

Mandalay

AND OTHER CITIES OF THE PAST IN BURMA

MANDALAY

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BY

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Author of "The Silken East"



GREAT GATE OF MANDALAY

WITH 235 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND 8 COLOURED PLATES AFTER PAINTINGS
BY MR. J. R. MIDDLETON AND SAYA CHONE;
TOGETHER WITH A PLAN OF THE PALACE OF
MANDALAY BY AN EX-MINISTER OF THE KING
OF BURMA, AND 6 OTHER MAPS AND PLANS

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To
LORD CURZON
OF
KEDLESTON

*Whose great
and affectionate care
has given new life
to the
fading monuments of India,
this book is,
with his permission,
respectfully inscribed*

PREFACE

IN *The Silken East*, I sought to present a life-like picture of Burma and its people. I was concerned there only with the things that had daily passed before my own eyes. But the Past holds the secret of the Present in its hands. In this volume, therefore, I aim at a resuscitation of the Past of Burma as it finds expression in its cities, the centres of a bygone day. So much only of the living impression of the hour is given as is necessary to the completion of the story.

All countries that have a history reaching back over many centuries contain more than one city or ruin which at some time filled the place of a capital. But in Burma these past capitals are unusually numerous. Their number is partly to be ascribed to the internal conflicts which left, now one of its three leading races triumphant, now another. The Burmese, the Môn, and the Shan fought for supremacy for two thousand years, and the history of Burma is but the record of their conflicts, punctuated by invasion from without. Thatôn and Pegu thus stand for the Môn people; Prome, Pagān, Mandalay, Amarapura for the Burmese stock;

bidding of his own will, but with the concurrence—if reluctant—of his people.

The reader whose patience may outlast the perusal of these pages will find that he has visited nearly all the principal centres of life in the Burma of the past, and that he has brought away with him a consecutive impression of the history of the country. At Mergui in particular he will touch upon a remarkable episode. For if it has no claim to rank amongst the past capitals of the land, it came wonderfully near to greatness. It all but rose to be a capital of the English race in the Far East two hundred years ago, and had James II. known how to retain it, the later history of Burma would have been otherwise written, and Mandalay itself might never have come into being.

In reading of mediæval Pegu the reader should remember that he is concerned with a state of society which till little more than half a century ago had survived almost without a change. Indeed, on visiting Burma, he will be astonished to find how little in many respects it has changed even yet. But vast and profound transformations are now afoot in Burma, as in other parts of Asia, and soon these old mediæval narratives, from which I have so liberally quoted, will fall back into the category to which they belong—the category of *Hakluyt* and of *Purchas, his Pilgrimes*.

Meanwhile in Burma, as in India, great efforts are now being made to preserve all that the past has left us in

N.B.—Each chapter in this book stands by itself, but the reader who desires to peruse its pages in chronological sequence should take them in the following order: Thatôn, Tagoung, Tharekettaya, Promé, Pegu, Pagān, Ava, Sagaing, Mergui, Amarapura, Mandalay.

Further information on the subjects treated here will be found in the "Upper Burma Gazetteer," Sir A. Phayrè's "History of Burma," Anderson's "English Intercourse with Siam," and the Narratives of the three Envoys—Symes, Crawford, and Yule.

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My special thanks are due to Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Couchman, D.S.O., to Mrs. Muriel, to Mr. Grant-Brown, and to Signor Beato for several interesting photographs.

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BY J. R. MIDDLETON

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BY SAYA CHONE

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BOOK I

The Alompra Cities

Mandalay—
Ava—
Amarapura—
Sagaing



MANDALAY

MANDALAY

CHAPTER I

MANDALAY

I. THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY



The King

OF all the old capitals of Burma, whose remains, scattered over a thousand miles from Tagaung to Tenasserim, bear testimony to its history, Mandalay is the newest. And yet its atmosphere is altogether of the past. It stands to-day for a dynasty that is no more, for a Court whose splendour and whose etiquette are already fading into oblivion, for a sentiment that has all but ceased to exist.

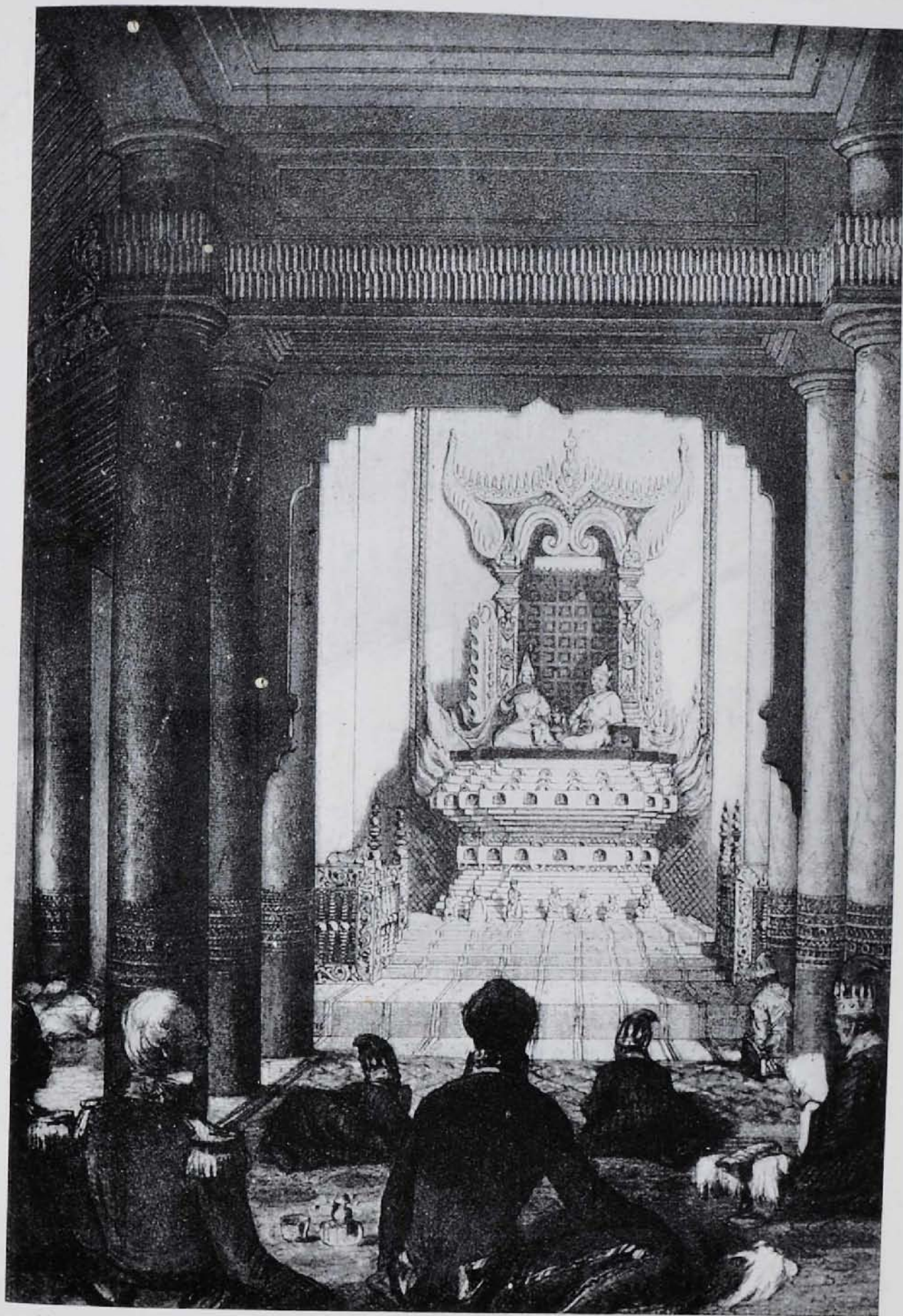
At Rangoon the imagination strains forward into years that are yet to come, for some hint of the great Destiny that awaits it; at Mandalay one only wonders how much longer its crenelated walls and crumbling battlements will survive; how much longer its gilded pillars and tapering spires will speak to the eye of things that can never live again.

Already the keen, pressing spirit of Rangoon is impatient of the faint rivalry of its once royal neighbour, and the efforts of a Viceroy to retain with care, and at



After a sketch by Sir Henry Yule.

KING MINDON MIN



After a sketch by Sir Henry Yule.

RECEPTION OF THE BRITISH ENVOY BY KING MINDON.

Here in the heart of his new city and out of sight and sound of the British steamers, which fretted his spirit, Mindon Min, one of the best kings whom Burma has known, lived and ruled for more than twenty years. His policy was one of kindness and peace; he cherished an earnest desire to live at friendship with his powerful neighbour, already in possession of more than half the empire of his forefathers; and had he been followed by successors as intelligent and as pacific as he was himself, his country might have retained at least a partial independence for many generations, and his



THIBAW

people the social nucleus that clothes the dry bones of progress with life and colour. But King Mindon was followed by a lad without character, of doubtful birth and yet more doubtful courage, and the destinies of the country fell a prey to the intrigues of women, clever enough to

• The King's Illness

Grave issues were therefore involved in the question of the King's health. Should he die, it was certain that a struggle for the throne would take place among his sons. In this struggle many lives would be taken, disorder would ensue, the country would be plunged in the agonies of civil war. All these things had happened before in Burmese history. But it was unlikely that they would be suffered, without interruption, to occur again; for across the border there lay a province of the British Empire, and the British Empire was tired of the vanities and pretensions of the Burmese Court. It wished to make clear its suzerainty over the kingdom of Burma; it wished to brush away the etiquette of indignity to which its representatives had been subjected for a hundred years. It was unlikely to countenance the atrocities certain to be associated with Burmese civil war, or to endure the disorganisation of its trade that would accompany disorder in Upper Burma. Moreover there was a small but loud-voiced party within it, not altogether free of cant, which clamoured in any event for "Annexation." From all these causes the issue of the King's illness was awaited with acute anxiety; amongst others by a handful of Englishmen at the royal capital, whose very existence was likely to depend on the turn that events might take.

One of them, writing early in September 1878, gives a graphic account of the situation. "I am expecting and watching," he says, "for the arrival of refugee princes escaping from an expected massacre. We do not know whether the King is alive or dead, and expect to hear a wild outburst of confusion every moment." But the King, though dying, was not yet dead. To calm the fears of

• The Queen's Treachery

only remained to secure by some signal act of treachery the persons of all the rival candidates to the throne. They were summoned accordingly, on the 12th of September, 1878, to visit the King in his chamber. Believing the order to emanate from him, they came. Immediately on entering the palace they were seized and thrown into prison. Two only, the Nyaung-yan and the Nyaung-ôk Princes, who with more discretion abstained, took refuge in the British Residency.

“A lady of the palace,” writes the Rev. James Colbeck, who was instrumental in their escape, “came to me dressed as a bazaar woman, and shortly after came about a dozen others. I had to take them in and secrete them as well as possible. A few minutes after them came in a common coolie, as I thought.

“I got up and said, ‘Who are you?’



SUPAYA-LAT



THIBAW IN COURT DRESS

lived on terms of friendliness with them, he abstained to the end of his life from the shedding of other men's blood, and as far as in him lay he restored to the meagre remnant of his country such prosperity as it was capable of under a Burmese régime. To his humanity many have borne testimony. The Rev. Dr. Marks, to whom he showed much kindness, has testified that during the five years of his residence in the Burmese capital there was not a single public execution. In 1869 a man, by name U Po, was really executed and afterwards impaled for an offence against Buddhism. "Sir John Lawrence upon hearing of it conveyed to the King an expression of his regret and abhorrence. The King felt the rebuke very keenly, and in private conversation with me often alluded to the subject." He was humane and pious, and upon occasion carried his magnanimity to an unusual point. There is an old story, which touches the limits of comedy, of his parting with the Magwé Queen, who came before him and begged to be allowed to marry a man after her own heart. He was a common trader on the Irrawaddy, a man of the people whom she had known and loved as a girl.

The King, to the astonishment of the Court, gave his willing consent. "I have," he said, "given many things away, titles and money and lands. It has been left to the Magwé Queen to show me a new and unexpected road to benevolence. I consent. Let her go to the man she prefers." At the evening Council he addressed her father by adoption, the Myowun of Mandalay. "You are her father," he said; "it is fitting that you should share with me the merit I earn by giving her up to my rival."



KING MINDON'S TOMB

women who ruled him, he came to the conclusion that the best course he could take with his brothers and sisters was to murder them.

“A huge trench was dug to receive them all, and many were tossed in half alive or only stunned by the clubs of the executioners. The Hléthin Atwinwun was Myowun of Mandalay at the time, and he with the Yanaung Mintha and their Letthon-daws—their personal attendants—was sent to verify the dragonnade and see that none escaped. The huge grave was covered with earth, which was trampled down by the feet of the executioners; but after a day or two it began gradually to rise, and the King sent all the palace elephants to trample it level again. After some time the trench was opened and the bodies were taken out and removed to the common burial ground and interred there.”—(*Burmese Chronicle*).



THE CHIEF EUNUCH

• The Queen's Jealousy

Mandalay and along the banks of the Irrawaddy, curious tales may still be heard by the traveller of the intrigues and jealousies of Thibaw's Court, and the stormy passages that followed every attempt on his part to break away from the restrictions imposed upon him by his wife.

The King, by the laws and by the traditions of his country, was entitled to the love of as many women as his heart might hanker after, and every precedent required that he should, as a matter of propriety, have at the least four queens. He began by marrying two, Supaya-lat and her sister Supaya-gyi; and the latter, as the elder sister, was nominated chief queen. It was Supaya-lat's first care to oust her sister, and prevent her being the King's wife in anything more than name. This she accomplished without difficulty, for the lady had few attractions. Of an evening one may still hear in Sagaing, that charming tamarind-sheltered retreat across the Irrawaddy, how the nurse and confidante of Supaya-gyi was slowly starved to death there in prison, under the orders of Supaya-lat.

A more difficult task lay in the Queen's way when Thibaw's fancy fell upon a pretty creature named Me-kin-gyi, the grand-daughter of one of his great officers of state, and the maid-of-honour whose duty it was to attend his infant child by Supaya-lat. The story has been told more than once, and it must suffice here to say that Me-kin-gyi fell a victim to the hatred of her rival and the weakness of the King, her lover. There is perhaps no incident in the career of King Thibaw which reflects more dishonour upon him than this one. It shows him a weakling, and it has greatly alienated



THE SPIRE OF THE PALACE



From a painting by Saya Chone.

THE ABDICATION OF KING THIBAW.

King Thibaw surrendering to Sir Harry Frenbergast and Sir Douglas Sladen in a Summer House
in the Palace Gardens.

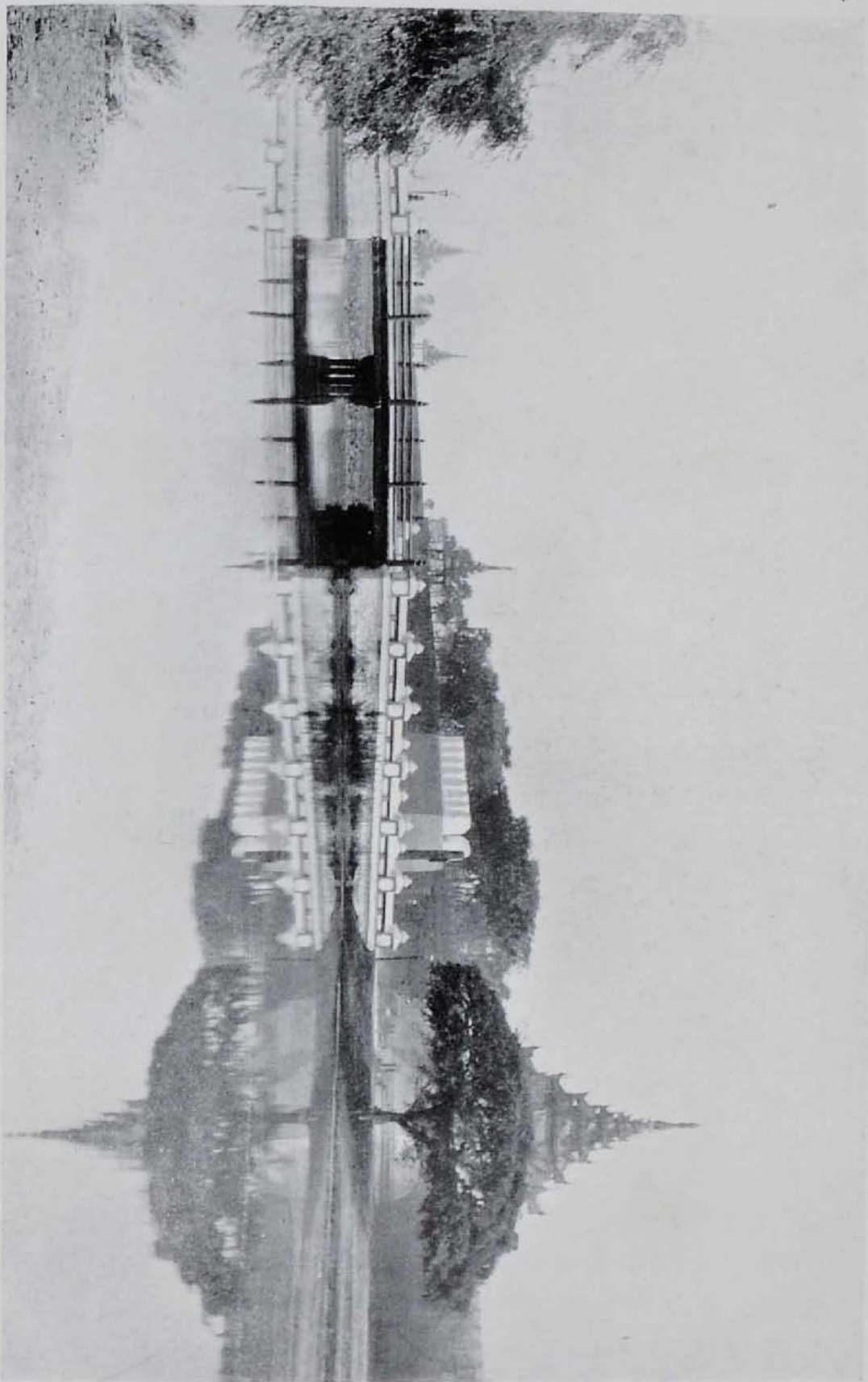
• War with England

On the 4th of November, 1885, the British army crossed the frontier. On the 3rd of December King Thibaw was a prisoner on his way to a long exile, which still continues. To the last he displayed the vacillation, the character, of a weak and timid man.

