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WALTER B. HARRIS WITH THE CHILD OF A MOORISH NEIGHBOUR

EAST AGAIN

THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY IN THE NEAR, MIDDLE AND FAR EAST

BY

WALTER B. HARRIS, F.S.A.

OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, COMMANDER OF THE OUISSAM ALAOUITE OF MOROCCO, OFFICER OF THE ORDER OF THE DRAGON OF ANNAM, OFFICER OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF CAMBODIA, MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES COLONIALES (PARIS)

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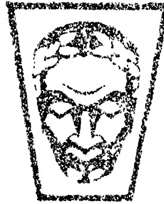
FOREWORD BY

SIR JAMES M. MACLEOD, K.B.E., C.M.G.

British Consular Representative at Fez 1892–1917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FOREWORD

AMONG many joys which a revisit to Morocco recently afforded me after an absence of sixteen years there were mixed some griefs, and none more painful, or unthinkable, than the declining health which had just come to Walter Harris. I had known him for forty-six years, years which never seemed to have taken anything from his perennial gaiety but to have widened the range of his observation and added to the piquancy of his wit. His death, on 4th April last, is in fact the occasion of this Foreword to *East Again*, his last book, which was completed just before his illness. As it is not about Morocco, where he was known and loved by high and humble, rich and poor, old and young, in short by just everybody, the Publishers have asked me to tell other readers, those in the countries of which the book treats or elsewhere to whom he may have been little if at all known, something about the author himself, his activities and his wonderful qualities.

Walter was the second of four sons of the late Frederick W. Harris, of London, shipowner and highly respected member of the Society of Friends. The fourth was Clement, a musician of brilliant promise who died early and tragically in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897. The first and third, the late Sir Frederick Leverton Harris and the present Sir Austen Harris, both rose to distinction at home, and such would doubtless have been Walter's destiny also had not fate ruled for him success of another sort. He, however, after education at Harrow, still merely a boy and accompanied mostly by Clement, took to travel. For this his father's many connections abroad afforded facilities. So, when, in 1897, Walter first appeared in Morocco, although only twenty-one and looking, as he always did, far less than his age, he was already quite a far-travelled person. Of Morocco he became enamoured and Morocco of him, and not less abidingly either. Apparently, he discerned in its romantically backward conditions and in the absorbing uncertainties of its political future the possibilities of an independent and congenial career

as a traveller, author and journalist. He already knew French and soon acquired fluency in Spanish and, still more, in Arabic. His first Morocco journey was with the British Mission, Sir William Kirby Green's, to the Moorish Court, then, in 1897, at Marrakesh. About this time he began to contribute articles to *The Times*. He used then, laughingly, to say that he would have to avoid ever appearing in person at that serious quarter lest his youthful mien should be his undoing. Soon afterwards, however, he became *The Times* regular correspondent in Morocco and so remained during his life. His letters and telegrams to that journal now form chronicles, often most entertaining ones too, of that country's history.

The latest 'eighties and the first half of the 'nineties were the years of those feats of Morocco travel by which he first acquired celebrity both in Morocco and outside. By his linguistic gifts and, notably by his art in disguise as a native, he penetrated many distant or fanatical regions of the country rarely, if ever, visited by Europeans. These journeys are related by him with his characteristic raciness in the works he published at the time and in numerous articles to reviews and papers read to the Royal Geographical Society. Many Europeans, one time or other, had gone about Morocco in Moorish attire, but those who really deceived anybody but themselves or their admiring European friends were rare. Harris, however, was of those few and, these sixty years, was unsurpassed in that art by any except the famous French explorer, de Foucauld. Of Harris in one of his best disguises, that of a fanatical-looking Riff, I myself had an alarming and amusing experience during those early years. I met, and avoided, him in a Fez street. Later in the day I was made still more uneasy at finding him admitted and waiting to see me in my house! In colour of eyes (hazel), reddish-brown complexion, and, very especially, in gait he was favoured much by nature for such disguise.

Meanwhile he had settled at Tangier and built for himself that beautiful house in spacious grounds on the east side of the bay which is still shown as a model of taste in Moorish architecture. Here, as in others which he built later, he was ever the most genial of hosts just as he was no less the most welcome of visitors alike in Moorish as in European circles. The end of what one may call the adventure period of his life included, in the summer of 1894, a visit to Wazzan and a

sojourn of some weeks at Fez during the crisis consequent upon the death of the Sultan Mulai Hassan. At Fez the acute phase of those events had passed a day or two before his arrival, but he took the occasion to gain many acquaintanceships which in after years were of much value.

Then followed, until the death of the Grand Vizir-Regent Bu Hamad in 1900 at Marrakesh, six apparently uneventful years during which, if I remember rightly, one used to hear people wondering why Harris, with such gifts and opportunities as his, did not seek a wider or higher field for his energies. Whether he himself had such thoughts I do not know, but, for the public at any rate, it is fortunate that he remained. For the succeeding twelve years proved the most eventful of the country's whole history. Even a sketch of them would far exceed the limits of a Foreword, but mention of the most striking may give some idea of their world interest or vital local importance. They included (1900-1903) the local discontents and European difficulties raised by the young Sultan's immature pro-European tastes and measures. The Anglo-French Entente (1904), the German Emperor's visit to Tangier (1905), the Conference of Algeciras (1906), the bombardment of Casablanca (1907), the campaigns (1904-1910) against the Pretender Bu Hamara in the far interior and the private war carried on by Raisuli near Tangier—one of his captives, held as hostage for exaction of his terms, Harris himself. The fall of the Sultan Abdelaziz, the rise of his brother Mulai Hafid. The rebellion (1911) against the latter, the siege of Fez (1911), the coming of the French and the Spaniards (1911), the French Protectorate Treaty (1912), the Moorish Military Mutiny at Fez during that year, and so much more. In short, all those were years of the keenest Moorish and European animosities. One result of them—their effect on Harris himself—may here be noticed. I mean the exercise and development they gave to his powers of insight, of judgment, and discernment of real causes and effects amid the wind and dust of details. Reading his most recent works, unconnected with Morocco, "world" books so to speak, and the present one most of all, one cannot but conclude—and rejoice too—that Harris at long last did find that wider field of which his friends used to think for the exercise of his gifts. *East Again* will, I think, be seen to be the best as well as the last of his books, and rises high indeed.

The language in which he denounces the offensive attitude

of so many British people to whosoever is of a colour other than their own is not surpassed in vigour or feeling by anything which even Cromer or Curzon wrote on that subject. And as to this he practised what he preached. Better example for the foreign-going Briton to take would, in this matter, not be easy to cite. The prestige abroad of all his compatriots is enhanced by such a British life as his spent amongst strangers and with whom remain memories of his imperturbable geniality, his generosity, no less of means than of sympathies, and, as to material interests, his selflessness, which will long endure.

J. M. MACLEOD.

10 VINEYARD HILL ROAD,
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24th July, 1933.

NOTE

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W. B. H.

TO

LADY MARY SAVILE

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Chapter I

PALESTINE

It is already dusk and the lines of the massive walls of the citadel, surmounted by its delicate minaret, stand out clear-cut against the fading sky. A few of the larger shops within the city are already lit and the headlights of a passing taxi play pranks upon the archway of the Jaffa gate. From across its dry moat the " Tower of David " dominates an open space on to which, from a narrow highway, emerges, or disappears into its depths, a constant stream of people. It is the Street of David which, however squalid, however neglected—however successful may be the rivalry of the new city that is springing up outside—will for ever hold its own as the great thoroughfare of Jerusalem. For it is this street of long easy steps that leads to the Bab al-Silsileh, the entrance to what was once the Temple of Solomon and is to-day the Haram al-Sherif—the Holy of Holy of the Jews and second only to Mecca in the eyes of Islam. To the Christian also the Street of David is a Sacred Way, by it is reached the Holy Sepulchre, that most revered of sanctuaries. What if a few of the stiff-necked cast doubt upon the tradition of the Empress Helena ? What if some of the perverse erudite strive to refute the authenticity of the site ? Is it not enough that since the days of Constantine the Christian world has worshipped at this shrine ? Let that suffice, and he that doubts pass on.

Narrow it is, the Street of David, and squalid and none too clean, smelling of fruits and spices and coffee and musk, of hot people and cool melons, and strange odours hang upon the heated atmosphere of summer, penetrating and perplexing. From time to time a little trembling breath of cool air troubles the traveller, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, as though stirred by some ghostly passing of long ago—Rabbis or Romans, Crusaders or Moslems.

As it descends the steep hill the gloom of the vaulted and much arched highway increases. To right and left long covered

bazaars lead into still deeper darkness. Thrifty, the majority of the Christian and Moslem shopmen have as yet refrained from lighting their little lamps, content to reap the last faint glow of daylight. In this atmosphere of mystery the people pass, dark shadows. But night falls quickly and in the deep-set, vaulted shops one by one lights appear—a few electric bulbs at the upper end, smoking lamps of oil, bright incandescent gas or tiny wicks struggling for life in a bath of oil, or even a feeble candle. Small are the shops and for the most part poor but in places a higher archway, deep and wide, a relic of the Crusaders, shelters a little fruit market or a café where the elders sit in silence smoking their narghiles and the younger men play cards. Clean and well-lit, the pastry cooks display their tempting sweetmeats and trade is brisk. In the wide entrance of a caravanserai men are packing eggs in wooden cases by the light of a smoking oil-lamp and from piled crates near by comes the cackling of many fowls. On the right is a Medresseh, with its mosque and drinking fountain. A hanging, flickering lamp suffices to show traces of ruined marble, telling of great care long ago and long neglect. Under the great archway which spans the road a group of young Moslem boys are wrestling, mere shadows in the gloom. For a moment the air vibrates with their shrill laughter, and then they are gone. Townsmen there are too, Christians, Moslems and Jews, and Arabs from the country and the desert, bronzed and eagle faced, and others and others. And in and out amongst them pass the sellers of water and cooling drinks with their heavy earthen jars and tinkling cups of brass.

Skirting the Mosque of Omar I reached the city gate of St. Stephen. Led by a small boy I scramble to the summit of a great pile of discarded rubble. A dog tears at its chain and barks furiously at the door of an Arab hovel. Over the Mount of Olives the full moon rises, and below, almost at my feet, lies the Garden of Gethsemane.

There is little peace within the gates of Jerusalem. It is a city of disturbing influences, of the exploiting of faith, a hotbed of superstition, idleness, avarice, and ill-will ; where Christianity is marred by unchristian rivalry ; where the Moslem boy spits at the Jew boy, and the Christian boy puts out his tongue at both ; where brotherly love is no doubt taught, but seldom learned ; and where Envy, Hatred, and Malice walk hand-in-hand. The air breathes distrust and the very dust is permeated

with suspicion. The Catholic and the long-haired Orthodox priest and the Protestant missionary look askance at one another when they meet, and keep count of each other's flocks—sheep if they are their own, but if the other's, then goats. There are exceptions, of course—people and institutions of broader views—schools and hospitals that open more widely their doors—but the atmosphere is one of acute religious tension.

At an hotel at which I stayed on my travels the servants were Chaldæans, pleasant young men from a far-away town on the Tigris. One of them—he looked after my room—had been to Jerusalem. On my questioning him on his impressions of his stay there he said, "Tell me, Sir, why do the Christians all quarrel? Have we not all the same dear Jesus Christ?"

It were best to go home to your desert city, young Chaldæan, and ask no more questions lest one of these days you lose your simple faith and find yourself discussing the reservation of the Sacrament at a Lambeth Convocation. Keep and cherish your "dear Jesus Christ," for many will strive to take Him from you, leaving you a graven image in His stead.

"Have we not all the same dear Jesus Christ?" I fear not. We have many Christs! a multitude of Christs, fashioned with our own hands, wearing the liveries of a score of Churches, and obedient to Brother This or to my Lord the Bishop of That. Some day we may all have the same dear Jesus Christ, as it was at the beginning. It will be the rebirth of our Faith, the return to Christianity.

It is difficult to say why Palestine stirs so little religious emotion for there are not many countries that have preserved the setting of the past as has the Holy Land. There are by-ways in Jerusalem to-day, raised on the ruins of still earlier by-ways, that must resemble those of the city of the Temple, while the country round except that its aspect has been marred by the construction of modern churches and modern monasteries has changed but little. But the Philistines of our days—more devastating than those of Old Testament times—have wrought havoc with much of the city and its outskirts. Their handiwork is manifest on all sides. Rows of modern shops and houses reach right up to the town walls and to the Gate of David. Religious and scholastic buildings block the views and conceal the relics of the past. There are churches that are eyesores. Amongst what the present generation had added to Jerusalem I could find not one redeeming architectural feature. At long last

a society has been formed to try and save what is left but it has come almost too late.

In the narrow streets what remains of the past is rather the past of the Crusaders' days than those of the Old and New Testaments. Yet the population can have changed but little in their dress and appearance since Rome ruled in the city. The Arabs, the Jews, and the nondescript people that have their origin in the mixing of races are all much as they were then. There are still corners and alley-ways where modernity has failed to penetrate and where atrocities of modern religious architecture are not found, but even in such secluded and unspoiled places it is difficult to experience the emotion that the environment ought to stir. It may be that this is owing to the hostility of the diverse faiths and sects that congregate in Jerusalem, and to the disturbed and disturbing atmosphere that they have created. Deep as may be individual reverence, the collective rivalry of creed seems never absent. There is no site and scarcely a building in Jerusalem that awakens a sensation of peace or serenity. The traveller's concentration of thought is disturbed at every moment. He meets on every hand the commercialization of faith and its extortions, often petty enough, but always annoying. His mental quiet is upset by the lack of authenticity for much that he is asked to believe. The identification of the sites is far too often based upon mere tradition, accepted by the credulous in the Middle Ages and handed down as fact. Few places have an origin founded on serious investigation or research. At the best they are " Miraculous disclosures " or " Divine discoveries." There is, too, an ever-present intent to work upon the credulity of the stranger, with pourings-out of trivial or irrelevant detail mixed with ridiculous superstition. The oily voice, the extended palm irritate the traveller. The endeavour of the guides to impress him with their infallible knowledge, and it must be allowed nothing is beyond them, even the remotest incidents in the Chronicles of the Kings ; the authority with which they point out as the Tombs of Old Testament celebrities constructions which from their very character must date from entirely different periods ; the unctuous certainty with which they label every cave and every well in Palestine with a Biblical story—all tend to create a feeling of tension and distrust. It may be that the traveller's own ignorance may add a little to his discomfiture. " You remember, Sir, of course, how Gedaliah . . . ? " " You will not have forgotten,

Sir, what Ahimaaz said . . . ?" "It must be fresh in your memory, Lady, what Benaiah, the son of Jehoida, did on a snowy day . . . ?" Then there is also the smallness and the nearness of it all—the Mount of Olives, the Brook Kedron, the City of David! In Palestine the sites almost overlap.

There are buildings in the world and sites from visiting which the traveller returns, tired perhaps, but with a peaceful and calm mind, his soul at rest; but they are few and far between in Jerusalem. Everywhere there is something which jars and at times jars painfully.

The first time I entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre I was, of course, beset by guides who insinuated that they did not want money; they merely wanted to have the pleasure of showing me the Holy Places. "Come, Sir, this way," and they all pointed in different directions. I needed no guide; I only wanted to be alone, to rest and to meditate but it was impossible to shake them off. They plucked at my sleeve and smiled and bowed and refused to be dismissed. Suddenly a welcome Boy Scout broke in amongst them, a tall youth in all the display of his Scout's kit. "Pay no attention," he said in quite excellent English, "to these annoying guides. I myself will look after you. I do not ask for payment. This is my daily good act. Will you allow me to do my penance this morning by showing you round?" There was something very pleasantly frank about his manner, his appearance and his statement, though it struck me that the word penance was a little tactless. To tell the truth I rather fancied myself as an "intelligent tourist," but this young man put me in my place. To him at least I was a penance. The thought was disturbing. Was I always a penance to the people who were kind to me? He proved an excellent guide, and let me sit alone in the gloom of the great church unmolested either by himself or by others. Good, honest lad, he asked for and received a generous reward, and I left him on the point of doing a second "penance" with a troop of rich-looking American ladies. Never was there a more conscientious Boy Scout—his good acts were as numerous as were the parties of tourists, and his rewards, I hope, profuse. He deserved them. Bright boy, that Scout!

In that strange city that is Jerusalem many of the most sacred places are in the possession or custody of authorities of other creeds. The site of the temple of Solomon and the church of Justinian are to-day occupied by mosques. The ground on which

the Wailing Wall of the Jews is situated is also Moslem property. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was in the custody of the Turks until they left Palestine. Moslems possess the rock on the Mount of Olives from which Christ is reputed to have ascended into heaven. At this spot a body of worthy Mohammedans, polite and avaricious, exploit the traveller with a barefaced skill and courtesy surpassing that of his own co-religionists elsewhere in Jerusalem. Having paid a few piastres to gain admittance, the friendly recipient informed me that he was only the gate-keeper and introduced me to his brother, who was the real guide. He turned out, however, to be the guide only to the view of Jerusalem from the roof of an adjacent building and on his bidding me adieu he took his tip and led me into a small mosque and presented me to his eldest brother whom he described as a "Sheikh," who, he informed me, would be pleased to show me the Rock of the Ascension in an adjoining enclosure. This the Sheikh was unfortunately unable to do as he was not only bedridden, but blind as well, so after having asked for and received a little gift of charity he sent for the youngest brother of the family, who, as the "only authorized" keeper of the sacred building, demanded a legal fee of five piastres. He deprecated the extortion of the other members of his family and at the same time explained that the five piastres he was charging being the legal sum, he was naturally entitled to an additional tip for himself. Good neighbourly ruffians one and all and if Providence had created them proprietors or lessees of the Rock of the Ascension—of most improbable authenticity—why not exploit it? The excellent Syrian Christian chauffeur of my taxi who had accompanied me was unutterably shocked at so much good money—in reality the total sum was small enough—falling into the hands of unregenerate Moslems that he was forced to protest. "All this extortion," he cried, "has delayed us so long that I shall have to add ten piastres to my fare." After all, Jerusalem has little to live upon except its sanctity and that is only remunerative in the tourist season.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself the traveller is faced on all sides by evidences of dissension and strife. Immediately inside the principal entrance he is shown the Stone of Unction, a much disputed possession amongst the Christian Churches. It does not even pretend to be the original stone nor is it on the spot where the original stone was reputed to be. It is a comparatively modern innovation. To-day it is in the possession

of the Latin Church but by a conciliatory arrangement the Coptic, the Greek, and the Armenian Churches are permitted to light lamps in its vicinity! An archway on the left gives entrance to the Rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre, a gloomy half-lit circular building of considerable size but of no particular architectural features though in its grim simplicity it is not lacking in dignity. It is beneath the dome that the Sepulchre itself is situated, a small construction of marble, entered by a low and narrow doorway. This building consists of two chambers, the first known as the Angels' Chapel which is lit by fifteen lamps—five Orthodox, five Latin, four Armenian, and one Coptic—a participation said to have been arrived at after much dissension and un-Christian cavilling. A second small doorway gives access to the Sepulchre itself—a chamber only 6½ ft. long and 6 ft. wide. A priest, a strange dark figure in the gloom, keeps watch for although forty-three lamps are burned in this small space there is little light. To each pilgrim he hands a wax taper, and from each he takes a fee.

The rest of the group of churches which surround the Sepulchre are reached by dark colonnades, by the ascent and descent of stairways, by tunnels and arcades, in alternate light and darkness—all full of tradition and dust and of evidences of inter-Christian strife, for even the standing room on the floor is divided into square feet and square inches between the rival sects. The sacred edifice has been at times the scene of turmoil and bloodshed.

Superstition reigns supreme, the most flagrant example being the origin of the Holy Fire, when at Easter the Orthodox Patriarch and an Armenian bishop alone in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre certify the miraculous lighting of the altar candles, and hand out, through two apertures in the wall, the blessed flame from which the pilgrims light their tapers. Such reverence, such emotion as this holy spot—for even if the authenticity of the site has not been proved, the worship of centuries should have sanctified it—awakes in the traveller is marred by the manifold regrets that he must experience. Everywhere in this sanctuary, which represents perhaps the most pathetic incident of Christian history—the mystery of His life and death—exists the evidence of enmity and disruption. The very atmosphere seems charged, and calm and peaceful worship is disturbed and hindered by a current of inexplicable but very real unrest. Yet the outward scene is one that should

encourage meditation, especially at eventide when the garish details and the dust and the tawdriness of the Catholicon with its medieval frescoes, its bishops' thrones, its carved and gilded screen, and its many ikons, are half lost in a gloom that is only broken by the tiny quivering flames of the lamps. Few pilgrims there are at that hour. A black-robed Orthodox priest passes slowly beneath a colonnade. A small group of devout women kneel in prayer at the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre. A tired old man, grey-bearded and bent, rests upon a wide stone seat and at his feet two small children sleep. A nun, a lighted taper in her hand, steals along the floor of the Rotunda and disappears into the shadows. The guides are gone and with the quiet and calm of evening the spirit of faith returns. Often, a little weary with long walks in the heat of the afternoon sun I sought in these surroundings an hour of rest.

How all has changed since they brought His crucified body here on the evening of that day that has meant so much to the world! I wondered, as I sat there, would He ask what it all meant—these churches, these creeds, these altars, and these priests—the jealousy and the devotion, the holiness and the hypocrisy, belief and superstition. I wonder!

With the exception of those evening hours spent in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Christian Jerusalem left me untouched. The Via Dolorosa, an invention of more than the usual barefaced imposture—for the original streets of Jerusalem were far below the level of the city of to-day—with its inscriptions, and its shops that sell mementos of Philistine ugliness, is merely a device of priestcraft. There are a few churches of interest, but lacking in the atmosphere of religion just as they are devoid of artistic quality. The Garden of Gethsemane, laid out rather like a little tea-garden, with nothing old about it except its olive trees, only tempted me to shorten my visit and not to return; nor did the Mount of Olives call for more than one motor-drive along its well-made roads, amongst the fantastic ugliness of its churches and its monasteries.

It is in the old streets that a sense of the antiquity and the romance of Jerusalem is awakened and a scrambling excursion on the walls that encircle the town is one of interest. It is only at one point, where the Haram al-Sherif occupies their summits, that the old ramparts have to be abandoned and a path found below. My enjoyment was, I confess, a little increased by the discomfiture of my guide. I made a point during my first three

days' visit to Jerusalem to take each day a guide of a different Faith—Christian, Moslem and Jew. It is a simple and excellent manner of acquiring information on the amicable relations that exist between the members of the three creeds. Generally speaking the Christian represents Envy ; the Moslem, Hatred, and the Jew, Malice, though often enough they encroach upon each other's prerogatives.

The day on which I walked round the city walls—it is a long and rather tiring promenade in the heat of early autumn—a Jew was my guide. I had ordered him overnight and met him in the morning at the tourist office. He was dressed in European clothes—a black morning coat, well-creased trousers, bright yellow boots, a high collar, a gaudy silk tie, and on his head a smart new fez. He carried an ebony walking stick, mounted in silver. He was pompous, round and rather red. Before I arrived on the scene he had ordered a motor-car for our promenade, for he felt, he asserted, that I would not care to walk anywhere in that heat. It was unfortunate for him that it had fallen to his turn to be my guide on the only day on which I had decided to make a really strenuous excursion, but, as I reminded him, God tempers the wind, and no doubt the sun too, to the shorn lamb. The walls of Jerusalem must be circumvented on foot, or not at all, for there is no other way. I broke it gently. He expostulated, not on his account but on mine. "The heat, Sir," he said ; "the great heat ! the track is steep—even dangerous at places ; much climbing. The gentleman"—he coughed slightly and hesitated, "is not very young. Strong and healthy, thank God," he added cheerfully, "but not young. He will be very tired later on—his health may suffer—Jerusalem in autumn—the sun—fever perhaps, though God forbid——" but I was adamant.

About midday the two of us, after much scrambling and climbing in a temperature that was more typical of Hades than the Holy City, reached the Damascus Gate about half-way round the city walls. Descending to the level of the road I led my tender-footed guide into a native café. He had stuck it very pluckily. Collarless, his morning coat over his arm, limping from the tightness of those yellow boots, perspiring and dusty, he sank down on a low settee. Innumerable bottles of lemonade comforted him a little. A friendly waiter sponged his face. His shapeless collar was replaced, his coat brushed, and carrying his yellow boots in his hand I helped him into a taxi. The next

day I called to inquire how he was. He had recovered and was going to take an elderly American lady for a drive in a pony carriage to the Brook Kedron and back in the late afternoon. He asked me to give him a reference. I wrote, " Mr. . . . is a remarkably good guide. I recommend him to any enthusiastic tourist desirous of making the very interesting excursion round the walls of Jerusalem." He protested, so I altered the wording, for he had no desire ever to meet another tourist who wanted to do anything so foolish. We parted good friends.

If the majority of the Christian monuments of Jerusalem present no features of great beauty, the same cannot be said of the Moslem buildings. The great enclosure of the Haram-al-Sherif contains one example of supreme excellence—the Dome of the Rock—and several others of remarkable distinction. The Haram-al-Sherif occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. It is an open space 500 yards long and 300 wide, enclosed on two sides by buildings. On the other two there are long intervals in the construction, whence from the level of the top of the town walls extensive views are obtained toward the Mount of Olives and the valley of Yehoshaphat. Not only is the Mosque of the Dome a creation of resplendent beauty but also the long line of Saracenic colleges and religious institutions that overlook the square on the west and south sides, are perhaps, the finest examples in the world of architecture of that period. The fountain of Quait Bey and the Gate of El-Katenin, the southern arcades and the neighbouring stone pulpit, are things of real beauty. There is, too, a spaciousness about their setting which allows them to be seen to the greatest advantage. The Haram-al-Sherif is indeed—as its name implies—a lordly sanctuary.

In the centre of this great enclosure stands the Dome of the Rock, erroneously known as the Mosque of Omar. The work of Byzantine architects, it was created at the close of the VIIth century A.D. Restored on more than one occasion, it seems to have suffered in its renovations no permanent disfigurement. In 1016 the dome was destroyed by an earthquake but reconstructed six years later. In 1099 the Crusaders captured Jerusalem and the Mosque became a Christian church. In 1187 Salah ed-Din expelled the Crusaders and the Haram-al-Sherif passed back to Islam. The Sultan added to the already existing richness of the decoration and set up above the gallery the beautiful Arabic inscription in faience which still exists to-day. No further modification appears to have taken place until the

days of Suliman the Magnificent (1520-1566). The exterior tiling nearly all dates from this period and is of the highest merit though portions of it have been disturbed and rather haphazardly replaced at different times. The work of skilful restoration is in progress.

The Mosque stands on a platform raised above the level of the ground and is reached by flights of steps. The building forms an octagon, the exterior of the walls richly decorated in marble and coloured tiles. The drum of the dome is pierced with windows. The dome itself was constructed in A.D.1022. The general colouring of the whole is blue, the faience being of exquisite tone and brilliancy.

The interior is magnificent. The dome, 75 feet in diameter, is supported on four massive piers and twelve gilded columns. The drum of the dome is lined with coloured mosaics on a gold ground, the work of Byzantine artists of the Xth or XIth centuries. The stained glass windows, which were almost certainly added by Suliman the Magnificent, increase by their luminosity the intense richness of the interior. The floor under the dome consists of the original Rock which gives its name to the building. An iron railing erected by the Crusaders encircles it.

What legends cling to the precincts of this place of worship, dating back to earliest biblical days! It was here, tradition says, that Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac. Here, too, stood the Temple of Solomon, and the Rock was no doubt the Altar of Sacrifice. The stone itself is sacred to other creeds, for it bears a mark claimed by the Christians to be the imprint of the foot of Christ, and by the Moslems as that of the Prophet. At another spot is the sign of the grasp of the Angel Gabriel when he thwarted the Rock from following Mohammed to Heaven. A Jewish Temple, a Christian Church and a Moslem Mosque, the Rock has been all of these. If anywhere in Jerusalem there is anything that bears the stamp of the grandeur and glory of any faith or creed, it is the Dome of the Rock. It is beautiful. It is clean, well-tended and cared for and manifests all those signs of devotional esteem which are missing in the dusty, slovenly and ill-kept church of the Holy Sepulchre. Islam glories in its Holy Place; Christianity seems ashamed of its disputed sanctuary. With what reverence the bare-footed Moslems pass amongst its arcades of marble and mosaics, for after Mecca the Dome of the Rock is the Holy of Holies of Islam.

Near the doorway of the mosque of El-Aksa, near by—it was once the church of Justinian—a stone slab in the pavement is shown which is said to cover the mortal remains of the murderers of Saint Thomas à Becket. They are reported to have fled to Jerusalem to seek, and let us hope to find, forgiveness for their sins. *Requiescant in pace.*

From the earliest times until the middle ages Palestine never produced an art of its own. Great as the renown of Jerusalem, it owed its fame to its trade rather than to its culture. From North and South, East and West, came caravans that discharged their merchandise within its gates, to be bought, sold or exchanged, and carried elsewhere. The city was counted amongst the great emporia of the East, but the architects and the artists and the materials that they employed in its construction and its decoration were introduced from other parts.

It was not until a time that seems almost yesterday, compared to Jerusalem's antiquity, that a native art was evolved. It is seen to-day in some of the finest Saracenic buildings that exist in the world, the colleges and religious institutions in the Haram-al-Sherif to which reference has already been made. Such art treasures as have been discovered in Palestine bear the impress and character of other lands. Nowhere is this better demonstrated than in the Museum at Jerusalem where a very interesting collection is exhibited. But even here little can claim to be of Palestinian origin. All that is best is foreign. Perhaps the most beautiful of the many objects exposed are the marble capitals of columns, found in the Church of the Annunciation, gems of exquisite Gothic sculpture dating from the time of the Crusades and seemingly the work of French artists. There are specimens of old gold jewellery of fine workmanship, and the pottery is of interest, if not for its artistic quality at least for the purpose it serves as almost the only means of dating the early periods of history.

It was a few days after my arrival in Jerusalem that I met with the individual who became my guide, philosopher and friend. He was a little Moslem boy of eleven years of age with a pathetic wizened little face, none too well washed, and the emaciated body of a very delicate child. His legs were like sticks. He had been ill, run down by a motor-car while crossing a road, and one of his hands was permanently injured. He offered to carry my camera and his English was so good and his appearance so pathetic that I readily acceded. He was a scholar at the principal Moslem

school, but it was holiday time. He knew Jerusalem and its history well, but he informed me that he could not act as my guide, having no licence, but he could carry my camera and incidentally show me round.

He certainly knew the city well for he had been training to be a guide. Although a Moslem his knowledge of Christianity far exceeded my own. There wasn't a major or minor Prophet that he didn't seem to have been intimate with and he rolled out their names with all the opulent sonority of an archdeacon. To hear him say Rehoboam was a lesson in elocution, and Zachariah flowed from his lips like the sound of an organ pipe.

From the first he took me in hand seriously. "What have you seen in Jerusalem?" he asked. I told him. "You not 'do' the Via Dolorosa? Then we begin at once. Follow me." Obediently I followed him, far and in great heat. "Here," he said, stopping at last, "we are at first station of the Cross. We will now complete the Via Dolorosa"; and his pronunciation of the name brought out all its meaning. The temperature was excessive for it was early afternoon, and I had not the least desire to follow the Via Dolorosa, at least not at that hour; but resistance was in vain. When I hesitated, he looked at me with surprise and disapproval. "All good Christians," he said, "who come Jerusalem, 'do' the Via Dolorosa. You are a Christian?" he asked. "I am," I replied. "Then you must 'do' the Via Dolorosa."

There are fourteen stations of the Cross, and several of them contain monuments that he insisted on my visiting. From the traditional site of the Prætorium, the steps of which are now at St. John Lateran at Rome, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre he led me, hot, but uncomplaining. In excellent English he explained to me all the incidents that are supposed to have occurred on Christ's passage from the Judgment Hall to the place of the Crucifixion and incidentally he recounted his own shabby little history. His father had died in prison and his brother, a policeman, paid for his studies at the Moslem school. He had progressed quickly, and had abandoned his intention of becoming a guide and hoped to take up medicine. He spoke already English, French and German, and could write all three moderately. Arabic he read and wrote with tolerable facility. The family had passed through bad times. Two or three brothers and sisters had died, which had led to the changing of the names of the survivors, so as to deceive the Angel of Death if he came

back to the house for another of them. He, Mohammed, had become Harbi. His brother Musa was now Mustafa. Ayesha, his little sister, had another name. They were very poor.

It did not take this child long to discover my ignorance of Old Testament history. " You know," he said, " what happened to Jeroboam ? " I hinted that I did. " What was it ?" he asked. Smilingly I replied, " You tell me." " I don't believe you know," he answered suspiciously, and I confessed I did not. From thence on he watched me, a little shocked, as he recounted the anecdotes connected with various sites. Name after name nonplussed me—and he continued to cross-question. At last he looked at me for a while and said solemnly : " I don't believe you ever go school." Indignantly I protested. I informed him that not only had I been at two private schools, but that I had also passed several years at Harrow and one at Cambridge. He looked a little dubious and said, " You not work very hard, I think ? " Again I protested. " Anyhow," he said, " you learn very little " . . . which closed the argument. And the worst of it was that he wasn't far wrong. On all my walks I was accompanied by this promising child, who, in spite of his pitiful little body, walked well. His wisdom was great and his greed of learning still greater. His hard life, always in want, had not deterred him from studying and he spent such little money as he could earn on books.

On one of our walks he took me to see a Synagogue, a building of no particular interest, but he thought I ought to see it so there was no use in protesting. I was under his orders. While I walked about the building he sat in animated conversation with a grey-bearded Rabbi. On leaving the place I asked him what he had been talking about. " I tell him, Sir, you very good Jew." I have a great admiration for that race, but I cannot claim to belong to it, and I told him so. " I know," he replied ; " but you see if I not tell him you very good Jew and he think you Christian you pay him five piastres to visit Synagogue—and now you pay nothing. See ? " I saw. A little farther down the street he pointed out to me a little Jew boy about his own age, and said, " This little Jew boy my friend." As they passed they nodded, smiled, and spat—but, as my little friend explained to me, it was quite a friendly spit. His little soul was not devoid of Moslem fanaticism. He pointed out to me, in the Jewish shops, the decoration of the centre of tablecloths which bore

Lord Balfour's portrait woven in the material. "That Lord Balfour," he said. "He not my friend. He friend of little Jew boy I spit at." I severely reproved him, without the least effect. One afternoon he accompanied me to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. His knowledge of its every detail and its history was profound. It was on these occasions that his English was at its best, for he had accompanied grown-up guides and acquired not only their descriptive powers but also their knowledge. "It was here, Sir"—we were in a dark subterranean chapel—"that the blessed Saint Helena, the mother of the Christian Emperor Constantine, found the relics of the Holy Cross"; and his voice had all the reverence of a Bishop bestowing an apostolic blessing. May he profit by his learning, for he had all the grit and the intelligence to make a great scholar. His love of books dominated everything else, and it was to indulge in them that he earned his little wage in showing me, his ignorant companion, Jerusalem.

The two principal factors that have led to Jewish colonization in Palestine have been (1) the dominant desire after 2,000 years of widely separated existence to return to the country which by religion, by history and by tradition has always been looked upon by the Jews as their Homeland; and (2) the aspiration to seek, after so many years of disqualification—and often worse—in other parts of the world, the peace and security which have never entirely been theirs elsewhere even in the most favourable circumstances. The War and the Mandate rendered this hope not only a possibility but also a reality, and Zionism strode ahead. What had up till that time been little more than individual effort and individual enterprise became the accepted policy of Jewry. The results in the few years that have passed since then have been very remarkable.

Since 1909 the urban settlement of Tel Aviv, which adjoins Jaffa, has become a Jewish city of over 40,000 inhabitants. Its municipal institutions, its police, are Jewish. Its language is Hebrew. To-day it is a modern town with its newspapers printed in Hebrew or English; its commerce, its art centres and its industries. There is a rising generation of young Jews of culture and of fine physique, living healthily in an atmosphere that is both morally and hygienically sound. Tel Aviv is the main urban effort of Jewish colonization. The agricultural colonization is spread far afield. It is this which has presented problems of much more difficult solution and of far greater

political import. The most acute of these problems is the attitude of the Moslem population on the question of land.

The official estimate of the population of Palestine is as follows :—Moslems, 682,443 ; Jews, 154,330 ; and Christians, 80,225. The Moslems and Jews of Palestine have for centuries led an existence, if not of absolute racial enmity, at least of mutual estrangement and disparagement, but till lately their interests have seldom clashed to an extent that has disturbed the relative peace. The Jews have regarded the Moslems as disquieting neighbours of dangerous propensities while the Moslems have looked upon the Jews as an unavoidable and perhaps necessary evil. In their business transactions they made what use of each other they could, and lost few opportunities of mutual exploitation. With the advent of Zionism, when money and immigrants poured in from abroad, came the triumph of Judaism. Vast extents of land were purchased, quite legitimately, from the Moslems for the purpose of Jewish colonization. Many of these estates had been neglected by their former owners, whose methods of cultivation were extremely primitive. Many tracts had been rendered almost uninhabitable by the prevalence of malaria. The enthusiasm, the wealth at their disposal, and the personal effort of the Jews overcame all difficulties.

It was a form of colonization such as the world had seldom, if ever, seen—the return to the Homeland of a people after 2,000 years of exile ; the realization that here at last, in an atmosphere of deep religious tradition, an end to all their wanderings, and consequent peace, were to be found. Nor was this all, for every rock, every grain of sand was sacred soil. The land, too, was there for the immigrant to cultivate, either by purchase or, far more commonly, by installation upon estates held by the Jewish National Fund. Due care was taken as to the qualifications of the immigrant. With such enthusiasm had Zionism been received by the Jews of Europe, and America that vast sums of money were available for immigration, for education, public health, religion, and for the development of the towns and the creation of industries. Education has received unceasing support. Twenty thousand Jewish pupils to-day attend the colleges and schools. Infant welfare, hospitals, clinics, and the training of nurses and branches undertaken by the Hadassah—Women's Zionist Organization of America—while a " Workers' Sick Fund " has its own medical system. In short it is Judaism successful and triumphant.

Now let us look upon the other side of the picture. From their villages and their tents the country Moslems, victims in the past of Turkish oppression—by nature retiring, primitive, and inefficient ; backward in education, many of them wanderers, yet withal proud, intelligent, and sympathetic—have watched the installation of the Jew with jealousy, envy and suspicion. They have seen malarial plains become inhabited centres of colonization. They have watched enthusiasm and energy change arid regions into cultivated fields. They have witnessed the digging of wells and the introduction of irrigation where water was not. The hillsides which they, their camels and their goats deforested they have seen replanted. They have seen wealth—wealth to them almost unimaginable—squandered, as it seemed to them, on the unwelcome alien. The petty townsman, as the Moslem always considered the Jew, was superseding them in their own manner of life as a tiller of the soil. The Jew's children and his sick were taught and tended and nursed. They saw, in fact, all the benefits of which they felt themselves deprived —and were they, too, promised nothing during the War ?— showered upon a people whom they mistrusted and despised. They see to-day even more. They see a menace to their possession of land, to their means of existence, to their freedom, to their race and to their religion. The Jew, after long years of servility to the conquering Moslem race, has become its master. The Jew has realized it too, and the gulf is widening.

Little attempt has been made to bring them together. The Palestine Government, aloof as are all British administrations abroad, though filled with the highest sense of duty, is out of touch with both sides. The greater part of the local Press—both Jew and Moslem—seems to be striving only to embitter the situation. Many of the Jews, enthusiasts and ambitious—but unauthorized—ill conceal even in public what they claim to be their ultimate aim in Palestine—that no Home can be a Home without possession.

With ever-deepening suspicion the Moslem watches the almost incredible advance of Zionism. To him it matters little that it brings in its wake amelioration and improved standards of life in which he to some extent will share. He cares little that the economic and agricultural condition of Palestine is being improved. To him the march of Jewish progress is the advance of an enemy, a danger that is daily increasing in magnitude. He realizes that the lands that he has sold have passed to

Trust, such as is the Jewish National Fund, and that no purchase, no change of fortune, can ever restore them. He, too, has dreamed of a national Arab State—of a time when his own people may participate in the world's doings, coming forth from their plains and their deserts and their barren mountains regenerated and reborn—and his dream is being shattered. He has no means to make his voice heard, no one to put forward his case, no literature to distribute, no direction in which to seek sympathy, no wealth and no friends. He is forlorn, an outcast and forgotten.

There are several systems of Jewish agricultural colonization employed by the Zionist Organization in Palestine. The most typical is the "Kvuza," or co-operative farm run on communal lines, where the members live as a single unit, all domestic and agricultural labour being conducted under a central administration.

The land is provided by the Jewish National Fund, and leased to the community. The Zionist Organization provides the funds for the installation and stock required. The settlers are drawn from the middle classes of immigrants, and most of them appear to be Eastern European Jews. No private ownership exists ; all is common property. The profits of the sales of produce, crops, fruit, dairy and poultry, pass to a common fund from which the expenditure required for the community is drawn. The settlers are housed, fed, and educated. From this general fund sums are earmarked for the bringing out of such relatives of the settlers as may be desirous of joining them. An elected village council administers the local affairs. Care is taken over the choice and capability of the immigrant, and a certain agricultural training is required before the candidate can leave his own country for Palestine.

In the "Kvuza" the children live and sleep entirely apart, under the charge of trained nurses. There is a special house for their accommodation, in which a room is reserved for the children of each year of age. They are kept in great cleanliness and appear happy and in the best of health. The parents are permitted to visit their offspring daily for an hour or two, after the labour of the day is finished. As most of the colonies of this category are recent, the question of the age at which the children will return to their parents appears not to have arisen as yet. The settlers live apart, by families, but feed together in a common dining-room.

The writer on a visit to one of these Kvuza colonies in the Jerusalem district, found the members full of zeal and the colony in a prosperous condition. A fine herd of Friesland cows, which thrive well in the climate of the Palestine highlands, but require cross-breeding with the native cattle in the hot plains, allow of the sale of very large quantities of guaranteed milk, which is sent to Jerusalem. Fruit and large numbers of eggs also find a ready sale in the capital. White Leghorn fowls have been adopted as being the best egg producers all through the country.

A second category of Settlement is co-operative, but not communal. A typical example of this class of colony is Nahalal, in the plain of Esdraelon, east of Haifa. This system varies in that the Co-operative Board, under the control of a Central Co-operative Corporation at Haifa, sells the produce of the farms for the benefit of the producer and not for the community. There is on this class of settlement no employment of hired labour, but the relatives of the tenants, who hold long leases from the Jewish National Fund, are permitted to aid, though without acquiring any part-ownership in the land. In the case of the sickness of a farmer his land is cultivated for him by the members of the community.

Nahalal is a colony in full work. The laying out of the village is ingenious. The centre of the settlement is a circular space several acres in extent. On this ground are constructed the official buildings and schools. Nahalal contains a well-built agricultural boarding-school for girls, who come from all parts of the country ; pending enlargements, it contains 65 girls, who are taught all branches of farm work. This excellent institution is under the patronage and largely supported by the "Hadassah," or "Canadian Women's Zionist Committee." Already the results of hygienic training are apparent, and the girls are of a physique superior to that of the immigrant generation of their parents. Education, too, has made great strides.

A circular road encloses this central space. On its outside live the settlers, each having a small garden between the road and his habitation. The dwellings are sometimes of brick, more often of wood. Each section of land radiates from this circular road, narrow where it touches the road and widening as it extends outward. Behind each house is a vegetable garden, and behind that again farm buildings, varying much in extent and quality. Cattle and fowls appear to be kept by all. Beyond these buildings

are generally an orchard and small vine-yard, with a large field for the raising of fodder. In all, each family possesses about 100 acres of land.

Near Nahalal is situated the central hospital of this extensive district, dotted with its Jewish colonies. It is an excellently installed building and, under capable doctors and nurses, is rendering admirable service. The decrease in the rate of infant mortality in the region is marked.

Besides these two types of colonies—the communal and the co-operative—there are many independent immigrants who have invested their own capital in land and farming, or more commonly in orange and other citrus production, where irrigation and the soil and climate are suitable. The fruit grown is of an excellent quality. The earlier settlers of this class employed almost entirely Arab labour, which is plentiful and cheap, but the Jewish immigrants into Palestine have a powerful Labour organization which safeguards its own interests with jealousy and success.

Jewish labour is generally in the form of organized groups, which contract with the neighbouring farmers for specific piece-work, but have also small holdings of their own. The abandonment of Arab labour has been, no doubt, one of the many causes that have given rise to the unfortunate racial animosity of Jew and Arab.

It must be borne in mind that the Zionist agricultural colonization in Palestine is a thing apart. No return of the vast capital expended is expected or asked. Probably the most that is looked for is that the great effort will suffice to supply a means of livelihood to the settlers and their families and safeguard their bodily and spiritual welfare in their "Jewish Home" in Palestine.

During my stay in Palestine an amusing case was reported in one of the local newspapers as shortly coming before one of the district Courts. A young Bedouin of Transjordania had it appeared become enamoured of a beautiful Arab young woman residing in the same Emirate. Their love was mutual and marriage was envisaged. The girl was not only conquered by the Bedouin's good qualities but still more by his flowing locks, which endowed by Allah with a natural and absolutely permanent wave of inimitable perfection had wound their way round her very heart. This was not the young man's first affair. He had already caused a rift in the family by falling desperately in love

with his sister-in-law, a fact that had resulted, it was rumoured, in the premature death of his brother and later by that of the widow, after he had tired of her. But nothing stood in the way of this second marriage. The Bedouin's locks held the lady enchained, for the beauty of his unshorn head had carried all before it. It was said that the girl knew no greater happiness than in bathing her henna-stained fingers lingeringly in the succession of rippling waves that adorned his skull—which hints of a prenuptial intimacy that is open to criticism. It appears however that in the hot summer weather his locks had become exaggeratedly tangled and caused him discomfort under his gaily striped Kifiyeh. Now he could trust no untrained Bedouin barber to comb and trim the exuberant crop but his attention was called by an advertisement in a local newspaper to a Jewish barber who had installed a modern hairdressing establishment on the banks of the Jordan—one of those steps to civilisation introduced under the benign influence of the British Mandate. The Bedouin understood little of the vaunted benefits of Elizabeth Arden's preparations but he gathered that the Israelite was qualified to embellish, by trimming and anointing with pungent perfumes and strange oils, his wonderful head of hair.

Whether there was no mirror or whether he fell asleep under the soothing touch of the barber's hand is not narrated, but the hairdresser made a clean sweep of his client's locks and left his scalp a dazzling shiny globe. Wave by wave his beauty fell to the ground to be swept up by a humble shop assistant. It was not until the sacrifice was complete that the Bedouin realized the disaster that had befallen him, and then he set to and changed the whole aspect of that shop. From under rivers of scent and morasses of pomade the police excavated the Israelite, more dead than alive, while the Bedouin, his bald head reflecting the summer sunlight in undiminished glory, called all the saints of Islam to witness his discomfiture. The Bedouin dared not recross the Jordan. He feared that he would no longer find favour in his lady's eyes and meanwhile he instructed a Syrian lawyer to proceed against the barber, demanding compensation for the tragedy. The barber too instituted a cross-action for assault and damages, personal and material, and the gendarmerie was enquiring into the case and had got on to the track of the mysterious deaths of our young friend's brother and sister-in-law. However, complicated as the whole affair appeared, it caused

not a moment's hesitation in the British Government's determination to continue the mandate over Palestine.

A two days' excursion from Jerusalem necessitated a motor-car and a chauffeur. An enterprising tourist-agent, a native Christian, volunteered to furnish them. He had both to hand, he said, a good car and a serious, conscientious driver who spoke English, a thorough practising Christian, educated in one of the many local Mission schools, with a proficient knowledge of the historical sites of Palestine and the leader of a blameless life. He always employed him to drive English and American tourists and moreover he was invariably entrusted with the care of the many parties of unaccompanied ladies. It was difficult to protest, but to spend two long days in the heat of a Palestine summer alone in the company of a "blameless life" chauffeur—if the Near East could produce the phenomenon—with a proficient knowledge of Old Testament history, did not sound particularly exhilarating. But so determined was the respectable tourist-agent to furnish this paragon that I closed the bargain. What I really required was a pleasant chauffeur-companion to wile away the long hot hours with anecdotes not necessarily confined to the Major and Minor Prophets.

At dawn next day they were at the hotel—an excellent car and a morose young man, whose good looks were concealed under an expression of almost repellent sanctity. As soon as we were on our road he narrated to me his history. Born of native Christian parents he had been educated in the Italian and French Mission Schools. He was, he said, very happy to be a Christian because Christians feared God. Personally, he added, he feared God very much indeed. I enquired of him whether he went regularly to confession. Hesitatingly he acknowledged that he didn't. Several years had elapsed since the last occasion. A gentle reprimand on my part led to an explanation. After all, he said, he was only a poor chauffeur, modest, retiring, and insignificant, and it seemed to him presumptuous to bring his petty personal affairs to the direct knowledge of the Deity. Besides, priests nowadays made such an absurd fuss about perfectly unimportant trivial matters and were so exacting. The last time he had confessed—— He didn't finish the sentence but it was quite evident that there had been some little misunderstanding between him and his confessor.

As we got farther away from Jerusalem the young man brightened up. My veto on his pointing out any Biblical sites

or recounting any Biblical incidents quite evidently surprised and cheered him. In spite of his earlier protest that he never smoked, he began to consume innumerable cigarettes. His face discarded its morose expression. A subtle change came over him. He smiled from time to time, and a merry twinkle sparkled in his dark eyes. Once or twice he sang—and the tunes were not hymns. His anecdotes lost the delicate aroma of the Mission School and took a more Oriental turn and by the time we were speeding over the arid hills of Judæa his outlook on life had completely changed. The stories of his experiences with the tourists he had driven in his car increased in interest and in humour and by the time our night's resting-place was reached, I quite realized that he had very good reasons indeed to fear God, and equally good ones to avoid confession.

It was too hot to remain indoors and after dinner we sat till night was far advanced on the slope of a hill. In the darkness his anecdotes were almost as many, and as sparkling as the stars above us, and certainly more vivid. But every now and again he would revert to his fear of God and would find some palliation for his past in asserting that he had a good Christian spirit but that, alas, the flesh was weak. He confessed that he had eaten of the ripe fruit that had dangled before his eyes, but if God didn't wish him to pluck it " He wouldn't have let it dangle—would He, Sir ? "

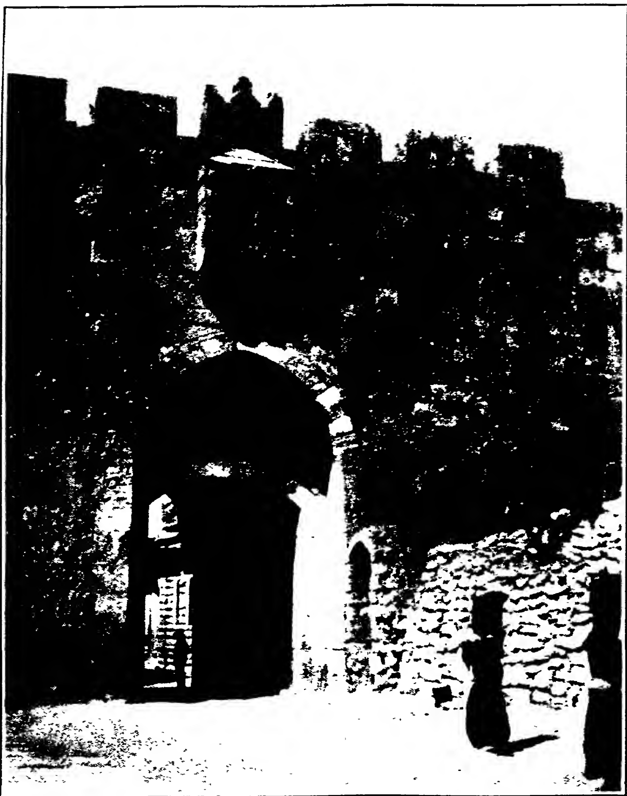
All the next day we travelled together and when at nightfall, the journey accomplished, we parted, I had come to the conclusion that the ripe fruit he had plucked was sufficient to decorate a century of Harvest Festivals with every diversity of horticultural produce. His last statement, as he said good-bye, was again that he feared God and it was only as an afterthought that he added that he also had a holy terror of the Palestine Police. When I gave him the certificate he asked for, I wrote, " I can imagine no more pleasant, more interesting or more instructive a companion for a journey in the Holy Land," and he had well earned it.

CHAPTER II

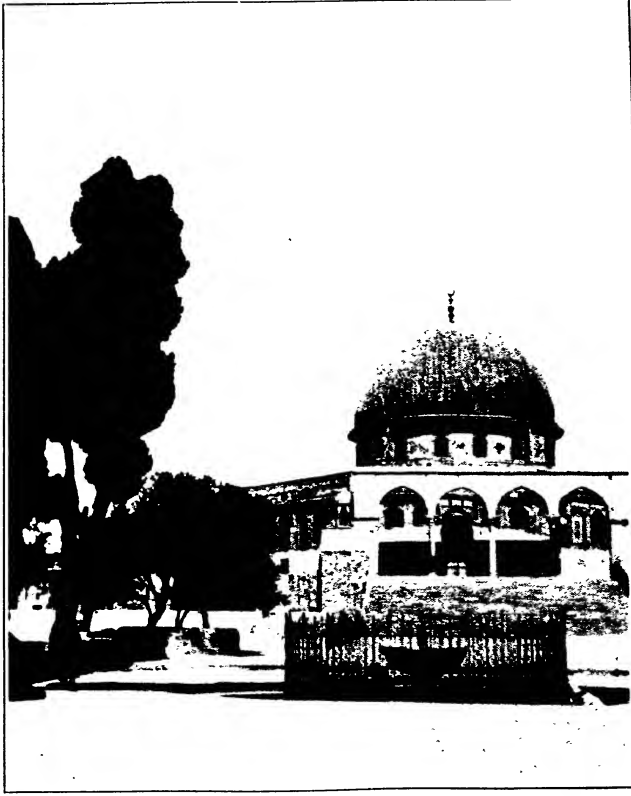
DAMASCUS

AFTER Jerusalem there was a pleasant suggestion of naughtiness about Damascus and an entire absence of hypocrisy. The change from one to the other is like entering a provincial music-hall after a long and dreary service in a Scottish kirk. Syria is not overburdened with Biblical sites and the traveller is free from constant association with the minor Prophets, who compared for instance with Isaiah and Jeremiah, have distinctly suburban qualities. There are even places in Syria where absolutely nothing seems ever to have happened and which can be enjoyed without having history—if such it can be called—stuffed down one's throat all the time. The artistic value of a landscape is not necessarily entranced because it is reputed to be the spot where Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego ate their early breakfast on the morning of the day on which they were put into a fiery furnace. Even the river Abana the traveller is allowed to discover for himself, which is not difficult for under the name of Barada it flows just across the road from the principal hotels, and there is a very modern French cabaret on the other bank. In Palestine they would have shown the traveller the spot where Naaman the leper would have bathed had he been permitted to do so—and it would have been carefully chosen just outside the municipal limits of reduced taxi-fares. While however the Damascenes fail in enterprise in exploiting their historical sites, they are very pressing in their invitations to buy their wares.

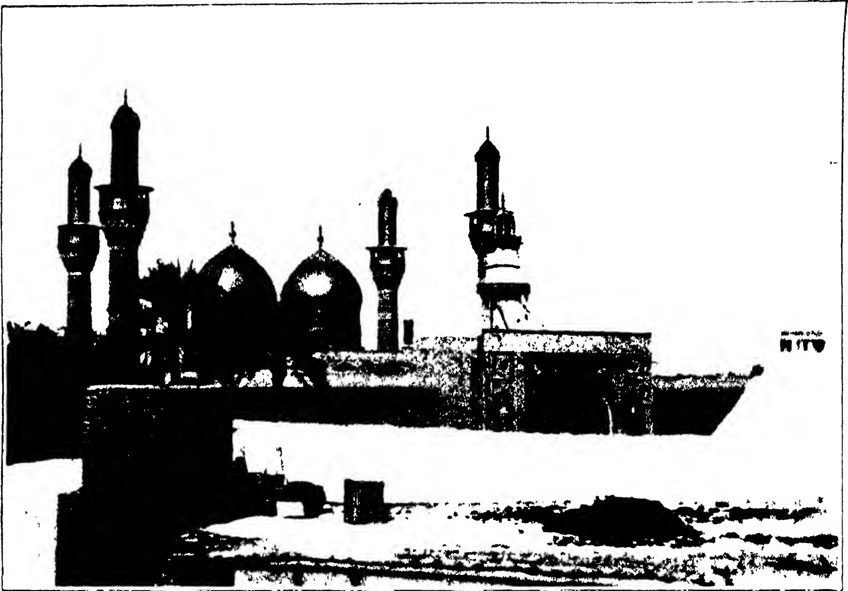
I arrived at my hotel in the early part of a very hot afternoon. The outer hall was almost blocked by little shops and stalls, where every imaginable article of native manufacture and sheaves of picture postcards were offered for sale. Entering the inner hall I found myself amongst an obsequious and bowing group of local gentlemen, faultlessly attired in European clothes and wearing red fezes on their heads. They might well have been courtiers from the palace of the late Sultan of Turkey, so correct



GATE OF ST. STEPHEN, JERUSALEM



HAR'M ESH, SHARIF, JERUSALEM



GOLDEN DOMES AND MINARETS, KADHIMAIN

STREET IN DAMASCUS

was their attire, their attitude and their demeanour. With a smile that expanded over all their six beaming faces they bowed. I did likewise. Politely stepping forward each took possession of an article of my baggage—three suit-cases, a despatch box, a stick and an umbrella. Lining up at the base of the stairs they waved me up. Obediently I mounted the stairway, which had a very decided list to starboard for the hotel had subsided a little in that direction. At the summit the six portly gentlemen overtook me and throwing open a pair of large folding doors they ushered me into an apartment. It was a large double-bedded room. On one bed were exposed some rather rough woollen pyjamas, on the other a morsel of flimsy silk substance a little larger than a pocket-handkerchief. The dressing-table was set with cut-glass bottles, silver-backed hair brushes and other paraphernalia pertaining to the toilet. Clothes, male and female hung from pegs on the walls. Before I could retreat my friends had laid down my luggage and left the room. I joined them on the landing expostulating. " There must be," I said, " a mistake. This room is already occupied. Which of you gentlemen is the hotel manager ? " They bowed and the fattest replied, " Sir, we have nothing to do with the hotel. No doubt when the staff awakes from its siesta you will be attended to. We are acting purely in kindness to a stranger. If you will look at this card you will see that in my shop I have the finest collection of modern brass trays in Damascus." It was not *one* card ; there were six, for each of the bowing gentlemen produced from his bosom and handed me a large piece of shiny pasteboard on which was printed the name of the particular curio shop he happened to own—" The Star of the East "—" Old Damascus "—" The Orient Palace "—" The Home of Art," etc. ; and with a bow they turned and descended the stairs. Hurriedly I re-entered the apartment and rescued my luggage, which I left in the corridor pending the hotel staff's completion of its afternoon siesta.

I am very fond of that hotel at Damascus. The visitor is sufficiently attended to and for the rest of the time, left alone, which after all is adequate. Travellers who require obsequious attention are sufferers from an inferiority complex—the bowing concierge, the expensive head-waiter were invented for such. Yet strange to say this mock respect, this artificial deference, seems to please the average human being. "At last," he thinks, " I am appreciated ! The recognition that my wife and family

refuse me I find amongst strangers!" He becomes in his own estimation—and very probably in no one else's—a person of importance.

I remember many years ago talking to a famous hotel proprietor and manager in Cairo. He confided to me some of the little secrets of his profession, and incidentally of his success. Different clients, he told me, required different treatment. His main endeavour was to persuade them to return to Egypt, and naturally to his own hotel. "Blandishments do not accomplish everything," he said, "the temperament of each client must be studied." Now and again he would approach a table—he walked about the dining-room during lunch and dinner—occupied by some rich and influential person. Addressing the whole party he would suddenly break off in the middle of some polite enquiry. Signalling a waiter he would order all the plates from which they were eating to be removed, with profuse apologies. Then in a bitter but quite audible whisper, he would address the waiter, "How often have I told you, Alphonse, that Lord Y or Mr. Z were to be served with meat from the specially reserved joint. You are incorrigible. Take away these plates and bring back the right food." Then turning to his clients he would say, "Mesdames, Messieurs. Mille fois pardon. You cannot know the sorrows of a hotel manager!" and clasping his hands he would tearfully regard the ceiling, "the waiter knows perfectly well that your table is to be served with the *specially prepared dinner*—the same menu as the rest of course, so as not to cause jealousy—but straight from the hands of the chef himself. A few privileged guests——!" and he would rub his hands and bow a little, and his face wore a smile as enigmatic as that of a Mona Lisa and the Sphinx together. A minute later fresh plates of meat would appear, with a cut from exactly the same joint as before. There never was, of course, a specially prepared dinner and there never would be. But to the guests in question the food had quite a different taste owing to the flavour of flattery. After all it is an almost harmless vice, this seeking in the obsequiousness of the hotel servant a contrast from the disapproving attitude of a perky parlourmaid at home.

I like that hotel in Damascus and have spent many happy days there. It has its little faults, of course—and why not? There is no routine and the bells don't always ring, but if you put your head outside your door and call "Boy," someone always,

or nearly always, comes. In my case it was an Anatolian peasant who gave a jovial response from the other end of the corridor and arrived singing. Before attending to one's orders he would produce a comb from a pocket and tidy his hair in front of the looking-glass. He wore canvas shoes, no socks, white cotton trousers, and a pale blue shirt with a coloured design of little pink roses all over it. Before I had been there a day he had recounted all his family history and confided to me that he was in love. "Je vous le jure, Monsieur, elle est adorable !"

In the dining-room scared waiters served the meals. I ordered ginger beer and was brought that rare and nasty beverage, ginger wine, unpleasantly reminiscent of childhood's younger days when it concealed—or tried to conceal—cod-liver oil. One night I was served three consecutive times with soup, while my less fortunate neighbour, who had just returned from a long excursion could obtain nothing but half-melted ice-cream. What if the water that emerged from the cold water tap was hot, because the cistern was fully exposed to the sun on the flat roof ! What if the hot water didn't run at all because there were no pipes. The Anatolian's argument was unanswerable. That the cold water ran hot was a special dispensation of the Almighty, who heated it without any artificial appliances ; and if anyone wanted cold water—which he personally disliked—then he had only to wait till the hot water cooled. There is no doubt that this is the right way to look at life, and nothing matters much in Damascus. The atmosphere is happy, the people polite and willing, the hotel was clean, the food good, and if things went a little haphazardly one does not go to Damascus for method. It rained one afternoon, a few light showers, and my umbrella disappeared. The Anatolian brought it back when the storm was over. He had borrowed it for he was escorting his fiancée to the cinema. "Monsieur, comprendra bien, Mademoiselle ma fiancée portait une robe neuve. Ah ! Monsieur, quelle est adorable !"

Once the head-waiter forgot to whom to charge the drinks. All he could remember was that the client was English, so he distributed the cost over all the English people's bills, including two elderly ladies who were on a temperance mission to the Jews and who indignantly but laughingly objected to be charged with six cocktails before dinner.

We were a cheery party who sat down together for our meals in that hotel—two consular officials, happily de-consularised by

their environment, and half a dozen naval officers on short leave from the warship lying at Beyrout. Together we dined and lunched in the delightful little garden of the hotel. The proprietor, an intelligent Syrian gentleman, joined us at times with one or two of his friends, the pleasant acquaintanceship of the East that adds so largely to the charm of travel. The hours passed in amusing anecdote, harmonious discussions and friendly philosophies.

Damascus is immensely old and has borne during the many centuries that have elapsed since Uz the son of Uram founded it some four thousand years ago, more than its fair share of vicissitude. There seems to be no phase of prosperity or adversity that it has not at some time or another experienced, even destruction and the carrying away captive of its inhabitants. One of the conquerors who drove the Damascenes to Assyria as slaves was Tiglath-Pileser. The name has always had a peculiar fascination for me, though until I visited Damascus I was very vague as to his identity. What a splendid name is Tiglath-Pileser. What social success a family called the Tiglath-Pilesers might achieve ! A name to conjure with too. I can see a fond mother shaking a finger at her children and saying, " If you are not asleep in ten minutes you'll have Tiglath-Pileser peeping at you through the curtains." I always imagine him rather like the great winged bulls of Nineveh.

The importance of Damascus was due in those days, as it is to a certain extent now, to its being a centre of distribution, and emporium of trade. Not only did many caravan roads meet there but it was also an oasis of great fertility. There are few, if any, others that can rival it in size, in productiveness or in beauty. From time immemorial kings and nations fought for its possession. Dynasty after dynasty held this envied plain. Judah and Israel sought alliances with its rulers. Assyria possessed it for several centuries till Alexander the Great, in 332 B.C., occupied it. Then the Seleucid Kings with difficulty maintained their authority and lost it eventually to the Arabs, who in turn made way for the Armenians. In 64 B.C. the Romans seized it, to hold it for a century. On the death of Tiberius, an Arabian chief enjoyed a short reign, but Rome once more captured the city and its oasis. From Rome Damascus passed to Byzantium. In the VIIth century the Moslem Arabs were its masters and the place became the capital of Omeyad Caliphs, to lapse a little later into the hands of their Abbaside

rivals. Egypt was the next conqueror but in 970 the Fatimide dynasty was restored to power. In 1174 Salah ed-Din (Saladin) made it the capital of his Saracenic empire. It was the period of the Apotheosis of Damascus for it became not only the centre of Islamic learning, and a city of wealth and luxury, but also a resplendent capital. Its buildings were unsurpassed, its artistic development unequalled. But its glory was short lived. Strife and dissension made it the prey of changing dynasties and it passed from Sultan to Sultan, by inheritance, by conquest or by crime. Egypt once again held it for a spell, to give way before the devastating Tartar invasion of 1260. The city sank to insignificance and almost ceased to exist when the Emperor Tamerlane in the XVIth century captured and destroyed it. From the XVIth century till 1832, Damascus remained in the hands of the Ottoman Turks, to pass at that later date for a time to Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt. Of its later history little need be said. A massacre of Christians in 1860 was marked by the courageous intervention of Seyid Abd el-Kader, the Moghrabi chief, on the confines of Algeria, who had so courageously resisted the French. He saved many Christians but several thousands lost their lives. The European powers intervened and many of the prominent guilty were executed, including the Pacha of the town. To-day the once fanatical Syrians live under the constant menace of French troops, for, after the abandonment of Syria and Palestine by the Turks during the War, France was charged with a mandate over Syria, while Palestine was entrusted to the charge of England. To-day order seems to have been firmly introduced though there are still subterranean grumblings. France's mandate has been arduous and for a time was far from being a success. This appears to have been due more to the errors of a man on the spot than to any want of good intentions on the part of the French Government. The introduction and earlier efforts of the French administration in Syria cannot be compared with the tact and efficiency of Maréchal Lyautey's great accomplishment in Morocco.

I found Damascus much changed, for many years had passed since my last visit, and although it is still an attractive Oriental city, it has lost much of its earlier charm. Many of its improvements—and they undoubtedly are improvements—date from a progressive regime that a rare intelligent Turkish local administration had introduced a little before the Great War. Streets were widened, a Square laid out and an avenue with a promenade

down the centre created. The quarter of the town in which these changes were made had never been attractive and there is little to regret from the demolitions that took place. The older quarters of the city preserve their characteristic features and still belong to the Damascus that I had known before. But in the principal bazaars much has been altered. The projecting platforms of the shops, once spread with Oriental wares, no longer exist. Formerly the merchant and his clients sat on a carpeted dais and discussed their business over cups of coffee. All that is gone and the bazaars that I can call to mind hung with silks and piled high with carpets, are now lined with small European shops with glass windows behind which cheap Western goods are displayed. The merchants of silks and arms and carpets have now large modern shops in the hotel quarter, no doubt more convenient but lacking entirely the picturesqueness of the past. In the old clothes bazaar, that was at one time a rainbow of brilliant apparel, little is to-day exposed for sale beyond the second-hand, or more probably third or fourth hand, garments of Europe, imported by the ton or by the gross. Soiled and dirty clothes in every state of dilapidation were being unloaded from motor lorries—horrible evening suits that Europe could support no longer and had discarded, old military greatcoats, and creased and crumpled trousers, all horrible to look at and nauseous to smell. And in front of the shops Syrians and Arabs were trying on jackets and overcoats or holding up trousers to the light to see how much their seats were worn. Alas, the boon of Mandates is not always beautiful nor civilisation as represented by European cast-off clothing always attractive. Certainly the greatest of the many changes that have taken place in Syria is the adoption of European dress. The Syrian who in his national garb used to appear imposing and dignified has lost much of his allurement by appearing in an ill-fitting European suit. He is not shaped for Western dress. As a boy and youth he can carry it becomingly but as times goes on he begins to bulge both before and behind in a manner that seems sorely to puzzle the local tailor.

But there are still corners and alleyways in Damascus, principally the resorts of the poorer class of small tradesmen, that retain their charm. The traveller who seeks the atmosphere of the past can wander at random in the older quarters of the town, where the overhanging windows are closely trellised and where through an open doorway now and again he will

catch a glimpse of a courtyard on the verdure of a hidden garden.

Sight-seeing in Damascus should be done leisurely. There is much that is worth close study. The Great Mosque, an edifice renowned all over the Islamic world for its sanctity, is of much interest and beauty. It consists of a mass of building dating from many periods—an exterior colonnade that once formed the façade of a Roman temple and on through all the stages of Islamic art to modern restoration. Its site is reputed to be that of an ancient temple of Rimmon which in the reign of the Emperor Theodosius gave place to a Christian church. In the VIIth century its precincts were shared by Moslem and Christian alike but some fifty years later the reigning Caliph usurped the Christian portion and the whole precincts became a Mosque. It was then that it reached its splendour for its magnificence was unparalleled and unique. The material used in its construction and decoration was brought from many older sites in Syria, the remnants of Greek and Roman temples. Twice this great mosque has been burned ; once, at least, pillaged, but even to-day its past grandeur is manifest, and no traveller can remain unimpressed by its courtyard, its colonnades and its spacious beauty. I was fortunate in my sight-seeing for under the guidance of a professor of one of the Damascus Moslem schools I spent three or four mornings passing from place to place. We strolled leisurely and saw much that was of interest between our visits to the better known sites. In libraries we reverently turned over the pages of famous Arabic manuscripts and of each Mosque and Tomb my informant had much to narrate. Together we admired the delightful faience at the mausoleum of Salah ed-Din, or lunched in a little Syrian restaurant in the town. At the city gates from which for centuries and centuries have issued the long strings of camel caravans we watched the motor-buses of to-day come and go, laden with peasants and country-folk. But there are camels too, some richly trapped, the property of Bedouins. The accompanying men and women bore no trace of the adoption of European dress. On more than one afternoon when the heat was over, I motored out to a ravine on the Beyrout road, a spot where the narrow valley opens out sufficiently to allow of a collection of Arab cafés. A rushing stream passes over its stony bed amidst a grove of splendid plane trees. There is a village near and a few small country houses situated amongst little channels of gurgling

water and strips of garden. To these cafés in the shade of the great trees the Damascene comes to take his ease, to eat, to drink and to be merry. There are Syrian restaurants, too, but all the world sits out of doors at little tables spread at every level on the banks of the tumbling stream. The furniture provided is diverse in form and in colour. There are flat native divans cushioned and carpeted and European sofas covered in every shade of brilliant plush, chairs of iron and of wood and of cane, and capacious fauteuils with brocaded velvet seats, and tables of every size and shape. This bizarre collection of strange articles, set out along the river's bank, some in the stony bed of the stream, others, higher up, raised on rough terraces or perched on platforms ; others again in kiosks and summer houses and many more spread on the level ground under the trees, give a cheerful, garish, and rather naughty appearance to the otherwise sylvan scene.

The servants hurry to and fro, with steaming dishes of food or piles of much decorated cakes, with plates of dried fruits, salted nuts and almonds, and tea and coffee and wine and spirits. All around are the holiday makers—grave elders smoking their narghilés, and youths, some rather boisterous and others quietly self-conscious, imbibing drinks forbidden by the Koran. Most of the company are in European dress with red fezes, but here and there are to be seen the flowing robe and white turban of the old school. A pleasant place to sit and talk and refresh, till sunset reminds one that it is time to return to the City.

Chapter III

IRAQ

TO-DAY, after long years, I have had the better of you, hateful, insolent desert! How often in the past I have struggled with you—in the Tehama of the Yemen and in the Moroccan Sahara; in the waterless ways of Somaliland and the barren stretches of Iraq and Persia and in the hinterland of Akaba; in great heat and in great cold; in danger at times and in weariness often. And always you won!

Inhospitable, cruel, you sought revenge upon the men who searched to probe your mysteries—or was it your nothingness? And yet I cannot help remembering times when your hostility seemed to abate; when we lay in the cold night upon the hot sand, a handful of Arabs and I, and gazed into the immensity of the firmament above us and talked of the things that we people love to talk of—Islam, and the rest. And the darkness and the loneliness released thoughts and words—words naked and unsought—and opened the windows of our souls and things of heaven and of hell peeped forth. Yes, your cruelty was sometimes kind, and all the crueller perhaps for its kindness, for with the dawn the heat returned, and the thirst and the weariness of long marches.

But in the end I have lived to get the better of you, to scorn you, to mock at your dangers and to deride your desolation; to jest at your thirst and to treat your terrors with profanity and your immensity with ridicule. To-day, thousands of feet above your abandoned monotony, I flew from Damascus to Baghdad. I saw you in all your ugliness—blotched and leprous and very evil. In little more than five hours of flight nearly five hundred miles of your hopelessness slid beneath by me—far, far below. From the moment when we left the gardens of Damascus until we passed over the Euphrates you lay disclosed, your secrets revealed, your emptiness made manifest—unpardonable wastes, unbroken except here and there by the long-dead craters of

impotent volcanoes—ulcers that have never healed, unsightly and unclean.

Out upon you, infernal devastating desert! Your day is over and the air-sick tourist passing far above you spews upon you.

. . . . . .

Handicapped by its inaccessibility, hampered by its unwieldy frontiers, neither by nature nor by creation an entity, Iraq is a compromise. Its physical limitations are evident. Its one and only access to the sea is at its most remote and narrowest point, at the extreme end of the Persian Gulf, itself a distant and unpropitious backwater. As it spreads northward the country extends its long frontiers with its neighbours, who are not from the Iraqi's point of view entirely desirable. On the east lies Persia, hostile in its religion, for while the Iraqi Government is Sunni, the Persians are Shiahs; and there remain frontier problems to be solved. To the north is Turkey, along a strip of divided Kurdish territory, disturbed and disturbing. To the north-west lies the frontier with French-Mandated Syria, at present little more than a straight line drawn through the desert and through the grazing lands of Arab tribes who pass their time now on one side now on the other according to the season and are at all periods inclined to pillage.

From the Syrian boundary on the Euphrates as far as the Persian Gulf Iraq borders with the vague deserts of the Wahabi realms—a region of constant anxiety and frequent incursions. It is only too evident that this kingdom was fashioned by diplomatists with the aid of a map, a pair of compasses, a ruler, and inexperience. It results that the permanency of its official limits is open to grave doubt and the ultimate decisive frontier delimitations will probably some day be settled on the spot without the intervention of European diplomacy and on a basis of local enmities and tribal ambitions.

Nor is the political situation very promising. Added to the difficulties that a Mandate has entailed, the path of the Government of Iraq is none too smooth. The town population pays too much attention to politics; the countryman is too indifferent. The transition to independence will not be easy.

It must not be forgotten that the Iraqis are a young people, ambitious and intelligent. Their past history under the Turks renders them to-day hasty, suspicious and impatient. They want to taste the fruits of a full measure of independence at once.

It is natural. A new people can with difficulty be persuaded that efficient government and successful administration depend more upon experience than upon intelligence. Great Britain, as the Mandatory Power, has never impeded their fairway to independence. She merely hesitated to launch a sympathetic and proud race upon an unprepared and uncharted course. The British Government has formally supported Iraq's candidature for admission to the League of Nations in 1932, and it has concluded a generous treaty with the Iraqi. But the nationalist was not content. He demanded the elimination not only of every semblance of control but also the severance of all future ties with the Mandatory Power. The presence of foreigners in the administration is naturally galling to the extremist spirit of nationalism. There is bred, too, a jealousy of their higher salaries and emoluments, which permit of a very apparent standard of life far above that to which the native official can legitimately aspire.

Nature has supplied Iraq with two natural sources of wealth—the Tigris and the Euphrates—whose waters will suffice, when harnessed, to render vast districts productive. Oil, at present only exploited for the consumption of the country, awaits further development. A pipe-line to the Mediterranean is to be laid. The port of Basrah has been constructed. The railway to Haifa, in Palestine, will assure a new and advantageous route for Iraq trade. Agriculture, on which the future of the country so largely depends, needs energetic fostering—better qualities of grain, improved date-palm culture, choicer live-stock, new crops, technical education and demonstration, veterinary facilities and premiums on native production.

At a moment when productive expenditure is required Iraq has clearly been overspending. Her uncertain future tends to keep away foreign capital. Her revenues are insufficient ; her trade diminished. Money is necessary, but the internal political situation is scarcely such as would tempt the money market of Europe to advance the requisite sums unless very adequate security is forthcoming. The raising of a loan on the Customs dues or on taxation is viewed with disapproval in the country. It would entail, the Iraqis consider, the tightening of European control which it is their principal object to avoid.

A city where the soldiers in khaki and wide-brimmed felt hats who guard the High Commissioner's residence are Assyrians and the hotel servants are Chaldæans ; where the majority of the

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houses are built of mud and the domes and minarets of the tombs of the Kadhimain are heavily plated in gold ; where the only bridges over the Tigris are of rough planks supported on pontoons ; where Babylon is a short excursion and Ur is a railway junction ; where camels and taxis share the streets and stars and aeroplanes the sky ; where the old Iraqi asks nothing better than to live as his ancestors did and the young Iraqi is impatient to dive into the future—such a town cannot be uncongenial. The whole atmosphere is pleasant. Its heat in summer is excessive but nothing matters much in Baghdad. It is the city of " Don't worry."

