trimbukji's window. And as he passed he used to sing Maráthá songs, which, of course, the guard could not understand. But these songs told Trimbukji that friends were near and were making ready for his escape. This is something like what he sang:

Behind the bush the bowmen hide
The horse beneath the tree,
Where shall I find the knight will ride
The jungle-paths with me?

There are five-and-fifty coursers there.
And four-and-fifty men;
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his steed,
The Deccan thrives again.

Soon all was arranged. A hole was cut through the wall of Trimbukji's room, into a stable next it, and one dark, wet night, he squeezed himself through. Then in the dress of a common workman, carrying a basket on his head, he boldly marched out of the gate. The four and fifty men were ready waiting for him, and throwing himself on his horse, he was soon galloping with them through the darkness and the rain.

To hunt for him was useless. He had vanished. The Peshwá pretended to know nothing about his escape and said that he hoped he might be caught and punished. But it was very certain that the Peshwá knew all about it.

It was soon heard that Trimbukji was raising both men and money. The Peshwá, too, began to gather his army. Other Maráthá chiefs joined them, and the last Maráthá war began.

Now again there were many stern fights, brave defenses, gallant deeds. Both the Bombay and the Bengal sepoys proved themselves heroes, and faithful to their British masters. In the end the Peshwá was utterly defeated. His land was taken from him, and added to the Bombay Presidency. But he was left with his title and given a pension of £80,000 a year, and so, wealthy and idle, he lived in luxury in Cawnpore till he died, an old man.

The Maráthás power was broken forever, and Rajputana, which had been torn with war and bloodshed for nearly a hundred years, was at last at peace. Indeed, for the first time in all known history, there was peace in India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

Chapter XIX

The First Burmese War

Although Lord Hastings had come out to India with the determination not to fight, he had been obliged to fight in order to win peace and justice for India. His rule will be remembered as great, however, not merely because he added many lands to the Empire, but because he brought peace to these lands.

Lord Hastings was the first Governor-General who took any interest in the teaching of the people. Before his day the Company had been inclined to think that it was just as well that the people should remain ignorant, as they would then be more easily ruled. Lord Hastings did not think so, and he helped to found native schools, and in many ways tried to make the lives of the Indian peoples better and happier.

The change to free trade, which had taken place at the beginning of Lord Hastings' rule, had proved a great success, and the affairs of the Company had never been better than when he gave up his post and went home in 1823.

Lord Hastings left India in peace, and it was hoped by all that the peace would last. But very soon after Lord Amherst, the new Governor-General arrived, he was forced into another war.

Beyond Bengal, and stretching in a long, narrow strip down the bay, lies Burma. The Burmese, about this time, had had

great wars among themselves, and some of the rebels had fled into Bengal, asking protection from the British. The King of Burma ordered the British to give these fugitives up. But they refused, knowing well that the poor wretches would be put to death with terrible tortures. This made the king angry, and, having conquered Assam, he next began to attack British possessions.

Even then Lord Amherst tried to arrange matters peacefully. But it was in vain. The king mistook the wish for peace for fear. He haughtily commanded one of his generals to drive the British out of Bengal, and to bring the Governor-General back in golden chains, so that he might be put to death.

Lord Amherst saw, at length, that war was not to be avoided, and began to collect ships and men. He meant to send his army across the Bay of Bengal in ships, and attack the Burmese in their own land. But the Calcutta sepoys refused to go, for their caste rules would not allow them to sail upon the 'black water,' as they called the sea. So Lord Amherst was obliged to send part of his army round the bay by land, where they endured terrible hardships, for the roads were almost impassable. The sepoys of Madras were not so particular, however, and soon a little fleet set sail for Rangoon.

When the Burmese saw the British fleet they were both astonished and frightened. They had never expected that the enemy would come by sea, and they had made no preparations. What frightened them most was a small steamship called the Diana. It was the first steamer which had ever been seen in the East, for the power of steam was only being discovered. The Burmese had an old saying that they should never be

conquered until a ship came up the Irrawaddy without sails or oars.

Now the ship had come, and it struck terror to their hearts.

After firing a volley into the town, the British landed at Rangoon. But when they reached the town they found it empty, silent, and deserted. Men, women, and children had fled. The only human beings were eleven Europeans who were found tied and bound, ready for death. As soon as the fleet had appeared, they had been seized and condemned to death. They were seated upon the ground, the executioner stood over them sharpening his knife, when a cannon ball burst into their midst. In terror the Burmese fled, leaving their prisoners behind them, to be found and set free again by the British.

The Burmese were cowardly, ignorant, and puffed up with foolish pride. Their army was a mere rabble, without order or courage. They were badly armed and worse drilled. The British ought to have crushed them in a few weeks. But instead of that the war dragged on for two years. From first to last there seemed only to be mistakes and misfortunes.

In those days Burma was almost an unknown country. The British knew little of the people and less of the land which they had come to conquer. They found it full of impassable forests and deadly swamps. All round Rangoon the land was a desert. It was swept bare of grain or food, and there was not a human being to be seen.

Soon the rains began. The whole country became a reeking marsh from which rose foul mists, bringing sickness and death. Although the rain poured in torrents, the weather was stifling and hot, the men always hungry. In vain the country was

scoured for food. There was none to be found. The soldiers had to live on biscuits and tinned meats sent from Calcutta, and these were bad.

The British commander had hoped to sail up the Irrawaddy and attack the king in his capital of Ava. But the rains made the river a rushing torrent, upon which it was impossible for sailing vessels to go. So, for six months the army remained at Rangoon. Man after man was stricken down. The hospitals were quickly filled to overflowing. The men died in hundreds, and when the rains ceased, it was found that every tenth man was dead.

Now Bundula, the great Burmese general, marched against the British with sixty thousand men.

The Burmese had a curious way of fighting. Instead of attacking the enemy in the open, they built high fences of interlaced bamboo. Then they dug holes in the ground behind the fences and burrowed in them like moles or rabbits, and from behind these ramparts they fired upon the enemy.