Of King Thibaw, men say in Burma that he was weak and incompetent; but not that he was cruel or vicious. He is believed on the contrary to have been good-natured, kindly, and somewhat of a scholar. He was brought up in a monastery, and attended for a season the school of Dr. Marks, the Christian missionary for whom his father, King Mindon, had built a church and a school-house. At the age of nineteen he passed the Patama-byan Examination of learned divines. At twenty, ignorant of the world, he ascended a difficult throne, at a difficult period in his country's history. Nature had given him an ample figure and a good-looking face. She omitted to provide him with the character that could alone have borne him safely over the difficult seas on which he was embarked.

Of Supaya-lat it is said that she was jealous to the verge of madness, and it is probable that with the Alompra forehead she inherited some portion of the insanity which undoubtedly characterised her family. She was a handsome girl, with bright sparkling eyes, when she married King Thibaw, and in spite of all her failings she had a charm of manner which fascinated her maids-of-honour and all to whom she wished to be kind. Her temper was passionate and resentful to the last degree, and if there be some who doubt whether she could love, there are none who doubt that she could hate. She

MIDSUMMER ON THE MOAT



East Gate of the Palace

Most prominent of all, there rise a little way off, on either hand, the Bahosin and the Swédaw-zin, the old Clock Tower, and the Relic House which holds a *pseudo* tooth of Gautama presented to the King by the Buddhist fraternity of Ceylon. The former is a square three-storied building, picturesque, like nearly everything that is Burmese. The first part of it is of solid white masonry, and it is only by getting close up to its northern face that one discovers



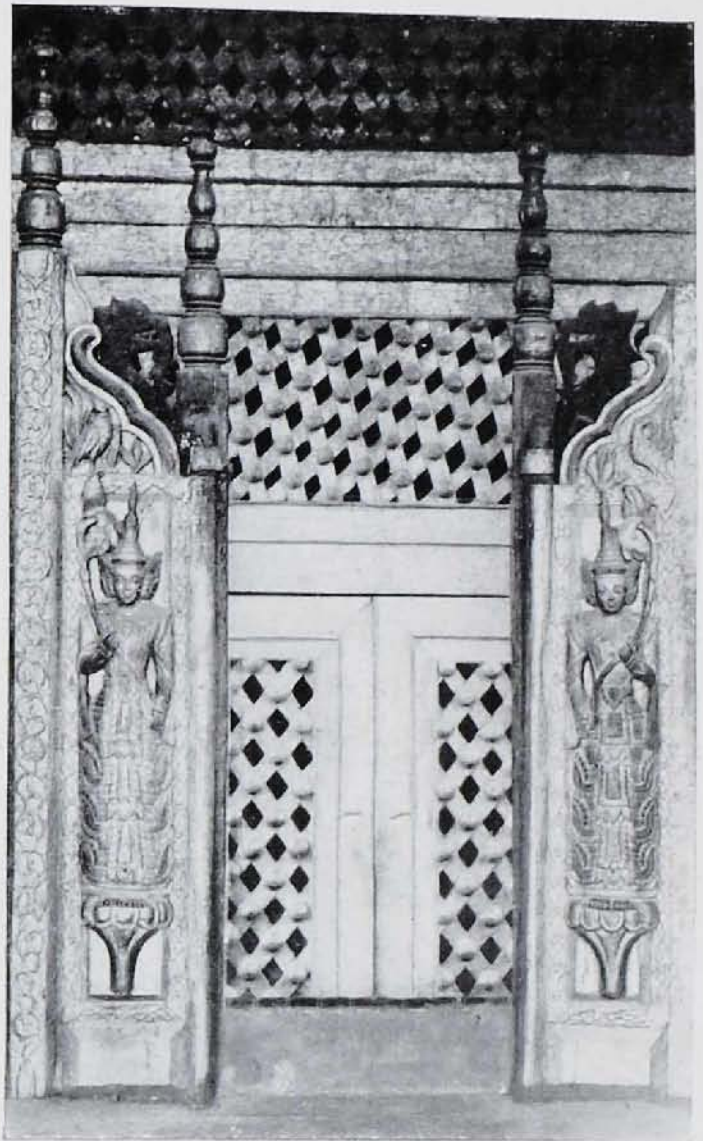
MONASTERY IN WHICH KING THIBAW PASSED HIS NOVITIATE

the narrow stairs within that lead to the platform above. A wooden ladder mounts from this to the next floor, which is of wood, and over all there is a wooden roof whose carving and gilding are the worse for wear and neglect. Save for the four pillars which sustain the upper floor and the roof, all above the masonry base is open to the air. Here the water-clock filled from hour to hour, and the big drum beaten, sent its vibrant music through the palace precincts and out into the highways beyond. Its strokes

• Tomb of King Mindon

Looking out from the upper platform of the tower, one can see the new gilt spire of the palace glittering in the sun, the grey-red of the Hlut-daw feeble with age, and the mirrored tomb of King Mindon. Beside it stand the

tombs of the Queen-Dowager of his day, the wife of King Tharawadi; and of the Alé-nan-daw Queen, the mother of Supaya-lat, whose imperious character was inherited by her daughter. Some years ago her remains were brought here in a Government steamer from Rangoon, where she died. I can remember how Rangoon was *en fête* the day they were borne in honour through its streets to the waiting ship. Yet upon this



DOORWAY IN THE TAIK-TAW

lady there rests no small portion of the blame for the massacre of the princes after King Mindon's death.

The Relic House opposite is a white structure of brick, with a flight of dragon-tailed stairs leading up to it on its western face. Its prototype stood before



"THE RETURN OF THE GREAT GLORY." THE BIER OF A BUDDHIST ARCHBISHOP



THE AUNG-PINLÉ AT DAWN



DRAGONS UPHOLDING THE TAIK-TAW



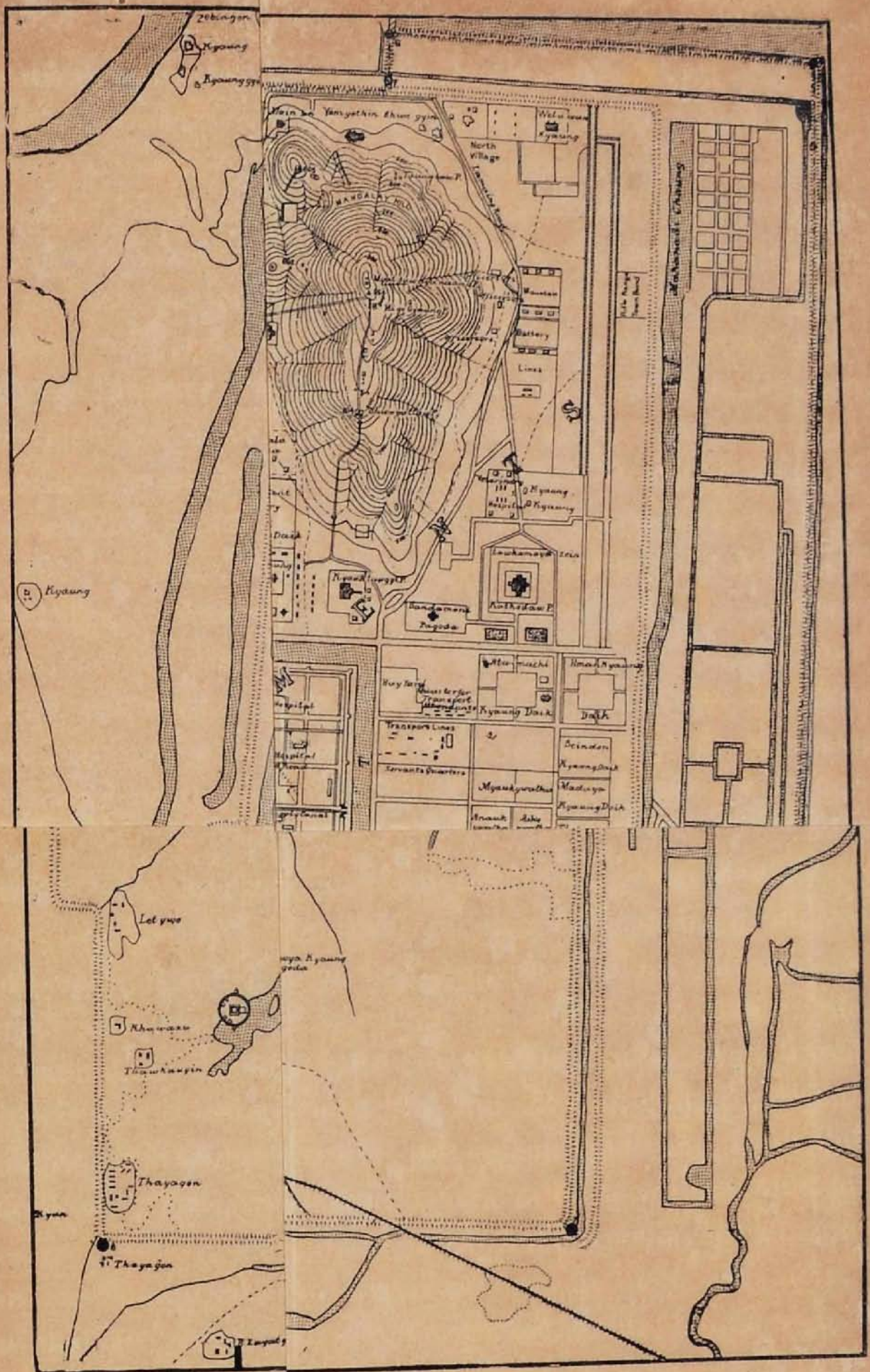
THE ROAD TO SHAN LAND



THE SHWÉ-GYAUNG MONASTERY (FORMERLY A PART OF THE ROYAL PALACE)



THE KUTHO-DAW (THE BUDDHIST BIBLE IN STONE)



acknowledgment is made



From a painting by Saya Chone.

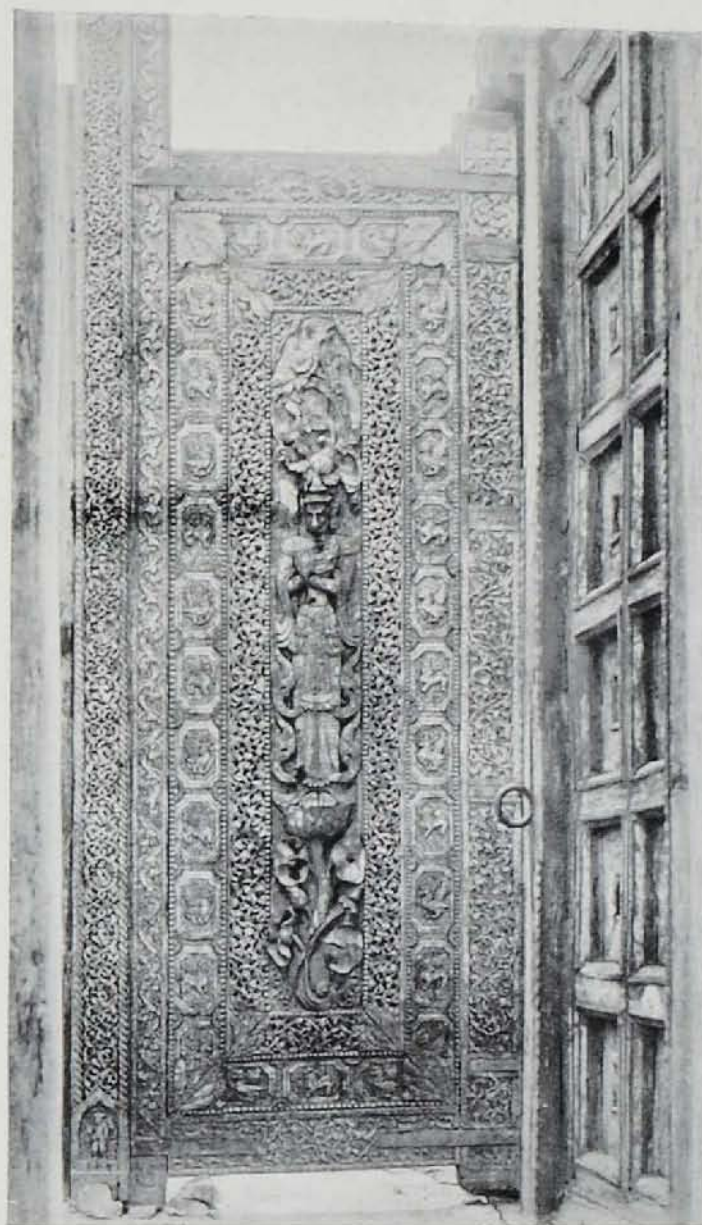
The Taik-taw Monastery

within. At its western gate there is an elder reclining on a couch under the shade of a tamarind, his head set against a small pillow, a rosary slowly turning in his hands. He has made himself comfortable after his own fashion; but his lips are moving in prayer. The name of the monastery is

THE TAIK-TAW.

It is notable without from the carved dragons which ornament its sustaining pillars. Within, scarcely visible in the deep gloom of an inner chamber, lies in state the body of the Thathana-baing,¹ the Buddhist Archbishop of Burma, awaiting cremation.

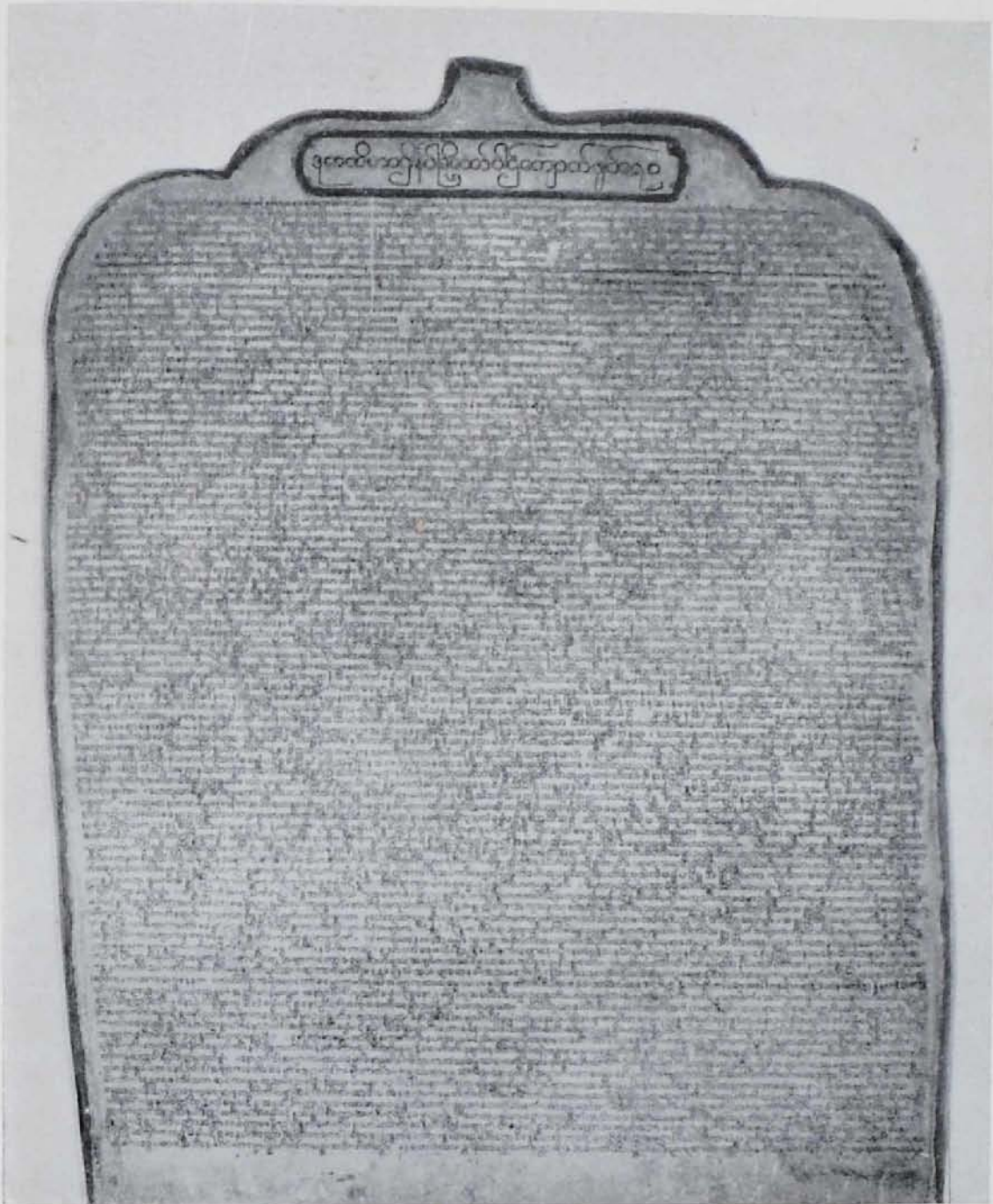
A velvet pall hides the coffin from sight, and over it there is a baldachino of



THE GREAT CARVED DOOR OF THE
KUTHO-DAW

¹ The Pakan-Sadaw, who was elected by the Burmese ex-ministers, but not recognised by the English Government as the head of the Buddhist Church in Burma.

you will see the great stones within like colossal mile-posts, receding far into the distance. There are rows upon rows



A PAGE OF THE KUTHO-DAW

of them facing east and west and south and north, and in their midst there towers up a lofty white pagoda with a golden spire. There are great and exquisitely carved



GOING OUT TO BEG FROM THEIR GILDED HOME (SHWÉ-GYAUNG MONASTERY)

trees, past the borders of the Nanda Lake, till it circles round and brings us back to the crenellated walls of the royal city, at its northern doors.