Yet it is difficult to say why grey dusty colourless Baghdad is such a pleasant place. Its hotels, strange Eastern caravanserais in spite of their names—the Carlton, Claridge's, the Ritz, the Waverley—have little in common in their construction or management with hotels in Europe—and yet the traveller cannot complain. Everyone is polite, considerate and friendly amongst the medley of the staff and visitors—a Moslem proprietor, Syrian clerks, the manager a Baghdad Jew, Chaldæan menservants, an Albanian cook and a local urchin who may, or may not, clean your boots under a palm tree in the courtyard—and endless other people sitting around, rather nondescript and often ornamental, who are Ministers of State or sell carpets or merely come to pass the time of day in idleness. Pleasant places, the hotels of Baghdad, for such as have the mind and the sense to appreciate them. What if the " house boys " sit on the floor and eat water-melons outside the bedroom doors and sleep all over the divans in the corridors. They are none the less willing and efficient servants. What if the cook's assistant plays the oboe in the hall. Is the cuisine less excellent ? When the traveller cries " Boy," or claps his hands, several people come, and all running, and stand about and chat or ask and answer questions. What if your private bathroom has another door and numerous strangers use it ? What does it matter ? Why does the traveller always want to find his own favoured type of hotel wherever he goes ? Is it not more profitable to experience the custom of the country and to live in Baghdad a little as Baghdad lives ? I was very happy and very comfortable at my hotel.

The glory of Baghdad is departed and the days of the Caliphs have left few traces of their greatness and none of their magnificence. True, the tombs and mosque of the Kadhimain,

rigorously closed to Christians, are very gorgeous with their gilded domes and minarets, but they can only be seen from without. The streets of the town are, with one exception, narrow and most are quite impracticable for wheeled traffic. Nor are they as picturesque as those of Damascus or those of the native quarters of Cairo. "New Street," a wide thoroughfare that runs the whole length of the town parallel with the Tigris, was laid out by the Turks, with ruthless disregard, it is said, for private property. There East and West have met without a clash and the result is an amusing compromise, a medley of houses and shops, with upper storeys of closely latticed windows and deep painted balconies that jut out at all angles on the roadway. A host of cafés, roofed or open to the sky, are scattered amongst the more solid buildings, where men sit and waste their time in congenial conversation. As a matter of fact time has little or no value in Baghdad and therefore is difficult to waste. To say it is money is pure heresy. Time is a happy gift of Allah, to be enjoyed, not bought or sold.

The bazaars of Baghdad, intricate arcaded and vaulted streets, restful in their deep shade, are very attractive. That they have lost some of their character is true. The structure remains unchanged but the wares exposed for sale are different. European goods have to a great extent ousted the Eastern manufactures of other days. No longer exist the rows of little shops that the writer saw long ago, hung with hand-woven and locally dyed silks. No longer is there a wonderful street of carpet sellers. True, the clothes bazaar, and the quarter where the old, much-decorated chests and coffers are exposed for sale, are still there, and the silversmiths' bazaar and the street where, noisily, men beat copper plates into pots and pans. The merchants themselves have changed less. The same lack of energy stamps every transaction, except where the shopman is a Baghdad Jew, perched amongst his merchandise, keen and hawk-eyed. The younger men no longer frequent the bazaars for the sons of the stuffy long-robed merchants find employment elsewhere—in Government offices, in banks, in commerce, or in professions.

The great feature of Baghdad is its river—the Tigris. It is along its eastern bank that the city is constructed, presenting from across the water an almost unbroken line of grey flat-roofed buildings with here and there a domed mosque or a minaret. At the ends of the two bridges of boats are many large native

cafés, their roofed terraces crowded with coffee drinking and smoking idlers. On the western bank is a congested native suburb leading, both up and down stream, to palm groves and large houses set in green gardens. In the evening the Tigris presents a scene of great beauty, when the wide yellow river is effulgent with the last rays of the setting sun and the high embankments crowned with tall buildings are reflected on the water in every shade of mauve and grey.

Yes, Baghdad is a pleasant place. There is almost no "colour line," no race prejudice to mar its harmony. Political hostility there may be—a little. But it is not deep-rooted and East and West are meeting there to-day—and are officially encouraged thus to meet—on terms of equality and mutual goodwill. It is of happy augury for both Iraq and England.

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What would you not have given—you of the far-away lands of Islam, from Fez to Samarkand—what sacrifice would you not have made, to have stood where I just stood, on the threshold of his tomb? And it is you who should have been there, not I. You who are so loyal to the memory of the Saint you reverence—and I, a Christian! You who look to him to heal your sick and to remedy your ills, to help you to overcome the obstacles of life and to light the road to Heaven—and I, an infidel! But the ways of fate are unfathomable.

For the second time, and after many years, I have been permitted to penetrate into the holy precincts where Christians so seldom tread. As on the previous occasion, my visit was made at the express invitation of the head of the family of the descendants of Sheikh Abd el-Kader. To-day he is the Naqib el-Ashraf Sayid Mahmoud Husmaldin el-Gilani. On the former occasion it had been his father. For an hour this morning we sat and talked of many things—speaking different dialects of Arabic, but understanding and understood—of Baghdad as I had seen it many years ago and of Baghdad of to-day—of the rise of Islam as a national policy and of the tendency of peoples to lose their simple faith under new influences and constant change. Of its ambitions and its cross-purposes. But the Sanctuary of Sheikh Abd el-Kader knows no politics. It is a rest for the weary body, a solace for the tired soul. We spoke of those far-away countries to which the doctrine that Sheikh Abd el-Kader taught has spread and where the brotherhood of the Kaderiyeh

flourishes. And the proof of this was the Sanctuary itself, with its crowd of strange men from strange lands. Many had come to reverence and to return, others to live and die in the precincts of the great Sheikh's tomb.

Sheikh Abd el-Kader was born toward the close of the eleventh century in Northern Persia. He settled, a theologian and an ascetic, in Baghdad. Here he taught the doctrine that gave rise to the sect that bears his name. Little he could have thought that over his humble dust would rise the buildings of to-day, crowned with their minarets and domes and clock-towers. It is a little city in itself, for round the wide enclosed squares, in rooms constructed in the walls, live the multitude of pilgrims, poor and very devout. Their bodily wants are furnished from the funds of the Sanctuary ; their spiritual needs by constant prayer, by the comfort of the vicinity of so holy a shrine and by the presence of a memory so precious.

The whole centre of the outer square of the Sanctuary is fenced in, leaving only a wide way between the railings and the outer walls. The enclosure thus formed is a slightly raised platform, covered with matting and used as a place of prayer for the concourse of pilgrims. It faces the Mosque and the tomb, toward which, being in the direction of Mecca, the devout turn their faces in prayer. At its western end the square opens out spaciously to the south, but always surrounded by the many rooms destined for the reception of the pilgrims. Each nationality has a number of these habitations reserved for its own people. A large fountain, protected from the sun's rays, stands in the centre of the square and serves as the place of ablutions. In the shade of the high walls here and there groups of small children, boys and girls, natives of the country, were repeating their lessons from the Koran, while all around the pilgrims went about their affairs, praying or chatting, cooking or counting their beads. And high above rose the minarets and the domes of the clock-towers.

The great mosque which occupies the southern side of the first square presents no architectural features of note and is built of yellow brick. A series of high, closely barred arches open on to the square and give light and air to the mosque. From the door the extensive interior was visible, its walls decorated in blue and white tiles. Around a second doorway swarmed a crowd of pilgrims, deep in salutations of reverence, for it gave entrance directly through the mosque to the tomb

beyond. At the command of the Naqib's officer who conducted me, the crowd made way and I stood alone looking into the depths of the holy place. Access to the inner sanctuary is forbidden, but through the silver rails that protect it the tomb is visible in the deep gloom.

Directly above this spot rises the smaller of the two domes, its exterior a gorgeous display of exquisite tiles, as azure as the sky above, and were it not for a darker design upon the pale blue ground, with difficulty distinguishable. The second and larger dome, covering the inner portion of the mosque, is of simple and undecorated construction. As I drew away from the door the pilgrims took my place to pray and revere once more.

In the presence of such veneration, of such tradition and of such faith, the traveller cannot remain uninfluenced by his surroundings. More than 700 years of pilgrimage to the tomb of an ascetic cannot have come about without some reason, without some justification. It may be that Sheikh Abd el-Kader performed no miracles in his lifetime, but who can tell what miracles his sanctuary may not have seen, for faith can remove mountains, even to-day, among such people as flock to this holy shrine.

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I have been in many lands at many periods of my life with the administration of which the British Government had been charged in some form or another. I have seen none that gave me a greater impression of confidence and satisfaction than Iraq. I found existing there under the able control of Sir Francis Humphrys, the High Commissioner, a policy that seemed to me to be based on justice, wisdom and good-feeling. His task was no easy one. At the time of the War, Iraq had been overrun by officials and soldiers from India. Their difficulties were very great, their efforts remarkable, but many—I think one may say most—brought with them from India often unconsciously arrogance and race-prejudice. The Arabs were treated with scant justice and with small regard. Those days are happily past. They cost us a rebellion and much loss of life. The Iraqis come from a fine old stock, from a proud race, though their power and their civilisation had diminished during the last few centuries, and the contumely with which they were treated burnt deep into their hearts and aroused their antagonism. To more recent endeavours to wipe out the recollection of the past and to

introduce new and cordial relations they have fully responded. Even from members of the rather vehement opposition of the Iraq parliament I heard nothing but praise of the attitude that the High Commissioner and the other British Authorities in the country had adopted toward the people. King Feisal himself expressed to me his entire satisfaction on this point. I found amongst all the higher British officials with whom I came into contact—and they were many—not only a feeling of regard for the Iraqi but also a genuine desire to co-operate with him in the interests of the prosperity of the country and the happiness and welfare of its inhabitants.

The night before I left Baghdad there was a large official dinner at the Residency. The many guests were ushered into the spacious reception rooms and as is so often the case at the opening of official functions there was a distinct sense of awe and solemnity. Everyone appeared to be keeping silence while he counted the number of decorations worn by his fellow-guests. It was a little stranger who set conversation going and cleared the atmosphere, for suddenly a cricket with a super-cricket voice began to emit his piercing music from somewhere on the ceiling. Never have I heard so small an insect sing so loudly and so defiantly his pæan of delight. His thoughts must have turned to praising the God who fashioned him—I like to think it was that—or else he was singing an exuberant love song to some lady cricket concealed in the cornice—or possibly he was laughing at the strange men down on the floor below with their breasts pinned all over with bits of coloured ribbon and odds and ends of tinsel. Who knows ?

I liked the "Young Iraqi." His manners are good ; he has a pleasant voice. He walks upright and has self-respect. His European clothes suit him ; they hang well, both because the structure they hang on is good and because they are well cut. He wears the little black cap, painted fore and aft, that has been adopted as the national head-dress, at an attractive angle. He is moreover pleasant and polite. When he speaks English he speaks it well. There is one pleasing expression constantly on his lips, an expression largely lost in England, but still current in the East—"Don't mention it, Sir." It is the nicest response to a word of thanks. There is no awkward pause after a proffered "Thank you." The reply is modest and very courteous. "Don't mention it." There are people, many nowadays, who pretend to despise good manners. They are wrong. The rarity

of courtesy should encourage its preservation wherever and whenever it still exists. The world would no doubt go round without it, but jarringly. The absence of courtesy in the attitude adopted by so many Englishmen and Englishwomen to Indians is one of the most distressing features of India and has been one of the principal reasons for the growth of ill-feeling. I have been told by English people in India that the absurd attitude of racial superiority so commonly assumed is necessary to uphold British prestige. Poor England ! Poor India !

The " Old Baghdadi " is by nature casual and agreeable. He neither works nor prays very much, nor does he seem to care very much. He takes his pleasures with moderation and his duties with restraint. He has intelligence but does not overdo it—humour and a fair amount of content. He is generally thoroughly inefficient. He builds his house badly and lets it fall into disrepair as soon as, or even before, it is completed. His handiwork is rough, crude and unfinished. His art is primitive and his modern taste execrable. He seems to admire everything that is tawdry. He is particular about his food but doesn't dust his furniture. As a merchant he jogs along, a little behindhand with everything. His code of business often leaves much to be desired for his standard of honesty varies with his circumstances, or with the weather, or for no reason at all. He is generally an orthodox Moslem of an unenquiring type, the type that is the main strength and force of all religious faiths. He has little fanaticism and no great religious urge. He would approve of a holy war against Christians provided it was far enough away not to interfere with his personal comfort or his business affairs. He accepts changing circumstances with indifference and as the will of God but continues to wear long garments and, except in winter, to have a bath once a week. In short, taking his race, his needs, his situation and his country into consideration he is on the whole a wise man, if a little slovenly.

The " Young Baghdadi " is very different. The characteristics and the faults of the former generation were largely due to the unimaginative domination of the Turk. The Young Baghdadi, on the contrary, is the creation of to-day. Neither in body nor in mind is he burdened with the indifference of his parents or his ancestors. He is smart in all senses of the word. He has abandoned his father's dress, his mentality and his

beard—and it even seems his father's figure. He refuses—and quite rightly—to be relegated to a lower category of race. He feels himself to be—and again quite rightly—on an equality with the Englishman. He will permit no racial prejudice to interfere with his welfare. Happily the majority of the English in Iraq respond.

Chapter IV

PERSIA

I FLEW from Baghdad to Teheran, a distance of five hundred miles, on a small monoplane of the very efficient Junker service that to-day renders travel in Persia, and over the bordering strip of Iraq, so pleasant, so easy and so fast. I was the only passenger in a cabin that would have held three. True, none of the luxuries that to-day accompany air-travel in other parts of the world were forthcoming, nor were they necessary, though the small windows furnish a rather restricted view of the country passed over. The weather was perfect. Early autumn in the Middle East is an ideal season for air travel.

We left Baghdad at sunrise and circled two or three times over the city as we rose, obtaining a striking and very beautiful view of the town and its surrounding gardens and of the desert beyond. The mass of flat-roofed houses was broken here and there by the coloured dome of a mosque or shrine. Between the city and its western suburbs flowed, like a thread of silver, the Tigris. The immediate surroundings were green enough, though it was the closing period of the hot dry season. Groves of date palms line the river banks. Beyond them the cultivated fields lay bare and yellow, for the crops were reaped and the ploughing and sowing of the new season could not be undertaken until rain had fallen. At a convenient altitude the plane turned eastward and sped quickly over the parched country. The speedy means of travel that I was employing was doubly impressive because once before, many years ago, I had toiled over the same broken country with a little caravan of three ponies in the great heat of a Mesopotamian summer, travelling at the rate of under twenty miles a day. To-day we were speeding high above it all at over one hundred miles an hour.

At Kermanshah, across the Persian frontier, the plane descended and I underwent the formalities of police and customs examination. The process seemed unnecessarily protracted and meticulous but the politeness of the officials quite counteracted

CUTTING DATES, BAGHDAD

GATE OF MOSQUE, KADHIMAIN, BAGHDAD

THE MEDRESSCH-I-SHAH HUSEYN, ISFAHAN

THE CHIHIL SUTUN, ISFAHAN

any irritation that one might have felt. They performed their rather ridiculous duties with tact, consideration and apology. They served me with tea and nougat to compensate me for the delay and for the minute scrutiny of all that I possessed. But the authorities were carrying out their instructions and their duty must be quite as unpleasant to perform as it was to experience. I look upon the Custom House officials all over the world as individuals of friendly disposition who have as a rule to suffer even more annoyance than they cause. Many travellers adopt an attitude that incites friction and invites reprisals. Nor can I comprehend the reasoning of many otherwise honest people who seem to consider smuggling a legitimate pursuit. I may possibly be a crank on the subject but for the life of me I cannot perceive the difference between cheating the customs and cheating anywhere else and I fail to recognize that in a verbal declaration to a customs official it is permissible to lie.

It is between Kermanshah and Hamadan that the traveller by air experiences certain thrills, for the plane rises to an altitude of over 10,000 feet above sea-level as it crosses the range of mountains that lies between those two towns. The cold was severe and I was glad that the little cabin could be heated by an exhaust pipe arranged for that purpose. The scenery was very fine. On either side, for we flew lower than the peaks through the opening in the mountains, rose masses of rock, to the north immense precipices, but southward a sweep of broken heights and valleys, extending far away. The plane passed close along the northern cliffs, not far below their summits. Every detail of the great sun-scorched rocks was visible. Below, far below, lay the valley, threaded by a road and beyond on the other side a seething mass of ridges and ravines. In such surroundings the noisy little monoplane seemed small indeed and its very insignificance—this minute machine of man's creation poised amongst these stupendous works of Nature—increased the exhilaration of my flight.

From the high mountains we emerged over the plains of Hamadan and with engine silenced we descended in a series of fascinating circles to the aerodrome. As we passed over the town we looked down into the enclosed courtyards of the houses and could see far below the little groups of women and children as they gazed upwards to watch our flight. We stayed but a short time at Hamadan and four and a half hours after leaving Baghdad we were in sight of Teheran. From the air one could see the

reconstruction of Persia's capital, for it amounts to such, that an energetic Shah has ordered and an obedient people is carrying out. Long lines of demolished houses—their owners uncompensated, it is said—mark the sites of new wide streets that already form so distinct a feature of the changing city.

It was to Gulahek, where the country quarters of the British Legation are situated that I drove from the aerodrome, to renew in delightful circumstances a friendship that I had long appreciated. After two years of separation there was much to hear and much to tell and in the grateful shade of a vast tent, spread in the garden in front of the Minister's house, we sat often and long and talked. Above us spread the branches of great plane trees, throwing strange moving patterns of wind-stirred leaves on the canvas of the tent and on the grass and on the blue pool of water with its fountain that lay before the opening making sweet music all the time.

Gulahek lies eight miles from Teheran on the lower slopes—just where the rising plain ends—of a range of barren and rugged mountains. There is an atmosphere of calm and tranquillity about the place and its surroundings that is most attractive. The heat of Teheran in summer renders necessary the migration of the Foreign Legations and their staffs to cooler quarters and at Gulahek the British Government owns this charming estate, with a comfortable, spacious but unpretentious house, eminently suited for its purpose.

What pleasant days they were—afternoons and evenings spent riding and motoring in the neighbourhood and the days in exploring the near surroundings or, with books around one, in the great reception tent. The days were hot, but October was upon us, and at night it froze once or twice, for Gulahek lies 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Often in winter the snow lies deep and the place is almost uninhabitable. At the end of September, or during the first days of October, the Minister, his family and his staff return to Teheran. These migrations out and back are no mean undertaking. Even the furniture must be transported for nothing is left at Gulahek during the winter. The heavy articles are piled on lorries but all the smaller effects are carried by porters on large trays balanced on their heads. As nearly all the Legations and many less official foreigners have houses in or near Gulahek the time of moving is an animated season. The traveller during those days of migration meets strange processions on the road and often the

tactless porters expose to public view all the smaller utensils of the migrating families in a medley that is often extremely comic and sometimes a little embarrassing.

I have seldom seen a country where the effects of light upon plain and mountain are more beautiful than in and around Gulahek in the autumn. To the west the peaks rise to a height of 10,000 feet of barren rock that changes in colour with every hour of the day—sometimes pale greys and yellows, often brick red, while the deeper ravines are sky blue or purple wherever the sunshine fails to penetrate. To the east lies the plain bounded by a rugged range. To the north superb snow-clad Demavend dominates the scene, its summit over 20,000 feet in altitude. The extensive plain, arid and seared at this period of the year, is sparsely dotted with irrigated gardens, where plane trees and elegant poplars and fruit orchards form isolated masses of dense vegetation. At all hours it was beautiful, and ever changing. One evening I particularly call to mind. Sunset was near. Black clouds had gathered to the north and east and the last rays of the sun flooded the whole scene in golden radiance. The vast plain and the mountains beyond stood out pale and effulgent against the dark mass of clouds beyond. We reined in our horses and gazed upon this scene of almost supernatural loveliness, alas, only too short lived. What delightful days ! What pleasant friendship !

One afternoon at Gulahek we experienced a sharp earthquake shock that set the lamps a-swaying and the floors and furniture to creak. A few wave-like movements of the earth succeeded one another in quick succession. No local damage was done, but at Teheran, eight miles away, windows were broken and away in the hills village houses collapsed. A week later I experienced another of these unpleasant phenomena, this time at Teheran and in the middle of the night. One could hear the earthquake coming as the wave passed down the street. The first impression was that of machine-guns in action at some little distance but approaching quickly. These sounds were caused by the rattling of windows and roofs. As it came near the swaying motion of the earth was unpleasantly appreciable and the contents of my room shuddered and shook. Again no serious damage was done.

Since my previous visit to Persia many years ago great changes had taken place and the Persians of the towns had almost without exception abandoned their picturesque dress, and no longer let

their hair grow long in the fashion of the knaves in a pack of playing cards. The long robes that were almost universally worn had disappeared and the Persian had lost his charm and his individuality. In badly fitting and exceedingly untidy European clothes he has deteriorated in appearance. I do not speak of the higher classes, who dress well, but of the crowd of which the visible population consists. The strict enforcement of the edict against national dress and the introduction of the Pahlevi kepi, the ugliest and most unsuitable head-gear that exists, are due to the Shah's determination to break the pernicious influence of the religious classes, whose usurpation of control and whose corruption was largely responsible for the state of decay into which Persia had fallen. Many who had no legitimate pretensions nor any aptitude, either by education or by calling, to recognised ecclesiastical position had adopted the robes and the manner in order to benefit by the superstitious awe and instinctive fear that marked the attitude of the uneducated classes toward the Religious Orders. The present Shah made quick work of these obnoxious individuals. His officers demanded to see the degrees or certificates they had received from the universities and colleges. The vast majority proved to have no authority, nor any fitness, to practise the profession or to wear the garb of priests or scholars. Under the menace of speedy and condign punishment they abandoned their assumed calling and their robes, and Persia was cleared of one of its principal evils. But at the same time the country lost much of its picturesqueness. The Pahlevi cap, enforced upon the male population without regard to age, station or suitability, is a misshapen form of kepi, constructed of stiff material with a small and ill-proportioned peak in front. It varies in colour according to taste but is always ugly, especially as it is as often as not in a state of semi-collapse and seldom fit for wear. This atrocious and ignominious headgear is alone sufficient to ruin the attractiveness of the country, but when there is added to it the crumpled ill-fitting discarded and soiled suits of Europe the climax of disfigurement is reached. Mankind in Persia to-day, once so picturesque an addition to the landscape, has become an untidy and unclean blot upon the scene. The Persian is not shaped like the young Iraqi to wear European garb, and he does not know what to wear or how to wear it. Size or fit seem indifferent to him.

Yet the traveller who after a long absence revisits Persia cannot but be struck by the changes and ameliorations that have

taken place in every respect of the country. The fall of an effete dynasty, five years of a new regime under a capable Shah, the birth of a spirit of nationalism throughout the country—all these have left their mark on every branch of the administration and upon the land itself.

Persia is not yet free from anxieties, but much has already been accomplished. In a country that was formerly a prey to constant revolt, and at all times to brigandage, security of life and property has been assured. In its foreign policy the Persian Government has, without disturbance of its relations with the European Powers, succeeded in freeing itself from the drawback of the capitulations, and the Shah is to-day an independent monarch. By an act that was perhaps unduly energetic, but in the end will clear the atmosphere, the Persian Government cancelled all existing treaties, with the exception of that of 1857 with Great Britain, which, being a Treaty of Peace concluded at the termination of a short war, is irrevocable except by mutual consent. In two cases European Governments have negotiated new treaties : in others they are content to adopt a *modus vivendi.* In spite of this action of the Shah, arbitrary though it may appear, the foreign relations of Persia have not suffered, and his Majesty, anxious to place Persia on a footing of reciprocal and enduring goodwill, especially with all his neighbours, is intent upon the consolidating of her good relations with them and commercially with Russia.

In the land itself the results of progress are notable. Extensive roads have been constructed, and Teheran during the last few years has changed from a second-rate Oriental town to a city that presents many of the amenities of a capital, and is being reconstructed with due regard to its promising future. Teheran can be reached in six days' air travel from London. Only eleven hours' flight separates it from Damascus and seven from Bushire. The days of wearying caravan journeys are finished, and motor roads are available for those to whom the aeroplane does not appeal.*

The influence of Occidental ideas and methods, which is being felt throughout the Middle East, is nowhere more evident than in Persia to-day. This, though more apparent in the capital, applies in a lesser degree throughout the country. Picturesque and narrow streets with their open stalls stocked with local produce are being demolished to make way for wide boulevards

* Since this was written the aeroplane service in Persia has been discontinued.

with modern glass-fronted shops. Many buildings, old and new, have been destroyed to broaden main thoroughfares, and have the incidental advantage of opening up enchanting vistas of distant snow-capped mountains.

New streets are being driven through the old bazaar quarter of Teheran, and the authorities probably intend that it shall disappear altogether, together with the beautiful and historic gates at the entrances of the town, with their coloured tiles and frescoes. In a few years' time the Persian schoolboy will regard the gates of Shimran and Yussefabad in much the same way as his English contemporary does the Moorgate and Aldgate of London. The famous walls and battlements surrounding the city are gradually disappearing, and the moat on the outside, which has formed its chief defence for many centuries, is being filled in and built over with small brick villas similar to hundreds to be seen in any London suburb.

The tendency in the present scheme of town planning is to develop more towards the Elburz mountains, where in the foothills are the summer residences of the Foreign Legations. The construction of a wide highway leading from the Shah's city palace to his country residence, half-way up the mountain side, overlooking the town, has given this much additional impetus. Avenues and groves of trees have been planted, and small cafés are springing up at advantageous points with views of the countryside.

Various Government buildings, among them the Posts and Telegraphs, the Municipality, and the "Nazmia," which is the Scotland Yard of Persia, are newly built with imposing façades, and more and more approach the European standard. The town is illuminated by electric light, and an efficient telephone system is installed. Motor-omnibuses are supplementing the antique Belgian horse tramway, and taxicabs are gradually taking the place of the old horse-drawn "drushki."

Caravans of camels or mules wandering through the city are now comparatively rare, and are vanishing to the less-travelled districts of the Persian countryside. This is not surprising, since caravans bringing goods from Baghdad or the Persian Gulf to the capital take at least three weeks, while by motor the journey can be accomplished in three days. This is greatly due to the remarkable improvement and maintenance of the Persian road system, but in very great part also to the increased security from brigandage which only a few years

ago was of frequent occurrence in the more distant districts of Persia.

From the financial point of view it is Persia's misfortune rather than her fault that she is the victim of circumstances not entirely of her own creation. The world crisis, the fall in silver, the too sudden raising of the standards of life resulting in general extravagance on the part of the people, have brought about a situation that will require delicate handling. The proposed change in the near future from a silver to a gold standard, and the existing arbitrary fixing of an official value of silver in its relation to gold, have almost paralysed exchange and dangerously disorganized trade. The increased tariff in America on the import of Persian carpets—a staple industry—has added to the difficulties.

Interest in the Persian Gulf—where the situation even in the period of Lord Curzon's Viceregal term in India (1899-1905) caused no little anxiety to the British and Indian Governments—waned when the menace of foreign aggression was removed. Difficulties with France over the question of slave and gun running from Muskat ; an ill-disguised attempt on the part of Russia to obtain a footing at Bunder Abbas ; threats from Turkey on the subject of Koweit and Bahrein, and finally Germany's activities and her intention to obtain a base as the terminus of the Baghdad railway, necessitated firm diplomatic handling. With France and Russia agreements were reached. It required some plain speaking to impress upon Turkey and Germany that interference in the *status quo*, or any attempt on the part of any Power to install a naval base, or to fortify any position, in the Gulf, would be resisted as threatening England's communications with India, Australia and the Far East.

A period of calm ensued and Great Britain's action in these waters was limited to the naval policing of the Gulf in the interests and maintenance of order and for the protection of trade. New treaties were made and old ones revised, with the independent Sheikhs of the Arabian coast and the question of the Persian Gulf seemed to have been definitely settled. England's position in those waters is one of long standing. The British Government's relations with the Sultans of Muskat were entered into over a century ago, while it is 147 years since Great Britain came to an arrangement with a predecessor of the Sheikh of Bahrein, who ruled over a group of islands that had formerly belonged to Persia. Koweit at the north-west extremity of the

Gulf is still more directly under British protection. With the remaining Sheikhs of the "Pirate Coast" England is allied by local agreements. At Bushire, on the Persian coast, there is a British Resident, who controls the political action and the policing of the Gulf. At Henjam—a Persian island near the southern end of the Gulf—a British Naval depot has more recently been constructed, with a Wireless Station, a Hospital, and such accessories as the presence of warships necessitate. The anchorage is sheltered and in spite of the great heat the island is relatively healthy. It is a constant resort of H.M. ships and one of the rare places in the Gulf where the crews are able to indulge in exercise and sport.

Two circumstances recently attracted the attention of the British and Indian Governments to affairs in the Persian Gulf. The first was the change of dynasty in Persia and the consequent increase of Persian authority. The second was the progress of aviation and the opening up of air communication with India and beyond. The Persian Government, under the energetic Riza Shah, having set its house in order, proceeded to revise its relations with the Foreign Powers and in due course turned its attention to the Persian Gulf. It was evident that the situation there existing required a new, practical and permanent settlement on a basis of mutual good will. Three years and more ago negotiations were opened to that effect. The Persian Government once again renewed its claim to Bahrein in spite of the fact that at the date of the arrangement come to between the British Government and the reigning Sheikh, the place had already passed out of the possession of Persia. True, the Persian Government claims to have in its possession a despatch from Lord Clarendon, written in his capacity of Foreign Secretary, in which it is stated that England's occupation of Bahrein (if occupation it could be called) was temporary and would be abandoned on the restoration of law and order. But the Persian Government forgets that it would not in any case be to Persia that the island would be restored but to the ruling Sheikh with whose early predecessor England had entered into the original agreement 147 years ago. At the same time the Persian Government let it be known that it would not extend the existing agreement by which the planes of "Imperial Airways" *en route* to and from India are permitted to fly over Persian coast territory or to use certain Persian ports as aerodromes. Persia offers an inland and far less convenient route, across desert that it would,

from want of means of communication in case of forced landing, be dangerous to employ. The same announcement has, it appears, been made to France and the Netherlands, both of which countries have air services following the Persian coast and using Persian aerodromes. The Arabian coast—an alternative route—has been subjected to a naval survey, but presents, from more than one point of view, objections and difficulties, and would necessitate the employment of sea-planes between Busrah and British Beluchistan. All these questions are awaiting solution.

The British Government, while insisting upon the legality, and the maintenance, of the status of Bahrein, was prepared in return for the Persian abandonment of any claim to that place, and in return for a lease of the site of the Naval Depot at Henjam, to transfer the British Residency from Bushire to Bahrein and thus remove from Persian territory an institution that the Persians, with some reason, consider an anomaly and a detriment to their independence. In addition, the British Government was prepared to make a considerable financial sacrifice by remitting a large portion of a debt which the Persian Government recognizes as owing to England. The British Government would no doubt also be ready to negotiate a new treaty of commerce and to use its good offices in bringing about a settlement with the Iraq Government of the question of the waterway of the Shatt el-Arab, the river on which the Persian town of Abadan, the terminus of the pipe-line of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, is situated. Although Abadan lies on Persian territory the river belongs to Iraq and it is the Iraqi Government that largely benefits by collecting dues, etc., from the steamers arriving at and departing from the Persian town. For three years these negotiations have been spasmodically proceeding and on more than one occasion it was hoped that a settlement had been reached, but always the Persian Government has hesitated to sign—and added new demands. Not satisfied with the generous attitude that England has adopted, the Persian Government lately demanded the cession of two other islands which are not England's to give but are the property of an independent Sheikh. Nor is that all for there is also a further demand for extravagant financial compensation. At the time of writing the negotiations for a treaty between the British and Persian Governments appear to be at a standstill and it will require a more convincing proof of Persia's goodwill and breadth of vision before a settlement can be reached. The conversations have been protracted and

tiresome and there will be no change whatever in the status of the Persian Gulf until the Shah's Government adopts a more conciliatory attitude.

Once again I entrusted myself, and with complete confidence and satisfaction, to a small monoplane of the German Junker service. It was a cold grey dawn and the aerodrome of Teheran seemed to concentrate the autumn chill on its open space. There were little delays and we waited for the first signs of daylight before the pilots and mechanicians began the warming of the engine after the frost of the night. At last the noisy whirr of the screw announced that the moment of departure was at hand. I was glad to climb into the small space of the cabin where at all events it was warmer than outside. The flight to Isfahan occupied about two and a quarter hours and was most enjoyable. The country, it is true, at this time of the year is burnt up and sear, but the fascination of seeing it from such a height, and we flew high, was great. The view of Demavend, away to the north, was superb. The great volcano is marvellously symmetrical in form and even at this early period of autumn was clad in snow. We passed high above the holy town of Koum, the azure dome of its sacred tomb clearly visible and it seemed a very short time before Isfahan itself, lying in its hill-encircled plain, appeared. An easy landing, a friend to meet me, a pleasant drive and the hospitality of the Consul-General was a happy introduction to this most beautiful and interesting city.

Time has laid its hands very gently upon Isfahan. The city has slept but has never died. The three centuries and more that have elapsed since Shah Abbas summoned the architects and the artists of his realm to create his capital have scarcely marred his achievement. His reign was the renaissance of Persian art, its most glorious period.

In its setting Isfahan is fortunate. Walled orchards encircle the town and a fast-flowing river spanned by two arched bridges skirts these gardens. All around lies the plain—a desert in autumn but in spring verdant. On the horizon on all sides rise rugged mountains, isolated, fantastic in outline, and curiously metallic in quality. A pleasing harmony of subdued colour marks the city's surroundings—greys and soft yellows and delicate pinks—and in October autumn has already touched the leaves of the fruit trees. But the contrast that nature withholds Shah Abbas gave, for above the pale plain, above the fading foliage of the gardens and the flat roofs of the town, rise the

domes and minarets of Medresseh and mosque, so delicate, so exquisite in colour and design as to leave the traveller silent in wonder and admiration. Upon their surfaces of pale turquoise blue—as if stolen from some evening sky—are displayed, bold in line and glowing in colour, rich traceries in inlaid tiles.

If Isfahan is beautiful from without there is no disappointment within the city. Everywhere, in its famous avenue, in the great Maidan, among the mosques and palaces, the sense of regal dignity is present. It is as admirable in its imaginative genius as it is in the completeness of its finished art. What a sense of majesty he possessed, Shah Abbas ! The man who raised the Ali Kepi, that mass of masonry that overlooks the Maidan, and who set high up on it the Talar—a vast balcony, its roofs supported on thin columns, where fountains played beneath the gilded ceiling—was indeed a king ! It was there, overlooking the city, that he received in state the foreign embassies that even in those Elizabethan days ventured into Persia, or sat to watch the polo in the vast Maidan below. As he looked before him, to the right or to left, other masterpieces of his creation met his eyes—the Musjid-i-Shah, with its pool of water before its entrance, reflecting the façade, the domes and the minarets, a splendid example of construction and of art, its tile-work of surpassing magnificence. To his left an imposing gateway gave —and gives to-day—access to the bazaars, while opposite the Ali Kepi rises the mosque of Sheikh Lutfullah, its gateway faced in dazzling faience and its yellow dome discreetly decorated in flowing patterns of black and coloured tiles—an object of great beauty.

Beneath the Talar an archway leads into the palace precincts, and still to-day the traveller can wander through abandoned courts to the garden with its long narrow basin, where stands the hall of the forty columns—the Chihil Sutun. Twenty of these columns there are ; the other twenty seem to have existed only in the poetic imagination of the Persians or to have owed their origin to the reflection of the colonnade that lay upon the calm waters of the pool. The delicate thin tapering pillars that support the roof, each hewn from a single tree, are of infinite refinement of line. Under the shade of the painted and gilded ceiling a deeply arched recess once held the throne. The upper portion of the arch is encrusted with a multitude of little mirrors, that, facing in many directions, reflect the daylight and the rich decorations of wall and ceiling and the verdure of the gardens

without. In the inner great hall and chambers of the Chihil Sutun Persian painting runs riot.

The Medresseh-i-Shah Huseyn, that overlooks the avenue of the Chehar Bagh, rivals the Musjid-i-Shah in size and in the magnificence of its decoration. The great courtyard, with its placid pools of water and forest trees, is surrounded by arcaded and galleried buildings broken in each centre by immense closed archways rich in exquisite tile-work. The delicacy of colour, the interwoven lettering of the white inscriptions on their dark blue ground, the scrolls and panels rich in designs of Persian flowers, and, far above, the domes and minarets, radiant in the sunlight—all combine to form a picture of superlative splendour. In another quarter of the town two other buildings, the small shrine of Harun Vilayet and an adjacent mosque (the former only lately made accessible to visitors), are precious examples of Persian tile at its best.

From the centre of the town to the many-arched bridge of Ali Verdi Khan runs the Chehar Bagh, Isfahan's famous avenue, with its rows of trees half hiding the little shops and cafés that line this favourite resort. It has lost some of its former character, for it has been modified for modern traffic, but happily with taste. The Persians of Isfahan are to be congratulated on the steps they are taking not only to preserve but also to restore the architectural treasures of the city.

The bazaars of Isfahan, those seemingly endless domed and vaulted streets, form a little city of their own. It is at evening that they are seen at their best, when the lessening crowd and the shut shops leave their architectural features disclosed and an air of mystery pervades the atmosphere. Through loopholes in the roof above the afternoon sunlight falls in effulgent rays, dancing with golden dust across the gloom of the dim arcades. Deep shadowy archways, with heavy doors enframed in Persian tiles and studded with rich ironwork, lead to the mosque and shrines. Here and there a vast domed building, its shadows a deep luminous brown, marks the selling place of carpets that lie piled upon the stone floor. Or an open caravanserai is passed, still flooded with the pink and yellow afterglow of sunset. The Persians, dark figures in dark raiment, pass on. The work of the day is over, the bazaar is deserted, and there is silence.

From Isfahan another pleasant journey by air brought me back to Teheran. During my absence the British Legation had migrated from its summer quarters at Gulahek to the Capital

and the Minister, his family and his staff, were installed in the handsome group of buildings that lie within the walled garden. A few days were spent in charming surroundings and now and again an excursion was made into the arcaded streets of the attractive bazaar quarter. Then one early morning in biting cold I climbed on board a monoplane and in less than six hours was in the almost stifling heat of Baghdad once again. During my absence King Feisal had returned from his visit to Europe. It was my privilege to have a long and very interesting conversation with His Majesty. The past, present and future of Iraq were touched upon and the relations of that country to England and with the League of Nations. King Feisal has a charming personality and a shrewd penetrating mind and is the happy possessor of a remarkable sense of humour which came into play in his descriptions of certain political situations within his realms. His friendship to England is evident. There was no mistaking his sincerity or his intention to preserve the cordial relations of the two countries. Although my reception by the King was a private and personal visit His Majesty invited me, and I readily acquiesced, to send the following message to *The Times*.

" King Feisal desires me to convey to the people of Great Britain through the columns of *The Times* his deep sympathy and sincere condolences with them on the occasion of the airship disaster. He believes that the sacrifice of valuable lives will lead to renewed efforts for eventual success ; the crew of R 101 have not perished in vain.*

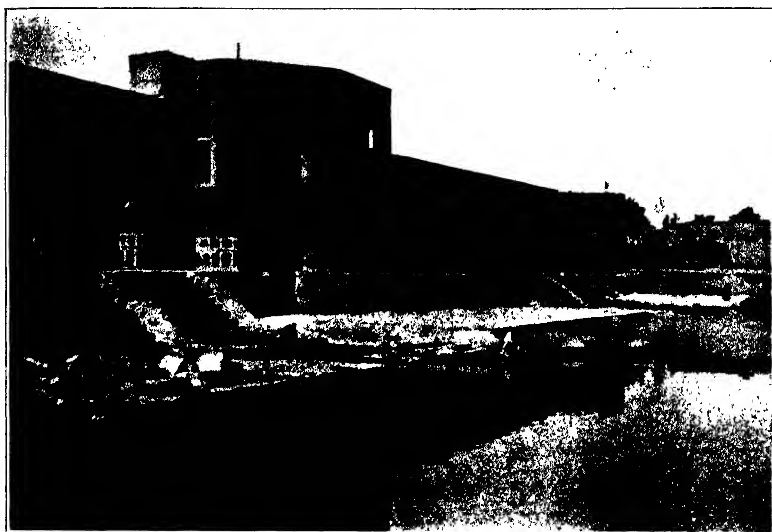
" His Majesty also desires to state that his recent visit to England was one not only of great interest but also of the happiest results. He trusts that the co-operation of England and Iraq will thereby be strengthened and will increase in the future. Since the early days of the King's intimate relations with Great Britain his affection for the British nation has grown in depth and sincerity, and the support and encouragement he has always received will be a guarantee for the maintenance of good will and bring happiness and prosperity to Iraq.

" Iraq is suffering from the world crisis, but he looks to better days. Such a crisis serves as a lesson for the future, demanding additional effort and endeavour. He is particularly desirous of augmenting the agricultural wealth of the country, but Iraq is

* The R 101 had been lost a few days before.

isolated and has no accumulated capital ; her riches are dormant in the soil."

Referring to the political situation, His Majesty stated that Parliamentary Oppositions serve a good educational purpose. His personal task is to seek a happy medium between exaggerated reaction and excessive haste in the reconstruction of the country. He spoke highly of the services rendered to the Iraqi Government by the British authorities and advisers, and finally reiterated his satisfaction at having this opportunity to express through *The Times* his sympathy and good will towards Great Britain.



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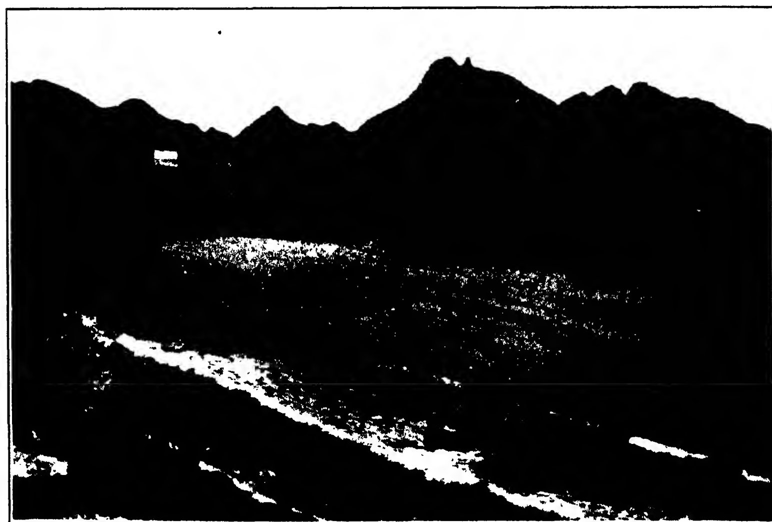
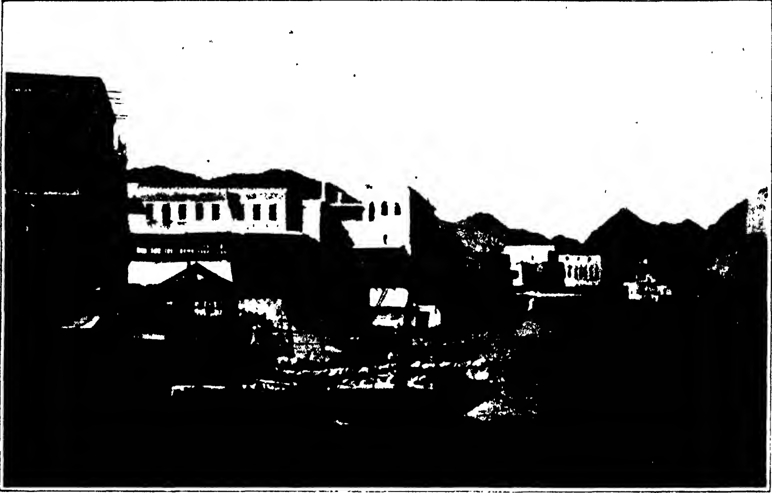


MUSKAT



MUSKAT

BOATS AT DABAI

Chapter V

TO INDIA BY THE PERSIAN GULF

THERE is no doubt that without its human interest the journey from Baghdad to Karachi by the Persian Gulf might be found monotonous and tiresome. Iraq itself in the autumn before the rains have fallen is a desolate land and the twenty-two hours' railway journey from Baghdad to Basrah is dusty and hot. So dried up is the country passed through that it is difficult to distinguish plough-land from desert and even the palm trees that line the river banks look thirsty and tired. The train of course does not hurry. There is no need why it should and the unduly long delays at wayside stations were rendered less tedious by the presence of people who seemed to collect out of curiosity to look at the daily train and its passengers on their way to Basrah and the sea. A party of Arabs from one of the Sheikhates on the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf were journeying to take the steamer on their return home. They had been sent by their Chief to Iraq to purchase falcons, for the Arabs are great hunters. Wiry sun-scorched men they were, in long white robes and with blue and white kefiyehs over their turbans. On their gauntleted wrists sat perched the large birds of prey that are used in this part of the world for falconing. At each station the little group alighted and let the hooded falcons stretch their wings and raise their necks as if craving for flight and freedom, There was a strange resemblance between the birds and their masters—in sinew, strength, and cruelty. They were to be my companions for many days, for when I embarked at Magil, two days later, I found them on board.

Basrah does not lie on the banks of the Shatt el-Arab, as the united Tigris and Euphrates are called, but a few miles inland. It boasts to-day two river ports, Magil, built during the War and admirably equipped, and Ashraf, the older native riverside town four or five miles lower down. With Ashraf, Basrah is connected by creeks and canals of sufficient depth of water to allow the passage of the " balam " and " mushhaf " the native

boats that so closely resemble the caique of Stamboul and the gondola of Venice. Magil lies 47 miles from the sea but the river is navigable for large steamers.

Ashraf is a picturesque little place, lying along the bank of the river on one side and overlooking a creek crowded with the native boats that are the principal means of transport in the Delta. A mosque with a brilliantly tiled dome gives character to the place. Near by a wide flight of steps leads from the shaded bazaars down to the crowded water-way.

Wishing to see as much as was possible of the Persian Gulf I chose a slow steamer which took ten or eleven days to reach Karachi whereas the direct mail accomplishes the voyage in five. Many more ports are touched at by the slower boats, though often enough the distance that separates the anchorage from the towns and the short time the steamer remains render a visit to the shore out of the question. But disappointment in this respect is a little compensated for by the opportunity of seeing the crowd of people who come on board on business or out of curiosity. They vary in race and condition from locally important personages with their retinues to barbaric and often none too clean Arabs and Beluchis, many of them of primitive and almost savage aspect.

I was much impressed on this voyage with the patience with which the officers of this British-India steamer met the annoying and often ridiculous formalities imposed by the authorities of the Persian ports at which we called. Although it was sometimes only a few hours since we had left the last Persian harbour the whole process of medical examination, the counting of the passengers and crew and a host of other formalities were insisted upon. The arrogance of some of these minor Persian officials was amusing to witness. Their country has lately to some extent found its feet, but in doing so has largely lost its head. An officer of health from one of these God-forsaken little collections of mud huts surpassed all the rest. He was young, fat, unshaven and full of his own importance. In his ill-fitting and untidy uniform, slovenly and perspiring, he adopted the manner of a Shah. He scarcely deigned to speak. His directions he gave by a majestic wave of a fleshy arm. By one of these splendid gestures he summoned the native passengers on to the upper deck ; with a second he caused them to be drawn up in line. Like a pompous Sovereign reviewing a guard of honour he walked to and fro, and counted the motley crowd of a couple of

hundred natives. The result he obtained did not correspond with that of the ship's papers. He counted them again, and again incorrectly. The first officer then started down the line touching each passenger in turn and counting aloud. The result tallied with the ship's documents but the Persian was not satisfied. He made depreciatory gestures and started once more—arriving at a totally new figure. He then became magnificent. He posed and thought and frowned. In silence he summoned his subordinates—a body of three or four ragged policemen. Then everyone began to count, aloud, and even I, an onlooker, could scarcely resist the temptation. The policemen started simultaneously at both ends of the line and all went well till they met in the middle when they became completely confused, counted each other and themselves—added the doctor—forgot the figures, and concluded by arriving at four different results. At length the weary passengers were made to march past one by one and ticked off. The number was that of the ship's papers. Then the whole process began all over again with the stewards and crew until at length the Persian doctor, satisfied, adopted the familiar attitude of Napoleon and by a gracious wave of the hand gave the signal that the ship was free to discharge and load her cargo and her human freight. Like so many of the regulations that the Persian Government has introduced it was all sheer waste of time. Even on my air journeys in Persia at every spot where the plane descended I was asked to give my parents' Christian names, the exact date of the death of my father and other equally irrelevant personal information. I must state that the authorities were polite and even friendly and seemed once or twice to realise the folly of their instructions. After all, it must worry them quite as much as it does the traveller and I made a point of always going through the long inquisition with patience and good temper. This enquiry finished there are a host of other difficulties to be met, such as the question of the introduction, and export of money, that render travelling in Persia irksome and irritating. The paper money is confiscated and changed, at a perfectly fictitious rate, into silver or *vice versa*, and everything is so arranged that on each of these transactions the traveller loses a percentage—and often a large one—of the amount.

The evening of our departure the steamer touched at Mohammerah and passed Abadan the same night, a large town and port constructed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. It is

the terminus of the pipe-line that brings the oil from the wells in the interior down to the coast. The night was dark and the place was brilliantly lit. In spite of the fact that it was past midnight work seemed to be progressing on every side. The construction of a jetty was in progress and at regular intervals the disturbing thud of a pile-driver set the night air vibrating. The next morning we left the river and emerged on to the sea.

I could not go ashore at Bushire for we arrived after sunset and left before dawn. Years ago on a previous journey I had spent a few days there and should have liked to have seen it again. It is the seat of a British Resident, although Bushire is Persian territory and it forms the centre of the British political and police administration of the Persian Gulf. It is a curious anomaly this semi-British protectorate over the Persian Gulf, for not only does the Government of India, which appoints the Resident, have a voice in every matter, but also the London Foreign Office, acting through the British Minister at Teheran and the Consuls at Basrah and on the coast. Nor is that all for the British Navy plays no unimportant part in local affairs, now and then bombarding, on behalf of a Sultan of Muskat or some Arabian chief, a recalcitrant village that refuses to be squeezed, or threatening drastic reprisals if fines and levies are not paid to a local grasping master. The three institutions already interested in the progress of affairs in the Persian Gulf—the Government of India, the Foreign Office and the Navy—are now receiving the additional assistance of a fourth party—the Air Force, which has already made its appearance in these waters. The relations between the other three are not always without friction and the addition of the Air Force still further complicated matters. The traveller who visits the Gulf is informed by representatives of each department in turn how smoothly events would run, and how beneficial would be the results, if only the other three controlling parties could be eliminated. It is perhaps fortunate that all of them are represented in the Persian Gulf as their individual efforts are neutralised to such an extent that in the end little harm is done. There seems to be a general disposition on the part of junior Naval officers to maintain British prestige by the bombardment of all places where, either from reasons of insecurity or any other cause, they are not permitted to land and shoot duck or partridges.

Off Dabai, on the Oman coast near the southern narrows of the Gulf our steamer spent a day. It is perhaps the most interesting

of the Gulf Sheikhates. From the sea it appears to be a neatly built little town, through which runs a creek of sufficient depth to accommodate the sailing dhows of the place. The Sheikh of Dabai asserts his independence to a greater extent than the other petty rulers of the "Pirate Coast," as it is still called. He is probably aware that this policy is the only means of preserving the position that he has so far successfully maintained. No Christians are allowed to reside or even to disembark at Dabai. The rare exceptions are the short visits paid by political officers and naval commanders. Even to wear European costume is strictly forbidden to the Arabs and the few Indians who reside here. Particularly vetoed are Western trousers as being indecent in their scantiness and irreligious in their cut. Long robes, baggy breeches or loin-cloths are insisted upon. The town lies along the seashore. Many of the houses are arcaded and apparently solidly built while a few square towers rise above the level of the flat roofs, built with large openings in the walls so as to benefit by whatever breeze may blow. In the centre of the place is a fort. Dabai is a flourishing little town for the exaggerated Customs restrictions of the Persian ports on the opposite shore of the Gulf have driven much trade there, to the detriment of Persia. If the town as seen from the shore appears to be the abode of a peaceful and law-abiding population the inhabitants who came off to the ship gave a very different impression. Seldom have I ever seen such a collection of picturesque and attractive ruffians. They came out in large native boats, rowed by African negroes, slaves or the descendants of slaves. Perspiring and naked except for a loin-cloth, and of splendid muscular development, they rowed four to an oar. Nor were they by any means the sole persons on the boats, for every inch of space on board was occupied by Arabs in flowing garb, a ferocious looking crowd. A perfect pandemonium reigned. Orders shouted and counter-ordered as the clumsy native craft came alongside and their crews scrambled up the gangway, or by climbing the masts of their boats reached the steamer deck without the need of steps. There was no inferiority complex about these Gulf Arabs. They literally sweated superiority. They appeared to consider that the steamer was their own property. However, the Sheikh of Dabai's police were there in force to keep order, arrayed in long white garments and with turbans and coloured kefiyehs on their heads and round their waists sashes into which were stuck their silver-hilted and much decorated daggers. They bore staffs of

office in their hands. In little groups they stood about the deck and no doubt their presence maintained a measure of order which otherwise might have been wanting. A number of youths and boys, too, visited the ship and ran riot all over the place. Nothing was sacred to them. They penetrated as far as they dared into the engine room, the saloons and the alley-ways below deck and would no doubt have visited every cabin had not the doors been locked. Their curiosity was intense but their manners were excellent. A little condescending, they maintained the attitude of scions of a proud and fanatical race amongst a lot of persons whom they no doubt considered as outcasts and infidels. The Arabic spoken at Dabai is, I am told, a dialect that is entirely local and not in use elsewhere.

From Dabai a few hours' steaming took us to the island of Henjam, off the Persian shore of the Gulf. There the British Admiralty has established a Naval Stores Depot—where supplies of coal, oil and other requisites are obtainable by H.M.'s ships. There is also a Naval Hospital, a Signal Station, a Wireless installation and other useful institutions. The anchorage is sheltered and the place on the whole healthy though the climate is, like all these Gulf ports, damp and very hot. It appears that no definite arrangement as to Henjam was come to with the Persian Government, which, at the time of its occupation by England, was a more or less negligible quantity. But the situation has altered. Persia has reorganized itself and its Shah and Government are asking—and rather pertinently—how we come to be there. The negotiations entered into by the British Goverment to obtain a lease from Persia of the shore and anchorage have so far led to no results. The Persian Government seems prepared to compromise but on terms which are unacceptable and extravagant.

Henjam lies in the vicinity of Bander Abbas, a Persian port near the famous island of Hormuz (Ormuz) where once the Portuguese were firmly established after a victorious campaign on the neighbouring mainland. Bander Abbas, where our steamer anchored for a few hours, extends for more than a mile along the sea front. About twenty miles inland a range of barren mountains rises to a height of 6,000 feet above sea level. As we steamed away we passed close to the island of Hormuz where the old Portuguese fort, a mass of building of some size, still stands on a spur of rock jutting out into the sea. The island itself is a curiously coloured mass of volcanic hills of fantastic

outline. Some of the peaks are almost as white as snow, others dark brown or rosy pink.

The next day we reached Jask, a collection of mud huts built on a spit of sand at the extreme point of which is situated a station of the Anglo-Indian telegraph. Jask is also a stopping-place on the Imperial Airway route to India and passengers spend the night in a building near the telegraph station. Malaria is very prevalent and I can imagine few more dismal spots of exile. No vegetables will grow there and the few trees that are to be found are only kept alive by much tending. The one interesting feature of Jask is that its cows—and there are few—are fed on sun-dried fish and used telegraph tape. I saw them contentedly devouring both. Apparently it is the sweetness contained in the printing ink on the tape that renders it palatable. The dried fish is moistened and made into a soft mash. Water is scarce and bad, but the few Europeans at the Telegraph Station collect the rain off the roofs of their houses into tanks. The one industry of the place is the catching and drying of a very small fish which are eventually exported as manure. The smell is strong and extremely nauseous and the whole place reeks of it. The odour of a few sacks of this unpleasant product that our steamer took on board as cargo penetrated even into the cabins below decks. As we steamed away from Jask the wind rose, blowing vast clouds of sand seaward from the shore until the land was hidden behind a curtain of white dust. Westward the sun was just visible, orange coloured against a lemon sky.

Early the next morning we were at Muskat, having once more crossed from east to west. It is not until the steamer is in the inner bay that the town of Muskat is seen, for it lies enclosed amongst hills and cliffs that almost conceal it except from the anchorage. Two massive forts perched high above the sea stand on either side of the strip of beach with its front of buildings. On the steep cliffs on either side are inscribed, in paint, the names of a multitude of vessels that have visited Muskat, from large warships to tiny trading steamers. Seamen have landed and climbed to apparently inaccessible spots to paint in big letters the name of their ships. Many inscriptions date from long ago.

It was a motley crowd that swarmed on board the steamer as soon as our anchor was dropped—Arabs, Indians, Beluchis, African negroes and mixtures of all those races. The ship's ladders were jammed by a mass of descending deck passengers, anxious to get ashore, and a stream of people who seemed still

more anxious to get on board, and the confusion was rendered worse confused by the baggage—rolls of bedding, gaudily painted boxes, bundles of live fowls, open tins of native butter and all the strange belongings—from bird cages to musical instruments—that Oriental passengers delight to take on their journeys.

It would be difficult to imagine a more barren or sun-scorched spot than Muskat and in addition to its desolation the place has fallen on evil days. Trade has diminished and the authority of the Sultan over the neighbouring tribes has relaxed. The great days of Muskat can never return. Once its Sultans reigned over Zanzibar as well as a considerable extent of what is now the Persian coast. Slave trade and gun-running added to the revenues. Both are to-day suppressed. The town is small, and half of it appears to be in ruins. Remains of the old walls are here and there visible and farther inland a third Portuguese fort blocks the valley. The water supply is obtained from wells sunk in the bed of the river in which the stream flows only after sudden and rare rains. The Arab population is small for the majority of the Sultan's Arabian subjects live away inland. Beluchis and, in less number, Indians predominate in the town. The heat is so great that in summer the British Resident, and all the other officials who can get away, migrate to Karachi. There is no electricity and no ice.

As our steamer proceeded from port to port the passengers became more and more varied in type, language and costume. At the northern end of the Gulf, Arabs had predominated, with a few Indians and Persians, but southward the Beluchi type became almost general—often men of fine feathers and pleasantly savage, with shiny black hair emerging from under their turbans. With few exceptions, they were very dirty. Yet they quite evidently took pride in their personal appeārance and some of them gave themselves great airs though few unfortunately considered washing a necessity. There was a young Arab who had come on board at Dabai who was an amusing person of infinite conceit. His swagger was delightful ; his walk, his manner, superb. He wore long light-yellow garments with a kefiyeh over his white turban of fine blue and white muslin, held in place by a purple silk cord. His silver dagger was of excellent workmanship. Like all the rest he was a deck passenger but unlike most of the rest he was clean. His attitude of friendliness to us all was the attitude of a sovereign toward his subjects and

his manners were perfect. His every action and every word were dignified and tactful. He condescended but with a condescension that flattered. When he left us at a port farther on—he had no luggage—he disembarked with an all-embracing smile that no " Sheikh " on the cinema screen ever excelled and proceeded to go ashore. At the bottom of the gangway he was asked for his ticket. He had been two or three days on board. He raised his eyebrows in surprise, smiled again and waving his delicate pointed fingers in an affectionate good-bye, he said, " Ticket ? ticket ? I have none. I never take tickets. I have no money either." For a moment he stood still, then bowed to the officer who had addressed him and embarked on a small boat and went smiling ashore.

Amongst the first-class passengers—I was the only Englishman—was an old lady of Beluchistan who was travelling with a little group of servants. She was proud and haughty. She wore a voluminous black and orange silk shawl over her head and shoulders, a short crimson satin tunic and tight green satin trousers embroidered in gold. Her feet were bare. Her great accomplishment—it filled me with wonder—was to spit the refuse of the betel nut she had been chewing from her chair placed well back on the deck through the ship's rail into the sea, a feat of great dexterity. The red contents of her mouth passed in an apparently almost solid ball between the top and second rail without ever hitting either. I longed to move her chair back after each exhibition of her skill and thus increase the distance. She must have been, I imagine, the world's champion lady spitter.

At Dabai we had taken on board a group of Bedouins on their way to Muskat. They had never ventured on a steamship before and were quite evidently both self-conscious and shy—fierce looking men with noses like an eagle's beak, and yet with the timidity of children. Their long white robes were entwined with belts full of cartridges and they carried long-barrelled flintlock guns, the stocks of which were studded with silver and brass nails. They wandered restlessly up and down the deck, as though they felt imprisoned after the spaciousness of the desert and they were ill at ease. But all was forgotten when they espied a little sweetmeat stall that a puny Indian had set up on the forward deck. Their timidity disappeared as they set to work to bargain for pear-drops with all the overbearing truculence and cupidity of their race. Never had a deal for a camel, or a wife, been more

seriously undertaken and when about an hour later they left the brow-beaten little Indian he was the richer by a few small coins of next to no value and they by half a dozen sticky sweets and a broken bar of chocolate. The energy they expended over the transaction would, converted into force, have kept our steamer's propellers turning for hours.

At sunset every day all the Moslem passengers prayed, turning their faces in the direction of Mecca. The noise of the winches, the pandemonium of loading and discharging cargo, the crowds of vociferating people who flocked on the steamer's deck disturbed them not at all. Their prayer rugs were unfolded wherever a vacant spot was to be found and to the cry of " Allah Akbar " they rose and fell, bending their foreheads in reverence to the deck. Two Persian women, entirely enveloped, one in black, the other in orange—the wife and mother of a Persian official—joined in the general prayer, a little apart from the men, under the shadow of a friendly awning. It must be wonderful to possess the fervent faith of these Moslem people, with their unshakable belief, their unquestioning confidence.

Between Muskat and Karachi we touched at Chahbar in Beluchistan and at Gwadar and Pazni, on the British Beluchi coast, taking passengers and cargo for India. Many were poverty-stricken people—whole families with old men and old women and little children—representatives of the constantly migrating population of these regions, seeking work far afield. I was told that on their arrival at Karachi they would be looked after and sent on to their destinations. Amongst them were a little troupe of musicians with long-necked stringed instruments and two women who sang.

I would like to record a word of praise of the commander and officers of this steamer of the British-India Line. The deck passengers were treated with unfailing kindness, patience and consideration by everyone on board. Their comfort was studied and the accommodation was adequate. They had water in amply sufficient quantities and shade under decks and awnings. They appeared happy and contented in spite of their poverty and rags, and more than satisfied with their lot and their treatment.

Chapter VI

INDIA

RETURNING to India after three years' absence, I could not fail to note the changes that have taken place in that short interval of time, though on the surface the country at first sight appeared unaltered. India is always a land of acute contrast, where wealth and poverty exist side by side, where religion or caste or colour dominate all relationships and where the different elements of the population are separated by a gulf so wide and so deep that there is practically no crossing.

During those three years nationalism had spread rapidly. It was no longer true to affirm that the movement was limited to a small minority of educated and interested Indians and that the rest of the population remained indifferent. On the contrary its spirit had penetrated to most parts of the continent. With certain extremists a misconception of Nationalism had led too often to violence and crime. Amongst the multitude it may not have been more than a vague yearning after an ill-defined ideal, that is to say the first awakening of Nationhood. To-day it is not confined to India alone for the whole Far East lies to-day under the spell of Nationalism but India is Asia's barrier-reef and the tide runs strongest there.

Both England and India in their mutual relationship have a good deal to remember, much to forget and not a little to forgive. Yet their collaboration in the past has been successful. England's material effort has been vast. India's loyalty beyond all praise. There have been mistakes and misunderstandings on both sides but India without England to-day would have been in a state of chaos and England without the collaboration of the Indians would not have been in India at all. Is this to be forgotten?

The constant menace of Communal unrest is retarding the solution. If the Government has hesitated to launch the ship of India upon its voyage toward Dominion Status it has been perhaps less owing to want of goodwill than to the fear of dissensions among the crew and consequent shipwreck. No Govern-

ment, however constructed, can function satisfactorily in a country that is divided by Communal disagreement. India and the Indians alone can settle that part of the question. Two qualities are requisite to-day in order to arrive at an understanding—for India, *Balance*. For England, *Imagination*. How few Englishmen, or Englishwomen, realize that behind the façade of wealth and misery, of temples and jungle, of tinsel and nakedness there exists the soul of over 350,000,000 of people—a soul primitive but deeply human, and unprotected as are our Western natures by experience of the world's turmoil, and far more vulnerable. The blow that glides off our armour penetrates to the heart of the Oriental and leaves a wound that takes long to heal, and at times never heals. It is this soul that England has failed to understand, that the Government has ignored and that Nationalism has awakened.

Perhaps the most important step toward a permanent amelioration in the situation of India is the readjustment of racial prejudices, or better still, their abandonment, not only amongst themselves but still more between us and them. Without such readjustment a settlement would appear to be impossible of realisation. No partnership, whether it be in the form of Dominion Status or any other, can be successful without mutual confidence between the partners. Is it possible ? I am convinced that it is, but it means the abandonment of so many existing standpoints and accepted principles that realisation appears at times almost hopeless.

The responsibility for the gulf rests to a certain extent with both sides. On the one hand the Hindu is under the spell, and the control, of a complicated caste system that necessarily must hinder his intercourse with every race and class outside his own faith, and, to a lesser degree, outside his own particular caste. The Moslem of India, too, has built up for himself an environment of isolation, less extreme but none the less a factor in the situation—and there are many other minority groups to complicate the situation.

The Englishman, on the other hand—that is to say the majority of the Englishmen in India—have little real sympathy with the people of the country. They come to India, most of them, young and straight from a life and education that gives them no special training and invites no interest in the people of lands other than their own. The age at which their career begins is an impressionable one and particularly susceptible to sugges-

tion, especially when this suggestion is in accord with their preconceived Anglo-Saxon idea that the Oriental and man of colour is an inferior being and should be treated as such. On their arrival in the country, whether as civil servants, as soldiers or in commerce, they occupy by inheritance the privileged position that their predecessors have established. The success of their careers amongst their fellow countrymen depends upon their ability and their qualifications. They have to make good. But in their relations with the Indian they start at the top of the tree—the tree of so-called "racial superiority." They fall into line with the only class with whom association is made possible, their own countrymen. Together they form a *bloc* whose every action is determined by tradition and whose outlook is, from circumstances for which they often are not to blame, extremely limited. The result is that the social life of the vast majority of the English in India is ruled by inherited conventions which are to-day almost universally accepted, and accepted with conviction. The white minority acts collectively in what it considers to be the legitimate defence of its rights and privileges. The result is that the traveller who looks about him will too often be brought face to face with exhibitions of arrogance that cannot fail to distress and disturb him.

There are of course questions of race and religion and, more particularly, of custom and outlook, that may prevent social intercourse in the sense understood in England—but is such social intercourse necessary for the maintenance of sympathetic understanding? I think not. It should be a matter of personal inclination on both sides. It is probable that in adopting a line of conduct that under existing circumstances it is difficult for him to avoid, the Englishman in India is unconscious that he is putting in practice a doctrine that is as false in its inception as it has proved injurious in its results. Cordial relations, or at least cordial contact, between human beings inhabiting the same country, of whatever race or colour, of whatever religion or intellectual standard, is a necessity of modern civilization. There need be no loss of dignity—there can only be a gain of respect—in the exhibition of sympathy and goodwill. To hold India without these essentials may have been possible in the past. It is dangerous to-day and may be fatal to-morrow.

No matter what may be the future form of Government, India is faced by grave problems, which the European War and its consequences have undoubtedly accentuated. The building

up of the Indian Empire by England has been a work carried out under trying and difficult circumstances with courage, energy, probity and sacrifice. It has rendered great service to the Indians in that it has given them to an extent undreamed of in the past security of life and property. It has fought cholera and the plague on their behalf. It has eliminated starvation as a necessary sequence of famine; though as a result of these benefits the greatest of all problems, that of the danger of a population too vast for the production of the country to support, has arisen. It has facilitated travel—and the Indian is a great traveller—by the construction of a network of railways. By the introduction of systems of irrigation it has given him new fields to till. But the task before the Government is still in its infancy. The country is so vast, the population—350 millions—so immense that India may be said to be insatiable. As year succeeds year, and decade follows decade, each with its new requirements, new processes and new policies, the duties and responsibilities of Government, whatever may be its future form or constitution, will become still more arduous.

It may be doubted whether the Government of India has been fully alive to the universal crisis that is so deeply readjusting values in all parts of the world, or to the attitude that this crisis demanded. Engrossed in the studies of its own problems it would seem to have profited too little by the problems of other and similar situations elsewhere. It appears to have been wanting in pliability and to have lacked imagination, and thus to have laid itself open, rightly or wrongly, to an accusation of obstruction. There are men of initiative and constructive imagination, but their work, whenever it threatens to break away from accepted convention, has been hindered and hampered by the adherents to traditional routine. It is not that the Government has become more conservative than formerly. On the contrary, its attitude is more liberal but it is still far from emerging from its atmosphere of autocratic seclusion. The wheels of the machine turn but turn very ponderously.

The poverty of the people of India is great. The majority of the population lives suspended between insufficiency and actual want. It cannot be denied that the welfare of the Indian has not received the attention it deserved. Two causes account for this—first, the vast sums of money that have been lavished, largely upon military expenditure, have reduced the funds available for other purposes; and, secondly, it must be confessed that the

Government of India has failed to recognize to its full extent the ever increasing responsibility that was incurred by the creation of the Indian Empire. Education, agriculture, hygiene, assistance, hospitalization, labour and all the many measures by which public welfare can be benefited, have not received in the past the attention or the assistance which were their due. The Government of India appears to be aware to-day that this is so and realizes that however much has been accomplished—and it is no little—there are arrears of responsibility which are very pressing. Education is a crying need ; a wise education that will lift a few more of the masses from the deplorable state in which the multitude lives ; that will assist, together with material help, the agriculturist—the mainstay of India—to improve the insufficiently productive methods that he employs, and that will demonstrate to the people the truth of the fact—of which at present they are certainly not convinced—that the Government is actuated by sympathy with the people and is solicitous to ameliorate their condition.

There is still a class of Englishman, both in England and India, happily very small, who find solace in the strained relations that exist between the Hindu and the Mohammedan and who argue that as long as this dissension exists British rule is secure. Can they not realize that no Government can rely on internal dissension to facilitate its administration without being doomed to disillusion ? As long as there is dissension the position of any Government must be delicate. The very fact that dissension exists and takes the form of disorder is a cause of grave anxiety.

No power that is charged with the administration of Eastern peoples can meet with success unless its policy is based upon sympathy—not a sympathy that is concealed behind stone walls, but one that emerges into the open ; that is seen and appreciated. That such sympathy does not at present sufficiently exist in India must be clear to every observer. That it is possible to create can scarcely be doubted. To be effective it must be sincere ; to be successful it must be mutual.

It is less a question of policy than an appeal to common sense and good feeling. My visits to India at different periods of my life have left me with the impression that the situation is artificial and could be remedied, but the remedy depends often less upon the actual administrators in whatever official capacity they may act, than upon the conduct of the generality of Englishmen residing in the country. A better understanding requires an effort

and must be mutual. It may be liable at first to rebuffs on both sides, to misunderstandings, for the Englishman too often suffers from arrogance ; the Indian from an exaggerated inferiority complex. A happy medium between the two can only be arrived at by patience and a forgiving spirit.

I know of no other country where the feeling of isolation is greater than it is in India. The very atmosphere is one of separation. No people in the world seem so far away. And yet in spite of much that is written and said to the contrary I do not believe that there is *racial hatred*. There is *political hostility* and much of it. I have seen racial hatred elsewhere and it is very different to the attitude of the Indian toward the Englishman. I am not referring to the outbursts of a very small minority of extremists but to the vast majority of the races of India, including those who make the most noise. I have always the feeling that happy relations between us and them are possible and not so difficult to bring about as is often imagined. The effort is wanting. How few seem to wish to understand the people of the country or to realize that the Indian, like the Orientals, responds readily to sympathy, whether he be politician, schoolboy or peasant—and how little sympathy he gets.

Centuries of Western civilization have accustomed us to the absence of the little formalities of life which in the East are so strictly adhered to, and which to the Orientals are " the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace." We are by nature, by training and by practice brusque in our treatment even of one another, and often inconsiderate. In some way, leading the lives we do, it may be useful. Time is not wasted nor are unnecessary words spoken in long-drawn salutations and seemingly empty compliments. We meet each other for the first time with little outward appearance of mutual deference or respect. We go straight to the point. We have so rarely the inclination, or the art, to make conversation for conversation's sake—to " pass the time of day." We talk as if our words were hurrying to catch a train with very little time to spare. It is no doubt the result of work, of climate, and of a due consideration for the value of time, often exaggerated, and it becomes eventually a habit. Not so in the East. The formalities are respected. Their neglect is misunderstood. An unduly curtailed salutation has much the same effect as would the omission of the middle part of an important prayer in church, a shocking misconception of the exigencies of the occasion. Sensibility is hurt. Respect is

affronted. The Indian is unprepared and unaccustomed to what appears to him to be extreme rudeness. He can scarcely believe that the attitude adopted is a want of consideration rather than an affront, for the Englishman, although careless and often callous, is as a rule guiltless of the deliberate intention to offend and is often unconscious of the effect of his words—or the want of them. Indians who are brought into constant contact with the English are of course aware of this, but are none the less disturbed. If the poignancy is less acute the fact rankles. I found that most thoughtful English people in India realize and regret it. There has happily lately been an effort to improve relationship and returning to India after an absence of three years I noticed a decided amelioration amongst certain classes of society but it has yet to penetrate much further. There has been an awakening to realities. Studied rudeness is still found but it is much less general. It has however far from disappeared.

I made a point during my stay of three months' duration in Delhi of mixing with the Indian crowds. I visited often, in company with an English friend or alone, the Indian cinema theatres. On every occasion we were the only Europeans present, two unknown Englishmen. Our presence attracted much attention and much politeness. Although the period was one of great political tension—the end of 1930 and the beginning of 1931—we never met with a rebuff or a frown. Our opinion of the Indian films was invited and our reaction to the pictures on the screen was watched. I made a point of always staying till the very end of the long performances in order to create no impression of boredom or want of interest. The atmosphere was one of distinct friendliness. I had the same experience in mixing with the vast crowds that thronged the Chandni Chowk, the great bazaar street of Delhi, or the precincts of the Railway Station, on the occasion of the release of political prisoners who under the police ordinances had been undergoing periods in jail. With infinite courtesy the crowd made way for one to pass and the only sentiment expressed was one of mild surprise to find an Englishman wandering in such a *milieu*. I saw on no occasion any sign of racial antipathy nor met with an act of discourtesy or disapproval amongst these thousands of massed people. I have seen racial hatred elsewhere in the many years that I have passed amongst Oriental peoples. I have walked and ridden in the streets of Fez in times gone by when perhaps half the passers-by have spat if not at me at least in my direction. I have heard

curses, low and loud, and have stood at a Mosque door beside the murdered body of an Englishman shot down by a fanatic to whom he was totally unknown, and I heard men urging the crowd to treat me in the same way. That is racial and religious hatred and yet even there this sentiment has been overcome by patience and example and to-day is replaced by mutual good feeling and respect.

We English have done much in India to warrant this respect and much to incur unpopularity. We have been very just but too often unsympathetic, honest but overbearing, well-meaning but deficient in understanding. Our record is a fine one, marred by petty errors and insularity. There are excuses of course; many excuses. The varied climates of India are always trying and often pestilential. The Indian of all the local races and religions is "difficult," living amongst practices that at their best are almost incomprehensible to the Western mind and at their worst are revolting. The Englishman, his body weary and his brain fatigued, is dependent upon a not always congenial society of his own race for companionship. It is only in the great cities that he is free to choose his friends and his associates. His life is often one of loneliness and exile, and is beset with petty difficulties, and often enough with great ones. There is perpetual vexation of spirit and if he takes his duties seriously he is seldom satisfied with the results. There is of course another class—a much less attractive one—the young Englishman who takes no interest, who may be a good sportsman but who considers all Indians as "niggers"; who expects to get untiring services and to give little in return. He takes back with him a pleasurable impression of his service in India and leaves few regrets when he goes away. He has done a little good by his cheery enjoyment of life and a little harm by his overbearing arrogance. He is often a soldier and probably quite a good one and he almost invariably informs you that could he be Viceroy for ten days, or ten minutes, he would solve the whole Indian problem. If he remains long in the country he becomes a "die-hard" and cannot discuss India without getting red in the face—or very pale. His knowledge of the country is limited and biassed. His experience of the rest of the world is generally nil. He eventually retires to England where, unless he is amongst his old cronies, he discovers that he has nothing to say that anybody wants to hear and nothing to listen to that interests him.

It is a sad country, India, for those who give it a thought.

Everywhere the teeming millions of people, pathetic, ill-nourished, in abject poverty and in dirty clothes—the endless flow of men, women and children who seem to be seeking something they can never find—happiness perhaps but more often food.

There is no doubt that the tension in India has been largely due to the attitude adopted by the English toward the Indian. It rankles. There are few Indians in the great cities who have not suffered, often slightly enough—but the wound has been kept open, and if healed has left a scar ; and every scar is a reminder. There is envy too—envy of higher salaries, of apparent wealth, of expensive sport, of the plenty and the waste, of the clubs and even of the very arrogance that the Indian would so like himself to adopt. His temperament is not an easy one. He is his own worst enemy. He seeks for a grievance and never fails to find one, real or non-existing, and as a rule he suffers from an incurable inferiority complex.

The most interesting and attractive social gatherings I attended in India were the dinner parties at which England and India were represented—and both represented by their best. Yet even there it was easy to discover that questions existed that were "tabu" ; subjects that were never discussed. The barrier exists even across the dinner-table. This barrier I, as a stranger, refused to recognize and I plunged deep into the forbidden waters—and how deep they are !—and dragged my fellow guests with me. There were generally ladies present, English and Indian—wise, understanding and intelligent. How well they talked, all those people, how frank the opinions and how sincere. We spoke little of government or administration but of the emotions and sympathies that once expressed and once recognized bring people together and let the soul escape from the prison of habitual reticence. The ice was broken. Englishman and Indian responded and we sat long at table—long after dinner was served—in an atmosphere of intense interest. I was struck by several things—the attitude of the Englishmen who, once their restraint discarded, did not conceal their evident desire for a new relationship with the Indian or their regret at the actual state of things—the beauty of the English language as spoken by the highly educated and intellectual Indians ; their choice of words, their tone of voice, their mastery of expression—and the elegance of body and of mind of the sprinkling of Indian ladies who were our fellow

guests and whose part in the discussions was inspiring and deeply thoughtful. After one of these dinners I was paid a great compliment. An Englishman, an official of long residence in India, drove me home to my hotel in his car. " You have," he said, " to-night broken every unwritten law of the dinner-table. You have made us all discuss subjects that are never mentioned on such occasions. I have been many years in this country and I have never had a similar experience. I think if we had done this long ago the situation of to-day might never have come about."