In this way they now surrounded the British, who watched them curiously as they made their preparations. The Burmese worked so fast that it seemed as if their entrenchments rose by magic, and in a few hours the British were quite surrounded.

Then fighting began and lasted for a fortnight. Bundula, himself, was brave, and his army was twenty times as large as that of the British. But at last the British charged the Burmese in their burrows, and they fled in disorder.

The British now marched up the river to Ava. Bundula was killed, and with him died all the courage of the Burmese. The king began to tremble for his throne. He offered his soldiers

great rewards to encourage them to fight, for by this time fearful stories were told of the might and cruelty of the 'white demons.' But the British swept all before them, and the king was ready to make peace.

Then there came to him a boasting warrior called the Lord of the Sun-Set. He begged leave to lead the army, and swore to the king that he would save his capital from the white demons, and scatter them in flight. So the last army which the king could collect was given him to command.

But the Lord of the Sun-Set, too, was defeated, and his army fled. Then the king, in wrath, gave orders that he should be trampled to death by wild elephants, as a reward for his boasting and his failure.

Now peace was made, and, by the treaty of Yandaboo, the King of Burma gave up Assam, Aracan, and Tenas- serim to the Company, and promised to pay a large sum of money.

When the news of the war reached home, the directors were, as usual, very angry about it. It had cost thirteen times more than the Pindari and last Maráthá wars. All the money that Lord Hastings had gathered had been used. The Company was once more in debt. They had lost twenty thousand men, and all that they had in return were three swampy, forest-covered provinces.

But these same swampy provinces have turned out to be among the most important of British India. In places, where in 1826, there were only a few bamboo huts, prosperous towns and harbours have sprung up. The foul swamps have been changed into the most fertile of rice-fields. Aracan has become the granary of Bengal. The tea-gardens of Assam are famous

the world over. More than half the tea we drink at home comes from Indian tea-gardens, besides which much is sent to the Colonies and to the Continent.

Chapter XX

The Siege of Bhurtpore

Meanwhile the news of the losses and disasters in Burma had been brought to India. Many of the Indian chiefs and princes, who had not yet quite settled down under the overlordship of Britain, began to be restless. As the war dragged on month after month they began to believe, and to hope, that the Burmese would overthrow the power of the British. They began to look forward to the time when the Company should no longer be overlord in India, and when each prince should be free to fill the land with lawlessness and bloodshed as before.

When things were at their worst in Burma the Raja of Bhurtpore died. He was succeeded by his son, a child of seven, with his uncle as regent. But a cousin, who wished the throne for himself, murdered the uncle, and put the little Raja in prison. Thus he defied the British, who had accepted the little boy as Raja.

But Lord Amherst wanted no more fighting, so he made up his mind not to interfere. When the usurper saw this he became very bold and haughty. All the chieftains of Central India openly cheered him on, and men of every conquered tribe gathered to him, until he had an army of twenty-five thousand men.

The fort of Bhurtpore was the strongest in India.

The Indians, indeed, believed that it could never be taken by mortal man. It was surrounded with five miles of enormous sun-dried, mud walls sixty feet thick. It had nine gates and thirty-five strong mud towers. Outside the wall was a broad ditch fifty-five feet deep, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. This ditch, in time of war, was filled with water from a lake near the town.

Lord Amherst soon saw that he had made a mistake. He saw that if the usurper of Bhurtpore was not punished there would be war all over Central India. So he sent an army against the fort. Fortunately it arrived in time to stop the bank of the lake being cut, and water let into the moat, and it was still dry.

The siege began. For days the British battered the mud walls with their heaviest guns. The roar and thud of cannon, the shriek of shells, filled the air for weeks, and still the brown walls stood solid and unbroken.

Then it was resolved to blow them up. Three mines were dug, the biggest being filled with ten thousand pounds of gunpowder. The train was lighted, and the army waited ready to rush in the moment there was a breach. In a few minutes the earth seemed to shake, a low rumble as of distant thunder was heard, the great wall trembled. Then huge masses of mud rose in the air carrying with them the shattered bodies of many of the defenders. The sky grew dark with smoke and dust, and lurid with flames. The air was filled with shrieks of pain, yells of triumph, the thud and crash of falling masses, as the British rushed through the yawning breach in the mighty wall.

Yet, before the fort was taken, there was terrible slaughter, six thousand or more of the defenders falling in the fight. But at last it was over, and the British were masters of the place.

Next day the little Raja was brought from prison, and again set upon the throne, and the usurper, in his turn, became a prisoner. The war was at an end and the Rajas or princes, who had been ready to make war, but who had been waiting to see what would happen, settled down in peace again. The famous walls of Bhurtpore were levelled to the ground, and with them the last rampart against British rule in India seemed to vanish.

Chapter XXI

Sati and Thags

Now at length there came to India a time of peace, and Lord William Bentinck, the next Governor-General, could spend his time in trying to make the lives of the people happier.

One of the first things he did was to forbid Sati or widow-burning.

When a Hindu died, his body was not buried but laid on a great pile of wood and burned. It was the custom for his widow to throw herself upon the burning pile and be burned too. Sometimes she did it willingly, being carried along by a kind of religious madness, and believing that she was doing a great and noble deed. Sometimes the wretched woman had to be forced into the flames with threats and blows, sometimes she was drugged with opium until she knew not what she did.

Now Lord William made this horrible deed a crime, and anyone who helped in it was punished with death. It was thought at the time that the Indians would be very angry with this new law which seemed to interfere with their religion. But there were no riots. Sati soon died out even in provinces not under British rule.

Lord William also put down the Thags. These were stranglers and thieves by trade. They were born thieves. The fathers and mothers were thieves, and they taught their

children to be thieves, as naturally as a father who was a tailor, taught his son to be a tailor too.

Dressed as ordinary people they went about the country. They made friends with those they met upon the road. Often they would travel for days in seeming friendliness, making the journey pass pleasantly with talk and laughter. But suddenly, one evening, perhaps, as the whole party was resting under the cool shade of trees or making ready an evening meal by some village well, the chief would give a sign. Quick as lightning each Thag would draw a rope from its hiding-place. Whirling through the air came the noose, and in a moment it was drawn tight round the neck of his victim.