But the circuit is a long one, and we may turn from the western door of the Kutho-daw to the Sanda-Muni Pagoda, facing the north-east angle of the city. The site is historic.



FAÇADE OF THE INCOMPARABLE PAGODA

Here in the early days of his reign when King Mindon was busy with the building of Mandalay, there rose a temporary palace often frequented by the King. The collecting of the Buddhist scriptures in the library, which still stands under Mandalay Hill; the building of the monasteries and pagodas in the neighbourhood, the completion of the palace, and the allotting of sites for his



A STAIRCASE OF THE INCOMPARABLE



THE EXAMINATION HALLS OF THE PATAMABYAN

The Kyauk-taw-gyi Image

the great image. His pious zeal, we must suppose, was greater than his artistic talent, for the image, like the building which shelters it, is exceedingly ugly. Eighty-eight figures of monks in marble face it along the four sides of the square in which it stands. Its neighbour, the

San Gyaung Daik, was of old the residence of the Thathana-baing, the Buddhist Archbishop of Burma. He died in the year 1866, and was buried with great honours. As the remains passed by to the funeral pyre, the King and Queen came out in state from the temporary palace to do them honour, and the Ein-she-min, the Princes, and the Ministers of State followed the train



THE KYAUK-TAW-GYI

to the place of burning. The San Gyaung is tottering to decay. Half a century suffices to kill these beautiful wooden buildings, with all their wealth of bold decoration ; and in the courtyard there already lie the fallen props and timbers of the *zin-gyan*, the covered walk, in which the dead Archbishop once paced between his meditations.



THE KUTHO-DAW, AND THE INCOMPARABLE MONASTERY BEFORE IT WAS BURNT DOWN, FROM MANDALAY HILL

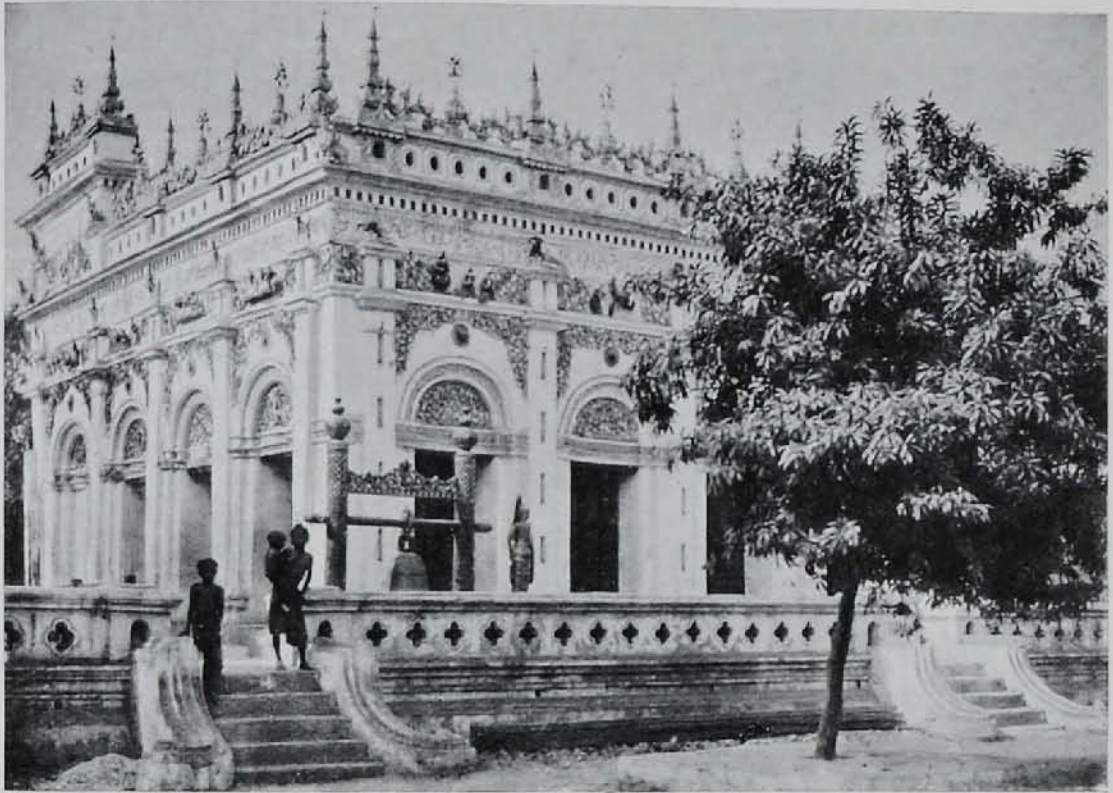


THE SALIN KYAUNG



THE ABBOT AND HIS BRETHREN AT THE SALIN KYAUNG

falling on iron pots and monkish begging-bowls. Next them, wheelwrights are at work, and under the sheds stacks of trim wheels are piled ready for sale. The new road is unmetalled, and at this dry season the white dust hangs over everything like a pall. The houses here are small and humble, and but for its human interest the neighbourhood would not be tempting.



THE YAW-MINGYI'S MONASTERY

Turning away to the west, we come over a wide and open space to the Ayeikmatwet Pagoda and its adjoining *tazoungs* of white wedding-cake stucco. The grey and tottering monasteries which stand beside it are slowly giving way to newer and humbler buildings of plaited mat and uncarved wood; a transition that is symbolic of the change that has come over the character of Mandalay.

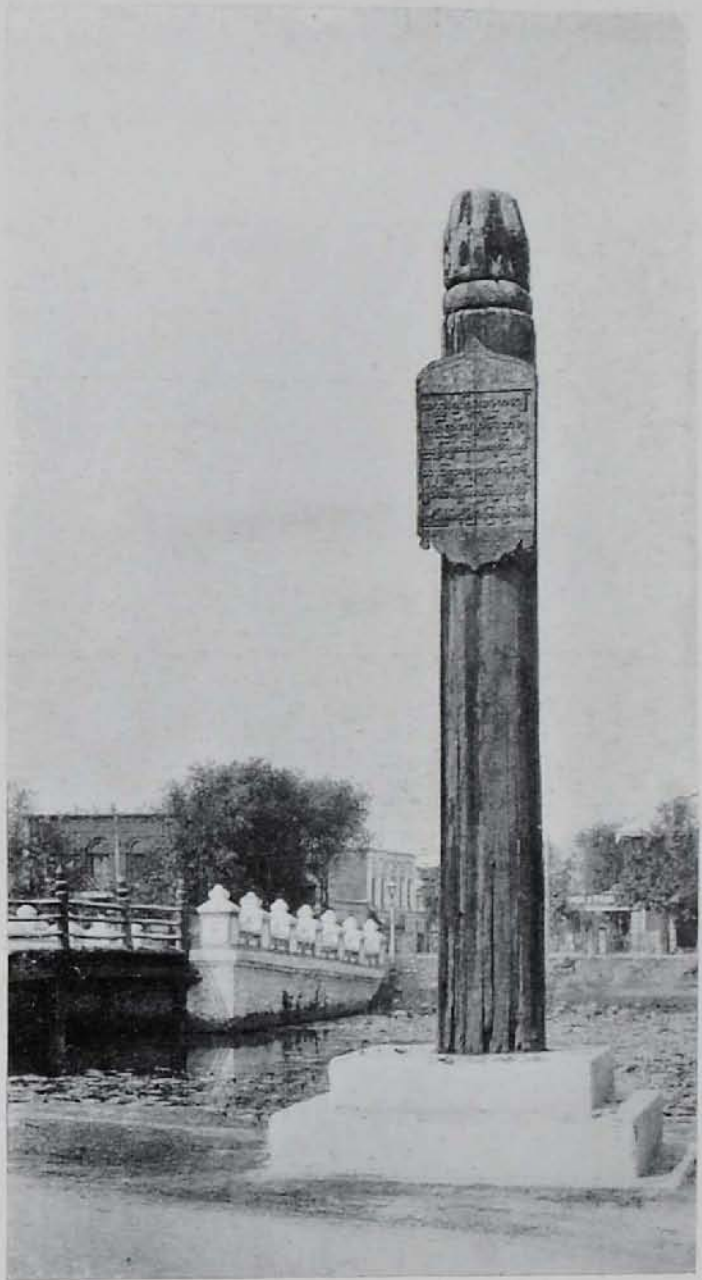


NOONDAY PEACE IN THE PALACE GARDENS

The "East End" of Mandalay

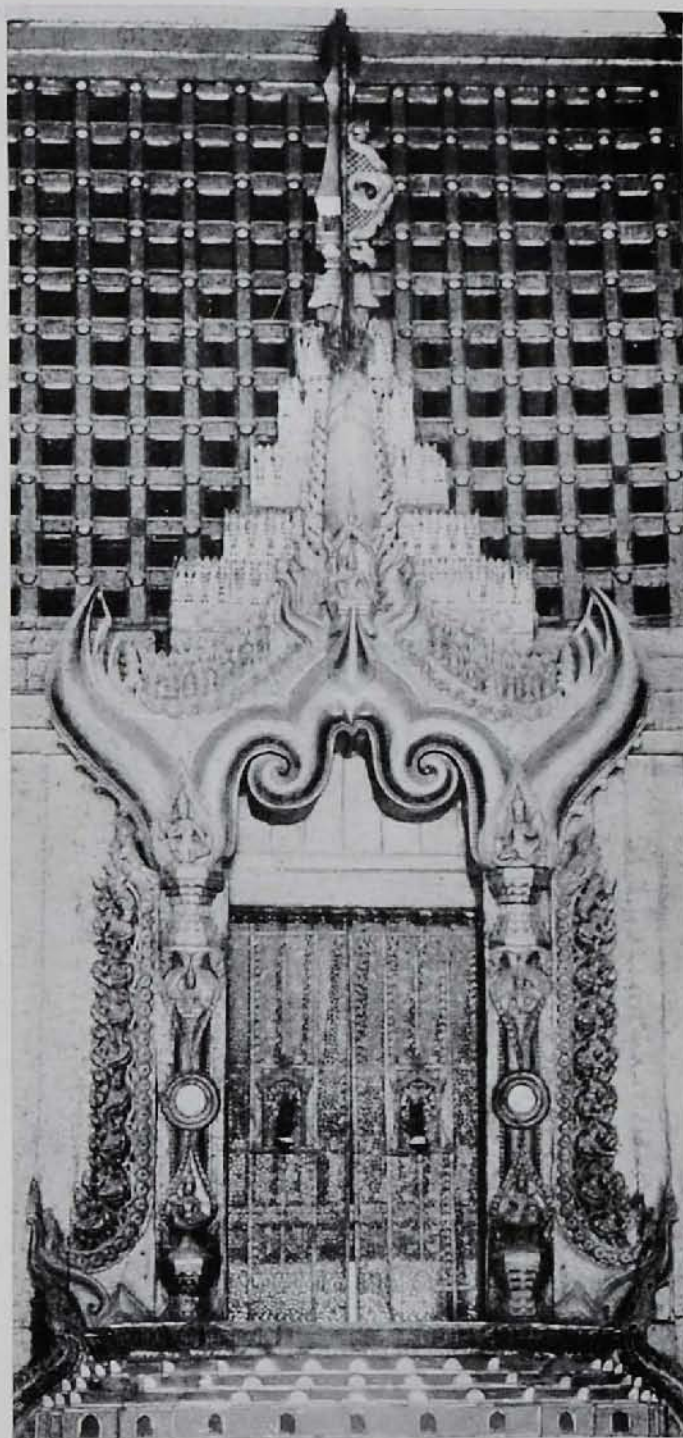
one realises that in it the body-clothes of the English of Mandalay are cleaned.

It is scarcely as much a change as one might expect from this little alien colony of washermen, where the Indian women go to and fro, clanking at their ankles, meek and veiled and subject to their Lords, to the neighbouring Burmese quarter. For the dust assails us everywhere, and the sheer brutality of it depresses the spirits. Colour, gaiety, are impossible in such an atmosphere, and in this "East End" of Mandalay the Burmese woman loses her wonted charm. The hard dry climate and the hot sun darken and shrivel her skin, and it is true, when all is said, that the women of Mandalay lack the plump debonair beauty of their southern sisters.



THE PILLAR AT THE GATE

uses, yet for my own part, I can only say that some of the happiest days of my life have been passed here amidst these surroundings; here, and in the summer houses and precincts of the palace. Every time I have made a journey with Mandalay for my ultimate destination, I have looked forward to the prospect of returning to the shelter of the palace; to sitting in one of these long arm-chairs; to reading these telegrams on the mirrored walls; to looking at my countrywomen going to and fro amongst the golden pillars of the hall. So I must leave it to others to point out the undoubted enormity of our being there.¹



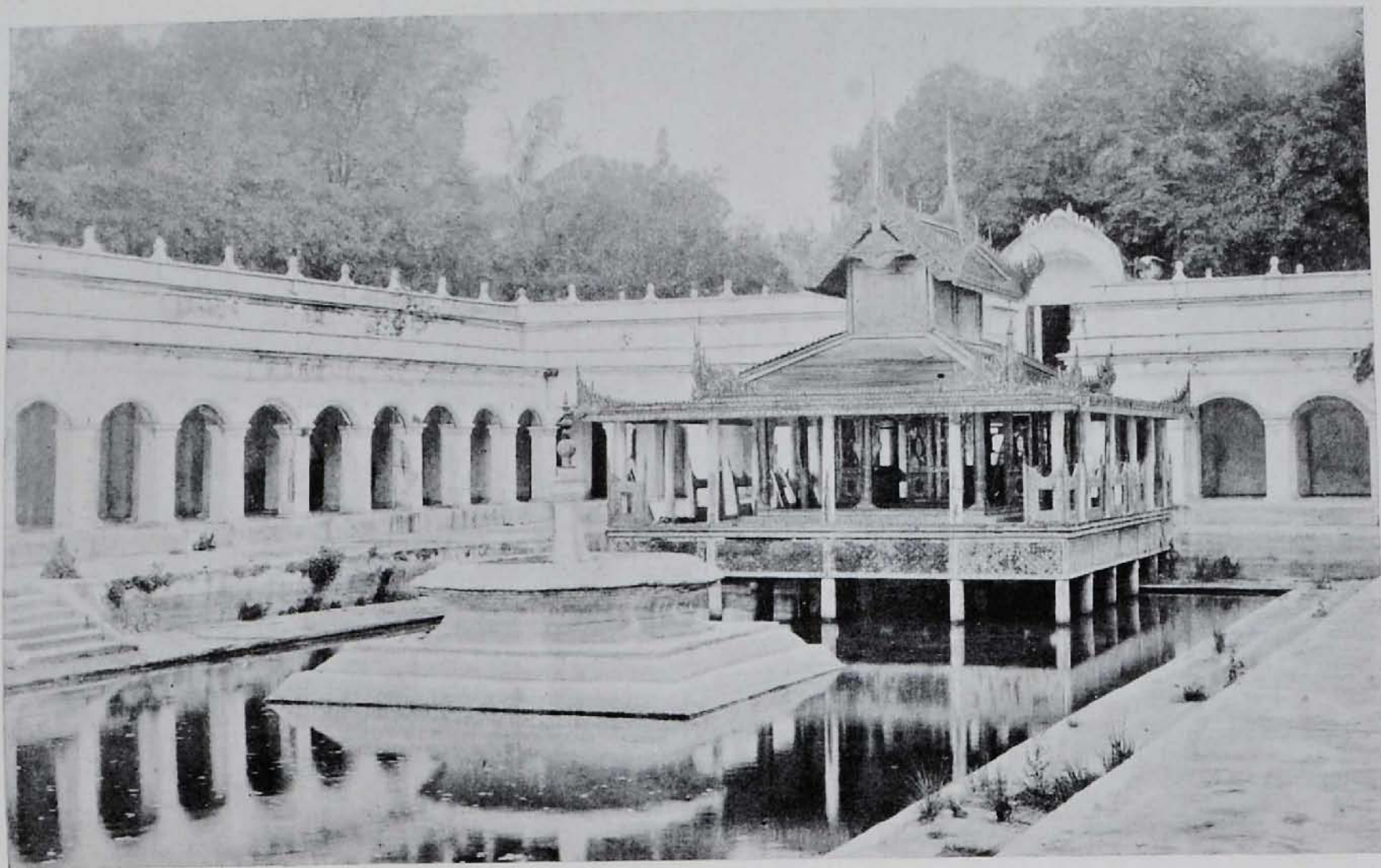
THE LILY THRONE

I will ask the reader to come with me instead on a

¹ The strong unanswerable reasons for moving the Club in the interests of the Palace itself, will be found in Lord Curzon's Minute, at the end of this volume.