To you, kindest of hostesses, Indian by birth and loyally English, working in the true interests of both countries at whose table I first met those cultivated men and women of both races, I tender my thanks. It was in your house that my hopes of the possibility for a new relationship between our races passed from doubt to certainty. I thank you.

What the traveller can learn of India is of course very limited. He can only come into contact with an almost infinitesimal minority of the people. The rest is beyond his grasp. But he can bring to bear upon his appreciation of the situation knowledge acquired elsewhere in other countries where similar problems exist of which the Englishman in India is often completely ignorant. Comparative criticism is of value and the practised and experienced observer can judge a situation often with as much acumen and justice as the man who has followed it on the spot. He can often see further and on a larger scale. His focus is clearer. He has experiences on which to base his judgment which are wanting to the other. He knows too the trend of world and racial evolution which in the end cannot be arrested by administrative measures and which can only be successfully met by wise concession and increased understanding.

It has always struck me on my visits to India how little is being done in the way of legitimate propaganda. It is true that most of the Government officials and local authorities are too overworked to be charged with this additional arduous undertaking. It does seem however that much might be accomplished by individual effort on the part of the unofficial classes particularly amongst the students of the universities and schools. We are too apt to dispense education rather as food is distributed to the animals of a menagerie—and it would seem that the gulf is almost as wide in many of the educational institutions as it is elsewhere in India. We circulate amongst the youths the works

of authors who preach the equality of all men but all the while the Indian is kept outside the pale. Even amongst Englishmen charged with the education of the youth of India I found race prejudice to exist to a degree that was surprising. At an age when so much might be accomplished the student is allowed to drift toward sedition. The Indian boy of to-day is the Indian politician of to-morrow. It is he that will form public opinion in the next generation, for better or for worse. Surely his soul—call it what you like—deserves recognition and should be fostered.

Near the hotel at which I stayed at Delhi there was a large public garden the beautiful groves of which were the resort of the English nurses and the ayahs and the children under their charge and of a number of Indian students and schoolboys who came there to work. I often of a morning took a book there and read. On one occasion I sat down on a long green garden seat at the farther end of which an Indian student, probably sixteen or seventeen years of age, was working, surrounded by his books. He noted my arrival by an unmistakable frown and gathering his papers together, he rose to leave. "You are going?" I asked. He hesitated for a moment and then, in excellent English, "I imagined that when you, an Englishman, came to sit here you would want me to leave the seat." "What I should like," I replied, "is that more of you should come and sit here." We conversed and the next morning he brought one or two of his scholar friends with him. They quoted Burke and Macaulay and their spirit was bitter. Often after that we met and talked—they of an India free of British control; I of an India of partnership and mutual help and goodwill and understanding, free of race prejudice; and letting our thoughts go further afield we discussed world citizenship and the banishment of war and the triumph of peace. In the shade of the trees we talked of many things—an old Englishman and the young Indians—things unpractical I daresay and always idealistic, where the East and West can meet and which open the doors of the heart. When the day came for me to leave Delhi we parted as the best of friends. They never knew my name nor I theirs. We were the casual acquaintances of chance in an Indian garden but in my memory there lingers the recollection of very pleasant hours spent with highly intelligent thoughtful students.

It is almost impossible to escape in India the environment of poverty and suffering. Perhaps one may forget it in time but

I was never in India long enough. It was ever present by day and haunted me by night. The agricultural depression was very severe during this visit and the results were visible everywhere—the endless processions of misery, of people undernourished, of sickness and dirt and rags—of unhappiness. I was often told that in this last point I was wrong, that the majority of the people enjoy life. I wish I could believe it, but I suppose it all depends upon the interpretation of enjoyment. It may be that a little of the irritability of the English men and women in India arises from ever present reminders of the country's great poverty, and its mass of woe-begone humanity. I fancy that it aggravates the European residents, the hopelessness of it all, the impossibility to overcome it, until at length the effort to ignore it succeeds and they become if not blinded at least inured. The distress and the dust and the rags are obliterated and form but a blurred background that fades into indistinctness.

The remedy? I can see none. Dominion Status will not solve the problem nor any other form of self-government for the poverty is rooted too deeply in the soil. The population is too vast. India cannot provide sufficiency. The only consolation that can be offered is to allow the people as far as is compatible with their security and welfare, to govern themselves and to give them assistance and sympathy in their endeavour. It may not bring them prosperity or happiness but it will give them satisfaction and after all that is more than they possess to-day.

CHAPTER VII

INDIA. SIX SKETCHES

I

WHEN in October, 1857, the resistance of the mutineers in Delhi was finally overcome, an old man with failing eyesight fled from the town and took sanctuary with a few members of his family in the domed tomb of his ancestor, the Emperor Humayun, a few miles outside the walls. It was Bahadur Shah, the reigning Moghul King. His life was spared but on the following day—October 23rd—his sons were taken from the same sacred building and shot by the English at the City gate. By their death Bahadur Shah, already eighty years of age, was left the survivor of the Royal House that had reigned for over three centuries. When five years later he died a prisoner in exile at Rangoon, the last of the direct line of the great Moghul dynasty passed away.

It is more than possible that the old blind King in his exile may have found some solace in the fact that pathetic as was his own fate and that of his sons and of his dynasty its tragedy could not tarnish the splendour or the fame of his ancestors. And yet how bitter must have been the thought that the men of foreign race who had brought about his downfall and put an end to the reigning house of Akbar, should possess the palaces that had been his and profane with booted feet the mosques in which for three centuries the Faithful had prayed under the leadership of his forebears, and that in the shrouded pavilions which once had glowed with the beauty of Hind—the mothers of kings and of princes—strangers should utter their ribald jokes. He must at times have craved for the white marble Courts that he had inherited from Shah Jahan from Jehangir and Aurangzeb. In his dreams he must again have led the prayers in the little Pearl mosque at Delhi and sat upon his throne in the Diwan-i-am and gazed, under the arcades of red arches, on the scant remnants of the multitude of people over whom his ancestors had once

held sway, for already the power of the Moghuls had long been waning.

The greatness of his race had departed and he was destined to be the last of all. But such, he must have reasoned, was Fate, and what God had ordained no mortal man must question. Perhaps it was the very power of his ancestors, their overweening pride, the unorthodoxy of Akbar, the cruelties of Aurangzeb, that had brought about the downfall of their people at the hands of the Christian? If his forefathers had sinned, then indeed their sins had been visited upon the children, until in the end, old and blind, he was to die a prisoner of the English, who had slain his sons at the gate of Delhi, his own capital.

The Moghuls have passed away but their works remain and no traveller who has wandered through the Forts of Agra and Delhi, or visited Akbar's deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri can ever lose the impression of the grandeur that must have been theirs. To-day all is deserted. The palaces that were once filled with fair women and warriors in armour, where laughter and music were sometimes drowned in the clash of arms, are in the possession of the stranger. Yet it is not difficult, as the Indian guide leads the visitor from place to place, to conjure up the scenes of life and colour of the past. In lisping monotonous voice he explains—"It was here behind this fretted screen of marble that Mumtaz-i-Mahal reclined amidst her attendant women to watch the fighting elephants in the court below." . . . "It was here, in the Diwan-i-am, that the Kings, seated upon the Peacock Throne, administered justice in the presence of their people." . . . "It is in these dim vaulted chambers—look, please, at the carved and inlaid marble and the ceilings encrusted with tiny mirrors—that the ladies of the Court bathed." . . . "It was from that black stone seat that Shah Jahan, the prisoner of his son Aurangzeb who had seized the throne, gazed with tired eyes over the bend of the river Jumna to the Taj Mahal where lay the body of the woman he had loved so well, and where a little later they buried him beside her."

Within the walls of the palaces of Agra and Delhi are many wonderful things but none more wonderful than those memories of the past. The mighty have fallen, their weapons of war have perished. Their wealth is dispersed and their house is desolate; but I like to think that their ghosts—the haughty kings, the gorgeous women, the courtiers and the eunuchs and the soldiers—still haunt the precincts of the palaces that were theirs in life.

II

On the open space that lies before the Jama Musjid in Delhi small boys are playing football, rending the air with their shrill cries of victory or with their jeers at defeat. As they scurry to and fro little clouds of white dust follow them, or hang suspended over the scrimmage. The air of Delhi is full of it at evening—the soft translucent dust that becomes luminous under the rays of the setting sun, until the great mosque with its majestic gateway perched high above the vast stairway—its domes and minarets higher still—appears transparent and unreal, so effulgent is the atmosphere. It is then when the work of the day is over that the people of Delhi throng the pavement spread with booths and stalls that surrounds the mosque. Even the great stairway itself becomes a market and its wide easy steps are crowded with the sellers of coloured stuffs and discarded clothing, tier above tier up to the very gateway.

As sunset approaches the crowd becomes a multitude for the poor come forth, their daily labour accomplished, to purchase their humble wants—a little food and a little tobacco, coarse blue pottery, shoes and cheap stuffs for shirt or turban, and all the *camelote* of Europe and the junk that only the East is poor enough to buy or to sell, or to want—empty tins, odds and ends of rusty iron, torn books and cracked bottles. Away on the edge of the open space little circles of men and boys surround the noisy sellers of quack medicines—infallible cures for all maladies and for old age, or watch the tired sufferings of a couple of performing bears, beaten into dancing by the heavy blows of staves. In the street women enveloped in dishevelled raiment gather with their hands the droppings of horses and of cattle to knead into cakes of fuel.

On the heavy air hangs the perfume of India—dust and refuse and cooking food, pepper and tobacco, spices and sweat and indefinable puzzling pungent odours. And above it all rise the sublime red walls of the Mosque—purple now in the evening light—far into the fading sky. Immense, overpowering, the Jama Musjid bears witness to the Faith that knows only one God—the Mighty, the Merciful.

It is but one of the many contrasts of Delhi, for behind the façade of Moghul mosque and Moghul fort, and of the imperial city that the British have built at New Delhi, there lies the real

world—the abject poverty, the dust and the distress, the squalor and the soiled clothing and the naked limbs, the sick children and the sad wan faces of the weary and the under-fed—in short, the people. The traveller will find them everywhere, lying on the pavements along the walls and under the viaducts of the railway, men, women and children, huddled together for warmth—for bitter is the cold of a winter's night in Delhi. A few beg. Others are apathetic. Some seem too weary even to ask for alms. Everywhere they are to be found, the pitiful poor, along the great thoroughfares in sight of all the traffic of the rich, and hidden away in dark corners and secluded places. Let the traveller take the road that skirts the wall of the Fort, passing under the railway bridge and down toward the Ghats on the banks of the Jumna where the Hindus burn their dead—and look.

As I drove out to New Delhi last night another world was disclosed—mile upon mile of wide traffickless roads brilliantly lit by innumerable electric lamps—a superb memorial archway—straight avenues between gardens with architectural parapets and lakes—past the great blocks of the Secretariats and on to "The Viceroy's House" beyond. It is an Imperial City, sprung up in a wilderness. Sentries salute. Indian servants in scarlet and gold, and others in gold and white, stand about the doorway. Up marble stairs to spacious salons—A crowd of bedecorated men and well-dressed women—"Their Excellencies"! (victims of India like the rest)—Bows and curtsies—Dinner off silver plate—A band of music—A gorgeous servant behind every chair—A hundred guests—A splendid function splendidly staged, the magnificence and majesty of Empire.

It was bitterly cold driving back to Delhi. As my car passed silently under the railway viaduct I could distinguish the half-naked figures in the darkness huddled together for warmth. A woman was crying.

III

On the last day of December of 1931 the Jain Sadhu, Shri Shanti Sagar Maharaj—the "Ocean of Peace"—who is the Achária, or leader, of a little band of Munis—Sages—entered Delhi. There were a dozen or fifteen of them, one and all completely naked. Of the five thousand Jains who reside in the

city it is estimated that two thousand went out to meet the Holy Men. Shri Shanti Sagar is an ascetic of great renown. By his long period of abnegation in order to escape weary ages of Samsara—transmigration—and for the purpose of attaining Nirvana by following rigidly the way of "Right Faith, Right Knowledge and Right Conduct," he has acquired a state of remarkable sanctity. For several years he has been wandering to and fro in India, and it was in pursuance of this journey that he and his devoted followers have come naked and on foot, to Delhi. They have conquered by meditation all that pertains to this world—all sense of physical pain, heat and cold and hunger and all earthly passion. At times they spend their days and nights in the jungle, at times they repose in the houses of Jains. To them it is a matter of complete indifference—the fever and the dangers of the forest, a bed of stones by the wayside or an empty room in a Jain's house. Their sleep has been reduced to a bare necessity—it is said, one hour in twenty-four. All sense of taste they have long ago suppressed but nevertheless the Sadhu's and the Muni's food must be prepared with the utmost care and strictly in accordance with religious ordinances. No meat nor fresh vegetables may be eaten but rice, wheat, milk and butter are permissible. It is never known, even to themselves, when, where or whether they will eat, but in the towns they visit food is prepared daily in the homes of every Jain householder who maintains a strict adherence to the stern doctrines of his faith and has taken one or several of the oaths of abnegation—on the chance that the Holy Men will honour his abode. But no Sadhu or Muni will partake of food without a portent, in order that all personal inclination may be eliminated. He can only eat when he has seen or met some object, or combination of objects, which he had previously determined. It may be a group of a certain number of persons, a particular plant, the features of a landscape or even an ornament. Sometimes, it is said, that one or other of them, not meeting his particular sign, for each has his own secret portent, may have to pass several days without food. So strict are their rules that any tainting of a dish, even by a fly settling upon it, means the rejection of the day's one meal, for it must not be replaced. With the exception of an hour or two spent in preaching, the days and nights are passed in a fixed attitude of meditation, with a very short period of sleep—or in travel.

Although probably based on a much earlier origin the sect,

or confraternity—for such it originally was—of the Jains claims to have been consolidated in the Vth century B.C. by a son of Raj Siddartha who ruled over a clan near Patna. While still a young man Raj Siddartha's son adopted a monastic life and was given the name of Mahavira—the Great Hero. The original doctrine differed little from the contemporary Buddhism and all its adepts were monks. Since those days a lay-brotherhood, the Sravaka or "Householders," has come into existence, for the members of which the stringent rules have been relaxed. The principal doctrine of the Faith is the attainment of Nirvana by abnegation. This final state can only be reached by souls that have passed through the stage of Muni, the second highest grade. As in Buddhism there is no Deity but there have been twenty-four Tirthánkaras, or perfected omniscient Beings, all of whom have reached Nirvana and who are held in great reverence but not worshipped. Mahavira himself was the last Tirthánkara of their cycle, and no new one has yet arisen since.

In the Jain belief all objects animate and inanimate possess souls but much of the simplicity of the early days of the religion has been abandoned and temple worship has been introduced, with images of the Tirthánkaras, who are always represented nude. Many of the existing doctrines of Jainism resemble closely those of Hinduism, though the two faiths are antagonistic and acknowledge no community. The Jains who numbered in the last Census (1921) 1,178,000 in India are great traders. They are wealthy, educated and very charitable.

Near the Fort of Delhi, in honour of Shri Shanti Sagar's visit, the Jains had erected a village of tents, with a vast enclosed and covered space for the Sadhu's receptions, and a temporary temple and all the requisites for the practice of religion. So enthusiastic were they that a fair has been organized in the same enclosure, with shops in which only Indian goods were sold and "Roundabouts," with fantastic tigers instead of horses, for the children.

It was at this spot that, at the invitation of the Jain community, I was present—the only European—at the ceremony of the removal of the hair from the head and face of one of the Munis.

In the centre of an open square, a dais, sheltered from the sun by a rich canopy of red and yellow material, had been erected. On this platform, open on all sides, were ranged on two levels eight small wooden tables. The centre two were raised and on

each side were three others a few feet lower down. A vast crowd of seated Jains, men, women and children, covered every available foot of the ground and overflowed amongst the tents and on to the roofs of surrounding buildings. Amidst cries of welcome the Sadhu and seven Munis all of them completely naked—elderly, emaciated, thoughtful men—walked to the dais. Each bore in his hand a little bowl to hold water for their religious ablutions and a fly whisk of peacocks' feathers with which to sweep their surroundings lest in inadvertence they should take even the most insignificant life. The Sadhu seated himself cross-legged on the farther of the two higher tables, the Muni who was to be the hero of the ceremony sitting in front of him and the six others on the two sides on a lower level. After the reading of a few verses by a Pundit the rite began.

The ritual term of four months during which a Muni's hair and beard must be allowed to grow untouched, had come in the case of one of them to an end, and in the presence of the great crowd the man began to pluck with his finger and thumb his own beard. With quick jerks he removed, tuft by tuft, the hair from his face, putting ashes upon the injured skin to stop the bleeding. His beard denuded, a matter of half an hour's labour, he began upon the four months' growth on his head, a thick tangled mass of grey. In another half-hour he had plucked the front, top and sides of his head, that is to say all that it was possible to pull out himself. Thereupon a second Muni standing behind him completed the operation and did not abandon his task until the victim was completely bald. During the whole process from time to time two other Munis approached and examined his eyes, for every tear would have meant a day of fasting in that his control of his body was not complete. But not a tear hung between those open eyelids. The removal of the hair necessitates two days' complete fast for the Muni concerned, the day of the ceremony and that which follows it—forty-eight hours without food or water.

It was a strange sight, the six thin naked men raised high above the heads of the seated crowd, with a background of tents and trees and banners and great inscriptions in white letters on a red ground. And every now and then the people from watching the Munis would turn to regard with friendly curiosity the solitary Englishman who had got into those curious surroundings, and sat impressed and sedate in a large armchair surrounded by a courteous and kindly group of Delhi's notable Jains.

IV

There is a garden outside the Kashmir Gate at Delhi known to the English nursemaids and the ayahs, and to the children who are taken there to play. The Indian students at the colleges and schools know it too for there they resort—a sprinkling of them—on bicycle or on foot, to walk to and fro book in hand or to lie extended on the grass deep in some unsolved problem. For the rest, except for a few Indian passers by who use the garden as a short cut to the banks of the Jumna, it is unfrequented. It may be that in summer its shade is sought and refuge found in its groves of stately trees from the fierceness of the cruel sun.

The main part of the Qadsia garden which faces the wide road of the Cantonments is like the open park-land of some far-away English country-seat, green paddock gently undulating where the humped sacred Hindu cattle graze in peace. It is planted with well-spaced specimen trees and beyond, nearer the river, with avenues and groves. There the winter sun can scarcely penetrate. But they are not our trees, the giant Ficus, the Poinciana with its delicate leaves, the Grevillea, the Palms and the rest. Nor are the shrubs our shrubs, for great bushes of scarlet-crimson Bouganvillea, the most brilliant and beautiful of all its many varieties, stretch their long branches, flaming with colour, far above the masses of Durantha and Poinsettia and a multitude of other flowering shrubs. It is January and the winter nights of Delhi are cold, but Antirrhinum and Arctotis, Salvia and Sweet Peas and Cosmos and Phlox are showing their first gay flowers in the borders. On an open lawn are beds of roses, each bed a variety and a colour to itself, a galaxy of beauty. Here and there a giant bamboo sends up its shoots skyward like a cluster of rockets till, growth outdoing strength, the budding points bend to earth again in graceful curves, forty feet or more above the ground.

But the Qadsia garden does not depend on nature alone for its attraction for there stand within its limits the stately ruin of a great gateway and the deserted sanctuary of a lonely mosque. The domes are cracked and broken and much of the decorated coping has fallen. At one spot the portion of an archway, suspended in mid-air, tells of other arcades that have long since disappeared. Often the plaster has peeled from the walls,

leaving great scars and wounds, through which the old brick-work shows. A large water-tank, now dry but where once a fountain played, lies before the three decorated arches that form the façade of the mosque. High as is the building, the great trees overtop it.

It is poignant with memories this old garden for its history is one of courtly romance and much faith, of death and victory. For long years a princely estate, it lies over against the Water Bastion and the Kashmir Gate, where during the siege of Delhi many an act of splendid courage was done and many a soldier gave his life. But the batteries of guns and mortars that from the Qadsia garden pounded great breaches in the city walls seem very far away to-day. Birds—the friendly well-dressed Minah and the gay striped Hoopoe with his gilded crest—are so tame as scarcely to note the approach of man. The little striped squirrels, too, play at one's very feet, to dart now and again, as if pretending fear, to some tree-trunk, peeping round from side to side before venturing forth once more. In the tree-tops the ubiquitous and noisy crow squabbles with his neighbours and far above circle the keen-eyed kites. Now and again the air is broken by the cries of the children playing in the sunshine of the paddocks, or the soft monotonous droning of the Indian student as book in hand he walks to and fro reading aloud. A little group of gardeners squat and chatter and, whenever the spirit moves them, which is rarely, cut the already short grass with small pairs of scissors.

It is India, but India far away from the movement and the turmoil of the city that lies just beyond the stone town-walls; far away from the jarring bitterness of racial antagonisms and the rivalries of variant faiths. And for those who frequent the garden—how few they are!—it is an abode of peace, for nature and the ruins and the birds and the children and the students and the squirrels and the flowers—and perhaps most of all the memories—have cast a spell of tranquil harmony over the place where princesses loved, where Moslems worshipped and where Englishmen fought and died.

V

There are policemen, mounted and on foot, at short intervals all along the road from Delhi, for the Governor of the Punjab

is coming to hold a Durbar at Gurgaon, twenty miles from the capital. The people of the wayside villages have turned out to see him pass, and the children sit along the low walls of the gardens and compounds, huddled together like gay tropical birds on the perch of an aviary.

There has been no Durbar at Gurgaon for twenty years, and the small provincial town has been thrilled with expectation, for the Governor of the Province (Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency) is to bestow honours and " sanads " upon the local Indian authorities and the Zamindars and Raises whose energy and generosity during the recent period of famine did so much to benefit the impoverished district. To-day the famine is happily over. Rain has fallen and the crops are good. Gurgaon is a small place but there is a triumphal arch bidding welcome to his Excellency and from tree to tree along and across the roads hang many triangular flags of gaily coloured paper. But gayer even than the flags are the boys who line the shady avenues, all scantily dressed alike in white and wearing bright yellow turbans. One wonders whence Gurgaon raised them all. Staves in hand and pleasantly mischievous, they are having the time of their lives. The hard taskmaster that is India has not yet stamped their features with the country's mark of sadness, nor has the sun yet tanned their skins. Smiling and clean, they form a happy picture of India's youth.

In a public garden the Shamiana for the Durbar is pitched—a large enclosure of canvas, its roof supported on decorated poles. Within, the walls are hung with Indian embroideries. The construction is sufficiently large to hold several hundred seated people. At the far end, on a dais, stands a carved chair, under a square canopy of red and gold. On both sides of the central way the Durbaris and the other Indian guests are already seated. Within and without, around and above, hang flags—the flags of Britain, of the Dominions, and of the Allies—relics of the War—and hundreds of the little paper triangles of every colour that crackle whenever a breath of wind stirs them. Suspended from the roof are decorative objects in cut and folded coloured paper representing lamps and vases of flowers while tinsel rosettes and imitation roses arranged on paper shields are fixed against the columns that support the canvas roof. The floor is carpeted with Indian rugs.

In the shade of the awnings sit the Gurgaon notables, grave and silent. On one side are the old soldiers, a splendid body of

men in khaki, many bearing medals on their breasts for most of them are veterans of many fights. A few are very old and one is blind. Opposite them are the civil officials, the local landowners and others—Indians all—in long dark coats and white trousers that fit tightly below the knee. Their voluminous turbans of white muslin are fantastically folded and the starched ends, like delicate transparent fans, spread high above the rest. A dozen, perhaps, wear the dress of the past—long coats of soft cashmere or rich brocade.

Suddenly a word of command breaks the silence. The band plays " God Save the King " and the assembly rises to its feet. At a slow walk, preceded by the Commissioner of the District, the local officials and his own aides-de-camp, the Governor enters, passes to the throne and takes his seat. The Commissioner, an Englishman in uniform, declares the Durbar open. Presentations are made. The old soldiers salute, approach—half-drawing their swords, the hilt of which the Governor touches—and retire. Each of the civilians offers on a white handkerchief a gold mohur, an old Indian coin, as tribute, which his Excellency, by touching, accepts and returns. The leader of every group reads a loyal address, a process that takes long and two hours have nearly elapsed before the Governor replies.

With admirable delivery he reads his speech. He tells the history of the bad years that led to famine, until 58,000 people of the district were daily employed on relief works. He tells of the duties and the responsibilities of the local officials ; of the generosity of the Government ; of the sacrifice of the local landowners in money and in kind ; of the arduous labour of volunteers ; of the coming of the monsoon and of the welcome rain and the end of anxiety, if not of want.

Then one by one they approach and receive their honours, their " sanads," their silver watches, their little purses of money, or their certificates. They are all Indians, civil officials, landlords, doctors, engineers and even labourers. The rest are the old soldiers with set faces and loyalty stamped on every feature.

At the garden party in the afternoon there is an air of pleasant good will. Gurgaon is administered by Indian officials. There is but one Englishman, who commands the police, and this town and district of the Punjab has never caused one moment of anxiety to the Government. The English at this Durbar did not

number more than a dozen or so and they are honoured by their Indian hosts. Their necks are wreathed in garlands of flowers and scented rose leaves are strewn over them. A conjurer and his assistant, both lugubriously incongruous in Western evening dress, perform their tricks ; but it grows quickly too dark to follow their skilful sleight-of-hand. As the daylight dies there is a display of fireworks—catherine wheels, and golden rain, and noisy rockets that cleave the twilight sky with streaks of brilliant colour. Near by a grey-bearded Moslem divests himself of his shoes and prays and the Indian band plays a selection from "H.M.S. Pinafore."

VI

In the cool yellow light of early morning the little boat that we had hired for a few hours passed slowly along the shore of the Ganges below the tall buildings that, pile upon pile, crown the river bank. The dark rowers, naked except for their scanty loin-cloths, turned the boat's bows toward the shore as we approached the Burning Ghat, the scene of the last solemn rite of the Hindu cult—the consignment of the body to the flames.

On a small stairway of the Ghat were two Hindu women, poor, silent and disconsolate, draped in soiled white raiment that limply enveloped them. One had sunk down upon the grey stone steps her hands folded across her knees. The other stood erect behind her. The eyes of both were fixed upon the leaping flames that, almost at their feet, were consuming—but so slowly—the body of one who had in life doubtless been very near to them. The dead man lay extended amongst the crackling faggots of his humble pyre. Now and again the elder woman would unclasp her hands and with a fold of her dress brush away her tears. The younger stood immovable. The little group was full of silent tragedy.

An attendant of the Ghat, dark and emaciated, whose sole garment was a loin-cloth no cleaner than the women's raiment, crept forward from time to time and, shielding his eyes from the heat, stirred the fire, while an old man, a priest perhaps, threw a few grains of some substance into the flames. Close by a group of four men, with limbs that shone like burnished copper, were

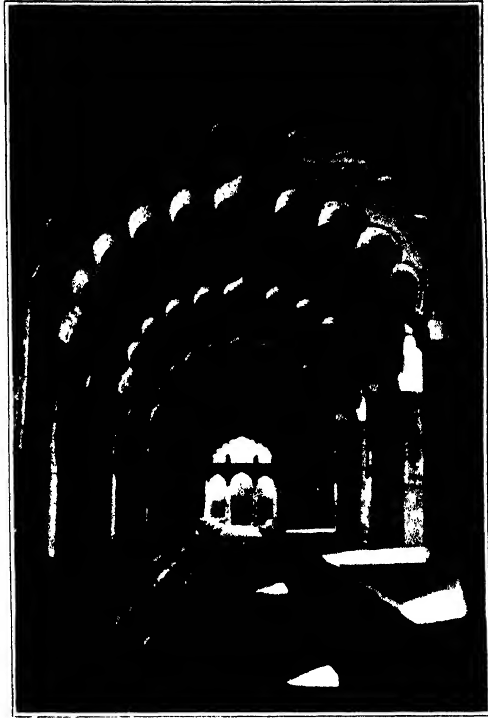
clearing away the ashes of what was left of another pyre, carefully putting aside such charred logs as might yet serve some useful purpose. The crowd of pilgrims, devotees of the strange terrifying Hindu Gods and Goddesses, passed up and down the stately stairways that lead from the town above down to the water's edge, regardless of what was taking place, for the burning of the dead is of almost hourly occurrence in the Ghat at Benares. The faggots blazed on, and the heavy grey smoke rose in a straight column above the pyre, so still was the morning air.

Presently the elder woman rose, turning listlessly toward the river and the crowd that thronged its banks, bathing and drinking the green slimy water. As she stood, silent and wrapt in grief, she seemed to see nothing of the scene around her—the slow-flowing sickly river ; the gay colours of the multitude upon the Ghats ; the thousand pigeons that bathed with the crowd ; the primitive painted house-boats moored to the shore ; the children splashing in the shallows ; the gleam of bright brass and copper water vessels ; the strange markings in coloured clay on the foreheads and sometimes on the bodies of the sparsely clad bathers ; the great flat umbrellas of yellow matting so large that they shielded whole groups of people from the sun's hot rays ; the blossoms of a myriad marigolds that floated on the foul surface of the stream—and away above, the high, high buildings and the endless flights of steps, wide and narrow, shallow and steep—and the masses of masonry—ramparts of squared stone, immense fluted towers, crowned with strange temples and white palaces and painted houses with their walls of peeling stucco, and their decrepit balconies and their faded shutters. Near by, a century ago, a vast block of temples and buildings had subsided and the ruins lay, huge masses of distorted stone, overthrown and disordered along the river bank. On a raised terrace a chorus of youths and boys in light yellow robes and bearing in their hands thin wands, stood singing, their eyes intent upon Holy Ganges at their feet. Everywhere the sacred grey cattle strayed indolently.

The sunlight, now strong, floods the river and the Ghats and the many coloured multitude with a blaze of crude yellow light and, exulting, the crowd drank and bathed, and bathed and drank again.

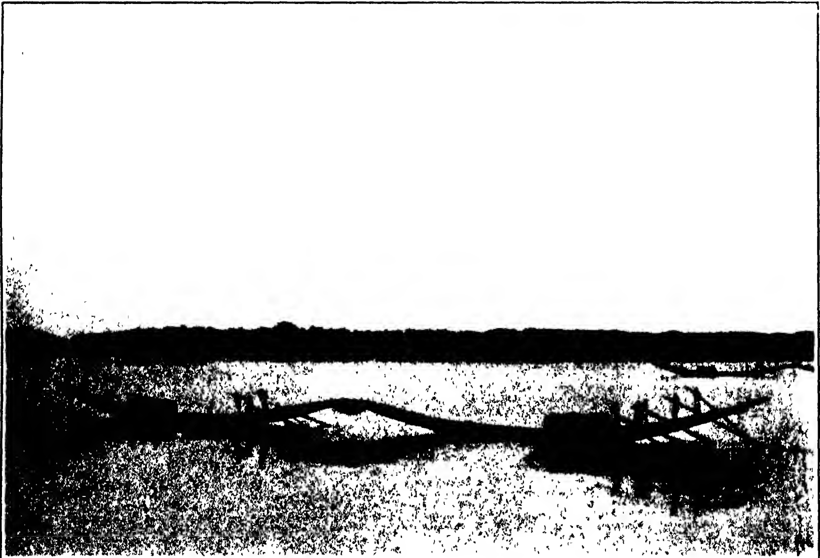
Slowly, in silence, the two Hindu women ascend the wide stone stairway and are lost to sight in the shadows of an archway.

Disturbed in spirit and oppressed we return to the hotel in the English quarter of Benares, two miles away in distance—but in reality separated by countless years. The church bells are ringing. It is Sunday morning.



IN THE FORT AT DELHI

H.H. THE MAHARANI
OF MANIPUR
AND HER DAUGHTERS



ON THE BRAHMAPUTRA

Chapter VIII

CALCUTTA TO MANIPUR STATE

WHAT traveller with a grain of imagination would not rejoice to find himself, as I did, late one warm January night, driving through the streets of Calcutta to embark at a pier called Juggernath Ghat on a voyage of 1,200 miles by the Brahmaputra to a place called Dibrugarh in Assam. After all there is a lot in names and river travel offers many attractions at a minimum of effort. There are changes of aspect as the flat deltas are left behind and hill-girt valleys reached. There are changes of races, of vegetation, of architecture and of climate—and all of it so close at hand. And the river itself with its floating life is of never-ceasing interest. The steamers—the Assam Mail—that mount the 1,200 miles of waterway are double-decked shallow draft paddle-wheel boats with ample accommodation for a dozen first-class passengers. Except for the first two days I was alone. The journey can be made more quickly by train and few of the travellers who visit Assam have ten or twelve days to spare in idleness. These steamers are entirely navigated and worked by Indians and for almost the entire journey there was no other European in any capacity on board. The voyage was slow and often monotonous but after the atmosphere of friction of Delhi, where I had spent the last three months, I found that the time passed quickly and pleasantly enough.

The first day after leaving Calcutta was spent in descending the Hoogly, but toward evening, in view of the open sea, we turned eastward and entered the tortuous channels of the Sundarbans, that immense region of low jungle-covered islands inhabited only by tigers, deer and crocodiles. Intersected by innumerable waterways, many of them navigable, the Sundarbans extend over nearly 300 square miles of the delta of the united Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers. There are said to be some 17,000 miles of waterways amongst these almost uncountable

islands. They vary from wide channels to tiny creeks that lie tunnelled under dense vegetation. Little by little this region is being reclaimed, the jungle cleared and the rich soil brought under cultivation but it is necessarily very slow work. It has however been proved that this arduous task is financially remunerative. The jungle that has to be cut is of little value for its timber, " Sundri " being the only wood that repays the cost of transport.

The two days spent in navigating the Sundarbans were of no little interest. It would be difficult to imagine a more abandoned country. Rising little above the level of the water the islands extend in every direction, covered with low growing forest. Here and there trees of greater size stand up above the rest. The banks are shrouded and often concealed by the twisted and contorted branches and roots of short stunted trees. Often the channels through which our steamer passed would have been little more than sufficient to allow, by skilful manœuvring, of another ship's passage. Sometimes we were so near the bank that it seemed almost possible to step ashore. The calm of these secluded waterways, the stillness of the air, the damp smell of decaying vegetation, and the knowledge that in these noisome jungles, uninhabited and uninhabitable by men, tigers abound, create an impression of mystery and fascination. Little game is visible, so thick is the growth of the island banks. Once near sunset we spotted deer feeding on the grass of a spit of land that projected into the river. They stood and watched our steamer pass, tender, beautiful creatures, alert and motionless, their red-brown coats speckled with white. Once or twice a crocodile, stirring the mud, slid from a slimy bank into the yellow water.

On the evening of the second day the Sundarbans were left behind and we entered the open cultivated country, the southern extremity of Eastern Bengal—a level plain, rich in rice fields, thickly inhabited and cultivated wherever cultivation is possible. The villages nestling in groves of Coco-nut, Areca and Date-palm interspersed with fruit and forest trees lay close together along the river banks, telling of the dense population that this rich district supports. Everywhere life teemed. This Presidency of Bengal has an area of 82,000 square miles and a population of 47,500,000, the Moslems being slightly more numerous th the Hindus. The vastness of India and the number of its peoples is almost impossible of realisation.

The landscape changes little, always the extensive plain and

the intensive cultivation. Except in and around the villages there are few trees. Here and there a leafless Kapok—the cotton tree—displays its mass of crimson blossom in a splash of colour. Many fishermen there are, in boats or on the bank, and many ways of catching fish, with hooks and lines and nets and spears. The river winds in sweeping curves, now wide as a lake and now little more than a canal. Near Barisal we enter the main stream of the Padna, a lower reach of the Ganges, a wide fast-flowing stretch of turgid water. In the rainy season a curious phenomenon is experienced at Barisal. It is known as the " Barisal guns "—a loud distant booming, like the sound of the firing of large cannon, heard at regular intervals. No satisfactory explanation is forthcoming, and the fable runs that it is the firing of the ghostly guns of an armed river boat wrecked long ago near that spot—a signal of distress from the drowned sailors craving burial. Twenty-four hours after leaving the Ganges, a little above Goalundo, we enter the Brahmaputra, or rather the Jamuna, for the real channel of the Brahmaputra flows to the east in a much reduced stream, having changed its course about the year 1800. The Jamuna, before that date merely an unimportant and subsidiary channel, is now the main branch and the only navigable course for steamers. So constant are the changes in the channels of the rivers of Bengal that many of the towns have been built several miles back so as to avoid the risk of being carried away by the erosion of the banks. This occurred to the small town of Goalundo which in 1875 was almost in its entirety swept away, with its bazaar and government buildings. The place was reconstructed farther away from the river, on the banks of which a temporary bazaar of mat-huts has been set up. At the least alarm of a flood the inhabitants disperse carrying their flimsy constructions with them. Goalundo is the terminus of a railway from Calcutta. The station on the river bank is provisional, the line being shortened or lengthened as the stream changes its course, by the removal or the addition of rails.

The navigation of the river is extremely difficult, sand banks disappearing or coming into existence, with unreasonable recurrence. In places the channel is marked by anchored canes between the lines of which the steamer steers its course. As we progress up-stream the vegetation becomes less luxuriantly tropical. The Coco-nut palm is only rarely seen, and long sandy reaches line the river banks. On the water life is very active.

Not only are other river steamers passed but there are also hundreds of sailing craft, varying from a species of junk that looks seaworthy to frail curved boats with rising peak and stern, like crescent moons in shape. Near Goalundo many of these were joined stem to stern, forming light bridges high above the water by which the fishermen, spreading or drawing in their nets, could pass from boat to boat. The paddlers, sometimes numbering between twelve and twenty men, sit perched on the raised ends of their light craft and churn the water into foam with their quick strokes. As we proceed up the river the scenery becomes monotonous, long sandy islands and banks, formed by the current only to be washed away again, spread far and wide over the river bed. Yet even here the industrious Bengali is at work and along the mud flats his patient cattle drag the primitive plough, for there is time to sow and reap a crop of barley before the river rises and floods the islands. Less and less the steamer approaches the shore and the villages in their palm groves appear far away, seen across wide stretches of shallow water and endless mud. At night our searchlight illuminates the track ahead and where the navigation is difficult, the bamboo canes, like silver wands, mark the course. This buoying of the river necessitates the employment of many boats and many men, whose sole occupation is in discovering and marking the channels by which the steamers can proceed. Even with this assistance the difficulties of navigation are immense and it requires the most minute and constant attention from the pilot-captains of the ships to avoid delays and mishaps. Large numbers of crocodiles frequented the mud banks. Sometimes they lay still and only hurried into the water when the wash of the steamer disturbed them. At other times they would disappear—and how quickly—before we drew near. Often a small bank, just awash, would harbour a dozen or more, big and small, and now and again a solitary monster was seen, black and forbidding.

Rivers have great charm even though sand banks and mud flats may grow monotonous. The boats, the waterfowl, the effects of light and shade, the glimpse of native life ashore—a village festival with gaily dressed people and the sound of drums and shrill pipes—seen from the deck of a comfortable steamer rendered my solitary voyage of nearly a fortnight very restful and very pleasant. Sometimes the sky was overcast and the river and the clouds and the far-off hills took the hue of tarnished silver, differing in depths but not in tone. It was then perhaps

that the scene was most attractive. Thousands of waterfowl would rise with a whirr of wings and fly ahead to alight half a mile above only to take flight again as we overtook them. The air was full of fragrance—what it was or whence it came was impossible to say. Nor was the steamer itself devoid of interest for the decks were at times crowded with passengers, the travelling people of India, with their children and their strange baggage, their tarnished clothing and their look of sublime resignation—traders, peasants, musicians, priests—an endless train of wanderers coming and going as fate may have ordained but, seemingly to us, without reason or purpose.

On the night of the fifth day of our voyage we ran aground. The river was wide and shallow and full of sand banks, and yet we were between the two lines of canes that marked the navigable channel. But a few hours of swirling current will change the course. No manœuvres of the paddle-wheels would free us and we remained until at dawn another river steamer, which had anchored near by, came to our aid. Casting two anchors at her bow, a little upstream, she let herself glide slowly down by paying out chain until she was some thirty yards above our stranded vessel. An iron hawser was made tight to our bow and and the friendly steamer moved ahead. Shortening her anchor chains as well as using her paddles she exerted all her force and, at first inch by inch and then foot by foot, we were drawn off the mud. Then our own paddle-wheels began to turn and we were free. But our delay was not yet over, for half a mile above us still another steamer was aground, blocking the only navigable channel in a stretch nearly two miles wide. The steamer which had successfully aided us went to her assistance and got ashore herself. So we tied up alongside the steep river bank and waited developments. The crew took a holiday and being all of them Moslems they made up for the prayers they had no doubt left unsaid on the more arduous portion of the journey by an orgy of devotion. The air rang with the plaintive cry of the old prayer-leader, grey and devout, who from the upper deck summoned the faithful, and, in two long lines, dressed in their best, the two captains and the crew, the stewards and the cooks praised God with reverent voice and devout action. Then they bathed and ate, and ate and bathed and prayed again, till body and spirit were comforted and all was well with the world—except of course that two steamers on a mud bank half a mile ahead impeded the continuance of our journey. But only fussy people who mind

about the time worry over such small matters as that, and there was none on our steam-boat. For thirty-nine hours we lay alongside the bank, while a noisy little river-boat plied up and down, creating by the activity of her paddle-wheels a new channel in the shallow river. And when all was ready we steamed slowly up stream and except for an occasional bump upon the sandy bottom and a few delays while our sailors in small boats sounded the channel ahead with bamboo poles, we passed safely through the shallows.

Then the weather grew cold. It was early February and we were now far from the influences of warm seas. A fresh wind blew, bringing clouds and sand and dust and blotting out the view.

Toward the evening of a foggy day we reached Gauhati, where a ferry boat takes the rolling stock of the railway across the Brahmaputra. There are settlements on both sides of the river which is at this spot about half a mile wide. On the southern bank a high wooded hill overhangs the stream on which is situated a once celebrated Hindu Temple, still an object of pilgrimage, though it has lost much of its popularity by the suppression of the girl dancers, the votaries of Kamakhya, the Hindu Venus, to whom the fane is dedicated. The orgies which formerly took place at this spot rendered it much frequented, but official intervention and the dismissal of these temple dancers have brought it to less prosperous days.

Above Gauhati the scenery again changes. The Tamarisk bushes of the river banks are replaced by tall, coarse elephant grass. To the south the northern heights of the Assam Hills came into view and the course of the river is no longer north and south but east and west. The water traffic is less, for Bengal with its teeming population is left far behind and we are in the valley of Assam. Vast flocks of pelicans—pink and white—fly over the water, alighting in their hundreds on the sand banks.

The last two or three days of the voyage were made in fog and cold and it was only once, and then only for a few minutes, that the clouds lifted and the great snow peaks of the Himalaya towering above the rugged mountains of Bhutan and Balipara, were visible—a long line of splendid crests, dazzling white against a dark sky, sixty miles away, across the Thibetan frontier. The river itself has few attractions in these districts, for it is broken up into many channels by low islands, and it is seldom that the steamer approaches the line of villages that stand along

its banks. The villagers are of a new race for we have reached a country where the eyes of the people begin to slant upwards, a sign that Aryan India is being left behind and that Eastern Asia is not far distant.

Dibrugarh is the terminus of the Assam railway as well as that of the Brahmaputra river service, and the centre of the Assam tea trade. It possesses a block of administrative buildings, an English church and a club. All round, on both sides of the river are numerous and extensive tea plantations, reaching southward to the Assam Hills and northward across the valley to the lower slopes of the Himalaya. Beyond these foothills lies an almost unknown No-Man's land, part of the mysterious North-East Frontier, forbidden ground to any but the Political and Military Officers of the Government of India, by whom relations are maintained with the semi-independent tribes that inhabit the jungle-covered valleys. It is beyond these first ranges of mountains that the Brahmaputra emerges from Thibet through stupendously deep and inaccessible gorges that pierce the Himalaya at this spot to force its way into the valley of Assam and on through the Bengal plains to the sea. For long the secret of the river's origin and course remained undiscovered and it is only in recent times that both have been located. Dibrugarh is indeed an outpost of the Empire—the very end of all things. And yet there has sprung up in this wide fertile valley a colony of British people who work hard and hunt and ride and dance and play polo and drink whiskey and complain but little at their exile. In many ways their situation is a happier one than that of English men and women in other parts of India, for here at least the relations of the races are friendly and discontent and sedition have scarcely made themselves felt. The climate, too, though hot and wet in summer, is neither unbearable nor too unhealthy. Unfortunately Assam is suffering from the world-depression and to grow tea profitably was, at the time of my visit, a difficult task. The competition, especially in the lower grades of tea, with Javan produce, rendered production in Assam scarcely remunerative.

Was there ever a train that bumped and rattled like the one that took me the next night from Dibrugarh to Manipur Road! I had a carriage to myself and my Mohammedan servant, a lucky find made in a hurried moment at Calcutta, made me up a bed from which it was difficult to fall out and most of the twelve hours' journey passed between intermittent sleep and a complete

wakefulness. And how it rained at the wayside station of Manipur Road—or Dinapur as it should be called. And how cold it was in the Dak Bungalow, one of the few I met with that was clean and decently kept. Assam in February in spite of its elephants, its tigers and its palm trees, is uninvitingly chilly. I spent the rest of that day and a night at Dinapur, so as to catch the next day's early morning's postal motor-car, which leaves the railway daily at sunrise for Imphal, the capital of Manipur State, 140 miles to the south. The postal car is the only means of transport, unless the traveller prefers a seat in a trade lorry where the comfort is less and the progress slower. In the afternoon a large party of American missionaries arrived at the Dak Bungalow with two cars and a motor-bicycle. The event was the "seeing off" of two ladies, one of whom was being escorted by the other to the hospital at Gauhati for an interesting event. The two husbands and half a dozen children accompanied them, and a friend or two. There were tears, of course, on the part of the children and we were rather a sad little party that walked back from the train—the children had insisted on my coming to the station—but once the bungalow was reached they were easily comforted with supper and lemonade. The two fathers put them all to bed and I was called in to help. My success as a nurse was great. I inserted their chubby legs into the sleeves of their nighties, and buttoned the necks of their little garments round their ankles. I imprisoned them in pillow-cases and rolled them up in "hold-alls." Then I had to be an ogre, and later a mosquito. I heard them say their prayers. I spanked them and bastinadoed their plump little feet and rumpled their hair and left them worn out with their fun and ready to go to sleep. At dawn the whole laughing lot of them packed themselves into the cars. The motor-cycle spluttered and protested but before sunrise they were all away, taking the road to their Mission station in the hills. I was not alone for long however for the red postal van, with its gilt coat-of-arms and the King-Emperor's cypher, drew up at the door punctually at six and taking my place by the chauffeur, with my servant on the seat behind, we started on our journey.

At first it was cold and wet and the dense jungle looked dismal and dreary enough, and water dripped from everything and everywhere. It is a wild spot Dinapur—just the Railway Station and a few one-storied rather wretched shops and houses. Its very existence it owes to the fact that it is the starting-point on

the railway from Manipur State—and its only connection with the outside world. Not only was it in excellent condition and repair at the time of my visit but it presents throughout its entire length of nearly 140 miles a succession of delightful and changing scenery. I can call to mind few such beautiful drives in any part of the world that I have visited. Fortunately, the weather cleared very shortly after our red van left Dinapur and the dripping jungle sparkled and shone as the early sunlight pierced the forest trees. The mists vanished and the mountain tops appeared high above the precipices and cliffs that overhung the rushing foaming stream alongside of which our road lay, now close to the noisy torrent, now half-hidden from it by the jungle and the undergrowth. The gorge is very narrow and in places the track is hewn out of the cliff. Trees grow everywhere except where the rocks are too steep for them to gain a foothold. So frequent are the landslides that at places where they are likely to occur the Government has posted notices, "Beware of rolling stones" —excellent advice from every point of view, but intended, I believe, in this case, solely in a material sense. There are twists and turns innumerable and it is a common event for travellers to be overcome by sickness, so continuous are the changes of direction. All this region swarms with game and there are said to be more tigers in the Dinapur district than probably anywhere else in India and wild elephants have been known to approach the Dak Bungalow. But shooting is almost impossible. The jungle is too dense and the danger entailed is too great. Again the tigers find so much game to eat that often they do not return to their kill while to tie up buffalo as bait is out of the question as all the natives of the country are Hindus and would certainly refuse to sell any beast for that purpose. There have been one or two lucky sportsmen passing through who by chance have bagged a tiger but they are few and far between.

The vegetation is superb. The bamboos grow to a vast size. Some of the varieties throw up their new shoots with such rapidity that their strength fails them, and at forty or fifty feet above the ground they bend back again almost to touch the earth. No doubt as time goes on these delicate curved shoots straighten. The road rises all the time amongst giant trees hung with creeping plants, while the undergrowth below is impenetrable, so dense is it. I travelled leisurely and had decided to break my journey half-way to Imphal, spending the remainder of the day and the night at Kohima, a large village 5,000 feet

up in the Naga Hills, the centre of a district. So when the red postal van drew up at the local Post Office my servant and I alighted and with the aid of a coolie transported my baggage to the Dak Bungalow. It was still early for we had made the journey under the most favourable conditions. The Dak Bungalow at Kohima is an attractive spot, for not only is the accommodation comfortable and clean, but the view from its windows and terrace is one of great beauty. The surrounding slopes are wooded with pines which together with a native tree resembling the Silver Birch recalls more northern climes. We were now in the heart of the Naga Hills and Kohima is the capital of the Naga tribesmen. The term Naga is said to be the designation given to these people by the plainsfolk and means "Naked." There is every reason to credit this supposition for in the remote districts the people still wear no clothing at all. At Kohima a scanty covering has been adopted but under the blanket which, as protection from the cold they carry across their shoulders, many wore nothing else but a string round their waists from which was suspended in front a few inches of narrow red tape, or similar material.

The origin of this curious race is probably Burmo-Thibetan. Their civilisation is very primitive; their language monosyllabic. They inhabit the large thatch houses that cover the hill-top at Kohima. Their religion is largely animist and they worship their ancestral spirits, though they bury their dead carelessly in any vacant spot outside the village or sometimes in the space in front of their houses. The graves are neglected. Memorial stones, generally large blocks of unhewn rock, are raised, often in lifetime, in honour of such men of the tribe as have by generosity or in some other way reached distinction. They have no places of religious assembly. They fear fire, which they seem, if not to worship, at least to venerate. I had the good fortune to visit the large Naga village at Kohima on a tribal feast day and in company with an American missionary resident in the place who knew both the people and their language. A paved way leads up from the Government Quarters of Kohima to the native village. A vague rampart encircles the conglomeration of houses, to which access is obtained by a stone gateway. The door is roughly carved with the figure of a man, while buffalo horns and other designs decorate the upper part. This village gate enters in some fashion into their religious beliefs and when the door was recently replaced the event was celebrated

with great ceremony. Within the ramparts the houses are built, as far as the hilly nature of the site permits, in parallel lines. Every house has, as a rule, a yard in front of it, enclosed by a low wall. The streets between the walls are narrow but here and there are large open spaces where the tribesmen congregate to talk, to dance and to drink. The huts are large, thatched and dirty. In the case of residents of distinction the front end of the ridge-pole is decorated by a large wooden ornament resembling outspread buffalo horns. The giving of a tribal feast is sufficient to earn the bestowal of this distinction from the tribal chiefs. It is much prized. There is too a little rough carved decoration on the extending beams.

The "Pujah," or feast, that was taking place at the time of my visit was in honour of the opening of the season of the sowing of the seed, the commencement of the agricultural year. The Nagas, men, women and children, were keeping holiday, the majority by partaking largely of their native beer from capacious mugs made of sections of bamboo. Many were already in a state of good-humoured intoxication and noisily happy. While the elders and the women and children sat about, the young men in full war paint danced, brandishing their spears and flourishing their shields. Feathers of gaudily coloured birds enter largely into their costume and are used to decorate their heads, their spears and their shields. They appear to be simple hearty people though till comparatively recently they were head-hunters in the more outlying districts.

The American Baptist Mission at Kohima provides an excellent boarding school for the boys of more distant regions. The Government of India grants a yearly sum towards its upkeep, but as far as possible it is made self-supporting and the boys pay their own keep. It is estimated that a boy can provide a sufficiency of food for a sum of four rupees (six shillings) a month. The question of clothing has given rise to some small difficulties for the boys from a distance often come in their traditional state of complete nakedness. This gives offence to certain missionaries who desire to make the wearing of garments compulsory. But the Government of India, very wisely, insists that complete liberty as to clothes be maintained and that no boy be forced to cover any part of his body unless he wants to. The authorities have even threatened to withdraw its money grant if any coercion is used by the mission. They are quite right. It is much better for these simple and highly moral people—the missionaries

confirm their general morality—to adhere to their accepted and traditional customs. It is of course a little disconcerting to find youths of sixteen or eighteen years of age studying advanced trigonometry in the English language in a state of complete nudity, though the question of dress is less disconcerting than the fact that they are studying trigonometry at all. It really is the height of absurdity that these young tribesmen should not be instructed simply in what will be of use to them. They do of course, get some technical instruction, but trigonometry and kindred subjects are compulsory because a knowledge of them is required should a pupil desire to continue his education at one of the Government schools, or enter an Indian University. The teaching of trigonometry to naked savages of the Naga hills is typical of the Educational Department of India, which appears so often to have no imagination and still less sense of humour.

The Nagas eat the flesh of animals that die a natural death. The most appreciated food however is dog, and many puppies are sold for this purpose in the local markets. A most relished dish is obtained by feeding a dog on rice, then killing the dog and extracting and eating the rice.

The Naga language varies in different districts, no doubt owing to want of communication amongst the tribes, for not only do they inhabit a country almost entirely covered with impenetrable jungle but there are often blood feuds which prevent, or diminish contact. Kohima is their principal village and contains over a thousand houses.

The Naga men and boys wear a "topknot" of hair on their heads but the girls' pates are shaved until they marry. Both men and women adorn their necks with beads and stuff a quantity of junk—brightly coloured feathers and all sorts of odds and ends—into their much perforated ears. There are many Christian converts. They appear not to lose caste amongst the tribespeople but there is a general strong objection to the abandonment of old traditions and tribal customs which a change of religion naturally involves, an objection more social than religious. The missionaries are Baptists and total immersion is insisted upon at baptism. The converts fear excommunication which the missionaries find to be an excellent measure of discipline and a satisfactory preventive to sin. As we were walking through the village I saw a nice-looking young Naga rise and slink away, shamefacedly, at the approach of the missionary. He had been forbidden to attend communion,

having been found guilty of living in sin, but I was pleased to hear from my friend that he would be readmitted to the bosom of the church on confession and repentance. I felt so sorry for him for he really seemed to mind his ecclesiastical banishment, though, so far, his attachment to the lady in question had outweighed his conscientious scruples and his desire to return to the fold. He was a good-looking healthy young man and I hoped, but did not voice my hope, that his confession and penitence might be delayed until the couple were mutually bored with each other, or the lady in question had dismissed him. It seemed so hard to have his happiness interrupted.

I dined that night with the Deputy Commissioner and his charming wife. It was one of those delightful evenings that "happen"—alas, how rarely—to the traveller—an unexpected invitation, an excellent dinner; half a dozen people, and conversation that flowed with ease and humour from politics and folklore to amusing anecdote and kindly gossip. Every traveller must have a few recollections of such pleasurable evenings—the more enjoyable because they come as a surprise—when one is spirited away from the drab surroundings of the Dak Bungalows and the weariness and vexation of spirit of the district Clubs, to find oneself amongst intellectual and well-dressed people in an atmosphere of refinement and understanding; where there are other topics of conversation than the good points of your friend's pony and the bad behaviour of your neighbour's wife. I seldom long for the fleshpots but I often miss the people who eat out of them. It was very late when I got back to the Dak Bungalow. My servant was sitting up and had lit a great wood fire in my bedroom for the night was very cold.

I walked for the first five miles of the next day's journey, accompanying the Deputy Commissioner on his visit to a wayside village where the red postal motor-van had orders to pick me up. The road lies high along the mountain side, at an elevation of about 5,000 feet above the sea level. Away below us lay the valley, cultivated fields and clumps of trees, while everywhere around rose the forest-clad mountains, one, a massive peak of rock, reaching an altitude of 10,000 feet. Far away to the north the snow peaks of the Thibetan frontier overtopped the nearer ranges. The air, fresh and exhilarating, made walking a joy and it was with regret that I bade good-bye to my kind host and climbed up beside the driver. For many miles the road follows the direction of the valley, which widens out into terraced slopes

and cultivated fields. Groups of Naga tribesmen, many of them carrying spears, were passed—a good natured swaggering lot talking volubly and much given to laughter, which may perhaps have been a little owing to the fact that it was another feast day and that native beer was plentiful. At Mao, a village boasting a Dak Bungalow, 6,000 feet above the sea, I stopped for lunch. The road from Dinapur to Imphal is run on the one-way traffic system and at Mao it all meets and passes. Many lorries, full of merchandise and native passengers were already there, waiting for the traffic from Imphal. At midday the gates are closed and all vehicles on both sections that have not reached this half-way village are held up. The northern part of the road which has been open to traffic going south from early morning now received the northward-going flow while the lorries from the north proceed on their way over the southern section. Circulation is thus rendered easy and safe. The amount of motor traffic, consisting entirely of merchandise-carrying lorries, is surprising until one remembers that this is the one and only road that penetrates Manipur State from the outside world and that all its trade, except a little carried by pony caravan or coolie borne, must take this route. The meeting of the north and south-going traffic at Mao adds life and movement to the place and for an hour or so before midday the lorries arrive from both directions. At the appointed hour the gates are opened and the long string of traffic continues its way. Near Mao the end of the valley is reached and the watershed crossed. The streams flow south instead of north and the road descends again to lower altitudes. Ahead lies the plain of Manipur, a dead level broken by sudden hills and outcrops, but elsewhere cultivated. Here and there are enclosed orchards and gardens and, scattered over the plains, great solitary forest trees. The horizon is broken by faint blue hills. The road widens and becomes an avenue. Bungalows appear amongst their sheltering groves of trees and in all the glory of a box-seat on the scarlet postal-van I arrived at the Residency.

Chapter IX

MANIPUR STATE

FEW travellers remain long in India. The voyages to and fro occupy a month, and the cool weather season is limited, and nowadays not many people can spare the time. The country is so vast, the attractions so far apart that the visitor's time is fully occupied. The result is that there is a natural tendency to follow the principal tourist routes and to visit the important sites which however attractive they may be are not always typical of the great Empire that is India. When the beaten tracks are abandoned the means of communication are often difficult and the accommodation uninviting. The Dak Bungalow is generally a dreary habitation and the hospitality ot the local club is almost excessive. The traveller who wanders off the main arteries finds himself the recipient of almost too much kindness and hospitality. He is apt to sacrifice his independence. He falls into the groove of the English life of the country districts—the seclusiveness of race, the obsession of sport, the burden of bridge, and the proffered refreshments. It is pleasant and, for the Englishman employed in India, the necessary relaxation after the routine of his usually uncongenial official occupations. The Club, from six till nine in the evening, is the one escape from the overpowering atmosphere of the country. The afternoon sports are over—the polo and the tennis—and in the often rather dilapidated precincts of the Club the weariness of existence is forgotten. English alone is spoken. There is the choice of the silence of bridge or the prattle of the billiard-room, where every sort of game except billiards seems to be played, for there is often only one table and a dozen players. All the members of the Club are present, except one or two away on leave and sometimes there are not more than fifteen or twenty altogether. There are few luxuries in the small Indian Club though the drinks are carefully chosen and carefully mixed and carelessly drunk. But it is not India and the traveller

is never free from the overpowering feeling that he is on a tiny isolated island in the midst of millions and millions of people, all uncomprehended and incomprehensible, that are being born and are dying all around under the dominion of caste, of tradition and of poverty. There is something terribly far away—out of reach. The people are seen through strangely focussed glasses, unreal and blurred. When from time to time the traveller thinks that his vision is clearing the forms around him change again and fade. Farther east in China this is not so. The Chinese are definite, clear, comprehensible and in reality little removed from the Westerner in original thought and mentality. But the Indian is different. He seems always spiritually striving for something he can never attain. He appears to be craving sympathy which, when it is offered, he as often as not rejects. I suppose there are people who can visit India and come away happy. On me it leaves always an impression of inexpressible sadness.

The travellers who visit Manipur are few and far between. The peaceful existence of the State invites little public attention. To the Englishman in India, Manipur does little more than recall the tradition that polo is said to have originated there and that the duck shooting is of the best. A small British community, officials and officers and their wives—in all about fifteen in number—pass a pleasant if unexciting existence in surroundings of charm and beauty. It is in fact one of the pleasantest of India's backwaters, for the valley lies about 2,500 feet above the sea level, the climate is good and the attractions manifest. The mountains which surround the wide open valley reach an altitude of ten to twelve thousand feet, and are densely forested. Amongst many other varieties of trees and shrubs the oak and chestnut and conifers flourish while rhododendrons and azaleas grow and flower profusely. The jungle too is rich in orchids. The soil of the valley is probably one of the most fertile in the world, consisting of silt brought down from the densely forested hills over an unknown period of time. The story of its formation is clear. At some early period the great deep valley was blocked at its southern end, where the united streams found their outlet and ever since the soil has been accumulating—millions of tons of rich alluvial earth, until the valley was gradually filled and nothing but the summits of the foothills remain uncovered between the two ranges of mountains, outcrops of rock in a wide plain that is sixty miles in length and thirty miles across. This

vast expanse is dotted with villages embowered in groves of trees and bamboos.

The Manipuris are a people of vaguely mixed race. Their country is said to have been invaded by the Chinese in the XIIIth Century and was from time to time overrun by the Burmese with whom there has been almost continual frontier warfare. It was on their expeditions which reached far eastward that the Manipuris first brought horses from the Shan States, away to the east of the Irrawaddy valley. Adopting cavalry in their little army they soon became proficient horsemen and great polo players. In their warfare they used spears and darts, the latter projected from looped cords.

The form of Government seems always to have been a despotic autocracy in the midst of constant revolution. Closely related to the primitive Naga and Kuki tribesmen who inhabit the surrounding mountains the people of Manipur in their secluded surroundings adopted a remarkable degree of civilization. In the XVIIIth Century they accepted the Hindu religion but still retain many of their animistic beliefs though they are very strict performers of all the ritual of their adopted faith.

The first British relations with Manipur occurred in 1762 when a treaty was made with the chiefs. As a matter of fact this treaty remained almost without effect until 1823 when the Manipuris sent native levies to aid a British advance eastward from the Bengal frontier. Cachar was occupied. This valuable assistance led to the recognition of Ghambir Singh as Rajah of Manipur. The relations between the British Government and the State were not always of the best and it was not always the Manipuris' fault. The British Government seems to have taken autocratic action such as the cession of the Kubo valley, clearly a Manipuri district, to Burma. In appearance the people are attractive. The sloping eyes inherited from their racial origin give them a marked resemblance to their neighbours, the Burmans, from whom however they are separated by language, by religion and by customs.

Beautiful in its approach—134 miles of quite excellent motor road—through the wild Naga Hills, where the vegetation and scenery are superb—Imphal lies in surroundings that resemble a great park. The fertile plain is dotted with forest trees and broken by rocky wooded outcrops. In these glades graze many cattle. Away on the horizon, on every side, rise the forest-clad mountains. The town straggles over a large area, the only

buildings of masonry being the highly decorated white Palace of the Maharajah, the red-brick Residency, a few small Hindu temples and the one-storied barracks of the Gurkha soldiers. The modest Government offices and the bungalows of the few European residents are constructed of wood and light plaster work while the Manipuris content themselves with walls of decorated bamboo matting and roofs of thatch. The houses lie back off the long straight roads, surrounded by little gardens where fruit and vegetables flourish. The hedges are of bamboo which grow in great luxuriance and furnish the people with almost every requisite for construction and domestic use. There is an air of tidiness everywhere and the people are clean in their persons and in their raiment. The majority of the men wear white but many carry a " chadar "—a shawl—of bright yellow or russet brown. The same colour is almost invariably chosen by the womenkind for their " saris." There is no " purdah " and the women enjoy complete liberty and take an active part in the commercial life of the place. The largest bazaar is entirely reserved for their use. Men may buy in it but only women may sell. Crowds attend the evening markets though the actual transactions seem comparatively few. It would appear that they are occasions more for gossip than for trade, and chatter the people do, unceasingly. The jewellers are skilled artificers, their necklaces especially being of beautiful design and of fine workmanship, made in some coarse metal and gilded. They are sold at prices that seem derisory. The people of Manipur eke out their remote existence with some difficulty in spite of the agricultural richness of their plain. Their poverty however has not affected their self-respect. They are dignified, polite and attractive.

Many Naga tribesmen can be seen in the roads and markets of Manipur. They adopt additional clothing for their visits to the town, for in the recesses of their mountains many of them live completely naked, and the rest have only a scanty covering that as often as not fails to attain the object for which one presumes it is worn.

Manipur will recall to many—vaguely perhaps for many years have passed since then—the tragedy of March, 1891, when a group of British officials were massacred in the precincts of the Palace, after a series of errors of judgment. Intrigue at the Rajah's court had led to the presumed necessity of arresting one at least of his brothers. To carry out this arrest Mr. J. W.

Quinton, Chief Commissioner of Assam, came to Manipur on March 19th (1891). The situation seems to have been indiscreetly handled. Two Durbars, announced to be held at the Residency, were postponed. At the first the members of the Royal Family were kept waiting a long time at the outer gate of the Residency only to be told to return to the Palace. The ill-timed and ill-judged programme of the British authorities failed and at length, on March 23rd, Mr. Quinton, accompanied by Colonel Charles Skene, Mr. F. St. C. Grimwood, Mr. W. H. Gossins and Lieut. Simpson, proceeded to the Palace to arrest the Rajah's brother. An unfortunate incident led to the spearing of Mr. Grimwood and the seizure of the others, who were almost immediately executed outside the Rajah's Durbar Hall. At the same time Lieut. Brackenbury was mortally wounded in an attack upon the Palace. The remaining officers took the opportunity to escape during the night, Mrs. Grimwood accompanying them. After a most difficult march they reached security. The Residency was bombarded and burned by the people of Imphal. A month later, April 27th, Manipur was occupied by a column of Indian troops. A brother of the Rajah and a high official were hanged. The State was confiscated and a young and distant relation of the Rajah was placed upon the throne. The palace was destroyed. The remains of the murdered Englishmen were collected and buried in the beautiful little cemetery in the gardens of the present Residency where a monument was erected to their memory by the Government of India. Although the Manipur State has not altogether escaped the spirit of unrest which is almost universal in the East to-day, the skilful handling of its affairs by the Political Agent, whose long experience is invaluable, and by the other British officials, has sufficed to maintain an atmosphere of confidence and goodwill.

Manipur is renowned for its polo. It is the State's national game. The rules followed are local and the game in Manipur can be played by a dozen or more players a side, the entire ends of the ground being considered in this case as goals. The ponies used are sturdy little animals seldom reaching twelve hands in height, while the saddles are complicated and decorative constructions with shovel stirrups and tassels that hang over the ponies' quarters. The game is fast and entrancing to watch, the players astonishingly expert. When, however, three times a week the Manipuris join the Englishmen at the game, European

rules are adhered to. Many villages in the plain have their own polo grounds and the sport is universal though it is said that the introduction of the bicycle has tempted the rising generation to purchase these utilitarian machines rather than to keep a stable. The Maharajah maintains ponies and players at his Court and both are forthcoming when needed.

My visit to Imphal was made under the pleasantest of circumstances. My hosts were charming people whose knowledge of the country and whose interest in the people were profound. The satisfactory relations existing between the Resident and the Maharajah's Court and the population were evident. Although a little echo of Indian unrest had reached the State from across the border in Bengal it seemed to have penetrated very slightly below the surface and to have found expression in little more than a mild spirit of hesitating truculence amongst a certain number of young men. I was much struck with the attitude of the small body of English officials in this little Native State and with their sense of responsibility in their relations with the people. It is difficult, and under actual circumstances impossible, that the contact between the English and the Manipuris can be very close, for the people of the country are the strictest of Hindus in faith, but there was an absence of tension in the atmosphere which contrasted very favourably with the conditions I had seen in British India. The Manipuris are easily stirred, having much in common with the Burmese in this respect, but at the same time they appear to be responsive to wise and sympathetic treatment and this, I think, they have received. The Resident's official duties are many and are increased by the personal respect in which he is held. Not only do affairs of state occupy his time but he is the refuge of all the Court disputants—and they are many—and the general peacemaker. During my stay Hindu ladies from the Palace were continually visiting the Residency to discuss their personal affairs, to complain of the palace authorities or of their husbands and relations ; or of each other and even to seek settlements for their quarrels with their servants. They came often and stayed long and were, I doubt not, very discursive and very wearying but the Resident seemed to have endless patience and endless good humour. These Palace ladies were received with all the deference due to their rank and, the long conversations over, they bustled down the portico steps and drove away with their attendants in their royal motor-cars, leaving the Resident with

new and difficult problems to solve as to allowances for housekeeping and for clothes ; demands for the expulsion of less legitimate spouses, and fears of being the victims of jealousy or spite—or the right to have a second lady's maid or at least the wages of the first—and often another Princess having learned of the visit of the first turned up to tell the other side of the story.

The Maharajah was away on a pilgrimage so I did not see him, but I was invited to a tennis party and tea given by the Maharani. The whole English colony of Imphal, consisting of about fifteen persons, was present and we spent a very pleasant afternoon. The Maharani who was in national dress spoke English and was affable and a little shy. The daughters, one a young married woman, the other a very attractive sturdy girl of fifteen or sixteen, helped their mother to entertain the guests. This second girl, dressed in European clothes, which by the way suited her remarkably well, was a revelation in the local Hindu world—an energetic young sportswoman, her occupations including, she told me, cricket. Tea was served in a pavilion overlooking the tennis courts for no one except Hindus can cross the precincts of the Palace without polluting it. Even to touch the walls would necessitate partial demolition and reconstruction of the part affected, so rigidly religious are the Manipuris. The Court and country are priest-ridden and the Family Idol who resides in an adjoining temple is drastic in the orders that he is supposed to give to the priests, which they in turn hand on. Even the few receptions, all held outside the building of the Palace, which the Maharajah and Maharani give to the English officials, have to be purged by ablutions and ceremonies, by prayers and the payment of fines.

I know of few places where there are more delightful walks than in the outskirts of Imphal. There are no streets, as we understand streets, but long shady avenues and wide lanes lead away to the very attractive suburbs. Hedges of bamboo enclose fruit gardens and screen the simple houses, seldom constructed of any material more solid than bamboo and wood and matting with a coating of mortar on the outside. These buildings, with their thatch roofs and their visible timbers, have a strange resemblance to Elizabethan farmhouses. Away in the suburbs are wide open spaces and big ponds, which swarm with wild duck.

It was the habit of some young English officers to resort to one of these " tanks " to shoot but their action was not approved by the neighbouring native residents and a formal protest was

made to the authorities. It was stated that the spirits residing in the tops of a grove of trees near by were much put out by the noise and not a little frightened, and that in revenge they might at any moment turn mischievous and wreak vengeance on their human neighbours. The complaint received due attention and the shooting ceased. But there are many marshes and lakes a little farther away where waterfowl can be shot until the barrels of the guns are too hot to be held and where the spirits do not complain.

Chapter X

A BACKDOOR INTO BURMA

FEW people probably are aware that along the whole frontier of India and Burma extending for a distance of 700 miles between the Bay of Bengal and Thibet, there is only one practicable way across and that is by a mere bridle path, little known and seldom travelled. This vast frontier region consists of mountainous country densely covered in jungle and only sparsely inhabited by primitive tribes. It is to all intents and purposes inaccessible. Travellers between the two countries—India and Burma—use the sea route between Calcutta and Rangoon. To reach the Indian end of this one overland track the traveller must journey far. Even the shortest route requires 600 miles of rail and 140 by motor-car from Calcutta before Imphal, the capital of Manipur State is reached. Across the Burmese frontier, when the few days by pony or on foot are accomplished, the traveller will find himself on the banks of the Upper Chindwin river, the great tributary of the Irrawaddy, 400 miles north-west of Mandalay and 900 miles above Rangoon. Yet the venture offers no dangers and few difficulties if the ordinary precautions of jungle travel are observed. Certain comforts must be dispensed with of course and a little fatigue endured. The actual track is good, a path cut up the steep hill-sides along the mountain crests and through the unceasing jungle. It is worn hard by the feet of native tribesmen who come across in single file, engaged in transporting local products or migrating in search of work ; but even they are few and far between. Often hours pass without meeting a human being. Nor for the greater part of the way are villages found. Now and again a collection of miserable huts marks a settlement of Naga tribesmen.

A motor-lorry took my little band of porters, my Indian servant and myself, with bedding and some stores, from Imphal to the foot of the mountains to the south-east, where the track leaves the spreading Manipur valley to climb the frontier hills—a distance of about thirty miles. There we found a pony and a

man awaiting us. The pony was for the use of my servant, an excellent young Indian Mohammedan from Bihar, whose life in domestic service in Calcutta with an opulent master had not accustomed him to long expeditions on foot. Courage he had and perseverance and goodwill, but his life had been spent amongst the flesh-pots of the great Indian cities, and he had a wholesome dislike, and I think fear, of the jungle, the mountains and violent exercise. As much depended—certainly my meals at least—on his arrival in not too fatigued a condition at our resting-places, I had hired him a pony, preferring myself to trudge on foot up and down the steep ascents and descents of these rugged hills. Often the good Mohammed must have regretted his taking service with me, but his moments of despondency passed quickly and in the end he seemed to find some enjoyment in his travels. In any case he served me well and had forgiven my dragging him off on this adventurous excursion long before we parted on the quay at Rangoon a month or two later.

Dividing my equipment into loads suitable in bulk and in weight to be carried on the coolies' heads we were soon climbing the slopes of the foothills. The burden that a coolie carries is 60 lbs. weight, but I had so arranged that none of my men bore more than 40 lbs., amply sufficient over such steep inclines. By this means we were able to move more quickly and I won the gratitude and goodwill of my men. They were Hindus of Manipur, small slight men, light brown in colour, with a touch of Eastern Asia in their sloping eyes. While the Hindu carries his load upon his head the Naga tribesman suspends his burden by a band across his forehead letting it hang behind his shoulders and down his back. Naturally each race finds the other's method absurd.

While the jungle track runs roughly east and west the mountain range runs north and south. By no other means could Nature have arranged so many and such steep climbs and so many as seemingly steeper descents, in the path of the traveller. Now and again it is true the path winds along the narrow ridge of a mountain, with jungled slopes falling away on either hand down to the forest-clad valleys far beneath. The journey starts with an ascent of nearly 3,000 feet of zig-zags up an outlying buttress of the chain. From the summit one looks back upon the plain of Manipur, the wide open valley lying stretched between its distant hills, resembling a lake, so blue and so still it was. The end of February was approaching and the trees of the forest that

clothed the mountains all around had taken the varied colours and all the shades of the dry weather season—russet browns and yellows, golds and reds. On either hand extended range after range of mountain, entirely jungle covered from their summits down to the streams that flowed in their wooded depths. We met few people, here and there a little group of half a dozen Nagas, bearing their heavy loads and plodding their way with stubborn perseverance.

It was cold at those altitudes and the shelter erected for passers-by at Tenongpal lies 5,000 feet above the sea level. There is only a shanty with walls of matting through which the wind raced noisily. From the neighbouring village a few Kuki Nagas came to gaze at the white man, of whom few indeed pass over this remote track. Dirty they were and unattractive, though two or three of the " young bloods " were decked out in their best. Their hair was bound in a chignon behind their heads. From the lobes of their ears hung large earrings of metal and tufts of bright feathers of birds' and iridescent beetles' wings. Wide collars of beads encircled their necks. A short kilt, or just a narrow strip of cloth suspended from their waists, completed their dress. One or two carried spears.

The second day's march takes the traveller across the central ridge of the frontier mountains. For a time the path follows the summit and occupies its entire space, a steep descent on both sides leading down to the two valleys. The view becomes more extensive and more beautiful, full of changing lights and shadows, of successions of sunlit hills and gloomy ravines. How little life is seen in these jungles in which elephant and tiger and a host of animals roam undisturbed. The notes of a few birds and the weird cries of many monkeys are the only sounds.

Through the forest our little caravan proceeded, now in the shade of giant trees the foliage of which the sunlight pierced fitfully, and now under tunnels of vast bamboos. At times we rested on the rocky banks of some noisy stream deep in the recesses of a gorge, where big black butterflies hovered over the limpid water and little fish sparkled in the pools, but such moments are short-lived for always the climb began again and always in single file we turned and panted and turned again up the zig-zags of the steep narrow path. Toward evening two of the porters showed signs of distress so Mohammed had to abandon his pony. To its saddle the sick men's loads were made fast. The two men, vomiting from time to time, strove wearily

to keep pace with the rest. The rate of travel was always slow and it took us daily from seven to eight hours to cover from twelve to fifteen miles, but never for more than a few hundred yards at a time was the path level. The coolies too required rest at regular intervals and being strict Hindus the preparation of their food and their own ablutions and the washing of their pots and pans before and after eating took much time. The last hour or two of the march that day was very slow for I kept the rest back so as not to leave the two sick men in the rear. The jungle is infested with tiger and had they been unable to proceed and been left alone by the wayside they would have run a great risk. However, we got them safely into camp and a few hours' rest set them right again.

As we proceeded eastward the next day the jungle thickened. The trees grew taller and were closer together and it was only here and there that the mountains were visible between their trunks. There was less undergrowth and more shade. From time to time a natural clearing in the forest opened up the view ahead and we caught a glimpse of a wide plain stretching north and south and bounded on the east by another range parallel to that which we were crossing. It was the valley of the Yu river, a tributary of the Chindwin.