In a few minutes the wretched unsuspecting travelers lay dead. They were robbed of all they possessed, and buried at once. For the Thags always carried a kind of pick-axe with them with which to dig holes for the graves of their victims.

They had many tricks, too, with which to deceive travelers. Sometimes a rich young man would come upon a beautiful lady weeping by the roadside. Full of pity for her, he would stop to ask what was the matter. In a moment the noose would be round his neck. And when he lay dead the beautiful lady, wiping her pretended tears, would be among the first to rob him.

The Thags had a secret language of their own. The children were trained when they were quite young as scouts and spies. The cleverest were chosen to use the lasso, and so skilful did they become that no traveler whom they attacked ever escaped.

It was not easy to put down the Thags, for although they wandered all over Central India, their ways were so secret that it was hard to find them. But Lord William was very determined to root them out, and in various ways two thousand of them were caught in about six years. Some were hanged, some put in prison, and some were pardoned and settled down into peaceable citizens and at last the Thags quite disappeared.

Lord William Bentinck ruled in India for nearly eight years. He not only fought against evil customs but he tried to bring good into the lives of the people. He was perhaps the first British ruler who saw that India must be ruled for the good of the Indian people, and not just to put money into the pockets of the British.

It was during Lord William's rule in 1838 that another great change in the Company took place. In that year the Company was made to give up all trade, and made to attend only to the ruling of India. The trade of India was made quite free to all, and people of any country were allowed to live there, if they wished, without first asking leave from the Company.

It was while Lord William Bentinck was Governor-General that Lord Macaulay went to India as law member of the Council. And when the people raised a monument in memory of Lord William, it was Lord Macaulay who wrote the words carved upon it. Among many things which a man might be proud to know were said of him were the words, 'Who never forgot that the end of government is the happiness of the governed.'

Chapter XXII

The First Afghan War

In 1837 the ruler of Afghanistan was called Dost Muhammad. He was a rough soldier, young and brave, and he had proved himself a good ruler of Afghanistan, although he had no real right to the throne. Afghanistan, like other countries, had been torn with wars and revolts. The real ruler, Shah Shuja, had fled, and was now living in India under British protection.

Ever since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has been spreading her empire southward until 'Russian designs on India' have become a sort of nightmare to Indian rulers, for now only Afghanistan lies between British India and Russia.

But in 1837 the Punjab had not yet become a part of British India, and it also lay between, and its ruler, Ranjit Singh, the Lion of Lahore, was friendly to the British. The British wanted to make sure that Afghanistan was also friendly, and Lord Auckland, who was now Governor-General, sent a messenger to the court of Afghanistan. This messenger was supposed to be going to arrange about trade. But trade had little to do with it. He really went to persuade the Afghans to be friends with the British, and to make war, if need be, with the Russians.

There had been war between the Afghans and Ranjit Singh, and he had taken part of Afghanistan called the Peshawar valley. Dost Muhammad was very anxious to get this

back again, and was willing to promise the British anything if they would help him to get it.

But as Ranjit Singh and the British were friends, Lord Auckland refused. It was not the habit of the British, he said, to interfere in quarrels between other states. So his messenger came back from Afghanistan without having been able to arrange anything. And at the same time a Russian messenger was kindly received there.

Lord Auckland then made up his mind, that as Dost Muhammad would not do as he wanted, he would put a king on the throne who would. So he sent an army into Afghanistan to drive Dost Muhammad from the throne, and set foolish old Shah Shuja upon it.

This was surely folly, for the Afghans were well content with their ruler. They hated Shah Shuja, who was proud and haughty, and 'neither a soldier nor a gentleman.' Years before they had driven him out, and now that he was old and stupid, they certainly did not want him back again.

Ranjit Singh, although he was quite friendly, wanted to have as little to do with the British as possible. Now he refused to allow our army to pass through his lands. So it was obliged to go by Sind, which at this time was also not under British rule. But the ruler of Sind was not so strong as Ranjit Singh, and so was unable to prevent the army passing through his land.

It was a long, weary march that now began. At first the roads were good. Then came long tracts of pathless desert where wild hill-men attacked the soldiers. The country was barren, and food grew scarce. Half-starved and weary the army at last arrived at Kandahar.

Here the Shah rode in triumph through the town. Crowds of people thronged the streets, but it was curiosity, not love, that brought them. Along a path strewn with roses, with beat of drum and thunder of guns, and the shouts of a half-hearted few in his ears, the Shah rode to the tomb of his forefathers, to give thanks for his restoration.

Thus far there had been little fighting. Now there was a fierce battle, when Ghazni, the strongest fortress in Afghanistan, was taken. When Dost Muhammad heard the news he fled, and a few weeks later Shah Shuja rode in triumph into Kabul.

Seated upon a white horse, gorgeously clad, and sparkling with jewels, surrounded and followed by splendidly dressed servants, the Shah rode towards the palace from which, thirty years before, he had been hunted out. With him rode the British officers in their gayest uniforms. But as the glittering procession passed through the streets there was never a cheer. The sullen, scowling Afghans scarcely turned their heads to look at their returned king, or at the hated white-faced 'Feringees' who had brought him.

Lord Auckland had said that as soon as the king was seated again upon his throne the British army would leave Afghanistan. But now that was found to be impossible. The Shah was indeed once more upon his throne, but it was only the glitter of English gold, and the gleam of English bayonets, that kept him there. The people did not want him, and it was easily seen that as soon as the British left, they would drive the Shah away once more.

So ten thousand British soldiers stayed in Afghanistan, and thousands of pounds in good British gold were paid to the wild

hill-men to keep them quiet. Months passed, Dost Muhammad yielded himself a prisoner, the people were sunk in a gloomy, sullen quiet. The British believed that they were conquered, that they had accepted the ruler thrust upon them. English ladies came from India to join their husbands and brothers. Soon, in the heart of Afghanistan, the British had settled down to the happy social life of home. In summer they shot, and fished, and rode. In winter they skated and danced. And all the time they were making merry on a volcano, all the time the hatred of the Afghans seethed and boiled in secret.