THE JOSS-HOUSE, MANDALAY, SEEN THROUGH ITS CIRCULAR DOOR



BATH OF MAIDS-OF-HONOUR, MANDALAY PALACE (SINCE DISMANTLED)



IN THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN MONASTERY (A MASTERPIECE OF THE CARVER'S ART)



AT THE WELL—THE QUEEN MONASTERY



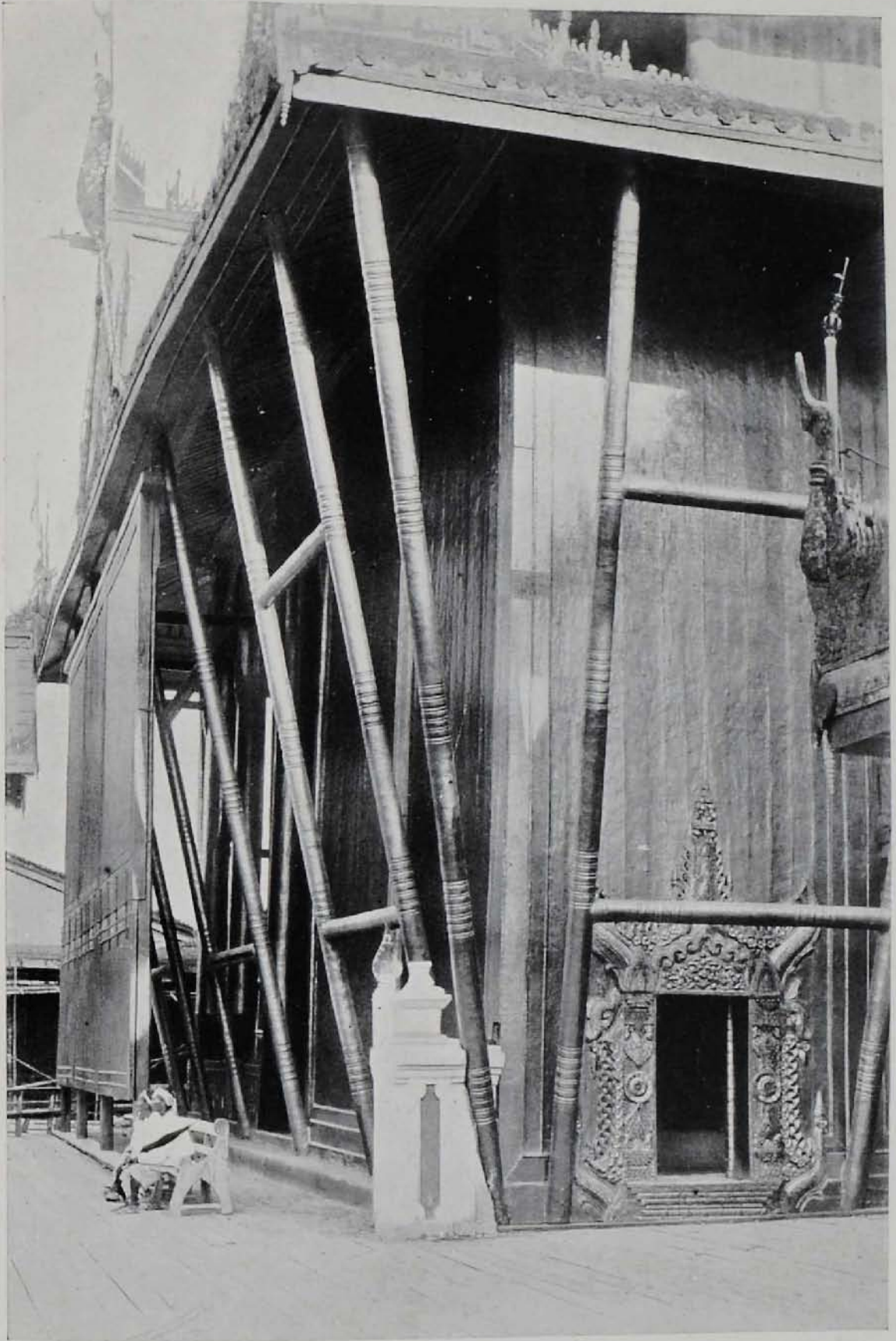
THE GOLDEN DOOR BEHIND THE THRONE



From a painting by Saya Chone.

THE ROYAL AUDIENCE.

The Crown Prince in front; Feudatory Princes and Ministers behind.



SUNLIGHT AND GOLD

● A Royal Audience

and renewed his allegiance to the King, and announced through an officer of the Court the presents he had brought to place before His Majesty. The further business of the day was then transacted according to the humour of the King.

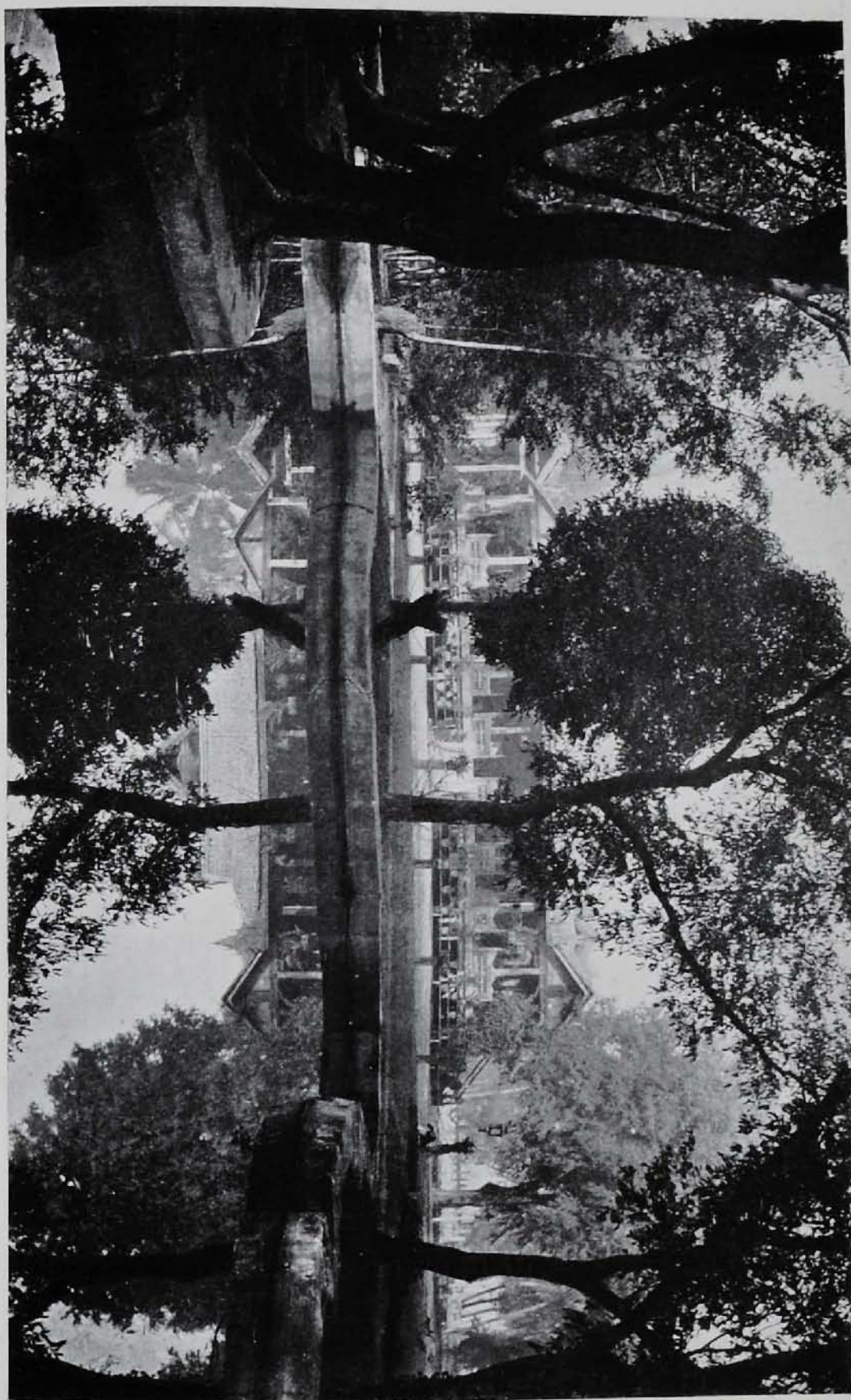
Tradition is so powerful at all Courts, and notably at all Eastern Courts, that it seems probable that the last King of Burma held his audience of his people in the great hall, much as his predecessors did fifteen hundred years before him. Certainly five hundred years ago the ceremony of reception cannot have been very different from that which has been described above, if we are to judge from the account of one, a prince of the blood royal, who made a presentation before his Sovereign.



THE LOOK-OUT TOWER

“At the time of the presentation,” he writes, and the words are written upon stone, “the Heir-apparent knelt on the right side of the throne, Thonganbwa of Maw was on the left, and Thirizyathu, the Governor of Taungdwin, was between them and in a line with them, while the Court officials were in their proper

SCENE IN THE PALACE GARDENS (WHERE KING THIBAW ABDICATED)





A CORNER OF THE PALACE

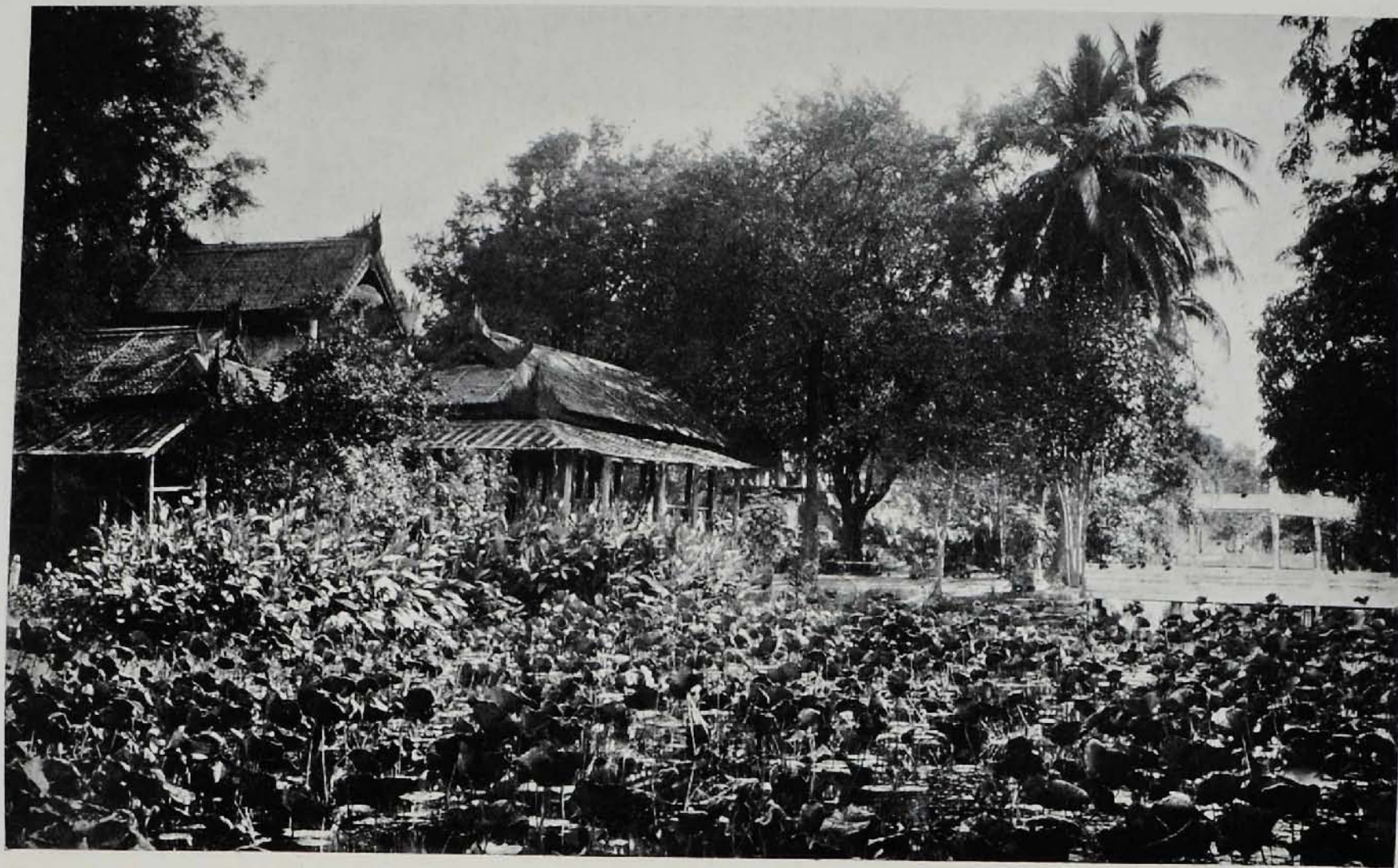


A SUMMER PAVILION OF QUEEN SUPAYA-LAT. THE PINK LOTUS IN BLOOM



From a painting by Saya Chone.

KING THIBAW AND QUEEN SUPAYA-LAT LEAVING MANDALAY FOR EVER

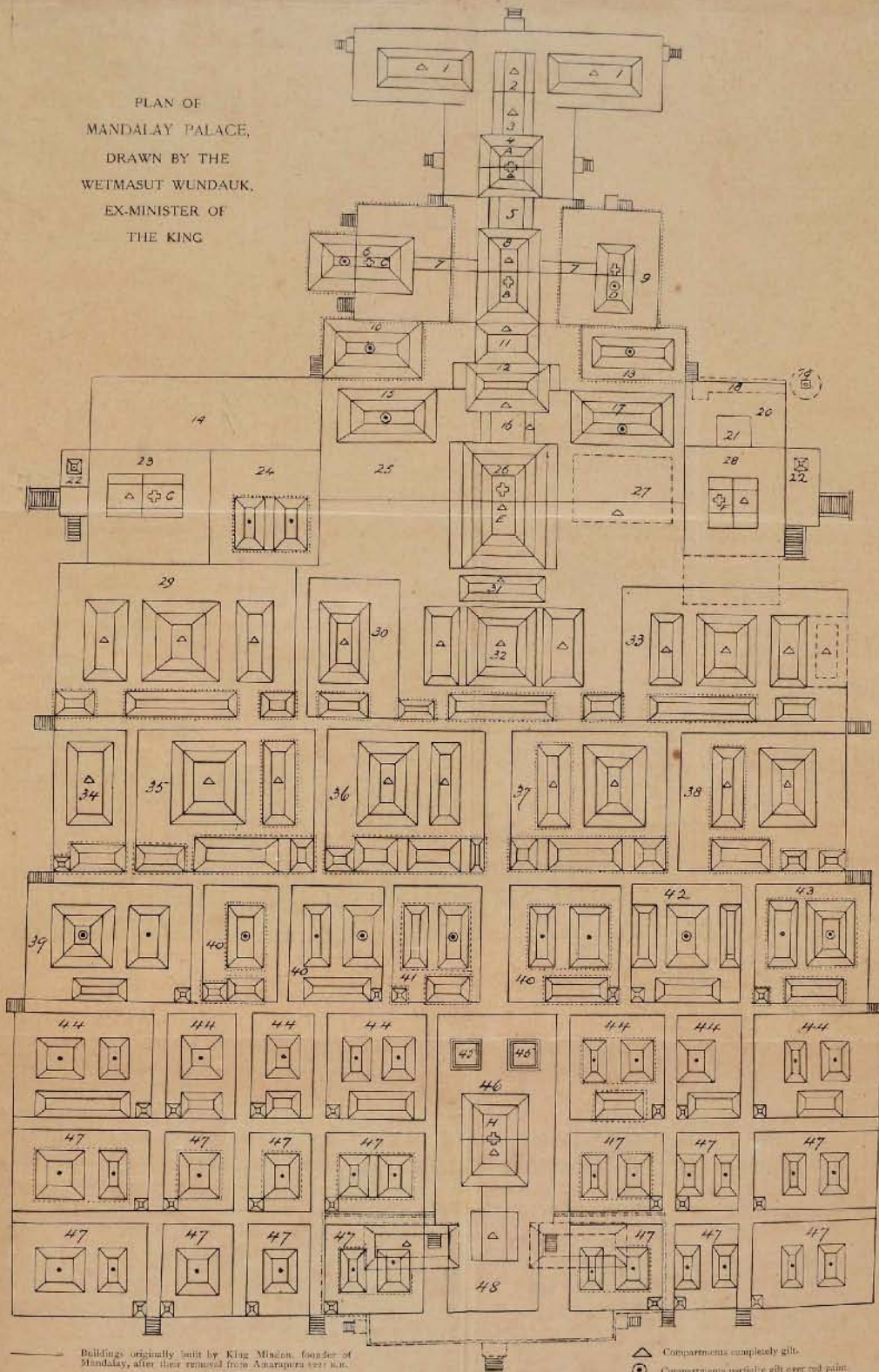


THE LOTUS GARDEN



THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN MONASTERY

PLAN OF
MANDALAY PALACE,
DRAWN BY THE
WEIMASUT WUNDAUK,
EX-MINISTER OF
THE KING



Buildings originally built by King Minkon, founder of Mandalay, after their removal from Annapura 1723 A.D.
 Addition made by King Thibaw.
 Buildings demolished by the British Government.

SA-NU: An apartment connecting two buildings.
 SAMOK: An apartment facing the Throne.

△ Compartments completely gilt.
 ⊙ Compartments partially gilt over red paint.
 • Buildings gilded roof.
 ⊕ Symbols of the Royal Thrones.

Reference.	Name of Compartment.	Name of Throne.	Figure represented.	Name of Wood used.	Remarks.
A.	Shwe-nan-pyat-tha-taw-gyi.	Thiha-tha-na.	Lion.	Ya-ma-ni (Clogwood).	Here the King and the Chief Queens received Kadaws (banquet) three times a year. These three Kadaw days were the Huk-tha Kadaw at the beginning of the Burmese year in the month of Nayag, the Wain Kadaw at the beginning of Lasa, in Waso, and the Wagyat Kadaw at the end of Lasa in Thadingyut.
B.	Zen-wun-mung-daw.	Han-tha-tha-na.	Duck.	Thih-ga-tha (<i>Hesperis alberta</i>).	In this were kept the images of the Royal ancestors. It was also used for the reception of foreigners.
C.	Boe-dak-zung-daw.	Gaza-tha-na.	Elephant.	Saga-tha (Champag).	This was occupied by Attendants, the Ministers of the Interior. The King also sat here when there was occasion for the appointment of the Birmahs, or Crown Prince.
D.	Le-tha-zung-daw.	Thih-ka-tha-na.	Shallfish.	Yan-ye-tha (Jack Fruit).	The King came here occasionally and received his pagas (sons of Ministers), called Lapet-yi-daw.
E.	Mhoo-nan-zung-daw-gyi.	Ba-ma-yath-na.	Pea.	Sa-wah (Marasam Camphor-wood).	This was used when there was any one to be raised to the dignity of Chief Queen, and also when the sat-bowing ceremony of the King's daughter took place.
F.	Tung-Samle-zung-daw.	Miga-tha-na.	Deer.	Ye-tha-pha (<i>Pinnaclostris</i>).	When presents of elephants were brought to him, the King sat here to accept them.
G.	Myank-Samle-zung-daw.	Ma-ni-yath-na.	Peacock.	Pauck-tha (Hutan-tree).	As in the Shwe-nan-pyat-tha-taw-gyi, the King and the Chief Queen received here members of the Royal family, Princes, Queens, and wives of Ministers of all ranks, who appeared before them to "bow past" at the end of Lent.
H.	Anak-pwe-Jet-zaw-nan-zung-daw.	Pa-da-na-tha-na.	Ely.	Tha-ye-tha (Mango-tree).	