At a wayside shrine erected to propitiate the spirits that had their abode in a neighbouring group of trees the Manipuri porters prostrated themselves and made offerings of a little rice and fruit. The shrine was merely a small enclosure of bamboo canes, with a few large stones representing an altar while some strips of coloured silk and cotton hung from a rough trellis canework above. From this point the descent grew steeper with many patches of rough rock to cross. In the forest near the roadside a triangular pillar marks the boundary of India and Burma. Then a stretch of level walking brings the traveller unexpectedly to a wide stream—a long quiet reach ending in gurgling rapids. It was deep enough, but the porters, wading breast high, my luggage on their heads, crossed without misadventure. Then another spell of level ground shaded by splendid trees and Tamu is reached—the Burmese frontier post. One street is almost all there is, with a Police Station, a Post Office, the hospitable bungalow of the staff of the Bombay Burma Corporation which holds the concession for many teak forests and keeps elephants in the district for hauling the timber to the river—and a few Burmese and Indian shops. Every

building is of wood, raised high on piles but the village is clean and wears an air of cheerfulness. Gloomy depressing India is left behind and gay pleasure-loving Burma is reached.

It was the night that the Indian and Burmese Census was being made and a polite young Hindu duly inscribed me and my age and my profession, and all the rest, on an official form. I was quite pleased to record my existence in so remote a corner of the world. After all to register at Tamu hundreds of miles from any place that man ever heard of was more interesting than would have been some dull spot at home in the company of thousands of other Englishmen. In any case the courteous Hindu Census clerk from the Post Office thought so and from the fuss he made I might have been signing a Treaty of Peace or a Declaration of War. I dined with two hospitable young Englishmen in the roomy bungalow of the Bombay Burma Corporation. Most of their time seemed to be spent in the jungle with woodcutters and elephants, searching for, felling and hauling teak—a good life if it were not for malaria which is very prevalent in this region—but there must be spells of loneliness, for they are often separated by the nature of their work and much alone. It had taken me three days to cover the forty miles that lie between Palel, oue starting-place in Manipur State, and Tamu, so steep are the ascents, so deep the valleys.

At Tamu fate was kind and I learned to my satisfaction that there was sufficient water in the Yu river to proceed down that stream for a few days by dug-out canoe and thus reach the Chindwin at Yu Wa. By this means I was saved a further walk across the next range of mountains to Sittaung. My porters were tired and I was told that the scenery on this latter part of the road was not so attractive as that I had already seen. So I sent my coolies back to Manipur and with Mohammed, my Indian servant, set out the next morning through the flat jungle to a point on the Yu river where the stream was navigable for " dug-out " canoes that drew even as much as eight or ten inches of water. To the music of the bells of the oxen that drew the little cart that held my belongings, with Mohammed perched on the top of them, I walked for four hours to the river bank. How pleasantly the wheels creaked and the sound of the driver's voice as he cheered on his patient kine was like music in the fresh morning air. The forest was cool and lovely, though here and there quite unexpectedly we came across deep wide ditches of black mud, overhung with strange dank vegetation and smelling

evilly. A host of little coloured birds flitted from tree to tree sparkling like a handful of scattered jewels.

Mohammed was peevish. He was tired. He hated the jungle, and he was, I suspected, a little raw from riding up and down the hills, and on starting one of the bullocks had kicked him on the knee and raised a bruise. He sulked and after all I couldn't blame him. His late master had lived at the grandest of Calcutta's expensive caravanserais—the Great Eastern Hotel—and naturally his servant had enjoyed many privileges. He dressed immaculately in European clothes with a red fez. He preferred to eat with a knife and fork. He " put on airs." In fact he was a very superior person. But his master had unfortunately died, much to Mohammed's grief, for it was quite evident the Moslem servant had been sincerely attached to the Englishman. And now by evil chance he had engaged himself to a sort of wandering lunatic, who never seemed to have any plans, whose whole luggage consisted of three suit-cases and a little bedding, and who actually went into native bazaars and made friends with the most ridiculous people—who walked when he might have ridden and took the slowest means of getting anywhere—and didn't even have his clothes pressed regularly and paid no calls. Naturally Mohammed suffered. His dignity was injured. Had he but known when he took the place what was in store for him !—but he hadn't. And now he was travelling in a jungle on a bullock cart going God knew where in a country he had never even heard of. I took pity on him and spoke to him cheerfully. I told him that very soon we would reach the river where a really beautiful boat awaited us, with two cabins, one for him and the other for me, with water laid on in the wash-hand basins—and a kitchen for him to cook in and a trouser-press and an ice-chest and real bedding and a steward and an engineer and heaven knows what. He smiled at last when I said lunch would be ready for us when we arrived and that I had ordered curried prawns—and almost before I had finished my tale we reached the river and there at the bottom of a muddy bank lay our boat—a canoe about forty feet long and less than three feet wide cut out of a single tree and so frail that it threatened to capsize if one sneezed—and of course with none of the things I had promised, for the boat possessed nothing except a small matting awning on bamboo canes and three almost nude, much-tattooed Burmese boatmen. Poor Mohammed, it was cruel of me, but he took it very well and continued to do his duty with conscientious concern

for my meals and my comfort—and an intense longing no doubt to get back to Calcutta again. He told me when the journey was finished and we parted at Rangoon that he had enjoyed it, perhaps in the same way as one is thrilled in looking back on some unpleasant adventure of the past when one is seated comfortably in an armchair at home. Yet in all his discomforts and disappointments and fears he never neglected his duties and performed them willingly—but he wept a little now and again.

Performing acrobatic feats of balancing we embarked on board our frail boat. There was just room to squat under the matting awning that scraped my helmet all the time and restricted the view, for it formed a sort of low tunnel, a couple of yards in length and reaching right down to the boat's sides. For security in navigation a weather-boarding of bamboo poles was made fast to both sides of the boat in order to render it less liable to capsize in the many rapids that must be passed. The crew of three tattooed Burmans in their gay "longyis" that reached like a tight-fitting skirt from waist to ankle, soon transported my bedding and kit aboard. Gay, pleasant men they were, with their long hair protruding from the scanty folds of their turbans like stiff black tassels. I sought shelter from the hot sun in the "cabin" while Mohammed surveyed with disapproval the totally inadequate space in which, if he could manage to keep his balance, he would have to prepare my meals. A few minutes sufficed to instal ourselves and our belongings and with a swift gliding motion our boat struck out into the stream and was soon progressing smoothly and silently on its course down the river.

On a little platform aft, over the rudder, the steersman wielded a large paddle, while forward of the "cabin" his two companions rowed. They had divested themselves of their coloured raiment and except for scanty shorts and immense straw hats rising to a point in the centre, they were naked.

The placid reach of the river on which we had embarked did not continue for long, and our skiff was soon dancing in the surf of a succession of shallows and rapids, to issue again into clear still water where the current was almost inappreciable. Great forest trees festooned in creepers overhung the long pools and from the boulder-strewn banks of the stream—for the Yu river is little more—the jungle rose a tangled mass of dense vegetation to the high hills above. There is little life and little traffic. The water was very shallow. Our boat drew about eight inches and was often ashore or bumping on the water-worn

stones. Now and again we met a craft of the dimensions of our own being poled laboriously upstream by tattooed boatmen, and more often much smaller dug-out canoes in which the fishermen were visiting the upright bamboo poles amidstream to which fishing lines were made fast. Here and there, but far between, amongst the dense forest appeared the matting walls of houses raised on piles.

Nearing sunset our boatmen made fast alongside a sandy bank between the water's edge and the jungle. Fires were lit for the double purpose of cooking our suppers and scaring away wild beasts. And there we spent the night, spreading our simple bedding on the white sand near the boat. Poor Mohammed's spirits were at their lowest ebb and as I lay on the sand and watched the daylight turn to dusk and the dusk to night I heard him sob as he bent over a small camp fire, saucepan in hand. I cheered him as best I could but to little effect. "My late master," he said in choking voice, "always stayed in the best hotels." But where could be a better hostel than that we had found on this sand-spit of the Yu river? Across the pool, perhaps thirty or forty yards wide, the forest trees rose majestically, some that had lost their leaves at this dry period of the year towering like gaunt skeletons, high above the rest. The entrance and exit of this peaceful reach of water were hidden amongst the trees and the stream flowed so silently and so slowly that it seemed motionless. On the still surface every detail of the evening scene was reflected, the trees and the high hills that rose beyond the trees. Here and there immense spikes of bamboo shot through the lower vegetation and bending under their own weight turned their heads toward the earth again. Night fell quickly but the moon rose, nearing full, and flooded the scene with the radiance of luminous silver. Fitfully our fires burned, now merely a ruddy glow of ashes, now a soaring flame as the Burmese boatmen threw on more wood. The crackling of the dry logs broke the silence of the night and every now and again a fish leapt in the pool to fall back upon the water with a resounding splash. A few night birds uttered their fretful cry and a single cicada—for at this dry season the insects keep silence—gave forth his grating music with much noise for so small a creature. Above, the moonlight drowned the stars but nearer earth the smaller light of fireflies flashed momentarily only to be extinguished again and again to be rekindled. The air was hot and laden with the scent of the dry jungle and the smoke of our little fires was aromatic

and penetrating. Our boatmen talked in soft monotonous voices till sleep overtook them, but always one of them remained on watch to throw wood from time to time upon the fires for tiger abound in the district. Nothing came however to disturb the peace of this perfect night and even Mohammed, his rice cooked and eaten, sat in the boat and sang in a crooning falsetto voice. He had refused to sleep ashore, having no desire, he said, to be carried off by the famous tigers of the Yu valley, and the last consolatory remark that I made to him before I sought my humble bed was that the tigers liked to swim out to boats as it was easier to kill their victims in the water. I don't for a moment think he believed me but he thought it best to stop singing. Not a breath of wind stirred and the silence was almost unbroken. A few twigs, snapped by the stealthy steps of some prowling jungle beast, sounded like pistol shots. Once something cried out as if in pain or terror but whether bird or beast I do not know. From time to time I woke feeling how good it was to be alive, with the marvellous still moonlight and the forest and the river—and the sense of supreme solitude. At dawn the jungle woke. Birds welcomed the day with song. Jungle fowl crowed and cackled and a host of monkeys uttered weird screams in distant tree-tops, complaining of I know not what.

There were more rapids on the second day and our boatmen were as much in the water as in the boat, tugging and pushing and steering her over the shallow falls and in and out of the boulders. Sometimes it seemed as though the turmoil of the stream would engulf us but ever we emerged into the intervening reaches in safety but often wet. Here and there a little canal had been dug parallel to the bank, scarcely wider than our long frail canoe. Into this our craft was steered to be swept on by the swift current in a passage too narrow for it to capsize, while, separated only by a ridge of piled stones or a bamboo and earth embankment, the river rushed from rock to rock in noisy clamour. At such places there were a few houses and the men came to our assistance, earning some scanty reward. In the more open rapids where a passage was possible, two of our men would leap ashore and holding taut a rope made fast to the boat's stern would retard our dancing progress. From stone to stone they leaped but never allowing the line to slacken until once more we glided into a placid reach. On board, the third man, paddle in hand, steered us off the rocks and shouted noisy directions to the others. Their naked bronze bodies sparkled and shone in the

spray, their buttocks and thighs blue with the patine of tattooing which reached from waist to knee.

It was soon after leaving our first night's bivouac that turning a sharp corner of the river the boatmen ceased rowing and signalled silence. About forty yards away on the edge of a thick grove of bamboos an elephant was feeding. From the crackling of the canes it was evident that others were near, hidden by the dense vegetation. Then the boatmen raised a shout. The elephant turned quickly toward us and after just a moment's hesitation stampeded into the jungle. The others joined in the flight and though nothing was visible of them, we could hear the rending of the undergrowth as the herd forged its way up the steep hill. Nor did they seem to cease their mad career until the summit, far above, was reached.

The second night was spent at Yenan where the desecrating hand of man had felled the trees and raised a strange medley of iron towers and engine sheds, of bungalows and "coolie lines," in search of oil. The Test Well was already over 950 feet deep but numerous faults in the sub-soil, and the presence of hot springs and subterranean waterways, had rendered the boring very difficult and only a few weeks later I was told that the works had been abandoned after a great expenditure of money and very arduous labour; but the search for oil is a great adventure. So once more the jungle of Yenan will reclaim its own and all that cannot be transported will be lost to sight in the dense growth that so quickly covers and destroys the handiwork of man. Little by little the climbing plants will embrace the deserted structures and throttle and strangle all that comes in their way and wreathe and wreck the framework of the buildings until the whole is buried under the dank vegetation. Man and his labour will be forgotten.

To Mohammed's immense satisfaction we spent the night in a "gentleman's bungalow" where a hospitable American engineer gave us shelter and food. One or two others—pioneers of the outlying regions of the earth—joined us for there were four of them, men who had sought for and dug and found oil in other lands.

I started early the next day and reached Yu Wa by noon. It is there that the river flows into the wide channel of the Chindwin, the great tributary of the Irrawaddy.

MY MANIPURI PORTERS PREPARING THEIR FOOD

AUTHOR'S BOAT ON THE YU RIVER

A ROPE BRIDGE, UPPER BURMA

CHAPTER XI

TO MANDALAY

TWELVE hundred miles by steamer from Calcutta —through the Sundarbans, those strange estuaries of the Ganges, and up the Brahmaputra ; a night in a train on a remote railway ; 170 miles by car to Imphal and beyond to the foothills of the frontier mountains, a three-day climb on foot into Burma and three more days in a dug-out canoe on the shallow waters of the Yu river—had brought me at the end of February to the high waters of the Chindwin at Yu Wa in Upper Burma. Regardless of time and of distance, filled with the joy of travel and of the distractions which every succeeding day disclosed, I sat on the bank of the Chindwin river 370 miles above where it joins the Irrawaddy, and 950 miles from where their united streams reach the sea in the Bay of Bengal. On the shore I waited with my Indian servant and my Burmese boatmen for the passing of one of the little weekly stern-wheel steamboats, indifferent as to whether its course would be upstream to regions more remote or downward toward cities and civilization. Nor had I long to wait for by a happy hazard I had reached Yu Wa on the day of the steamer's visit. Even before we saw it ploughing its noisy way up the long still reach we could hear the thud of its engines. Half an hour later the *Namtu* tied up alongside the spit of yellow sand that the vagaries of the river had furnished for a pier. From the neighbourhood flocked a crowd of gaily dressed Burmese men, women and children. A few were would-be passengers, a few brought the products of their fishing nets and their poultry yards and their fruit and vegetable gardens for sale or barter but the majority came from curiosity, for the arrival and departure of the river-steamer is the event of the week. There are but scanty jungle tracks and no roads in these regions so the passage of people and merchandise and news is confined to the river.

The steamer's lower decks, almost flush with the water, was occupied by its engines and cargo while the upper storey carried

a delightful medley of passengers. Two cabins forward, with a little reserved deck over the bows, small but adequate, were reserved for the first-class passengers when there were any. The *Namtu* was bound for Homalin, another hundred miles farther upstream, the limit of navigable waters at this time of the year.

How beautiful they are those great rivers of Burma, the Irrawaddy and the Chindwin. How calm and peaceful are the long straight reaches that extend for miles between the jungle-clad mountains. How diverting the changes of scenery where the hills close in and the river's course turns this way and that, unexpectedly revealing at each new bend some fresh aspect of river life. In the dry season the vast stretches of jungle that clothe the hills to their very summits are brown and russet and gold, but nearer, along the banks, the fringe of vegetation is of the deepest green, for the roots of the trees find moisture in the soil. Amongst groves of palm and forest tree, of mango and citrus, are villages, stretching along the river's bank their long line of thatched matting houses raised on piles. Here and there a fantastic temple, all points and spires and pinnacles, rises above the rest, or a group of white pagodas commemorates the generosity of the people. The steep banks, for the river is low in the dry season, lead down to the water's edge where all day long groups of men and women and children come down to bathe and the air is full of their cries and their laughter. And along the shore, fragrant with the scent of orange blossom, the gaily dressed people sit and watch the river flowing by. The temple precincts are gay with the yellow-robed monks. And when from time to time our little steamer ties up for a spell alongside the bank, the whole population is there to meet us. As soon as the planks are placed between the ship and the shore there is a coming and a going of a gay chattering people laden with village produce or intent upon the bidding of farewell to parting friends or the welcoming of those who come. The steamer, too, has its little bazaar on board, half a dozen tiny shops, where the villagers can purchase their humble requirements that come from the cities far away. And on the upper deck they all meet, the passengers and the shore folk, and news passes from mouth to mouth—the price of rice farther down the stream ; the coming of a Pwe, or Variety Show ; a little religion and a little sedition ; the killing of a tiger or the failure of a crop. And then the steamer whistles and all is bustle and movement and the many visitors crowd

ashore again, still talking and still laughing. O happy Burmans. Children of impulse whether for good or evil ; content to enjoy to-day and to take no heed for to-morrow ; trusting Destiny ; accepting the good with the bad and laughing at both. Poverty robed in silk—Want decked out in flowers. Generous you are and vindictive ; strong in your beautiful Buddhist faith and strong in your passions ; living leisurely, working when there is no money and spending it when there is on a little feasting and a little finery, a little more in charity and in "acquiring merit," be it by the offering of a handful of flowers at the feet of a benign image of the Buddha or the raising to the memory of the Great Teacher of a humble pagoda. Easily led aright and still more easily led astray, with ears inclined to the murmurs of sedition and hearts prone to turmoil and unrest. On the one hand order, security but taxes to pay, and misunderstandings. Life becoming more and more difficult and the lure of men tempting you to the cities, to harness you to the treadmill of industry ; depriving you of your happiness and of your beauty and of your souls, to leave you crushed and bruised under the heel of the Idol of Wealth—their wealth not yours—broken and hopeless. O still happy Burman. Keep and cherish your happiness for there is little of it in the world to-day and many who would deprive you of it. On the other hand be not misled by the secret whisperings of the jungle, the promises which can never be fulfilled—the breath of rebellion, the urgings to revolt—for on that road lies death. Eschew violence but close your ears, too, to the men who would take you away from the happy haven of your river banks to the dust and the dirt and the degradation of the oilfields and the docks. The West may have given much to the East but it has also taken much away and many have fallen by the wayside.

Day succeeds day in the pleasant idleness of river travel and yet every day has its incidents and its interests and always there are the river banks so full of beauty and colour. At night, for there is no travel after sunset, the steamer ties up below some village fragrant with the blossom of its fruit trees. Often our destination is reached quite early and in the cool hours of the afternoon and there is time to wander through the rice fields or to seek some jungle path through the dense forest rich in flowering trees that overhang half-hidden creeks or rise above the other growth. Great black butterflies float between the tree trunks and far above strange birds call to one another. Now and again timid monkeys peep through the tangled branches to witness the

inexplicable and absurd experiment that nature has perpetrated on their race by the evolution of man—a little disappointed, I hope, at the results. And chattering, they go home to the tree-tops to talk about it and to protest. And then we find our way back to the steamer. The lights are lit and on the passengers' deck the Pongyis—monks in their yellow robes—and the traders and the women and children sit peacefully and drink tea and sup and sleep, and every now and then some small stringed instrument makes music—a little clear cheerful tinkling in the moonlit air.

Far up the Chindwin the noisy stern-wheel steamer took me, to Homalin, where the navigable waters cease except for small launches, and then back again past Yu Wa where I had embarked. And lower down I changed into a larger boat, with churning paddle-wheels and wider decks and more passengers, and amongst them now and again an Englishman of the Forest or Survey services, or a trader, who embarks at some wayside stopping-place and leaves us at another to take some scarcely discoverable road into the forest with his tent and his bedding and his guns and his food supply piled high upon a village bullock cart.

At one of the stopping-places the police brought on board two men. One was borne on a stretcher dying ; the other was the youth who had stabbed him. The prisoner's wrists were lightly chained and his native guards, kindly men who treated him with no roughness, made him fast to an iron stanchion between decks and laid the stretcher beside him. He sat, leaning against the thin iron pillar, his eyes fixed upon the dying man. They had been friends ; a quarrel, a blow with a cruel knife. The gaolers, the passengers, showed no idle curiosity. No one crowded round. Scarcely a look fell upon the little group. The people near spoke in whispers and the policemen were silent. For the wounded man nothing more could be done than the "first aid" he had already received, until he reached the district hospital, an hour's journey downstream. The prisoner was left alone in his suffering, unmolested and unregarded. Once he leant forward and with his manacled hands he uncovered his friend's face and with a look of infinite pity and regret drew back the sheet again.

On the last night of our long voyage, for the steamer had taken me far up and still farther down the Chindwin, the people of the village where we were anchored were keeping a feast. From

boats moored in midstream they were "acquiring merit" by releasing one by one upon the surface of the placid moonlit river little floating lamps in honour of the Buddha. In a long straight line the gentle current bore them—a thousand lamps and every one a gem of flaming gold. Away downstream the river changed its course and at the bend the procession of tiny wicks, each following each, passed out of sight. To the villages below they carried their message of faith and goodwill, of merit acquired and the "Eternal Peace," and the children clapped their hands and tried to count them as they passed.

At Monywa I left the river and took the train to Mandalay. As the hour of departure was very early and communication between the steamer and the train could not be assured I asked permission, and obtained it, to sleep the night in the train. At dawn, and even before it, the station became pleasantly animated by the arrival of many Kachin recruits on their way to be enlisted at Maymyo. Many had never seen a railway before and the boisterous youths seemed heartily amused at their experiences. More than one was nearly left behind but agilely boarded the train not without skill or danger when it had almost left the platform. They make excellent soldiers, the Kachin tribesmen, but their countrymen find them on their return to their homes, after their period of service is concluded, lazy and arrogant, and maintain that they bring back with them to their villages contagious diseases previously almost unknown. The few hours' journey from Monywa on the Chindwin river to Sagaing on the Irrawaddy is over level plains, cultivated wherever irrigation is possible. The sole landmarks are the dense clumps of trees that shelter and conceal the villages and the ever-increasing numbers of pagodas. The train enters Sagaing through a veritable city of religious buildings, monasteries of fantastic outline but unpardonably defaced by modern roofs of corrugated iron, and pagodas of every size and variety, from diminutive and humble little shrines to immense constructions rising in a pinnacle to great heights, their tops glistening with crowns of gilded metal often studded with jewels. From the ferry boat which takes the traveller across the river from Sagaing to Amarapura the vista of the river is fascinating, the hills on either side exhibiting a display of pagodas in almost countless numbers. Amarapura itself was the capital of Burma until 1858 when the royal seat was moved to Mandalay only a few miles distant. Another deserted capital, Ava, lies a very short distance down the stream. From

Amarapura to Mandalay the train threads its way through these endless examples of faith and veneration.

Mandalay, untidy and dishevelled though it is, has undoubted attractions. Never more than a political centre it owed its former prosperity and its importance to being the residence of the Burmese Court. It is ill situated for agricultural or commercial success and once the Kings had disappeared and the palace was empty, it fell upon evil days and has steadily declined. The utter inefficiency of a local municipality brought it to a state bordering on squalor but fortunately to-day the local authorities have taken over its direct administration. Nothing that can be done is ever likely to bring about a revival of its more prosperous days for it is a city without any reason for existence. But as long as the great walled Fort exists, with its moat without and its Palace within, Mandalay is worth visiting. It is owing to the initiative of Lord Curzon that steps were taken to prolong the existence of King Thebaw's wooden Palace with all its fantastic and tawdry decoration, its encrusted coloured glass and its many storied spires. It cannot last very long for the life of the material of which it is constructed—almost entirely wood—is said to be of not more than 80 to 100 years' duration in the destructive climate of Upper Burma. Yet on the whole the work of restoration and preservation has so far been sucessful and is, happily, being continued. Wanting though it may be either in architectural or artistic merit, the Palace at Mandalay is a rare and excellent example of the Royal Residences of South-East Asia, on the lines of tradition dating from time immemorial. There can be little doubt that the wooden Palaces of Angkor, of which the stone terraces still exist, must have much resembled this Palace of Thebaw. The discomfort that must have accompanied the existence of the Burmese monarchs is in evidence on every side, though no doubt in their more intimate hours they abandoned the gilded magnificence of the great state rooms for the seclusion of smaller pavilions scattered about the neighbouring gardens. Yet there is a certain rude barbaric splendour in the throne rooms, some with their walls panelled almost entirely with small mirrors and coloured glass. More dignified are the halls decorated in dull gold and dark red, the prevailing colour scheme of the entire Palace, a fitting background for the tinsel and jewelled splendour of the Burmese Court. It is the East run riot. The ephemeral East, that lies between India and China, careless, unpractical, fantastic and superficial—so typical

of the races that inhabit it—so dazzling and so unstable and so rotten. One race alone of the many who people these vast regions has pulled itself together and created a Kingdom that is serious and admirable—the Siamese. The rest, the Burmese and the Cambodians and the Annamites, and the many others of whom few or no traces remain, have reaped the reward of despotism and fallen into the hands of foreign Powers, to have forced upon them the law and order they were unable themselves to maintain. Even this comparatively modern Palace of Mandalay witnessed incredible barbarities culminating in 1880 in the massacre in its precincts of almost every member of the Royal Family at the direct command of the King. The end of Burmese despotism was a matter for congratulation. The Court and the Government had sunk to a state of insupportable barbarism and the only remedy was suppression, dispersion and punishment. Burma has made great strides since those days and it is the hope of all who appreciate the country and its people to see the advent of a period of happiness and lasting prosperity under a Constitution that will restore to the Burmese a well-earned measure of self-government.

There are many pleasant excursions to be made in Mandalay—to the great Pagodas and the half-ruined Monasteries with their intricate wood carvings. There are travellers who are deterred from visiting these sacred places of great merit because the removal of shoes is required at the entrance. I need only state that it is with pleasure that I remove my footgear when I enter precincts where everyone else is barefooted. I can see no loss of prestige either for the country I come from or for myself, in showing this respect to the sanctuaries that are so revered and so holy to the people of the country I am visiting.

The most frequented of these fanes of Mandalay is the Arakan Pagoda. It stands upon a natural mound that has been shaped to suit its purpose. The precincts are reached by long gentle sloping approaches lined with little shops where Burmese women sell souvenirs of the pilgrimage and of the shrine, and flowers to lay before the sacred images together with a host of little objects that appeal, ornaments for the hair and dress and toys. On reaching the raised platform on which the great pagoda stands, the traveller finds himself faced by a wide square arcaded building, the roof supported on red and gold columns. On to these shaded arcades the shrine opens, and under the great mass of masonry, seven storeys in height, the famous image of the

Buddha is seated. It is twelve feet in height, of polished brass heavily encrusted with gold leaf which is sold to the pilgrims by the temple attendants and affixed in the presence of the donator. A vast quantity of jewels deck the Buddha's crown. Armed policemen stand on either side of the figure. Little daylight can filter in through the arched doorway and the interior is brilliantly lit by electricity. Above, a canopy of cloth of gold is suspended from the roof and in a deep recess behind the image two temple functionaries sit and enter the incoming offering in books kept for the purpose. It is they who affix to the image the little squares of gold leaf that the pilgrims purchase and present. The whole is well staged—a mass of light and colour—but neither the figure nor its surroundings have any pretensions to artistic merit.

The sunlit court is rich in bronze bells and lesser shrines and there is a curious group of bronze figures of men and animals and an altar or two raised to the "Nats," the mischievous demons of the spirit world of Burma. Many pilgrims there are, kneeling with extended hands, palm to palm, before the shrines and the air vibrates with the music of drums and shrill pipes. It struck me, but I may have been mistaken, that the atmosphere of devout reverence that I had noticed on my previous visit three years before, had a little diminished and that the pilgrims were bent as much upon amusement and gossip as they were upon devotion, but in Burma faith and enjoyment go hand in hand.

The unrest of the last two years in Burma was largely due to an acute economic crisis severely affecting agriculture and labour. What it owed to the political situation in India was reaction rather than direct consequence, for the character of the Burmese people is so unlike that of any or all of the Indian races, widely as they too in turn differ, that identical causes led to divergent manifestations in the two neighbouring countries.

Briefly described, the Burmese are an extravagant, passionate, inconsequent, and happy people. They divide their time between extracting all the enjoyment they can out of life and "acquiring merit" by generosity and by the observances of their attractive religion. They eat well and clothe themselves well. The Indians as a rule do neither. In thought, in outlook, and in character the two races are directly opposed.

In such circumstances it is only natural that the spirit of nationalism that has arisen in both countries should differ largely

in character. The Indians are convinced that they know what they want. The Burmese are not sure. In the first awakening of nationalism they dreamed of an independent, or at any rate completely self-governing Burma. Some hesitated not because they considered this realization unattainable—and perhaps too they were a little doubtful of arduous responsibility—but also because they were not certain of its desirability. That separation as a justifiable demand was recognized. In almost all its aspects the annexation of Burma to India was from the first open to grave criticism. The prosperity of Burma has been increased, its progress hastened, but the Burmese have not reaped their share of the benefits.

The Indians stepped in and did all those things which the Burmese had left undone, until in the end they monopolized the petty trades and flooded the labour market and even competed in agricultural pursuits. The Burmese sat by and made little effort to stem the flood of Indian immigration until to-day even on the remote upper waters of the Irrawaddy and the Chindwin, the Indian dominates. If the Indian has increased the prosperity of Burma he has also served to isolate the Burman, who is ill-provided by nature to assert himself. The Indian has flooded Government employment, trade and labour, and much of his earnings returns to the country of his origin.

In the first flush of nationalism the tendency of political aspiration in Burma was toward an immediate separation from India, which it was hoped, would lead to an exodus of the Indians. It was not at first realized that such a result would entail chaos and disaster, for there was no one to take the Indian's place. Their presence is a necessity ; even if in the opinion of the Burmese, a distasteful necessity. The situation quickly reached an acute stage. Labour riots leading to the departure of many thousands of Indians took place in Rangoon.

At the Round-Table 1930 Conference in London the separation of Burma was demanded and accepted in principle, but meanwhile in Burma itself doubts as to its desirability had arisen and opposition to that policy came into existence. The argument against separation was based both upon fact and fallacy—fact in that Burma, if she refused it, would as an integral part of Federated India enjoy large if not complete provincial autonomy and could still count upon the powerful combination of Federated India to safeguard her interests and guarantee her privileges. Fallacy in that belief, was general throughout the country that without

India's support Burma would never be granted a genuine Constitution by the British Government.

The form in which nationalism took root in India became an organized campaign of civil disobedience and led to the perpetration of crime. In Burma, although a boycott of foreign goods was instituted and many Burmese abandoned alcohol, tobacco and the wearing of articles of European dress or manufacture, the movement has on the whole been voluntary and has been maintained within legal and legitimate bounds. The Burmese are free to wear what they please and to discard what they please, and their action in this respect has been a natural if inconvenient act of patriotism.

Among other classes, in the villages of the mountains and the jungles, a totally different attitude was adopted, an attitude that reflects Burmese character and outlook. Impulsive, accepting Buddhism as their religion, but abandoning none of their animistic beliefs, the Burmese are capable of organizing in secret until the need of secrecy is removed. They are liable to break out into acts of cruelty. Murder is a common and increasing crime and as often as not murder for some trivial reason. The dah—the local knife—is a handy weapon to which resort is too often made. To such natures the spirit of nationalism opened a door to sedition, culminating in open revolt in one district and in smouldering discontent in others.

The authorities in Burma were taken by complete surprise when, in December, 1930, a movement among certain villages of the Tharrawaddy district near the railway line between Rangoon and Prome led to the burning of villages, murders and the looting of guns. A forest officer, Mr. Fields-Clarke, taken unawares in a "forest bungalow," was murdered and the building burned. Fresh batches of reinforcements were sent. The combined contingents were attacked by from 800 to 1,000 rebels. The leader of the rebellion, a certain Saya San, who had installed his headquarters at Alantuang, had recruited a large number of men by vague promises of victory and had announced the liberation of Burma from all foreign intervention.

Meanwhile, the rebels continued committing every kind of outrage upon their fellow countrymen, for so far from the movement being directed solely against the Government, it took the form of a massacre of the rebels' own compatriots. Punjabi troops were dispatched to aid the military police and were promptly attacked. So quickly had the situation materialized

that only a week after the first outbreak, on December 28th and 29th, detachments of the Burma Rifles had to be sent to the front. Alantaung, the rebel headquarters, was stormed and captured. A so-called "palace" occupied the highest point in the village, furnished with some luxury. It was promptly burned by the troops, but Saya San succeeded in making his escape. Desultory fighting continued, necessitating further military reinforcements. The rebel numbers appeared to fluctuate, and much mystery surrounded the movement and its objects. From the jungle they issued from time to time, attacking convoys, burning villages and committing acts of savagery. A number of prisoners were captured by the combined military and police forces. The members of Saya San's rebel army were one and all tattooed with a design rendering them, they were told, immune from bullets, which in the end only served to facilitate their identification.

At Henzada, a district still nearer Rangoon, there was another threatening movement of revolt. It was definitely repressed by the speedy action taken. The rebels everywhere were badly armed, with muskets of antiquated form, spears, and "dahs"—weapons, however, that are by no means negligible in close-quarter fighting in the thick jungle. Elsewhere in Burma there was little repercussion, though with a race as impulsive as are the Burmese there was always risk of further outbreaks. At certain spots far inland, such as the valley of the Chindwin, the great tributary of the Irrawaddy, there were signs of unrest. The rebellion dragged on for a long time. Fighting in the jungle was difficult and costly. The police and troops employed in the suppression of the disorders suffered much. The losses were not proportionately heavy but fatigue and ill health and the intangibility of the enemy rendered the campaign arduous and enervating. Gradually the Burmans perceived that they had been misled. The publication of a general pardon for all such as had not actually participated in murder and crime led to many surrenders and the back of the revolt was broken. For a long time however the spirit of unrest hovered over certain districts and it is doubtful if even to-day the effects have entirely disappeared. Saya San has paid the penalty of his sedition with his life. Others have been punished but far more toward the restoration of peace was accomplished by the promise of pardon to the misled and misguided people than by force. Cured of their impulsive lawlessness several thousands returned to their

homes with confidence in the word of the Government that only those directly guilty of outrage would be punished. The suppression of the rebellion almost coincided with the holding of the Burma Conference in London, which, in spite of difficulties and some dissensions, successfully paved the way to more detailed negotiations in Burma itself and settled the main question of principle. There is every hope that in the end the Burmese will obtain satisfaction on the main points of their demands while accepting wisely the safeguards which the British Government find it necessary to retain. One thing is certain that when Burma enters upon her career of self-government she can count upon not only the assistance of the British Government but also the goodwill of the British people.

MONASTERY AT SHWE AM

ROYAL TOMBS, MANDALAY

IN THE MARKET, TAUNGGYI

PALAUNG WOMEN

Chapter XII

THE SHAN STATES

FEW travellers leave the beaten tracks of Burma—and even they are little beaten—to turn aside and visit the beautiful upland country of the Shan States, away to the east, bordering on the frontiers of China, French Indo-China and Siam. They form a group of Federated and Unfederated Principalities, formerly under the suzerainty of the Burmese Kings, and since 1886 enjoying the anomalous position of being part of British India. But each State possesses a local autonomous administration controlled in principle but not in detail by a handful of British officials. Their status is much that of small "Protectorates" in which little direct intervention is exercised so long as the Shan authorities govern in a manner that does not contravene the principles of justice accepted in British India. It is a system of government eminently suited to the country, and though a tendency to increase direct control is apparent—a tendency that accompanies British administration throughout the East—it has so far been limited by wisdom, discretion and understanding.

Travel is not difficult. Dak Bungalows built by the Government for the housing of travelling officials open their hospitable doors to accredited travellers. All that need be taken is a servant, some bedding and a few stores. In the more remote regions the Dak Bungalows, it is true, provide little except beds, chairs and a table, and the ordinary necessities of life must be carried—a few kitchen pots and pans and knives and forks, etc. Work on the roads is progressing and soon, if not already, the communications between Lashio in the north and Taunggyi in the south should be completed, a distance of 300 miles. In the rainy season travel has been out of the question. The country is then malarious and very wet, but there is nothing to deter the traveller from visiting the Shan States between the months of November and March. The climate is excellent at that period of the year and the air is

bracing for the altitude varies between 3,000 and 6,000 feet above sea level.

The railway journey from Mandalay to Lashio occupies thirteen and a half hours, though the distance is only 185 miles. The gradients are very severe and after all there is no need to hurry. Nor should the traveller be bored for there is much to look at as the train struggles up the steep hillside or follows the jungle covered valleys. It is shortly after leaving Mandalay that the climb up the face of the mountains begins. The view over the plain below—the widespread valley of the Irrawaddy—is extensive but in March the heat has already set its mark on the vegetation and the whole country wears a parched, faded and thirsty look. Most of the trees are leafless and the undergrowth is dusty and dry. To climb these steep escarpments the train proceeds in zig-zags, now ahead and now astern, for there is no room for curves or even for hairpin bends. Three and a half hours of travel and Maymyo is reached. It is the summer residence of the Governor of Burma and the official Hill Station ; a little place that, I was told, in the hot weather season exhibits all the characteristics of its prototypes in India on a smaller scale for Maymyo is the social heaven which the wives of many functionaries strive to attain. To such as succeed the doors of Government House are opened and there is opportunity for the recognition by those in power of the administrative qualities of as yet unnoticed and unappreciated husbands. A successful season at Maymyo may lead to success elsewhere and in not a few cases men have emerged from oblivion and started on the road to promotion in the drawing-rooms and on the lawns of this summer resort. I have only been there once and it was out of season, and it struck me as a dreary and dismal place, with the unrealised pretensions of an English suburb.

Beyond Maymyo the train passes over the Gokteik viaduct, a bridge 700 yards in length and 320 feet in height. Its most remarkable feature is that its great supporting piers do not rest upon the bottom of the gorge but rise from a natural bridge of rock itself 500 feet above the river bed. Once some years ago I scrambled down the steep pathway to see the river emerging from under the rocky archway. As the train approaches the bridge, and after it has left it, there are fine views of the magnificent gorge that it so majestically spans.

After Gokteik the country passed through is inhabited by outlying tribes of Shans, whose tiny villages and cultivation are

attractive and tell of comparative prosperity. The line follows a wide valley amongst irrigated rice fields and forest-clad hills. At this altitude the forest was greener and many trees were in flower—the scarlet Erythrina and both the pink and white Bauhinia, while Lantana of many shades blooms all along the line and has become a pest. A creeper with soft green leaves and clusters of pale mauve flowers hangs in drooping festoons from the very tree-tops.

The people of the country are great travellers and every seat in the train was occupied. At all the stations the whole crowd would alight, drink water, chat, laugh and squabble. Whistle as the engine might, shout as did the guards and other officials, nothing would persuade the passengers to abandon their occupations and re-enter their carriages. So the train started, tentatively, and then there was a rush and a scramble, and the crowd fell over itself in its endeavour to climb on board. A howl of protest went forth and the train would stop again until everyone was ensconced. Then a real move was made and our journey was resumed. At every station the same manœuvre had to be resorted to.

As the train proceeds the valley grows narrower and the hills close in on both sides. The track follows the river through beautiful scenery. Below us lay alternately the quiet deep reaches and the tumbling rapids of a stream clear and intensely blue. Here and there it swirled noisily between great boulders of rock and little islands, some covered with exquisite vegetation, where the tall fantastic Pandanus reared its spiky twisted heads from out dense undergrowth of bamboos and shrubs. The steep hillsides were densely jungle covered. At places some of the vegetation along the railway track was smouldering, set alight by sparks from the engines, and great gaunt bamboo stems of immense dimensions, blackened and dead, rose from the still smoking ashes. Here and there the fire had even reached the crests of the forest trees which with much crackling and sputtering were wreathed in flames. On the calm reaches of the river natives paddled their dug-out canoes, or fished under the branches of overhanging forest trees. Little villages showed up now and again, with orchards of fruit-trees near by where the jungle had been cleared. In the twilight the scene was one of great beauty and the air was full of the fragrance of flowers. As we proceeded we came to places where the river was blocked with ridges of rock, over which the water tumbled in noisy

cascades and just after sunset the hydro-electric works of the Burma Corporation were reached where the power is produced that is required at the lead mines of Bawdwin and Namtu. It was curious to come across so vast an undertaking in this wild and romantic valley. The whole installation was twinkling with electric lights and throbbing with movement. An hour or two more and the train drew up at the terminus of the line, Lashio, the little capital of the Northern Shan States.

I spent three pleasant days and nights at Lashio enjoying the kind hospitality that even the unknown and unannounced traveller meets with so often in the East. The little struggling town lies on open downs 3,000 feet above the sea-level, dotted with the bungalows of the very small community of British officials who reside there in control of the administration. We bathed daily in a river where the water, owing to the presence of hot springs, varies in temperature from coldness to insupportable warmth, and every evening before dinner we forgathered at the Club—a small but very pleasant party. On the fourth morning the car that I had hired in the bazaar came to fetch me, with a chauffeur-owner who turned out to be not only an excellent driver but an intelligent and cheerful companion. With his assistant and my Indian servant Mohammed I started off on our journey southward. There had been a day's delay in getting away for the owner-driver of the car, who was of mixed Shan and Indian birth, implored me not to start on a Tuesday as that was a very unlucky day to begin a journey. "Apart," he said, "from what might happen to us, I cannot risk my car." So earnest he was that I was soon convinced that to start on a Tuesday would end in disaster and I readily accorded him the day's delay that he desired.

The motor journey from Lashio to Taunggyi, the little capital of the Southern Shan States, occupied just a week for I had no need to hurry and ample time at my disposal. There is one disadvantage of travel in February and March in these regions and that is that often the more distant views are concealed by the heat haze that hangs over the country. I was in this respect fortunate for there was less haze than usual and there was scarcely a day during some part of which the high distant mountains were not visible though often they appeared for only a short space of time. The country too showed signs of the long spell of the dry months and was often yellow and scorched. But there are many evergreen trees, giant Ficus of vast dimen-

sions—Banyans and other varieties—with their aerial roots and contorted trunks which form a remarkable feature of the scenery.

My first stop was at Mongyai—57 miles from Lashio. The little Shan township lies amongst gently undulating and cultivated plains surrounded by wooded hills. It is the residence of a Shan Chief, or Sawbwa, whose Palace, with its surrounding Monasteries and Pagodas, occupies the principal site. There is a little lake with a kiosk built over the water, connected by a light wooden bridge with the shore, where the Buddhist monks retire to meditate. Before visiting the Sawbwa in the company of an Indian gentleman who was in charge of the local administration, I was shown over the old and abandoned Palace of the present ruler's father, for it is the custom for each succeeding Sawbwa to construct himself a new abode on succeeding to the throne. The architecture of these royal and semi-royal constructions varies little thoughout all South-East Asia. From Mandalay to Tonkin they are alike except in extent and decoration. The old Palace at Mongyai is raised on piles, has a galvanized iron roof and is built of crimson painted wood. It is fast falling to pieces and the floor of the throne room was already half-rotted away. The roof is supported on the rounded trunks of teak trees. The doors are roughly but richly decorated. The throne consists of a raised dais surrounded by a low rail of carved and gilded wood. It serves to-day as a sort of memorial altar dedicated to the deceased Sawbwa for incense was burning in a jar and there were vases of fresh cut flowers. An old lady was in attendance, a very dignified person, a widow of the late ruler. She still resided with her children and a few retainers in such scanty apartments of the ruined palace as were in a habitable condition. She took us through the decaying rooms to see a little Buddhist chapel in another part of the building. An open shrine contained two images of the Buddha, one large the other very small. Fresh flowers decorated the altar. In a room behind the chapel, where part of the roof had already fallen, were piles of Buddhist books, or rather their remnants, scattered over the dusty floor. Many had come unbound and their leaves, almost of the consistency of felt, lay strewn and crumpled all over the place.

I visited the Sawbwa in his recently constructed palace. He met me on the steps of the entrance for the building is raised on piles. In a large reception room we sat on European chairs and conversed, with the very necessary assistance of an interpreter. He informed me with evident pride that his daughters were at a

boarding-school for young ladies at Maymyo. Another daughter was brought in to meet me. An attractive girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, simply and suitably dressed in European clothes. The Sawbwa himself wore yellow-silk wide Shan trousers, a brown Shan coat buttoned up to the chin and a small pink turban. He himself conducted me to the throne room, where there was a small but interesting collection of ceremonial arms reserved for State occasions—swords in silver scabbards, and large three-pronged tridents with much gilded and decorated settings and various kinds of halberds and processional wands of office and hugh white-silk flat parasols, the emblems of royalty. A gilt gong inscribed in red letters hung near the throne and is used at the Sawbwa's durbars to impose silence. My visit evidently attracted a little attention, for delightful dark-eyed little children peeped mischievously from behind doors and screens while more courageous women and girls came out into the open to see me pass. Visitors from Europe are rare at the Palace of Mongyai. There is no purdah in the Shan States and the women enjoy much freedom. The Sawbwas whose wealth is often small but whose prestige and authority are great live in a mixture of untidy pomp and rather squalid poverty. A very few who have received foreign education have adopted a more civilised existence and one, the Sawbwa of Hsipaw, who not many years ago returned to Burma from Rugby and Oxford, is undertaking his duties with enthusiasm and sincerity and doing good work in his principality.

I spent the night at the hospitable residence of the Indian gentleman who represented the Government of Burma at Mongyai. He possessed a radio set, the aerial pole of which consisted of a single bamboo shoot, of which above five feet were in the ground, and 78 feet were out of it, and a long stretch of the top had been cut off before erection. There are records in Burma of shoots of bamboo that have reached 150 feet in height!

The country is thinly populated and would easily support a much larger number of inhabitants, but agriculture, the sole pursuit of the people, is scarcely remunerative and living is extremely cheap. The remoteness of the country renders impossible, or at least unprofitable, the export of the local products of the soil.

The scenery of the Shan States is often very beautiful and always attractive. There is great variety—forest and open plain—rocky gorge and cultivated valley, high mountains and deep ravines, with undulating plateaux that resemble great English

parks. Many of the trees are full of brilliant blossom and some give forth sweet perfume, like the Plumiera (Frangipani) that near the villages fills the air with fragrance. Under the shadow of immense ferns little streams of crystal water dance and sing, and the villages nestle amongst giant trees and great clumps of bamboos. In their vicinity there are often groups of Pagodas of many shapes and sizes from large buildings of almost palatial appearance to modest constructions only a few feet high.

Pleasant days they were, as by easy stages, I drove through the Shan hills, crossing from the northern to the southern States near Kehsi-Mansan in the province of Mongkung. Pleasant days amongst a pleasant picturesque people.

Whole families of Shans are met travelling in their creaking, clumsy ox-carts, from under the matting hoods of which peep inquisitive children. They are on the road very early and very late, outspanning for the heat of the day in the shade of the forest near some stream or spring. The pale blue smoke of their wood fires curls away up through the foliage above. While the men see to the wheels of their carts or sit idly around, the women boil the rice and the children scamper here and there playing their games. Near by are tethered the patient oxen chewing the cud.

The country is full of stories of the "Nats"—the multitude of spirits that inhabit the streams and the rocks and the trees. There is scarcely a house that has not its little shrine of propitiation with its humble offering of food and drink. The Kachins to the north have a tradition as to the reason why their country is overrun by these good and bad spirits. The Creator desirous of distributing wealth to mankind, they say, summoned the Burmese and the Chinese and the Kachins to come and receive their share. The Burmese and the Chinese took the precaution to bring big baskets and received much. The more innocent Kachins took very small receptacles, whence their poverty to-day. A second summons from the Almighty was looked upon with caution if not with suspicion by the Chinese and Burmese, but the innocent Kachins were deceived. The members of the two former races took nothing but bouquets of flowers in their hands on the grounds that they were already satisfied with the Creator's generosity and had only come with offerings to thank him. But the unsophisticated Kachins unaware of the Creator's sense of humour came along with enormous baskets hoping to make good this time. But alas, it was not wealth that was to be

distributed but a multitude of "Nats," those annoying mischievous little spirits that interfere in all one's domestic arrangements and rarely do good but generally harm. The Burmese and the Chinese had nothing to carry them in and got away unburdened but the generous Almighty filled up the poor Kachins' baskets with these unwelcome godlets. As they returned homeward numbers of the little spirits fell out of the over-packed hampers and peopled the forest and overflowed into the surrounding districts with the result that to-day the Shan States are a stronghold of the " Nats."

The rivers are well stocked with Mahseer, the sporting fish of Southern Asia, which run to a great size. Although perhaps this region does not offer the sport that is to be found in the Bhamo district away farther north, there is no doubt that there is much good fishing to be had. The Shan rivers resemble those of northern countries, with pool and rapid and placid reach. At Kehsi-Mansan, where I spent the second night of my journey there is an extensive reach of clear water just below the Dak Bungalow. Owing to the sanctity of the spot—there is a little shrine on a small island—the fish are considered as sacred and can be seen swimming in large shoals on the look-out for food brought them by pious pilgrims.

The men of this region are much tattooed and often we passed little groups, who had divested themselves on account of the heat of all their clothing except their shorts or a small loin-cloth. Many were tattooed all over in dark blue designs, giving the impression of a complete tight-fitting garment of dark lace. There seemed not to be an inch of their bodies that was not thus decorated.

After leaving Mongkung, the little capital of the State of that name, the road enters a forest of sweet smelling pines, the long straight trunks rising from the bare earth for so thick grow the trees that no undergrowth can exist. From the pine wood we passed again amongst jungle-covered hills into a deep valley, where the deciduous trees were bursting into leaf and all the world was very beautiful. The dry season was coming to its close. In a very short space of time rain would fall when all the country would throw off the burden of drought and array itself in the verdant robe of spring. The trees evidently knew it, for in anticipation of the welcome showers their buds were already opening. An unexpected cuckoo broke the silence of the valley. Strange to say it had no foreign accent but produced its

classical note with all the purity of the little wooden bird of a Swiss cuckoo-clock.

The finest group of Pagodas in the Shan States lie on the road at Laikha, which I reached on the third day of my journey, for having time on my hands our stages were short. These extraordinary buildings are situated on a natural eminence overlooking the plain. They stand round a great central arcaded edifice of seven storeys in height, richly decorated in red and gold. This great Pagoda, well constructed of masonry, has four entrances, one on each side of the building. Guarding the gates are images of elephants and lions and spirits in human form. On the summit is a gilded " hti "—or crown. Over the four entrance halls are smaller pagodas while around is a veritable city of them, of every shape and size.

The authorities find considerable difficulty in protecting the forest trees from the depredations of the tribesmen, who have in the past cut, without restraint and without discrimination, vast quantities of timber. The most effective measure to deter the native woodman is the erection of a small shrine under such trees as the forest authorities are desirous of protecting. The existence of the shrine clearly demonstrates that it is dedicated to some " Nat " inhabiting the branches above, and this evidence of the presence of an arboreal spirit is sufficient to safeguard the immunity of the tree. The Shan woodcutters employed by the Forest Department often hesitate to fell the great trees of the jungle even when ordered by their superior officers to do so and it is a common practice for the workmen to ask pardon of the victim before applying the fatal axe. They explain that as servants of the Government they are acting under unavoidable instructions and not of their own free will. By this expression of regret and request for pardon they hope to escape any ill effects that may accrue for disturbing the spirits that inhabit the tree. The jungles are full of these " Nats " and every Shan who penetrates them becomes more and more timid as he proceeds into the dark recesses of the forests. He walks apologetically. He craves forgiveness for his intrusion and on his return home he will kneel with folded hands before the image of the Buddha and give thanks for his escape from unknown evils.

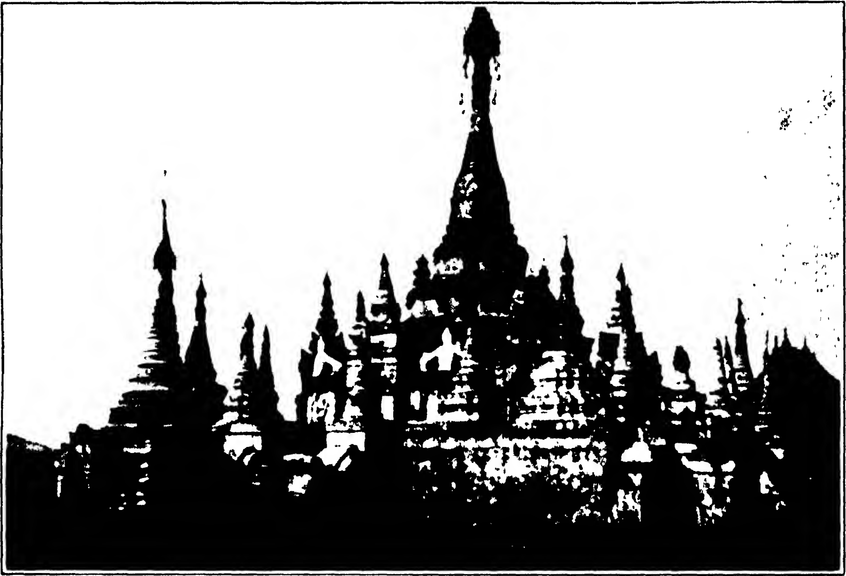
Wealth brings no social advantage amongst the Shans and a great deal of the local trade is carried on by exchange of produce, little money passing between the purchaser and the seller. The people have a deep and instinctive dislike of killing animals or

taking life in any form, not entirely owing to their Buddhistic religion but also from fear of persecution by the spirit of the slain creature. Rice is the principal crop cultivated and supplies the staple food of the people. It is generally eaten with cooked vegetables. The Palaungs, a mountain race, grow tea. European imports are rare, China supplying from across the frontier most of the simple needs of the population.

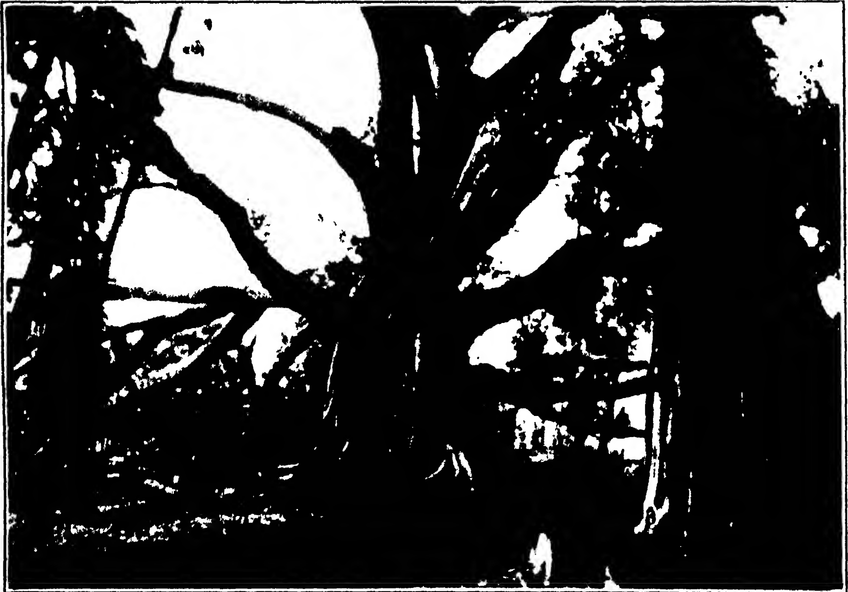
The whole Shan race is of Thibeto-Burman origin but the fact that they designate themselves "Tai" proves their affinity to the people who invaded and now occupy Siam. The various tribes differ much in features, dress, language and customs. On the confines of China the Chinese type predominates. To the west the Burmese element is clearly noticeable. The Shans are as a rule picturesque, robust, cheerful, friendly and moral. They refuse to engage in unnecessary labour and enjoy life. Light in colour, they are very susceptible to sunburn, with rather flat faces and high cheek bones. The men wear their hair long, tied in a chignon at the side or back of the head, the ends often emerging like stiff tassels through the folds of their turbans. They wear as a rule the wide loose Chinese trousers and a shirt or a small coat. The costume of the women varies in different parts of the country and presents features of interest and curiosity. In some districts a number of thin bamboo hoops encircle their waists and legs. The people marry for affection, and unhappy unions are said to be rare. Family life is close and affectionate. The women work but enjoy complete liberty. The good looks of the people are spoiled, especially in the Southern States, by the nasty habit of betel-nut chewing which not only discolours but also disfigures the mouth. A plug of tobacco, held between the lips and the teeth, no doubt also largely helps to distend the former.

The journey from Lashio to Taunggyi is a little over 300 miles in length, but travelling was necessarily slow owing to the state of much of the track. I journeyed leisurely stopping from time to time to visit Pagodas by the roadside or to walk in the glades of the pine forests, where the air was pungently sweet with the scent of resin. At one spot near the road a Fair was being held with its accompanying "Pwe"—or variety theatre. The little plain was covered with mat huts and stalls, tea houses and side-shows, and crowded with a happy throng of pleasure seekers. Gambling was in progress—for the Shan is a born gambler—and on a long strip of matting laid on the ground the

THE ONE-WHEELED BARROW OF CHINA



PAGODAS AT LAIKHA



BANYAN TREES

seated players placed their coins, generally small coppers, but now and again a rupee. But the Variety Shows were not ready to begin their performances till the morrow, so after a stroll amongst the booths I proceeded again on my journey. The sudden appearance of a white traveller caused a little flutter of interest and the curious Shans, men, women and children, gathered round me, friendly and polite.

So irresistible are theatrical performances to these simple, pleasure-loving people that they often neglect their duties in order to witness a performance and so get into trouble. On one occasion some Shan soldiers conducting a prisoner from a neighbouring district to Taunggyi jail happened to pass a Fair where an entertainment was taking place. The temptation was too great. Telling the prisoner to wait outside until the Show was over they paid their pennies and entered. On emerging at the end of the performance they discovered that their prisoner had gone. The indignant soldiers reported the matter—and were punished. Before long a similar errand again fell to their lot, but on this occasion they reached the jail with their prisoner. An officer asked them whether they had again visited a theatre *en route* or whether they had benefited by their previous experience. Smilingly the men replied that they had attended a performance of a variety entertainment but had taken the precaution of paying for an extra ticket for the prisoner, and had included him in the party.

As we proceeded southward flowering trees in the forests became more common—Bauhinia—pure white, pink and mauve—and the Erythrina with its gorgeous scarlet blossoms and others of which I do not know the names. At times the road leaps by zig-zags through picturesque ravines and over passes, the high rocky hills rising steeply on both sides and forested to their very summits. It was easy to perceive the limits of each tribe, for all seem to have a distinctive costume. Here in the south, wide black trousers were worn by the men and scanty white jackets, while the women are all in black with large black turbans.

As we neared Taunggyi the road was under construction and there was more traffic, with a motor-lorry now and again bringing material for the building of bridges or surface stone for the track. And then one afternoon, after a week of delightful travel, we drove into the little administrative capital, tidy, rather smug and with an air of perpetual Sunday. Yet it is an attractive place,

charmingly laid out with wide avenues and orderly bungalows standing back from the road, in a setting of lawns and gardens.

At the time of my visit a Conference was being held as a sequel to the complaints of the Shan rulers, who had presented to the Government of India a petition and a protest. The existing system of Government, though it may give rise in certain cases to a lower standard of administration than that which it might be desirable to maintain, is compatible with the customs and traditions of the country and acceptable to the people. The form of government is feudal and paternal. The ruler is directly accessible to his subjects ; the jurisdiction is happily free from bureaucracy and untrammelled by endless ordinances and regulations. It is what the people desire, understand and accept.

Since the Shan States passed under the control of the Government of India in 1886, there has come about a very considerable amelioration in the condition of the population. Situated between Burma and China, the Shans suffered much in the past from the depredations of both neighbours just as those States which to-day lie within Chinese territory are at the mercy of their suzerains, exploited, ill-treated and oppressed.

The reforms which the Government of India has introduced have been wisely chosen and discreetly administered. Criminal justice and expenditure are controlled. Education and hospitalization, the construction of roads and bridges, and anti-malarial measures are progressing. But there is at Rangoon and at Delhi—the centres of responsibility—a tendency to demand too exacting a standard, above both the capacities of the Sawbwas and the desires of their subjects. This tends, by increasing direct intervention, to weaken the prestige and the authority of the local rulers. The Sawbwas complain of interference with their hereditary rights and the diminution of their autocratic but traditional prerogatives, which they declare are passing out of their personal control into that of the State Federation.

Under the future constitution that Burma will enjoy the rights and privileges of the Sawbwas will no doubt be safeguarded. They were represented at the Burma Conference in London by some of their most important and intelligent members.

Twenty miles south-west of Taunggyi, the administrative capital of the Southern Shan States, lies the little lake of Inle. In the dry weather season its extent is only about ten miles in length and six or seven in breadth, but when the rains fall it is often three times as long, for its shores are low and marshy. At

the further end its waters emerge in the form of a river which, flowing southward, joins the Salween, eventually to reach the Bay of Bengal, three hundred miles away. Beyond the lake's banks of grass and reeds rise the mountains, forest-clad and beautiful. A motor road connects Yaunghwe, the local capital, where the ruler of the State resides, with Taunggyi and the lake as a pleasure resort for the small scattering of English people, a dozen perhaps in all, who reside at the latter place, and for the Burmese of the neighbourhood. From Taunggyi the road descends sharply by a zig-zag track amongst jungle-covered hills to the wide valley below. To the right lies a smaller lake—the White Crow Lake—so called from the fact that a few years ago a Shan boy saw and captured a white crow which in hope of reward he took to the Sawbwa of one of the neighbouring States. The Shans although professing the deepest regard for Buddhism, are completely under the spell of their original animistic beliefs and are convinced of the existence of the "Nats"—those spirits of good and evil—whom they alternately propitiate, frighten or deceive, in order to escape the continual interference of these mischievous godlets. The worthy Sawbwa, recognizing in the white crow a manifestation of a good and friendly "Nat," capable and even desirous of protecting his interests, adopted the albino bird. He confined it in a room in his Palace guarded by four sentries. Ministers of State and officials were appointed to look after its welfare. Property was settled upon it and orders stating its rank and the number and depth of the obeisances that it was to receive were issued. On its life the Sawbwa and his people considered that the prosperity of the State depended. Two or three years ago the Sawbwa died and a few months later the crow followed his example. Its funeral was a most stately ceremony and to its memory the name of the lake was changed to "The White Crow Lake."

Yaunghwe is a typical Shan township with its houses of matting and thatch raised on piles. There are a few shops with corrugated iron roofs; large clusters of Buddhist monastic buildings with tilted eaves and seven-storied spires; large white and gold Pagodas, their squat domed bases rising to long tapering points tipped with "Htis"—crowns of gilded metal—and all of it is embosomed in groves and fruit trees and many palms. Particularly fine are the "Hpongyi Zayats" and Pagodas at Shwe Am where the exterior of the monastery is a mass of complicated and delicate wood carving.

A market was being held on the border of Lake Inle—the market days of the Shan States recur at each spot once in five days—and a concourse of people had collected by land and water, Shans and Burmans and a few Indians. The long rows of thatch-covered stalls were gay with merchandise and people. There is no crowd so bright in colour as is a crowd in Burma where men and women vie with one another in the brilliance of the "Longyis"—the tight-fitting skirt-like garment that reaches from the waist to the ankles. In the little canals that come right up to the precincts of the market through the thick reeds and the dense growth of blue Water-Hyacinth, lay the long, narrow boats in which many of the marketers had crossed the lake. These frail craft draw but a very few inches of water, and are, when the lake is calm, loaded with people and merchandise to their utmost capacity. To embark or disembark requires a certain acrobatic skill of balance. It was on these boats that I visited the island pavilions of the Sawbwa, houses of cane and matting built on piles that rise high above the placid waters of the lake about a mile from the shore. The water, of great transparency, lay like a sheet of looking-glass, its surface only stirred by the passing of a market boat, and even then scarcely a trail was left behind so smoothly they glided.

The method of propelling these boats is peculiar to the Inle lake. They are of all sizes up to 30 and even 40 feet in length and seldom more than 2 feet 6 inches in width. At the bow and stern there is a slightly raised platform on which the rowers stand. The paddle is long and ends in a narrow flat blade. The handle is held by the rower in one hand and grasped lower down by his "offside" leg, which, passing in front of the pole, is bent back from the knee, giving a firm grip. Just above the blade the pole is held between the big and second toes. A considerable purchase is thus obtained, the back of the knee acting as a fulcrum. It is no easy task to propel these lake craft, for the boatman is balanced on one leg on the boat's edge. The speed obtained is remarkable.

The view over the lake from the island pavilions is one of much charm. Beyond the still water and the vivid green of the reed and grass banks are clumps of forest trees, luxuriant in growth and beautiful in form, while above them again rise the wooded mountains, half-veiled in the soft haze that envelops every landscape in the Shan States in the dry weather season. Mirrored on the placid surface of the lake, tree and forest and mountain

live again. The picturesque boats with their still more picturesque occupants—bright splashes of colour—glide to and fro. On the wide verandah of the pavilion, raised high above the water the Minister of the Court of the Sawbwa and his family share our picnic. Burmese music attracts the passing boats and the rowers rest on their oars to listen, while the children of our Shan friends laugh as they feed the shoals of glittering fish.

Chapter XIII

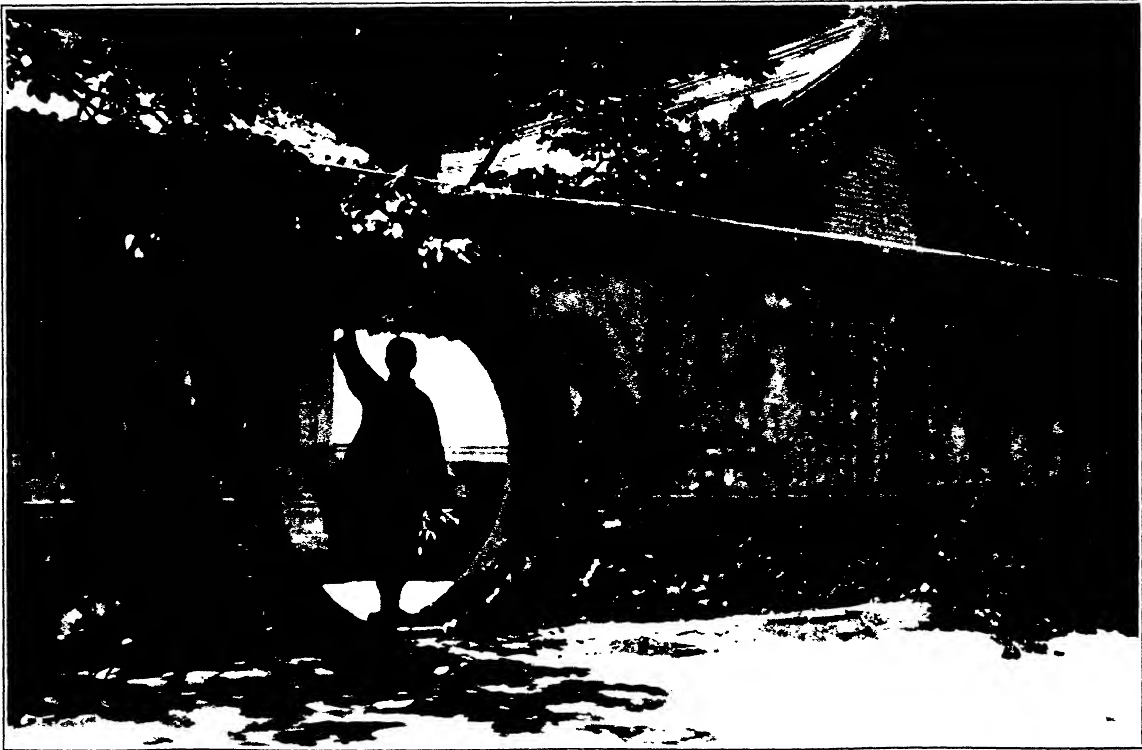
TO CHINA

TWO of the most important public buildings of Singapore, the extravagant Municipal Offices and the great block that contains the new General Post Office, stand, the first not far from, and the second on the very banks of, one of the dirtiest and most evil-smelling rivers of the East—a cesspool of filth, bisecting a congested area that appears unfit for human habitation. The traveller when he visits the official and fashionable residential districts and realises the expenditure that their upkeep must necessitate, cannot fail to wonder why, before palatial public buildings were erected, the improvement of this infected area was not taken in hand. Every tourist who lands in Singapore must cross, between the port and the hotels, this pestilential tidal creek which lies in the very heart of the business quarter of the city.

It is on arriving in Singapore that the traveller discovers that he is on the threshold of the Far East, for here the place of the dark-skinned Indian is taken by the Chinese who predominate to so great an extent that it is difficult to believe that they are foreigners and immigrants. Singapore is to all intents and purposes a Chinese city—there are between four and five hundred thousand of them in the island alone, to the advantage of everyone concerned. Without them the Colony and the neighbouring Malay States would be dependent upon Indian labour the lower efficiency of which is clearly demonstrated by the scale of wages. The Chinese employed by contractors of their own race receive twice as much, and even more than the Indian coolie earns. The work of the latter is limited almost entirely to plantations and agricultural labour and to road-making, while the Chinese are employed wherever skill, stamina and perseverance are required. Their utility is not limited to labour. There is no trade that they do not practise, no post that they cannot fill. They are ubiquitous and necessary, full of resource and very intelligent, law-abiding and thrifty. Many, born and bred and

ROWERS ON
LAKE INLE

SHANS ON THE ROAD



THE TEMPLE DOOR

educated in the Colony, have reached positions of wealth and influence. They are loyal and generous. Their public benefactions have been great. Their commercial undertakings are important. They have invested a vast capital in business and in enterprise and have brought to Singapore and the Malay States much prosperity and wealth. They pay their full share, and it is a large share, of the taxation. In return they benefit from the British Administration and the security that it guarantees them. Yet there is little contact between them and the English, and although colour prejudice is far less strong in Singapore than in India, there is a general tendency to look down upon the Chinese as an inferior people. It is a pity that the Englishman abroad has not yet ridded himself of this superiority complex and begun seriously to consider the situation in the Far East, which, even if it will not affect him personally, will certainly affect the next generation and the interests that he represents. Far too often the Englishman's existence and thoughts are concentrated on his own business affairs. He hopes for two things—to make money and to retire young enough to enjoy it. The rest—unless it is racing and gold—interest him but very little.

Two years had passed since my last visit to Singapore and I found the place much chastened. Rubber and tin had slumped and the erstwhile prosperity had gone. A decline in trade—due to the world economic crisis—had brought disappointment, and even penury, upon many. The reaction was visible in the hotels. Two out of the big three were in liquidation. They were all less noisy, less expensive and less vulgar. The jazz orchestras—they had seemed never to cease practising what they were going to play, or playing what they had practised—were less in evidence and the frequenters of the hotels were quieter and drank less. The planter " week-ends " had been abandoned, to the benefit of everyone except the bar-keepers and especially to the benefit of the planter himself. The dancing which on my former visit had often left much to be desired—it was at times a matter of sinister amusement to the Chinese servants—had become unobjectionable. No doubt this unattractive behaviour had been limited to a minority but it was a minority that was very evident and very vulgar. I object not at all on moral grounds—that is a matter for personal judgment—but it is disastrous to exhibit to an Oriental population whose respect we ought at least to try to keep, the ugliness of certain phases of our civilization. If people want to behave badly let them do it by all means

—but pull the blinds down. In the Singapore hotels there were no blinds and very little walling. However there was a vast improvement noticeable on this more recent visit and Singapore was a far more attractive spot on that account.

The Malay population of Singapore plays little part, except as a picturesque adjunct, in the affairs or commerce of the city. They associate little with the rest and they seldom work. They consent to drive cars and do other gentlemanly jobs. Their dislike of any form of manual labour is justified by the fact that they appear to be able to exist without engaging in it. A Malay chauffeur who drove a car that I had hired, summed up the situation in a few words. "Singapore," he said, "very bad place, Sir. Poor Malay boy, Sir, he get nothing." "Why?" I asked. "Malay boy," he replied, "no like work. He sleep." "But," I argued, "he can't sleep all the time. What does he do when he wakes up?" "He go sleep again," was the reply, and as he was a Malay himself I suppose he knew all about it.

But the Malay is nevertheless an attractive person and seems universally popular. He is not very useful, perhaps, but he is ornamental, a cheery soul, impulsive, a rather unorthodox Moslem and wears brightly coloured clothes. He has a right to live in his own way for after all it is his country and if he doesn't want to work why should he, provided he does not engage in crime to obtain his means of subsistence or fall back upon the rates.

From Singapore I travelled on a Japanese steamer to Hongkong and Shanghai. The voyage was made under most pleasant circumstances which clearly demonstrated how very artificial is the race prejudice for the passengers were of many nationalities, European, American and Asiatic. Yet on this neutral ground of a Japanese steamer all met on a basis of happy equality and mutual respect. Even if anyone objected, his objection was carefully concealed. The steamer was extremely comfortable, the food and service excellent. Every detail was made attractive. The dinner tables were decorated with long sprays of orchids—taken on board at Singapore—and pots of flowering lilies and the miniature trees for which Japan is so famous. The chef, a Japanese trained in Paris, was an artist. His *chefs d'œuvre* were not only extremely palatable but also of artistic appearance—jellies lit by concealed lights—a cold sucking-pig half hidden in a mass of flowers—and "in those holes where eyes did once inhabit" little

glowing green electric lamps which gave the little piglet so pathetic and spiritual an expression that it required a hardened heart to carve and eat it. The tongues were not those round, anæmic arrangements that so reluctantly consent to abandon their tins but the aristocratic instep-like glazed tongues, with paper frills to hide their nakedness, such as used to decorate the windows of *chic* restaurants.

I spent a day at Hongkong, a day of excessive heat, although it was early in April, and of drizzling rain that concealed all the attractions of the place and accentuated all its worst points—its dirt and the squalor of the streets and its overcrowding. A visit, under an umbrella, to the Gardens was followed by a pleasant hour or two with the Vice-Chancellor of the Hongkong University who had just returned from China where he had been successful in obtaining for the University a large sum of money from the "Boxer Indemnity Fund"—compensation paid by the Chinese Government for the damages, and the expenses incurred, in the 1900 rebellion. Great Britain's share of these moneys is distributed for Chinese educational purposes. The steamer left for Shanghai the same evening. The weather, which up to now had been very hot, completely changed and we experienced a cold and rough passage.

The traveller on his way to the Far East will be asked many times if it is his intention to visit Shanghai. Should he not be going there his decision will be met by expressions of surprise. "God alive, Man! Not going to Shanghai. Why they have the longest American Bar in the Far East there!" They have; and a great many other bars which if not as long are quite as frequented. After its longest bar Shanghai seems principally proud of its "Night Life." It too left me unimpressed. The little I saw of it was rather squalid and very vulgar.

Parts of the city are fine. Immense sums of capital have been invested there—and immense profits have been made in the past. There has been great extravagance in expenditure and in construction but the trade of China's principal port may have justified it.

There is no doubt that though there may be during the next few years fluctuations in British import trade into China the fact remains that the former days of great prosperity have gone for ever. More especially is this so in the case of Manchester cotton goods.

The decline of imported British textiles into China is due to four causes :—

(1) The growth of the cotton spinning industry in China itself.
(2) The depreciation in the purchasing power of the Chinese currency owing to the fall in the value of silver.
(3) The state of insecurity and unrest in China.
(4) The competition of other sources of supply especially Japan.

Although British cotton imports into China are more adversely affected at the present moment by the fourth of these causes—foreign competition—it is the first that will in the long run deal an almost fatal blow to the Manchester trade, for the growth of the cotton spinning industry in China threatens not only a vast reduction in imports but eventually their suppression, except for such qualities of material that the Chinese cannot manufacture themselves.

The second cause of decline—depression of the Chinese currency—is liable to fluctuation and already the abandonment of the gold standard in England had to some extent relieved the situation, though the fact that the Japanese Government quickly followed the example of London has once more restored competition from that quarter to its previously existing state. Insecurity of life and property will eventually disappear as a factor as the situation in China settles down. The principal danger that faces British trade is competition, for it is clear that the importer who can furnish the goods that the eventual consumer requires, at a price that he can afford, or is willing, to pay, will be successful. In fulfilling this requisition British enterprise has largely failed because the eventual consumer, upon whom all trade must ultimately depend, has been able, and is still able, to buy in other markets what he requires at a cheaper price. The actual crisis is rendered more acute by the fact that the demand does not correspond with the supply. While the demand is restricted by the much diminished purchasing power of the Chinese people, the supply is practically unlimited, for the world is over-producing. The buyers are few, the sellers many, with the inevitable result that while many goods remain for long periods unsold the rest are disposed of at prices materially reduced by competition and often at a loss. It stands to reason, therefore, that only the merchandise that has cost the least

to produce and to distribute can hope to find a remunerative market.

The cost of the finished article at its ultimate destination depends upon many factors, varying in the different countries of production ; such as the price of raw material, taxation, the cost of labour, storage, freight, distance of transport, commissions and distribution. When it is taken into account how small a deviation in any one of these points will upset all computation of cost and profit, the intricacies and complications of keen competition can be realised.

That the cost of production of cotton goods in England is excessive—that is to say excessive as compared with the cost of production in competitive countries—is well known, and already recommendations have been made to reduce it and reorganisation to some extent begun. The methods and means that can lead to satisfactory results rest with the manufacturers themselves, aided by the advice of experts who have studied the conditions.

A second means of reducing the selling profit of British textiles in China is by a reduction in the cost of distribution. Here again the remedy must depend upon expert knowledge of local conditions. To the traveller in China, whose experiences are necessarily superficial, the installations, the upkeep and the staffs of many of the British firms appear to be far greater than circumstances warrant. It is true that most of the big business houses have other interests besides the import trade, now in a state of almost complete stagnation, but it is impossible to avoid the impression that the cost of handling and of distributing British goods at, and after, their delivery in the country is capable of considerable reduction and could be carried out by the Chinese themselves at much less expense. It would seem reasonable as an ultimate policy to envisage the transfer of British goods into Chinese hands immediately after they are unloaded in the ports. Surely an arrangement by which recognized and responsible Chinese banks would guarantee the credits of Chinese merchants would overcome the risks that the British importer would otherwise hesitate to incur. This system, it is true, would entail a reduction in the number of British firms, agencies and individuals employed in China but in return should increase the volume of trade, a matter of much greater importance. There is also far too much competition between British firms which brings about a cutting of prices to the detriment of all concerned.

But while measures adopted in these two directions—reduction in the cost of production and improved methods of distribution—might lead to more successful competition with foreign sources of supply, it is all important to bear in mind that the benefits, if achieved, would be of little more than temporary nature for we stand face to face with a great movement of industrial expansion in China itself which there is every reason to believe will eventually free that country from the necesssity of importing any but a few qualities of foreign cotton goods. Local industry will receive every form and kind of protection by the imposition of increasing tariffs on all foreign imports and by the penalizing of foreign-owned industries in the country itself.