At last it burst out. Early on the morning of the 2nd of November 1841 the streets of Kabul were filled with angry crowds. As the hours went on, the crowds grew denser and wilder. Thirsting for blood, eager for revenge, they attacked the houses of the British. Men, women, and children were slaughtered. Houses were robbed, wrecked, and burned. The whole town was one seething mass of uproar and riot. Mad with blood, the Afghans became cursing, howling beasts.

Yet the British did little or nothing. They had six thousand troops ready to command. But no orders were given. 'We must see what the morning brings, and then think what can be done,' said the commander. He waited to think 'tomorrow' when he ought to have been acting. So all day the riot raged, and it was only with the falling darkness that the city sank once more to rest.

Next day things grew worse. From every side Afghans poured into the city. Seeing that the British had not crushed the rioters at once, every man took heart again, and did his best to drive the hated foreigners out. Day after day passed, days of horror, filled with fighting, with mistakes, with misfortunes,

with commands given and withdrawn, with misery and confusion.

The Afghans commanded the surrounding hills. They were splendid marksmen, and their guns carried farther than the British muskets. Secure upon the heights they aimed at leisure, and the British went down before them like slaughtered sheep.

The fort, in which the food for the British army was stored, fell into the hands of the Afghans. Hungry and weary the men lost heart, and discipline was at an end. 'Our troops are acting like a pack of cowards and there is no spirit left amongst us. We have only three days' provisions for our men and nothing for our cattle,' writes one.

At last even the blindest had to admit that there was nothing left but to get out of Afghanistan as best and as fast as they could.

So the British Ambassador had a meeting with the Afghan chiefs. At this meeting it was agreed that Dost Muhammad should be given back to the Afghans, and, that in return, the British army should be allowed to march out of Afghanistan in safety.

But even now there were delays. The Ambassador began to think that he might make better terms, and that after all he would not need to march back in the disgrace of defeat. He began to plot with some of the Afghan chiefs. But they only led him on in order to destroy him, and when he met with them upon the hill slopes outside the town, he was foully murdered in broad daylight. His body was then cut to pieces, and his head was carried through the town in triumph. And the British were

powerless to avenge the insult. Days of humiliation and misery followed, but at last everything was arranged, and the long march homeward began.

Four thousand soldiers and twelve thousand camp followers, many of them women and children, ladies unused to hardship, children unable to walk streamed out of the fatal town into the country beyond. They meant to make their way to Jellalabad, where there was a British garrison.

It was a clear and sunny winter's morning, but bitterly cold, and snow lay thick upon the ground. Hardly had the British left their houses when the Afghans swarmed into them seeking plunder. They found little, for the British had carried away or destroyed all that they possessed. So in their disappointment and rage the Afghans wrecked the houses and set them on fire. Then they followed the retreating army.

Soon the white snow was trampled and brown, and stained with blood, and all the ways were strewn with dead and dying. It was a bad beginning to the long march, and as it began, so it went on. While the crowd of men, women, and children, wound through the narrow valleys, the wild hill tribes rushed down upon them from the heights, slaughtering them without mercy. The march became a headlong flight. In the frantic rush, baggage, ammunition, provisions, all were left behind. Without tents, without food or shelter, many lay down to die in the snow. Attacked by their pitiless enemies, they could scarce defend themselves. Muskets dropped from their numbed, frost-bitten fingers, and they were mown down like corn before the reaper.

The son of Dost Muhammad, who had promised that the army should march in safety, was powerless against the wild hill tribes. But he now offered to take care of the ladies and the children, and with heavy hearts the men gave them into his keeping. It was a terrible risk, for how could anyone be sure that they would not all be murdered horribly. Yet there was a chance that this wild Afghan would keep his word and bring them safety, and if they went on with the army, they must all certainly die of the hardships of the way. The Afghan chief did keep his word, and months later all those left in his charge returned home in safety.

Faint with hunger, sick and numb with cold, the men continued the march. But they could not escape from their savage black enemies. Crushed by rolling stones, mowed down by volleys of musket shot, cut to pieces by knives, pierced by bayonets, the men fell by hundreds, and the army grew smaller and smaller.

At last, on the morning of the thirteenth of January, a sentry on the ramparts of Jellalabad looked out along the road from Kabul. There he saw one lone traveler come. He rode a lean and wretched pony, and bent forward, clinging to its mane like one in deadly agony. Soon the wall was thick with anxious men straining eager eyes towards the lonely horseman. As they gazed, their hearts sank within them. It seemed as if he were the messenger of some dark mischance. Then flinging themselves into the saddle, a party rode out to meet him.

Stricken, wan, more dead than alive, they brought him in. And when his white lips could speak, they learned that he alone, of all the sixteen thousand who had set out from Kabul,

was alive to tell the tale of that awful journey of a hundred miles through mountain passes, beset with foes.

From first to last the expedition to Afghanistan had been a mistake, and the British had to acknowledge that they had been beaten. But they could not remain beaten. Besides, there were those hundred or more women and children in the hands of the Afghans who must be rescued.

So an army was sent to avenge the defeat. Once again Kabul was taken, once again the British flag was planted upon the ramparts. But meanwhile Shah Shuja had been murdered, so Dost Muhammad came back to his throne, and the British army marched away to India leaving the Afghans to themselves.

Chapter XXIII

The Sikhs

In 1839, while the British were fighting in Afghanistan, the brave and wicked old ruler of the Punjab, the Lion of Lahore, died. After his death the Punjab was torn with civil wars. Plots and murders followed fast upon each other, until the whole country was seething with misery and bloodshed.

The people of the Punjab were called Sikhs. They were not a nation like the Maráthás or the Ghurkas, but a religious body. Under Ranjit Singh, however, they had grown into a nation. He had formed an army which he called the Kalsa or 'Saved ones.' These 'saved ones' were fierce, brave men, splendidly armed, perfectly drilled, and so full of a kind of wild, religious zeal that they were ready to fight any one, or do the most desperate deeds, in the name of God.