- 1. Myank-daw.
- 2. Shwe-nan-pyat-tha-taw-gyi.
- 3. Sa-na-dung.
- 4. Shwe-nan-pyat-tha-taw-gyi.
- 5. Shwe-nan-pyat-tha-taw-gyi.
- 6. Boe-dak-zung-daw.
- 7. Sa-nan-zung-daw.
- 8. Zen-wun-mung-daw.
- 9. Le-tha-zung-daw.
- 10. Myank-daw-zung-daw.
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- 100. Myank-daw-zung-daw.

interior beyond the Crystal Chamber is unnecessary. Let it suffice here to say that all to the west of it was occupied by the queens and princesses, and maids-of-honour in their degree. Last of all, and corresponding in a manner to the Great Hall of Audience on the east, is the Lily Throne-room of the Queen, where she and the King sat in state and received the homage of the ladies of the Court. It is a beautiful room with golden pillars of the finest teak in the country. For years it has housed with its audience halls the Upper Burma Club, while the Great Hall of Audience on the west has been used as a church.¹

We have travelled



DRAGON (CARVED WOOD)

¹ Since these words were written the palace buildings have been renovated under the orders of the Government of India, and the Club is no longer housed, as it was, in the palace itself. Many of the minor buildings have been removed; the great spire, which was tottering to decay, has been rebuilt and overlaid with gold, and over the city walls new towers rise against the sky, as in the days of King Mindon when the city was first built.



THE MEETING OF THE MYIT-NGÉ AND THE IRRAWADDY ATAVA

CHAPTER II

AVA

I. THE RUINS



The Queen

FROM Sagaing there is a ferry which lands one at the very gates of Ava. The river flows under the western wall, and if its near presence is fraught with destruction—it has swept away a portion of the palace—it adds not a little to the beauty of the site. There is no long and wearisome journey to be accomplished from the cool water to the red walls of the city, as at Mandalay. In the early dawn, as one crosses in the company of the village people or with a corporal's guard of fighting men from Sagaing, the river is a wonderful highway of lavender purple and ribbons of trembling light; and the gaunt bare wrecks of the royal

that have grown up since the days of the kings who abandoned Ava, spread their branches over the wall; and there is no one now to question such as enter in or go out of the royal city. A small hamlet has grown up within, enclosed in a thorn stockade with gateways at each end. There is an irony in its petty defences, here under the old wall, symbolical of the decline in the



ON THE FORESHORE OF THE RIVER

fortunes of this once famous city. Luxuriant roses before the cottages happily relieve these melancholy impressions. They flourish here in spite of the dust. On the left of the pathway, and parallel to it for some distance, runs the wall of the inner city. Beside it there is a moat of great width, dry now, but patterned like a meadow with yellow, satin-cupped flowers. It is spanned here by a causeway along which one may pass through a gap



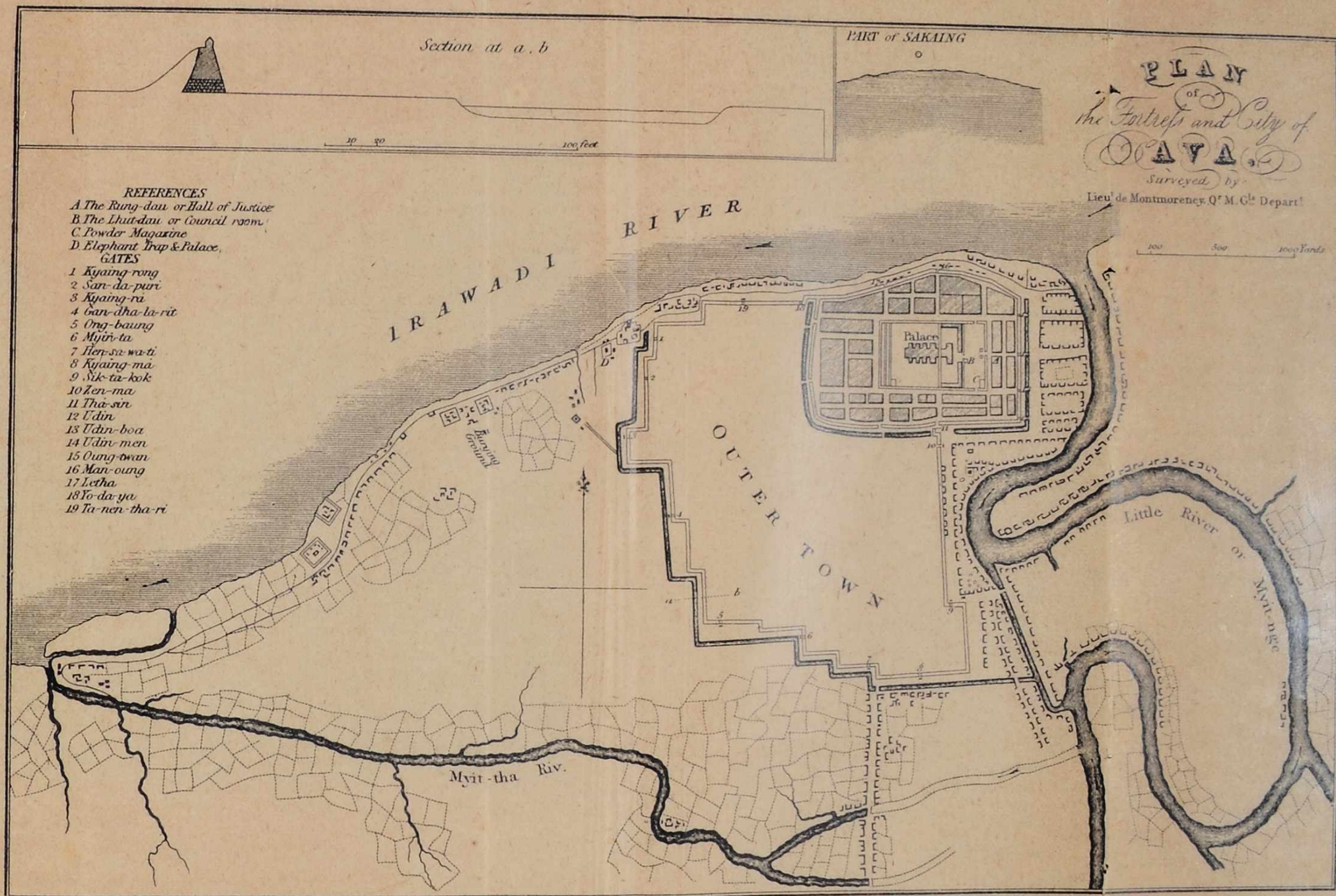
THE CAUSEWAY



THE LAY-DAT-GYI

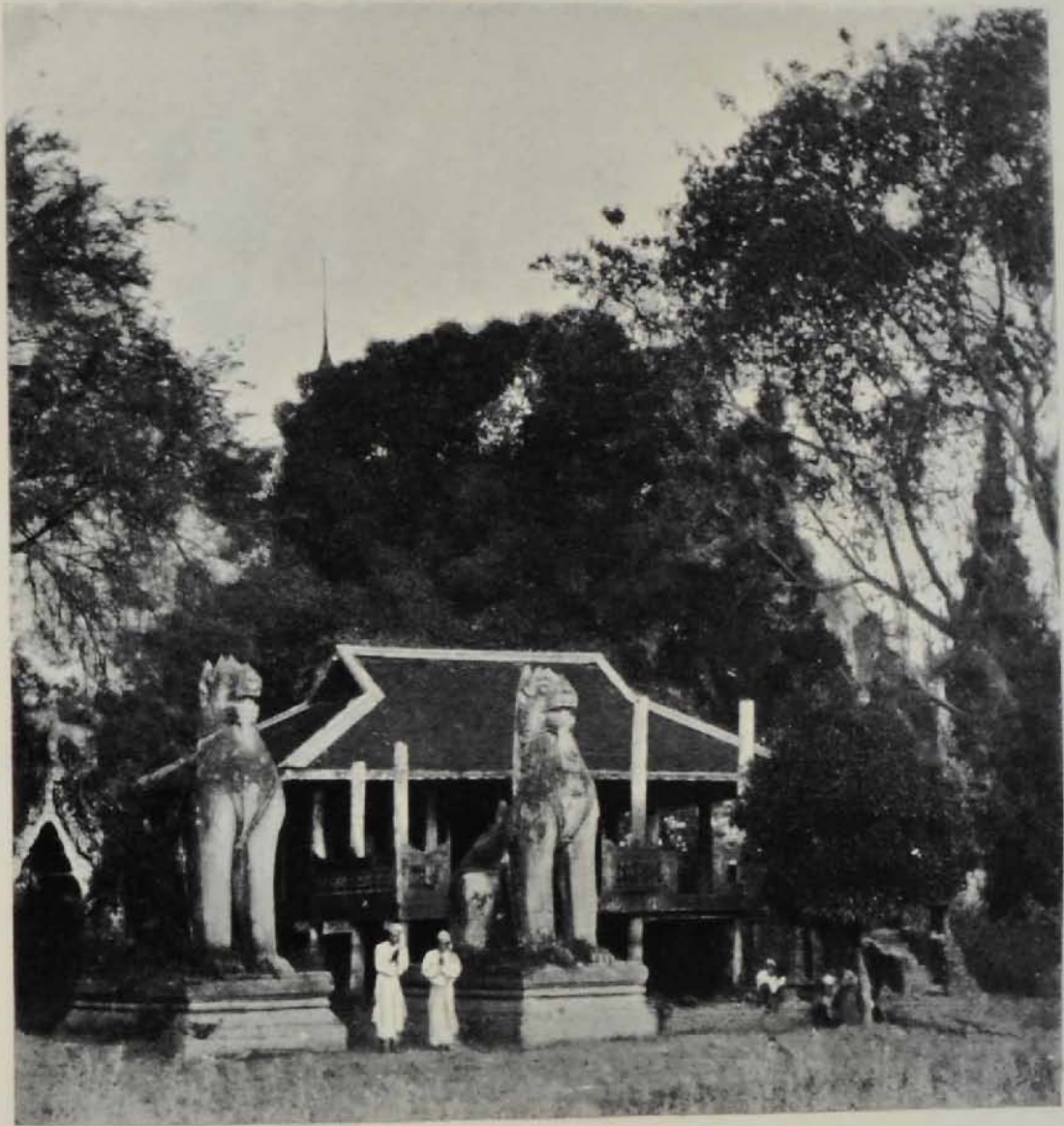


A MODERN PAGODA AT AVA



Reproduced from *Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava in the year 1827*,
 by JOHN CRAWFURD, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., etc., late Envoy. London, 1829

edifice, mightily shaken by the earthquake of 1839. Each of its four façades is taken up with a colossal doorway, pointed arch within, and elaborate tracery without, of lions and alligators culminating in a panel set with the figure

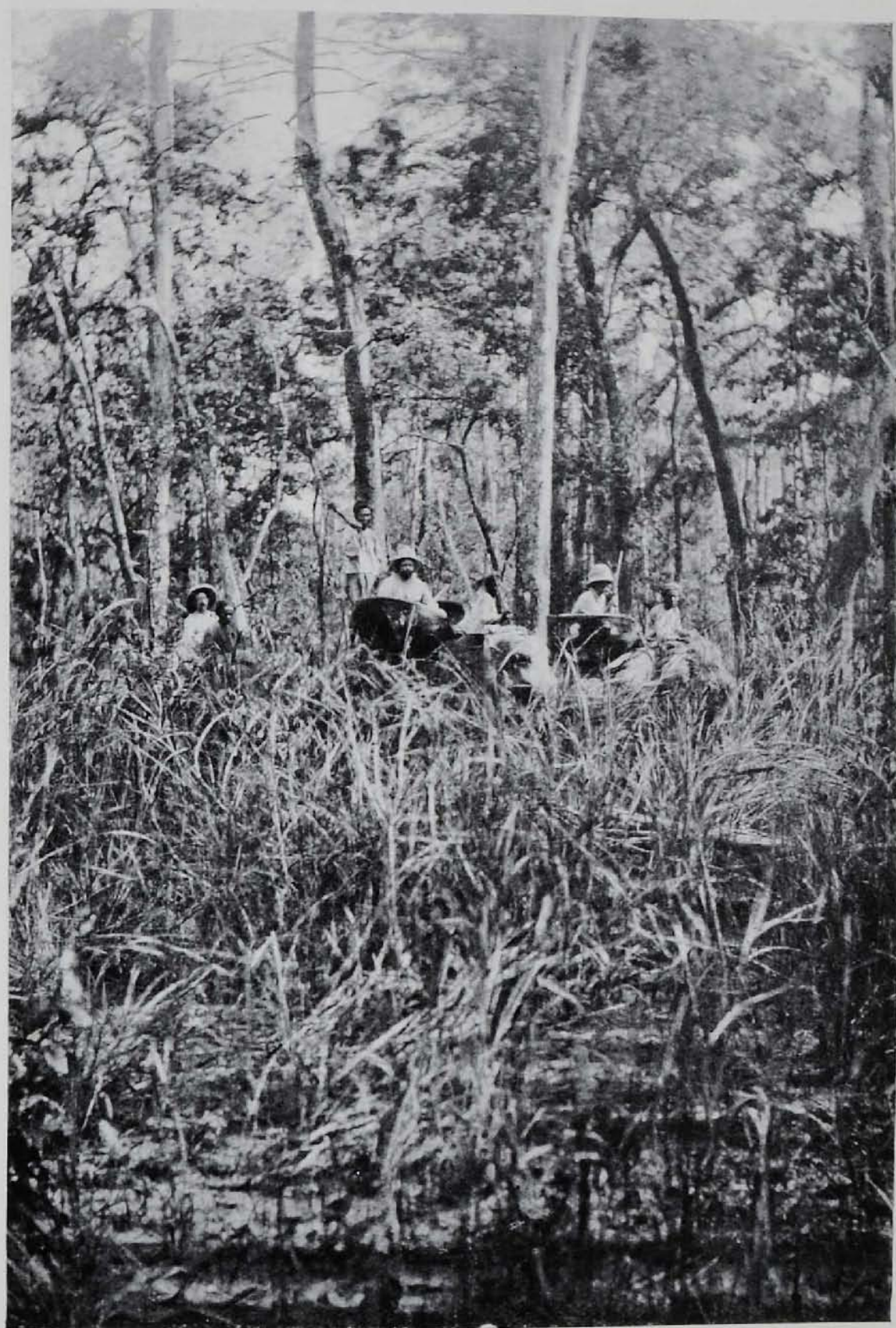


THE ZAYAT AND THE VILLAGE HEADMEN

of the Thagya-min. The plaster is superior to all the crude work done now, and even to the finer work, with its delicate lacework tracery tricked out with little painted figures, of which a recent example confronts it over the



A BURMESE MINISTER AND FAMILY



ELEPHANTS IN KHINE GRASS (SOON AFTER THIRD BURMESE WAR)

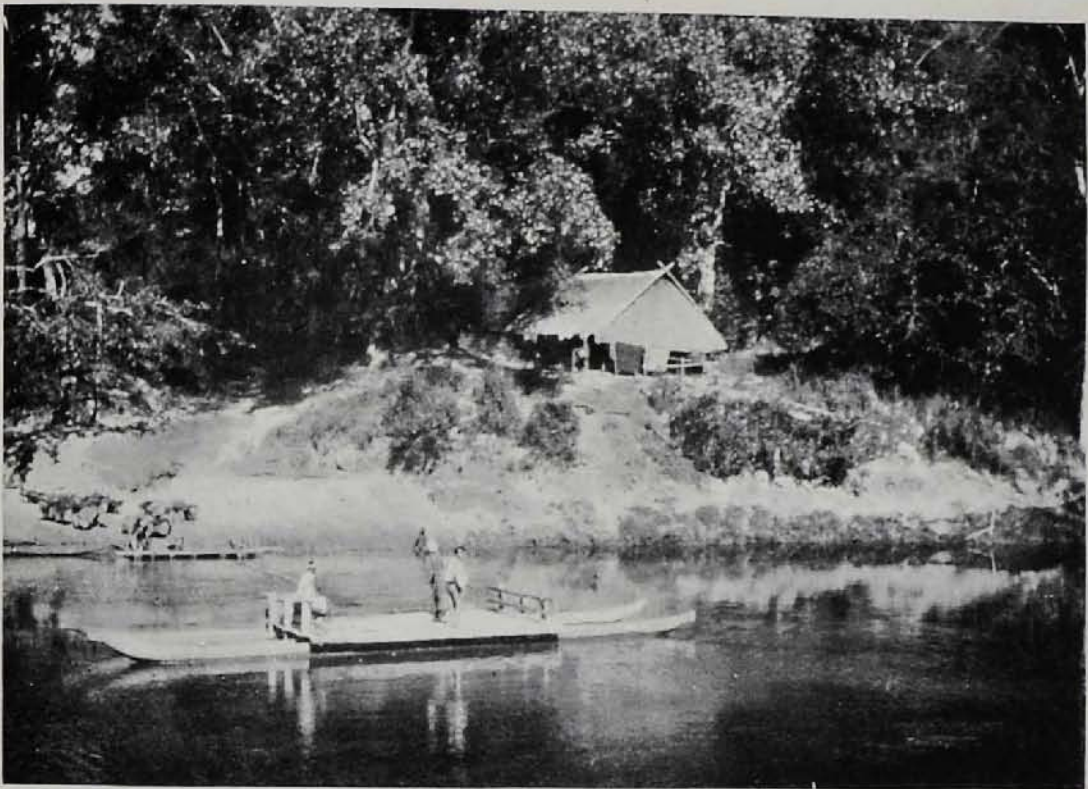


From a painting by J. R. Middleton.

WAITING FOR THE STEAMER ON THE BANKS OF THE IRRAWADDY.

Ava, bursting into splendour at Taung-u and Pegu, but reaching some measure of permanency only under the Alompra kings.