It is often argued that there is no likelihood of China reaching for long years to come a state of sufficient stability to become an industrial country and when one regards the political chaos at present existing the argument appears to be justified. But the Chinese constitute a race apart, inhabiting in vast numbers a country of vast extent and their psychological characteristics are very different from those of all other peoples. They are the most laborious and most thrifty of all men. They are by nature un-warlike, peace-loving, orderly and intelligent. At the same time they are easily led and easily stirred, susceptible to sudden changes of character and to impulsive actions. After periods of excitement they revert to their traditional attitude of phlegmatic indifference. The result is that devastating as are at the moment the civil wars and disorders of China, the troubles are superficial. Nature quickly replaces destruction both in life and in produce. One season often suffices to replenish the empty granaries after periods of war, banditry, famine or flood. There is always a superfluity of population. Nor usually is the destruction that the excesses of Man or of Nature are so perpetually perpetrating in China of very great material importance, for there is comparatively little to destroy outside the great towns. The vast agricultural population, in spite of its industrious and skilful cultivation of the soil, exists in a state bordering upon poverty. Catastrophes that would shake the moral foundations of the countries of Europe to their very base pass over China and leave little more than a scar that time quickly effaces. The Chinese will not be deterred from industrial expansion, or industrial employment, for which they are eminently suited in character, in stamina and by disposition.

That the growth of industrialism in China will meet with

difficulties and complications there is no denial. The Chinese workman will demand—he has already demanded it—higher wages. He has too already formed tentative trade-unions. He will insist upon shorter hours of employment. There will be strikes—they have occurred already. There will be excursions into Communism, but one thing is certain, that Chinese labour will demand and will obtain the opportunity to work and security for its earnings. The Chinese are not a politically-minded people. They are individualists. The only voluntary part that the masses are taking in the civil wars is the enlistment of several hundreds of thousands of young men in the rival armies, most of them youths driven by the state of agricultural depression to seek a livelihood as soldiers. Their interest in the cause they fight for—unless it is in the defence of their country against a foreign foe—is practically negligible. Yet progress is being made in spite of political chaos. Industry has progressed rapidly and according to Japanese official figures four million spindles were already operating in China in the spring of 1931 in the production of cotton goods, while hundreds of thousands more were either in process of installation or on the point of being set up. So far from China being a few years hence an outlet for Manchester cottons—except in certain limited qualities—she will become in a not very distant future a keen competitor in other markets. She possesses an unlimited supply of labour, an immense territory with every variety of climate and capable of producing a wealth of raw material and fuel. The Japanese Government and industrialists have already realised the manufacturing possibilities of the country and recognize that the Chinese markets will eventually be practically closed to Japanese textiles, of which forty per cent. of the total output lately went to China. The Chinese programme includes, as well as protective tariffs, the suppression by legislation of all foreign industrial undertakings installed in the country. It is the Chinese Government's intention to maintain in the hands of its own countrymen the industries of their land. The door will be closed to the foreign importer as far as is possible. It is inevitable. The only question is, when?

Shanghai has benefited from the fact that it constitutes almost the only spot in China where the Chinese merchant can keep, or invest, his money in tolerable security. The result has been that speculation in land and property has been rife. The rise in values has been phenomenal, often far above the return obtained

as an investment. Many of the important European firms have taken the opportunity to get rid of their properties and constructions, the size and upkeep of which the volume of trade to-day does not warrant.

It is the custom of the Chinese to crowd to the railway stations to see one another off by the train, and the morning that I started for Nanking the platform was a mild pandemonium. It was with difficulty that I could reach the train but with the aid of two smiling and insinuating porters I eventually found myself ensconced in a first-class carriage. The long compartment was crowded for entire families and many friends seemed to have come to bid farewell to the departing passengers. Amongst them moved—when the crush permitted any kind of movement—policemen armed with rifles and revolvers who scanned the countenances of the travellers and hawkers and pedlars selling hot tea, sweetmeats and especially toys—every kind of toy that could give pleasure to young children seemed to be represented. I have never solved the mystery of the toy-sellers at the Shanghai railway station. Is it that parents returning home had neglected, or been too busy, to buy gifts for their children in the town? I do not know but in any case a brisk trade was done. A bell rang and there was a rush for the doors. All the people in the train who could find the available space, leant out of the windows and bowed to the long row of relations and friends on the platform, who bowed back in return, clasping their own hands across their stomachs.

Through the suburbs of the great city we passed and out into the open country, with its villages and innumerable mounds of earth that mark the last resting-place of some revered ancestor. The three hundred mile journey to Nanking is accomplished in seven hours and all the time one seems to be passing through an interminable cemetery.

It is at Nanking that the modern hero of China, the rather unpractical but attractive and estimable Sun Yat Sen, is interred, whose untiring spirit confined in a tired body, gave birth, and life, to the Republic and whose memory is held worthily in great reverence. His mausoleum is a vast affair built on the traditional lines of the Chinese Imperial tombs. There is a monumental stairway of great width and solidity leading from the arched hall that holds the memorial stele to the large building above where in a domed recess, behind solid metal doors, the hero's body lies. In April, at the time of my visit, the various

buildings were nearing completion but many hundreds of men were still at work.

The mausoleum itself is in Chinese style and roofed in blue tiles, but the whole appeared garish and bare. The stony hills around have been planted with trees and a park and gardens are being laid out in the immediate vicinity that will, in a few years' time, have vastly improved the surroundings. It is not difficult to imagine, when the masonry has lost its too evident freshness and the trees are grown, that the tomb of Sun Yat Sen will not be lacking in grandeur.

A mile or two away are the tombs of the Emperors of the Ming dynasty, with their quiet restrained atmosphere of age and peace. A little wise restoration has been undertaken and the tombs and temples formerly closed are now a favourite resort of the Chinese public. One of the temples had been transformed into a restaurant and at little tables tea and beer were served, but the architectural features have not been interfered with and the traveller can still light a scented joss-stick before the memorial tablets. So there is refreshment for both body and soul, but I could not help wondering what those once proud Emperors would have said if they had known in their lifetime that their burial places were to become scenes of picnics. But the Chinese are a reverent race and the little family groups that passed from place to place were full of dignity and respect. I saw many famous sites in China—palaces and temples and tombs—but I never saw a single instance of ribaldry or vulgarity amongst the many Chinese visitors.

A little way from the Ming tombs are the famous avenues of stone animals and men—the guardians of the sacred places—elephants and camels, horses, men and genii. In the pouring rain that fell at the moment of my visit they looked sad and forlorn and neglected.

One rainy afternoon after lunch I was sitting in the dreary drawing-room of the hotel. In a chair near me by the fire was an elderly grey-haired Scots lady who was on a visit to several of the many Missions that are scattered far and wide all over China —a pleasant godly woman of no mean intelligence but a little lacking in humour and not very quick on the up-take. We had met casually the afternoon before and conversed on the one topic of the day—the state of China. At the farther end of the room a group of young American men, employed in selling automobiles or the petrol by which automobiles are persuaded to move, were

playing at poker. Quite suddenly another lady appeared on the scene, a beautiful, young, quite inadequately clad creature of apparently Russian origin, who in spite of the change in fashion still wore skirts much too short for her. Speaking in French she hailed the young men, kissing her hand to them, and announcing her return to Nanking. She was received with joyful shouts of welcome and after a hurried conversation carried on with all of them at the same time she departed to engage her room. Returning a minute or two later she again blew them kisses from her impossibly rosy lips and announced with a smile of welcome that her room was number sixteen—and again the vision of youth and beauty was gone.

Very slowly my elderly lady friend laid down her book and asked me, " Can you tell me why that young lady informed those men that her room was number sixteen ? " I hastened to reply China was still in a disturbed state, that false alarms were liable to occur at times, and that no doubt she thought it advisable—as no doubt it was—that the gentlemen staying in the hotel should know where she slept, so that in case of danger they could see that she was adequately protected. My companion said nothing at the moment, but rising a few minutes later to leave the room she turned to the noisy group of card-players and in a pleasant inviting voice said, " Gentlemen, my room is number eleven."

The choice of Nanking as the seat of Government of the Chinese Republic was due to its central position and to the fact that it is situated on the great artery of China—the Yangtsze Kiang. Except for those important considerations it has few claims. The climate is unhealthy and disagreeable. It possesses no natural amenities. It lacks a sufficiency of water and it is unattractive in its situation and its surroundings. The Government however is doing much to improve the place and render it more suitable for the new and important rôle it seems destined to play. Wide roads have been laid out in the suburb that to-day forms the official quarter of the city. Government offices, some of them in excellent taste, have been erected and new shops are springing up in which all the more necessary requisites of modern civilization can probably be obtained. A very attractive feature are the petrol-supply stations which are built in the form and design of Chinese pagodas and they add a charming touch to the scene. But Nanking as I saw it in almost ceaseless rain appeared unkempt, unfinished, very unattractive and very muddy. The work however seemed to be well done and to be progressing

successfully. The Chinese in this important undertaking of creating a capital on the site of an old Chinese town have certainly worked hard and are bringing into existence a new city not unworthy of the importance of its probable destiny, but there is still much to do.

A steam ferry takes the traveller across the Yangtsze Kiang to Pukow, the terminus of the Peking-Pukow railway. The journey to the late Capital—for Peking no longer enjoys that distinction—occupies about twenty-four hours. I found the train much more efficiently run, and much more comfortable than I had been led to expect and both the sleeping accommodation and the restaurant-car were amply adequate.

I left Nanking in pouring rain but the next morning broke serenely beautiful. To right and left stretched the great plains, green with spring crops. The villages with their stone and mud walls stood scattered amongst the fields and the whole population appeared to be at work, the dark blue figures clear and defined against the light green of rice and corn. Along the raised tracks that connect village to village and lead to the rare towns the wayfarers passed with their little caravans of donkeys or trundling the humble vehicle of the country, the well-laden wheelbarrow—one man pulling in front and another pushing behind. The soft radiant atmosphere of a Chinese spring day with its hint of haze rendered the brilliant sunlit landscape even more beautiful.

Military police, armed with rifles and revolvers, guarded the train and passed from carriage to carriage scrutinizing the passengers. Once or twice they pounced upon some innocent looking third-class Chinese traveller and searched him—all unsuccessfully—for arms. The stations too were strongly guarded, for although these regions were in a state of peace for the time being it was impossible to say where and when civil war might break out again. Now and again we passed a walled provincial town, its ramparts crowned with picturesque watch-towers, while at times a long-necked pagoda raised its five or seven storeys as if to peep over the walls and see what was going on in the world outside. Civil war had been raging in this part of the country but peace, and the dynamited bridges, had been lately restored. A mass of contorted iron beams, blown shapeless by an explosion, still lay by the rail side—the framework of an important bridge. Armoured trains were drawn up at some of the stations but it was difficult to imagine that so peaceful a country

had so lately been the scene of strife. Nature and men deal hardly with China, by flood, by famine and by war, but the sores are soon healed. The country is over-populated and there seems always to be men available to take the place of the dead, and women to bear children. China's history has always been the same—war, flood, famine ; famine, flood, war—until mankind has got accustomed to it. And after all is not everything a question of " Feng-shui "—Wind and Water—which being interpreted means " Fate " ?

AN ENTRANCE TO THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON

MONASTERIES, JEHOL

A CHINESE FUNERAL

Chapter XIV

THE CHINESE

THE situation existing in China to-day is the inevitable consequence of evolution. Sooner or later the rude awakening was bound to occur. World events, external contacts, the foreigner's greed of wealth, the growing spirit of nationalism in the country itself brought about the realisation that Chinese philosophy was not infallible nor its situation invulnerable. These accumulated circumstances hurried rather than caused the end of the old system. It might have been possible for China to have evaded for a further limit of time the consequences. But to have escaped them altogether was out of the question. The rapid advance of Western progress and Western influence in the last hundred years undermined the thirty centuries of China's historical civilization and twenty centuries more of still earlier tradition. The idol's feet were found to be of clay and the structure that dated from time immemorial tottered and fell. The foundations, it is true, remain, embedded in the race itself, in the vastness of the country and its immense population. What will be rebuilt upon those foundations is still a matter of surmise.

The civilization of China was contemporary with that of early Egypt and earlier than that of Greece and it survived both for a period of over 2,000 years and in all that long period it was continuous and almost unchanged. It adopted little but absorbed much. Firm in the belief in its own supremacy, a quarter of the population of the world carried on its existence in self-satisfied seclusion. Rich in art, honouring literature as a religion, with an aristocracy based on learning alone and therefore accessible to all, practising a philosophy that penetrated and ordained every detail of everyone's life from the Emperor to the peasant ; with beliefs that were unshakable and convictions that were never questioned the edifice withstood both external and internal shocks. Dynasties changed. Mongol and Manchu conquered and ruled but the stability of China remained un-

affected. The civilization, that centuries had evolved, continued untouched and uninfluenced. Patriotism, as we understand it, never existed. It was replaced by an intense striving after continuity—continuity of the race, of the family, of tradition and of the social codes, bound together in the form of ancestor-worship.

During all these centuries China was ruled but scarcely governed. The Authority was an Authority by consent, infinitely removed from the teeming populace. Direct contact was of the slightest. The Emperor was so far above the people, so distant in fact and in thought, that he bore but little resemblance to the autocrats of history. The "Son of Heaven" was to the majority of his people a semi-divine creation, an intermediary between them and the Gods, always ready to intervene on their behalf in the interests of peace and prosperity. He was in fact part of their philosophy rather than their Sovereign. The mystery in which he existed equalled the mystery of the rites that it was his duty to perform. "The Forbidden Purple City"—those great impenetrable walled enclosures in which the Emperor resided—was almost as far removed as heaven itself. The edicts that he issued were based upon the unchangeable precepts of tradition. They conformed to the accepted standards of the race. If the lives of the people were confined within the limits of national behaviour so were his own. There was an undisputed and undisputable law which governed every phase of Chinese life and this law was known to, accepted, and practised by, the entire population. It rendered government easy and in many respects rendered it unnecessary. There was but little need for legal codes or police regulations for what they could have embodied was never disputed. The principles of Government were innate.

Although the Emperor was represented by Viceroys and by Governors and a chain of minor officials, the actual and only contact between the masses and the ruling classes was through the minor magistrates and the village headman and even in that case it was more often collective than personal. The Family and to a lesser extent the Clan formed the social entity. It enjoyed collective privileges and in return was collectively responsible. So self-contained was the Family that no extraneous restrictions or influences were necessary in the administration of its own affairs. It decided for itself; it acted for itself and it governed itself. The Family, the Clan and the Community distributed and

divided the burden of taxation—the Headman alone was responsible to the State. Outside intervention was limited to the maintenance of public order and the punishment of violent crime. By this means official control, except on large issues, was rendered unnecessary and inexpedient. In a country as vast as China where means of communication except by the natural waterways were almost entirely absent, and where the people were condemned to a sedentary life, the results were satisfactory. Outside the Family a similar system of collective administration and collective responsibility controlled the trade and commerce of the country. It was only when its machinery failed that recourse was had to official quarters. There existed a system of Guilds—each representing a branch of trade or industry—which elected Councils, whose judgments were binding.

They fixed the price of all manufactured goods and of agricultural produce and of wages and settled disputes. Under their guidance commerce, great and small, was organised and regulated. Few trade matters reached the official Chinese administration. It was the principle of the *conseil de famille* applied to larger sections of the public, each section grouped according to profession.

Taxes were levied by the supreme Government, through the Viceroys and provincial Governors. Corruption was of course rife and extortion of everyday occurrence. But even extortion was regulated, voluntarily or involuntarily, by tradition and expediency. When the abuse exceeded the degree to which the people consented they rose in a body to complain and such complaints were generally successful. The too avaricious official lost not only his fortune but often his head as well. The practice of extortion in times of peace has always been, and is still to-day in many lands, a fine art. There is always a last straw that will break the camel's back and it is for the official to judge how far he can proceed without courting disaster. In judging extortion we are too apt to view it according to our own standpoint. In most Oriental countries—and it is not entirely limited to such—extortion is neither a legal nor a moral offence, if practised within reasonable bounds. It is accepted as the only natural and justifiable means at the disposal of an official to guarantee his salary, to meet his expenses and to save money. Extortion is the privilege of his position and its prerogative. So long as it does not pass the bounds of reason or custom it is neither combated nor criticized. The sole sentiment that it gives birth to is one

of envy. In the eyes of the Chinese it was, and probably is to-day, as justifiable as the income taxes or the death duties of Europe and America.

Such was China until the middle of the XIXth century—self-contained and self-satisfied ; knowing nothing better than its own existence and convinced that nothing better existed ; immense in extent and in population and considering itself the only civilized State in a world of Barbarians.

China in spite of her infinite seclusion was not destined to escape either the effects of the movements that were taking place in the outside world or their reaction in her own country. The middle of the XIXth century marked a period of world lust for conquest and industrial expansion. The introduction of the steamship gave new opportunities, and the remoteness of the Far East became merely relative. The West was determined not to permit the great field of wealth that China presented to lie dormant. The pursuit of this policy led to a series of aggressions that do not redound to Western prestige or Western honour. There was little or nothing to choose between the methods employed by the various Powers to obtain their ends, and no one of them can look back to-day upon the past without some qualm of conscience. China, it is true, erred often enough—from arrogance, from stupidity and from ignorance—but the quarrels were not of her seeking. That she was attempting to resist the inevitable was her greatest error. Yet the contact of two civilisations so opposed in intention and in form could but lead to misunderstandings and to rupture. The position of isolation that China had adopted and was so loth to surrender, was untenable in the face of the wave of expansion that was beating upon her shores. Co-operation was impossible between two schools of thought so entirely divergent and in both cases so stubborn. Neither party could understand, nor seemed to desire to understand, the outlook or the point of view of the other. Disputes arose and disputes led to war—and war in China has always resulted in aggression, cruelty, pillage and punishment, and China has always been the loser. Her policy was in reality one of comprehensible but obstinate self-defence while that of the Western Powers was the tapping of China's wealth—and to a lesser extent access for foreign missions. The Foreign Governments took advantage of both these aspirations—trade and Christianity—and exploited both in the interest of territorial expansion and the creation of naval bases in the

Far East. The series of events, extending over nearly a century of time, that have led up to the present situation in China need only very cursory mention here. They are well known and not very pleasant reading. They began in 1842 with war with England and with the subsequent treaty that broke down the outer defences of China's seclusion. The treaty brought about the system of exterritoriality, it vindicated England's claim to introduce into China the opium of India and she acquired Hongkong. The example of England was quickly followed by action on the part of other Powers who obtained corresponding privileges. In 1856 England and France waged a combined war on China—a war that shook the country to its very foundations, for Peking was occupied, the Summer Palace of the Emperor burnt and its contents, a superb collection of Chinese royal treasures, looted. Then Russia advanced from the north and occupied new regions in Eastern Siberia and France extended her conquests in the south. On the eastern frontier England by her occupation of Burma became China's neighbour. Japan acquired Formosa and adopted a policy that eventually led to the annexation of Korea. These events entailed not only a direct menace to China's existence but also an increase of international jealousies that at times became threatening. But it was China always that was the victim. The aggressions continued. Germany obtained a hold over Tsingtau as a wedge for the future opening up of the Shantung Province. Russia was installed at Port Arthur and England constructed a Naval Base at Weihaiwai and France in the south negotiated a long lease of the district of Kouang-tcheou-wan on the frontier of Tonkin. Loans and railway concessions accompanied these territorial extensions and already the Customs were under foreign control and their revenues pledged. The independence of China existed only in name. When it was not war or rumours of war it was "Peaceful penetration"—penetration as deadly as any war for it sucked the country's blood. China, impotent, saw the failure of all that had seemed to her inviolate—her pride, her philosophy, her traditions and her civilization. Her death was not far off and already the Powers were maturing their plans for the partition of her estate into spheres of influence. But while Official China decayed there was arising in the country a new spirit, an awakening to the realisation that the whole scheme of China's existence was at fault ; that her self-imposed isolation was fatal and that to save what was left of independence necessitated other

methods. The menace of further aggression was manifest from the arrogance that the Westerner had adopted. Even the missionaries had demanded, and had obtained, a special privileged position for their Chinese converts.

It was then that the Imperial Dragon turned but the Dragon was little more than a distracted worm—harmful, cruel but undisciplined and effete. The "Boxers," recruited for the salvation of the country, proved to be little more than irresponsible bandits. Between them and the international forces that eventually occupied the Capital, Peking suffered a doubly cruel fate. The city was looted, and looted with every kind of barbarity and excess, by both sides. A crushing indemnity was enforced—which is now happily being largely employed for the furtherance of Chinese education—and Imperial China sank into her death agony. The curtain fell. When it rose again the stage disclosed a new scene. The Dowager Empress, the last outstanding figure of the Manchu line, was dead. The Emperor was dethroned. The dynasty had ceased to reign. The mysteries and the secrets of the "Forbidden City" were disclosed. The pageant was over. It had lasted 4,000 years.

Shaken by disintegration, oppressed by debts, dismembered, China had declared herself a Republic and made one last effort to obtain her liberty and her rights. She demanded the return of the spoils and the annulment of the unilateral treaties. With an expression of goodwill the Governments of the Foreign Powers recognized the justice of much of her claim, and, inviting her to set in order the house that they had done so much to dismantle, they acceded. All that they asked for, and justly, was a period of gradual transition.

There can be few people who do not look upon China's great effort of reconstruction with interest and goodwill, but there are many who underestimate the magnitude of the task that lies before her, for the gulf between the Old and the New is so wide and so deep that its passage is beset with innumerable difficulties and many dangers. It is not only the outward and visible administration that has to be created but also the inward and spiritual character. The vast population of the most extensive country in the world—those four hundred and fifty millions of people whose every action and every thought has in the past been limited by self-imposed and undisputed convention—is being invited to abandon the traditions of forty centuries and to adopt the civilizations of those Western countries whose inhabitants

they still consider, and still designate, as Barbarians. At present their interest has been little more than roused and it will take many years before the stone wall of tradition is pierced and the rural population of China begins to understand or appreciate the movement. The stability of the country must for a long time depend upon the existing characteristics of the race, until in fact the foundation of representative Government by law is firmly and durably laid. The sense of order that underlies China (for civil wars, temporarily disastrous as they may be, are superficial), the thrift, the agricultural enthusiasm, the strict family ties and the general common sense of the Chinese people, hold them singularly detached from political influences. On one point only does the movement seem to have made headway in the rural districts and that is in education. In few places is the desire for education more general than it is in China, and the traveller will be struck by the large number of schools for small boys and girls that he will come across even in the remote districts. In this at least the Republican Government will receive the whole-hearted support of the people and whatever differences may arise as to the scope or the limitations of education, the question as a whole will meet with a measure of encouragement. Its demands will be difficult economically to satisfy.

Yet the Chinese, untrammelled by religious restrictions or by caste, are admirably suited to adapt themselves to new situations. Western education, whether clerical or technical, they absorb with ease and they can be counted upon to employ it to the best practical advantage. Unlike the Indian, their ambitions are varied. In British India there is an increasing tendency to consider education as a step to obtaining appointment in the Government services. In China it is looked upon as an opening to any career and perhaps most of all to business, commerce and banking. The visitor to Peking, an essentially Chinese and non-commercial city, will be astonished at the very large numbers of its inhabitants of all classes who speak English fluently and well.

China has never, even under invading and conquering Mongol or Manchu, lost its racial identity and it never will. It will eventually absorb Western education and Western ideas. It will compete with the West in many spheres but it will remain Chinese. The standard of life may vary, the outlook may alter but the capacity to absorb without undergoing radical change will maintain the general racial characteristics of this great people.

The good qualities of the Chinese are manifest, just as are their failings. The traveller—especially the traveller who knows India and other Eastern lands—cannot fail to be struck by the general attitude of contentment of the vast rural population in spite of their many hardships—and there are provinces where the "Great War Lords" have extorted thirty years' payment of land tax in advance. He will be struck, too, by the happiness, the good treatment and the condition of the children; by the skill and untiring energy of the agriculturist; by the position occupied by the women; by the orderliness and good nature of the people and by their kindness and courtesy. He will find the Chinese more comprehending and more comprehensible than almost any other Eastern race; responsive to sympathy, humorous and gentle. The proverbial impenetrability of the Chinese is a fallacy. Their minds, it is true, do not work on the same lines as ours. Their outlook is different. Their logic is to us illogical. They lack, we consider, perspective. On the contrary they have too many perspectives. And yet with all these qualities they remain the slaves and the victims of their conventions. The moment they step outside their inherited environment they are perplexed and uneasy. This accounts largely for the most important of all considerations in their estimation—the "saving of face," which is accomplished as a rule by a rather ignominious wriggle back behind the lines of convention. The Chinese "save their face" somewhat as we pray for forgiveness. In both cases the original sin remains but is condoned, in our case by repentance, in theirs by a process of quite unreasonable reasoning. In both cases there is an honourable retreat to the *status quo ante*.

Besides their good qualities the Chinese have of course their failings. They are past-masters in the art of giving a false impression. They are callous of general suffering, it may be from long intimacy with it. They lack inspiration, initiative and united action. Their patriotism is vague and largely subjected to personal interests. In the districts where they have come into contact with the new movement individuality is running riot by the withdrawal of traditional family restrictions and family control. Violent and corrupt methods are being employed in high quarters for the furtherance of personal ambitions, though doubtless many untoward accidents are averted by the present fashion of taking timely "Rest Cures" at home or abroad in situations where the arm of the rival does not reach. The

constantly expressed mutual confidence of the "War Lords" in each other's persons and each other's motives, is not confirmed by the extremely large bodyguards which accompany such of them as venture out of their own particular areas. But these precautions have not prevented personages being shot while enjoying each other's hospitality, and railway accidents have been staged that have led to successfully tragic results. In fact in high political circles there still exists a certain freedom from desirable restraint that is scarcely in harmony with the state of Government by law, which the Republic claims to have introduced. Such facts are not however surprising for changes of such magnitude as those which are taking place in China cannot be accomplished without drawbacks.

While it may be true to state that chaos exists in China, it is on the whole chaos of an orderly type, which, except in the regions where civil war and banditry are rife, permits the individual to live in tolerable safety, freedom and contentment. Hostile armies come and go—for all armies of unpaid, or ill-paid, soldiers are hostile—like flights of locusts. What they devour the next season's crops replace, unless a drought or a flood brings famine when people in numbers die. But such from time immemorial has been the course of both nature and mankind in China—both immoderately untimely and inconsiderate.

Chapter XV

PEKING

WHEN small Chinese children point their fingers at me and cry " Foreign Barbarian " I long to possess sufficient knowledge of their language to reply. I should like to tell them that they are right : that I am a " Foreign Barbarian "—a blot upon the landscape ; that I know that my appearance and my clothes are absurd and that I have no manners ; that I am full of prejudices and flagrantly indifferent to the most important things of life such as the influences of Good and Evil spirits ; and that when I come to be buried I don't care in the least whether the funeral takes place on an auspicious or an inauspicious day, or in what direction my toes or my head point, or even whether there is a funeral at all ; and, if the occasion presented itself, I should flatly refuse to be venerated as an ancestor—in short that I am a " Foreign Barbarian " of the very worst type, unlettered, ill mannered and contemptible. At the same time I am deprived of the comforting conviction that because I happened to be born in England of British stock, I am, by the grace of God, by day and by night, in health and in sickness, in danger and in death, sober or drunk, a superior person. In spite of a public school education I fail to recognize, or to allow, that my fellow-men, because they may be of another people or another colour, are creatures of inferior standing. After all we have no monopoly of cleanliness, of consideration, of good behaviour, of sobriety or even of intelligence. The rest makes no difference to me whatever. I remember, not very long after my school days were over, finding myself hundreds of miles from anywhere amongst a group of aristocratic Arabs of particularly holy birth. They were descendants of the Prophet. They received me hospitably at their far-away saintly city where few Europeans had penetrated. After a long and friendly conversation one of them laid his hands very gently on my shoulders and said, " You have our entire sympathy. It must be sad indeed to be an outcast and an infidel."

We became great friends, a friendship that lasted many years. His prejudices, due to his remote surroundings, and mine, the result of English environment and education, had gone for ever. The traveller who would travel happily needs more than an official passport.

On my arrival in Peking I made up my mind to pursue the programme that I try to follow on reaching any Oriental city that I have not visited before—to walk around the town walls, if it has any. In the hall of the hotel I addressed myself to the porter for the necessary information. " It is quite feasible," he replied, " but it takes a little time. The distance is forty miles." So more modestly I engaged a guide for three days in order to learn my way about before undertaking excursions on my own. His name was not Mr. Wong, but as about half the inhabitants of China seem to be called so, it will suffice. Mr. Wong was a most excellent creature, fat, placid, conceited and immaculately clothed in Western style. His trousers were beautifully pleated, his short black coat bound in braid. His grey felt hat was new and his yellow chamois leather gloves unworn. His command of English, fluent but often incomprehensible, and his knowledge of history and geography, had been acquired in the rather limited atmosphere of a saloon on a trans-Pacific steamship, where he had served innumerable meals and drinks to a vast variety of travellers. His accent was superlatively American. He was replete with information, mostly erroneous and all of little interest. He had a stock of Chinese " dynasties " that he would rattle off promiscuously on the slightest encouragement. He was never at a loss and served up the gossip of the late Dowager-Empress's intimate home life with the same celerity as he must have served the meals in the ship's saloon. He was a staunch Republican and bubbled with the spirit of democracy. No subject was sacred to him. He discoursed of the priceless porcelain of the Palace collection as if it had been part of the service he had so often handled on the boat. As we stood before any building or relic of the past he would wipe the perspiration from his brow, fan himself with his grey hat and say " very old " —he got about eleven r's into " very "—" 'bout 200 years, or maybe 500." Often he took his coat off and carried it. His shirt was mauve with pink stripes—his tie a complicated combination of the colours of many regiments and universities, chosen haphazard and mingled. But he was most proud of his ebony stick that had a horn handle carved in the form of a lady's

leg. I got quite to like Mr. Wong before the three days of his engagement were completed. In spite of his democratic tendencies he had the greatest regard and admiration for the late Dowager-Empress of China in whom he recognized a great resemblance in character to Queen Victoria. His volubility on this subject was unquenchable. Both names were always on his lips.

One afternoon we stood by the mouth of a well in a courtyard of the old Empress's private apartments in the forbidden city. It was the well into which Her Majesty at the moment of the flight of the Court from Peking during the Boxer rebellion had caused the Emperor's favourite—the Pearl Concubine—to be hurled. Mr. Wong, who called her the " Purrl " Concubine, waxed dramatic. He acted the struggling victim. He portrayed the eunuch executioner. He personated the enraged and infuriated Empress as she shrieked the sentence of death. With one arm pointing to the well and the other to the imaginary victim, Mr. Wong cried dramatically, in a falsetto voice, " Chuck her in." Stepping forward he gazed down the opening, into which the Pearl concubine had by now quite evidently disappeared. Then, still impersonating the Empress, he turned, spat into the aperture, smiled blandly and added, always in her Majesty's voice, " Well, that's that, anyhow." When he had wiped from his face the perspiration that his dramatic representation had caused to flow, he turned to me and said, " Verrry great, Lady Dowager-Empress—all same Queen Victoria." I confess that I failed to recall a parallel incident at the Court of our late august Sovereign Lady, but I have lived so much abroad.

Mr. Wong loved talking about concubines and eunuchs and he rolled out these Biblical expressions with all the sonority of a Rural Dean reading the First Lesson. In Peking it is impossible to avoid mentioning these dubious individuals whom in England we regard as belonging essentially to Sacred Writ. But in China, until recent years, they played important and historical rôles in the events of the Far East. " Here, Sir," Mr. Wong would say, " Emperor give little picnic—Emperor, 200 eunuchs, 200 concubines." I got to understand some of Mr. Wong's English quite well before we parted. " Surprise " trees were cypress trees. The palace boat, 700 yards long and 130 yards wide, was the palace moat. Clock towers were watch towers—a really permissible error. The back-front door of the palace was the north gate and the Temple of lonvigity was of course the Temple

of longevity. Tapsitry was tapestry. His explanation of an embroidered curtain bearing an inscription against the entry of evil spirits was, " Rag magic, Sir, devil he come, scratch head, go away again." He was particularly proud of his country and its learning, and claimed most discoveries and inventions for his own race. " Chinese, Sir," he informed me, " he know earth square, heaven round, before American man find out." " One Chinese Emperor, Sir, he fly Korea in Chinese airplane long time ago, maybe 200 years maybe 500—perrrhaps much more. But God say, Airplane no good, so Chinese man forget make any more."

I am grateful to Mr. Wong. For three days he rushed me round Peking and I had gathered something of its geography, enough to undertake further exploration in the company of my very intelligent jinriksha coolie. He had also enlightened me as to the similarity between the characters of the Dowager-Empress and Queen Victoria.

I have experienced in all my travels no thrill of expectation or of satisfaction greater than that I felt on entering for the first time the palace precincts of Peking—or Peiping as it is called to-day. For centuries the " Purple Forbidden City," the great enclosure in which the palace lies, was the centre of the universe to the millions of the inhabitants of China—the earthly residence of the Son of Heaven—a great mystery, unseen and unknown. Its vast walls, its wide approaches, its immense gateways, the long straight moats, the broken line of yellow roofs, the painted watch towers, these at least were visible from without but all the rest was hidden. Rare were the men, even amongst the Chinese officials, who penetrated to its courtyards or to its throne rooms. Few can be the travellers who suffer disappointment, for in spaciousness, in architecture, in symmetry and in decoration the palace of the forbidden city is unique. Fantastic it is and magnificently Imperial ; superb in its repose, splendid in its neglected beauty. Nor is it the only Imperial domain which is open to the people, for the Summer Palace, a few miles outside the city on the slopes of the Western hills, can be visited on the payment of a small fee. It is there, on the shore of an artificial lake that Tzu-Hsi, the Empress-Dowager, employed her time and wasted her country's money—but how pardonably—in constructing the great group of buildings that form the Yi Ho Yuan. Nature and the past supplied the background for her art. The slopes of the wooded hills were already studded with

delightful pavilions and shaded galleries and little temples, a heritage of long-dead sovereigns. With that keen appreciation of beauty which she undoubtedly possessed the Dowager-Empress utilized in her general scheme these existing constructions. That Tzu-Hsi did not prefer to restore the ruins of the Yuan Ming Yuan—the neighbouring old Summer Palace, which was destroyed by the Franco-British expedition in 1860—cannot be a matter of surprise. She herself had accompanied her Emperor husband on the flight of the court on the very day on which the "Western Barbarians" burned the fantastic palaces that the Jesuits had designed, and looted and destroyed the treasures that they contained. Forty years later she had again to flee before a foreign foe in those dark days of the Boxer rebellion.

In constructing her new Summer Palace the Dowager-Empress made no attempt to reproduce the buildings in the European style that Chien Lung had erected early in the eighteenth century. She adopted Chinese traditional architecture inherited through long ages. Although not comparable in extent the same plan was used as stamps the palaces inside the city; great courtyards surrounded by one-storied buildings; roofed in imperial yellow tiles and faced with arcades whose crimson columns support richly painted beams and ceilings of intricate design. In these courts, trees—quince, pine and magnolia—severely pruned, rise from between the stones of the pavement, and bronze lions, grinning with courage, phœnix birds, dragons and cranes disport themselves. Balustrades and steps and bridges, all of ivory tinted marble, add to the beauty of the enclosures. As a background to the gorgeous yellow roofs rise other groups of buildings leading up to a great retaining wall supporting the circular Buddhist temple that crowns the summit. On either side from amongst the trees appear the upturned roofs of kiosks perched on high pinnacles of skilfully constructed rockwork. At the back of all stands the richly decorated block of still another temple. In the adornment of this scene nature has played, or been made to play, her part lavishly. Everywhere are clusters of dark pines and trees with pale green leaves. The gardens are still tended and cared for and long trails of wistaria hang from the pergolas and from the tree trunks, while here and there masses of red and white peonies blossom in the flower beds or amongst the rocks. Rising from the water's edge, pavilions—each a gem of Chinese architecture

—that once served as the landing-places of Emperors and Empresses and their suites—stand along the lake's shore, reflected in all their complicated loveliness of form and colour on the still surface. A long covered walk—light wooden pillars supporting a painted ceiling beneath a tiled roof—leads in graceful curves along the shore to further groups of buildings, where the Empress's marble boat, the whim of a woman extravagant in money and in ideas, lies alongside a marble quay. Far more attractive is the neighbouring bridge, one of the several that span the little canals and streams that find their way to the lake.

This palace of course possessed its theatre. The stage—an extensive raised dais with an upper storey supported on columns, the front and sides being thus left open to the spectators—juts out into the centre of a courtyard. Opposite is the Empress's box ; a large room where she and her ladies sat, curtained off from the view of the other spectators. The male members of the court and certain high officials occupied other boxes on the two sides of the courtyard.

To-day everything is open to the public. Even the privacy of the Empress's apartments is no longer respected and the visitor can penetrate into the room in which this great modern figure of the Far East lived her ornate life—a life of contrasts ; of magnificence and simplicity. Each suite of apartments is contained in a separate building, usually consisting of four or five rooms connected by open archways curtained at the top and sides by delicately carved woodwork. It was here, with furniture not made for ease, that Tzu-Hsi spent her summers amongst a display of works of art and the flowers of her gardens. Her bedroom is at the end of one of these suites and can be seen through the doorway. One is grateful to the official who has placed a light barrier across the opening and preserved the small deserted chamber from intrusion. In a curtained recess in the wall the old lady slept. Her bed is still there with its foundation of wooden boards and a thin mattress or two, the whole simple and comfortless. A few pieces of furniture, a few *objets d'art*, are all that the little room appears to have contained. Even with her love of novelty the Empress seldom departed from the traditional manner of life that had been handed down almost from time immemorial.

In the state rooms there is always a throne on a raised dais, surrounded by ornaments often more gorgeous than beautiful, many of them in bad European taste. In these vast saloons little

tables are littered with clocks, few of which have anything to recommend them. The pictures, unlike those in the forbidden city, are modern and poor. Amongst all this inartistic jungle there are to-day cases of jade and porcelain, of bronze and coral, of value and of beauty. This is part of a great collection, made by a woman of immense wealth and opportunity, whose better judgment was too often sacrificed to a desire for novelties. That she was at the same time an artist and a connoisseur is clear from the care that she bestowed upon the multitude of Chinese treasures that the palace contained.

A boat takes the traveller across the lake to a little wooded island with its temples, connected by a many-arched bridge to the further shore. It is from the lake that the most extensive views of the hills and its palaces are obtained. Rising from the water's edge, above an embankment and balustrade of white marble with its fringe of trees, are the great yellow roofs of the principal buildings. Above them again, tier above tier, are vast stone walls and cliffs, with pinnacles crowned with temples and pavilions, roofed in gaily coloured tiles that glitter and sparkle in the sun-light, and crowning all rises the great circular temple in the form of an immense pagoda, unwieldy and obtrusive yet not out of place in this galaxy of Far Eastern art and architecture.

To-day it is all deserted. A few Chinese visitors wander pleasantly in the palace precincts and gaze with the admiration of the born artist upon the sunlit courts and the shadowy, unpeopled rooms and the treasures that they contain. They seem to have no regrets, these celestial visitors, for the Sons of Heaven that are gone, nor any interest in the Republic that has replaced them, but they are very dignified and very sedate—courteous gentlemen in long blue robes.

In the public places of Peking, and along the roads that follow the moats, can be seen, every afternoon and evening, a number of men, mostly of good condition, parading their canaries in care-fully shrouded cages. It is an unexplained but undeniable fact that the Chinese canary—that appears no different to others of the breed—refuses to sing unless taken for its evening stroll. It might be thought that the fact that the cages are covered and the bird unable to enjoy the scene around, would act as a deterrent to the songster, but no. Perhaps it is the gentle soothing slow swing of the owner's walk, or gratitude for the trouble he is taking. Whatever the cause, the bird, silent during his promen-ade, will repay his master in melody at home.

During my stay in Peking the Chinese authorities issued an order forbidding the parading of canaries on the public places on the grounds that it brought ridicule upon the nation and encouraged idleness. Happily the new law had no effect. Even the foreign owners of canaries fail to induce them to enliven their houses with song unless they are sent out on their afternoon walks.

The representative of a Great Power, residing in the palatial precincts of an extensive Legation, was presented by a lady—who did not want it—with a canary. Now do what he would his Excellency could not persuade the bird to sing. The fact worried him and he began to neglect his diplomatic duties. Instead of dictating despatches he learned to whistle and to chirrup. But the more melodious he became the more silent became his little feathered friend. In a short time their relative positions were completely changed. The strong, silent diplomat was artless and communicative. He hopped about the room and flapped his arms as if they had been wings. The bird, on the contrary, wore the appearance of guarding momentous diplomatic secrets. While the Minister gave his mind to ants' eggs and millet, the canary seemed wrapped up in the problems of extra-territoriality. It should be added that the relations between the Governments of the two Powers were not in the least affected by the domestic crisis.

It is well known in China that when the Ministers of foreign Governments are at a loss, it happens now and again, they invariably consult their "head boy"—the infallible domestic servant who controls them, their households, and all that is theirs. So his Excellency summoned Yang and asked his ornithological advice. His reply was brief, but definite. "Canally, Sir, no go walk, no sing." The Minister recalled this idiosyncrasy of the Chinese songster and ordered the "head boy" to send the little bird out every afternoon for a promenade. After a moment of meditation Yang reminded his master that the numerous domestic staff of the Legation was already overworked and easily persuaded him to permit the engagement of a "canary coolie" for the purpose. But the wage which the Minister consented to disburse was so inadequate that after Yang had deducted his half as commission the rest only sufficed to pay a very inferior person. His clothes were not washed, nor was his hair cut. His accent was that of the back streets of the Tartar City and his nails were filthy. To this unattractive

individual the Legation canary in a highly decorated and expensive cage, was entrusted. The bird remained aggressively silent.

Again Yang was consulted. This time his explanation was long but convincing. He made it quite clear that no self-respecting canary could support so degraded a companion. He begged his Excellency to call to mind that this particular "canally" was a diplomatic bird, residing in a Legation with real foreign sentries on guard at the door; that it had been in contact with the highest society; and that so far from its walks inducing it to sing, utter shame at being seen in such company would render it voiceless for ever. "And the remedy?" asked the Minister. "The lemedy?" repeated Yang—a new companion worthy of his charge, an educated Chinese of good standing and literary attainments, who could quote Confucius and discuss the classics, who would associate with decent people and not frequent, as the degraded coolie did, low tea-houses, where the poor bird's ears were shocked with ribald conversation in the worst possible taste. In short a custodian worthy of his charge, dressed respectably in blue silk, who would drink his tea at the most refined resorts and among the best people—a gentleman and a scholar. Otherwise the "canally" would pine and die.

The Minister, of course, did not dare to gainsay the head boy, on whose knowledge and advice on every subject he was so largely dependent for the success of his career. He promptly ordered the engagement of such a paragon at an almost unprecedented wage, in addition to an allowance for tea and a complete outfit of blue silk clothes.

After three days the canary began to chirp. In a week it outsang all the canaries of Peking in unceasing, throbbing, heavenly melody. Visitors to the Minister found his Excellency seated enrapt, his finger raised to enjoin silence. But he did not know that it was Yang, the head-boy himself, who, in new silk clothes, took the canary on its promenades.

There is no end to the wiles of the Chinese servant as the following story will show.

When Yang Wen Tsung's father was dying he besought his eldest son to venerate his ancestors and to keep the family united, and Yang Wen Tsung has done both. The age of twenty-five found him the very competent and respected head servant of the newly arrived Secretary of the —— Legation at

Peking. When not engaged upon his domestic duties he spent his time at the small house in a neighbouring quarter of the town which he shared with his mother and two younger brothers, and where, as an addition to his wages and to the commissions that, like all other self-respecting Chinese, he made on every transaction of the household where he was employed, he bred and traded in fancy goldfish. One of his brothers served in a modern porcelain shop in Chien-men street. The other, still a boy, was seeking employment.

Now Yang Wen Tsung was intelligent. He knew that among the admirable things of heaven and earth, wealth came between godliness and cleanliness—if it didn't come first—and it took him only about a week to discover that Mrs. X, the Secretary's wife, had a little money of her own to spend, which, he was shocked to think, was accumulating quite uselessly at the bank. Thrift was excellent in poor Chinese families but was derogatory to a well-to-do European household, and Yang Wen Tsung suspected that the X's were living on Mr. X's pay. He liked them so much that he really was very much upset about it.

It was the Secretary's duty from time to time to accompany his Minister to Nanking, which city the Republican Government had chosen as the capital. People said that this decision had been arrived at in order to be as far removed as possible from the Foreign Legation, for, though the representatives of the Powers were usually polite and sometimes quite pleasant, they were very exacting. So one day the Secretary proceeded with his Minister to Nanking while his wife remained at their abode in the Legation compound. She missed her husband and at times was dull.

One morning, a few days after the Secretary's departure, Yan Wen Tsung entered the drawing-room carrying an attractive glass bowl full of water in which swam a perfectly enchanting Chinese goldfish, a creature of superlative beauty. It had a shiny, iridescent body and a tail, or rather two or three tails, several inches too long that floated idly behind it. Its eyes protruded and it had one fin too many—or too few. At the bottom of the bowl was a collection of delicious agate pebbles from out of which arose a delicate tree of pink coral, while a thread of emerald green weed grew from the opening of a pearly shell. It was a work of art and, what is rare in works of art, its principal feature was alive. " I think," said Yang Wen Tsung, " lady like goldfish. Little plesent "—the Chinese fail to

pronounce the letter r—" from old gland-mother. She belong vely old, more hundled years."

Mrs. X was delighted and sent Yang Wen Tsung's aged grandmother—she had died long before Yang Wen Tsung was born—a present of money which he hesitated quite a long time to accept on her behalf.

But fate was unkind. The goldfish pined and was evidently unhappy. Mrs. X consulted Yang Wen Tsung. " I think," he replied, " little goldfish vely sad—no have got little fliend—vely lonely, vely solly." So Mrs. X charged him to buy a companion fish, and that week's housekeeping book contained the entry—one first-class number one goldfish, $3. But the new arrival was too late to restore the invalid to health. The first goldfish died. To avoid a second tragedy Yang Wen Tsung purchased another. It was of three colours and had no dorsal fin, so it cost $4.50 cents because it was very rare.

Before the Secretary returned to Peking Mrs. X possessed a complete collection of eleven varieties of fantastic goldfish that were kept, in pairs, in enormous porcelain bowls in the verandah. These bowls came, of course, from the shop in which Yang Wen Tsung's brother served, on a commission basis. A boy, too, had been added to the household staff to feed the fish, change the water and drive away predatory cats. As a matter of fact he was Yang Wen Tsung's youngest brother. But it was soon evident that the fish required trained supervision, and an old Chinese lady-doctor—Yang Wen Tsung's mother by the way—came round for an hour or two every morning for a small fee to prescribe the medicine that Yang Wen Tsung's uncle, chemist, supplied.

To-day Mrs. X breeds Chinese goldfish and is striving at Yang Wen Tsung's instigation to raise a new variety that will bring her fame by its being named after her. There are no more big porcelain bowls at the shop in Chien-men street, but the merchant has ordered a fresh consignment. From far-away rivers Yang Wen Tsung procures for Mrs. X those rare, expensive kinds of water-weed, so necessary, he says, for the alimentation of first-class goldfish, but which in reality the little children of his widowed sister gather in the shallows of the city moat. It is they, too, who dig out of the family manure heap the grubs which Tang Wen Tsung assures Mrs. X are those of butterflies only found on the shores of the lakes of the Summer Palace, which play, he asserts, so important a part in the deter-

like this, a medley of spiritual unrest and suppressed colour, oppressive but bewitching—a place of perfect outlines, of roofs that are masterpieces of form and decoration. Poised on the massive walls of the Forbidden City the watch towers, revelling in the confused symmetry of suspended and upturned eaves, cast their reflection upon the still surface of the moats that lead between straight stone embankments to distant vanishing points. To the south the Chien Men, the greatest of the great city gates—rising storey above storey but not high enough to impede the flightway of the good spirits that hover and protect the town—stood out fantastic and superb. The courts of the Forbidden City were deserted—a policeman here and there in neat dark uniform, a gate-keeper or two, a dwarf who collected the admission tickets, that was all. And everywhere was the beauty of vast open spaces, of marble balustrades—unpolished marble that has taken the tone and texture of ivory—of grinning lions and contorted dragons, of stairways with carved sloping stepless centre-ways to hinder the ascent of evil spirits, of narrow winding canals of still water set deep between marble walls, of great columns of crimson wood supporting sculptured beams and masses of complicated carpentry and above all the broken line of the yellow roofs—roofs of surpassing beauty, covering a throne hall 100 feet in height and suites of Imperial apartments filled with the treasure of a dethroned dynasty.

The wind rose and the dust invaded the city in fine clouds until even the outline of the buildings became indistinct, coming and going in fitful periods. It was closing time and the heavy wooden doors of that splendid gateway, the Wu Men, are shut. What other palace can boast so fitting an entrance ? It breathes power and mystery with its immense red walls enclosing on three sides a paved square, crowned by its mass of fantastic masonry that combines supreme stateliness and all the delicacy of perfected design. It is a palace in itself, looking down in majesty upon the open spaces and appearing to bar, as for centuries it has barred, all access to the Emperor's Court.

There was still less traffic in the streets when I left the Forbidden City for the dust was blinding. It was as much as the electric lamps along the roadside could do to make themselves seen.

For my visit of nearly three months in Peking I engaged a jinriksha and a Chinese youth to draw it. It is a pleasant means of progress and the most suitable, for many of the streets of the

city are narrow and deep rutted. I never learned the young man's name but I called him after an expression that was ever on his lips, the good old English word which we have abandoned but which the Americans retain in common use—maybe. It was his cautious answer to nearly every question, " Maybe yes—or maybe no." To any more definite reply he would seldom bind himself. Its only change was " Maybe no—Maybe yes "—and both left him scope for escape. I never met anyone whose attitude was more perpetually non-committal. He was an admirable guide and friend and as a " steed " harnessed to his riksha he was indefatigable. He ran, perspired and laughed almost without ceasing. On my shopping excursions—and they were many—he served me well. That he obtained a commission on everything I bought when he accompanied me was certain. I am glad of it. His knowledge of English was sufficient for him to act as interpreter, he was discreet and never interfered, and at the same time was invaluable in his foraging expeditions when he went off during the hours I did not require his services to search in out of the way quarters of the city for the class of *objets d'art* in which I was interested. His judgment was good. In a very short time he became almost an expert in old pictures and saved me, by his visits to many sources of supply, a considerable amount of time and trouble. His eye was quick to discover the faked scrolls. He distinguished easily the old silk of the backgrounds from the shellac-washed imitation. He learned, it seemed almost by instinct, to recognize the age period of a picture from the coarseness or the fineness of the material on which it was painted. Some of the best of the collection I brought away with me were his discoveries. I told him the points he must look for, the strokes of the brush that mark a master's hand. In discovering in the remote quarters fine examples of wood carving—hard wood doors in low relief, and beams of infinite variety that had once adorned some long demolished shop-front, and archways in pierced pear wood—he was invaluable. His description of his finds, when he rendered count of his peregrinations, were inimitable and to the point. " Me go shop Dlum Tower stleet " for Maybe's r's were all l's. " He have two pick—i—shas (pictures). One velly high mountain. Big tlee in flont. One man lide mule over blidge. One boy walk. Man say, Sung dynasty. He lie. Maybe Chien Lung." Another time it would be " Old pick-i-sha. One velly fine Chinese girl make music, velly nice face. 'Nother

Chinese girl dance. Upstairs old Chinese man lite letters. Old Chinese lady cook tea. Velly nice pick-i-sha." He was seldom wrong. Besides these amusing excursions to shops in the outlying quarters of the town I was put in touch with private dealers who brought to my hotel daily a selection of works of art. Once these men understood that I was a buyer, that I possessed a certain judgment and had seen and bought Chinese pictures before, I found them useful and honest. After the first day or two they never brought me a faked picture or a really inferior one. In order to save time and trouble I proposed to the dealers, who were selling on commission for private owners, the following plan. They were to bring the pictures and tell me the lowest price the owners would accept, of course including their commissions. I in turn would either buy or refuse the pictures at the price they offered and I undertook to offer no lesser sum. In short there was to be no bargaining. I kept to my part of the agreement and no doubt lost one or two pictures that I should like to have owned, for they seldom returned with them at a lower price, but on the contrary I bought many at a very reasonable cost which I should probably have not reached after hours, or days, of bargaining. The arrangement pleased both buyer and sellers and I cannot speak too highly of the honesty and scrupulousness of the men I dealt with. I have the highest opinion both of their judgment and their reasonableness. Before leaving Peking my collection of over eighty pictures was examined by experts. They were all good with the exception of three, one of which had been retouched while the other two were of inferior quality. It was a wonderful time to buy from the purchaser's point of view, for there were at that moment 23 dollars to the £, while the tragic economic crisis was bringing on to the market a host of treasured works not perhaps the highest value but of really fine artistic quality. English and American firms had almost ceased to export on account of the financial depression at home. Especially the large scroll pictures—often six feet in height and two or three feet wide—were difficult to dispose of. Few people have to-day wall space to exhibit them, and still fewer seem to appreciate the consummate art of the large landscapes or the exquisite technique of Chinese flower and bird painting. The rarity of the original works of the early Chinese painters is largely due to the delicacy of the material used, for the medium which for many centuries they have employed is water-colour applied to silk or paper. The destruc-

tion that time inevitably wrought on such material was however to some extent compensated for by the unfailing care which was bestowed upon the paintings. Probably the earliest original Chinese scroll pictures in existence to-day date from about the seventh century A.D., and many of these are copies of still earlier work from as far back as the first century. The conservative continuity of art has been remarkably adhered to throughout all periods of Chinese history. The Chinese have been, almost from time immemorial, collectors and many descriptive catalogues of collections of pictures still exist, though often the pictures themselves have been lost, destroyed or dispersed. The Imperial Palace collection was examined and inventoried during the reign of each succeeding sovereign. A portion of the collection is now exhibited in the Forbidden City. It cannot however be stated with any certainty how many or how few of the earlier works, although answering to the descriptions contained in the catalogues and bearing seals and signatures, are original. The Chinese held to this continuity of their works of art as they held to the continuity of their race, and succession was the aim and object of their existence. Pictures that time defaced were copied to replace the originals and the painting lived again in reproductions which, while not pretending to be more than copies, yet continued the existence of their predecessors. Even in the most famous collections in Europe, America and in China there must be many pictures which while conforming to the description of the original Chinese lists of the painters' works, and even bearing their signatures and the accompanying seals, are not originals. Such pictures owe their existence not to the forger or to fraud but to this spirit of continuity, though in later years spurious imitations have been put upon the market not only for sale to foreigners but also to the Chinese themselves. The copy has possessed all the beauty and the technique of the original painting. Nor was the procedure limited in the past to exact reproduction, for often enough the disciples painted under the inspiration of the master and produced original work indistinguishable in style from his own. The materials employed, the texture of the paper or of the silk, often gave a clue to the date, but there is little doubt that in the reproduction of earlier works of value and merit, similar materials were used in every case where they were procurable. Such change as has taken place in the pictorial art of the country during the twenty centuries of its existence has been rather in the interpretation of nature than in any

modification in technique or in style. Different schools of painting have existed, of course, such as the Northern and Southern schools, but throughout the long ages the standard and ideal changed but little. In every essential Chinese pictorial art has always been national though it owes much of its origin to the Buddhistic influences of India. Just as China has absorbed every succeeding race that has invaded the country so the foreign art became in a short period of time as Chinese in character as if it had originated in the country.

The result has been that with so many catalogues and histories of Chinese art at their disposal, students have too largely limited their studies to a number of painters whose work was locally appreciated while the unsigned and uncatalogued examples of all periods, and even those signed by unlisted painters, have been much neglected and ignored. The critical discrimination between the work of the celebrated artists and that of their unrecorded or unknown contemporaries has led to an exaggerated appreciation of the former and an undeserved neglect of the rest. This tendency which originated amongst the Chinese themselves has been passed on to the European and American collectors; with the result that while historical or recorded works of undoubted age—by no means all originals—fetch prices that are outside the reach of all but the very rich, paintings sometimes of equal merit and often of greater beauty find no ready market and are still procurable. The result has been that there has come about in the collecting and study of Chinese paintings a disregard for intrinsic beauty and an exaggerated appreciation of the personality of the artist.

What rides " Maybe " took me in his jinriksha ! He was for ever proposing long excursions that brought him no extra remuneration and entailed long distances. He was abstemious and polite, clean and untiring. His thrift was evident. He was saving to buy a 'riksha of his own, instead of hiring one. I paid this excellent man the sum of one and a half Mexican dollars a day—the equivalent of one shilling and fourpence at the then exchange rate, his service including the hire of his conveyance, for which he paid fourpence daily. I was according to local custom, overpaying him by half a dollar. He could not resist, being Chinese, one or two little attempts to benefit himself at my expense and I bore him no malice. One day his shining wood vehicle with its polished brass fittings was replaced by a sort of Mourning-Coach riksha, a black-painted affair of drab and

melancholy respectability. I asked him the reason for the change and was told that small repairs were being carried out on the more magnificent equipage. A few days later there was another change and I found myself riding in a seedy unvarnished concern with a bent mudguard and no ornamental fittings of any kind. The cushions were old and threadbare and lacked the clean white cotton cover to which I was accustomed. On my return to the hotel I consulted the Chinese porter who cleared up the matter in a very short time. " Your riksha boy, Sir, he pay forty cents a day number one best riksha. He change it. Pay thirty-five cents number two riksha. You say nothing. He bring number three riksha. Pay twenty-five cents. You say nothing. He clever boy, Sir. To-morrow he bring wheelballow." I had no intention however of adopting that humble method of travel so largely in practice in the country districts of China and with brutality, I demanded the reappearance of number one riksha. The next morning it was there with " Maybe " in charge, his pleasant face wreathed in smiles.

Yes, wonderful drives he took me, to the accompaniment of the patter-patter of his soft shoes on the road—through the wide modern avenues of Peking, across the open spaces that face the palace, with sunk canals and marble bridges and grotesque monuments ; between the long avenues of flowering acacia trees and under old stone or wooden Poulai—memorial arches, with heavy carved and coloured beams supported on columns—beneath the massed masonry of the city gates and into the thronged streets of the Chinese city palpitating with life and gay with long suspended sign-boards of red and black and gold, and lanterns and streamers and banners—or away northward where the crowds are less to the Manchu and the Tartar cities with their low one-storied houses enclosed amongst sheltering trees. Many are deserted for the day of the Manchus ended when the last of the dynasty lost his throne. To-day all Peking is suffering, for the economic crisis is severe. The Chinese residents find work, for their industry and their vigour are unceasing, but the Manchus for generations have lived on the fat crumbs that fell from their master the Emperor's table and the idea of work seldom entered into the range of their vision. For them fate has been hard and little by little they are selling all that is left to them, until ruined, they wander away to suffer, and often to starve in the country of their origin. It may be justice for they have enjoyed their day of wealth and corruption and oppression and

as we know the sins of the fathers must be visited upon the children, though it is difficult to sympathize with the intentional infliction of pain and suffering upon the innocent while the parents were allowed to get away with three centuries of unimpeded and successful extortion.

One morning I went early to the Forbidden City to revel again in the collections of the Imperial Palace. I found myself alone in the vast rooms with only the guardian, a kindly big smiling Chinese soldier armed with a carbine. Very pleasantly he showed me round but before we had gone far he was seized with a terrible fit of hiccoughs. Now the throne room of the Palace, in which we found ourselves at that moment, is a hundred feet in height and every time the unfortunate soldier hiccoughed, his effort echoed and re-echoed in the rafters above. He suffered agonies, poor man, and at each attack he would shoot up several inches and subside again, bringing the butt of his carbine on the stone floor while his kepi as often as not fell off his head. I did not know what to do. I did not dare to hit him on the back for fear he would shoot me and I hadn't got a key to drop down his neck nor could I tell him to count sheep jumping through a gap in a hedge because I knew no word of the Chinese language and those were the only first-aid remedies I could recall. We reached the portion of the gallery reserved for the exhibition of the late Dowager-Empress's clocks of which the soldier had the key. He wound them up and set them all working. Amongst them was a gorgeous cuckoo-clock. The little gilt door opened and a jewelled cuckoo popped out and said "Cuckoo." The sentry replied with a horrible hiccough and both the "Cuckoo" and the hiccough echoed away up in the rafters as though a whole aviary of cuckoos and a regiment of hiccoughing Chinese soldiers were concealed somewhere in the roof above. And every time the door opened and the bird appeared and cried "Cuckoo," the poor sentry shot up, made a painful grimace, hiccoughed, banged his carbine on the floor and lost his cap—and then out came the cuckoo again until it seemed that ten thousand cuckoos and ten thousand soldiers were performing what was in reality only a duet. I could bear it no longer and fled.

The Republican Government has done much, and is still doing much, to preserve the palace and its museums. Little by little it is all being opened to the public. The Imperial collections, removed from Mukden and Jehol, the old summer capital, have been catalogued and are now exhibited. The gardens have been

replanted and the palace and the roofs cleared of weeds. There are refreshment-rooms and public conveniences. The Chinese are masters in the art of orientation. Even inside a room the points of the compass are used to describe direction—for Chinese tradition maintains certain favourable and unfavourable situations. Every object is north, south, east or west. My first morning in Peking the " boy " who brought my early tea asked me if I would prefer it on the north or on the south side of my bed. And so it is everywhere. Sometimes more definite directions seemed advisable, for Europeans are at a loss to recognize by instinct the points of the compass. I saw a little group of puzzled foreigners hurriedly discussing a notice in the palace gardens which stated—"Gentlemen, south-east. Ladies, south-west."

On days when I had no fixed plans " Maybe " would take the matter into his own hands and speed away to some outlying quarter of the town where, leaving the riksha in charge of a man or boy, he could conduct me into some ramshackle theatre where for a few minutes we would sit and listen to the shrill falsetto notes of the singers, the booming of the gongs, the clash of the cymbals and the screech of the pipers, and drink tea in tiny cups. It amused the audience of coolies and workpeople to see a foreigner in their midst but one and all would smile and make way with that pleasant familiarity that is so typical of the Chinese of Peking. Ready as no doubt would be the lower orders of the population to respond to a call and engage upon excesses, for as a race they are prone to impulsive action, they are at normal times cordial and confiding, though very inquisitive. To them a personal interest in the age, the relations, the family and everything pertaining to the foreign traveller, is a matter of desirable friendliness. There is no intention of unwarranted intrusion. It is merely the sign of amicable contact. In their opinion aquaintanceship without such knowledge must be incomplete. " How old are you ? " is often the first question that is discreetly and politely asked. When I told them the number of my years I was more than once informed that in China a man of that age would long ago have retired into the recesses of his house in preparation for death. He would either have purchased his coffin himself or his family would have presented him with one, and his wife and daughters would have years since completed the careful sewing and embroidering of his death robes. To us the arrival of a coffin as a birthday present from one's children

might be considered tactless, or even inconsiderate, but it is not so with the Chinese. The hint of suggestiveness is avoided by calling it a " Longevity-box " and the generous donators impress upon the aged parent that its presence in the house is likely to prolong his life.

China is an ideal country for old people just as Japan is the paradise of children. Many suffer from want, of course; it is inevitable, but the respect and filial devotion shown to age are remarkable and very admirable. The care and attention that are offered to parents during life culminates in great sacrifice for a fitting funeral. The massive coffin is borne, concealed in rich embroideries, and slung on poles. Its weight necessitates many bearers. There are long lines of lantern carriers and men with inscribed placards and gilded wooden emblems. There are bands of music and hosts of retainers and people in strange mediæval costume. Boys scatter gilt paper money on the street and carry the paper models of the deceased's servants and horses, and even at times of his motor-car, all destined to be burned at the graveside for his use hereafter. The Government of to-day has tried with little success to suppress these relics of barbarism but many Chinese still cleave to their old customs and traditions. They adore parade and refuse to abandon superstition. Often the corpse is not under the gaudy catafalque at all, but is carried unperceived elsewhere in the procession so that any evil spirits met on the road may be deceived and miss the mark.

Often my faithful riksha coolie would draw up at the doorway of some remote temple and say, " Maybe you like look see this temple. Velly pletty, velly old." We would go in together, some local imp having been entrusted with the riksha, and under the guidance of a dishevelled priest or monk, one of the few remaining of the many who formerly ministered, we would stroll in the crumbling deserted precincts and penetrate the depths of the dust-laden halls where great images peered from the gloom and from the shadows of vast shrines and altars. They are very wonderful, very mysterious and very sad, the old temples of Peking. At other times our excursions lay farther afield—to the Drum Tower, or the more distant City Gates or the temples beyond the walls. How fast he ran, the willing " Maybe," to the rhythmic footfall of his soft soled shoes, as he bore me away through strange side streets and narrow lanes. Sometimes in the afternoons he would take me to the Central Park, a public recreation ground that once was reserved for Emperors to walk

in, with its pergolas and little lake, its tea-houses and groves of trees and its flower beds, the resort of cheerful and orderly holiday-makers. It is in this garden that stands the Poulai, or memorial arch, that was originally erected elsewhere in Peking to the memory of a murdered German Minister. But at the end of the Great War it was brought to the Central Park and re-dedicated to the Chinese victims of that world-wide catastrophe. This re-dedication of a conspicuous monument to an object in absolute contradiction of its original intentions seems to open a new and practical reform that might well be adopted elsewhere. Neutral monuments might be erected and dedicated for a period of time to some person or to commemorate some event. The design would have to be carefully considered and chosen, suitable to any alterations in the temporary inscription it might display. If, for modesty's sake, the shield of Achilles of Hyde Park were hung around his waist, and the sword in his hand made interchangeable with a roll of documents or an electric torch, or a fishing net, the statue would serve for any purpose.

During my visit to Peking the peonies were at their best and the flower beds reserved for them in the Central Park were visions of delight. As so many of the Chinese are engaged in work for all the hours of daylight the authorities had provided the shaded peony beds—for sunshine destroys their beauty—with powerful electric lamps. The effect was charming and it was a pleasure to watch the orderly crowd of Chinese workpeople who came after nightfall—their only time of leisure—to gaze upon the great coloured blossoms. The gardens were filled with artisans and labourers and their families, sober, well-behaved and dignified. I never saw a drunken Chinese during my stay at Peking.

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Just above the Taoist temple, where the good Chinese priest had given us lodging for the night, runs the loop in the Great Wall of China that encloses the little township of Ku Pei Kou, and across the valley, following the escarpments of the mountains, with a solid watch tower on every peak, lies the main construction of that famous achievement. We had left Peking in the morning to break our journey at Ku Pei Kou on our way to Jehol, the summer resort of the earlier Emperors of the Manchu dynasty. Our lorry—for a car could scarcely have passed over the broken

way—had done well and we had accomplished the last rough stages of the 60 or 70 miles of journey without mishap.

From the temple roof a great bend of the beautiful valley lies displayed, the river flowing leisurely between fields verdant with the crops of early summer, with scattered villages nestling in groves of trees, while at our feet lay the upturned roofs of the little town, the whole luminous in the soft radiance of a June day. Below in the dark chambers of the temple great gilt images of the God of War peered from their surroundings of dust and incense-laden air.

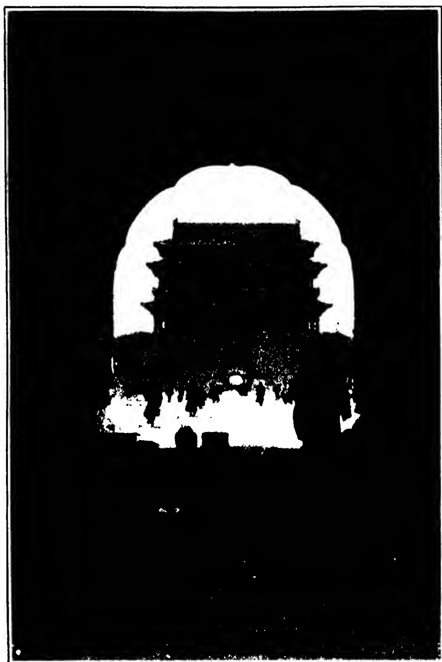
In the morning our journey is resumed, the lorry diving and leaping amongst the boulders that form the surface of so much of the track. At times a spurt uphill accounts for little more than a metre of headway and our vehicle rests to take breath, held in position by blocks of rough wood applied behind its rear wheels by the skilful assistant of a still more skilful Chinese chauffeur. A little after midday Jehol is reached and we are driven at a perilous pace through the narrow streets of the small Chinese city that once Celestial Emperors delighted to honour. At the residence of a Belgian priest who conducts a mission at Jehol we are received with that kindly hospitality that is so typical of China, and it was under his pleasant guidance that we visited during our three days' stay the decaying palaces and temples that render so attractive this remote, half-forgotten Summer Capital, the scene of Lord Macartney's Embassy in 1793.

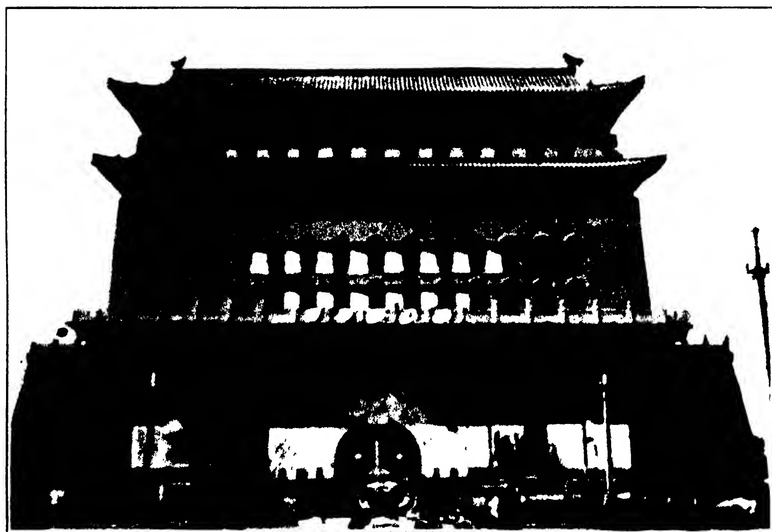
Time and neglect and civil war—and unpaid soldiery—have taken heavy toll of Jehol's possessions. Where once stood the "Forest of Ten Thousand Trees"—a poetical exaggeration for an extensive wood—only a few pines remain. The rest have gone. The lake, with its supply of water diverted, is little more to-day than a marsh, and many of its islands, crowned with kiosks and groups of buildings, rise from luscious pastures on which deer are feeding. In places piles of stone are all that remain of destroyed constructions, and even the wooden pillars that support the overhanging roofs of temple and pagoda have been half-cut away for firewood. The troops that to-day are housed in the scattered buildings of the walled park have been often and for long without their pay, and are vandals from necessity rather than from inclination.

The Palace presents none of the magnificence or the colour of the Imperial residences of Peking, but there is a great hall

AT JEHOL

GATEWAYS,
PEKING





CHIEN-MEN, PEKING

of unpainted cedar wood that is of rare beauty. Round its walls are ranged old thrones and tables and discarded furniture and palanquins, dust-laden and decaying, that recall the state that once existed. Immense red chests, one and all sealed up, there are too, that still contain the possessions of the ill-fated dynasty. It was from Jehol and Mukden that the majority of the art treasures to-day exhibited in the Peking palaces were brought by the Republican Government. In the courtyards contorted pines throw their deep shadows upon the pavements and over the fantastic rockeries that form so prominent a feature of the Chinese garden.

It is a long walk in the walled park to the outlying groups of buildings—the tall pagoda with its rich bas-reliefs and strange decorations, the temples, and the delicate three-storied structure that crowns a rocky hillock near a spring of crystal water, and the stone bridge with its three kiosks.

Blue-curtained little Peking carts take us along the sandy river-bed towards the groups of temples that, perched half-way up the steep hillside, almost overhang the valley. In the first of these groups is situated the " Temple of Universal Pleasure "—a title that appears to include a considerable amount of dissipation. At Jehol the Tibetan influence, both artistic and religious, dominates the temples, but the impoverished lamas have abandoned their monasteries and only a very few remain as caretakers of the pillaged sanctuaries.

How lovely are the deserted courts, shaded by venerable pine trees ! How lustrous the porcelain roofs of the buildings that surround the great culminating circular building that crowns the group ! The Drum-tower still contains its drum and the Bell-tower its great bronze inscribed bell, and the breeze still stirs the wind-bells, suspended from the overhanging eaves, to give forth their soft harmonizing tintinnabulation. Under the fast-falling gate houses of the temple precincts gaunt grotesque human monsters still frown and menace and hold out their arms in frightening gestures, their faces painted blue and red and black. In a second group of temples there is a great building roofed in black tiles, but here even more than elsewhere time and neglect have left their mark and decay is in possession. The strangest buildings of Jehol are without doubt the replicas of the Potala and the Panchan Lama Monasteries of Lhassa, constructed to house the many monks who had been induced to come and take up their residence at Jehol. These buildings are

remarkable for the immense masses of masonry employed, partly as retaining walls on the steep hillside and partly in the construction of quarters for the monks. At the Panchan Lama temple several of the roofs are of gilded copper tiles, crowned with sprawling dragons of fantastic but admirable design and workmanship.

To reach the summit of the Potala Monastery, a little farther up the valley, necessitates the climbing of seemingly endless steps. But the effort is well repaid, for there, still in repair, are found the apartments of the eighteenth century emperor Chien Lung. Once more it is evident how in all the grandeur and magnificence of their existences the private lives of the Sovereigns were passed in the simplicity of Chinese tradition. Chien Lung's bedroom is a very modest chamber with wooden boarded bed, the whole almost devoid of decoration and lacking in space and comfort. Two metal-roofed kiosks crown the summit of this great building, one dedicated to the use of the Emperor, the other for the Dalai Lama.

Farther up the valley are other temples. In one there is a colossal image of the Buddha, over seventy feet in height, while in another the Emperor Chien Lung is represented, beatified, by a large statue. He is seated upon a many coloured lion of heraldic mien in the shade of a pillared kiosk that rises above a miniature mountain of artificial rock-work, pierced by concealed stairways and cool tunnels. The last of the valley temples contains images of the Five Hundred Sages, row upon row of life-sized gilt statues, sorrowful and hilarious, pleasant and unpleasing. In places the heavy roof has fallen and many of the images have been crushed. It will not be long before the same fate will overtake the rest. A solitary lama and two acolytes are all who remain of the many monks that formerly guarded the shrine.

In all these groups of temple buildings there are shady courts, where the pine-trees have grown ancient and twisted, where the woodwork has taken the colour and the texture of grey stone, where flowers sprout from between the paving stones, and where the pigeons have built themselves nests in the richly carved overhanging eaves. All is deserted to-day, and the one or two attendants who have remained to open the doors to the infrequent stranger tell of the pillage and the robbery that have deprived the temples of their treasures and the lamas of their means of subsistence, until, driven out by hunger and want, they

have left the monasteries to seek a precarious existence elsewhere. Wasteful they were and living on charity or extortion, but one cannot but regret the pageantry of their parades and the mysteries of their beliefs.

We returned to the railhead at Luan Hsien by boat, floating for six days down the Luan Ho amidst scenery of surpassing beauty. We drove from Jehol to the river—a few miles, in creaking bumpy Peking carts, those springless curtained carriages of Northern China—drawn by a sturdy pony or a sturdier mule—that must date from very early days. The conscientious work of the Chinese is visible in all their details for the woodwork is decorated and the joinery highly finished—only they have never thought of adding springs. There our boats awaited us—two long flat rowing-boats, each with a tunnel of matting to shade the occupants from the sun.

We were three of us—two Englishmen and an American—all full of enjoyment and ardour—and Yang the Chinese cook, a paragon from a celestial kitchen whose handiwork was Art and whose Art was most palatable. What incredible tricks he performed. Out of his pots and pans he made to issue not the handkerchiefs and artificial flowers of the conjurer but food such as one seldom eats.

On one of the boats we lived during our week's voyage, unfolding and setting up our three cots at night—there was just room for them—and sleeping the sleep of the just and the happy, our boat lying alongside a bank of silver sand, or nestling amongst hospitable rocks. In the other boat Yang reigned supreme with his little stove and his shining utensils and his boxes of stores. And when he called us we crossed from boat to boat, sometimes swimming, and partook of our meals, happily hungry. And in one boat and the other were the crew, sunburnt lusty Chinese of the Luan Ho, clean and smiling. At first they had been a little shy. They had never sailed with "Foreign Devils" before and knew not quite what to expect. One or two of them had only seen a Westerner at a distance. But it took only a little time for them to discover that the three quite evident lunatics whom they were to convey to Luan Hsien were a harmless happy-go-lucky trio, bent on pleasure and quite friendly. So putting aside their hesitation they "joined the party." There was the nephew of the man from whom we had hired the boats at Jehol—"the Bad Man" we called him—the gayest of laughing pirates, young and swarthy and strong. We

gave him his nickname because of a little incident that happened on the second day. He told us that he particularly wished to reach a certain village where his wife and little children resided and our voyage proceeded well into the night. At last we tied up near a group of houses and the " Bad Man " hurried ashore to be greeted we imagined by his happy offspring. It was only while he was still away that we learned that he wasn't married and that it was somebody else's wife that he was in such a hurry to meet. After all it didn't matter. He was happy and one presumes the lady was too—her husband was up-river at Jehol—and happiness is too rare in the world to be grudged. I know what you are thinking, kind reader—" What wicked sentiments ! "—but you have never floated down the Luan Ho in early summer. If you had—who knows ?

For the first two days and part of the second we were passing through lovely gorges to emerge into a wide valley and on again to far-stretching plains. I know not how many times a day we tumbled overboard and swam, sometimes in moderately deep still water, at others tossed hurriedly over foamy shallows. And as we floated downstream we lay in our boat and watched the mountains glide past with their precipices and their broken serrated summits. The steep slopes were green with the verdure of early summer and the rocks were purple and the shadows blue.

Just where we emerged from the valley to the open country runs the Great Wall, rising and falling as it follows the contours of the hills from peak to peak, its crenellated outline extending mile after mile along the highest ridge with innumerable fortified Watch Towers built for the protection of its garrison. It is a monument of profound greatness and of almost superhuman effort for the Wall with its ramifications is estimated to exceed 2,500 miles in length.

Often we went ashore; sometimes to visit a little fortified town, or a river-side temple or a village secluded amongst its gardens—and everywhere we met with friendliness.