The Kalsa was now the greatest power in the Punjab and a terror to all. After much fighting among themselves, they suddenly marched across the river Sutlej, and invaded British India.

The British were in a manner prepared, for seeing the unruly state of the Punjab, they knew that war must come sooner or later. But they had not expected it so soon, nor had they expected to have to fight such a great army as now marched into Hindustan. So secure, indeed, did they feel, that

the Commander-in-chief was going to give a grand ball, when the news of the invasion arrived. The ball was given up, and soon the army was marching in hot haste towards the frontier.

In a few weeks four great battles had been fought. Never before had the British in India had to fight such stern foes. In each battle the British loss was very great, and if the Sikh leaders had been as wise as the Sikh soldiers were brave, things might have gone ill. But their leaders were cowardly or foolish.

In the last battle of the campaign, which is called the Battle of Sobraon, the Sikhs were utterly defeated and driven back across the Sutlej with great slaughter. Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, then marched to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. The country was now quite conquered, and, had he wished, Hardinge might have added it to the possessions of the Company. But he did not wish to do this, and Dhulip Singh, a supposed son of Ranjit Singh, was set upon the throne. He was, however, only a boy of eight, so had not much real power. A great part of the famous Kalsa army was disbanded, a British resident and garrison were left at Lahore, the Sikhs were made to pay all the expenses of the war, and lastly, the famous Koh-i-nur diamond was sent as a present to the Queen Victoria. Koh-i-nur means mountain of light. This famous diamond has had many adventures. It had belonged to the Great Mogul, it had been carried off by the Shah of Persia, and after its many wanderings it came at last to our own little island, and was the largest diamond belonging to the British crown, until the great South African diamond was presented to King Edward.

Having arranged matters in the Punjab, Lord Hardinge marched home to Calcutta in triumph, and it was hoped that the Punjab would soon settle down in peace.

For about two years all was quiet. Then suddenly two Englishmen were treacherously murdered at the town of Multan. It was the first spark. Soon the whole Punjab was ablaze again with war.

'The Sikh nation has asked for war,' said Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, 'and upon my word, they shall have it with a vengeance.'

But once again the British found that they had stern work in front of them. The famous Kalsa soldiers gathered again, and fought with all their old courage. Chillianwalla, the great battle of the war, was almost a defeat. It began late in the afternoon. The Sikhs fought furiously, the air was thick with flying bullets, and dark with smoke, and when night put an end to the awful struggle, eighty-nine British officers, and nearly two thousand five hundred men, were among the killed and wounded.

It was a day of disaster. The British had lost both standards and guns, and once at least their horse had fled before the foe. Yet they claimed it as a victory. So did the Sikhs, and that same evening the men rejoiced, and their leader fired a salute in honour of the victory over the British.

But a month later the memory of Chillianwalla was wiped out by the great victory of Gujerat. Upon the battle morning the sun rose clear and bright, and under a cloudless blue sky the fight began. But soon the air was thick and the sun darkened with smoke from the fearful cannonade which thundered and roared from both sides. So tremendous was the firing that the battle was known as the battle of the guns.

The Sikhs fought with all their old fury and courage. The British, too, fought with a fierce determination to win. And win

they did. At last the Sikh ranks broke, and fled. For fifteen miles the British chased the fleeing foe. The famous Kalsa army was utterly shattered. Cannon, standards, camp baggage of every sort, fell into the hands of the British. Resistance was at an end. The Punjab was conquered, and this time it was added to the Company's possessions. Maharaja Dhulip Singh, who was now a boy of ten, was given a pension, and his lands passed into the hands of the British. After a little time Dhulip Singh came to England, where he lived for nearly all his life, like an English gentleman, and died in Paris a few years ago.

There was still another war during Lord Dalhousie's rule in India. This was the second Burmese war. The Burmese began to ill-treat the British traders and settlers at Rangoon, so Lord Dalhousie sent an army against them.

As before, the sepoys refused to go over the sea. But this did not matter so much now, for many of the Sikhs, who had quite lately been enemies, had joined our army, and they were willing to go anywhere. Now they fought for the British with the same fiery courage as they had fought against them. This second Burmese war was very different from the first. It was soon over, and the province of Pegu was added to British Burma.

Lord Dalhousie was one of the great rulers of India. He, like Lord William Bentinck, thought of the good of the people. He has been blamed for adding so much to British possessions, but he did it often to make the people happier. Many of the native princes, who were independent, ruled badly. They tyrannized over their people, and treated them with great cruelty. Lord Dalhousie warned these princes again and again. But as they would not listen, and try to rule better, be took their lands from

them. In this way Oudh, Nagpore, and some smaller states were peacefully added to British possessions.

But although Lord Dalhousie enlarged British India very much, he is to be remembered most for the great improvements that he made there. He made good roads, and cut canals. He laid down railways and stretched telegraph wires over thousands of miles. He brought in a halfpenny post over all India. Towns were lit with gas, and steamers plied up and down the rivers. Schools, colleges, and hospitals were built. In fact, Lord Dalhousie found the great peninsula a collection of many states, of many tribes, and he tried to bind them into one great Empire, one great People. And in this work railways and telegraphs were of the greatest help, for they bring distant places near, and bind together those that are far apart.

Chapter XXIV

The Mutiny —Delhi

After Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning became Governor-General of India. At first everything seemed quiet. But suddenly there burst over India a most terrible storm.

It was just a hundred years since the Black Hole, just fifty years since the mutiny of Vellore, when a far worse mutiny broke out.

For some time the sepoys had been restless and discontented. They had been angry when Oudh was annexed for one thing. Next, Lord Canning wanted some soldiers to send to Burma. Of course the sepoys would not go. He was so annoyed at what he thought was foolish nonsense that he issued an order, saying that only sepoys, who would agree to go anywhere, would in future be taken into the army. This made them more angry and more afraid, for they again thought that the British were trying to destroy their caste and religion, and thenceforth high caste men would not join the army. Old sepoys even began to be afraid that the new order included them, and that henceforth they would be forced to go across the 'black water,' and they grew sullen.