His immediate successor, a descendant of the King of Pagān, established the power of Ava as far as Prome, and invaded Pegu. The following years are but a record of this struggle with the southern Môn, punctuated, to



ON THE FERRY

the detriment of Ava, with attacks from the north by the Shan and the Chinese (1422 A.D.).

By the middle of the sixteenth century a strange transformation, of which the record is given in the history of Pegu, resulted in the succession of a Burmese prince, the famous Branginoco, to the throne of Pegu, and the advent of the Portuguese drew the balance of power away from Ava to the seaboard. In 1554 Branginoco, with

Burmese, Siam was invaded and its capital destroyed, and successive invasions from China were brilliantly repulsed. Then once more there was a migration, the history of which is bound up with the rise of Amarapura, and Ava desolate again, lapsed for a season (1783-1819) from her chequered greatness.



STOCKADE AND SENTRY-BOX (THIRD BURMESE WAR)

AVA RESTORED

1819-1837

On the death of Bo-daw-paya (see Amarapura) his grandson the Prince of Pagān ascended the throne as Bagyi-daw. For reasons that were almost solely capricious, the new monarch resolved to abandon his grandfather's capital



THE SURRENDER AT AVA (THIRD BURMESE WAR, 1885-7)

under the rule of a nondescript Company represented by a Governor of no power or influence, who had the arrogance to communicate with kings. The European army was considered to be small and effete, incapable of facing the hardships of a Burmese campaign, and



MOUNTED INFANTRY, 1885-7

too luxurious to encounter the Burmese soldier in his native jungles. Its method of advancing to battle to the sound of drums and trumpets was regarded as particularly foolish, and its habit of exposing itself in the open as even more so. The Native Indian Army was regarded with pure contempt. Hard fortune has taught



AVA REDOUBT AFTER CAPTURE, 1885

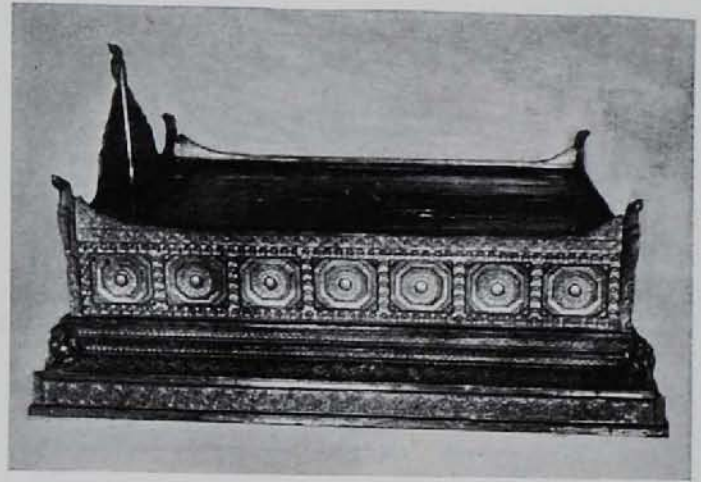


A ROYAL BARGE

King ejaculating every few moments, 'Is he dead? Is he dead?' The executioner offered to stay the blow till sunset to give time for a reprieve, but the dejected architect, now almost as mad as his master, refused the boon, and insisted on his performing his office instantly. He complied, and the reprieve arrived too late."

In this fashion was Ava, for the last time in its history, raised to the pride of place!

Outside the city the King and his people took their pleasure at the great elephant trainings, when the wild herds of the Shan hills were driven and cajoled into the enclosure destined as their place of torment. The Elephant Palace was a mile below the town, on the edge of the Irrawaddy. It was a great square enclosed

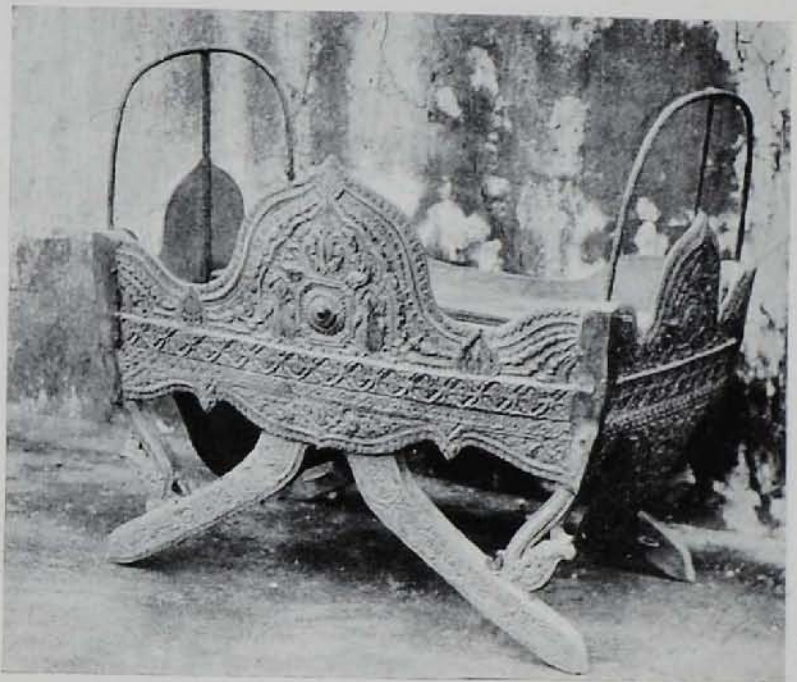


KING'S THRONE

in a double palisade of teak, each beam of which was equal to the mainmast of a ship. Between the palisades there was a wall of masonry fourteen feet high and twenty feet thick, upon which many thousands of spectators assembled. A special palace was erected here for the King, who came mounted upon a superb elephant, which he guided himself with a golden and jewelled goad. Upon such occasions he was accompanied by the princes of the blood and the great Ministers of State, and was escorted by several hundred musketeers and spearmen. But no women ever

and courtiers similarly came in golden boats, and upon the river for three days the war-boats of the King, and the boats of nobles and courtiers, raced each other, to the lively songs of the rowers. The very oars of the royal boats were gilded, and as the boats circled the spray flew from their blades, and the sun blazed upon their magnificence. On the evening of the third day the festival ended to the sound of cannon, as the royal barge moved in procession through the assembled boats.

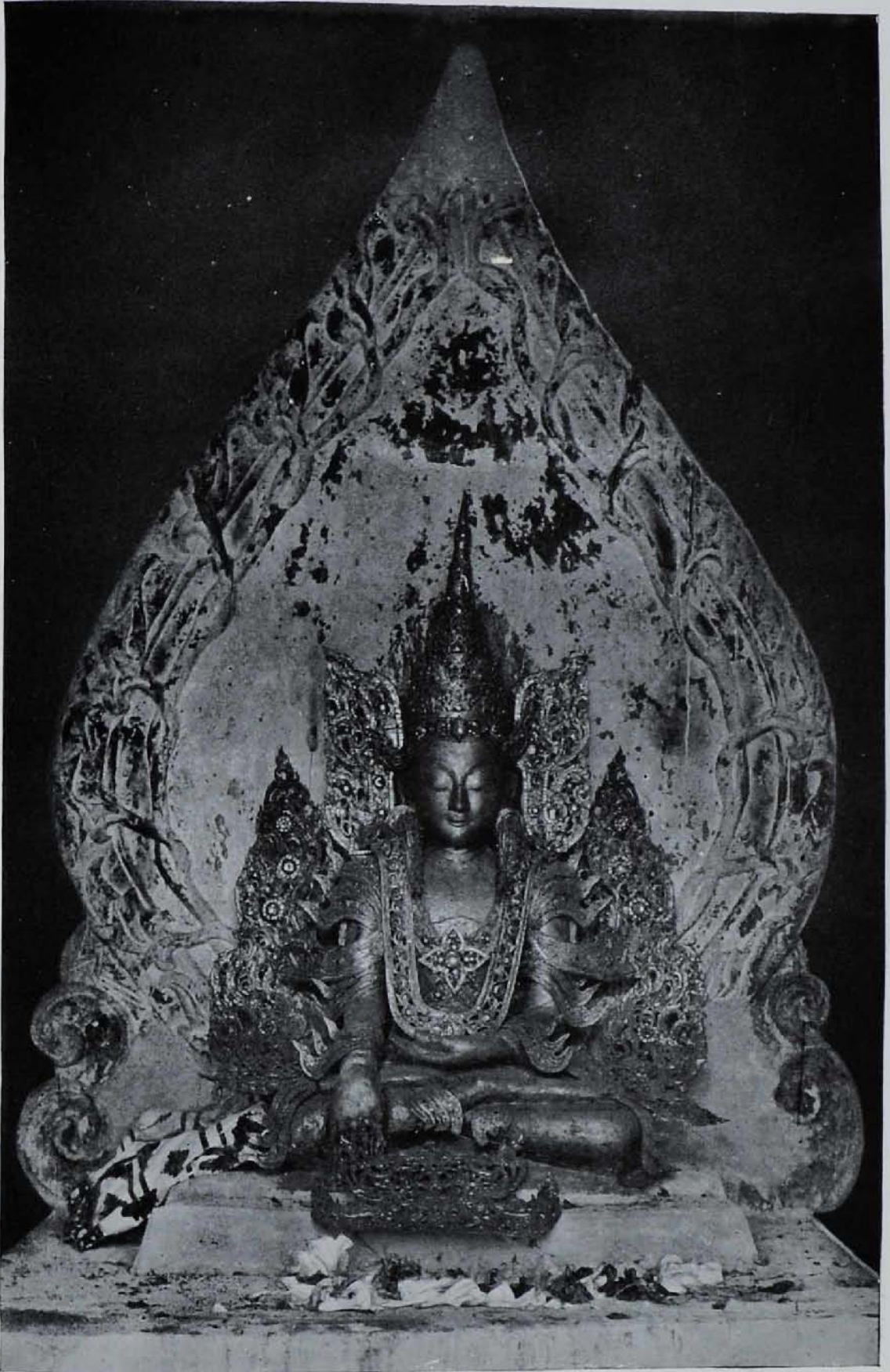
“The setting sun,” wrote the British Envoy of the day, “shone brilliantly upon a profusion of barbaric gold, and the pageant was al-



KING'S HOWDAH

together the most splendid and imposing which I had ever seen.”

Upon stated days the King received at the palace in the time-honoured manner of the Burmese kings. He climbed through golden doors and corridors within to the Lion Throne, and before him, below, amidst the aisles of golden pillars, each in its day the pride of some distant forest, there lay bent in homage the princes of the blood, and all the courtiers and nobles



THE SERENITY OF CONTEMPLATION



VIEW OF AMARAPURA FROM SAGAING

CHAPTER III

I. AMARAPURA, "THE IMMORTAL"

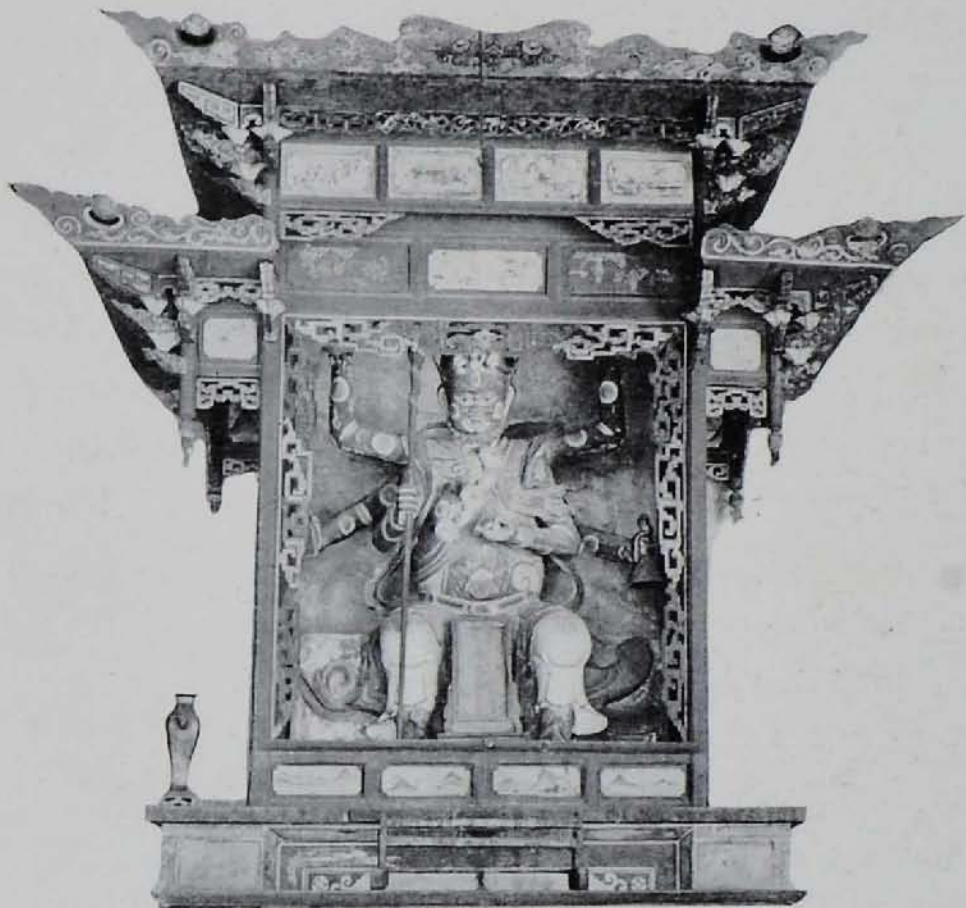
"Amarapura, the great and flourishing Golden City, illumined and illuminating, lasting as the Firmament, and embellished with Gold, Silver, Pearls, Agate and the nine original stones; the Golden Throne, the seat of splendour whence the royal mandate issues and protects mankind."—THE KING OF AVA TO THE VICEROY OF INDIA.



The Crown Prince

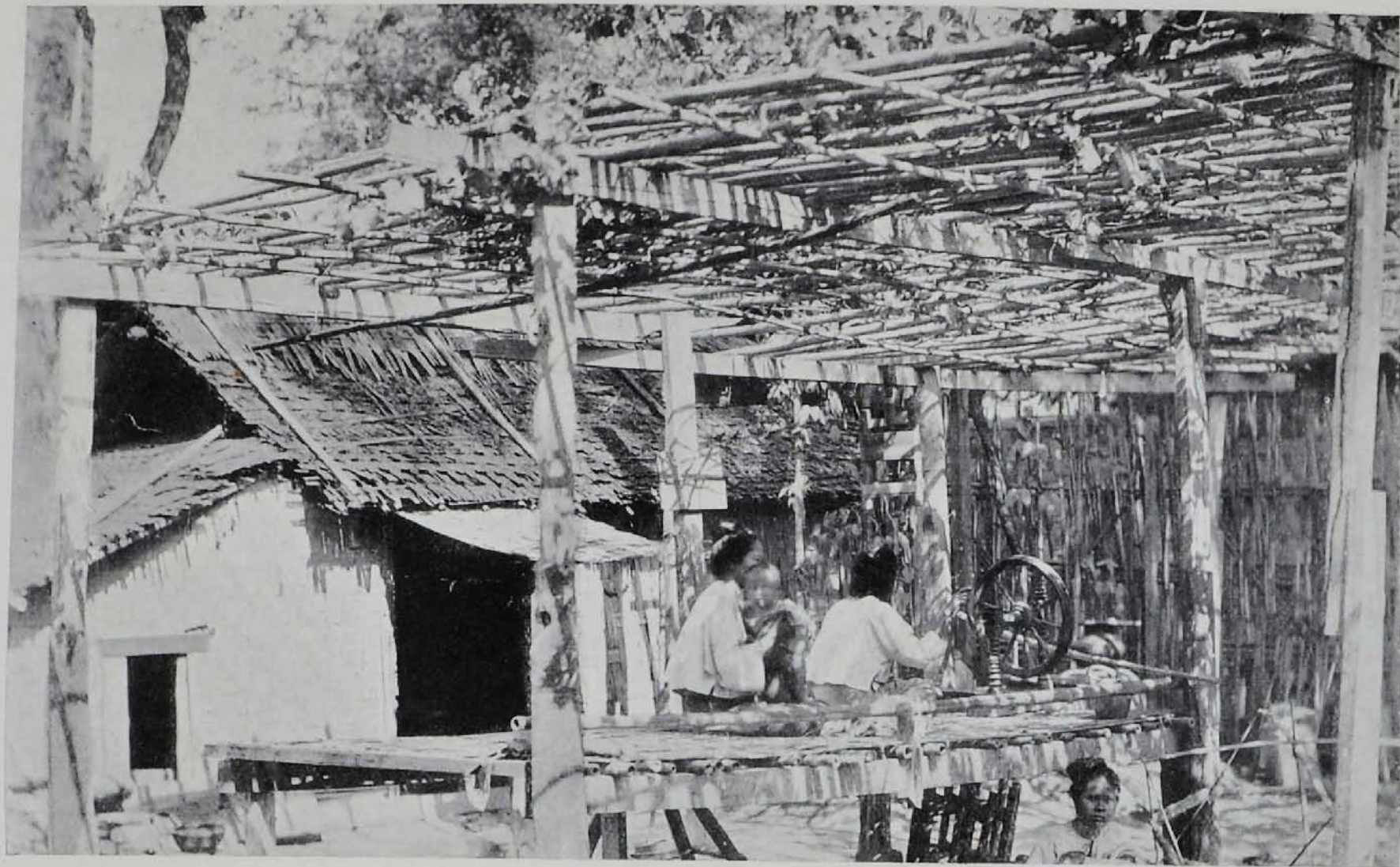
THE road from Mandalay after it leaves the Aracan Pagoda is that same road of which Yule tells, trodden by throngs of silken worshippers in the days when Amarapura, "the Immortal," was the royal city. Hoary tamarinds throw their shadows over it from the east, and on the west an embankment protects it from the Shwé-ta-chaung and the flood-waters of the Irrawaddy. Farthest of all on the west rise the Sagaing hills. Even at seasons of dust and drought, the space

At the Sanda-Muni Pagoda, girt with a four-square row of chapels, from each of which the marble image has been stolen, the highway enters the palace fortress of Amarapura. No great gates open now to yield the traveller passage; no gilded *pya-o* throws overhead a momentary shelter from the sun. The waters of the moat are