In winter the boatmen's life is hard, and there are many of them. Sheets of ice come floating down with the current gashing legs and thighs, for the men are half the time in the water guiding their laden boats through the shallows. But in summer it is hot and the boatmen discard all clothing and live in a state of nudity. Our crews insisted, merrily, to help wait on us at our meals and in order to appear a little dressed they put on

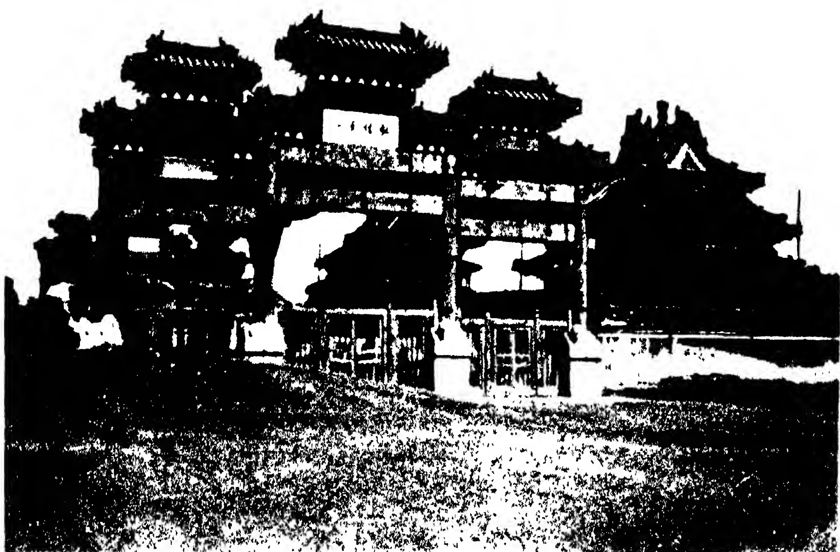
their great pointed straw hats—and that was all. For the rest they were completely nude, but it's wonderful what a difference a hat makes. One scarcely noticed the absence of clothing. Try it some day, reader, before the looking-glass.

How happy we were in the valley of Luan Ho ! How quickly that week passed ! I shall remember always the beauty of the scenery and the friendliness of the people; the pleasant company of my companions and those merry hard-working boatmen; and Yang, the cook—and the noisy rapids and those still nights and the passing boats going up-stream with their white sails and their long tow-line held ashore by men body-bent in effort. And I like to think that sometimes those boatmen of ours talk a little kindly of the three " Foreign Devils " who swam and ate and slept and laughed and made friends in that remote region of China where the fall of a Dynasty and the rise of a Republic had passed almost unnoticed. Oh, happy days !

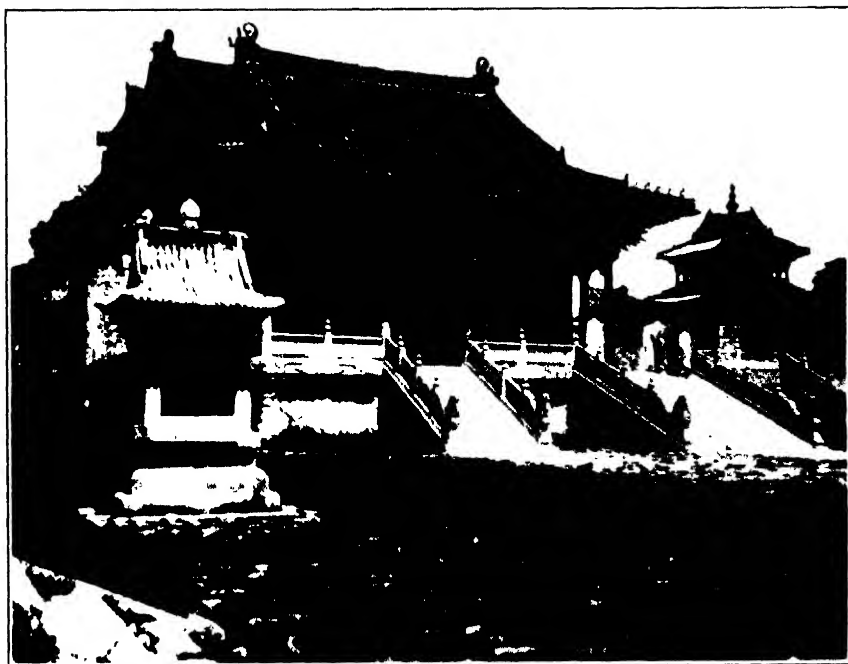
Chapter XVI

PEKING TO JAPAN VIA MANCHURIA AND KOREA

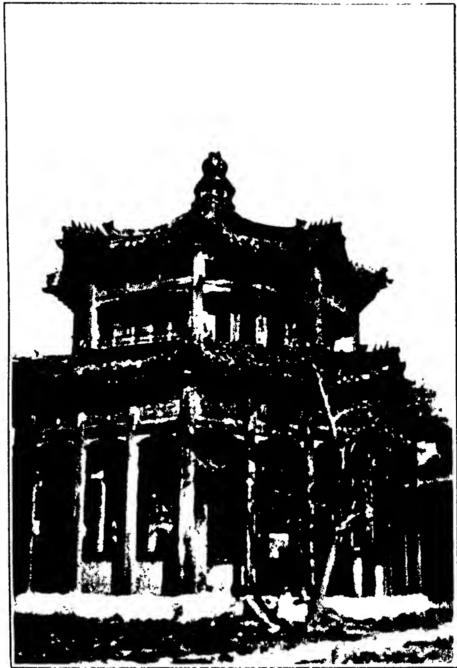
EVEN the most leisurely and independent traveller is not always his own master. There is generally something, like the policeman in a London crowd, that murmurs "Keep moving, please" and he must obey. I had no desire to leave Peking. My visit of nearly three months' duration had been all too short, but I had to "report progress." The weather too was becoming hot. July was at hand. Dust storms were of almost daily occurrence often followed by short downpours of rain which for a brief period cooled the air. With the advent of July the wet season would begin and I had yet many lands to see. So one evening I took the train to Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, a journey of twenty-four hours' duration. One travels on the Peking-Mukden express in adequate comfort. The two-berth sleeping compartments are roomy and comfortable and the restaurant car well supplied and served. My cabin companion was a young Chinese of Canton, educated in Hongkong, a hot-headed intelligent young politician, full of ardour and patriotism and a strong nationalist. He was travelling on business in Northern China but was a staunch adherent to the Southern faction. He was of course a keen separationist, and desired to see the entire severance of North and South. It was impossible to make him see the great difficulties that such a separation would entail, and the weakening effect it would have upon China as a Nation. Federation I was prepared to admit was a very possible solution of the problem but entire and absolute separation appeared to me to be not only fraught with danger but also sure to lead to certain disaster. Since our long and interesting discussion in the train there has been a vague reconciliation between Nanking and Canton, though how lasting it may prove it is very difficult to say. I could not refrain from telling him that in my opinion any Chinese party that brought about the downfall of the Nanking National Government at that juncture would be guilty of inflicting a



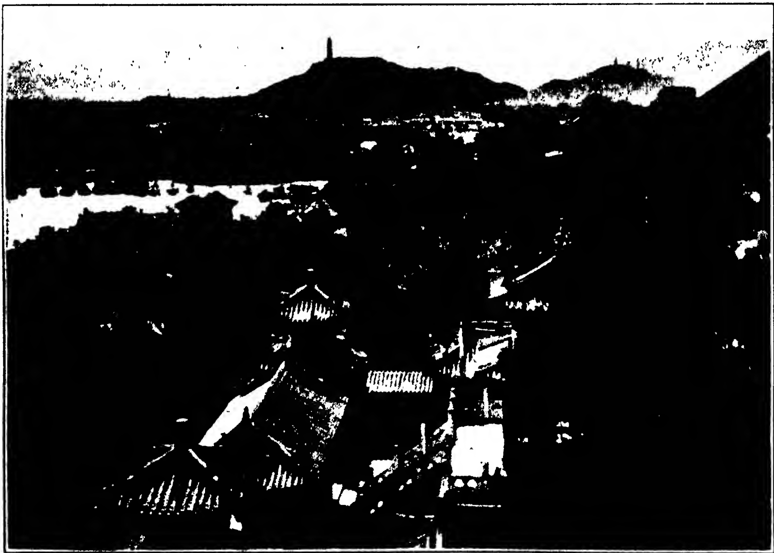
TEMPLE OF LONGEVITY, PEKING



NORTH MAUSOLEUM, MUKDEN



LAMA TEMPLE,
PEKING



SUMMER PALACE, PEKING

mortal wound upon the country, not so much that Nanking was fulfilling its rôle with either great efficiency or great success but because it was better than anything that had gone before it and was tolerably well rooted. It is far too common a habit amongst the foreigners in China to claim that nothing has been accomplished. It is not true. Materially much has been done in the face of immense difficulties. The visitor to China, in spite of the anarchy that exists in so many provinces, cannot but be surprised at what he finds, and with the courtesy he meets with. If in Shanghai this is not always the case it is not at all certain that the blame always rests with the Chinese. Where they have so far failed is in their central administration, but in many other directions much has been done. The country is still in a politically chaotic condition but it is neither wise nor true to deny that progress has been made. The Chinese have for years past been the victims not so much of the inequality of treaties as they have been the victims of inequality of treatment. Many of the disadvantages from which the foreigner is suffering to-day in China are the result of the seed sown by his predecessors, and in many cases by himself. Happily at Peking the relations are good and race prejudice scarcely exists. East and West acknowledge the other's good qualities and are discreetly silent as a rule about their bad ones. That the Chinese of Shanghai are in the mass anti-foreign in their sentiments is only natural. It would be difficult for them to be anything else, although the security many of them enjoy, by living in the Concessions, is entirely due to the presence of Europeans, Americans and Japanese. I do not mean to infer that it would be either wise or safe to do away with exterritoriality until the Chinese Government have proved their capacity to administer justice and ensure law and order, but there is no doubt that the results of the contact between the two races could be infinitely improved by a little more consideration on both sides. If the coolie is at times inclined to be truculent the foreigner is seldom free of arrogance, and often arrogance of an aggressive kind, in his treatment of the Chinese. There is little doubt that while Shanghai has practically been the source of China's commercial wealth it has also been the source of a great deal of the friction and ill-feeling between East and West that unfortunately exist. The Chinese resent the treatment they far too often receive from the ill-mannered foreigner and their resentment is not facilitating the good relations and understanding that should exist—and

could exist—between our people and theirs. The Shanghai Chinese often behave, no doubt, in a manner that would not be permitted in Peking just as Europeans and Americans behave in Shanghai and elsewhere in a way that New York and London would not approve or sanction. I am told however that there has lately been a decided improvement in this respect and one can only trust that this is so. There is said to be to-day a considerable body of Western opinion which recognizes China's endeavour to raise the country to a higher level and which is prepared to facilitate the process, and in this there lies hope for the future. But it is doubtful if this laudable effort is sufficient to counteract the continual attitude of arrogance of the majority of the foreigners of the great treaty port, more especially it would appear, amongst the womenkind and the younger men. As long as this attitude exists—and it exists unfortunately even amongst the schoolboys at the principal English school—there is no reason to doubt that when the Chinese obtain the jurisdiction that they claim, and intend to acquire, they will seek to pay back some of the treatment they have received. It is only natural that such should be the case. What they principally resent, be they scholar or merchant, official or coolie—rich or poor—is the air of racial superiority that permeates the attitude of so many quite uninteresting, unimportant and unmannerly individuals who rise, in Shanghai, to a certain social surface, or hover about its bars and night-clubs.

The country passed through as the train proceeded northward toward Manchuria was green and fresh. Already good rains had fallen and on every side the fields were gay with rising crops. Everywhere dark-clothed peasants were at work, toiling indefatigably as their ancestors have toiled for generations and for centuries. It is difficult when travelling in China through thickly populated and apparently contented agricultural districts to realize the other side of the picture, when the " Four Horsemen " are let loose and disease, famine, war and death devastate the land. A few old walled towns are passed with strange towers dominating their gateways and the Great Wall is traversed where it dips from the hills to the seashore.

My visit to Mukden was a short one. The old city lies within brick walls, at some places over thirty feet in height, with access through eight gateways, each crowned by its fantastic watch-tower. The modern foreign quarter and the Japanese Concession lie outside. Both have been well planned and constructed and

both have all the appearance of up-to-date Western cities. The Japanese quarter particularly boasts wide avenues and fine streets. The total population of Mukden is a little under 400,000. I visited of course the few historic sites—the Pei-ling, or Northern Mausoleum, and the Palaces. The Pei-ling contains the tomb of Ta-tsung, the second Emperor of the Ching (Manchu) dynasty, who died in 1644. The buildings, erected at that date, have lately been carefully restored and redecorated, and the great enclosure, once so zealously guarded against all intruders is now thrown open to the public and apparently is much appreciated. On the day of my visit—a Sunday—the place was thronged by Chinese and Manchurians. It would be difficult not to appreciate this very delightful spot with its surroundings of pine woods and its fine architectural features. An avenue of stone animals leads through the outer Court to the group of buildings—the Shrines, the Hall of the Memorial Tablets, the Drum and the Bell towers, which are one and all roofed in glazed tiles of Imperial yellow. The carpentry and colouring of the intricate woodwork of the interiors is extremely good. From the walls an excellent view of the whole Mausoleum is obtained, in its surrounding of dark-green pine trees.

Quite near the Pei-ling is situated the residence of Chiang Hsueh Liang—the young Marshal who was playing so important and autocratic a rôle in Manchuria at that moment. His power, though none knew it then, least of all he himself, was nearing its end, for only two months later the incidents occurred that led to the Japanese occupation of Mukden. Chiang Hsueh Liang, who had been ill, was still in hospital at Peking though by that time convalescent, when the blow fell and he learned by telegram of the incident—to him and to his party a veritable calamity—at a party at the British Legation where he was dining with Sir Miles Lampson and Admiral Fullerton. What the future may bring about in China it is impossible to say, but it would appear that the young Marshal's period of power in Manchuria is over, whatever Fate may have in store for him in China. It is almost impossible for the Western mind to grasp the power that the Chinese War Lords usurped and enforced and scarcely a sovereign in the past—and certainly none to-day—exercised the personal authority that this young man wielded. He had his own armies. The Treasury was his. The taxation of the country found its way into his coffers. He robbed and spent gorgeously and extorted from millions of peasants almost

their life's blood. It was at a Mukden railway station that his father, Chang Hsueh Liang, as great a chieftain as the son was destined to become, was assassinated. He was starting on a journey and had just entered his railway carriage when a bomb exploded on the line causing fatal injuries. His son was taking no risks and his property at Mukden was surrounded by a many stranded wire fence charged with a high electric current, to say nothing of other means that he employed, soldiers and police and bodyguards, to render his own assassination if not impossible at least very difficult to accomplish.

The old native town of Mukden is picturesque but offers no very special features. The palaces built on the pattern of those in Peking are of comparatively slight interest or beauty and of the many treasures that they once contained all that were of value were transferred to Peking and are now exhibited in the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City. There remains at Mukden little more than what was not considered worthy of removal—dilapidated furniture, faded palanquins and second-rate pictures. The saddlery is interesting.

Manchuria consists of the "three Eastern Provinces" of China. Its population to-day is estimated at over 30,000,000, of whom probably ninety per cent. are Chinese, the original Manchu population having been drained by generations of compulsory service in the army of the late Manchu dynasty. The foreign minority is made up principally of Japanese, professional and commercial men, military and police, and employees in the South Manchuria Railway. There are also about 1,000,000 Korean immigrants engaged in agriculture. The population has probably doubled in the last twenty years, a result chiefly due to the numbers of Chinese who have sought work in the country rather than suffer civil war and lawlessness in the land of their origin. Yet in spite of this influx not more than half of Manchuria's agricultural land is under cultivation. The prosperity of the country, though recently diminished by the effects of world depression, is due to the practically unlimited supply of labour, to the productiveness of the soil and to Japanese enterprise.

Japan relinquished, under European pressure, the territorial results of her victory over China in the war of 1895; while Russia, in return for the services which she had rendered to the Chinese Government in depriving Japan of the full benefit of her success, obtained in 1896, as the price of her intervention, the

concession for a Manchurian railway. In 1897 the Germans occupied Kiaochow, while Russia acquired Port Arthur and Talienwan in the Kwantung Peninsula in the Gulf of Chihli and obtained the extension of her railway concession from China in order to link up Harbin in the north with Port Arthur.

In 1900, during the Boxer outbreak, the Russians concentrated a large military force in Manchuria, which in spite of repeated undertakings they failed to withdraw. Japan, perceiving in this manœuvre a menace to Korea, which implied also a direct threat to her own security, declared war on Russia in 1904. Japan's victory led to the Treaty of Portsmouth (U.S.A) in 1905, by which Russia ceded to Japan her lease of and her interests in the Kwantung Peninsula (Port Arthur, Dairen, etc.) and a section of her Manchurian railway. These clauses of the treaty were subsequently confirmed by the Chinese Government, and Japan was further entrusted with the conversion, maintenance, and protection of her military narrow-gauge railway, constructed during the war, from Antung on the Korean frontier to Mukden. In 1915 the Chinese Government extended the duration of these concessions to a total period of ninety-nine years.

The results have been highly beneficial. While China has been in the throes of civil war the Japanese control and protection of the South Manchuria and the Mukden-Antung railways and her presence in the Kwantung Peninsula have led to increasing prosperity. At Mukden and in other cities served by the railways, on the lands ceded to the Japanese company, new and flourishing towns have arisen, provided with all the requirements of modern civilization. Dairen has grown from a village of fishermen to a city and port of 396,000 inhabitants (January, 1931), while the population of Mukden numbers to-day 300,000. Japanese capital invested in Manchuria is estimated at between £100,000,000 and £150,000,000.

But unfortunately the latent mutual dislike of Chinese and Japanese imperilled a situation which while it should have contented both as a matter of fact gave satisfaction to neither. China awakening to the call of the spirit of Nationalism determined to rid the Republican territory, whether in the south or north, of all signs of foreign intervention and control. Exterritoriality was to disappear in the Treaty Ports and the Japanese were by hook or by crook to be ousted from Manchuria, the prosperity of which was due solely to Japanese energy,

Japanese efficiency and the investment of Japanese capital. All sorts of preposterous claims were made by the Chinese and every kind of provocation offered. The boycott, fostered by the Chinese authorities, spread and played havoc with Japan's legitimate trade all over China. Japanese subjects were insulted, ill-treated and even murdered. The spirit, if not the letter, of treaties was broken. To ruin the Japanese Southern Manchurian Railway the Chinese constructed parallel lines to run in opposition. While the Japanese Railway Zone was well administered, efficiently run and prosperous, Chinese Manchuria was in a state of almost complete anarchy. No one suffered more than the Chinese residents themselves. They were taxed and re-taxed and surtaxed until their lives must have become almost unendurable. Chiang Hsueh Liang drained the country of its wealth. Ambitious, headstrong and courageous he governed Manchuria with a cruel hand. His exploitation of the people by the imposition of worthless currencies in local banknotes—of a value of about one thirty-fifth of their face value at the time of my visit—brought ruin on the land. The population was brought to a state of abject misery—except within the Japanese zone where law, order and security of life and property existed.

In September, 1931, the situation became unbearable and an incident—the tearing up of a small track of the South Manchurian railway by, it is believed, Chinese un-uniformed soldiers—set the country ablaze. The Japanese reacted at once and before the next dawn of day the Chinese city of Mukden was occupied together with all the Government buildings. After attacks and counter-attacks in different parts of Southern Manchuria the Chinese forces were withdrawn south of the Great Wall, into the district that lies immediately to the north-east of Peking, and the Japanese remained masters of the situation and restored order. One is sorry for the Chinese of China but the Chinese of Manchuria have lost little by the disappearance of Chiang Hsueh Liang's administration. A local autonomous Government was set up in the early months of 1932, and the deposed Emperor of China, who is no longer known as the "Son of Heaven" but calls himself more modestly Mr. Henry Piu, has been chosen as a sort of President for life. Meanwhile the League of Nations, which tactfully if not very speedily asserted its authority, sent a Commission to enquire into the whole situation. If it is permitted to look forward it would seem

probable that, while the suzerainty of China over Manchuria will be confirmed by all parties, an autonomous administration will be preserved and that Japan will be charged with, or will take upon herself, the maintenance of law and order which the Chinese Government seems quite incapable of maintaining. When China has set her house in order and is competent to administer the country herself, Manchuria may pass once more under her direct control.

That the Japanese, as the Chinese often assert, desire to annex the country is improbable. Japan's already preponderating interests—so long as China respects them—are sufficient. She can obtain all her raw material and foodstuffs from this rich agricultural and mineral region and find markets for her manufactured products. Her efficiency in trade and the facilities that the short sea passage provides suffice to give a privileged position to her commerce. Nor can Japan look for an outlet in Manchuria for her superfluous population, since experience has already clearly demonstrated that the Japanese colonist cannot compete with the thrifty Chinese agriculturist.

The sights of Mukden exhausted I continued my journey to Korea. The railway, entirely under Japanese supervision and management, is very efficiently run. There is every comfort and every convenience, including an excellent observation car which much adds to the traveller's enjoyment of the scenery. The line runs amongst hills and wooded valleys, across large rivers and little streams, through agricultural land and open commons. Wherever cultivation is possible the Chinese have settled. The stations are up to date, the officials alert and well turned-out.

Seoul, or Keijo, as the Japanese call it, was reached the following morning and I found, as had been the case at Mukden, a large and comfortable hotel, installed and managed by the railway company. The capital of Korea bears the stamp of a first-class provincial city. Its main streets are wide, straight and well laid out. Here and there are notable buildings in different styles of modern architecture. One or two, particularly the great block of Government Offices, are of fine proportions and classical design. But between the superior edifices the streets are lined with the small one-storied shops of the Koreans, in every state of decay and disrepair, exhibiting for sale all the secondhand and third-rate "junk" of local or foreign manufacture. Whole streets seem to consist of hovels under unkempt roofs where are

exposed to view shattered bicycles and oft-worn and worn-out clothing, intermingled with broken glass and china, odds and ends of rusty iron and a host of objects which would be considered as unsaleable in other parts of the world but which are strangely typical of the Korean mentality. The whole is overlaid with dust and dirt. Amidst these piles of undesirable rubbish sit the Korean shopkeepers, blinking, unintelligent and dirty.

It is not surprising that Korea has not escaped the spirit of Nationalism which has so deeply stirred the Far East. The world-wide desire for the attainment of self-government ; the spread of democratic tendencies, due largely to increased education, and not a little to the extension of Christianity in the country and the echo of the cry of self-determination have all been instrumental in creating amongst the Koreans a spirit of stubborn opposition to the Japanese administration of the country. While it is difficult to withhold sympathy from any race that desires to attain its independence there are cases where in the interests of the people themselves—and in the interests of world-peace—no undue encouragement should be given. In the twenty years of schooling that the Koreans have experienced at the very competent hands of Japan they have advanced very slowly and to-day are still far removed from a condition in which they could be entrusted with their own government. A spirit of nationalism no matter how deeply grafted and vague aspiration no matter how sincere, are insufficient foundation for the institution of an autonomous administration. The Koreans have failed, and are failing, to provide any proofs that they possess either the character, the ability or the experience that such a task requires. They have, no doubt, good qualities but they are not the qualities required for self-government. In these they appear to be entirely lacking.

Circumstances—and amongst them a due regard for her own security—necessitated the intervention of Japan in the Korean Peninsula, and the Japanese have admirably filled the rôle that was undertaken in 1910 when the decadent Emperor of a decadent land ceded his throne and his country to the enterprising and civilized Power that in half a century of steady progress had risen to a position of unchallenged pre-eminence in the Far East. Japan's victory over the Russians in 1904-5 had eliminated for a long time to come a danger that had threatened her existence—the danger that the Chosen (Korean) Peninsula might become the highway to invasion from the mainland of Asia. For

a long period before the Russo-Japanese struggle the politicians and the soldiers of Nippon had realized the menace of Russian encroachment and it was the repeated failure of the Czar's Government to withdraw the Russian troops from Manchuria that led Japan, in an act of self-preservation, to seek a solution on the field of battle. No sooner was war declared in 1904 than the Japanese Government took the first of those steps that were destined to consolidate her position in Korea and to lead, six years later, to its annexation. In July, 1904, an agreement was signed between the Japanese and Korean Governments. It stipulated that the Imperial Government of Korea should place implicit confidence in the Imperial Government of Japan and adopt the advice of the latter in reference to improvements in the administration. A month later (August, 1904) the Korean Government formally undertook "to consult the Government of Japan before concluding any treaties with Foreign Powers or granting any concessions." In April, 1905, Japan was charged with the control of the Korean Posts and Telegraphs and with the regulation of navigation. The following November a further agreement was signed by which Korea's foreign relations and the representation of her interests abroad passed into the hands of Japan. A Japanese Resident-General was appointed to Seoul and Japanese Residents at the "open ports." In 1907 the direction of Korea's administration was entrusted to the Resident-General and in 1910 the last Emperor of a decayed dynasty made a complete and permanent cession to the Emperor of Japan of all rights of sovereignty over the whole of Korea. "In consequence of the aforesaid annexation the Government of Japan will assume the entire government and administration of Chosen (Korea)." The Emperor abdicated and Korea's independence, such as it was, lapsed. The leading Koreans were parties to the cession of their country, retiring from active life with newly created titles and ill-earned pensions. There was little cause for regret. For centuries the vassals of retrogade China the Koreans became the subjects of progressive Japan. With the exception of a few brief periods when art and literature had flourished, the long annals of Korea were little more than a smudge on the history of Asia until under the disappearing dynasty the country had reached a state of monotonous and corrupt misgovernment perhaps unparalleled elsewhere.

It was the elimination of Russia by the Japanese victories of 1904-5 that had left Japan in the position to undertake the

task of Korea's future administration while at the same time her action removed the menace to her own security.

There had never existed a hope of Korea's self-regeneration. If the Koreans excel in anything it is an indolent inefficiency, an inefficiency that is still manifest even to the casual observer. There are, no doubt, individual exceptions but the Korean people are idle, ineffectual and rather pathetic. By their national character, by force of circumstances and by the geographical situation of their country, they seem destined to support foreign domination. They appear to-day to be content to waste their time in deploring their lot which they have done and do little or nothing to ameliorate. They pray for the withdrawal of the Japanese administration and for its replacement by autonomous rule, apparently not realizing, or refusing to realize, that such an untoward event would mean the reintroduction of all that was useless and corrupt under the former Korean regime.

There can be no attempt here, except in the most general terms, to speak of all that the Japanese administration has accomplished in Korea. In every direction immense progress has been made. Education has been introduced on liberal lines while the material benefits in means of communication, the construction of ports, urban improvements, hospitalisation, sanitation and hygiene are manifest in every direction. Keijo—the Japanese official name for Seoul—has to-day the characteristics of a well-laid-out and well-organised European city. That the Japanese have at times been severe, especially after the nationalist demonstrations in 1919, they themselves admit, but the Koreans have on the whole been governed with justice, efficiency and consideration. To-day very little criticism can be levelled at their administration. In short, in the period of twenty years, during which Japan has ruled the country, Korea has emerged from a state of degraded corruption and has become a civilized and progressive country, a result in which the Koreans themselves, it must be confessed, have taken no marked or useful part. Instead of co-operating in Japan's work of regeneration they lament a past that never existed and dream of a future that they themselves would be the first to compromise. There is no knowing what time may bring about, but in the interests of the Far East—and in the interests of the Koreans themselves—it is sincerely to be hoped that Japan will continue her work for the welfare of Korea on lines as satisfactory and as successful as those that she is pursuing to-day.

Nowhere has the reaping missionary gathered a more abundant harvest than in Korea for the Koreans glide into Christianity with facile satisfaction. The absence of any faith of their own, for to all intents and purposes they have none, seems to form a vacuum which as we know Nature hates. Automatically they absorb the tenets of any Christian sect that happens to be near or attractive. They have the choice of many for Korea has long been a well-cultivated field of missionary enterprise. Seoul is literally speckled with churches, of which the Anglican Cathedral—a really successful architectural effort—stands pre-eminent. Its beauty however is lost upon the Koreans who have to-day no artistic appreciation. They worship—as all good Christians should do, but generally don't—equally well in a corrugated iron shed as they do in a stately fane. Environment affects them not. They comprehend little and sing noisily the hymns, seldom reaching time or tune or unison till the last verse and that only when the hymn is a long one.

The United States of America has literally pumped missions and missionaries into Korea, and if it is true that the Church has one foundation it is equally true that it has a large variety of superstructures. In Seoul the range extends from austere self-sacrificing Roman Catholics, through a dozen sects to Seventh Day Adventists. There are Korean converts enough to fill all the churches and many schools. Some of the missionaries are satisfied with a mere declaration of Christianity. Others demand a period of instruction. One Korean lady of advanced age applied for admission into the Church of England and in order to qualify had learnt by heart the thirty-nine articles, while an enterprising boy pushed his claim to baptism by repeating without an error the entire service for the churching of women.

No doubt this wholesale conversion of Koreans gives satisfaction both to themselves and to the Missions, but as a general rule the converts have but a very slight comprehension of the spirit of Christianity even if they are taught, as they seem to be, the narrow divisions that divide the truths of the sect that they have adopted from the errors of all other sects. Very different are the Japanese Christians who in religion are as thorough as they are in other walks of life and who are as a rule deeply spiritual. I could not help feeling in Seoul that the conversion of so many Koreans was a little taking advantage of their apparently retarded intelligences. I do not desire to disparage mission work in Korea or anywhere else. I am fully cognisant of the

great benefits to civilisation and education that in some parts of the world Christian Missions have accomplished. Perhaps a little of the sportive instinct of the Englishman enters into my point of vision and leads me to think that in Korea the hunt is too easy. There is no stalking the game, no getting up at dawn to waylay the victim in his early flight. They walk openly into the net of the fowler—whether it be set by Catholic, Anglican, Plymouth Brother or Seventh Day Adventist—or any of the others—and when once captured they are so uninteresting. I would rather convert one genial head-hunting savage than ninety and nine Koreans.

I think the most widely known feature of Korea are the men's hats. As a matter of fact they are not hats at all, though they are worn on the head. They are contrivances invented and constructed to give protection to the absurd little top-knot of hair which every self-respecting Korean is supposed to wear on the crown of his head. The Korean protects his top-knot much as the Elizabethan gentleman pretended to protect his honour, though he often enough died on the scaffold. The material is of stiff black netting, very like the wire netting so usefully employed in keeping flies out of dishes or inside fly-traps. There is a wide flat brim and a ridiculous little erection above the centre of it, in the form of a sort of diminutive top hat, sloping inwards as it rises. Under this protuberance, like a black vegetable under a propagating glass, flourishes the top-knot. Strings tied under the chin keep this extraordinary headgear in place.

The Korean man wears white garments, which have to be unsewn and taken to pieces every time they are washed. The material is a stiff native cotton, semi-transparent and harsh. The true Korean of the elder generation walks with a swagger, fan or little pipe in hand, and exhibits a general appearance of vain, inordinate and bovine stupidity. After reaching middle age they allow their beards to grow and toward sixty some can boast a few straggling long hairs that reach their chests. The sight of an elderly Korean on his evening promenade in the streets of Seoul gives the traveller the impression of concentrated futility. The young men are, in their heavy ox-like way, good looking but appear sullen and unintelligent. The schoolgirls and girl students in their Western uniform dresses have often pleasant good-looking faces and run early to flesh. The one hope for the country I believe lies in the young women, who if they assert themselves sufficiently, may do much to raise the Koreans

a little above the degree of decadence in which they appear to exist to-day. They have much headway to make. The men are arrogant and the women have been kept always in a very inferior position. For some time after marriage they are not supposed even to speak in their husband's presence, but if I judged rightly, some of the young female collegians whom I passed in the streets will entirely change that custom. I saw little groups of energetic laughing young women on their way to or from the University whose husbands, it struck me, would be more likely to keep silence than to enforce it—and so much the better.

The native quarter of Seoul is only moderately interesting. The streets are narrow, dirty and full of the most obnoxious smells and it surprised me that the Japanese administration had not taken this part of the city in hand, for the rest of it is well laid out and well maintained. In the small streams that between stone embankments traverse the town the women wash clothes. They alone seem vivacious, calling to one another and chattering, but the men walk about as if vainglorious of the surrounding filth and proud of their sullen and stupid appearance.

I visited of course the sights of Seoul. They are neither very numerous nor very interesting. The Kei-fuku Palace stands just behind the great block of handsome Government buildings erected by the Japanese. The palace much resembles the minor royal residences of Northern China and Manchuria. A large square pond with a reception hall built over its waters, pink at the time of my visit with lotus flowers, is the principal attraction but the whole enclosure with its many buildings is curious rather than beautiful. Their construction dates from only eighty years ago when a fire destroyed the previously existing buildings.

The Museum is well worth visiting and has been arranged by the Japanese curators and staff with care and discretion. There are a certain number of exhibits of interest and beauty. Certainly the most attractive object is the bronze statue of a seated Buddha, a work of the highest art dating from between the fourth and ninth centuries. The head illuminated by a pensive expression of surpassing charm rests upon a hand. The old pictures—a small collection—are not very remarkable though one or two of the scrolls are first-class. One representing a group of three men is quite excellent while some of the more decorative panels—bamboo and vines are the favourite subjects—show great artistic skill, both in design and in restrained colour. The tendency of all Korean figure painting is toward the

grotesque and in this they are certainly masters. There is a quantity of Korean pottery exhibited, the most noticeable being the objects found in the royal tombs of the Koryo dynasty (IXth to XIVth Centuries). A little is parti-underglazed and coloured but the majority is celadon green, reddish brown or black. The designs are often intricate and the form interesting but the reputed value appeared to me entirely unwarranted by their artistic quality. Their rarity may perhaps justify it, but compared to the exquisite exhibits of the Peking Palace the Korean pottery appears very inferior. The Japanese have issued a catalogue of the Seoul Museum—a volume de luxe of superb workmanship, printing and illustration.

I went of course to the local zoological gardens where there are not only some fine specimens of the Korean, or Manchurian long-haired tiger but also a number of beasts and birds that one did not expect to meet in Korea and that seemed strangely out of place, for example the hippopotamus and the ostrich. The collection of cranes, storks and water fowl was very attractive, the birds in good condition. The carnivorous animals were fed on unplucked dead chickens, a cheaper nourishment than meat. The fowl were placed between the bars by the keepers and removed and eaten one by one by the wild beasts. The glory of the lions and the splendour of the long-haired tigers was a little diminished by the quantity of feathers that adhered to their lips and jaws, and which it took a considerable amount of after-meal licking to get rid of.

Near the zoological gardens is the Shotoku Kiu—the palace of Prince Yi, the son of the last Emperor. The gardens except those which surround the Prince's private palace are open to the public and are very beautiful—with their woods, Japanese, Chinese and Korean gardens and lakes of Lotus and Japanese Iris. In one of the kiosks, some members of the royal family were enjoying their afternoon in company with a number of heavily built and heavily robed Korean dancing girls. The palace buildings lie scattered about the gardens and several are being utilised as museums, containing parts of the royal collection of the Korean Kings.

It rained heavily during most of my few days' stay in Seoul and I was able to see very little of the attractive surroundings of the town. My visit was rendered pleasant however by the kind hospitality of one or two friends, whose knowledge of the country and its people was profound.

Ten hours on an excellent train brings the traveller to Fusan, the port of Korea from which Japan is conveniently reached by an excellent service of steamers. The railway journey through very pretty scenery is delightful, the train the height of comfort and convenience. Fusan was reached that night and after a calm passage of twelve hours I landed in the early morning at Shimonoseki in Japan.

CHAPTER XVII

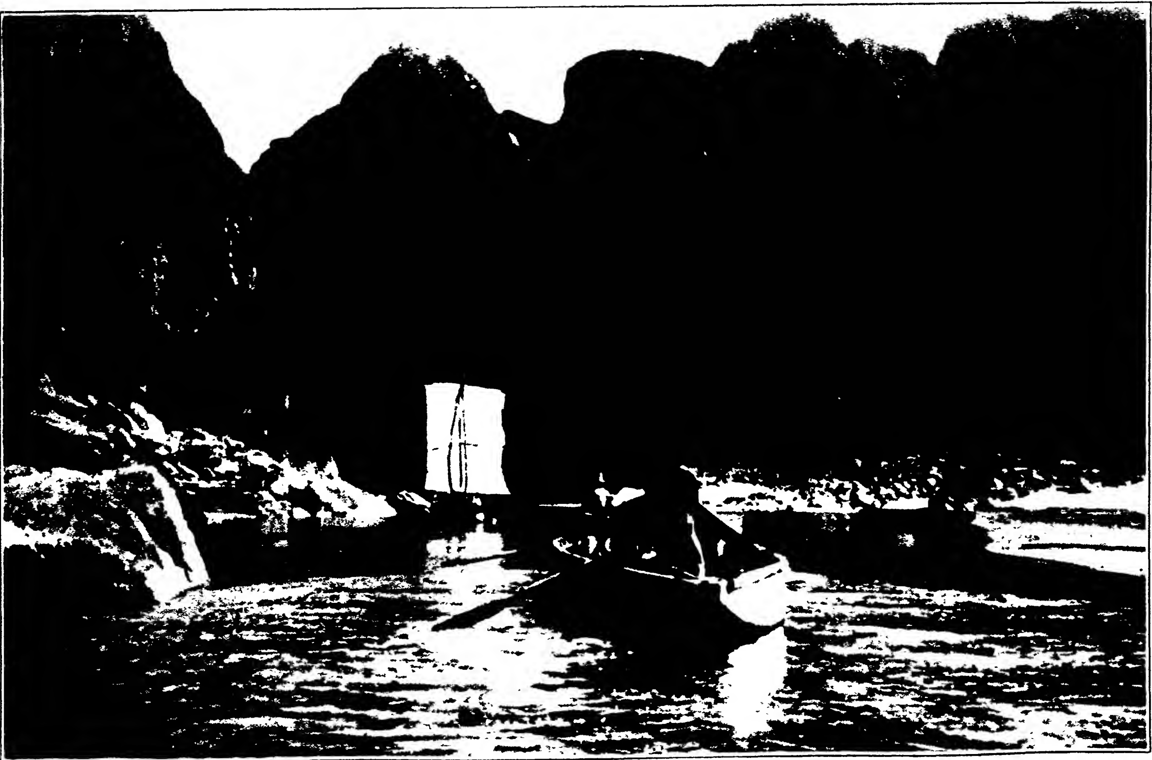
THE JAPANESE

THE difficulty that the Western traveller in Japan experiences in understanding the national character is largely due to the fact that the people of Nippon have a dual existence—and the two existences are miles apart.

It is only a little more than sixty years ago that the secluded island race abandoned an uninterrupted period of primitive but cultured feudalism to adopt a Western civilization with all its mental, physical and technical complications. Unremitting study, unceasing sacrifice, and sheer determination have brought Japan to her present world position. It is an error to suppose that she merely imitated either the Chinese in the past or the West in later years. She adopted grafting the new upon the old. As in the case with trees, the grafted shoots bear fruit different from that of the other branches, but it is the original root that nourishes both.

Results of this dual existence are apparent to every observer. The pride with which the Japanese man dons foreign dress is only equalled by the satisfaction with which, his day's work over, he discards it. Ministers of State, military authorities, men of business, students, and school-children who pass their days seated on chairs or on benches with desks before them, sink with relief upon the floor at the first opportunity of relaxation. The late Prime Minister in his hours of leisure adopts the courtly dress of three centuries ago and performs the stately ceremonial of classic archery in which it is a matter of indifference whether the arrow hits the target so long as the complicated preliminary formalities are followed.

The financial magnate on his return from business, seated at ease upon the floor, traces with a brush upon ivory-tinted paper examples of caligraphy so intricate as almost to be indecipherable and so profound in meaning as to be often quite unintelligible to Western minds. Under a grotesque pine tree, the branches of



A GORGE ON THE LUAN HO

'THE PUSH-CAR'

AN ARCHER, NIKKO

which it has taken him twenty years to distort, one of the foremost electrical engineers of Japan reads the early Chinese classics. How many young Japanese students are suffering from headaches from the premature study of logarithms or are groping in the jungles of pre-Chaucer English literature! The chief cashiers of the great banking establishments can only add or subtract with the aid of the abacus, while the children of the Samurais drive taxicabs and the descendants of the faithful Ronins wait at table.

There never has existed a country where education is so appreciated as in Japan, and a multitude of students and children are struggling and striving to surpass the rest of the world for the renown of their country and the honour of their Emperor. It is the spirit of the Old Japan—the original root of the grafted tree—that supplies the vast vital force. The difficulties would be insuperable were it not for the unquenchable flame of patriotism, the devotion to duty, the personal sacrifice. When a national crisis arises the Japanese people, while neglecting no useful material measure that they have learned from the West, reverts in spirit to its Eastern origin.

There is no sacrifice that the people are not prepared to make. It is an attitude that is in many respects admirable. In still more ways it is disconcerting, for the responsibilities that in their Western attitude they accepted they appear at times in their Eastern spirit to be prepared to discard even to the point of sacrificing what they have acquired, for that which they inherited—to gamble the reputation of the New Japan rather than imperil the honour of the Old. Their attitude resembles that of the English duellist of the past, who was ready to risk the legal consequences of his act when he considered that his honour was at stake. To live up to two ideals is not impossible, but it is at times inconvenient and liable to misinterpretation.

If the traveller in Japan desires to contrast these two existences, there is no better way to do so than in the cinema theatres of the country towns, where direct foreign influence is less marked than in the capital. The surroundings are those of Old Japan. Members of the audience leave their boots and shoes with the vestiaire on entering. There are no seats in any part of the building, merely the clean matted floor to sit upon. The films are usually excellent. The photography is often superb, and the scenes depicted are of high artistic merit. The acting is first-rate. The tendency is toward emotion, and there is often a taint of

sadness throughout that seems to appeal to the Japanese people, themselves a race inclined to melancholy.

It is customary in these provincial theatres to exhibit two classes of films at the same performance, the classic and the modern, and it is in the perfect understanding and appreciation of both that the dual existence of the people is manifested. There is the historical film, such as the story of the famous Forty-seven Ronins, with its wealth of costume, its shaven-pated actors, and its robed womenkind. The action is strenuous, bloodthirsty and chivalrous. The subject is always the avenging of death and sacrifice to honour. There is a little love, and a good deal of suicide ; many duels with two-handed swords—posing, gesticulation and frenzy. It is the reproduction on the screen of Japanese classical drama, undoubtedly true to the life of the feudal days. It is always interesting and often very beautiful. Audiences follow it with intense attention, and now and again express their approval with subdued cries. The story and its portrayal is supreme tragedy interpreted by unalterable tradition and with unfailing art. The audience is back again, in mind and in spirit, in the days of haughty Daimyos, swaggering Samurai, and beloved Ronins—days that a few old people can still recall and others have heard of from their parents. It is as if in England the last generation had seen the Wars of the Roses. The link may be completely severed, but the two ends of the chain are only some sixty years apart—and sixty years ago in the history of Japan is as yesterday.

The second film also represents a story of Japan. The scene is Tokyo, the period to-day. All the ingredients of modern drama and of modern comedy are there, and the audience reacts at once, for to them it is as much the real Japan as was the other. Yet there is little or no resemblance between the old film and the new, in spirit, in representation, or in technique. Even the type of actor and actress differs, for ideals have changed. The hero in the classical drama has the long thin face of the Japanese warriors as rendered in the coloured wood-prints of Toyokuni. His nose is aquiline, and his narrow eyes, even without artificial aid, slope upwards. His skin is white, his gestures the prescribed gestures of the classic drama. He is the past personified, and not only in make-up, for players are chosen expressly.

In the film of the modern story the hero must be different since the audience sees with other eyes and thinks other thoughts. He is sunburned, frank and appealing. His smile and his

emotion are infectious. Large dark eyes look out from his wide, boyish face. His nose is short and small and his lips full. His clothes are Western, perfect in cut, and it seems as though he has never worn an Eastern dress. Japanese, in every gesture he is of the West. And what of the heroine in her smart Paris frock and becoming hat! Her hair is parted simply over her forehead and ripples to her ears. Her outline, her figure, her every movement is Western art. All that she has of Japan is her birth, her name, and her charm. She is a finished product; the creation of a Western mind that loved and could not forget the East. There is no error of judgment in the acting; the characterization is perfect. Story and players are Japanese, the atmosphere is ours; but it is the young Japan of to-day, breaking with tradition, impetuous, intemperate. Yet to the audience it is as real and as comprehensible—and as Japanese—as were the Daimyos, the Samurais, and the Ronins of the other picture. So men and women sit in the dark theatre and smoke their tiny pipes, and are not puzzled. They all accept the dual existence, since both existences—the old and the new—are part of their own lives to-day.

Chapter XVIII

IN JAPAN

EVEN a bishop with a whole Cathedral choir behind to sing Amen would hesitate to risk his Episcopal reputation by praying for fine weather in the summer in Japan. It rained, and rained and rained—not the gentle intermittent showers that can be dealt with at home by the intercession often enough of even a Nonconformist minister but in such downpours as would make Rome itself hesitate to intervene with a tentative "De tempestate." It rained in Kyoto, in Tokyo, and in Nikko and the weather was hot and steamy. It may be asked : Why then go to Japan in summer ? As a matter of fact it is an escape from even more trying climates, for the heat and rain in the neighbouring countries are even more pronounced and the advantages fewer. For in Japan one has innumerable compensations. It is a country of many fascinations—in scenery, art and civilisation—and even my mountain prowls in and around Nikko, undertaken as often as not, in wet or cloudy weather, were enjoyable. I was often accompanied by a little group of scholars—three boys of the Higher, Middle and Lower schools, for it was holiday time and they were unoccupied. The thirst for education is stupendous and foremost is the craving to speak English. It is sometimes a drawback, for, when their natural timidity is overcome, the Japanese youth does not hesitate to seize every opportunity to take a lesson in that language and he is at times over-persistent.

I was met on one of my afternoon walks—it was clearly a case of being waylaid—by three shy students in their unbecoming blue cotton uniforms and ugly peaked caps. They were evidently brothers, the eldest about sixteen years of age, the others perhaps twelve and ten. They held me up. "Sir," said the eldest, gravely removing his cap and speaking very slowly, "we students of the Upper, Middle and Lower school wish you a happy New Year." The fact that it was the month of July did not affect the evident genuineness of their salutation—and then they all bowed.

" We are students of English," he went on, " grammar, reading and writing—very difficult ; subjunctive moods most difficult. Little brothers not get there yet. We like speak English with you." He spoke intelligibly enough with the intonation of the Japanese—every word divided into monosyllables and all equally unaccented. There was no favouritism, every syllable had its right to its full value and obtained it. These introductory remarks appeared to exhaust for the moment my young companions' stock of conversation. The boys fell into line and we walked on in silence. I then began to ask them questions, chosen for their simplicity of words and pronounced very slowly, but as a rule the three youths stopped walking, looked at each other and the eldest would say, " Sir. Please ask it over again once more." I enquired about their school and their home life. Their mother kept a small shop in Nikko where she sold the products of the place, peppermints and objects of rough lacquer and carved wood and picture postcards, the stock in trade of half the little establishments of the one long street, which the Japanese pilgrims to the shrines buy and take away as souvenirs. Meanwhile brother number two appeared to be preparing for a great effort, he coughed and swallowed and stood still and walked on again, until finally he pulled himself together and in a loud monotonous voice said, " Sir, in the springtime the birds sing in the trees of Nikko." It was a magnificent effort and he blushed with excitement and satisfaction. Then it was the youngest boy's turn. " In autumn, Sir, and in winter the birds sing on rare occasions."

We walked on again in silence. The honour of Japan was vindicated. All three brothers had carried on a conversation in English with an Englishman ! Such nice boys they were, so gentle and so polite and so earnest and day after day they waylaid me, by chance of course, and we walked in the damp forest and by the rushing river to where the many moss-clothed stone Buddhas stand in their long row and get wetter and wetter. And there under the sheltering roof of a summer house we sat and talked. One day when I asked them what professions they meant to pursue they replied in turn, " Statesman." I explained that it would be difficult for all three of them to be Prime Minister whereupon the eldest answered modestly and demurely, " There are many Ministers in the Japanese Government." Their English certainly improved as the days went by. Shyly they would emerge from the woods and join me, or were waiting near the old red lacquer bridge. They never seemed to see me till I

was quite close and the eldest brother would say, "Sir, I am surprised to have the pleasure of meeting you," and I would reply, "And I too am surprised," and we bowed low to each other in turn. On our last walk they took me to the top of a steep pinnacle of rock and pine where removing their caps they sang the Japanese National Anthem. I stood stiffly at attention, bareheaded. But that was not all, for the three voices, the eldest's just breaking, burst forth again in song and rendered, quite recognisably, the first verse of "God Save the King." Nice good boys, full of ambition and enthusiasm and destined probably, alas, to the disappointments that life holds for so many in Japan, and to earn a precarious livelihood in some petty and ill-paid capacity. They came to the station to see me off and their mother sent me a box of peppermints.

The Japanese are poor linguists. They find actual physical difficulty in shaping our words and not only do many pronounce English in a manner that is at times almost incomprehensible but often the men who teach them speak it equally badly. The Government cannot afford to keep a large staff of Englishmen and the language is taught in the schools almost universally by Japanese who have themselves, in spite of a very intimate knowledge of grammar and literature, quite failed to acquire the accent or the intonation. The Chinese on the contrary are astonishingly quick at learning English and speak it often with great perfection. Its acquirement appears to offer to them none of the almost insuperable difficulties that it does to the Japanese.

The traveller in the Far East will hear the English language spoken in many fashions—at times in India and China with a classical purity that is seldom met with at home.

I visited once a cinema in a small town in Burma and found myself the only occupant of a stall and the only European in the theatre. A young Indian—he helped to sell the tickets outside—approached me and said, "Sir. The film that you are about to witness is a product of Burma. The explanation of the scenes depicted will appear in the Burmese manner of writing of which probably Your Honour has no intimate knowledge. It may be that I can render a humble service by seating myself discreetly in the row behind you and narrating, *viva voce*, the less apparent details of the story."

I accepted willingly. In the last scene the young Burmese Prince refound the peasant girl he had loved and lost and having

extracted from her a promise of marriage the young lovers abandoned themselves to a prolonged and profound embrace. I asked the young Indian what it was all about.

"I think, Sir," he replied, "that the young person is informing His Royal Highness that his passion is reciprocated."

Farther east I witnessed a Filipino film that displayed a pathetic tale. The captions were in Spanish and in American. At the end of the story the reunited lovers met only to part again—he to die for his country and she to enter a convent. The final words of adieu appeared on the screen in both languages. "Child of my heart," ran the Spanish script, "we part for ever. This is the end. I go hence to die and you to a living death behind stone walls. Adieu! My love, my heart my soul! Adieu!"

The American was shorter—"Byebye, kiddie. Cheerio!"

The Japanese are great celebrity hunters, not that much hunting is required for the game comes tripping up to the pressmen's camera and notebook of its own accord. The bait is Publicity. The hunted are mostly Americans, many from the Middle West though California furnishes a goodly contingent They arrive prepared with paragraphs already typed and ready to be handed to the eager journalists as the steamer comes into dock. The resolve on the part of the Japanese to discover or invent notorieties is only equalled by the demand on the part of the notorieties to be discovered or invented. The Personal Paragraphs of the English printed press of Japan are the most brazen, self-sought advertisements imaginable. One asks—Is reticence dead?

It is this sort of thing, only with more detail:—

"Amongst the distinguished passengers who arrived on the *Empress of Wonderland* yesterday we were privileged to salute Miss Orphea Piercing Scales, the celebrated Soprano singer from Humming Bird, Texas, whose soul-inspiring vocal notes are heard in the choir of the Episcopalian Third Day Methodists' Church at home where she moves in the most refined circles for her aunt Emmie, whose brother-in-law is Assistant Manager of the Busy Bees Candy Store and Soda Fountain Company, married Doctor Ankel Sprain, the famous "Lightning Bone Setter," of Broken Knees, Texas. On a visit to Washington in 1924 Miss Scales shook hands with the President who encouraged her on her musical career by stating, 'Pleased to meet you, Miss Scales.' Her stay in Japan will be limited, for her grandmother, who will be seventy-nine next Fall, is suffering from incipient diabetes

accompanied by severe abdominal pains, especially in the early mornings."

. . . . . .

"Mr. ——, the Mayor of Desertville, Arizona (population 1,308), who has come across on his own expense and suggestion to advise the Municipality of Tokyo (population 2,800,000) on Civic Administration and particularly on Traffic Control. We are sure Tokyo will appreciate this sacrifice and gain great advantage from his experience."

. . . . . .

"Miss Birdie J. Browning, the well-known poetess, who protests she is no relation of a Mr. R. Browning who wrote verses in England in the Middle Victorian days. But had he lived he would certainly have claimed her as a cousin for he could have written nothing better himself than her poem,

'The Cuckoo hails the waning moon,
Cuckoo. Cuckoo.'

which, set to music, is the favourite melody of King George and Queen Mary, and passers by Buckingham Palace of an evening have often heard their Majesties playing it as a duet while the younger members of the Royal Family sing the words. Even better known is another poem which when it appeared in a London evening paper brought tears to the eyes of the whole population :

'When auntie's grave was overgrown.'"

By every steamer they pour over, these "Celebrities," and are taken at their own valuation, met and fêted and fed—and eventually, one hopes, go home again.

When I call to mind all the very talented, charming and intellectual Americans that I met in Japan—many of them members of great Universities of East and West travelling during vacation time, I can only regret the futile publicity given to this other class of visitor—from whichever side of the Atlantic he hailed—but I suppose it is harmless enough and gives pleasure to them, copy to the Press, and amusement, or regret, to the reader. But it is not edifying or quite worthy of Western civilisation in the XXth century.

I had an umbrella with me in Japan. It had been a matter of considerable concern to me on my journey. I had purchased it in London on my return from Africa shortly before coming East and it had accompanied me. I had never used it on my journey for my travels were so planned that I visited each and every country in its dry weather season. It requires no little moral courage to travel with an umbrella in Egypt and Palestine in September, in Mesopotamia and Persia in October, in the Gulf in November, and during dry winter months in India and in Burma and China at a time it never rains. I had never opened it, but I lost it often, and all to no avail. It always came back by boat, by rail, by motor or by air, sometimes as unaccompanied luggage with freight and customs duty to pay. And everybody looked at me as, self-consciously, I carried that detestable umbrella. Once or twice I thought I had got rid of it for good, but no—it returned and returned, again and again. You see, it was the only umbrella in those countries, or rather the only exhibited one. The rest were put away in dark cupboards, with camphor and paraffin, waiting till the rains came to emerge from seclusion.

In Japan I felt that at last all my worries were justified, for it was raining cats and dogs. At the hotel door, in pride and with my honour vindicated, I unfurled it—but moth and dust and damp had corrupted. The material fell away in gossamer shreds leaving nothing but the nude and indecent skeleton. Considering the trouble and expense it had occasioned me that umbrella's conduct savoured of gross ingratitude. It was punished. A grimy Chinese kept it in his still grimier shop for two days, and—Oh, shades of St. James's Street—it emerged, the last traces of its silk torn off, plump and fat and unrollable, except in the form of the proverbial gamp, and covered in a coarse dark shiny cotton material.

There is a hotel in Tokyo that surpasses in its architectural features any building that I know. I cannot do better than quote a few words from the best-known guide to Japan, written by an author whose descriptive talent leaves any words of mine far behind.

" A peculiarly pleasing example of lava-stone, brick, hammered copper, glass, green tiles and what not, variously classified as 'The Jewel of the East' and 'A superbly beautiful prophecy.' . . . It is a maze of terraces, porte-cocheres, turrets, inner

gardens, glassed-in corridors and roof gardens—and rich coverlets of opulent yellow silk cover its comfortable beds and pillows. . . . The style of architecture is old Japanese. Observant travellers will note in certain of its most salient features a striking resemblance to the strangely beautiful ruined Mayan palaces of Palenque and Chichen—Itzá, Chiapas and Yucatan. The first fugitive impression that one receives is that it is a religious rather than a secular building, a Byzantine fane rather than a modern hotel. It needs only the addition of an Aztec Huitzilopochili, or a colossal bronze Buddha with the patine of centuries on its impassive face to confirm this impression. . . . The salient architectural features of the exterior have been reproduced in the interior, where there are columns, ledges, winding tiled stairs and temple-like effects that again recall Byzantium and Uxmal. Many of the ostensibly solid pillars, arches and architraves, conceal rows and chains, groups and rosettes of prismatic lights that beam out richly but softly and recessively endow the nooks and lounges with a sort of oriental enchantment. The dimmed and muted lights impart a strong suggestion of monastical tranquillity and charm."*

Reader, I actually stayed in that hotel and can vouch that the description is correct. It might be that the addition, as the writer of the guide book suggests, of a Huitzilopochili would add a cheering touch to the sepulchral gloom of this Monastic-Byzantine-old Japanese-Yucatan construction but in my opinion it would require complete demolition to achieve that result. As a hotel, under all these drawbacks, it is well and efficiently run.

The Imperial Hotel was one of the few buildings of Tokyo that survived almost intact the great earthquake of 1923—but Nature never had taste or discrimination.

There was a waiter, a young man, in the hotel at Tokyo who consulted me as to his career. He spoke English far better than most of his compatriots, with fluency and very slight accent. He told me that he had two careers open to him—for he knew two other foreign languages, French and German—either in diplomacy or in the hotel business. On the one hand he would be sent abroad. He came of a good family. He would enjoy great social advantages. He could study current politics and serve his Emperor. Eventually he might become an Ambassador, be called Excellency, and wear gold lace and a cocked hat and

* *Terry's Guide to Japan*, 1930, p. 137.

some day receive a title. On the other hand the slow advance in the Restaurant ; step by step ; the dull routine, breakfast, lunch, dinner ; dinner, breakfast, lunch, day after day and year after year.

I gave him good advice. I pointed out the futility and evil of a diplomatic career, its uselessness, its deadening effects upon the intellect—the inevitable regrets for a misspent life and possibly no time for a deathbed repentance. The life of a man mistrusted, disliked and almost certainly a pompous bore, more occupied about his seat at table than about his immortal soul, if he had one.

On the other hand the pleasant atmosphere of the Restaurant and the cheerful, if at times mixed, society, the satisfaction of serving nice food nicely to nice people—the utility and the charm —and the tips—of a waiter's career—a wife and children at home and no forced separation—and now and again perhaps a little pleasant undiscovered adventure in the hotel, or out of it—who knows—and one day promotion to Head Waiter and dignity and respect. What Ambassador ever had a more useful career, or a more honourable one? It was a thousand times better to serve food than to make wars. And then at last the Management and the frock coat with honour and clear conscience and a banking account—respect, affection, esteem. There could be no hesitation. No really good man would deliberately sell his self-respect for a gold embroidered tunic or his honour for a cocked hat, for neither a tunic nor a cocked hat can open the hearts of your fellow men or the doors of heaven. He decided to remain on as a waiter and I congratulated him on his decision.

At a hotel in which I stayed in one of the provincial towns of Japan I found myself confronted with a problem that after considerable mental effort I entirely failed to solve and I had to call in the aid of the innkeeper.

There were three electric lights suspended from the ceiling of my bedroom. On my return late from the cinema I said good-night to my interpreter who went off to his room at the farther end of the long and straggling building. The three lights were burning. Ready to get into bed I turned off the first switch and the light went out. The second effort was equally successful but when I switched off the third light I met with a surprise. The lamp it is true was extinguished but the other two were simultaneously relit. I tried them in different rotation but no matter what combination I adopted the result was the same. Always the first two lights went out only to reappear in all their

glory the moment the third was extinguished. Weary of experiments and approaching a state of nervous prostration—for I felt that my failure to find a solution must be due to my own stupidity—I sought my interpreter and after much wandering and searching, I found his room. It was some consolation to me that he was as unsuccessful as I myself had been. There was nothing to be done but to call the inn-keeper, for I knew that sleep would be impossible so long as the problem remained unsolved. He explained that the combination of lights was so arranged that the room never could be left in darkness for this particular apartment, furnished in semi-European style, was reserved for foreigners. Originally, he told me, he had installed one switch which turned on and off all three lamps but the only Western traveller who had occupied the room had required a light all night—and there was only a choice of three or none. So he imagined that all foreigners hesitated to pass the night in darkness and had invented the system which had caused me so much mental strain.

"But supposing," I asked, "that a visitor desires to sleep in darkness, what is he to do?" He looked surprised and replied, "But it is the simplest thing in the world." He brought a chair and placed it under one of the lights, then went back to the switch and turned off the other two. Then mounting on the chair he unscrewed the third lamp—and there was darkness. He couldn't understand, he said, why I hadn't thought of it. I certainly hadn't, because a solution that left one standing on a rickety chair in complete darkness with a hot electric bulb in one's hand had never struck me. From his expression I gathered that he was wondering why mentally deficient foreigners were allowed to travel in intelligent countries. To make it worse my interpreter added, "Very clever man the inn-keeper, very inventive." He was!

The Japanese have only in the last generation or two adopted as diet the flesh of animals and birds. Formerly it was a misdemeanour to take life, but the introduction of Western civilisation and its strenuous methods, have necessitated more stimulating nourishment. There is no doubt that the improvement in diet is increasing the stature and the stamina of the race. But there still lingers amongst the people of Japan a feeling of discomfort at the taking of life and every year the poulterers observe a day of atonement and pray for the souls of all the chickens and ducks that they have slaughtered and sold. It is

hinted that they fear the visitation of the feathered ghosts. I confess I approve of the idea of apologising for the greedy destruction of the Creator's minor efforts and I should like to see a word of regret or explanation added to the family grace before or after meals—some delicate compliment to the snowy fleeced lamb, whose cutlets are on the table, or a murmured recognition of the sporting flight of the wild duck—served with slices of lemon and cayenne pepper. Who knows, it is more than possible that tender words may make for tender flesh. In any case if it did not soften their consistency it might soften their lot. The unceasing massacre of the innocent for food is highly reprehensible and a relic of barbarism. Civilization will not be complete until meat diet is abandoned. I trust the next generation will see to it.

Hard water, sun and sea winds had scorched my complexion and I remembered with satisfaction having visited chemists in Tokyo and asked for " something for sunburn." The pleasant Japanese young man had supplied it, assuring me that I should find it successful. So I dug into a suitcase and produced the welcome flacon. I read the instructions. " One application of our bronze sunburn cream put on at night and repeated next morning is guaranteed to produce a rich chestnut colour rivalling any natural sunburn. The tint has been specially manufactured for blondes and in conjunction with fair hair and blue eyes is most seductive."

Oh, the irony of it. I am not a blonde, my hair, what is left of it, is not fair nor my eyes blue. All I had expected and I imagined I had purchased it, was a little soothing ointment to apply after shaving.

I eventually made a present of the pot and its contents to an attractive girl on board another ship, who wore a scanty bathing costume for the greater part of the day. It was entirely successful except that there was not quite enough of the material, and one leg, from the knee down, remained, in contrast to the burnished bronze of the rest of her, a pale anæmic pink.

To-night for the third time in 300 years the shrines and temples of Ieyasu the first of the Tokugawa Shoguns were illuminated and the deep shadows of the groves of Nikko, where even the sunshine with difficulty penetrates, glowed with a thousand lights. For days past young Shinto priests in long

white robes have been hurrying to and fro in the temple precincts and all this evening a crowd of village girls, gay in coloured kimonos, passed and repassed through the shady avenues, bearing the paper lanterns that boys and men were attaching to slender poles along the roadside. Open-mouthed and open-eyed, the little children stood and watched and laughed with joy for it has been an afternoon of holiday and pleasure.

To-night the subdued light of the painted lanterns left vague and ill-defined the walls of moss-grown stone and the straight purple trunks of the great cryptomeria trees—planted when the shrines were built three centuries ago—that border the sloping approach to the sacred buildings. Overhead the dark spreading branches met, to form grotesque designs of sombre green against the blue-black sky. But on the road itself there was light and movement and colour for there were many lanterns and many pilgrims—the people of Nikko and others from afar—and the air was full of the murmur of their voices and the music of their wooden pattens as they clattered on the rough paving. Old men there were and old women ; young parents, the mothers with their infants strapped to their backs, the fathers with the two-year-olds, decked like butterflies and with faces like rosy apples, astride across their shoulders. Demurely, hand in hand, the bigger children walked in front, breaking the line now and again by unpremeditated flight into the crowd to welcome a schoolfellow or to bow low to a little friend. With shy salutations young men in light kimonos greeted the demure maidens of the neighbourhood arrayed in all their finery. There were priests too, and a few soldiers and sailors, awkward schoolboys and bewildered peasants. It was the Japan of long ago for all the world was in its national dress.

Japan is a children's paradise, so assured is their happiness, so deeply is love lavished. But the early years of pleasure are short-lived for school with its rigid discipline soon begins, and when it ends there are the stern realities of life to be faced. And to-night was a children's night. The temple alleys, the long avenues, the courtyards and the great flights of steps were flooded with them, and they were very good to look upon. Poor as may be the parents, old and worn as may be the garments of the elders, there has been no stinting in the children's dress. As one looked down from the stone stairways on to the crowd below it was as if the doors of an aviary of little tropical birds—such birds as no man ever saw—had been opened and the winged

captives released into a fairy forest lit by paper lanterns. Along the wide gently rising slope that forms the final approach to Ieyasu's shrine, sellers of sweetmeats and toys had set up their little stalls. Against the bright lights of the booth the figures of the passing people stood out in sharp relief—here the fantastic head-dress of a woman, there the wide mushroom straw hat of a peasant, or the clear-cut features of a Shinto priest. At the end of this open space a long flight of monumental steps crowned with a stone Torii—the ritual arch of Japan—led to the outer courtyard of the sanctuary. In front of the seven-storied pagoda with its overhanging roofs and its walls and balconies of scarlet lacquer, was set a stage, raised and curtained and brilliantly lit by many lanterns. Before it the crowd stood in silence to watch the Geisha girls who to the sound of tinkling music posed and danced in the studied movements of their classic art. The people overflowed the courtyard on to the great stone stairway above, with its gate of complicated carvings and its images of red raging demons, guardians of the shrine within, till the steps glowed like a vast bouquet of flowers, so full of colour was the scene. And everywhere as a background rose the trees, mysterious and immense.

Beyond this gateway lay yet another enclosure. A single row of inscribed paper lanterns sufficed only to render still more dark the darkness of the surrounding night. Dull red and black, except where some stray beam of light fell upon an ornament of gilded metal, stood the temple buildings, their strange vague outlines lost in the forest gloom. Then unexpectedly, to the right, the courtyard opened out, stretching far away to a wide double flight of grey stone steps. At their summit, raised high above all the rest—except the trees that seemed to reach to heaven—stood the Yomei-mon. A blaze of light, its origin concealed, flooded the great gateway with its intricate mass of white and gold and dull-black carvings and its dark upturned roofs outlined in gilded copper. The effulgence that seemed to issue from its illuminated surface half hid the detail of the carved columns, the crawling contorted dragons, the angry gaping lions and the mass of faded gold ornament that supports the overhanging eaves. A creation of infinite beauty, a triumph of unreality, the Yomei-mon stood, as if carved in luminous tarnished silver, superbly elegant against the sombre unlit background of dark forest trees.

On a great bronze temple-bell a white-robed priest struck the

hour, letting each note linger and tremble and die away before the next was sounded. With the last stroke the lights went out and there was darkness and silence.

. . . . . .

Is there a traveller whose spirit would not be stirred by this paragraph in the standard Guide-book to Japan?

"The Kurile Islands, so named by the Russians from the smoking volcanoes thereon, are called Chishima, or Thousand Islands, by the Japanese to whom they were ceded in 1875, in part exchange for a section of Saghalien. They comprise a lofty sparsely inhabited volcanic chain extending between the south of Kamchatka and the north-east point of Yezo (Hokkaido)."

The paragraph goes on to inform the reader that no part of the Empire of Japan is less known to the foreigner than these islands where the primitive Ainus live and "huge grizzly bears roam practically unhunted." September and October are the best months to visit this far-away region, the guide-book added.

The steamy wet months of summer were drawing to a close and September was due in a few days' time. The fleshpots of the hill-resorts of civilized Japan had begun to pall and even the Shrines and Temples to lose their novelty. A spirit of unrest was in the air and it was yet too early to turn southward toward the tropics. So a few days later, accompanied by an excellent interpreter, I was speeding northward toward Nemuro, a small port that the Japanese have constructed at the extreme eastern point of Hokkaido. From Tokyo to Nemuro is no mean journey—over 1,000 miles by rail, with nearly 100 more by boat between Japan's two main islands. But the wise traveller in the Far East will ignore time and distance.

As the train proceeded northward the smiling gardens of Southern Japan give place little by little to rugged mountains, to windswept open spaces and to forests so dense that they rival those of the tropics in their almost impenetrable growth. Only the vegetation is different. The dark pines and cedars are interspersed with the lighter green of northern deciduous trees garlanded in creepers, and above the rest gaunt skeletons of dead forest giants stand out, their branches draped with trailing grey moss—forests interminable

The island steamer was five days late in leaving Nemuro, a dreary nondescript little port. She was no "ocean liner," the

Hanasaki Maru. She had begun life twenty-six years ago on the Swedish coast and boasted little accommodation for passengers—which after all was reasonable, as few people except a rare official, or men interested in the fisheries, ever visited the islands. But if luxury was wanting there was cleanliness, and sufficient comfort in the dark little saloon and its three adjacent cabins which composed the whole accommodation—and much kindness and courtesy. The Japanese food was good and always interesting. The soups contained as many wonders of the deep as a first-class aquarium, so numerous were the marine ingredients and the rest was equally palatable.

Our ship did not visit the northernmost islands on her voyage of nearly a week, for they are only inhabited—and for a short spell—by a few men of the whaling and fishing industries of Hokkaido. For three days our course lay northward along the shores of the larger islands, touching now and again at the little fishing settlements to discharge stores or to take on board cases of fish.

During the short summer the Kurile Islands are verdant. The forest slopes upward from the shore, stretching away into the uninhabited mountains, dense and wonderful. As we proceeded north the pines give place to stunted deciduous trees and there are wide bare grassy spaces on the hill-tops. Inland, and sometimes on the coast itself, rise great volcanic mountains, very impressive in their symmetry. One at least of them, Chacha-dake on the island of Kunashiri, rises to an altitude of 6,000 feet above the sea-level. While the lower slopes of these volcanoes are wooded the vast cones and craters are bare. From one or two a little smoke issued.

The fishing settlements are all alike, a scattering of small plain wooden houses and huts, and here and there where there is a permanent population with a small school and a Buddhist shrine. From Kunashiri we proceeded to Yetorofu, the larger of the group, an island over 100 miles long and averaging ten or twelve miles in breadth. Here at one or two spots the Japanese Government has attempted a little coastal colonisation. A few sturdy ponies flourish and breed, and cattle can be raised for dairy produce but have to be confined to stables during the winter. In December all communication with the outer world ceases when the coast freezes, and it is not till May, when the spring is propitious, that navigation becomes possible again and steamers can work their way back through the breaking ice. With the

first ships the fishing population returns to reoccupy the deserted settlements.

The Ainu inhabitants of the Kurile Islands, who formerly lived in a state of primitive savagery, have been absorbed by the Japanese settlers. The Ainu girls were attractive and the young Japanese fishermen were lonely. Marriages ensued and, it is said, happy marriages. The present generation of the women no longer tattoo their faces. A prejudice against these primitive people still exists, and " Ainus," and " Ainu extraction," are not mentioned on the Islands ; and often the children of the mixed marriages are kept in ignorance of their mothers' origin. The Ainu women are honest, truthful and good. They are very liable to pulmonary disease, to which the decrease in the number of Ainus in the islands of Northern Japan is largely due. The mixed children inherit this weakness. The men have gradually lost their identity. Some are employed as fishermen but have become to all intents and purposes Japanese in character. The elder generation of much-bearded, drink-addicted barbarians is no longer found in these islands. In one respect the Ainus of the Kuriles are said to maintain their traditions. They insist upon burial, refusing cremation. Idolatry, the cult of totems and the worship of the Bear has disappeared. Some few still preserve their ancient dress but keep it put away in boxes and it is never worn. They were in any case a dying and useless race, a people very degraded and given to excessive drunkenness and their absorption by the Japanese is the happiest solution of their fate. So strong however is the prejudice against them in Hokkaido, where there is no lack of Japanese women, that there is very little mingling of the races. It is no doubt largely owing to the otherwise enforced celibacy of the Japanese fishermen of the Kuriles that led to their intermarriage with the original inhabitants. Ainu settlements exist in Hokkaido, and are preserved and protected by the Japanese authorities, but even there the numbers are decreasing and it will probably be only a comparatively short time before they become extinct.

The island of Yetorofu is the happy home of a great number of grizzly bears. So numerous are they that the Government offers a reward for every bear destroyed ; but the sparse population is too much occupied in fishing to organise bear hunts in the forests. These bears are much feared though they never attack man unless wounded or rarely when surprised. From time to time, attracted by the smell of the whaling or fishing

industry, they approach the settlements and children have been known to meet them on the way to school. They subsist on the thick shoots of the dense bamboo grass until the salmon come up the rivers, when they adopt a fish diet, easily procurable in the shallow waters. From November till April they hibernate. There is no doubt whatever that these bears exist in very large numbers, undisturbed in the uninhabited and unvisited forests. The island of Uruppu, adjacent to Yetorofu, is devoid of them but the Japanese Government is experimenting there with fox-breeding on a large scale. Although successful the results that were expected have not been attained. The foxes are said to be liable to epidemics. Salmon there are everywhere in vast quantities and two thousand have been known to be caught in one cast of the nets. They ascend the little rivers in such profusion that they are described as being at times three or four deep in their progress up-stream. From the small footbridges in some of the settlements I watched a continuous passing of salmon and salmon trout in water not more than a foot or two deep.

Although it was only the first week in September, snow had already fallen and was lying in patches on the mountains, but the weather, so treacherous in these regions, was favourable. The sea was calm and the sky blue, and no fog was encountered until the last day and night of the voyage. But by the end of the month winter will have come—or at the latest early in October—when the fishermen must store their nets and abandon their dreary huts and return to Hokkaido or to such of the rare coast villages as are permanently inhabited. Then the blizzards begin to blow and great ice-floes come sailing down across the sea of Okhotsk and the coast freezes and there is nothing to do but sit over the stoves or cut firewood. For five months all communication with the outer world ceases except through the wireless meteorological station at Shana in Yetorofu.

At some of the places that the steamer visited we went ashore, to walk in long wet grass along the banks of fish-laden streams or on the outskirts of the forest amongst bushes of white hydrangea and great clumps of single deep-red roses. Wild flowers bloomed in every direction, carpeting the earth with colour. But spring and summer are crowded into four short months and the rest of the year is ice and snow and fog and loneliness.

Reader, never, never sing in your bath. It is a custom of positive barbarism. It disturbs your fellow-men and it upsets the universe. Listen and mark what happened to me.

I was awakened on the morning of Monday, September 21st, 1931, by a flood of sunlight streaming into my bedroom. It had been raining almost incessantly for weeks. I was at Nikko in a most comfortable hotel and in the midst of delightful surroundings. That morning Japan was at her best, and Japan at her best approaches Paradise. Beyond the sunlit garden of lawn and rock and pool rose the mountains swathed in forest that glistened and sparkled with the rain that had fallen. The beauty of the scene held me entranced.

I hurried to my bath in order to get out as quickly as possible into those gardens and woods, and in the sheer joy of life I sinned. I sang in my bath—" The Lost Chord," if I remember right, not because it was the kind of song that suited so cheerful a morning but because its time and measure are particularly adapted to the bath. In singing it there is plenty of time for the gasps in between the words, as the cold water bursts over one's head and the chill fluid flows down one's back. " It may be "—sponge, a gasp and a shudder—" that Death's bright "—sponge, a gasp and a shudder—" Angel will speak in that "—sponge, a gasp and a shudder, " Chord again," and so on.

On my way back to my room I met the Japanese proprietor of the hotel. He informed me that hostilities had broken out two days earlier between China and Japan in Manchuria and that the Japanese forces had occupied Mukden. That was the end of singing for that morning. I realised all it might mean—war in Asia and perhaps elsewhere—or at the least another period of depression and anxiety.

A few minutes later a servant brought me the Tokyo newspaper. In great headlines it announced, " England abandons the Gold Standard. World's Markets Closed." Oh, why had I sung in my bath !

I walked to the window and looked out. Across the little lawn lay a pool of still water, so clear that every movement of its tiny gold fish was clearly visible. Above, seated on a ledge of rock was a life-sized figure of the Buddha, cut in a single stone—mysterious and benign. He, at least, " The Great Teacher," was beyond these worldly troubles. To him the Gold Standard was a matter of supreme indifference. No war in Manchuria could disturb his peace. Away above and beyond it all—he certainly never sang in his bath.

As I looked in envy at the calm features of the stone image the whole world shook. The hotel with hideous creakings

rocked and shuddered. The Buddha swayed backward and forward and the head severed at the neck fell with a splash into the pool below. The trunk regained its balance and its seat.

Then I realized it was time to go and I joined the stream of guests and servants that were pouring out into the gardens. As I passed through the hotel door a heavy electric lamp fell with its tall iron standard crashing to the ground. No one in the hotel was injured but in the country round there were many killed and wounded. It was the worst earthquake experienced in Japan since 1923, when Tokyo, the Capital, ceased to exist.

Oh, why had I sung in my bath ? Anyhow it was evidently time to move on and I determined to sail to islands where there were no wars, no earthquakes and no newspapers and no stone Buddhas and where the currency was cowries and bananas. When there is depreciation you wear the one and you eat the other ; a very simple process of conversion.

Chapter XIX

FORMOSA

ON the train that took me from Keelung, the principal port of Northern Formosa, to Taihoku, the Capital, I had the compartment to myself, but not for long. The sliding door at the end of the carriage opened. A man entered and sat down opposite to me. It was quite evident that he was not a first-class passenger. Over the top of my newspaper I looked at him. He was young, swarthy and he squinted. He had moreover an evil countenance. His European clothes were unkempt and much worn. To what nationality he belonged it was impossible to say—one thing was certain, he had aboriginal blood, with a *soupçon*, like bitters in a cocktail, of Chinese admixture. His visage was a permanent scowl. I felt that he was regarding me with interest, but I could not be sure for while one eye peered in my direction the other scanned the landscape through the carriage window. Fascinated, I surreptitiously watched him. From time to time he licked his lips. I had heard much of the brazen audacity of the Formosa head-hunters and their amazing methods of adding to their collections. The thought crossed my mind that this evil-looking person was intent upon the acquisition of my unfortunate and unattractive skull. Suddenly he said, in excellent English :

" You have arrived by the steamer ? "

" I have," I replied.