They had many other grievances, real or imaginary. Railways and telegraphs frightened them. They thought they were magic and witchcraft, and said that the white people were binding the whole of India in chains. People, who were unfriendly to British rule, tried to make their grievances and fears worse, and tried to stir the sepoys to greater and greater discontent.

About this time a new rifle was sent out to India. The cartridges for this rifle were greased, and the end of the cartridge had to be bitten off before it was used.

One day, in the barracks, a low class workman asked a high caste sepoy for a drink out of his water-bottle. The sepoy refused haughtily, saying that the touch of low caste lips would make his bottle 'unclean,' The workman angrily replied that it was no matter, for soon there would be no caste left, as the new cartridges were greased with the fat of cows and pigs, and the sepoys would have to bite them.

This, to a Brahmin, was something horrible, for to him the cow was sacred, while the pig was 'unclean.' The mere thought that he would have to touch this terrible mixture with his lips was more than he could bear. He ran off with the tale to his fellows, in horror. The story passed from mouth to mouth, till it spread all over India.

The officers told the men that the grease was mutton, fat, and wax, and therefore could not hurt any caste. It was in vain. The tale had taken hold too strongly. And now that one wild story was believed, others followed. It was said that the very flour of which the sepoys' bread was made, was mixed with cows' bones, ground to dust. To eat this, even unknowingly, would be deadly sin. Forever afterwards, they, who did so, would be outcasts. And so bent were the Sahibs on the destruction of all caste that they stooped to such foul and secret means. The story, of course, was not true, but the sepoys believed it.

They grew sullen with anger. They were wild with fear too, such a fear as it is hard for us to understand. The air was full of mutterings and unrest. In regiment after regiment the hated

cartridges were refused. In some places the officers called them in and offered the men the old cartridges which they had used for years. But fear had become unreasoning panic, and even they were refused. At length, at Meerut, near Delhi, the storm burst.

One Sunday evening in May, when all the white people were on their way to church, there was an unusual stir. Trumpet calls were heard, mixed with the clatter of firearms and the rush of feet. Then flames burst forth in all directions. Soon the truth became known. The sepoys had revolted. They had fired upon their officers, and as the sun went down they rushed forth madly thirsting for the blood of their white masters.

A night of horror followed. The prisons were burst open; from the dark and secret places of the town thieves, and murderers, and all evildoers crept out and mingled with the maddened sepoys. They attacked the British in their houses, slaying without mercy. They robbed and plundered at will. All night the sky was red with flames from burning houses, and amid the roar and crackle might be heard shrieks and groans, mingled with savage yells, and the wild clash of cymbals and beat of drum. But when day dawned the streets were silent. Among the blackened, smoldering ruins the dead lay still. But the murderers had fled.

Along the road to Delhi, through the coolness of early dawn, beneath the glimmer of the rising sun sped the frantic sepoys. Mile after mile, from the ribbon of white road, rose a cloud of dust, marking the path by which the dark-faced, turbaned crowd passed.

By eight o'clock the foremost of the rioters burst into the quiet streets of Delhi. There the ancient king, the last descendant of the Great Mogul, still lived in empty splendour. Long ago his empire had passed into the hands of the British, but yet he kept great court and state, and played at grandeur.

Around his palace the wild horde raged, crying that they had killed the British at Meerut, that they had come to fight for the faith. 'Help, O King,' they cried. 'We pray thee for help in our fight for the faith.'

Into the palace they forced their way, slaying every white-faced man or woman. Soon the streets of Delhi were as terrible as those of Meerut. Every house belonging to the British was attacked, plundered, and set on fire. Every European was slain without mercy.

There were no British soldiers in Delhi, so to resist was hopeless. The British officers of the sepoy troops succeeded in blowing up the powder magazine, so that the ammunition should not fall into the hands of the mutineers. But that was all that they could do. Then they made their escape, as best they could, with their wives and children into the jungle. There, new dangers and sufferings awaited them, and but few found shelter in distant villages. Soon not a Christian was left within the walls of Delhi, and it was entirely in the hands of the mutineers.

All over India the terrible news was flashed, and in town after town the revolt broke out. Everywhere it was the same story a story of murder and bloodshed, of robbery and plunder and destruction. Then, after finishing their terrible work, many of the rioters flocked to Delhi, to range themselves under the banner of the 'King.'

There were very few British-soldiers in India, for the Company had begun to trust almost entirely to the sepoys. Now Lord Canning telegraphed in all directions for troops. Some he gathered from Persia where there had been fighting. Some he stopped on their way to China. The Sikhs and Ghurkas, too, had stood firm, and now they loyally fought for their white masters. Soon the siege of Delhi began. The mutineers held out for three months, but at last they yielded to British guns. The old Mogul was taken prisoner and sent to Rangoon, where he died. But meanwhile, all over Northern India, there was war and bloodshed.

Chapter XXV

The Mutiny—Cawnpore

At Cawnpore Sir Hugh Wheeler was commander. When he saw the danger coming he sent to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow for help. But Sir Henry himself had few enough soldiers, and could spare only fifty men. Then Sir Hugh asked an Indian prince, called the Nana Sahib, to help him.

The Nana was the adopted son of the last Peshwá of the Maráthás, to whom, you remember, the Company paid a yearly sum of money, after he had given up his kingdom to them. When the Peshwá died, the Company thought there was no need to go on paying the money, for the Nana was not really his son, and had no true right to it. This made the Nana angry, for he thought that he should have had the money. Still, he pretended to be friends with the British. Now he promised to help Sir Hugh, and he came to Cawnpore with some soldiers. But as soon as the mutiny had fairly broken out, his men joined with the mutineers against the British.

At Cawnpore the sepoys broke open the jail, sacked the treasury and magazine, and burned and plundered everywhere. But they did not attack the white people. Having finished their work of destruction, they started to join the other rebels at Delhi. But this did not please the Nana. He called them back, and the siege of Cawnpore began.