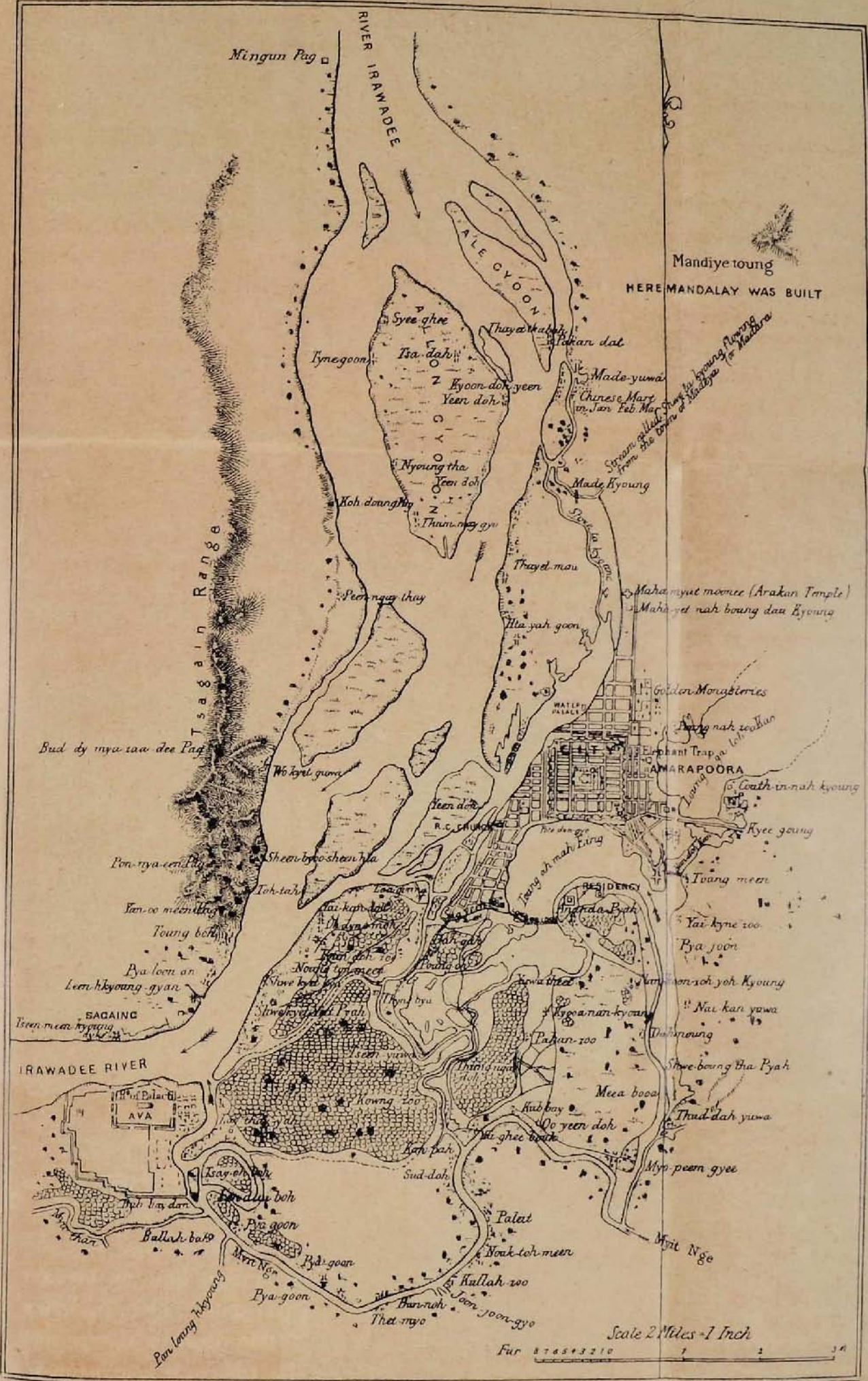


INSIDE THE CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE

dried up, the pink lotus has long since ceased to bloom, and the bed of the moat is furrowed by the plough. A low cactus-hidden line of rubble is all that survives of the crenellated walls. Passing on by decaying pagodas and masses of crumbling masonry, the dusty thoroughfare cuts off an angle of the city and recrosses the moat. A little farther and it brings the traveller to the rest-house, a



SILK-WEAVING UNDER THE VINES



From YULE'S Embassy to the Court of Ava
 MAP OF AMARAPURA AND SAGAING IN 1855

Most of the wooden buildings, the thrones, the turrets, the gilded columns, were removed to Mandalay. The site of the Eastern Gate, which once opened only to the King, of the low-browed postern beside it, under which the heads of Ambassadors were bowed, is a narrow and dusty track, bordered by a thin hedge of wild crotons. The Bahosin and the Reliquary are reduced to mere



THE EASTERN GATE OF THE PALACE; ALL THAT REMAINS OF IT

hollows in the ground, with an edge of broken rubble; the tomb of Shwébo Min, King of Burma, stands under a rough wooden canopy, built by the charity of a new Government, alone in the furrowed fields. The plough has been busy over all the precincts of the palace. At one end the railway track cleaves its way through the débris of the walls and the unquiet trains rage within a pistol shot of

● Amarapura

under the ministrations of a Surati railway contractor, who has purchased of the State the right to cart away the bricks.* One cannot blame the State for handing it over to him, for the process of destruction was begun by a king of Burma; yet in the spectacle of this alien destroying the palace of a king there is a jarring note. Here in the East, it reminds one, there is little of that



THE GREAT GUN OF AMARAPURA

gradual passing that makes of old walls and ruined fortresses things of mellow beauty; which hides under wall-flowers and ivy, under moss and lichen, under the snowy bloom of the pear, or amidst drooping masses of lilac, the inevitable sadness of decay. Here in a world of violent contrasts and sudden death, Mortality reveals herself, brutal and unashamed.

* This was stopped.



L

THE DRAGON PAGODA, AMARAPURA



KING BO-DAW-PAYA'S TOMB AT AMARAPURA

• The Story of Amarapura

Into the details of his succession it is unnecessary here to enter. He reached the throne by means of a double intrigue, which involved the destruction at once of his Sovereign and of the tool through whom that destruction was wrought. Both of his victims were his nephews, and scarcely more than boys. They were indeed no match for one who had been in his youth the companion of Alompra, who had shared in his childhood the humble origin and the astonishing rise of his father, at an epoch of great national reaction. He had, for an Eastern prince, the inestimable privilege of birth outside the purple. His character was moulded, and his personality inspired, by the events which led up to the founding of his dynasty.

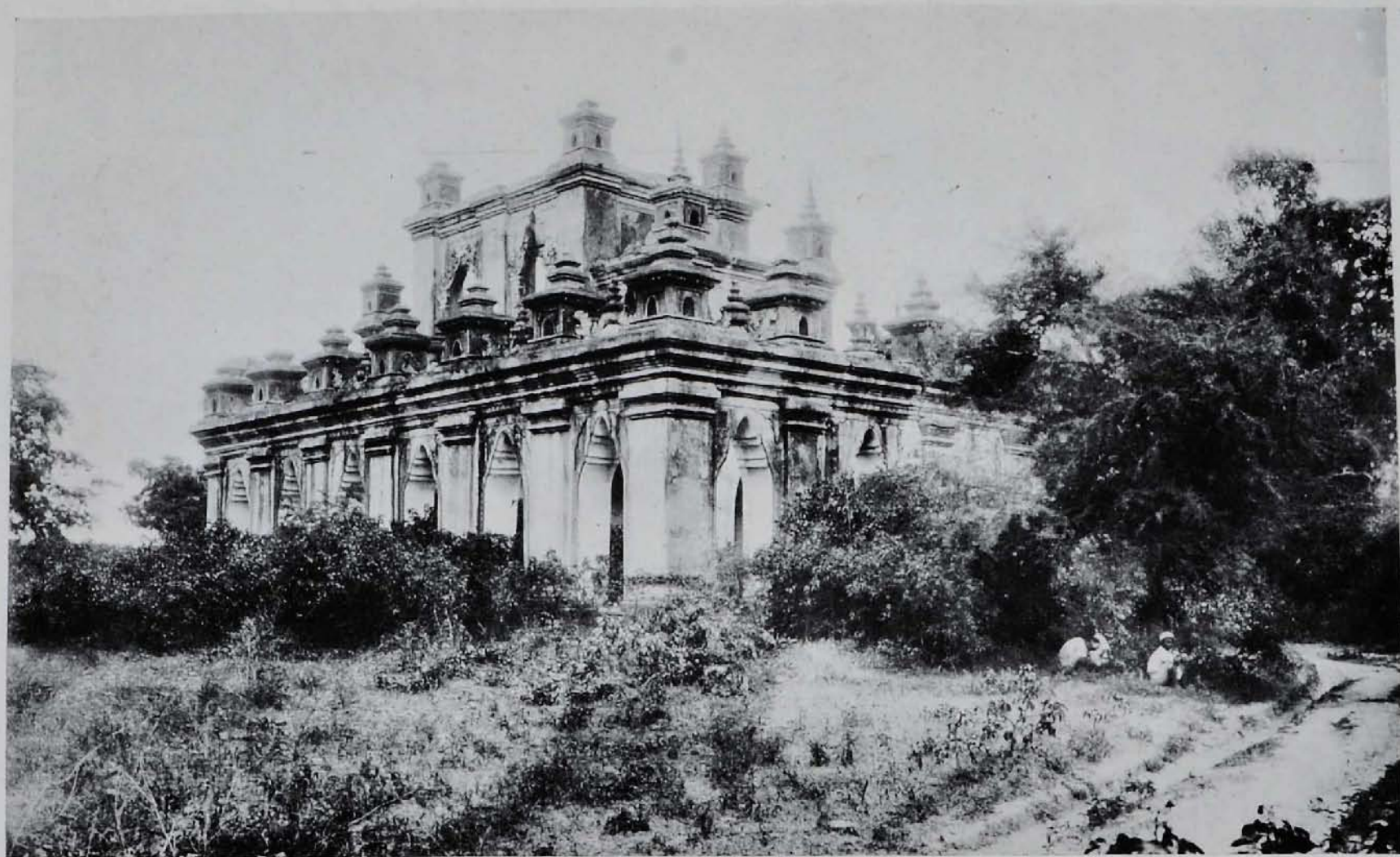


GENERAL D'ORGONI, FRENCH ADVENTURER
AT AMARAPURA, 1855

The events of his long reign indicate clearly enough that he inherited a large share of the grandiose ability and no slight touch of the insanity of his house ; and of the



KING BAGYI-DAW'S TOMB AT AMARAPURA



DETAIL OF ENTABLATURE OF THUDAMA ZAYAT, AMARAPURA

➤ The Story of Amarapura

that he was the greatest potentate of all. In his own lozenge-shaped island of Jambudwipa, which includes such trifles as Siam, China, and the Indian Empire, the new "Emperor of the Rising Sun" resolved to be supreme.



THE KYAUK-TAW-GYI IMAGE

So greatly had the quiet gentleman of Sagaing developed under the warming sun of prosperity!

At a formal council of his Ministers he propounded the plans of his ambition, and traced in swiftly imaginative lines the forthcoming annihilation of Siam, the conquest of China, the overthrow of the British in India, and the reduction to vassalage of the Great Mogul. As the broken



From a drawing by C. Grant

AMARAPURA IN 1855

infantile pride of the most arrogant Court in the world, and the embassy was a failure from the moment of its inception.¹

After a month and a half had elapsed, the Ambassador was told that he would be received at Court. A day, known in the happy nomenclature of the Court as the "Day of Obeisance," was chosen for the purpose, and His Excellency, preceded and followed by strange persons whom he describes with evident relish as *Oni-roupserees*, or "Registers of Strangers," on horseback, and *Let-zoun-serees*, or "Registers of Presents," dressed in official robes, he himself appearing in the catalogue of the procession under the strange guise of "The Elephant of the Representative of the Governor-General," set forth to do unwitting homage at the Court of Amarapura. By a happy arrangement he was taken, this simple, high-minded Englishman, through the palace gate reserved for the exit of funerals, and not a smile broadened the stolid faces of the populace of diplomatists who looked on, with a politeness which delighted the Ambassador, from behind the *yasa-mats* or latticed palings of the royal city. At intervals, and while yet the palace was afar off, he was required to bow down and make obeisance to the abode of royalty; and as he drew nearer, the representative of the Governor-General had to dismount from the elephant in whose personality he had hitherto

¹ The following passage throws a curious light on the relations of Symes with the Burmese Court:

"Stickling for rank or precedence is generally not necessary at the Court of Ava, or at least more is to be lost than gained by entering into a contention with the Court upon such minute points. Should the Burmese discover that the British Envoy is disposed to contend on questions of etiquette, it would arouse their jealousy."—Rev. ADONIRAM JUDSON.



From a sketch by C. Grant

AMRAPURA IN 1855

of gold. The Prince was borne on men's shoulders in a golden litter. A nobleman held a gilded fan to screen him from the sun, and on each side of him walked six Manipuri astrologers dressed in white gowns with white caps studded with stars of gold. Close behind, his servants carried his water-flagon, and a gold betel box of a size which appeared to be no inconsiderable load for a man. Elephants and led horses with rich housings came after, and bodies of spearmen and musketeers, clothed in blue, in green, and in red, concluded the procession. The splendid show seemed to the observant Ambassador to surpass anything of which any surviving Court in Hindustan was capable.

It was not without its due effect. Inclined from the moment of his arrival in Burma to take a grandiose view of the nation and people to whom he was accredited, Captain Symes took away with him impressions which were at least a gilded version of the facts, and in his estimate of the population he misread them entirely. Nevertheless, there is a certain poetic fitness in the splendid conclusions to which he came; for the Burmese Empire was at the time he entered it at its zenith. Its territories included the whole of the present Province of Burma, an area of more than 200,000 square miles; and it was shortly to extend itself over the neighbouring kingdom of Assam. The Emperor, firmly seated on his throne, was to consolidate his power for the space of another quarter of a century. A special levy on the revenues of the country had filled his exchequer to overflowing. The great reaction of which Alompra was the symbol was still in its flood; and the reigning Sovereign, in



From a painting by Saya Chone

ELEPHANT-CATCHING AT AMARAPURA

the Burmese character, based as it is upon a supreme and unaffected conviction of its own superiority, the weakness of the Burmese State was but partially apparent. As a soldier he could not but notice the inefficiency of the Burmese army ; as a politician he was completely deceived. The splendid ceremony, to which as we have seen he bears eloquent testimony, was but the prelude to an insulting humiliation. He believed that he was to have an audience of the King, and he crouched upon the floor of the Council Hall, vainly endeavouring to conceal his bootless feet in accordance with the etiquette imposed upon him, in the expectation that His Majesty would eventually appear. But the golden throne which towered above him remained unfilled. He was asked three formal questions by "The Royal Voice," an officer of the Court, the purpose of which was to ignore absolutely the Governor-General who had sent him, and he was presently dismissed.

Some portion of this treatment must be ascribed to the arrogance of the Burmese Court, to the barbaric instinct of imposing on a stranger ; but some of it must be attributed to deeper and more justifiable causes. To the Emperor of Burma it must have seemed highly derogatory to receive an embassy from an un-royal source, upon any other than a subordinate footing, and there is no doubt that this relationship with a Governor-General instead of his master, always rankled in the hearts of the Burmese sovereigns.¹ As time passed and painful

¹ It is related of King Tharawadi as late as the year 1840 that he was disgusted at discovering that the Goombanee Min, the East India Company, was not a Sovereign, but a number of merchants with whom he could have nothing to do.

The time was not yet for Viceroy and Monarch to try conclusions. For a space the Emperor was left to his own devices, to grandiose projects of irrigation, of temple-building, of religious reform; and the mere length of his reign gave his people repose. In 1819 at the age of eighty-one he died, having reigned over Amarapura for the space of thirty-six years. His successor saw fit to abandon his grandfather's capital, and for fourteen years it lay desolate.



BRONZE FIGURES OF ELEPHANTS BROUGHT FROM ARACAN BY BO-DAW-PAYA



THE KAUNG-HMU-DAW PAGODA



IN THE HEART OF THE SAGAING THEBAID

the closing day. One does not come upon sights like this out of Burma. There is some unconscious under-current of great qualities in the Burman personality that alone makes them possible.