" You are going to Taihoku ? "

" I am."

" I ought," he went on, " to have been there overnight but the delay in the arrival of the steamer detained me. I am late. My work at the dock-railway kept me. I should have been at early service in Taihoku. You see, I play the harmonium in chapel."

Our steamer was late for we had experienced the outer edge of a typhoon between Kobe and Keelung but warned by the

broadcasted weather report the captain had deviated from the direct course and we had thus escaped its full violence. As it was it was sufficiently unpleasant, a furious wind and a tempest of rain. Things got adrift and the hours of darkness were disturbed by much movement and still more noise, but toward morning the worst was over and we entered the bay of Keelung in brilliant sunshine. Wireless telegraphy renders noble service and the passing of these bursts of Nature's ill-temper are reported from the Philippine Islands in the south, from the China coast, and from Formosa and Japan, so that no properly equipped ship is unwarned of the approaching danger. But a few steamers and many a junk still fall victims to these cruel storms. On the advance of a typhoon every flagstaff at every signal station flies its message of warning and all the small craft within reach seek refuge in sheltered spots, while the vessels out at sea set their helms to avoid the direct brunt of the gale.

An hour in the train takes the traveller from Keelung to Taihoku ; an hour's run through green broken country, the valley irrigated and planted with rice, the hills wooded and little villages scattered here and there amongst groves of bamboos and fruit trees—and then through the outskirts of the town into a spacious station.

The Japanese excel in many things and in none more than the planning and laying-out of new towns. In this respect their efficiency is remarkable and Taihoku is a model of an attractive and eminently suitable Capital for an island with four million inhabitants. Its public buildings are unpretentious—with one exception, the big handsome block of red brick and grey stone that houses the offices of the central Government. The streets, which cross each other at right angles, are wide, often with strips of grass down the centre and double avenues of trees. It presents all the amenities of a modern city and is devoid of those evidences of extravagance in style and expense that mark and mar so many places in the Far East. A few of the more interesting features of the old Chinese town of Taipeh have been left standing, adding a picturesque Oriental feature to an almost typically Western city.

Until Keelung took its place the port of Taihoku was Tamsui, the estuary of the river of the same name served as a harbour. But the depth of the water was insufficient for modern shipping and Tamsui to-day has sunk into insignificance, serving as a port for small craft and for native junks that trade with China or

along the Formosa coast. A friend motored me to Tamsui to pay my respects to a distinguished Consul and his charming wife. It was a delightful drive through the thirteen miles of verdant valley, with ranges of high hills on either hand and constant views of the Tamsui river as it flowed seaward. The British Consulate, which in spite of the decadence of Tamsui is still maintained there, stands high above the estuary in an attractive garden. It is no doubt an inconvenience that the only British Consulate in Formosa should be at a distance both from the Capital and the modern port of Keelung, but the abandonment of so pleasing a residence on a site full of historical interest would be regrettable. In the gardens stands an old Dutch fort, a high massive tower, constructed in the XVIIth century by the early Dutch invaders of the island. The dungeons and the old vaulted rooms and the prisoners' quarters are still extant. To-day the building, but little changed, serves as the Consular office. We climbed the steep stairway to the roof to watch the sun set over the estuary of the river. It would be difficult to imagine anything more placidly beautiful than the scene on that evening of early autumn—the outline of the hills, the deep shadows of the woods, the exquisite luminosity of the green rice-fields, the rose-tinted river and the vast expanse of sea beyond.

Far below us lay a line of anchored junks—the most decorative of all ships—and on board of one that was just leaving the crew were beating gongs as the great sail of yellow matting was hoisted. Away up the river rose the wood smoke of the houses of the native town—a long line of dim roofs amongst groves of trees. Few indeed can be the travellers who would not fall under the spell of the fascinating island that the Portuguese so aptly called " Isla Formosa." Yet how many of these Eastern lands where Nature's exuberance is so manifest, where peace now reigns and the land satisfies with a minimum of endeavour every want, conceal a past of death, cruelty and suffering. Of nowhere probably is this more true than Formosa. Of its state under the aborigines, before the tenor of their existence was molested by mediæval invasions, nothing is known. From the divergence of tradition, language and custom that exist to-day amongst the original inhabitants it may be taken for granted that the land was split up into tribal districts and that the tribes waged war upon each other. Little by little Chinese adventurers, combining the professions of pirate and merchant, sailed over from the mainland

and settled on the fertile plains, adding yet another incentive to strife and dissension. Although China possessed no official title to the island she usurped the monopoly of trade and it was with the permission of the Fokien authorities that the Dutch were permitted in 1623 to open a trading factory in the vicinity of Anping. At this time the Portuguese were already in possession of Macao and the Spaniards installed in the Philippine Islands. Organised in Batavia the Dutch expedition on its arrival at Anping found many Chinese merchants and not a few Japanese residing and trading in the town. Once installed the Dutch attitude became overbearing and the newly arrived authorities adopted a policy of high-handed interference with old-established rights. The pretences under which they had obtained permission to land—a participation in the local commerce—were soon abandoned and it became clear that the object they had in view was no more nor less than permanent occupation. They introduced missions and schools and set to work to convert and educate the aborigines whose goodwill every effort was made to obtain in order to enlist them as allies against all other intruders and against their trade rivals. Open opposition was offered by the Japanese settlers, but so firmly had the Dutch implanted themselves that it was not long before their rivals were forced to give way and to quit the field. But word of the Dutch success and reports of the wealth of the island had reached the Philippine Islands and in 1626 a Spanish expedition appeared in North Formosa. The Spaniards seized Tamsui and the bay of Keelung. In 1640 local war was proclaimed between the two rivals but led to no definite results and it was not until later, when the Spanish forces were recalled on account of disturbances in the Philippines, that the Dutch obtained the upper hand. Left alone in undisputed possession they took in hand the administration of the island and succeeded in gaining the goodwill and the assistance of the aboriginal tribes. But the period of peace was destined to be of short duration. Had the Dutch been able to maintain their position in Formosa the island might well have been spared three centuries of suffering and turmoil and become under the Dominion of the Netherlands as successful and as well governed as the Dutch Indies. But the Chinese, having undermined Dutch influence amongst the aborigines, invaded the island in force under the leadership of a great adventurer, Koxinga. At his instigation the natives rose and after a period of honourable resistance the remnants of the Dutch forces surrendered and

abandoned the island in 1662. Koxinga and his sons, in whose veins flowed both Chinese and Japanese blood, were able to maintain their authority until 1683 when the Chinese Government formally annexed Formosa and took possession. It was at this time that the long tragedy of the island history began, for the Chinese inaugurated a system of persecution of the aborigines who at that time occupied and cultivated the rich Western plains. The infliction of every kind of injury including both cruelty to their persons and confiscation of their properties led to a state of perpetual civil war, during which, driven to desperation, it seems probable that the aborigines adopted the barbarous methods of fighting that they still practise and became ferocious, unrelenting head-hunters, looking upon every stranger as an enemy to be feared and hated, and to be destroyed. Time after time they revolted against the Chinese domination, only to be driven farther back into the jungle-covered mountains. For two centuries Formosa remained in a state of perpetual strife and banditry. The island afforded a handy refuge for the Chinese of the mainland who suffering under the misgovernment of their own people preferred the uncertain dangers of Formosa rather than to continue to support constant ill-treatment at the hands of their own authorities in China. So persistent became the state of civil war, so insecure was life and property, that the local Chinese authorities were forced to enclose the towns with walls as protection against the aboriginal tribesmen and against brigands of their own race. The aborigines, deprived of all that rendered their existence supportable, sank into a state of morbid and savage degeneracy.

When Japan, as a result of her victory over China, acquired under the terms of the Shimonoseki Treaty of 1895 the Island of Formosa, the Government found itself faced by a formidable task. Between one-half and two-thirds of the island was in the undisputed possession of the "savages" and entirely inaccessible. The rest was inhabited by truculent and undisciplined Formosan Chinese and overrun by bandits. Complete administrative chaos existed everywhere. The actual disembarkation of the Japanese troops met with little resistance, though the islanders, as a last attempt to escape annexation, had declared Formosa a Republic and repudiated the sovereignty of China and the rights of the Chinese Government to cede their country to Japan. The loss in killed and wounded suffered by the Japanese was very small but the army suffered severely from the climate and its attendant

maladies. The troops were at war with an enemy that, if it failed to cause many casualties, was both intangible and indiscoverable, while the Japanese were lacking in experience of this kind of warfare. In direct attack upon fortified positions the Japanese soldiers were irresistible, but progress was slow and painful. It was often impossible to distinguish peasant from soldier, or friend or neutral from the enemy, for the Chinese forces were largely ununiformed. On the slightest provocation or encouragement the country people took up arms against the invaders. When six months after their disembarkation in the north, General Nogi entered Tainan in the south, the Japanese forces had suffered the following losses : Killed in action, 164. Wounded, 515. Died of disease, 4,642. Invalided to Japan, 21,748. In hospital in Formosa, 5,246. Nor was the task by any means accomplished. Complete confusion reigned on all sides. The land laws of the island had long been disregarded and the fact of the possession by no means conferred a legal claim.

Under the corrupt Chinese administration there had been no manner of justice. Inexperienced in colonisation the Japanese met with almost insuperable difficulties. Errors were committed and led to constant changes of policy and direction. For the first two years the military authorities were given, or took, complete control and acted with that self-assurance and arrogance that the limited experience of soldiers so often begets. They proceeded from blunder to blunder. In constant conflict with the civil authorities and with the police the representatives of the army nullified the efforts of both by unwarranted interference on every branch of the administration. Nor in their own line—as soldiers—were they successful and their campaigns against the aborigines led to many checks and to not a few disasters. They knew nothing of jungle warfare and its dangers and the first ten years of their attempt to control the " Barbarians " by direct action cost the Japanese 1,900 lives.

In 1902 the Government decided that a complete change of policy was required. Six years of heavy expenditure and of very small results had taught experience and caution. A definite programme of attraction and assimilation was drawn up and introduced. Military predominance was brought to an end. Consideration took the place of harsh treatment. Organisations for the relief of suffering were founded and Japan entered upon a new and happier phase of colonial administration which has led

to a marked degree of success amongst the population of the plains and which, pursued with patience, will ultimately lead to the regeneration and civilisation of the savage tribes. Material progress has been made in every direction. Railways, roads, irrigation works and sanitation have been pushed forward with generosity and efficiency. Agriculture has been encouraged and assisted. The cultivation of the sugar cane has received a great impetus and Formosa is to-day economically independent of Japan. The position is an enviable one and the island possesses two assets of great value besides its many natural resources—its efficient Japanese administration and its hard-working and thrifty Formosan population. They may regard one another a little askance. Their criticism of each other may be at times mordant and rude. There may exist mutual dislike and suspicion, but none the less each is the corollary of the other. The meticulous Japanese and the truculent Formosan form together an excellent ménage. There is little love in the household but the housekeeping is well done. The Japanese likes to govern and he governs. The Formosan loves to make and to save money and he does both. Each is satisfied and convinced of his own superiority over the other. It would be a mistake to expect more. The collaboration of the two races is apparent all over the island. Formosa is China swept and garnished by the Japanese, and the Japanese are very proficient in sweeping and garnishing. They never seem to abandon this favourite occupation and their country is the best swept and the best garnished country in the world, with the cleanest population. To the traveller the habit at times causes inconvenience. There is no escape. There is no respite—no privacy that is not disturbed, no detail that is overlooked. Uncurbed and unrestricted, the habit becomes one of exasperating fussiness.

An excellent railway with sleeping and restaurant cars takes the traveller southward from Taihoku through rich cultivated country across prosperous plains. Rice and sugar cane are the principal crops. On every side villages, far tidier and better built than those of China, are scattered over the land, half-concealed in orchards of trees and groves of bamboo. Here and there the decorated roof of a temple adds to the quiet gaiety of the landscape. Away eastward are the mountains rising in successive tiers to far-away blue peaks of great altitude. From these uplands, rivers, alternately in flood or nearly dry, find an outlet for their waters over wide rock-strewn beds. Now and

again, nearer the sea, the tidal estuaries are navigable for small sailing craft and are dotted with the boats of petty traders and fishermen. The fertility of these plains of Formosa is very great. They give the impression of unrestricted fecundity. Rainfall, the soil, and the sun are united in their effort to respond to man's call upon them and to repay his labour and his toil —for labour and toil the Formosan does. To traverse this prosperous country gives an idea of what a great portion of Southern China might become under a good and stable government. The Formosans under Japanese sovereignty enjoy what the Chinese have never succeeded in attaining, the opportunity to work unmolested and security for their savings.

On my travels in Formosa I was privileged to have as my interpreter, guest and companion a Japanese student of the Taihoku University. He was a young man of twenty-eight years of age who had already graduated at the Waseda University in Tokyo, and was now pursuing a post-graduate course at Taihoku with the intention of taking a second degree. He himself and his career were so typical of Japanese educational life that some account of his interesting and pleasing personality, and his really remarkable efforts to acquire learning, may prove of interest. Born the son of peasants in a distant part of Japan he was, as soon as his age permitted, employed in labour in the fields. But in the soul of this working boy burned the resolve to study. He had no opportunity to attend school but together with one or two other village boys, fired like himself with ambition, he frequented in his spare hours—how few they were—the village temple and learned from the Buddhist priest the rudiments of his own language. In the hours that he could spare from work, and from sleep, he studied and successfully passed the examination that concludes the period of primary education, and, later on, the middle and high school examination, though he had attended neither. Joining a correspondence class he learned some English—to speak, to read and to write. His parents were not in the position to aid him financially but, earning a little money by teaching, he abandoned the fields and in due time passed the entrance examination into the Waseda University and took up his residence in Tokyo. Totally without means he earned his bare living expenses by imparting to others the knowledge that he had acquired through his own unaided efforts—English, the Chinese classics and mathematics. In due

course he took his degree. Intent still upon continuing his studies he sought a university where the expenses and cost of living were less than in the Capital. He chose Taihoku in Formosa. There he continued his studies of English literature and the Chinese classics and other subjects. Incidentally he weakened his eyesight by overwork at night. At the time of my visit to Formosa he was attending the course of lectures of the Professor of English Literature—an Englishman—on "English before Chaucer." He could quote the Venerable Bede and in order to grasp the full significance of the subject he had begun to study Latin and Greek. During his short period of life he had become a devout Christian. He prayed silently from time to time with modest but splendid indifference to his surroundings—in the train or in the wayside inns. Leaning forward upon his seat he would cover his face with his hands and acknowledge with thanksgiving and gratitude the goodness of the God who had helped him to overcome all the many obstacles and difficulties that he had met with in his life.

In appearance my companion was typical of the peasant class of Japan, short and heavily built, awkward in movement and in manner, and timid. In his unbecoming black college uniform trousers, a coat closed to the chin with brass buttons, and an unattractive black peaked cap—and wearing powerful crystal spectacles—he was not an imposing person. But under this homely exterior there was a spirit so admirable, so unworldly, and so righteous that all else was unimportant. His very timidity attracted—his fear to probe the world and its ways or to allow circumstance to interfere with this one ideal of life, scholarship. He had fenced in his horizon—his narrow little world—with a stone wall of learning. He was the prisoner of his own perseverance, shackled by early English literature and manacled with the Chinese classics. The beauties of Nature and art were undiscovered, nor had he any interest in the world and its strange ways. In short, education had confined the natural scope of a brain capable of imaginative creation and was threatening to freeze his soul. Beyond his work he saw or knew little or nothing. He confessed that disturbing thoughts, political doubts and fancies, now and again invaded his vision, but he brushed them aside and gave them no more than a passing thought. What he had not discovered in books or heard in lectures had for him no real existence. It was with this odd but engaging person that I set out on my travels in Formosa. Unaccustomed to physical

exercise he trudged along, often a little behind me, on those delightful excursions that we made together.

As we travelled over the rich plains, in their full season of production, or stood upon the mountain tops, I showed him more than any book ever held—the beauty and magnificence of Nature. His eyes that had so seldom looked further than the pages of the classics perceived for the first time the scrolls of God unfolded—the broken peaks, the strangling jungle ; the rushing waters and the immense trees which, born generations ago will die generations hence ; the passing shadows of a flitting cloud, the flight of birds ; the agile comings and goings of the pathetic-eyed monkeys, and the iridescence on the wings of butterflies. He breathed the sweet pungent fragrance of the forest and listened to the music of its cascades. With all sorts and conditions of men, wayfarers like ourselves, we passed the time of the day—in the third-class carriages of the little mountain railways, on the jungle tracks and in the friendly tea houses of the villages. And my companion learned, as I, thank God, learned long ago, how pleasant are such passing friendships ; when prejudices are abandoned and timidity overcome ; when differences of colour, of race and of religion are forgotten and all that man has done to undo the work of God is laid aside. What happy hours, easy to find for those who know how, but so few know or care.

Sometimes, dear learned student, when you, a Japanese, are burrowing in the sterile graveyard of Early English Literature—nothing later than Chaucer—leave for a time the *Bedae venerabilis ossa* to lie rotting undisturbed at Durham, and ponder on the living world. It is the greatest book that was ever written, with illustrations on every page drawn and coloured by no mortal hand. And when the time comes for you to go forth to impart to another generation the mass of knowledge that you have so diligently and with such admirable fortitude acquired, recall the manifestation of the great Creator in whom you so fervently believe. Tell your pupils that beyond the empty sepulchre of useless knowledge there is a world full of wonders, with doors wide open to him who knows how to crave admittance and that within, beauty and understanding and compassion and sorrow, the elements of salvation, are to be found.

The Formosans have one complaint which may be justified. " We pay," they say, " the taxes but we do not share the full benefits of education. The Japanese occupy a privileged

position." This is true. It may be advisable ; it is perhaps necessary. I am not competent to say. But the Japanese reply is also justified. "You pay taxes," they say, "but you are exempt from military service and from *compulsory* education. We Japanese are not." The Formosans do not demand, and do not want *compulsory* education—and certainly they have no desire for military service. The latter they would never accept, the former would stand in the way of the employment of children, either in the service of others or in assisting their parents. There is much child labour, though there appears to be no particular abuse of it. The Formosan child, like the Chinese, expects and takes as a matter of course, an existence of toil at a minimum wage. By race, hard workers, thrifty to an incredible degree, the Islanders by the force of circumstances, have to labour all the days that their strength permits, trusting to the filial devotion of their children for the means of subsistence when old age comes. What the Formosan desires is increased facilities for the free education of such of their offspring as they wish to be educated.

At Nisui, a junction on the main Taiwan railway, I changed into a noisy puffing little train that takes the traveller to Gwais-hatei, the terminus. There another and simpler means of transit is adopted—the "Push-car." This useful little vehicle consists of a small low platform running on iron wheels on a very narrow-gauge rail. A comfortable cane seat—sheltered from the sun by an awning—is supplied for first-class passengers at a small additional payment, otherwise the traveller sits on his luggage. Each car accommodates two passengers and is propelled by two sturdy Formosans, who push behind. When progressing downhill the coolies jump up and ride. It is a satisfactory means of travel, slow of course when the ascent is steep but it gives the traveller ample opportunity to admire the scenery and on the return journey furnishes many thrills when progressing at what appears to be an excessive speed downhill. There was a little delay in getting started at Nisui as the entire motive power of the cars—that is to say about twenty coolies—were pursuing an aggressive quarrel that threatened at any moment to become open warfare. My interpreter informed me that the discussion was financial—a question of five sen—almost an English penny. As there seemed no chance of starting until the matter was settled, I intervened, and with a noble gesture of generosity presented the aggrieved party with the sum in question. Peace was proclaimed

but the delay continued. Almost overcome by this undemanded and unexpected *beau geste* on my part the whole lot, friends once more again, sat down to talk over and discuss the unusual event entirely outside the experience of any of them—why a total stranger, a foreign Barbarian—and no doubt a lunatic—had pursued so extraordinary a course as to give away so great a sum without either necessity or reason. At length they abandoned the problem as insoluble and we started. The journey to Hori, where we spent the night, and that on into the hills on the following day, were delightful. It was not that the scenery was particularly fine or the views very extensive but there was a complete loveliness about the succession of landscapes. The little man-propelled railway takes the traveller into the heart of the mountain country by valley and gorge that present, each in its turn, enchanting features. The humid atmosphere of Formosa brings vegetation to perfection. The spreading branches of the great forest trees sheltered the undergrowth from the sun's excessive heat. Exquisitely poised tree ferns rose above a host of smaller plants which in turn were interwoven with a network of intricate creepers. The immense leaves of Colocasia and the more delicate Caladium stood out like shields of bright green metal. The trunks and branches of the trees were green with Epiphytes—the orchids were not in flower at this season—and wherever there was sunlight Ipomaea—" Morning Glory "—ran rampant, gay with its blossom of blue or pink and white. Bamboo, perhaps the most graceful of all Nature's tropical extravagances, rose high above the rest ; some to droop earthward again in exquisite curves of budding leaves. Others, the strong and virile varieties, sent their lance-like shoots skyward and erect, piercing the branches of the trees. On every side flowed little mountain streams leaping from rock to rock, the water half hidden in luscious undergrowth, and forming here and there deep moss-grown pools, over which black butterflies were poised on outstretched wings. They had no fear of man these exquisite butterflies of Formosa and over and over again on my jungle walks they would come and settle on my body or my hands. Of infinite variety and of gorgeous colouring, they are wonderful.

We spent the night at Hori, my student companion and I, in a comfortable Japanese inn, where the rare presence of a foreigner awoke all the latent kindness and all the curiosity of a crowd of inhabitants, who in their unceasing endeavour to

render our stay comfortable and to entertain us nearly drove me into a state of blithering idiotcy. It was one long never-ending procession of kind attractive people who passed between the paper walls and the sliding paper screens of my room, who knelt and smiled again until the small hours of the morning. The fact that I publicly undressed and went to bed amongst the silken quilts that were spread for me upon the polished floor, was no deterrent and about half a dozen young women, and the inn-keeper's small children accompanied me to the public bathroom of the inn and watched my ablutions, talking without ceasing and fingering and discussing my soap, my sponge and my tooth-brush. Men and women bathe together in many parts of Japan in complete nudity and I confess I look upon this disregard for nakedness as an instinct of civilisation. It never struck the Japanese people in the past that nudity was immodest. The scanty absurdities that adorn, or so often don't adorn, the bathers of the West add a touch of suggestiveness that would shock the more conservative Japanese. I bathed at Hori in the inn bathroom without hesitation and without a blush. To have done otherwise would have caused offence.

Beyond Hori the " Barbarian Territory " is reached. The many police posts passed *en route* are surrounded by barbed wire entanglements and Batei, the terminus of the little line, is strongly defended by double fencing. Batei was for a long time the limit of the Japanese occupation beyond which no one could proceed without the certainty of losing his head. To-day any person proceeding farther to the present Japanese outposts must be furnished with a permit and accompanied by a police escort. The push-car line ends here and the only means of progress beyond is on foot. A narrow gorge is entered, the track cut in the solid rock, while far below the turgid river flows in eccentric curves between high cliffs. It was quite evidently the duty of my Japanese police escort not only to safeguard me from any possible attack but also to watch my every movement. Yet nothing could have been more friendly or courteous than were those young men in their smart khaki uniforms. But duty is duty and every time I took a photograph out came their little note-books and an entry was made. There was no attempt to interfere with my movements, no protest, merely a note made of the spot and of the view taken. I eventually photographed the policemen themselves and the fact was carefully inscribed. When at the end of my day's excursion I, with every delicacy of

expression that I could muster, asked my escort if I might be allowed to present them with a little souvenir of our warm and rather tiring day, it was refused with admirable tact and pleasantness and without giving the least impression that I had erred in offering it. Above the gorge the valley opens out and the mountain scenery is delightful. A breeze cooled the heated air and the hills around us took every shade of green and blue and purple as the shadows of fast travelling clouds fell upon their steep slopes. An hour of rather strenuous walking brought us to Musha.

On the morning of October 27th, 1930, the little Japanese community of Musha was early astir for it was the day of the annual sports of the Primary school, and one and all—officials, police and civilians—were intent upon the success of the village fête.

The sun set that night upon a burnt and abandoned settlement, strewn with the murdered and headless bodies of men, women and children. A few persons only escaped to carry to the Police Posts farther down the valley the story of the sudden onrush of the neighbouring tribe of aboriginal savages whose recent conduct had given no inkling of their sinister intention. In an access of ferocity they had reverted to their hatred of all men and to their innate propensity for head-hunting.

Musha boasts little more than one wide street of wooden buildings, stores and shops, with a Japanese inn and a row of houses. At the end of the street is a large building containing the Government offices, for it is the seat of the administration of the surrounding " Barbarian Territory " as well as being the furthermost post of the Japanese occupation of this part of the island. Beyond it the mountains rise range above range culminating in series of crests that vary between twelve and thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level. The lower slopes of these mountains are covered with dense forest and are unmapped and unknown. In these fastnesses wander the more remote of the aboriginal tribesmen, whose attitude of hostility renders exploration impossible.

On the outskirts of rebuilt Musha a number of " Savages " have returned and planted their log houses on ground reserved for the purpose. The men cultivate the surroundings field while the women weave their red and white cloth. The children attend the " Barbarian " school. The tribal offspring are described as intelligent, responding to kindness and sympathy, amenable

to discipline and as quickly losing the timidity that marks the attitude of their parents.

All that is visible to-day to tell the story of the tragedy of October, 1930, are the charred ruins of the Japanese school and of the schoolmaster's house, left untouched after the bodies had been removed. In the centre of each blackened space there stands a small inscribed pillar rising from a mass of cut flowers, renewed daily as a tribute to the memory of the dead. The object of the preservation of these two sites, the culminating scene of the massacre—for the terrified women and children had taken refuge in these buildings—is, I was told, psychological, that the Barbarians should recall their act of treachery and their brutal crime.

The penetration of the Japanese into the "Barbarian" country is naturally very slow. The wild tribes, whose origin has never been satisfactorily determined, inhabit the impenetrable mountain jungles that extend along the entire eastern half of the centre of the island for the distance north and south of over 100 miles. Many of these tribes are entirely independent of each other, their languages, appearance, dress and customs differing widely. Obeying laws of their own and strictly disciplined by their chiefs they are strict in their morals, skilled in the pursuit of game and in the art of fishing, and inveterate head-hunters. Their cultivation of the soil is meagre. They are the enemies of all men. Their lot has been a hard one. Inhabiting originally the rich plains of Western Formosa, and no doubt in a higher state of social civilisation than they present to-day, they were driven back by the ever encroaching Chinese invaders over a period of several centuries—despoiled and massacred. They retired into the vast forest, carrying with them little more than an intense hatred of any intruder and a determination to lose no opportunity for revenge. From the jungle-clad hills they raided the Chinese settlers in the plains and it seems possible that it was at this period that they revived their original taste for head-hunting, which during their sojourn in the open country they may likely have practically abandoned. They carried back to their abodes the gruesome trophies of their prowess, to be preserved as heirlooms in their families. Even to-day amongst the primitive tribes only successful head hunters can hope to marry or to obtain a position of influence amongst their own people. In the case of certain of the tribes that have come under the civilizing influence of the Japanese, monkeys' heads have been

substituted for human ones, with some success, as a compromise. The heads no longer are evidence of courage and skilful hunting, but from a decorative point of view seem to be recognized as sufficiently resembling human features to be acceptable. There are probably about 130,000 of these savage tribesmen still existing in Formosa.

When, at the termination of the Sino-Japanese war of 1895, Formosa, or Taiwan, as it is called locally, passed into Japanese possession, the Government entered upon its arduous task of the pacification and occupation of the island. The former Chinese administration had been ineffective, cruel and corrupt. Civil war, not only between Chinese and aborigines but also between various Formosan sections of the population, had prevented all progress. The land was overrun by brigands and bandits. Rebellion against any form of authority was constant. The question of the "Savages" inhabiting more than a third of the island was acute and its solution presented immense difficulties. The Japanese were inexperienced in colonization and the climate—very hot and very damp—played havoc with the troops.

The task that lay before the Japanese was no light one. Japan had herself only thirty years previously emerged from a state of feudalism. The civilisation she had then adopted she had now to introduce into a disordered and disorderly island with over three million inhabitants. Their work was fraught with difficulties. There were errors of judgment and misunderstandings but the faults of administration—and they were many—were recognized and remedied. In the end success was achieved and Formosa presents to-day an example of admirably efficient administration. The occupied portion of the island is peaceful and prosperous and Japan has reason to be proud of her handiwork. There remains always the question of the "Barbarians." Japan's earlier efforts toward the solution of this problem were unsuccessful. The jungle rendered all attempts to subjugate the enemy tribes by direct military action, ineffective and at times disastrous. The "Savages" remained indiscoverable except when they themselves raided or attacked. A change of policy was effected. A cordon of Police Posts was installed along the borders of the Barbarian Territory to prevent a continuance of tribal incursions, raids which in a space of three years had cost the Japanese close upon 2,000 lives. At the same time access to the territory was entirely cut off and the tribes

were thereby deprived of the opportunity of obtaining arms and ammunition. A policy of attraction replaced military action and contact was, not without difficulty, established. As near as safety permitted to the native settlements, schools were constructed, while tribal youths were sent to be educated at medical colleges to return later to their native regions in the capacity of doctors. Agriculture was encouraged and assisted. Little by little the nearer tribes showed signs of abandoning some at least of their crude savagery and adopted a modicum of civilization. This limited success led unfortunately to over-confidence and at Musha, situated on the borders of a district that harboured perhaps the most barbarous of the much tattooed tribes—the Atayal—errors were committed and precautions neglected. Discipline amongst the Japanese police was unduly relaxed. There appear to have been abuses in the treatment of tribal women and in the payment of native labour. Lulled by the atmosphere of security the local authorities failed to perceive the danger. It ended in the massacre of October, 1930.

As soon as the news of the tragedy reached the Japanese officials aeroplanes were dispatched to bombard the guilty tribesmen but they had already taken to the jungle. A punitive expedition led to insignificant results and it was not until other Barbarian tribes were charged with the punishment of the murderers that success was obtained. Hunted down by men who understood forest warfare as well as they did themselves and who were also keen and enthusiastic head-hunters, the guilty tribesmen were either slain or dispersed. Their chief, in desperation at the flight of his people, took his own life. The Japanese local officials to whom blame was attached for the conduct that led to the massacre, were punished. Then the incident was closed and the Japanese administration resumed its previous policy of attraction. " Barbarian " tribesmen returned to Musha. There was nothing to fear. Except that precautions were taken for the future the attitude of the authorities toward the " Savages " was uninfluenced by the tragic incident. Schools were rebuilt on new sites and ground was granted for native settlements. The savages were received with sympathy and every endeavour was made to win their regard and loyalty. They had been chastised and paid the penalty of their crime. It remained now only to win them over. They were encouraged to enter the occupied territories in search of work and for the purpose of barter and trade. Their women now venture far

afield and even travel on the little mountain railways that penetrate as far as the limits of the unexplored and unknown regions. While the men wear the scantiest of clothing, and that almost confined to their shoulders and backs, the women are adopting imported stuffs and odds and ends of finery. Often the men and women are handsome, with a strange attractive appearance that exhibits both haughtiness and timidity. Their features are regular and particularly fine and amongst both sexes are many examples of a highly refined type. They appear to be intelligent and are extremely interested in all they see. The presence of the writer in a railway carriage on one of the remote mountain lines was a constant source of interest to a group of native women whose goodwill he won by the gift of a magazine with coloured illustrations.

Already many Barbarians have crossed the frontier and settled in the occupied lands. The favourite profession of the young tribesmen—a profession in which they excel—is that of sub-policemen. I was told by the Japanese authorities that they are trustworthy, truthful and efficient. The work of reclamation is necessarily slow and it will be long before the forest becomes accessible and the wild tribesmen abandon their head-hunting. But progress is being made. Just across the valley from Musha, and in full view of the outpost, lie Barbarian villages whose inhabitants frequent the local market and whose children attend the Japanese school, but any attempt on the part of a stranger—Japanese or foreigner—to venture even that short distance would be an act of unwarrantable rashness. He would almost certainly lose his head.

The Japanese are pursuing their admirable work with infinite patience. Their determination not to permit the incident of Musha to deter them from their humane endeavour is evidence of their resolve to succeed in their arduous and worthy task.

We returned the same night to Hori, arriving just as the sun set. The journey was made in much quicker time and our push-cars pursued their rapid course at an exhilarating pace, the laugh-noisy Formosans standing behind our cane seats and only descending when a rise in the line necessitated their labour. The next morning we were off early and three hours of delightful travel, once more on the fast progressing push-car, brought us to Goiji, where at a little wayside restaurant we breakfasted, a small crowd watching with evident interest the foreigner eat. There is much movement nowadays in the one long street of Goiji for

it is near that spot that the Taiwan Power Company are constructing their vast hydro-electric works which, it is intended, will distribute electric power all over Formosa. At Goiji the motor road that the company have constructed to the works connects with the push-car line, pending the construction of a railway. There are signs of prosperity in this far-off townlet of Formosa, and shops and houses were being constructed in all directions.

From the Japanese proprietress of the little restaurant we obtained a guide to accompany us on the hour's walk to Lake Candidius. He was a sturdy Formosan youth, whose duty it was to boil rice for the native clientele of the little eating-shop. His good-natured smiling face made it clear that he preferred the idea of our excursion to his culinary task at home. He spoke Japanese fluently so that I was able, through my interpreter, to benefit from his store of local knowledge and his sense of humour. He had a fund of intelligent information about the surrounding country and its denizens. The neighbouring jungle had been his playground and he knew the native names and habits of the birds, the animals, the butterflies and the flowers. Particularly wise was he about the local snakes, a useful branch of knowledge, for the district is infested with poisonous serpents. The medicinal properties of plants sought by the Chinese doctors were well known to him, as were the purposes to which each was put. The insects he recognized by their shrill notes and discoursed on their habits and seasons. The birds were his friends, he said, and knew him by sight. When I asked if there were monkeys in the jungle he bade me follow him in silence a little way into the thicket. There he beckoned me to crouch down and putting the back of his hand to his lips he produced a series of little spluttering sounds mingled with a gentle whistle. The monkeys appeared in the branches overhead—delicate dark long-tailed little creatures that leapt immense distances from tree to tree, emitting faint cries while they peeped at us through the overhanging foliage. He took us to the lake by short cuts through the jungle, pushing our way amongst great terrestial ferns, under low tunnels of tangled creepers and across little streams with moss-grown banks. And all the while he talked and laughed and taught, for his store of knowledge seemed unlimited. Then he told us about himself. He was sixteen years of age and wanted to get married but had no money and it cost at least thirty yen—about £3—to get married. Else one had to be adopted into one's

wife's family and work for her parents instead of for one's own, which was not good because a son's first duty was to his own parents. The Chinese classics made that quite clear. It was true his father was dead but his mother had married again and he did not at all want to support his stepfather who beat him at times, because he ran away from the rice boiling and went to the jungle which he loved with all its birds and beasts and insects. But he would never desert his mother unless celibacy became unbearable, when he would get himself adopted and change his name and enter another family, and become quite someone else. It was all very difficult. Was it so difficult in England? And meanwhile we walked on, my interpreter panting a little, wiping his good-natured round face with his handkerchief and saying in his excellent English, "The scholarly pursuits of my life have not accustomed me to strenuous exercise and the temperature dismays me. The perforations of my skin exude perspiration." We were an amusing little party—I in a white suit and sun helmet, camera in hand. My interpreter in his dusty dishevelled black university uniform and the young Formosan in nothing but a pair of very tight and very limited white shorts, concealing as little of his body as was compatible with the local police regulations. That he was enjoying himself was evident. His comment on the world and its ways rippled on, now in jungle lore, now in mordant criticism of his fellow men, now in the happy snatches of a song or in some ribald jest at the expense of his fellow countrymen working on the road—who would laugh and heave a clod of earth at him as he passed. By the time we reached the lake his plans were complete. I was to take him with me on my travels. He would boil the rice for our meals and learn English. His geographical knowledge was limited but he had heard of England—a great country that owned half the world and never hesitated to take whatever it wanted anywhere. Poor Japan had only got Formosa with its poisonous snakes. If it hadn't been for the snakes England would have taken Formosa long ago and all the Formosans would have been rich to-day and he would have been married by now, and very likely divorced and married again, once or twice, because he too could afford to change his wife from time to time. But as it was, Japan had taken Formosa and he had to cook rice.

On the lakeside we drank sugary syrups in a little tea-house and the youth showed me off to half a dozen Formosan friends and told great tales, and someone brought us a dish of delicious

cold Papaya fruit and little slices of limes to squeeze over it and we sat in the cool shade under the great forest trees with the calm waters of the lake before us, stretching away to the other bank a mile or two across a bay, clothed, like the high mountains around, in dense vegetation. And on the surface of the placid water the woods and the hills were reflected so clearly that one might have turned the landscape upside down and been none the wiser. A little boat or two, with fishermen plying their trade, lay motionless here and there. A couple of cheery Formosans launched a canoe and rowed me along the shore, in places overhung with the branches of trees, to a settlement of aborigines, where under more civilized conditions the wild people had settled down to cultivate an open space. In the afternoon we walked back by the same jungle track and fed again at the clean little eating-house on excellent Japanese food while a crowd of wondering children watched and discussed me.

When it was time to depart my scholar-interpreter and I mounted the little push-car and it was with difficulty that we prevented our young Formosan friend from accompanying us. "But I will cook the rice," he cried again and again. "I want no wages, nothing, and I will cook the rice." As the coolies started the car he was still standing there depressed and inconsolable. With a noisy clamour the little procession of cars rattled on their way, each with its two men to push it, down the valley. At Gwaishefai we alighted and took the local train to Nisui in the plains, where, joining the main railway, we caught the express to Kagi, an important town an hour and a half journey to the south. Our return to the plains was not of long duration for early the next morning we started for Ari. The little mountain railway that transports the traveller into this region of Formosa is an extraordinary feat of engineering. The absurd puffing mountain train with its specially built American locomotive climbs the most astounding heights and passes through 73 tunnels and crosses 70 bridges on its course of 50 miles. In two or three hours the train, starting in the plains, has reached an elevation of 7,000 feet above sea level. Its progress is of course slow—an average of just over seven miles an hour—but when the gradients are taken into consideration there is little reason for surprise. Nor does hurry enter anywhere into the programme. There are delays at many stations for the shunting of trucks. The object of the construction of this costly line was as an outlet for the valuable timber for the forests of these mountain districts

are very extensive. All along the line one sees trucks laden with huge sections of tree trunks waiting the passing of the passenger train to resume the journey to the plains.

The scenery is magnificent. From the railway with its turns and twists and its zig-zags the traveller gazes down over immense valleys, the mountains on both sides clothed with forest. In the depths rush rivers, over rock-strewn courses. One mountain, known as the Solitary Peak, the railway encircles three times, passing from tunnel to tunnel as it ascends. From the highest point of the line the two lower encircling loops are visible far below. A narrow ridge joins the Solitary Peak to the main chain of mountains and along this ridge, with precipices on either hand, the train proceeds. One is now amongst immense Conifers, in a cooler climate ; vast trees with trunks measuring from fifty to sixty feet in circumference and of great height, but rugged and torn and wind swept. One of the species of Conifer found in this region—the Belis lanceolata—is very valuable and one of the few products of Nature the demand for which has not decreased, for every Formosan insists, if it is possible, that his coffin should be constructed of this enduring wood. He will make almost any sacrifice for this end. In fact at a time when the ingenuity of man had failed so often to maintain prices, death has succeeded to mock the economic crisis.

Much afforestation is proceeding in these mountain regions and every slope denuded of its trees is being replanted but principally with Conifers of American origin. Great damage has been occasioned in the past by forest fires and in places the charred trunks protrude, black and gaunt, above the scrub. Near the station of Ari, there is an immense example of one of the great trees—Chamaecyparis formosensis—the trunk of which requires the outstretched arms of seventeen men to span it. Modern American machinery is used in the felling of the timber with overhead cables for the hauling of the logs up to the railway above.

From the summit of these high mountains we looked eastward over a succession of still more elevated peaks, one at least of which reaches an altitude of 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The whole of these regions, unexplored and unknown, are still to-day the haunts of the aboriginal tribes. It is in this " Savage " country, as it is called, that the untouched forests are found, but it will be many years before a state of security will permit of their being exploited. The most valuable of all the forest products is

Camphor. The trees were much sought after in the past by the Chinese and great havoc was committed, for to procure the camphor the tree must be felled and cut up. The production is to-day a valuable government monopoly and Formosa is by far the largest, and almost the only, producer. The revenue accruing to the Government from the Camphor industry is about £300,000 per annum. The trees grow to great size and a good specimen will produce as much as £500 worth of gum and oil. The rough products are extracted in the forest itself to be carried to the central factory at Taihoku, where the camphor crystals—"Flower of camphor"—are distilled and prepared for export. This lucrative trade has tempted many Chinese to penetrate rashly into the forest and numbers have lost their heads to the raiding aborigines and their grinning skulls still decorate the remote abodes of the wild tribesmen.

From Ari I returned to the plains again. There are only third-class carriages on the train—long narrow compartments in which the travellers sit face to face, their knees almost meeting down the centre of the car. The passengers were, as might be expected, a mixed lot. There was a Japanese official, dapper and sallow, in plus-fours and a civil uniform cap. At every station the official world was drawn up to meet him but he seldom alighted. From the window he bowed in return to their profuse salutations, flourishing a bundle of papers in one hand while he conveyed bananas to his mouth with the other, for at every station he was presented with a basket of fruit. He gave many orders. The right to give orders is the height of the ambition of a Japanese. My interpreter whispered to me, "He is evidently very important, a famous man. Hear how many orders he gives! My God, how many orders he gives!" The functionary spoke a little English and was full of information. He knew the exact altitude of every station above the level of the sea, above the last station, and above the river bed. While he filled himself with bananas he filled me with figures—from the number of victims of railway accidents on the line—and in the early days they were many—to the revenue produced by the station fruit stalls. The only fact that failed to interest him was the gorgeous panorama of surpassingly beautiful scenery that met our eyes. To him a precipice was only a possible landslide.

Most of our fellow passengers were Formosans, big sturdy men as a rule, a little shy, with more than a grain of humour, watching the rarely seen foreigner with interest and amusement and talking

in whispers to one another. Soon after leaving Ari a little stir was caused by the entrance into the compartment of two aboriginal women, evidently persons of some importance for they were well dressed and much bedecked. They belonged to the Tsou tribe and presented a curious combination of haughtiness and timidity. Their male relations, cautiously avoiding the proximity of human companions, rode on a pile of timber in an open truck immediately behind our carriage—finely built, handsome savages, in a state of almost complete nudity. One or two other women of more lowly condition and half a dozen attractive children accompanied the men. An illustrated magazine that I was reading soon attracted the attention of my lady fellow-travellers, one of whom was seated beside me. Up till then they had demurely kept their eyes fixed upon the floor, but the bright colours of my book's pages were irresistible. Their shyness disappeared, they began to discuss together the illustrations that I now frankly held out for them to see. Unfortunately there was no one in the compartment who knew their tongue, but their own quick and intelligent minds evidently sufficed to give them a clear indication of what the pictures represented. When a little later they left the carriage I made them a present of the magazine to their quite evident delight. They stepped down to the platform thrilled and happy. Both were handsome women of refined type, bearing themselves with dignity and of fine carriage. Women of the Tsou tribe do not tattoo their faces, a custom which renders so unattractive their sisters of the Atawal people. Their dress was clean and voluminous and they wore many trinkets, necklaces of metal and glass beads and large gilt ear-rings in the Chinese style. It was evident that they had come into contact with civilisation and adopted some of its refinements. The men on the contrary were typical but attractive Barbarians. Their long hair partly concealed and bound into a sort of hood, was drawn forward from the nape of the neck to hang in a heavy fringe over the forehead, descending as far as the eyebrows. One, a chief, wore on his head his sign of office, a long white feather.

Formosa is a most beautiful island and much did I regret my inability to remain longer in that very attractive country. The Japanese give every facility to the traveller and are desirous that the place be more often visited and better known. The Formosans struck me as sturdy hard-working good-natured people, pleasant to travel amongst and easily satisfied. The smallest

act of generosity met with profound appreciation, as being quite unlooked for. In a country where living is very cheap and there is little wealth, where the officials' salaries are small and allow of no extravagances, any little addition to the strictly legal payment meets with surprise and pleasure.

It was with regret that I turned my steps northward again, and after a night at Taihoku, embarked once more for Japan.

Chapter XX

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS UNDER JAPANESE MANDATE

IN 1899 the Spanish Government, deprived of the Philippine Islands and Guam by the terms of the treaty of peace that followed the Spanish-American War, sold to Germany its remaining possessions in the Pacific—the Caroline and the Mariana archipelagos. In 1920 the Council of the League of Nations charged the Japanese Government with a mandate over these and the Marshall groups, which since the opening of the World War had been occupied by a Japanese defence force. In 1921-22 the Japanese garrison was withdrawn and the contro passed into the hands of a civil Japanese administration known as "The South Seas Bureau," which continues in operation to-day.

The three archipelagos—the Mariana, the Caroline and the Marshall—lie scattered over a vast expanse of ocean in the form of a triangle. The base is constituted by the Caroline and Marshall group which, at a distance of only a few degrees from the equator, extend east and west for over 2,500 miles. The apex is the farthest removed of the Mariana group, 1,200 miles to the north. So remote is the situation of these islands, and so far are they apart, that the writer's journey from Japan to the three archipelagos and on to Davao in the Philippine Islands necessitated a voyage of over 7,000 miles. Yet in all this ocean vastness the aggregate area of the land surface of the three groups, comprising 623 islands besides hundreds of smaller islets and reefs, is only 700 square miles.

It was in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that little by little these islands were discovered and reported. The first recorded navigator to penetrate these seas was the Portuguese Diego da Rocha, who sighted certain of the islands in 1526, the same year in which Magellan recorded the existence of Guam, Saipan and Tinian in the Mariana group. Two years later the Spaniard Saavedra visited and described one of the

minor groups. The Palau Islands were added to the map by Villalobos in 1542, though Drake had previously seen Yap. In 1686 Lazeano penetrated farther afield and gave to the southern archipelago the name that it still bears, "Las Islas Carolinas," after King Carol II of Spain. But the combined discoveries of these early navigators were limited and it was not till a survey was undertaken in 1824 by the French ship, *La Coquille*—and four years later by the Russian corvette, *Seniavine*—that precise knowledge was acquired as to their relative positions and importance.

The native population of the three archipelagos—to which in more recent days the geographical title of Micronesia has been given—are no doubt the descendants of Malayans from the west and Polynesians from the east, with some Melanesian blood from the south, but there are marked distinctions between the inhabitants of the different groups. Two divisions are widely separated—the Chamorros and the Kanakas. The former, who number in all about 3,000, are reported to be the more intelligent. They are found in the Mariana group and in the island of Yap and Palau (Pelew) in the western Carolines. Their original home is said to have been Guam. The Japanese authorities report that while the Kanaka population remains stationary in numbers the Chamorros are increasing. The Kanakas are far more numerous, numbering about 45,000, but the name includes many different types of Pacific islander. In the western islands the trace of Malay origin is very evident while farther east Polynesian characteristics predominate. To the south the type is more Melanesian. The Chamorros and Kanakas, although amicably disposed, live entirely separate, the Chamorros considering themselves a superior and more civilized race. Many languages are spoken in the archipelagos and often the dialects of islands of the same groups are so different as to be unintelligible to the neighbours. To-day under the Japanese Mandate the Japanese language is being introduced as the inter-island tongue and is already known and spoken amongst the majority of the younger generation within reach of educational facilities. Unfortunately it is a difficult tongue to acquire.

The natives of the islands vary in character as they vary in appearance, but as a general statement they may be described as docile, law-abiding, thriftless and idle. Nature supplies them, at little or no cost and almost without effort on their part, with practically all that they require, for except near the settlements

they wear little or no clothing while their food consists almost entirely of wild fruits and wild vegetables. A few seeds scattered broadcast generally produce a crop in excess of requirements, without cultivation or attention. The staple articles of diet are, however, the coco-nut and the bread fruit. The former flourishes in all the coral islands and along the coasts of the mountainous groups while the latter grows wild in profusion in the forests. To vary the menu the native has, almost at the sole effort of gathering them, the yam and taro, the banana and papaya. Fish there are in abundance, and pigs both wild and domestic. On some of the islands deer abound. For luxuries, easily obtained by barter, there are oranges and lemons, mangoes and pineapples. With such a choice of diet it is perhaps little wonder that the natives are disinclined to work. Such tasks as they will consent to engage in are as a rule inefficiently performed and only undertaken intermittently. The period of employment is seldom prolonged and rarely lasts more than the time required to gain a specific sum for a specific purpose. The result is that the native as a factor in the agricultural and industrial future of the islands will play a very insignificant part. Even at his best he is rated, both in efficiency and in wage, at less than half the value of the imported Japanese. The only place where continuous native labour is employed—though even here the individual never contracts for more than one year's work—is at the phosphate mines in Angaur, where as many as 450 men are usually at work, of whom about 350 are natives.

The difficulty of obtaining local labour has led to the introduction of a large number of Japanese workers, the majority of them coming from the Luchu Islands which lie between southern Japan and Formosa. Although they are Japanese subjects they are in character and language more closely allied to the Chinese, with whom in the past they were intimately connected, and are described as being honest and hard-working but grasping and difficult to handle. They show a remarkable capacity for combination and in these South Sea islands they have already formed effective trade-unions. The Japanese of pure origin are as a rule reluctant to emigrate and form but a very small minority of the 18,000 subjects of Japan who have come and settled in the islands. The immigrants are for the most part employed in the cultivation of sugar-cane, or in the sugar refineries of Saipan and Tinian, or are engaged in the fishing industry. Thus they are not actually in competition with native labour, for the sugar and

fishing industries have only recently been introduced. Nor was foreign labour engaged until native labour had proved to be inefficient even where and when procurable.

Were the problem of the future of 48,000 natives of the islands limited to their employment in industry it would not be one of a very serious importance, for industry is, and is likely to remain, very restricted. But the natives are at the same time the principal proprietors of the soil, that is to say the owners of the greater part of the surface area. Unfortunately they are as inefficient and as idle in their agricultural pursuits as they are in their other work, with the result that a great extent of the islands consists of uncleared and unproductive forest land. Such coco-nut plantations as they own are decreasing in value, owing to neglect and to the economic situation which renders barely remunerative the harvesting of the coco-nut and the preparation of copra. Meanwhile they are bringing no new land under cultivation so that the area of agricultural and productive property on the main islands is extremely small. Nor is there much inducement for the native to increase it. The forest land which is mainly owned by individual natives, or by native communities, produces all they require for their subsistence without any effort on their part. They have only to pluck the wild fruits and to carry them home. But besides its economic aspect the question presents another and more important consideration—its political and social significance. What is to be the future of these 48,000 natives?

By the existing law the proprietorship of native land cannot be transferred by purchase, or by any other means, to a foreigner—Japanese or other—though it can be disposed of amongst the natives themselves. Were this regulation to be repealed there is little doubt that the natives, thriftless, ignorant and careless, would be tempted to sell for a handful of silver their rights of possession and would in a very short period of time have spent the sum received, to find themselves without land and without money. By the existing laws the natives are permitted, with the consent of the Japanese authorities, to lease land to foreigners, but so incapable are the majority of them to safeguard their own interest that such leases are bound to result in abuses. In other countries where similar circumstances are found this system of direct lease between native and foreigner has proved very unsatisfactory. It would be infinitely preferable that the Government should become the tenant, on a long lease, of the native

lands and that the Government should sub-let to the foreigner. The natives would thus be assured of a rental over a long period of time guaranteed and paid by the Government, which in turn would collect the rent from the foreigner. The abuses which otherwise are bound to ensue where the land is directly leased by the natives to the foreigner would be avoided. Owing to their dependence for subsistence on the wild fruit trees of the forest all leases should contain clauses to protect, in totality or in sufficient quantity, these necessary sources of supply. If the Japanese Government is unfortunate in that the 48,000 natives of the islands are idle, it can at least congratulate itself that a bountiful and beneficent nature supplies them with food.

In accepting a mandate over these islands the Japanese Government took upon itself a task of no little responsibility. Their remote situation and the distances that separate them—an average of over 400 miles in the case of the more important islands—renders administration complicated, arduous and expensive. Each small centre requires the equipment and staff that would have sufficed for a much more extensive region. The life of the officials is one of exile, far removed from their homes and cut off from the world, without any compensating advantages. The climate is hot, damp and enervating, and there are few or no congenial occupations. Nor is there local encouragement, for the native is too indifferent to appreciate the excellent work that is being carried on for his benefit, and in certain islands, more especially Yap and the Palau group, he has set his face sternly against progress and civilization and adheres with tenacity to the customs and superstitions of his ancestors. Yet little is known abroad of Japan's self-imposed task, and it was with evident satisfaction that the Japanese local officials found an opportunity to point out to the writer during his six weeks' visit to the islands the results of so much excellent endeavour and efficiency. It is to their efforts that success is so largely due. The administration of justice, education, hygiene and sanitation, research work, and the moral and physical training of the young, have all received due consideration. The general principle underlying the civil law is that all cases shall be dealt with in conformity with local customs, unless contrary to public order or good morals. In criminal cases the code of Japan holds good. The law-abiding instincts of the people render the policing of the islands an easy task and the number of the police force is remarkably small—about 110 altogether. The men are enlisted

from Japanese and Native sources in the proportion of three Japanese to one native.

Free primary education is afforded to native children above the age of eight years. In places where it is necessary or advisable the children are clothed and fed at government expense. Medical treatment is furnished. Although the difficulties of communication impede general education 45 per cent. of school-age children—between eight and fourteen—attend school, the total number of native pupils exceeding 2,500. Children from the smaller islands are received as boarders, and some 320 boys are being lodged, clothed and nourished. A certain amount of technical instruction is given, the subjects being carpentry, the forging of metal and other handicraft. There are also short-term classes in agriculture. The writer visited many of the schools, in which the teachers are trained Japanese instructors. One and all reported the native children to lack intelligence but to be willing to learn. During class the boys are neatly dressed in shorts and singlets, but in many places they discard their clothes immediately they leave the building and only don them again on their return.

In the mission schools the instruction given is principally on religious subjects. One or two have boarding-houses for boys, and food and clothing are supplied in special cases. Japanese is to-day being taught in a few of these mission schools—a necessary innovation in the interests of the children. Christian pupils attending the government schools, where there is no religious instruction, attend divinity classes at the missions of their respective churches. The mission schools are free of Japanese supervision but must comply with simple regulations as to registration and the furnishing of annual reports. The fact that the Christian missions in the islands receive substantial financial aid from the Japanese Government is sufficient proof of the liberty of conscience under the Japanese administration. An official declaration states that " the Japanese Government, considering that Christianity is the faith best suited to the natives " has charged the Congregational Church of Japan to undertake missionary work. At the same time the Japanese Catholic Church was encouraged to enter the mission field and since 1931 has been assisted by Spanish priests. The latest Japanese statistics available show that about 30,000 of the 48,000 natives profess Christianity, of whom over 16,000 are Catholics and over 13,000 Protestants. To minister to their

spiritual needs there are nearly thirty missionaries, with native pastors and assistants. Several of the missions have been long established, that of the American Board of the Congregational Church for about eighty years.

There is no doubt that the native's knowledge and understanding of Christianity is very small, though it is probably sufficient for his spiritual needs. When we take into account all the endeavour, sacrifice and care that has been expended by the estimable missionaries upon the education and moral welfare of the islanders it must be confessed that the material progress has been slow, in spite of the number of converts. It is certainly true that very few of the natives ever emerge from the state of undeveloped intelligence and moral irresponsibility that mark every phase of their existence, and Christianity, though fervently accepted and often hysterically practised, seems more a continuation in a new and happier guise of earlier superstitions than a break with the past and the adoption of a new religion. It often takes but little to provoke in places of Christian worship the dancing that they have been taught to suppress as unseemly and heathenish in the forest. The native elders of the congregation have been known to demonstrate their faith by prancing round the church with wild gesticulations and uttering raucous cries, while the rest of the worshippers are struggling with one another in a state of almost frenzied riot. Long years of instruction have not sufficed to suppress the promiscuity that marks the relations of the sexes both within and without the bonds of matrimony. In some of the islands the native has adopted clothes—often a doubtful advantage. Under missionary guidance the womenkind were taken from their primitive semi-nudity and clothed in the most unbecoming of garments, resembling the homely nightgown depicted in the caricaturist's drawings of early Victorian days. It seems hard that if these island women are not permitted to introduce new styles of dress they should not at least be allowed to follow the evolution in the fashion of female night apparel in civilized countries, which I am told has in late years been remarkable.

In hygiene much has been accomplished, especially in the very important question of the supplies of drinking water. The introduction of galvanized iron roofs facilitates a clean supply, as the rainfall all over the archipelagos is abundant. In many of the islands the inhabitants are entirely dependent on the rain for fresh water. Few of the more serious tropical diseases are

known in the islands, their remoteness and inaccessibility having kept them free of infection. Malaria is non-existent owing to the absence of the malaria-carrying mosquito. Dysentery (amœbic) and frambœsia, dengue fever, hookworm and maladies due to intestinal parasites are common. Skin diseases are more temporarily disfiguring than serious. The prevalence of frambœsia has been diminished by treatment with salvarsan. Intestinal parasites affect 90 per cent. of the population and hookworm between 40 and 50 per cent. Venereal disease is known but is not prevalent. Leprosy is rare and cases are as far as possible segregated. The public health of the inhabitants of the island of Yap causes the authorities considerable anxiety on account of the prevalence of tuberculosis. Every effort is being made to combat the malady, but with little success ; and in 1929, 55 per cent. of the deaths amongst the inhabitants were due to tuberculosis in some form or other and 44 per cent. to tuberculosis of the lungs. The death rate from the disease is 30 per 1,000.

The South Sea islands of Micronesia vary much in formation and in appearance. Those of the Mariana group are mountainous with active volcanoes. In the Marshall archipelago, on the contrary, none of the islands rises more than a few feet above the level of the sea, being atolls of coral formation with a central lagoon surrounded by an encircling reef dotted with islands. The lagoon of Taluit is twenty-five miles in circumference. In these coral islands the vegetation is limited to trees and plants that will flourish in brackish water and support strong sea winds. The coco-nut palm predominates and is often the only source of food supply. The principal islands of the Caroline archipelago, with the exception of the Palau group, are of basalt formation and are densely forested, but round their shores and in their vicinity reefs and coral islands have sprung up, forming at places not only barriers that create sheltered anchorages but even separate and distinct clusters of islands. The Palau group, in the western Carolines, is of volcanic origin and the islands are remarkable for their broken coast line and for the number of small conical wooded islets clustered in the straits that separate them. Here again the land is forest-clad, but there is a much greater variety of vegetation than is found elsewhere and the scenery is very attractive. A coral reef encircles the group. In all the islands there is a very noticeable absence of animal and bird life. The wild boar and the wild goat are the descendants of domestic

animals. Monkeys and snakes are unknown, and crocodiles are not found in any of the islands east of the Palau group. Birds ashore are few, and immense distances of sea are traversed without the sight of any variety of sea bird.

The writer's visit of six weeks' duration to the islands gave him an opportunity of appreciating the admirable work of the Japanese administration. The relations of the officials and the natives are satisfactory. The hospitals, which in several places are being enlarged or reconstructed, are well equipped and spotlessly clean. They are frequented and much appreciated. The schools are adequately organized and physical drill and games have become popular. But the impression that the observant traveller takes away with him is that the native races represented in the islands are of a very primitive order and often of a degraded type. They are, generally speaking, idle, sensual, unintelligent and slovenly—in short, essentially savages. Their enthusiasm seems capable of being awakened only by orgies of grotesque dancing accompanied by the disfigurement of the features and bodies by the application of crude colouring matter. The Christian natives who abandon some of their savagery find consolation in hysterical religious demonstration and in the singing of hymns. It is a vast improvement but the spirit is little changed. The natives have no past and will have no future. They are not decreasing in numbers and will continue to live just as they are living to-day—uselessly, loosely, but contentedly—giving little trouble to anyone and benefiting no one by their existence. Unconscious of the passage of time and indifferent to progress, they pluck and devour the wild fruits of the forest and continue the quite unnecessary propagation of their race.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MARIANA, MARSHALL AND CAROLINE ISLANDS, I

MY first experience of a remote Pacific Island was a dire disappointment. I had expected so much and I found so little, and that little a disillusion. I had hoped to be able to write something like the following sentences.

" The still damp air was fragrant with all the perfumes of a Bond Street hairdresser. Deep down in the blue depths of the lagoon the golden sand was strewn with more coral ornaments than any shop window in Naples could display and amongst feathery strands of permanently waved seaweed luminous transparent fishes, changing like the lights of Piccadilly from blue to red and from yellow to green, chased the lugubrious locust. Great butterflies with wings like jewelled ornaments set by Cartier hung suspended over the ultramarine surface of the water ready to pounce on any unsuspecting oyster that might rise to the surface—while flying fish, in pure enjoyment of life, rose high into the limpid air, looped the loop, and in a *vol plané* sought the water once again. Every now and again a gelatinous hundred-foot tentacle of an octopus emerged and stretching far above plucked a ripening coco-nut from an overhanging palm. On a bed of lurid passionate purple orchids a shark lay sunning itself, and purred in its enjoyment of life. From time to time the vast cone of a sinister volcano sent up a display of many coloured fireworks such as the Crystal Palace never attained.

" Round the ivied porch of a neo-Gothic church stood a little group. In the centre was the grey-bearded missionary, sun-helmet on head and white umbrella in hand. Rudolf, the one-eyed drunken inn-keeper, was there too, with Eva, his beautiful daughter. (She wasn't of course his daughter at all. She was the last descendant of a long line of native kings and *she alone* knew where the great treasure of pearls was concealed.) Eric was there too, a Fellow of All Souls who had come to the South Seas to extract radium from copra by a new process of his own

BY THE WAYSIDE, FORMOSA

KUSAIE

VILLAGE, KUSAIE

invention—and a few dozen cannibals, naked except that in their frizzy hair they wore little what-nots—gramophone needles, here and there a Jew's harp, the whitened rib bones of babies they had eaten, and disused stylograph pens—and the beachcombers, each with a little sand in one hand and his comb in the other—and scions of noble English families, their aristocratic birth and public-school education written all over their lofty brows, waiting for their humble remittances from home. And everywhere there was forest, the home of the hippo and the grasshopper, the centipede and the giraffe. Half of what seemed to be tree trunks were pythons and half of what seemed to be pythons were tree trunks. And in the forest monkeys in little groups strolled hand in hand or coyly kissed in the sheltered undergrowth. Even at midday the Southern Cross dazzled the eyes with its scintillating revolving magnificence.

"The church bells chime—how like our little village in Surrey, so far away!—and the missionary raises his white umbrella. One, two, three and the whole group, the old man, Eva and Eric, the cannibals and the beachcombers and the remittance men, the flying fish and the locusts and the oysters burst into song and the air trembles with the emotional harmonies of 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.'"

But alas, it wasn't like that at all.

Along a desolate beachless shore backed by uninteresting green hills—it might have been an unpicturesque corner of the Thames estuary—stretched a small gloomy town consisting of little more than one long street of galvanised iron and wooden houses and sheds, with here and there a more solid building. A sugar factory black and ungainly dominated the place. A few trees grew near the shore and away above the town rose the hills, half-hidden in damp mist. An unpleasantly rough sea broke upon the reef and our steamer rolled unceasingly. It rained. Such was my real arrival at Saipan, the principal island of the Mariana (Ladrones) archipelago in the South Seas.

Ashore there was a pervading unpleasant smell of copra and dried fish. The long street was a scene of some activity for the arrival of the mail steamer is a rare event of no little importance. A number of little stores and shops, displaying the neatness and cleanliness that is typical of the Japanese wherever they are found, bespoke a certain prosperity. In the verandahs of the houses, or seated in chairs at their doorways, mature native

women—they seem to pass straight from childhood to middle-age—idled and fanned themselves. The rain ceased, leaving the roads muddy and wet. A few Japanese children, dressed in bright kimonos, venturing forth gave a touch of brightness to an otherwise colourless scene. The island men, in trousers and shirts, loitered in the street, untidy and dishevelled. A few dark youths, educated by the efficient Japanese, alone showed any signs of alertness or self-respect. The dusky children seem most of them to be marked by patches of unbecoming but more or less innocuous skin disease, due to the slovenly uncleanliness of the native houses. There is no romance about Saipan. It is a tolerably flourishing island that owes its measure of prosperity to Japanese industry and efficiency and to the introduction of the sugar cane. In the cultivation and the refining of sugar 4,000 people are employed. They are not natives but Japanese subjects from the Luchu islands, lying between Southern Japan and Formosa. All attempts to employ local labour in the sugar industry failed, owing to the natives' laziness and inefficiency. They live without effort on the wild fruits of the forest, and though they will work as labourers at the port they seldom engage themselves over any protracted period of time. And yet the people of Saipan have the reputation of being the most serious and advanced of the inhabitants of all these island groups !

There is in every branch of the island's activities evidence of the perseverance and capability of the Japanese. I visited the public institutions ; the prison, the Post Office, the Courts of Justice, the hospitals and dispensaries and schools and the industrial and the agricultural undertakings and everywhere is visible the painstaking and successful administration of the local Japanese authorities. There is not a detail that escapes their notice and their work is generous and humane. Their individuality is sacrificed to their successful intention to become part—even the smallest part—of the national machine.

A foreigner is rarely seen in the islands and I was received everywhere with kindness and hospitality. There was a certain tactful but undisguised inquisitiveness as to the objects of my journey, but this curiosity once satisfied the officials were pleased to exhibit all that they have accomplished in the fulfilment of the mandate with which they have been entrusted by the League of Nations. They have much to show and much to be proud of.

The only other first-class passenger on board was a young and very agreeable Japanese gentleman, a member of the Household of H.M. the Emperor. He was of course a person of importance and I on my part had been furnished by the Tokyo Foreign Office with letters recommending me to the officials on the Islands. I was therefore privileged to participate in the official receptions and fêtes that had been prepared in my companion's honour. By this means I was enabled to witness native entertainments that otherwise I should have had no opportunity of seeing. It entailed a certain amount of rather fatiguing sightseeing which, after my first experience, I took every opportunity to escape. At Saipan I had landed with the intention of spending a few hours ashore and of returning to the ship before nightfall, but I found myself embarked upon a round of visits, excursions and banquets that lasted thirty-six hours, entailing innumerable introductions and presentations and a vast amount of bowing—not one bow to each person but relays of bows—to say nothing of cermonial tea drinking on every possible occasion. I calculated that by the end of my stay if my accumulated salutations could have been embodied in one profound obeisance I should have bowed from the highest peak in the island—1,450 feet—down to sea level. Everyone to whom I was introduced presented me with his visiting card and expected one of mine in return, for which I had come totally unprepared. The cards which I received were of course printed only in Japanese and therefore quite unintelligible to me, but I put them away in my pockets till every part of my body bulged with them. The heat was great and from time to time rain fell, though it scarcely added to one's dampness. It was almost with consternation that I learned that I was to spend the night on land so as to attend an official banquet given in my fellow-passenger's and my own honour by forty of the notable Japanese residents of the town. I had brought nothing ashore, not even a toothbrush and the ship lay too far off in the anchorage to attempt to go on board in search of some necessary outfit. The excellent official luncheon that we had already partaken of in the residence of the Governor rendered any idea of a further meal uninviting and I was almost overcome at the idea of another large repast, which turned out to be extremely formal and very ceremonious. We arrived together, my fellow passenger and I, and were received at the entrance of the building by a reception committee. Having taken off our shoes we stepped on to the threshold, knelt down

and bent our heads repeatedly to the floor, while the members of the reception committee did the same a yard or two away. This salutation concluded we were led into a large long room and invited to seat ourselves alone at one end of it. There were no chairs of course and we sat on small square mats on the floor. To right and left, extending the whole length of the apartment, were the forty Japanese notables, one and all in national costume, cross-legged and silent. There was an atmosphere of rigid formality about the proceedings. Fortunately a long experience of the East permitted me to adopt a semblance of the Japanese manner of sitting without undue suffering. After a few speeches and a little polite conversation dinner was served, a lacquer tray laden with little dishes of food being placed before each guest while the most attractive young women, gay as butterflies, moved around and poured warm saké into our tiny cups. The stimulating spirit soon awoke a more jovial demeanour amongst the forty notables and conversation began to flow. As only one of them spoke English and he was seated at a distance, I could take but little active part in the proceedings. The trays of food removed, more saké was poured out and one by one our hosts approached my fellow-passenger and myself and bowing low, drained a bumper of the potent spirit with each of us. Fortunately the delicate little Japanese cups were minute but as I had to drink no less than forty of them—one with each notable—I did not do badly. Not aware that this ceremonial toasting was to be part of such a function I had already drunk a certain amount of the pleasant beverage. By the end of the evening many of the guests showed signs of clumsy merriment and unstable legs but by some special dispensation of Providence I went to bed completely sober and woke the next morning without even the semblance of a headache.

The formalities of these salutations concluded, a number of Geisha girls appeared. Very attractive they were in their butterfly raiment and they danced with skill and charm. But even a more attractive entertainment followed, an exhibition of national dancing by Okinawa girls from the Luchu islands. The Okinawa people are of Chinese origin and speak a dialect of their own quite incomprehensible to the Japanese. The costumes worn by the dancers were Chinese in fashion and delightful in colour and their ornate head ornaments were fascinating.

The dances were deliberate, slow and classical—studies of posture rather than of movement. The facial expression was

restricted to a wider opening and closing of the eyes. The other features remained passive. There was none of the would-be alluring teeth-disclosing grin—call it a smile if you prefer—that marks the dancer of the West, nothing vulgar either in pose or movement or dress. While the performance of the Japanese Geishas has fallen to-day a little under European influence, not to its embellishment, the Okinawa dances preserve the classical traditions of Chinese art. Although the profession of the dancers was not limited to exhibitions of their art there was nothing unrefined or suggestive in their performance. The European dancing of entwined men and women still shocks the Oriental of the old school, but a few of the younger generation of Japan and China are adopting it. Even in Saipan, opposite the Japanese inn where I passed the night, there was a small dancing saloon, where to the music of a gramophone the young islander, his arm encircling the waist of some Saipan girl of dusky hue, enjoyed his jazz, and they danced remarkably well.

After the many functions of my time ashore at Saipan, and a night spent without any luggage at the clean Japanese inn, I determined to miss as much as I could the next day's sight-seeing and by midday, after a stormy passage on a lighter towed by a puffing tug, I returned to the steamer. I was just in time, for sea and wind were rising.

The anchorage outside the coral reef was none too safe, so the Captain hove up the anchor and we moved out to sea. In a few hours the whole force of the typhoon was upon us. With steam up we lay-to some twenty miles from the shore, till the storm passed. It took more than two days to do so, and for all that time we rolled and rocked, steaming a little now and again but "lying to" whenever it was possible. It was not a very bad typhoon but it was of course very unpleasant. Our steamer, of only 2,000 tons, was on the whole very steady and was skilfully handled, and we suffered as little inconvenience as possible. Nor did the typhoon exhibit any of the lurid features which one connects with such manifestations of Nature's wrath. It was merely an extremely ugly annoying gale, with a dirty almost black sea inartistically striped with long streaks of wind-driven foam and speckled all over, as if suffering from some nasty erupting skin disease, by the heavy drops of incessant rain. We lay in sight of land in these unpleasing conditions till the third day and then, the weather calming, we steamed back to Saipan

again and continued to discharge our cargo. A day later we started southward to the Eastern Caroline archipelago.

To enumerate the islands at which the steamer stopped, to spend generally a day or sometimes two, is not necessary—for in many features the islands themselves and the people that inhabit them offer to the uninitiated but few differences. Yet in every group, and sometimes in the different islands of each group, a separate language is spoken and the inhabitants although allied by origin follow different customs and exhibit different manners of life and even vary in appearance.

A few of the islands are very attractive, especially those of basalt or volcanic rock formation where the peaks rise to a considerable height, densely clothed with jungle. The rainfall throughout is great, often 150 to 200 inches in the year, and the climate varies but little. The result is superb vegetation. In Ponape streams of crystal water flow from the mountains to the sea in a succession of noisy cascades. At Kusaie, a smaller island, the anchorage lies in the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded by the steep cliffs and high hills rising over 2,000 feet above the bay. But long ago the volcano ceased its activities and the sea broke through, forming two narrow passages the larger just wide enough to permit the passage of a ship. The scenery is very delightful for the forest grows down the steep mountain slopes right to the water's edge. The little settlement lies on the shore, a few small Government buildings, a bungalow or two, the more pretentious house of an American trader whose family have lived here for over half a century, and a scattering of native houses, untidy, dishevelled and slovenly, raised on piles. They are all rigid Protestants the people of Kusaie, so strict that most of them will not light fires nor cook on Sundays.

A little back from the settlement lies a group of curious stone-built ruins, enclosures with walls of ten or twelve feet in thickness, constructed of large stones without the use of mortar. These buildings are connected with the sea by narrow canals, just deep enough for the native canoes to navigate. The local tradition holds that the island of Kusaie was once invaded and conquered by natives from another island who had crossed the intervening sea in war canoes. On capturing the place they insisted that the Kusaie islanders should build them forts for their protection. The roots of great Banyan trees have pierced and overturned much of the walls. The Germans during the pre-war period when the Caroline Islands were in their possession opened

several graves that were concealed under piles of rock. The well-constructed shafts of these tomb-pits are visible to-day. Skeletons were found at different levels, the layers being separated by heavy flat stones. Successive burials appear to have taken place in the same tomb. The only objects discovered were, I was informed, articles made of bone such as fish-hooks and other insignificant objects in common use. The natives of Kusaie are a mild, friendly, lazy, and on the whole tolerably moral people. The fact that the girls are often called upon to marry a man they don't like leads to a good deal of " carrying on " with the man of their preference. The young couples take a holiday in the jungle and are often caught *in flagrante delicto*, though amongst the perfumes of the forest it might more pleasantly and suitably be called *fragrante delicto*. The girl usually gets a beating and a pardon from her husband and the guilty pair receive a reprimand from one or other of the two elderly American ladies of the Mission, whose unceasing admonitions and excellent examples have not yet sufficed to suppress these romantic escapades. Life must be very dull on the little island of Kusaie and one ought not to grudge the young people these little picnics, irregular though they may be.

The visit of the steamer is a great event, for it is less than once a month that a mail reaches the little settlement when all is excitement and activity. As we left the quay the local school-children, rather a pathetic little group of dark youngsters, sang with their sweet soft voices—they are all songsters, the islanders —" Home, Sweet Home." Even the toughest of old travellers, inured as he may be to strange places and stranger people, must feel a little tug at his heart-strings. As I sat in the frail canoe that was to take me on board, alongside the quay, I closed my eyes. The present faded away—the island and the forest and the heat—and I saw myself in a great silent crowded building. On the stage Adelina Patti, for the last time I think in public, poured out in her still marvellous voice the melody of that very song, and stirred to their depths the emotions of her hearers. Oh dear, oh dear, how time has flown !

Two days later a long line of palm trees appeared on the horizon to the east, with gaps here and there where the sea separates the low-lying coral islands, and in the early afternoon we steamed through the narrow opening of the reef into the great still lagoon of Jaluit, in the most important group in the Marshall Archipelago. Three weeks had already passed since I had

embarked on the *Yawatu Maru* at Yokohama, now 3,500 miles away. The impression of the traveller in these immeasurable seas is one of intense remoteness. The islands are so far apart, so small, and in the case of the Marshalls, so low, that they appear completely insignificant and absurd scattered in these vast reaches of endless ocean. Jaluit itself lies 10,000 miles east of the Meridian of Greenwich and is only 350 miles north of the Equator.

The opening in the reef that gives entrance to the lagoon is scarcely half a cable in width and on either hand the sea broke upon a wall of coral that rises from a depth of over two miles abruptly to the surface. Without, there was a heavy noisy swell ; within, the water was still, its surface unruffled. All around lie the islands—except to the west where there is a long stretch of broken surf—forming for twenty-five miles a chain that encircles the lagoon. They vary much in size but few have a breadth of more than two or three hundred yards and are separated from one another here by open channels, there by shallow passages white with the foam of breakers. The vegetation is very limited. Trees and shrubs, and even soil, have been introduced at Jebwar where the settlement stands, but on the rest is found little else but the coco-nut palm and such verdure as can thrive in sand and coral and sea-water. In places seeds carried by erring currents to be cast up upon the beaches have in the heat and rains of this equatorial region sprouted and grown. Of animal and bird life there is almost none, nor are there snakes or crocodiles. Even butterflies are rare.

Immediately within the opening in the reef lies the anchorage of Jebwar where half a dozen little white-painted schooners lay motionless upon the still water. A few boats put off to meet the steamer and a few outrigged canoes. On the shore only the landing-stage, some sheds and a few isolated houses were visible for the trees and palms grow down to the water's edge and conceal all else. The local Japanese officials came on board, dressed in their neat white uniforms, punctilious, important and polite, and along the beach a crowd of natives watched the ship come to anchor. It is only eleven times in the year that a steamer from Japan touches at Jaluit and brings and takes the mail, and there is no other communication except by one or two small tramps that stray from island to island collecting copra and even with them comes no news from the outside world.

The traveller who hopes to find at Jaluit the much sung natural beauties of other South Sea islands is doomed to disappointment. The islands rise only a very few feet above the level of the sea and there is no soil except what has been imported from Ponape, 700 miles away. A few flowering trees and shrubs there are, limited in number and in distribution and one and all imported into the little gardens that much labour and much attention have created in the settlement. Poinciana regia reaches a great size as do a few evergreen varieties of Ficus. The Casuarina and Breadfruit with its huge leaves are represented. Hibiscus flourishes and Plumiera fills the air with fragrance but the whole cultivated area contains only a very few acres. The narrow lanes that take the place of streets run at right angles to one another and the only wheeled traffic is an occasional bicycle. The population of Jebwar numbers about 800 persons.

The Marshall Archipelago consists of thirty-two widely distributed inhabited islands with a total population of about 10,000. About half this number are Protestants. The rest, though not openly of the Christian faith, can be said to have abandoned the very vague animistic beliefs which they previously professed and to-day to have adopted a semblance of Christianity. There are a few, probably between sixty and eighty Catholics under a Spanish priest and his coadjutor, at Jebwar. The American Board (Congregationalists) maintains two American and one British missionary who are assisted by native pastors and teachers.