The place where the white people were gathered for refuge was poorly protected. It was an old hospital. Round it was a crumbling mud wall not four feet high. Within it were gathered nearly a thousand people, but scarcely three hundred were soldiers, and nearly four hundred were women and children. Without the wall there swarmed thousand upon thousand of sepoys, well drilled and well-armed, for they had all the heavy guns and ammunition of the magazine. It needed only courage for them to overleap the poor weak wall, and put every white man and woman to death.

But courage failed them. They knew of what stern stuff their white masters were made, and they dared not overleap that wall. So they raged and yelled without, and night and day the flash and roar of guns, and the scream and crash of shells, continued with no pause.

Again Sir Hugh sent to Sir Henry Lawrence begging for help. But this time Sir Henry, with a breaking heart, was forced to refuse. He could not spare a man. So without rest, or pause, or shadow of relief, the siege went on. The sepoys aimed with deadly sureness. The low mud wall gave little shelter, and day by day the ranks of the defenders grew thinner and thinner. Yet in hunger, thirst, and weariness, they fought on. Food began to fail. A handful of flour and a handful of split peas a day was all each man received. Water was more precious still. It could only be had from a well within the fire of the enemy's guns. And many a man laid down his life to bring a bucket of water to still the wailing of a child or the groans of a dying comrade.

Three weeks passed, weeks of sleepless horror amid unceasing noise, and constant hail of bullets. The June sun blazed from a brazen sky. The air was heavy with smoke, and

bitter with the taste and smell of gunpowder, the heat wellnigh unbearable. Women and children drooped and faded. Men set their teeth, and, gaunt and grim, fought on.

At length the Nana Sahib proposed terms. He promised, that if the British would give in, he would send them all in safety down the river to Allahabad.

There was not a man within the walls who would not rather have fought to the last. But they thought of the sad-eyed women, and the little listless children, and they gave in.

So early one morning, a dreary procession of weary women and children, of hopeless, wounded men, made their way to the river.

There, some native boats awaited them, covered with thatch to keep off the heat of the sun. The wounded were lifted in. Men, women, and children followed. Then suddenly from the banks the sound of a bugle was heard.

Throwing down their oars the native rowers leaped from their places and made for the shore. Almost at the same moment the thatched roofs burst into flame, and from the banks a roar of guns was heard, and a hail of bullets burst upon the boats.

The boats, stuck in the mud, were an easy mark. Leaping into the river the white men tried to push them off, but in vain. One boat alone got free, and of its crew only four lived to tell the tale. The others were murdered where they stood. Not a man escaped, and those of the women and children, who were still alive, were led back to the terrible town from which they had just been set free. There they were shut up in a place called the Savada house. Later they were taken to another called the

Bibigarh. Here they were treated as slaves, and made to grind the corn for the Nana. And so in slavery and imprisonment the terrible weeks dragged on.

Meanwhile, through the burning heat of an Indian summer, a British army was toiling on towards Cawnpore. It was led by General Havelock, as brave a soldier and as good a man as ever lived. Like Cromwell, he taught his men both to fight and to pray, and 'Havelock's Saints' were as well-known as Cromwell's Ironsides had been.

When the Nana Sahib heard that they were coming, he made up his mind to complete his work. So he ordered the sepoys to fire upon the women and children through the windows of the Bibigarh. But even the sepoys turned from such cruel work, and they fired upon the roof and did little or no hurt to the women within the house. But the Nana could always find people cruel enough to do his bidding. In the evening five men went into the house armed with long knives. For a little time terrible screams were heard. Then all was still. The men came out, and the bodies of the poor women and children were thrown into a well.

Outside Cawnpore the British met the Indian troops. After a desperate fight the Nana was defeated. His army was scattered, and he, struck at last with terror, galloped wildly away through the darkness, and was seen no more.

It is supposed that he died miserably in the jungle.

The day after the battle the British marched in triumph into Cawnpore. But when they saw the ghastly Bibigarh and the still more ghastly grave of those they had come to save, these war-worn men burst into sobs and wept like children.

These things happily are now long past. An angel guards that once awful spot, and a garden blooms where those poor women died.

Chapter XXVI
The Mutiny—Lucknow

The Union Jack floated once more upon the walls of Cawnpore, but there was still much to do ere the Mutiny should be over. 'Soldiers,' said Havelock, 'your general is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. But your comrades of Lucknow are in danger.' And with the memory of Cawnpore in their hearts, Havelock and his men marched on to Lucknow.

But Havelock had to fight his way there. He lost so many men and used so much ammunition that at last he was not strong enough to take Lucknow. He was obliged to turn back to Cawnpore and wait until Sir James Outram joined him with more troops. Outram was a gallant soldier, 'without fear and without reproach' and together these two brave men marched to help their comrades.

At Lucknow the British had taken refuge in the Residency. This was a number of houses and gardens surrounded by a wall. It was not very strong, but it was far better than the old hospital at Cawnpore. Sir Henry Lawrence, the governor, was a wise and careful man. Seeing the storm coming, he did everything he could to meet it. He gathered stores of food and ammunition, and strengthened the defenses of the Residency. But alas, at the very beginning of the siege, Sir Henry was killed.

One day a shell burst into the room where he was talking with some of his officers. There was a blinding flash, a fearful roar, and the room was filled with dust and smoke. In the deep

silence which followed, someone asked, 'Are you hurt, Sir Henry?'

For a moment there was no answer. Then quietly he replied, 'I am killed.'

So brave Sir Henry died. 'If you put anything on my tombstone,' he said, 'let it be only, "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul."' Then with his last breath he urged his men never to give in, but to fight to the end.

The terrible summer days dragged on days spent amid all the noise and din, dust and smoke of war, nights of anxious watchings, broken with sudden alarms. The houses were shattered and riddled with shot, so as to be scarcely any protection from the burning sun or from the enemies' guns. Food was scarce, clothes were in rags. But still the men fought and watched, and the women prayed and waited, and endured. And like an emblem of their dauntless courage, all through the siege the Union Jack floated from the highest tower of the Residency. It was faded and patched, tattered and riddled with holes, the staff was splintered with bullets, it was broken again and again. But a new staff was always found, and up went the gallant flag once more, a defiance to the foe.