The inhabitants of the Marshall Islands, with their distinct language and type, are no doubt of mixed origin, the overflow of, or refugees from, other archipelagos, or storm-stressed wanderers whose canoes driven by the tempests have been cast up upon the neighbouring reefs. They are smaller in stature than the people of the other island groups, timid and childlike. Their intelligence is only moderate. They are unthrifty, idle and rather attractive. Their Christianity is of a superficial hysterical nature marked by fervid devotion but they cause the missionaries much concern by the promiscuity of their marital relations both inside and outside the holy bonds of matrimony. The penalty for these venial offences is the publication of the names of the sinners in church and a prohibition to attend services until a confession has been made and a promise of good behaviour given. But familiarity with the penance seems to have deprived it of a

good deal of its effect and value. Often enough expulsion and rehabilitation and another shocking "falling away" succeed each other in speedy rotation. I attended an afternoon service in the native Protestant church at Jebwar. The structure, its arrangement and its atmosphere, recalled a Quakers' meeting. The men and women sat apart—the former in white trousers and shirts and the latter in garments cut and unadorned in the fashion of the Victorian nightgown as depicted by the caricaturists of the period. A table was set at the upper end of the building at which, facing the congregation, sat two native Elders of the Church. At the nearer side of this table, also facing the congregation, were two elderly dusky ladies charged with the conducting of the service. Between this group and the benches on which those attending the service were seated there was an open space, the floor covered with matting on which such of the company as did not relish sitting upright on seats squatted, many accompanied by small children and babies. The American missionary who had conducted me and I were given chairs of honour, placed against the wall near the Elders' table. The service was entirely in the language of the Marshall Islanders. It opened with a few remarks from one of the Elders, who on sitting down was succeeded by one of the two old ladies. She read a text from her Bible and in a very reverent and musical voice discoursed on the subject. When she ceased speaking a hymn was sung, the first line by the choir-leader alone, the second by all the men, while the women joined in at the third line. The singing was unaccompanied, performed in part and very true in note and tone, and the time was excellently kept. I noticed that neither for the words nor for the music did the congregation refer to their open hymn-books. It was then the turn of the second elderly lady to preach, which she did with restraint and conviction and at some length. After another hymn individual members of the congregation rose and "moved by the Spirit" spoke, very briefly and in attractive voices—both men and women. Some merely repeated a text. Others exhorted the congregation to lead more Christian lives. It was impossible not to be impressed by the sincerity of the speakers and by the peaceful atmosphere of simple faith that marked the whole service.

Toward the end of a long sitting a few of the erring sheep—men and women—stood up and asked for readmission to the church's fold, promising to sin no more and the names of one

or two guilty couples of the past week were read out. The rest listened in rather apathetic silence and it struck me were more interested in hearing about the liaisons of the past six days than in reprobating the faults of the delinquents. Besides, it would not be wise even for the Elders to be too severe for occasionally they too fall by the wayside. The devil is very clever, I was told, in leading the Marshall Islanders astray. Apparently he has scarcely ever to revert to temptation—they fall without that preparatory period of hesitation. Nor did the guilty look more than very slightly repentant and one middle-aged and very stout female who had been having a little affair with a Boy Scout, seemed even proud at the publicity that she had obtained.

This ordeal over, an Elder offered a prayer and to my surprise invited me to address the congregation, numbering close upon 200 people. An interpreter, the son of an English missionary, and his Marshall Island wife, was forthcoming. I spoke on Peace and the horrors and sin of warfare, each sentence being rendered into the native language as soon as it was spoken. I kept them a very few minutes and I never had a more attentive or appreciative audience. When I had done, the whole congregation one by one walked past and shook hands with me—nice kindly simple people, and if the Islanders' morals are a little slack what does it matter, dear reader, to you and me? Often enough, I was told, especially on feast days and holidays the services lack this atmosphere of restraint and calm. The ceremony of the bringing of gifts in money or in kind is marked—especially at Christmas—by incidents due to hysterical fervour. The Elders of the Church have been known to discard many of their garments and, leaving their table, to scamper and to dance round and round the church waving their arms and emitting loud cries of joy, while the rest of the congregation fall over one another in their endeavours to lay their offerings upon the table. Continued in their homes the Christmas festivities give cause to profound disapproval on the part of the missionaries and eventually to protests of temporary repentance from the sinners. It is the music it seems that sets them going and once off there is nothing to be done. When the newly arrived and enthusiastic young American missionary and his wife asked me whether I would give a small sum toward their next Christmas festival I acceded with very real pleasure. My only regret was that I should not be present for the Islanders were to perform the "Hallelujah Chorus." I can imagine no music more likely to

let loose a flood of passionate emotion than this soul-stirring song of rejoicing. That Christmas fête was destined to end in an orgy of unparalleled hysteria. I was sorry to miss it.

In the outer islands of the archipelago Christmas has become a sort of national feast by no means confined to the Christian natives nor restricted to religious observances. But the missionaries are wise and do not treat the frailties of the dark flesh too severely. In a place like Jaluit there is very little to do and promiscuity seems to be almost the only luxury and amusement in which the people can indulge. It is very deplorable of course, but if one lived in Jaluit—— If their lives were perfect what would the poor missionary find to do, and repentance is so satisfying.

Jaluit was the most easterly island that our steamer visited and from there we turned west to pass through the 2,500 miles of Caroline and Pelew archipelagos, eventually to reach Mindanao, the southernmost of the Philippine Islands more than a month later.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MARIANA, MARSHALL AND CAROLINE ISLANDS, II

SOME of the islands we visited *en route* were both interesting and beautiful. One of the first was Truk. The main group of ten islands lie within a lagoon, about forty miles long and forty wide and containing no less than 254 islets of which Truk is the largest and most important. It rises in basalt peaks to over 1,300 feet above the level of the sea. Many of the other islands are of coral and but little above the water. Of the 15,000 inhabitants of the Truk archipelago at least 11,000 are Christians, almost equally divided between Protestants and Catholics. For the last day before arriving we had had another European passenger on board, the only one on our journey of fifty-two days. He was a young Spanish priest, a Jesuit, on his way to Truk to join the Catholic Mission. Full of religious fervour he had volunteered and been trained in Spain for service in the Mission Field. After ordination he was nominated to this distant isle. As long as he remained in good health there could be no return to Europe. He had parted from his parents and his brothers and sisters after celebrating his first Mass, full of the emotion of his sacrifice and of his priesthood. They were simple folk, he told me, and he came of a family that had given many sons during many generations to the Church. In the little smoking-room he celebrated Mass, the congregation consisting of seven persons, six reverent islanders and myself. His young bearded face was lit up by a glow of intense fervour as he went through the ceremony, served by a young dusky islander in white trousers and a pink shirt. Without, the calm sea stretched away to the little island which we were approaching and where, in all probability, the young priest's life was to be spent and to end—in exile and deprived of the intellectual pursuits that he so cherished, amongst a very primitive and uninteresting race of natives. Say what you may of the Catholic Church. Accuse it of superstition if you like. Blame its intervention in matters

outside its scope. But there is no other institution that I know of, and certainly no other Church, that shows more individual sacrifice and does finer educational and social work. There are many others that make sacrifices but few the sacrifices of the Catholics. Celibacy—exile for life—continual poverty and hardship. The luxury—for often it is luxury—in which many of the Protestant missionaries live, especially the American missionaries, surrounded by their families and their servants ; their children's education paid for ; their long holidays at home, and retirement and a pension when age advances, may be deserved for every labourer is worthy of his hire, but the Catholic goes forth for life, a celibate, in poverty always and often alone, to teach and to live, and to die, at his post. Only severe ill-health can bring about his recall. His home, his family, all that he held most dear he abandons in his devotion to his Faith. He adopts his calling, heart and soul and, in prayer and fasting and strenuous labour, he gives his all. There is no doubt that all the Missions in the Islands have done good work and raised the people, and brought about an amelioration in their condition by the abandonment of superstition. That the Islanders' Christianity is vague and primitive is indisputable but it is far and away preferable to anything they have ever known before and in their emotional devotion they find much solace and happiness.

The little settlement at Truk is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill rising from the sea beach—if a mangrove swamp of black mud can be so described. But once the few hundred yards of swamp are passed—a stone causeway takes one across—the place is attractive enough, with its neat Government offices, its official bungalows and its sports ground all set in a semi-cultivated garden of delightful trees and shrubs. Our time at Truk—I visited the island twice—was sufficient to permit of more than one long stroll in the environs of the "colony," amongst enchanting surroundings. Not only is the vegetation very beautiful and the birds and butterflies of brilliant colour, but there are a hundred other things, almost too many in fact, to take note of. In the dark mud of the swamps crept and crawled the strangest of creatures, gay little blue and scarlet hermit crabs and tiny reptiles and fishes that jumped or dived or swam or skidded or skimmed on the surface of the water or below it. On the tree trunks lizards of many different colours basked and scarcely took the trouble to move on the approach of man. Everywhere the Hibiscus sinensis was in flower, red and

white and yellow, often with centres or borders of another hue, and in the damp ground the Colocasia raised its enormous shiny leaves while groups of delicate variegated Caladium grew in the shade of the flowering shrubs and the coco-nut palms. Seaward across the lagoon lay the outer reef, white with its coral and whiter still with the foam of the breakers that beat upon it.

It was on my second visit to Truk, for our steamer recalled there on its return from Jaluit, that I had the good fortune to witness some really first-class native dancing. Our visit coincided with the arrival of a large number of natives from an outlying group, who in rough boats had sailed across to implore the Government for assistance in these hard days, for the price of copra, on which to so great an extent these people depend, had fallen desperately low. Though in many parts of the archipelago coinage is not current and trade is carried on by barter, these unfortunate people were unable to obtain their scanty wants in exchange for a commodity that was almost worthless. The influx of these very primitive natives was seized upon by the Governor as the occasion for a fête and there is nothing that the people themselves enjoy more than exhibiting their skill in the native dances, especially on an official occasion such as this was and with every probability of a free meal thrown in.

The scene of the gathering was a large open space below the Government buildings, surrounded by flowering trees and shrubs. It began with the drill of a native "Young Men's Association," one of the excellent social institutions which the Japanese have introduced and support. Then a body of the youths of Truk, decked and crowned in the fronds of palms, and waving palm leaves in their hands danced and sang. For clothing they wore shorts of just sufficient length to avoid shocking the German lady missionary who honoured the feast with her presence and nothing else. Their laughing good-looking faces, their harmonious voices, their agile brown bodies decked in foliage, and the grace with which they danced, rendered their performance a very pleasing one. Then twelve or fifteen young women most gaily arrayed took their place in front of the dais on which the Governor's guests were seated and sat down on the grass, but so coy they were that suddenly overcome with shyness and giggles they turned their backs to the audience and remained in that position until their song, accompanied by hand-clapping, was completed.

Then it was the turn of the natives of the remote outlying

islands. What savages they were these men with long fuzzy hair, their scarred and tattooed bodies smeared with colour, with wreaths of flowers on their heads and with the scantiest of clothing! What savages! With wild gesticulations and piercing cries they came prancing on to the scene, producing a curious and original music by slapping different parts of their bodies with their hands—a hollow beat from a blow upon a chest or a sharp sound from a smack upon the bare hips—and each portion of the frame gave forth its note. Acting all of them simultaneously a weird music was the result to which was added the sharp castanet-like click of a little instrument made of plaited dried palm leaves held in the hands. An old grey-bearded man, their leader, arrayed in a dishevelled European great coat of indescribable repulsiveness, led the procession and shouted out his orders to the dancers as they advanced in leaps and bounds. They drew up in two long lines in front of the shaded pavilion in which we sat and the performance began to the strains of weird unmusical singing and reiterated cries. Athletes they certainly were and skilled performers for every movement was carried out with precision, that told of much training and constant practice, but there was no grace, no beauty, in their dance and nothing to admire beyond the agility with which they threw themselves about. Its only feature was barbarity. It was an exhibition of the race mentality of a very primitive people working off its superfluous energy in an orgy of noise and exertion. Every now and again they rested only to begin again. That they enjoyed their performance was evident for they worked themselves up into a state of frenzied exhilaration. They were without exception clumsily but sturdily built and of a type of countenance that bespoke a race of a very low type, inferior to any other islanders I had as yet seen. So ugly were they, and in some cases so repugnant, that it must be difficult for anyone except an anthropologist or a missionary to find interest in them. They consider these displays of dancing as evidence of their military prowess. An old Japanese resident of Truk who had lived a very long time on the island informed me that when war broke out between Japan and Russia some of the islanders were asked which of the two they thought would prove victorious. Without hesitation they replied, "The Japanese. Their war-ships have been here and their soldiers and sailors have learnt from our dancers the art of warfare."

When the traveller is brought into contact with these island

people, who I confess I found uninteresting in their retarded intelligence, their hopeless idleness, their uselessness and their dirt, he cannot but wonder why Nature ever took the trouble to create them, unless it was to fill some empty gap in the jig-saw puzzle of the universe and nothing else was handy. I put them with the devotees of Night Clubs into the category of people who could easily be spared, not at all on moral grounds, but on account of the utter futility of their occupations. Yet it is pleasant to see now and again the failures of Nature for it inclines one to condone the mistake of one's own existence. At any rate it is consoling to feel that one is not quite her worst error of judgment. Poor Nature ! Of late years the human race has had to give her a helping hand over many a stile. From the day that man discovered how to produce fire to the day when he deprived her of the monopoly of making ice he has either been in successful competition with her or has had to lend her his aid. Thought, invention, discovery, science, all have combined to oust her from her high position and to detract from her prestige. Her want of education, her silly little conjuring tricks, her endeavours to conceal her inefficiency and her shortcomings, have been discovered and made manifest. Even in these far-away seas Nature's unpleasant occupation of playing about with typhoons had been rendered almost innocuous by the warnings of wireless telegraphy. All she can do is to try and obliterate the messages by the employment of malicious atmospherics—an echo of her outraged temper. Nature the capricious Lady Housekeeper of the past is to-day little more than a perky parlourmaid. To-morrow she will be the humble maid of all work.

From Truk we went to Ponape, the largest of a group of 134 islands, and the seat of the Government of the Eastern Caroline archipelago. The island is high and densely covered with forest. The climate is tolerably cool and healthy. There is a rainfall of about 200 inches in the year and the streams flow at all seasons. A curious fact in this and some of the other islands is that there is only one tide a day, the second being almost, if not quite, unappreciable. Round the " Colony "—for the Japanese have adopted and adapted the German term—there are coco-nut plantations and a little open country. The settlement is agreeably situated on the slope of a hill that rises from the water's edge, its unpretentious buildings hidden amongst overhanging trees and flowering shrubs.

The rare traveller in these regions will be surprised at the

frequency with which he will meet English-speaking natives, who will salute him in his own tongue spoken often with fluency and ease. It is owing largely to the fact that in days gone by whole fleets of sailing vessels engaged in whaling wintered in the sheltered bays of the islands. The officers and crews settled down and entered into intimate relations with the ladies of the place. The result was a considerable spread of the knowledge of English amongst the younger generation of children whose colour showed signs of diminished darkness owing, let us hope, to improved education. The whaling industry, with the introduction of steam, has disappeared long ago and the children of the skippers and crews are most of them to-day men well past middle age. But there is a new generation of English-speaking people springing up, the native children taught in the Mission schools. Some of these children, growing up, are sent as teachers to the more remote outlying islands, where I am told, English is in many cases almost universally known and spoken.

The island of Ponape is almost circular and about twelve miles across in every direction. It is surrounded by many low-lying coral islands, though its own formation is basaltic, its peaks rising to an altitude of 2,800 feet above the sea-level. Copra has been till now its principal export but the Japanese have installed an important fishing industry where tunny and other fish are preserved and shipped to Japan. It is a curious fact that many varieties of fish caught at and off Ponape, and much appreciated there as food, are highly poisonous in the Saipan and Jaluit groups, no doubt owing to the feeding matter on which they subsist.

The Governor had organised a fête for the day of our arrival, with an exhibition of native dancing. The performance was less barbaric but much more attractive than that we had witnessed in Truk. No doubt the longer contact of the island of Ponape with the West has rubbed off some of the rougher edges of savagery, or it may be that the natives have by their own effort advanced a little more than the rest. In any case the dancing was more graceful and the dancers presented a type of more refinement. A few little details, however, due also to civilisation, were unfortunate. The replacing of drums by empty paraffin tins pleased neither the ear nor the eye. The dancers wore short skirts from the waist to the knees, the favourite garb of all primitive races from the South Seas to Braemar. At Ponape this garment was of grass or fibre and was left in its natural colour or

brilliantly dyed. Splitting up into groups of four the men engaged in a sort of " single-stick " performance, the adversaries changing from time to time by a double encircling movement in opposite directions of all the participants. A certain amount of savage excitement marked the dance which concluded in a wild kind of reel quite as barbaric as anything to be seen at the Highland games. True, Andrew carries a bonnet, adorned with its silver thistle on his head instead of a wreath of flowers ; and Donald covers his braw legs with knitted hose instead of being satisfied with tattooing—it's painful, Donald, but, aye man, it's cheap—Jamie's tartan kilt with its absurd intersecting lines and squares is after all quite as uncivilized a garment—and it costs more, laddie—than the dyed fibre and grass of Ponape, while Alec's faded cairngorm—such sickly glamour as it scintillates due to its backing of coloured tinfoil—is adequately replaced in the South Seas by an ornament of beads less garishly ugly. For the rest they are all much the same these primitive entertainments of the natives of the Far North and the Far South. The war-whoops are identical, the dancing at times almost indistinguishable—only in the South Seas there is no whisky and the natives are not freckled and as far as I know the Islander has not yet reached an intellectual level of a people that delights in " tossing the caber."

I do not desire to detract from the many good qualities of the Scotsman. You meet him everywhere in the Far East. As a rule he comes out as a raw youth and goes home with a fortune. You can recognize him by his dour looks, his foreign accent and his cautious mind. He is a good fellow sometimes but you must flatter him and talk to him about Heather and Haggis. If you want to see him at his best, when he lays aside the civilisation that he has acquired from contact with the English—or the Chinese—go to a St. Andrew's dinner in the Far East—but I don't advise you to do so. You see, I know all about him. Mixed with my English blood there is a strain of the Highlands, and now and again it rises to the surface and I dream rapturously about the Scott Memorial in Edinburgh and the small change seem glued to the bottom of my pockets.

Before the last dance the performers were anointed and smeared with coco-nut oil by their womenkind until they shone with the brown glow of those cheap bronze statuettes that one sees in the shops of the Rue de Rivoli. Many were scarred and tattooed while in other cases a less permanent decoration of

green leaves was affixed to their backs. From shoulder to shoulder hung garlands of small tightly threaded flowers. The dancers numbered about sixty men. From time to time they worked themselves up to a pitch of frenzied excitement. After the final movement the whole body drew up in two long lines and suddenly the still hot sunlit air throbbed with the soft notes of a plaintive song like some religious negro melody of the Southern States of America. The air was passed from the tenors to the baritones and back again while the voices of the basses beat time like the sounding of distant drums. No doubt singing in part was introduced into the Islands by the missionaries, but the voices and expression are the natural gifts of a very musical people. It was an unexpected and happy climax to a savage war-dance.

After the performance I was introduced to a very elderly native lady, the widow of an Englishman long since dead. She was seated on the grass in the shade of a great Banyan tree. She rose with dignity and we shook hands. She talked of her love for the island, which she had never quitted. A ring of friendly people encircled us, for the presence of an Englishman in Ponape was an event. I told her that I too found Ponape beautiful. She was pleased and said in her excellent English, " To me it is full of memories, so many happy ones and some that are sad. I have a daughter. She is a nun in a convent in Singapore. Perhaps you will be passing that way ? " I told her that my steamer would probably only stay there for a few hours. " You will not see her," she said, " but I like to look upon you now knowing that shortly you will be so near her." When I parted I bent low over the little shrivelled tattooed hand of this lady of great heart and dignity. Once more she sat down upon the grass—a curious little huddled form in a garment cut like a Victorian nightgown.

The Japanese Governor of Ponape took my fellow passenger and myself in his launch to visit the ruins of Metalamin for which the island is celebrated. The voyage occupied two and a half hours, amongst wooded islets and along the beautiful coast of the main island. The reef lies well to seaward and the water within was glassily calm though the waves broke with the roar of distant thunder upon the wall of coral. Along the shore were a few scattered villages but inland the mountains were uninhabited and densely clothed in jungle—a confused mass of high peaks and deep ravines. Reaching a spot where the

lagoon was too shallow even for the launch to proceed, we transhipped into a rowing-boat that we had brought with us in tow. It took another hour to reach the village of Metalamin where a Japanese company owns coco-nut plantations and dries copra for shipment. There once more we transhipped, this time into long outrigged canoes and, paddled by stalwart natives, we sped away toward a dense mass of mangrove trees that extended from the shore into the lagoon. On nearing the little promontory we caught sight of the ruins—high walls half-concealed amongst the trees and low flat little islands neatly squared and faced with cut stone. One of these islands opposite the principal group of buildings must have measured nearly a hundred yards in length and breadth. Here we turned aside and our canoes drew up at a stone quay where a flight of wide steps led to a walled enclosure built at a slightly higher elevation. The walls are of eighteen to twenty feet in height and are constructed of layers of long hexagonal stones cut in the form of columns, many of them four to six yards in length. No mortar was used in the construction where each layer of these long thin pillar-like stones is placed at right angles to the one below and above it, so that the surface of the walls presents consecutive rows of length and hexagonal end. Within this outer enclosure is a second court and within this court again is a curious flat stone structure pierced by a tunnel—probably the burial place of Chiefs. The whole group of buildings, regularly built and constructed at right angles, is mysterious and perplexing. Between the outer and inner walls the vacant space is separated by low parapets of stone, perhaps a metre high, for the crossing of which stone stile-like steps still exist, and at one spot there is a low arched entrance into the inner court. The main gateways are merely wide gaps in the walls, neatly finished off on either side, and were apparently uncovered.

Returning to our canoes we proceeded by a series of small canals into a long straight waterway parallel to the sea and lying between the ruins and the shore. This harbour, for such it seems to have been, is protected from the surf by a sea wall nearly a kilometre in length, constructed of great blocks of unsquared basalt. There are several openings doubtless for the passage of canoes. Mangrove trees have taken root amongst the stones and partly conceal the construction.

The ruins extend over a large area of land and water. There could have been little communication between the various structures except by the shallow canals, for the whole site is split

up into little islands. Of many buildings the walls are still intact. The roofs must have been of thatch or wood as no traces remain.

What long forgotten race constructed these buildings—and how? Did these strange people know the secret of metal founding? Not a trace of any object in metal has been discovered nor, it appears, of any other kind of implement capable of cutting stone. And yet these great blocks were hewn on the main island and transported to the islet on which Metalamin stands—an unexplained mystery. Where did they come from, this lost race—and why—and whence, and when—and where did they go? The Japanese authorities are convinced that the secret of these ruins and of the men who raised them is known to certain families of the island but that neither persuasion nor force would cause them to divulge it.

We slept that night at the residence of the Japanese manager of the plantation, where quite a village has sprung into existence. There was a feast the next morning, for the natives seldom neglect the opportunity of amusing themselves, and the visit of an official of the Emperor's Court was an event too for the loyal Japanese settlers. At dawn the islanders could be heard coming down through the forest, uttering their piercing cries, not unlike the howling of jackals, and by sunrise they had hung a wide open space with garlands of flowers and many little flags. The performers were already in their war-paint and naked except for the skirts of grass and fibre. Wreaths of flowers bedecked their heads and many wore strings of beads.

It was not the usual dancing that we were to be shown but a feast at which, official permission obtained, the natives were permitted to prepare and partake of Cassava, a liquid extracted from the roots of Janipha Manihot, a drink which while not an intoxicant has a paralysing effect upon the brain if drunk in quantity. Its use is prohibited but on certain occasions such as this fête a licence is granted. The men arrived from the jungle bearing saplings of the tree with their roots attached, while on the spot preparations had been made for the extraction of the juice. A number of flat stones, cut as nearly circular as the primitive implements of the natives could manage, were arranged in the centre of the ground reserved for the performance. Each of these flat stones was raised a little above the ground by the insertion of small stones beneath them. The men bearing the young trees formed up in line and an old man, their leader, sang, the

rest joining in from time to time. The song over, the trees were handed along the line of men to the end of the row where the roots were quickly severed and the rest discarded. The stripped roots were then laid upon the flat stones, four men seating themselves at each. At a given signal they began to pound the roots by means of a small smooth stone held in the hand. The striking of the large flat stones produced music, for they are so cut that each gives forth a different note and under the skilful pounding of the islanders a distinct tune is produced, the time and air, if such it can be called, changing at intervals. The roots thoroughly broken up, the fibre was wrapped in great plaintain leaves after being copiously sprinkled with water. Seized by their two ends the leaves are twisted and under the pressure the Cassava is extracted. The juice was collected in coco-nut cups and carried to the elders of the chief families, men and women who remained seated apart from the main gathering, at the same time we were served with the beverage. The manner of presenting it is curious. The cup is held in an extended right hand, the left forearm crossed beneath it at a right angle—a sign no doubt of deference and respect. I found the Cassava tasteless and gritty.

The feast proceeded. Pigs were roasted whole by being encased in heated stones. On some of the flesh, eaten with many fruits, we breakfasted seated in a small garden on the edge of the forest. Away across the narrow strait that separates Metalamin from the main island, lay the deep ravines and high peaks of Ponape. Opposite us on the other shore rose a sugar loaf of basalt, a vast pillar of rock of gigantic dimensions. Around us the vegetation was of marvellous beauty—the forest with its shady glades and festoons of climbing plants, its palms and its flowering shrubs and here and there small patches of blazing sunlight.

At the little quay the whole population had collected to bid us farewell, the painted warriors and a few little Japanese school-children, the native women in their nightgown dresses and a few officers in uniform. As I passed down the line of islanders, one more savage in appearance almost than the rest in his full war-paint, stepped out and introduced himself to me, speaking English with the accent of an educated man. "I am an American," he said. "My father settled here and married a Chief's daughter. I was born fifty-eight years ago and I have never left this island. I cannot quite call myself your compatriot but you English and we Americans are kindred races and

as far away as this there should be no difference. I am very pleased to meet you." I stood and talked to him for a few minutes and marvelled at this knowledge of our tongue—and all the clothes he wore were a short fibre skirt dyed in gay colours and a few rows of beads.

Once more we embarked in the canoes but the tide was low and the launch a long way off. An hour and a half it took us to reach it and over two hours more to arrive alongside our steamer. There, after entertaining the Japanese officials, we said good-bye to our kind hosts and steamed slowly through the coral reefs toward the setting sun.

Of the islands that I visited, Yap, which we reached a day after leaving Ponape, is the most primitive. The inhabitants have not changed and refuse to change. The women still wear the rustling crinoline-like skirts of grass and are naked above the waist. The type is a very low one and in addition these unfortunate people are stricken with tuberculosis. Their condition is receiving the utmost attention from the Japanese but very little has been achieved in raising the standard of the people and still less in staving off the malady. It is often said that tuberculosis in the South Sea Islands has been introduced and propagated by the introduction of European customs and apparel. In this case it is certainly not so for in no island have both been less adopted, and yet the population is in danger of extermination from the ravages of the disease.

On the arrival of our steamer the Governor of the Island took my fellow passenger and myself in native canoes across the shallow lagoon to visit the great Community House of the young men of the island. This large building was originally used for the segregation of the native youths who on reaching the age of puberty were separated from the rest of the population, and subjected to a system of rigorous discipline. No woman or girl was allowed to cross the threshold. This custom is now abandoned, the Japanese authorities having put a stop to it and the house is now used only as a place of tribal gatherings when matters affecting native welfare and customs are discussed in which the Japanese authorities take no part so long as the laws are not broken. The Community House consists of one immense room, with a high pitched roof supported on massive columns, each the trunk of a forest tree. The interior is decorated in crude painting. No nails are used in construction. The woodwork is interfitted and bound with fibre cord. High up across the beams

lay a number of long wooden poles, their ends fashioned like the prows of the local canoes. From the pillars hung framed wooden panels of twisted cord skilfully interwoven in primitive designs. The floor is of crushed coral. A few typical elderly natives awaited us here and served us with coco-nut milk, a cool refreshing beverage. These men were examples of a debased humanity, with repugnant features and of degraded appearance. They were almost completely naked, disfigured by scars and tattooing, their mouths deformed by the habit of betel-nut chewing, their hair fuzzy and unkempt with an adornment of crude hairpins of bone or wood and feathers. They appeared extremely dirty, timid and almost wanting in intelligence. A few young men who joined us were however very superior to the elders, having gained in physique and understanding from the physical, moral and hygienic training of the Japanese who have succeeded in interesting some of the younger generation in sports and works of social regeneration.

But in spite of this partial success amongst the young men the Japanese task in Yap must be a depressing one. The children attend school but revert, their course over, to ignorance and savagery. During their lessons they wear neat uniform garments, but the schoolmasters told me that the moment that the working hours are over they take them off, roll them up and proceed naked to their homes ; nor do they put them on again till the schoolroom is visited on the next occasion. They acquire the Japanese language and apparently this remains fixed in their memories, but the rest of their education is forgotten. I visited the principal school where there were a large number of both boys and girls—a rather pathetic gathering of evidently very unintelligent and delicate children.

But the most remarkable feature of the island of Yap is its currency.

The islands of the Caroline Archipelago are either of coral or basalt formation and great must have been the surprise of the men of Yap when, venturing 300 miles to the west in their frail canoes, they came upon an island in the Pelew (Palau) group of entirely different nature—volcanic rock. To them this unknown stone must have appeared of miraculous origin and they brought back with them to Yap specimens of their discovery. At what period this occurred it is impossible even to surmise.

Barter alone existed in the islands. Coco-nuts were exchanged for taro and fish for breadfruit, and in many places this continues

to-day. The arrival however of the mysterious stone created a demand. It was of no practical use, no beauty and no intrinsic value. There was no purpose for which they could employ it but it became a factor of exchange, a basis for barter and eventually the standard of all transactions.

As years went by stones of much greater weight were brought from Palau and until quite recently the islanders have been transporting them of the size and shape of mill-stones, many as large as waggon wheels and of varying thickness. I was informed that the additional size and weight was to render difficult their removal by theft or during island raids. In the centre of each stone is a hole. The circular form in which the stone was cut, and the hole itself, were adopted in order to facilitate the passage from the quarry in Palau to the water's edge. A pole was passed through the opening and held at each extremity by men, and in this manner the stone was wheeled down to the beach. No canoe of course could carry such a freight, and the stones were fastened on rafts of bamboo and towed back across the 300 miles of ocean to Yap. There they had acquired a definite purchasing power. The islanders had in fact created a currency. The stones had no utilitarian or decorative value and therefore the basis of this currency had little or nothing to do with the material of which it consisted. It obtained its value from the effort that was required to cut and transport it—the perils, the sufferings and the difficulties of the voyage and the toil of hewing the stone, for of metal tools there were none—in short the wonderful adventure. Many disasters occurred. Storms were met with. Canoes capsized and their occupants were drowned or eaten by sharks. Sometimes the rafts sank or, becoming unmanageable, had to be cut adrift. Often after long absences and many hardships the men returned, having lost their stone. The voyage had been fruitless, the suffering in vain.

And then someone discovered Credit!

Evidence of the outward voyage, of the cutting of the stone at Palau, of its arrival and shipment on the beach and of the loss at sea sufficed and the returning islanders who had lost their stone were *credited* with its possession. Only the material useless object was lost, the effort by which it had been procured remained and the value was in the effort. It was in short the recognitio of the possession of wealth—wealth that was the reward of labour and courage—of which the token had been lost in circumstances that rendered its recovery impossible. The island Chiefs

NATIVE GIRL AND STONE MONEY,
YAP

NATIVES, YAP

DANCERS, TRUK

confirmed the substantiated claims which, as no form of writing existed, were verbally accepted as binding and handed down orally from generation to generation. Every transfer of a stone, or transfer of the credit of a lost stone, was mentally registered by the Chief. The recent introduction of coinage, though scarcely utilized by the natives, and the monthly passage of a steamer that makes the voyage, so perilous in canoes, from Yap to Palau in under two days have completely upset the currency question in the island and except in the official " Settlement " the natives have reverted to barter. No more stones come from Palau, but outside the native houses they can still be seen leaning against the walls and are still in use as currency. Contracts under the laws introduced by the Japanese Mandatory Government must nowadays be registered and shortly before my visit I was told that the authorities were called upon to inscribe in the official folio the dowry given to his daughter by an island Chief—the credit of a stone that had been lost at sea several generations back by an ancestor, and shortly after the marriage the same non-existing stone was again transferred as the purchase price of a coco-nut plantation bought by the newly married couple.

For small change the islanders of Yap still use shells procured with some difficulty from New Guinea which pass at a fixed value. But the case is different for the shells are highly coloured and very ornamental and therefore possess a decorative value. There is no credit for lost shells.

In all these islands the Palm Crab (Birgus latro) is found and eaten, and very excellent it is. It is nocturnal in habit, omnivorous, but its favourite food is the young coco-nut, though it also appreciates the fruit of the Pandanus. When the young coco-nuts are found upon the ground no undue exertion is necessary on the part of the crab, but failing to procure food by this means it will, by the aid of its huge pincer claws, climb the palm tree and pluck the fruit. It does not, as is sometimes claimed, crack the nut, but pierces it.

Several of these large crabs were brought on board to be taken, I was told, to Tokyo, but the temptation was evidently too great, and from time to time a succulent dish appeared with our Japanese meals. There was silence as to the material of which it consisted.

Desirous of witnessing a crab's powers of climbing, I proposed that a coco-nut be hung to the mast in the presence of one of these crabs and the climber let loose, his head pointed to the dangling

dainty. There was doubt amongst the Japanese crew as to the possible success of this experiment, as the crabs had been well fed and the rigging of a ship offers difficulties to a crab inexperienced of life on board a steamer, but in deference to my desire for scientific knowledge the experiment was made. The coco-nut was hung temptingly high up on the mast, the crab being present while this was being done. It was evidently impossible for the reptile or fish, or whatever a crab is, to embrace or fix its potent claws into the iron mast of a steamer, so it was invited to climb by the rigging and lower itself down again by a rope from the cross-trees to where the coco-nut swung. The direction it was to take was carefully pointed out to it, and a sailor went through the performance first in order to make it quite clear in case the crab was lacking in intelligence. Then we released it. It took the right direction, approached the ship's rails in order, we imagined, to reach the stays—and flopped overboard ! The experiment had failed and we had lost our fattest crab. The ignorance and stupidity of the animal kingdom is stupendous.

The last of the South Sea Islands under Japanese Mandate that our steamer touched at was Korror in the Palau (Pelew) archipelago, a group of six islands and a number of smaller islets, lying in a lagoon of 55 miles in length and 20 wide. A vast coral reef encircles the lagoon. It is by a long crooked passage through dangerous shallows that the anchorage of Korror, the island on which the capital is situated, is reached—a thread of deep blue water that winds and curves amongst the coral shoals. Everywhere are forest-clad shores and little conical islands, their summits thickly wooded. On the sea level the soft rock has been worn away and many stand out of the water like giant mushrooms. One could scarcely take one's eyes off them so likely they seemed to topple over, upset by the wash of the passing steamer. But what strikes the traveller most of all is the dissimilarity in structure, in form, in vegetation and in appearance of the islands of this group to those already seen in the rest of the Caroline Archipelago. True the whole formation of the islands is due to other causes, for which, eastward, there is nothing but coral and basalt, the Palau group consists of volcanic rock. It is a new world and presents many more forms of life, both animal and vegetable. Its remoteness is less than that of the islands to the east. New Guinea, Celebes and the Philippine islands lie at no very great distance. Wind, tide and current have cast many things upon its shores—storm-driven life and the seeds of many

plants. Crocodiles, unknown elsewhere in the Caroline Archipelago, abound. The soil too is more hospitable and richer.

We anchored off Korror, the little capital, in land-locked straits amongst many little steep islands. The scenery was most attractive, the sea of an exquisite blue, the vegetation of every variety of green from brilliant to sombre. The town is hidden but above the forest rise the tall iron towers of the wireless telegraph marking its site. To reach the shore a launch took us through a narrow rift between two islands, the precipices on both sides crowned with luxuriant vegetation from amongst which admirable specimens of Pandanus and Dracæna raised their much branched trunks and their clusters of stiffly spiked leaves. The settlement—the " Colony," as the Japanese call it—lies on a low hill overlooking the land-locked shallow bay, its shores at places dark with mangrove swamps. A young Japanese scientist, Mr. Ando, in charge of a mission of research in the Palau group, met me at the quay and during the whole day of my visit, accompanied me on my excursions. His learning was remarkable and he had read, and studied, in the languages in which they were written, the principal Russian, German, French and English works of anthropology, and in addition, young as he was, had accomplished much original research. The hours of my stay passed only too quickly in the company of this pleasant and learned companion and every detail of my visit gained additional interest from his presence and his kindness. Standing in front of the two native Communal Meeting Houses, one constructed for the Chiefs, the other for the younger men, he explained to me the curious carved and painted decoration that completely covers one end of the large building, and is continued on the beams within. The islanders of the Palau group live in an atmosphere of magic, and this coloured exhibition of their Totems is intensely interesting. As the origin of the creation of mankind a crowing cock is repeatedly represented, while in long lines across the walls follow the traditions of the Totems. The turtle is the most important and the crocodile follows in the second place of honour. A curious panel illustrates the visit of the men of Yap in search of the rock from which they formed their currency. The men are represented in transporting the large circular stones and embarking them on their rafts.

The promiscuity of sexual relations in these islands is so current that all descent is traced through the mother. The identity of the father is often unknown, and considered of no

importance, by the offspring and not unseldom even by the woman herself who may have been cohabiting with several men at one time. All property descends through the female line as being the only certain method of identification. These casual sexual relations begin in childhood and continue after marriage but a woman is supposed not to commit adultery when living with her husband. His absence however raises the ban and as often as not he comes back with a new wife. The Islanders look and seem very degraded but their laws and traditions are strictly adhered to and there exists a very curious and very primitive civilization amongst them. Their houses are like all the native residences of these parts, raised on piles and thatched with Pandanus or palm leaves. A Chief's house may have four doors, while that of a family of medium importance possesses three and the rest two only. Of all the islands the people of Yap and the Palau group are the most retrograde and stubborn and with all the good intentions in the world the Japanese have succeeded only to a very limited extent in introducing social and hygienic ameliorations. Even the adoption of Christianity by a certain number of the inhabitants has led to little permanent advance. What the children learn in the schools they seem quickly to forget and the hopes that have arisen of the younger generation's adoption of civilisation have borne as yet but little fruit.

Korror is the official capital of all the Japanese Mandated Islands of the South Seas, and the residence of the Governor General. The little town is pleasantly laid out, the few roads are wide and planted in avenues, but the inhabitants can scarcely number more than a few hundreds. The Government buildings are modest and attractive and the gardens charming. I have never seen such Hibiscus elsewhere. Especially noticeable was a variety with resplendent deep crimson flowers of great size. It is often cut back into high hedges and the whole surface was a mass of gorgeous blossom.

It was on an island of the Palau group—Aulong—that the East India Company's vessel, *Antelope*, was wrecked in 1783. The crew reached the shore and with great labour, and under the greatest disadvantages, constructed a ship in which they arrived on the coast of China. The local Chief's son accompanied them and from China he proceeded to England where he died shortly after his arrival.

Our next port of call was Menado on the extreme north-east point of the great star-fish shaped island of Celebes in the Dutch

East Indies. A little more than two years previously I had spent a few days there and I have little to add to what I wrote then of the place and its beautiful surroundings, the Minahasa plateau.* It was hot of course, Menado always is, but I walked about the wide shady roads with their magnificent avenues of forest trees. Of this visit I have only two little incidents to relate. I read with admiration the name of a native lawyer, written on a board at the entrance of his house—Mr. Ishuk TJOKROHADISOERJO. The second incident was the visit of a Japanese gentleman, a fellow passenger, in search of tea and cakes, to a bungalow marked "Pastorie," in large letters. He was not a little disconcerted to find his knowledge of the Dutch tongue was at fault and that he had mistaken the residence of the pastor of the neighbouring church for a pastry-cook's. But he got his tea all right from the kindly proprietor and his excellent wife, nor was he allowed to pay for his entertainment.

Two days later we reached Davao. I had been cruising, with only one change of steamer, for fifty-two days in these Southern Seas, and had covered over 7,400 miles between my port of departure, Yokohama, and Davao, a little town in Mindanao, the southernmost of the Philippine Islands. The two steamers were small vessels of the well-known N.Y.K. Line of Japan, each of about 2,000 tons register. Except for the Spanish priest, who had spent two days on board, I had been throughout the only European passenger. These ships were a little out of date, and steamed a doubtful ten knots. The food was Japanese with occasional European dishes. To some these facts might have seemed disadvantageous but I was not only comfortable but pampered. The unceasing kindness that I received from the captains, officers and stewards of these two Japanese steamers was lavish and much appreciated. Nearly all spoke English; some of them with great fluency. I was able to see and to admire the skill and efficiency with which the ships were navigated, by no means an easy task amongst these islands with their reefs and shoals, and where lighthouses are unknown. Their courtesy and their kindness no words could suffice to express.

* *East for Pleasure*, by W. B. Harris. Edward Arnold & Co., London

Chapter XXIII

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

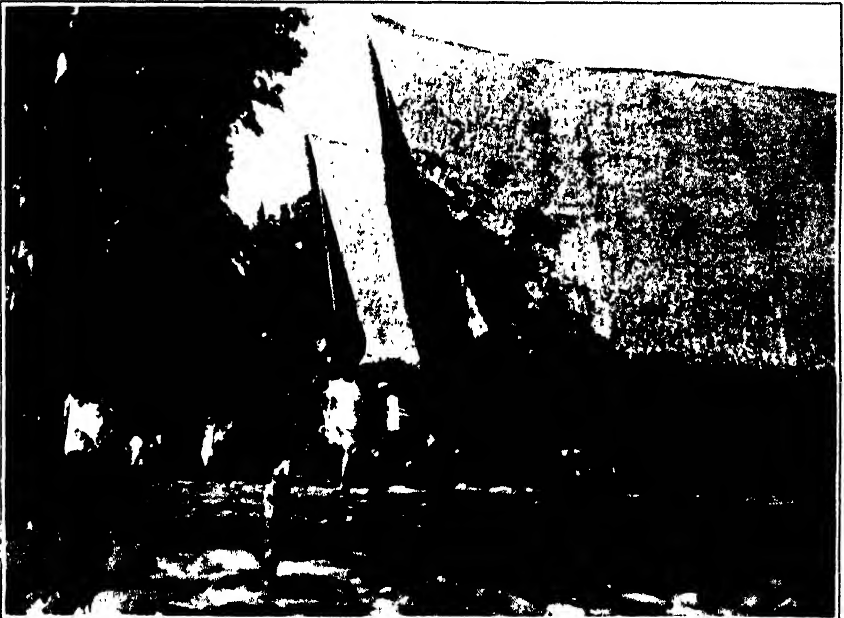
ON April 4th, 1932, a Bill introducing a new constitution in the Philippine Islands was passed by the House of Representatives at Washington. The Bill provides for the creation of a Commonwealth with a life of eight years and eventually the establishment of a separate republic. By its passage in the House the spirit of independent nationalism that is to-day an integral part of the Filipino's existence was brought a step nearer realization.

The status of independence which the Filipinos were too late to obtain by force from Spain owing to the intervention of the Spanish-American War was demanded from America as an act of justice, as the fulfilment of repeated promises, and as the reward of over thirty years of diligent apprenticeship. Since 1898 great changes have come about. Living at that period in the atmosphere of retarded progress which accompanied the Spanish regime the Filipinos lacked both knowledge and experience. A Filipino Republic in 1898 would have proved tempestuous and unavailing. To-day—or perhaps to-morrow—it could be initiated with every hope of success.

No traveller to the Philippine Islands can fail to be struck by the intelligence and charm of the educated Filipinos. They take their place with ease and dignity in the administrative and social life of the capital. Their womenkind are refined, modest, and often very pretty. The entertainments of Manila, at which Americans and Filipinos mix on terms of equality and friendship, are devoid of the noisy vulgarity that is unfortunately so often in evidence elsewhere in the Far East.

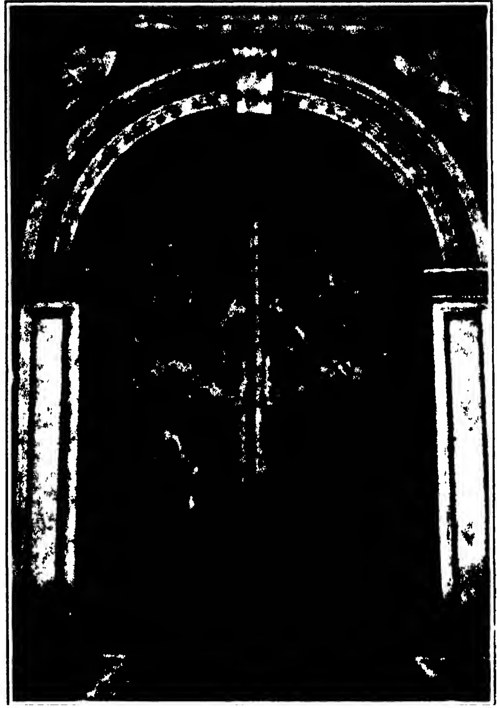
There are three factors on which depends the question of Philippine independence—(1) the intense nationalist sentiment of the Filipinos ; (2) the undisputed desire and intention of the United States Government to fulfil their promises at the earliest possible moment compatible with responsibility ; and (3) the future economic situation of the Islands. The existing status—

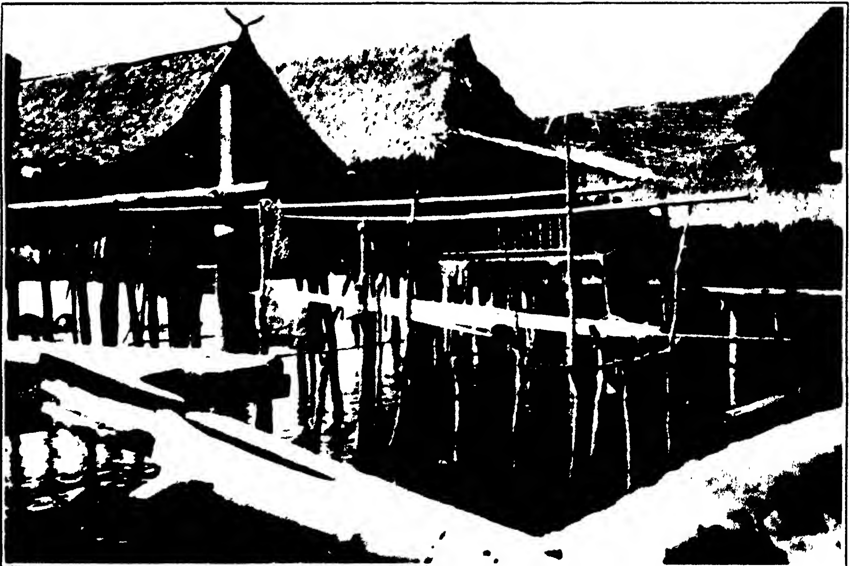
NATIVES AND STONE MONEY, YAP



MEETING HOUSES, PALAU

CHURCH DOOR,
MANILA





BAJAW HOUSES, ZAMBOANGA

in practice a form of protectorate—is one that greatly benefits the Islands. They already possess self-government, for the American control is wisely and seldom exercised. Every department of the local government is satisfactorily administered by Filipinos, and American intervention is reduced to little more than a restraint upon hurried legislation such as young and still inexperienced people are inclined to introduce.

But the granting of an immediate and complete status of independence would suddenly deprive the islands of the vast advantage of free trade with the United States, and all island imports into America would have to compete with those of foreign countries. So great have been the advantages enjoyed that the Filipinos have adopted neither the highly scientific agricultural methods nor the rigorous economy that has been forced upon other countries by competition.

Profits have been easy to earn, and large when earned. During the last nine years the balance of trade has been greatly in favour of the islands. There has been a long period of almost unbroken prosperity, though to-day the islands are bearing their share of the economic world depression. That 85 per cent. of the Philippine imports into the United States compete with American agricultural products has no doubt influenced a strong body of American opinion in favour of the independence movement, though there are many disinterested advocates of this policy. American control of the Philippine Islands has been so successful that the premature abandonment of political sovereignty might bring about economic collapse. Responsibility cannot be discarded even in an act of appropriate generosity. A period of transition appears necessary—and with this policy an increasing number of Filipino leaders are in agreement.

There are, of course, minorities. The Moslem Moros of the south fear the domination of the Christian northerners, and many of them would prefer to continue under the disinterested control of America rather than risk possible exploitation at the hands of fellow-countrymen with whom they have nothing in common in custom, language, or religion. This minority question, however, presents no insuperable difficulties owing to geographical distribution. The various races and religions are largely confined to separate islands. There is more probability of future dissension among the ruling classes of the Christian Filipinos than likelihood of communal contention, since the educated Filipino is by nature, by training, and by choice a

politician. There are few who cannot stir the emotions of their countrymen, in at least three languages—English, Spanish and one or other of the many native tongues. Underlying the attractive outward timidity of action and of voice which is so marked a feature of the Filipino character there burns a deeply rooted patriotism that at times in the past has diverted the flow of words into the flowing of blood. To the manly qualities that the Filipinos owe to their Malay origin they have added, during the many centuries that have elapsed since their ancestors first invaded the land, a strain of Chinese blood and Chinese sagacity, while they have suffered and benefited—and on the whole benefited far more than suffered—from nearly 400 years of Spanish domination. Justly severe as may be the criticism of Spain's colonial administration in the past, the traveller has only to visit Manila to appreciate the value of the work that was accomplished during the Spanish occupation. Spanish culture taught the Filipino how to live, how to think, and how to worship.

It is proposed, while granting immediately to the Filipinos the fullest possible measure of political autonomy, to introduce over a short number of years a process of graduated economic independence under American control and sovereignty. Economic adjustment is believed not only to be possible but also feasible and, once attained, all objection to complete independence disappears. At the termination of the proposed eight years the actual ties that bind America and the Philippine Islands will be severed and the separation become definite. It is to be hoped that until then, and after, the cordial relations and mutual esteem which, in spite of political discussion, so happily unite the two races will continue, to the benefit of both.

The Bill passed through Congress with a large majority but it has still far to go before it becomes effective. The Senate, the Cabinet and the President have yet to agree and there seems no doubt that opposition will be met with in some quarters.

Chapter XXIV

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A POLITE and pleasant Filipino turned over the pages of my passport in the Custom-house of Davao, a remote port in Mindanao the southernmost of the Philippine Islands, where I had just landed. " It is your first visit to the Islands ? " he asked. " My first visit." " Well," he continued, " I trust that your short contact with our country has already convinced you of the justice of our demand for independence." I had been exactly three minutes ashore but so friendly were he and his companions that I replied, " I am quite convinced of it and if the matter rested with me I would sign your Charter of Independence now and without hesitation."

Davao may be described almost as a Japanese Colony. It is the centre of the hemp trade and the culture, the preparation and the export of this useful commodity is very largely in Japanese hands. Like all other trades it was at the time of my visit passing through a period of severe depression. The price of Manila hemp, the name by which it is known, had fallen and a crisis had ensued. It was the same with copra, the product of the coco-nut, the harvesting of which had become even unremunerative, and American firms owning extensive coco-nut plantations had closed down their preparing and drying works and ceased to export. The Japanese have shown at Davao that diligence and energy which are so typical of their race. They own large extents of property, have cleared the jungle and built factories for the preparation of the hemp. The plant itself much resembles the banana. When fully grown it is cut and, passing through a machine, is threaded and the fibre extracted. Eventually it is pressed and packed and shipped abroad in great quantities. The hemp grown in the Philippines possesses qualities the plant does not give elsewhere and no attempts to produce it in other similar climates and situations have met with complete success. There are but few Americans at Davao and fewer Englishmen, and their

total number gathered of an evening at the local Club, where the hours passed pleasantly in cheery company.

I spent part of one day in visiting the principal hemp estates away a few miles in the country, where the whole process of preparing the material was shown to me. But it was not the very efficient machinery which the Japanese companies have erected that interested me the most. It was the very remarkable social work that is being carried on amongst the Japanese colonists. Not only are they provided with a first-class hospital of their own, where much scientific research work is done, but also with schools erected and supported partly by the Japanese Government and partly by the Companies. The climate of Davao and its environs is malarious and the heat extreme but every possible alleviation has been introduced and the public health receives much attention, both from the Japanese industrial firms and from the American authorities. The presence of so many Japanese in Davao appears to give rise to some little anxiety in Filipino circles, where the proximity of a nation as energetic, as efficient, and as overcrowded as Japan is looked upon as a possible menace for the future. As a matter of fact their activity in this port of far-away Mindanao has brought a considerable amount of prosperity to the district by opening up the country and increasing commerce and trade. It should be difficult to imagine colonists more hardworking, more sober or more law-abiding than the Japanese of this distant island of the Philippines.

How different are the two great archipelagos of the Far East !—Japan with its overcrowded population of efficient and industrious people, its modern civilisation, its intensive agriculture wherever agriculture is possible, its network of railways, its seas crowded with shipping, and its commerce and its manufactories ; a complicated masterpiece of constructive civilisation created by unceasing effort and unceasing sacrifice—a miracle. And on the other hand the Southern Philippine Islands with so much of their immense area covered in impenetrable and untouched jungle, on the sea-coast alone of which a sparse and primitive population lives just as their ancestors have lived for so many centuries—savages and barbarians of many tribal races, or a little civilised by the adoption of the faith of Islam. Farther north, and in coastal settlements elsewhere, one finds the attractive Christian people, nurtured on a few centuries of leisurely Spanish culture and awakened to the realities of world existence by thirty years of strenuous American domination. But with

certain exceptions—and there are a few parts where the population is very dense—the archipelago lies dormant ; millions upon millions of acres of primeval jungle, damp, hot and malarious ; very beautiful to look upon from the sea but overpoweringly depressing in its unending weariness of rampant vegetation; interlocked and impenetrable, rising from the shore tier above tier up to the high mountains of the interior and dominated by the threatening craters of sinister volcanoes. The struggle for life is there too but it is not the struggle of overcrowded mankind but of superabundant vegetation, tree against tree and plant against plant. The delicate entwining embrace of the climbing plant becomes a strangling grip of death. The straight almost leafless trunk of some forest giant, once it has penetrated above the lower growth of trees, throws out its abundant branches, depriving the defeated rivals of air and light and eventually of life. And beneath it all the brushwood struggles for existence, enveloping, suffocating, poisoning. Nature directed by mankind is sometimes reasonable but in such regions as these she is vindictive, bloodthirsty and heartless. Heat and fever, slime and serpents and typhoons, such are her gifts.

It was under fortunate circumstances that I travelled from Davao to Manila. The coasting steamer was sufficiently large, clean and well provided. There were a limited number of American and Filipino passengers, a few of them officials, the rest engaged in commerce or agriculture. They mixed, the East and the West, on terms of intimacy and one and all seemed interested in the welfare of the islands and to be satisfied with their lives spent in a trying climate and in a region far removed from centres of civilisation. I was glad to hear how highly the American spoke of the Filipinos and of the progress that had been made in recent years. It was quite evident, from the terms on which they associated, that there was no racial prejudice amongst the passengers. They met on terms of polite and intimate equality. That criticism existed of each other's policy was quite clear. No secret was made of it and the presence of an English stranger amongst them perhaps led to more discussion than would otherwise have been the case, for, pretending to more ignorance than I could really lay claim to, I asked such a series of indiscreet questions that it would not have been surprising if a crisis had supervened. But no ; there was a restraint and a sense of good humour that turned any possible bitterness to humour and severity to laughter—and I learned a lot. The

American planters spoke highly of their Filipino neighbours and employees in the outlying parts of the southern island, Mindanao, the most backward in civilization of the whole archipelago.

This, and the adjacent islands, are the principal home of the Moros. They are Moslems by religion, of Malay descent, and form in the Philippine Islands the most important minority group. But they have never enjoyed the opportunity of culture which the northerners experienced during over three centuries of Spanish domination, and have remained a much more primitive and uneducated race. They have however many good qualities which the Americans have been quick to recognize.

In such company where political discussion was possible without the risk of impatience or ill-will and without the exhibition of any race prejudice, my voyage was pleasant indeed. The islands we passed amongst presented scenery of distinct beauty and much colour and diversity ; narrow straits and wide seas ; islands beforested and mountainous ; the symmetrical cones of great volcanoes ; picturesque little villages amongst groves of coco-nut palms and here and there plantations and clearings in the jungle. Immense trees reared their gaunt grey trunks far above the level of the rest of the forest, crowned with dense foliage. We stopped the day after our departure in a deep bay in Mindanao for a few hours to take on board fifty or sixty head of cattle. It was a desolate spot, a wide plain bounded by mountains and only very sparsely wooded. Advantage had been taken of this more open country, rare enough in the southern islands, to start a ranch and every week the steamer called to take cattle to the north. It was no easy job getting them on board. Long ropes were made fast to their horns and held by groups of men. Time after time the ox would charge one or other group of natives who would run for their lives, while the others held on grimly to their ropes, bringing sufficient power to bear to stop the beast's rush against his enemies. In time—often it was long—the ox would tire and was dragged and pulled into the sea to be made fast by his horns to the sides of one of the ship's heavy boats of which two or three were employed for the purpose. Once the requisite number were collected the boat was towed out by a launch to the steamer where the cattle were slung on board, a wide band of canvas being placed beneath their stomachs and made fast over their backs and hooked to the chain of the winch. To heave them up was the work of a very few minutes. Evidently scared and by no means tame, they created some disturbance on

board and had to be given a wide berth while being driven into the strong pens erected on deck for their accommodation. But they soon settled down and great heaps of green food quickly attracted their attention from more dangerous occupations.

We touched at two towns of importance between Davao and Manila, Zamboanga in Mindanao and Cebu the capital of the island of the same name.

Zamboanga is an attractive place, a clean town with its streets and gardens shaded by forest trees. The masonry houses and shops that form the business centre are limited in number and soon give place to the typical Filipino residences, constructed of wood and raised on piles. But this form of construction by no means implies simplicity, and many of the houses are extensive, luxuriously appointed and highly decorative, their wide balconies gay with flowering orchids and pot plants. Examples of many Philippine Island races are to be met in the streets and on the quay at Zamboanga. The Filipino Christian in his European clothes predominates but there are in addition large numbers of gaily dressed Moslem Moros and tribesmen from the neighbouring islands with a sprinkling of dishevelled Bajaws or sea gypsies. There is scarcely a race of the Far East that is not represented. Adjoining the town is a large settlement of these sea-loving Bajaws whose houses of wood and matting stand in the shallow water raised on high piles. For access there are only single planks, stretched from house to house and eventually reaching the shore. Under the cover of the raised abodes they keep their boats and canoes.

There was an early Spanish settlement at Zamboanga and the Old Fort, built in 1635, still forms the principal object of interest in the place. It was captured by the Dutch, aided by a Chinese contingent, in 1663, but passed early in the XVIIIth century back to Spanish hands. When the restoration of the building was being carried out, after its recapture, the workmen discovered, built into the walls, a rather crude bas-relief of the Virgin. The event was hailed with delight and the panel, miraculously preserved from the desecrating hands of Dutch Protestants and Pagan Chinese, was dedicated and erected over the principal gateway, now bricked up. It is to-day an object of intense veneration and the site is a place of pilgrimage. The miraculous powers of Nuestra Señora del Pilar are recounted far and wide over the Islands. As the dark Filipino and his womenkind and children pass along the neighbouring street they kneel and cross

themselves and pray—so reverently and so happily that one envies their simple faith and the comfort and resignation and love that is born of it. Hard dry Protestantism may suit our Northern races but these gentle emotional people of the Islands need more, and they find immense consolation in the Church of Rome. One has only to visit the Philippines to realise to how great an extent, in spite of abuses inherent to the times, the three centuries of Catholic control brought civilisation and culture to the people.

Fellow passengers on board, residents in Zamboanga who were leaving the ship at that port, took charge of me, and in spite of the fact that they were returning home after an absence of some weeks, and that their children awaited them on the quay in transports of happiness, they sacrificed their first few hours of homecoming to the stranger and drove me out into the country in their car. We visited the agricultural penal settlement of San Ramon at an hour's distance from the town. The extensive coco-nut plantations are worked by the prisoners who enjoy a considerable amount of liberty. I spent an hour or two at this most interesting settlement, with its school in which the men are taught a number of trades as well as agricultural pursuits. So successful has the system proved that the entire colony is being removed to more extensive agricultural lands, and San Ramon will be abandoned. The prison buildings consist of large isolated constructions in which the prisoners sleep, their berths arranged one above the other on an iron framework. The cleanliness and hygiene appears to be as near perfection as could be imagined and the men have ample opportunity to take repeated douche baths, a very necessary precaution in this hot climate and one that is much appreciated. These prison buildings stand in a well-laid-out garden, with wide paved paths and beds full of flowers, which are grown and tended by such of the prisoners as are not fit for the more severe occupations in the fields and coco-nut plantations. There is a permanent exhibition of the work of the prisoners, where the objects are for sale, the men profit-sharing in the results. This penal settlement, and others in the Island, are run by the Filipinos themselves and are excellent examples not only of efficient administration but also exhibit a wise policy in prison regime in Oriental countries. Their object in the Philippines is to ensure that the necessary curtailment of the liberty of the prisoner should result in no physical or mental deterioration. The Oriental is very susceptible to influences. He is emotional and temperamental and

the restrictions introduced by the Western Governments are often not only incomprehensible and unreasonable but galling and injurious as well and in his eyes unjust. They are in deliberate contradiction to the inherited traditions of his race. We Westerners enforce laws often enough that are unsuitable under local conditions and we set up standards of conduct and morality which are our own and not theirs and often enough diametrically opposed to their common sense. The primitive Oriental—and how many of them are primitive—requires treatment entirely different from that meted out to the European. The mentality is less balanced. He is less inured to the roughness and shocks of life. His experience is small and his vision limited. Outside influences have even nowadays scarcely reached him. He may have, and no doubt has, many faults but he is less "protected" by nature than we are and far more impressionable and vulnerable. The blow that glides off our armours of education, habit and custom, enters deep into his soul. Imprisonment under conditions that the Westerner can support is unbearable to him. His mind often cannot stand the strain. The curtailment of his liberty is alone a terrible punishment. I am not writing of the hardened criminal but of the ordinary Oriental man, who finds himself placed under a code of laws that he is incapable of understanding and which are often not only contrary to all he has ever learned but are also in his eyes full of deliberate injustices. In all my travels I have been in no countries where the psychology of the prisoners is better understood and more sympathetically considered than in the Philippine Islands and in the Dutch East Indies. In this respect we English in our Eastern possessions have much to learn.

The few hours I spent at Zamboanga have left a very pleasant impression. The place itself is attractive and it presents many features of beauty and interest. The town is clean, well laid out, with gardens of bright flower-beds and shady trees and there is an air of quiet and repose that suits the place, the people and the climate. The following morning our steamer tied alongside the quay at Cebu, a town with a population of 100,000 and the capital of the island of the same name.

It was at Cebu that Magellan first landed in 1521 but the Spaniards did not take possession of the site until 1564 when Miguel Lopez de Legaspi seized the small native town and the next year began the construction of the fort. Seven years later Adelanto Legaspi and his troops occupied Manila.

With the exception of Manila, Cebu bears more traces of its early Spanish occupation than any other town in the Philippines. It was the cradle of the Christian faith and the centre from which it was propagated. Many of the early Spanish houses still remain, the lower storeys solidly constructed of stone with overhanging closed-in balconies of wood. Near the quay is a little Plaza, shaded by great trees. Modern streets lead to the residential quarters where the Filipino style of house, wooden structures raised on piles, predominates. Many are of considerable size and display typical architectural features.

In the Plaza stands the most arresting of all the monuments of the Islands, " Magellan's Cross," set up by the great navigator on his arrival in April, 1521. It marks the site on which the first Mass was said. The large plain wooden cross stands in the shelter of an octagonal arched kiosk, the eight openings screened by heavy bars. It is much venerated, and candles, sold on the stone steps, are bought and lit and pushed through between the bars to burn themselves out with flickering flame in the precincts of the monument.

What a world of history that simple cross recalls—the great adventure of Ferdinand Magellan's voyage through the Straits that bear his name, and on across the Pacific—and all that it meant, his coming to these lands—Christianity and cunning—cruelty and culture—education and extortion—periods of good and periods of bad—yet progress all the time, slow and uneasy, built up upon sacrifice and crime, upon misgovernment and wisdom, upon avarice and patriotism, until at last the people rose against the Spaniards and America intervened. Taking advantage of the good that existed, eradicating the abuses, leaving much untouched and reconstructing still more, tempering their rule to the faith and spirit of the people, the Americans have been successful. There were mistakes at first. No Western Government ever undertook the administration of an Eastern people without mistakes, but wisdom and efficiency and goodwill prevailed. It was a great task and has been well carried out.

There are two notable churches in Cebu, the Cathedral and the Church of Saint Augustin, both imposing and interesting examples of Spanish Colonial ecclesiastical architecture. The Cathedral possesses a handsome vaulted nave and a highly ornate altar. How the construction of these imposing fanes must have impressed the native inhabitants, whose sole know-

ledge of building was confined to their timber and matting houses! With what interest and wonder they must have watched the masons and the hewers of stone and the carvers of wood, and seen these great churches raised to the glory of this new God which the white people from far away had brought with them across the sea. And the bells and the pictures and the sculptures and all the mystery of the Mass; and the beauty and majesty of its solemn ceremony—how it must have impressed them! And even to-day the veneration is intense.

Just across the Plaza from the Cathedral stands the Church of San Augustin which contains the locally celebrated image of the Santo Niño (the Holy Child), more commonly known as the Black Christ. It is a small dark wooden figure which is said to have been miraculously cast up by the sea. The finder, a fisherman, threw it back several times but on each occasion it appeared again in his net. Much adorned with gold and jewels it is claimed to possess miraculous powers.

We took on more passengers at Cebu, Americans and Filipinos, and amongst them a young bride and bridegroom of the latter race. A host of relatives and friends came to see them off, with a band of young men—amateurs I was told—who played excellently on guitars and mandolines. A number of hangers-on and servants accompanied the guests. It was for a time the noisiest ship I was ever in. The winches were at work, for cargo was being shipped and discharged and chains and engines rattled. Orders were screamed to the crew who shouted back retorts or gave voice to imprecations. The band played and a gramophone with a strident loud speaker mingled their music at the other end of the deck and the general company from time to time burst into song. Added to this happy pandemonium were all the noises of the quay-side and the harbour. The bridal party sat in their wedding finery in rows of chairs facing each other all along the deck. Many of the ladies wore the Filipino national dress, the long trained skirt and winged sleeves and expanded collars so reminiscent of Elizabethan portraits. Brocades and bright rich silks are usually adopted for the skirt and train, the bodies being of "piña"—a stuff woven from pineapple fibre, thin, stiff and transparent. The colour is usually white but coloured designs are skilfully woven into the material or embroidered or appliquéd on its surface. The winged sleeves and collars are, as a rule, of gold thread in the form of very open lace, evidently held in position by wire. The younger generation of women are, alas,

to a great extent abandoning this delightful historic Filipino dress which is so suited to their type of beauty and so becoming.

It was nine o'clock that evening before the company broke up after much eating and discreet drinking and, with the band ahead playing a march, they all went ashore, leaving the young bride and bridegroom waving adieus from the deck. It had been a noisy but cheerful fête.

The following day we steamed up Manila Bay and anchored alongside the quay a little distance up the Pasig River.

Chapter XXV

MANILA

It was in December (1931) in the sixteenth month of my travels that I reached Manila. Far away as this city of the Philippines may be the first impression, after long journeyings amongst the South Sea Islands, was that of a great modern capital. The approach from the sea, the breakwaters and the quays, the tall buildings and the busy streets, bespeak modern civilisation and progress. There is much shipping and many signs of industry, and in the harbour lay an American fleet. But amongst all the stir and bustle of modern life Manila has preserved its medieval quarter, and on his first drive, from the quay-side to the hotel, the traveller obtains a glimpse of the old town with its fortified walls and its many churches, its Bishop's palace and its dignified gateways, lying amongst the wide green lawns and the flowering trees that to-day adorn the moat and stretch away over the reclaimed land between the old Luneta and the sea.

There is no great port in the Far East that can compare with Manila. Nature, nearly four centuries of Spanish culture and American energy and taste have combined to render it unique. Shanghai may possess greater signs of wealth and more significance, but Shanghai is congested, pretentious and ugly for Nature deprived it of the opportunities which the country, the climate and the sea bestow upon Manila. The Americans started late and with every advantage—great spaces, the beauty that existed already ; scope, wealth and vision. They were little hampered, if at all, by existing circumstances. Manila had escaped the devastating ugliness of the Victorian period when so much was perpetrated to disfigure the British possessions of the East. What has been done is admirable. The reclaiming of a large extent of the shallow bay gave room to expand, and the place has spread in parks and gardens and handsome buildings and pleasant residential quarters, that end in one of the finest drives in the world along the sea front. The planting has been

skilful. The groups of trees and shrubs are of the greatest beauty and nature almost daily waters the verdant lawns with warm showers of rain. Everywhere one perceives a largeness of vision, a splendid imagination lavishly materialized. The wide double avenues are shaded by their trees and even in the heat of the day one can walk in comfort. These vast open spaces of Manila are an asset of inestimable value.

I had never been in America nor in any country under American administration and Manila was a revelation. I was greatly struck not only by the efficiency with which the task had been accomplished in a tropical climate, at a great distance, and amongst a people whose traditions originated and were nurtured under the conservative regime of Spanish domination, but also by the evident signs of the enthusiasm and energy with which the Americans have undertaken and accomplished their task. Nothing but unceasing care, great technical ability, generosity and good taste could have accomplished what they have done and created the Manila of to-day. The Spaniards left behind them a gem to work around in the old walled town and the setting that the Americans have given it is worthy of the highest commendation.

Near the sea's edge, where in a detached harbour the men-of-war's launches come and go almost unceasingly, surrounded by beautifully planted gardens that open on to a great park, stands the Manila Hotel. I am not a lover of hotels and as a rule the bigger and more pretentious they are the less I like them, with their stupid conventions and their absurd pretensions. But to the Manila Hotel I can give nothing but praise. It seems to me to be the model of what an hotel in such a climate should be—large, airy, beautifully situated and excellently run. The service, the catering, the lighting and the music are all discreet. There is an entire absence of the pretentious vulgarity that stamps many hotels in the Far East. There is no noise and no hurry. The traveller dines under a wide oval colonnade opening on to the gardens—for walls are unnecessary in this climate. This colonnade surrounds a vast dancing floor. The small tables are well spaced and decorated with a constant change of tastefully arranged flowers. The food is good, adequate and served by proficient and attentive Filipino waiters. The menus are not charged with long lists of unsuitable dishes nor is your food brought you, as it is so often in the East, in the form of piles of meat and pyramids of vegetables, or fish smeared in sticky sauce, whose heads and

whose tails protrude on each edge of your plate. A Filipino band of quite excellent musicians discourses serious music during meals and after dinner plays jazz in a manner that is pleasant to hear—and must be delightful to dance to—with none of the shrieks and screams or the revolting gestures and hideous grimaces that seem to-day to be a necessary adjunct to the art of dancing. The dancers—how well they dance !—are many, for residents of Manila forgather at the hotel in the evening ; Americans and Filipinos—the delightful contrast of the north and south—and one could not but be struck by the taste and care with which the ladies of both races were arrayed. Even a mere man like myself, a solitary traveller for many years, could not help noticing how very *soignées* were these representatives of Manila's best society—the charm of their frocks, their shoes, the dressing of their hair—their graceful figures and the ease and skill of their dancing—their taste and their behaviour. There was no noise, no vulgarity, no loud shouting of " Boy ! " The room was beautifully lit and every figure showed off to advantage. It amused me to sit night after night at the little table at which I had dined, to watch this entrancing scene. I was surfeited with the unrestrained islands of the tropics and with their primitive races and I found this sudden return to the refinements of Western civilisation, so attractively displayed, very refreshing and very invigorating. I lunched and dined quietly in pleasant company, amongst people who knew the world and who knew how to discuss it, and to whom the problems of the Far East were of engrossing interest. Here at least was activity of body and mind.

Great things have been done in the Philippine Islands, works on a colossal scale, with remarkable energy and foresight—and as an antidote there is the Filipino, learning all the time ; appreciative if not too grateful ; bound up in the love of his Islands and intent upon their independence ; a little of a dreamer and a good deal a politician, impulsive or idle, or sometimes both ; unjust in his criticism of others and too confident in his own capacities—an engaging rather unpractical personality with a touch of melancholy. To-day America's task, so generously performed, seems nearing its completion. The future lies in Filipino hands—and good luck to them !

One is constantly coming across places in the East that the English at one time or another have invaded, held or sacked. I confess that in my ignorance of history I was unaware that the

latter, and apparently the favourite, of these pursuits had been followed in Manila. In 1762 the forces of the East India Company landed there and for forty-eight hours burned and pillaged. The priests still recount that scarcely a tomb in the fine old Augustinian Church escaped desecration, for rumour had it that fortunes were concealed beneath their stones. Nothing was found except what one can expect to find in graves—the useless refuse that man leaves behind him when he dies, a skull, a few dry bones, a little hair and some dust. These poor worthless objects, useless even to their former owners, the British soldiers disinterred and abandoned in confusion, so that when the good priests tried to sort them out there was no possible distinction between good and bad, or even, which was much more important, between rich and poor. So they hesitated to put the bones back in the graves but buried the whole lot in a common pit near the chancel, leaving it to them and to the Almighty to decide who was who, and which was which—if the necessity ever arose. Failing to find fortunes in the tombs the invaders took everything of value in the churches and stripped the images of their gold and jewels—being good sturdy Protestants of deep religious convictions with Sepoys in their employ.

Frankly, I idled in Manila and it is a very agreeable place to idle in. In the mornings and afternoons before and after the hot hours of the day I walked amongst scenes that were alluring—over green lawns and along the sea front ; or on the now filled-in moat with its golf links and by an avenue of palm trees, past the old walls into the business quarter of the city on the other bank of the river Pasig where all is movement and tramways and electric light wires and Chinese shops and American and European banks and places of business—an animated centre of East and West, full of life, the life of the arteries of a great Eastern port.

But my favourite excursions of an afternoon, when the heat was tempered by the evening breeze, was to the old walled city—"Manila intra-muros," and there to wander vaguely in the narrow streets. The gateways, three remain standing, that give access to the old town, are monuments of Spanish colonial architecture wanting in proportion and artistic detail, but still to-day exactly as the Spaniards of those early days constructed them, carrying out to the best of their abilities in a strange and far-away country the art of their homeland. Within the walls the traveller is back in the past. The handiwork of America is

no longer visible. All speaks of Spain, of its life and atmosphere. The very people, darker it is true even than the Andalusian, move and speak and sit about just as the Spaniards do, clustering round the house doors and under the deep shadowy archways that lead into the patios—the patios of Spain of long ago. There is none of the mystery and seclusion and secrecy of the Eastern household here. Everything is in the open, for the whole family unite—and all the tenants of the patio—to do their washing and their ironing, their carpentering or their cooking in the open ; to chat and to gossip. Very picturesque they are these courtyards, with their high arched openings and their arcades, their wide flights of stone steps leading to tenements to-day that were once the mansions of the mighty and the rich. It is Spain borne across the seas and installed abroad—a little changed by the journey, a little altered to suit the climate, but Spain nevertheless.

Every quarter of the walled city speaks of the wealth and power and influence of the Church—the Bishop's palace with its balconies and its long rows of windows, the monasteries and the convents, the colleges and the schools and the much adorned churches. The architects of those days, striving to reproduce the ecclesiastical edifices of their homeland, failed perhaps but created something else, a Spanish colonial architecture, limited in its scope by want of skilled labour and want of material, yet very suitable to the country and the climate ; churches large and airy and, of their kind, grandiose. In spite of their heavy ornateness, of their plaster walls painted to imitate marble, of their over-adorned altars and their heavy ceilings there is an air of pleasant antiquity and of devout reverence about these spacious churches. In the quiet of their almost deserted precincts I often found a welcome and peaceful place of rest. And then out into the streets again, with their medley of Spain and China and the Islands. There is little stir and little movement, for the ways are very narrow, the shops mostly of the humble kind that appeals to the people of very moderate means, except where here and there a Chinese has set up his curio store with its window full of jade and porcelain and embroideries. They move leisurely the Filipinos ; never in a hurry, rather sadly and rather pathetically, or sit about in the walled precincts outside the churches in the shade of the trees. They are wise to be idle, these people, for they were born to idleness and are content with little. After all when they come to die their lives will have been more their own than ours are. They may have accomplished very little but

they will have had a good time in their own simple impecunious way and Holy Church is very forgiving of the little sins—and after all idleness is not a sin at all. Only silly people say so who want to make others work and benefit by it themselves.

My excursions farther afield were very limited—a few agreeable drives into the country round amongst the fields of sugar-cane and palm groves and through picturesque little villages and amongst still more picturesque people going slowly about their labours or gaily decked for some local fête. Once at sunset we walked up a deep ravine beside a rushing torrent and many waterfalls, and stood below a precipice of steep rock in the face of which was the opening of a cave. As dusk fell, as if at a given signal, long waving clouds of bats flew forth—thousands upon thousands until the dark air was rendered darker still as they pursued in sinuous curves their course to the open country. But not in security for from high above birds of prey swooped down upon the horde taking toll of their numbers. In the evenings I dined in pleasant company in the cool arcades of the hotel, in surroundings of beauty and comfort and luxury—at a little table discreetly lit and flower-bedecked. And all around were other tables with well dressed men and women and the music of the band, soothing and unnoisy, came to me across the great floor space and between the columns was a vista of moon-lit lawn and sea, and the air was heavy with the perfume floating in from the garden. There is a "finish" about Manila that makes all other ports of the Far East seem second-rate and vulgar. The energy and efficiency of America, the emotions of the East and Mañana of Spain form a very happy combination.

More than sixteen months had passed since I had set out on my travels. The time had come to return. From Manila I proceeded to Hongkong and embarked for home. My journey had been a period of unbroken interest and pleasure. Not one untoward incident had occurred to disturb its even tenor.

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