At last one morning, distant firing was heard. As the hours passed the sound came nearer and nearer. Then the garrison knew that at length help was at hand. The excitement and suspense were awful. But there was nothing to be done but to wait. It was not until it was growing dark that amid the clamour of fighting the sound of the British cheer was heard, and louder still shrill and piercing, the scream of the bagpipes, and the yell of charging Highlanders. A few minutes more, and British

soldiers were seen, fighting their way through the streets to the Residency gates.

Then from the battlements rose a deafening cheer. Such a cry of joy it has not often been man's lot to hear. It was the first cry of returning hope from hearts that had grown hopeless. It was a sob, and a prayer, and an outburst of thanksgiving, all in one. And as the gates were opened, and the men, weary, dusty, bloodstained, rushed through, women sobbing with joy ran to throw themselves upon them, happy to touch their bronzed hands or war-worn coats. With tears running down their cheeks the rough soldiers lifted the children in their arms. From hand to hand they passed the little ones, kissing them and thanking God that they had come in time to save them. It was a scene of wild, sweet joy and almost unutterable relief.

But after all the siege of Lucknow was not over. Havelock and Outram had not men enough with them to cut their way back through the swarms of sepoys, and bring all the ladies and children to safety. So the siege began again. It was not until two months later that Sir Colin Campbell landed in India, and cutting his way through the rebels, really relieved Lucknow.

Scarcely a week later Sir Henry Havelock died. Greatly sorrowing, his men buried him in a garden near the city, his only monument being a tree marked with the letter H.

Before the relief of Lucknow, Delhi had been taken, and now the mutiny was nearly over. There was still some fighting, but gradually it ceased. Lord Canning made a proclamation, offering pardon to all who had not actually murdered the British. Most of the rebels laid down their arms, and once more the country sank to rest.

It was now decided that India should no longer be ruled by the Company but by the Queen. So the great Company, which had begun in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, came to an end in the reign of Queen Victoria. This was proclaimed to all the people of India on the 1st November 1858. Now, instead of Governor-General, the ruler of India was called Viceroy. And Lord Canning, who had been Governor-General throughout the mutiny, became the first Viceroy.

Chapter XXVII

The Empress of India

In 1862 Lord Canning sailed home leaving India at peace. All through the mutiny he had been cool and calm. When it was over he would take no wild revenge, and earned for himself the name of Clemency Canning, a name by which we may be glad to remember him, for clemency means mildness or quickness to forgive.

Since the mutiny many things have happened in India, most of which you will understand better, and find more interesting, later on. There have been wars and famines, there have been mistakes and mischances, troubles and trials, but on the whole, the great Empire has been at peace. The native princes have become educated gentlemen, and, in many ways, West and East have been drawn together.

One thing which helped the princes of India and the British crown to become better friends was the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward.

When the native rulers of India heard that our Prince was coming, they prepared to receive him with great honour. When he landed in Calcutta, the whole town blazed with illuminations. Everyone held high holiday. There were balls and parties given both by white and by native people. And all through India, wherever he went, the princes and their subjects flocked to do him honour. Native rulers forgot their quarrels with each other, and joined in welcoming the son of their

British Padishah. They brought him splendid presents, and he won their hearts by his kindness and his courtesy. He stayed in their palaces, shot and hunted with them, and when he left, many a prince founded schools or hospitals, or built harbours, in memory of his future Emperor's visit.

All this time, although Queen Victoria had been ruler of India for more than eighteen years, she had never been proclaimed, or taken the title. Now, the year after the visit of the Prince of Wales, that is in 1877, she was proclaimed at Delhi, Empress of India.

To Delhi came the Viceroy, and all the native princes and nobles of India. Princes who before had never seen each other, princes whose forefathers had fought in deadly hatred, now all met together as friends, eager to show their loyalty to their Empress.

Outside the walls of Delhi, on the very ground upon which the British troops had encamped when they besieged the rebels of the mutiny, there now arose a peaceful tented city, brilliant in red and blue and white, flashing and glittering with golden ornament. Upon the ground that had been red with hate and war, where shells had burst, and cannon roared, and a hail of grape-shot scattered death, gold and silver cannon, drawn by white oxen gaily decorated with silken, embroidered cloths, were paraded in the sunshine, and those who had been foes met and greeted each other as friends and brothers. Bright flags fluttered, bands played, elephants and camels with gorgeous trappings paced the long streets of gaudy tents. Princes and people from every part of the great peninsula met and mingled. It was a mass of moving colour, of red, and green, and blue, and everywhere in the sunshine, gold and silver and precious stones

gleamed and sparkled. It was such a pageant as could be seen only in an eastern land, under an eastern sky.

On the day of the proclamation the sky was cloudless blue. Upon a grassy plain a tented throne was raised. Its silken draperies were embroidered with the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, entwined with the Lotus flower of India, and over all fluttered the cross of St. George, and the Union Jack.

Here, surrounded by the glittering throng, the Viceroy took his seat, while the band played 'God save the Queen.' He, too, was splendidly dressed, in the robes, ermine trimmed and gold embroidered, of Grand Master of the Order of the Star of India.

When the Viceroy was seated, twelve heralds sounded their trumpets. Then the chief herald in a loud voice read the proclamation, which told to all the winds of heaven that, 'Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith,' should henceforth be known also as Empress of India.

The reading done, the royal standard was raised, cannon thundered a salute, the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' and a deafening cheer broke upon the quiet air, as the people of India acclaimed Victoria, Kaisar-i-Hind.

Two hundred and seventy-seven years before, a few sober London merchants had gathered to discuss the price of pepper, and had resolved to adventure in a voyage to the East. Little did they foresee that from that resolve would grow a great Empire, which should be gradually pieced together, like the parts of a huge puzzle, until nearly the whole of the vast peninsula, which was to them an unknown land, should be brought under the

sway of a Queen, to whose power and greatness that of their own good Queen Bess would be as the pale light of the moon to the golden shining of the sun.