By far the most interesting part of Sagaing lies in the hilly country above it, where austere monks live; and every peak bears testimony to the piety of bygone kings and people. The hills are skirted in the early summer, before the river has begun to rise, by a low sloping shore, along which a horseman can ride to the great bell of Mingun. The soil under foot varies from smooth turf to broken rock, with long intervals of silver sand. Cliffs rise up above it on one side, clothed with cactus and aloes, and on the other there spreads the purple river. It is easy to believe at times that one is riding by the sea. There are bays at intervals, and openings of miniature valleys wooded with the most splendid trees. In such shelters hamlets and monas-



THE LEKYUN-MANAUNG PAGODA

to the river to drink, the young men mounted on their backs. Women and girls were splashing and laughing in its waters. Down the noble stream, boat-loads of travellers were being borne, some on long journeys, others only to Sagaing to a common festival. Their swift passage alone spoke to the eye of the river's movement. Along the sandy tracts, half overgrown with yellow-cupped flowers, the passing carts raised up small clouds of golden



THE LOTUS

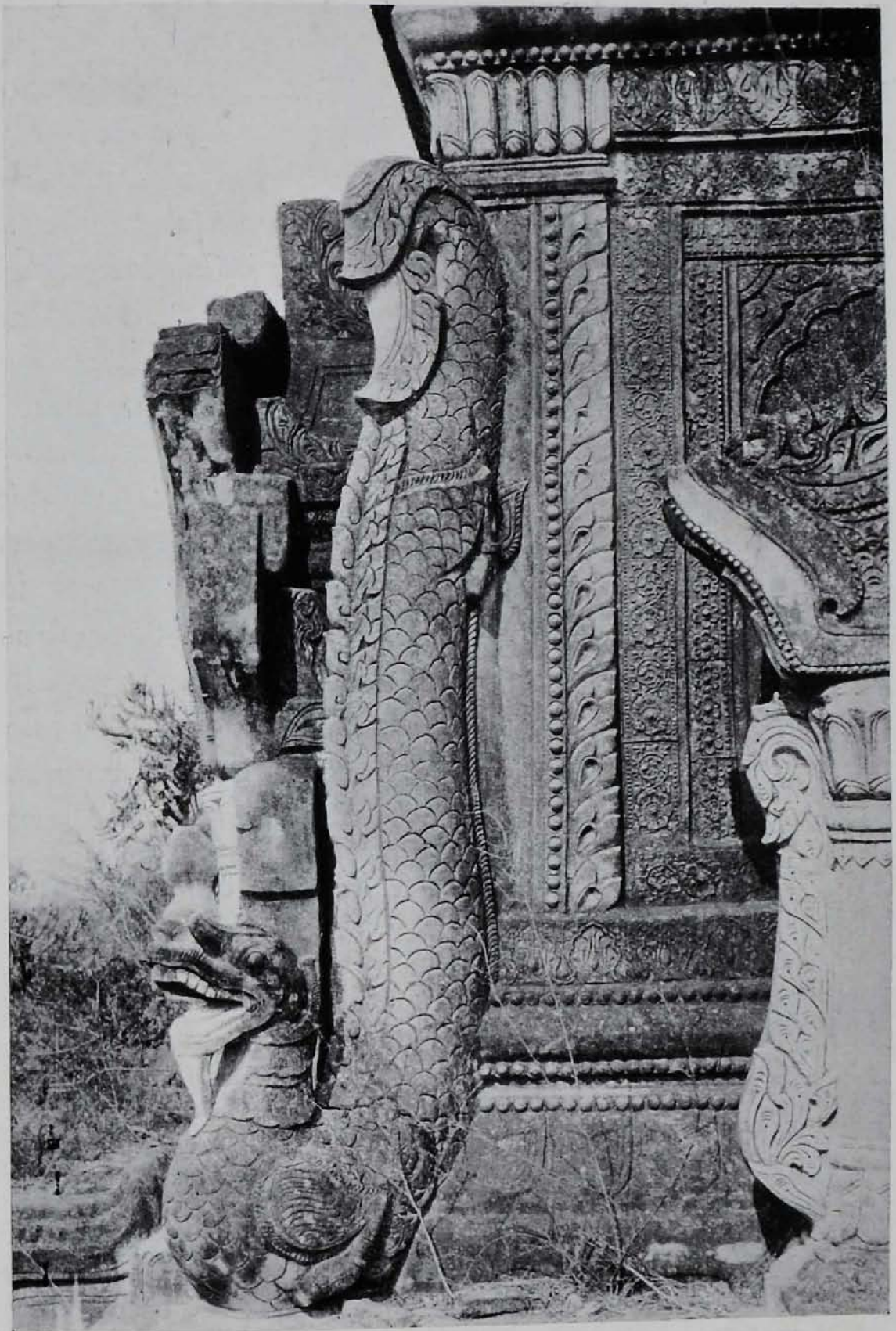
dust. Here and there a traveller took his way, his sandals in his hand. Yellow-robed monks went by, grave and reverend, with no thoughts of haste. The novices lounged in the monastery courts, beside the open balustrades, lazily observant of the passing world. From the shelter of their doll-like houses, nuns in salmon-pink garments, a little richer in tone from the reflected sunset,



LIONS AT SAGAING



THE POLYGON BY THE RIVER



PLASTER

are large figures of a Chinaman, a Shan, a Chin, and an Englishman of the same type as those in the Thein below.

From the summit of any one of the neighbouring peaks it is possible to get a comprehensive view of this strange world of old pagodas and secluded monasteries in which the strictest anchorites live. It is a Thebaïd by nature, perfectly adapted to the purpose, to which



THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

it is put, and people come from afar to converse with the holy men and to look at the caves in the hillside, black as midnight, in which they meditate on the sorrows, the transitoriness, and the illusion of life. The life of the anchorite of Pagān is here revived, and it is full of interest to the student of Buddhism. Lastly, from here there expands the great world of the river, lined on its further shore with the pinnacles and domes of Ava,



THE FORESHORE AT SAGAING



LOOKING TOWARDS AVA

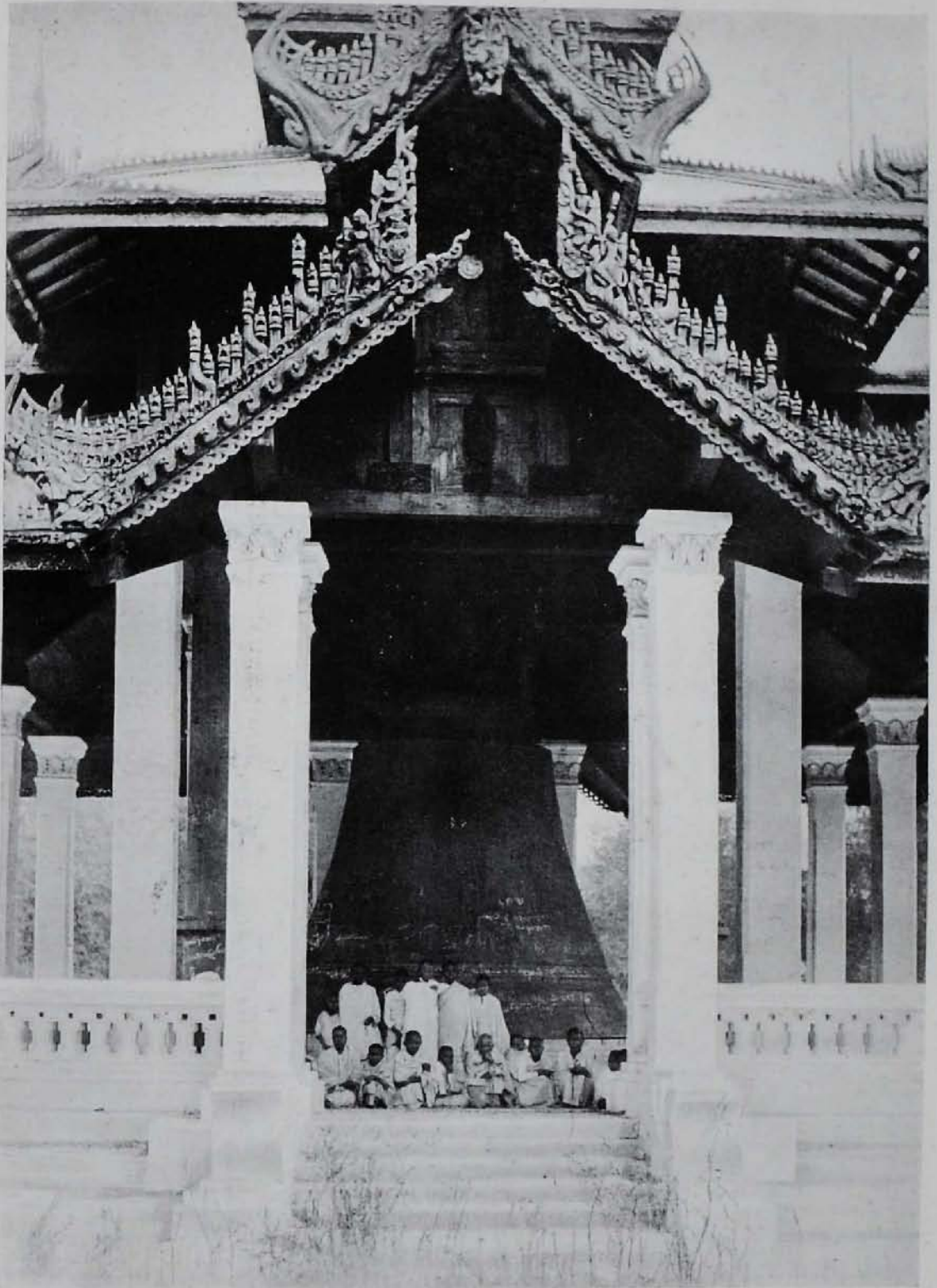
repeatedly to the King's tent as he approached it, has left an account of his reception by Bo-daw-paya.

“After I had been seated,” he writes, “about twenty



A NUN

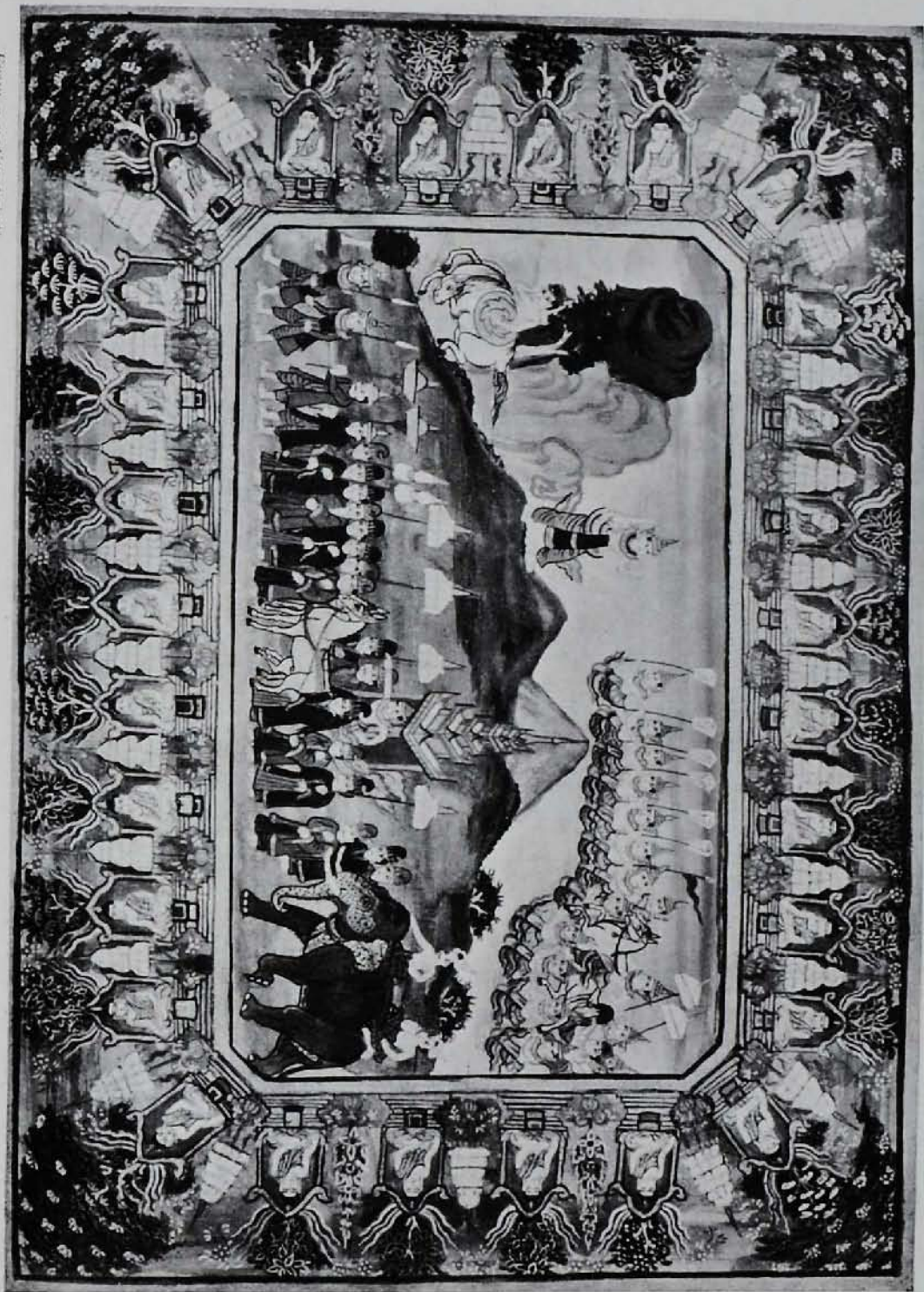
minutes, placing my legs sideways, and leaning for support on my right hand, a very awkward and ungraceful position to those not accustomed to it. His Majesty entered and seated himself on the throne. He

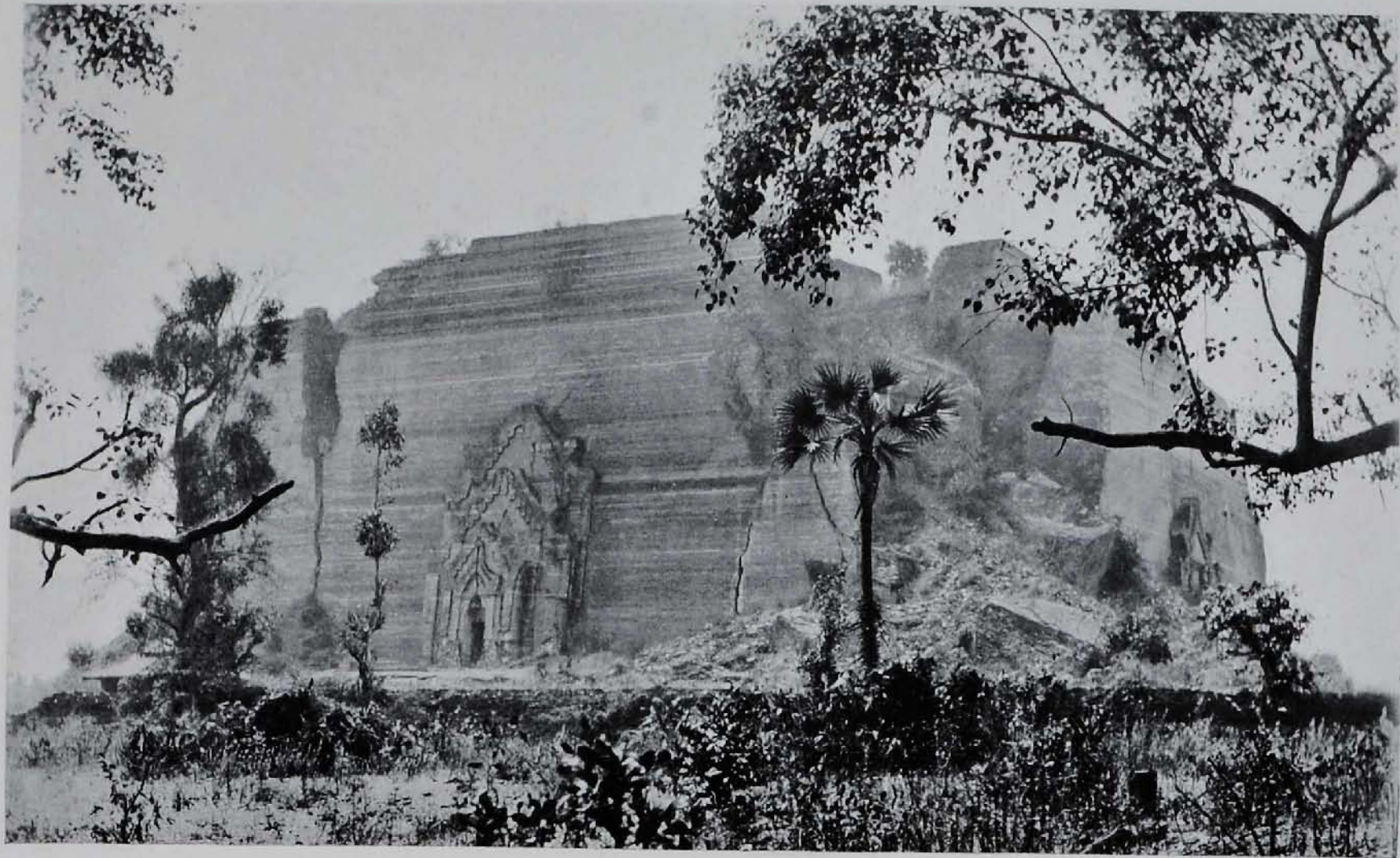


THE BIG BELL UNDER ITS NEW ROOF

From a native painting.

FRESCOES AT SAGAING





THE GREAT ABORTION

now climb to its summit. In clear weather it offers a great view of the river and its ceaseless life; of the spires and turrets of Mandalay and the blue walls of the Shan highlands beyond. Immediately behind it there rise in tiers the barren hills of Sagaing. The ruins of two colossal leogryphs, one ninety-five feet in height, stand between it and the river. These also the earthquake destroyed. They are in keeping with this place of gigantic but abortive conceptions.



BRONZE FIGURE BROUGHT FROM ARACAN
BY BO-DAW-PAYA

Within the pagoda there lie buried, according to the Royal Chronicle of Burma, 1,500 figures and images of gold, 2,534 of silver, and 36,947 of "other materials." But lest the cupidity of the traveller should be roused, let him read the narrative of Hiram Cox, who was present for his sins when these valuables were being stored within the brickwork.

BOOK II

The Ancient
Capitals of
the Burmese
Race

Tagoung—
Pagān



THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS

CHAPTER I

I. TAGOUNG



A Maid-of-Honour

TAGOUNG! The name has been known these twenty centuries, and yet it is a very little place to-day. Under the high mudbanks where the cropped grass grows brown in the dry winter weather, there runs the river, ruffled a little by the morning breeze. Its farther shore is bounded by a line of hills that prevent its wandering from its path. They are hills of a red and misty purple, somewhat forbidding in suggestion. They shut out the world to the west from sight, and curtail, for one who would look upon it, the glory of the sunset. They are like a prison-wall; and in this no fit company for a noble city. One can imagine a King of Tagoung wishing to cut a passage through them to the open world beyond.

Upon their crests there are two pagodas built by Alompra. Save for these pagodas the view, as one looks out upon the river from the ruins of the ancient city, is the same view that met the eyes of its people during the centuries of its prime. Yet it is hard to

◆ Tagoung

passionless river that flows past it. "Quick march! Forward!"—but it has come but a little way these two thousand years.

There is a pathway which leads through the old wall, whose height and strength are still noticeable, its large bricks well preserved. The path, cloven by cart-wheels, strikes through the dense jungle which now hides the site of the city. We, that is to say, Moug Pu the magistrate,



THE POLICE POST AT TAGOUNG

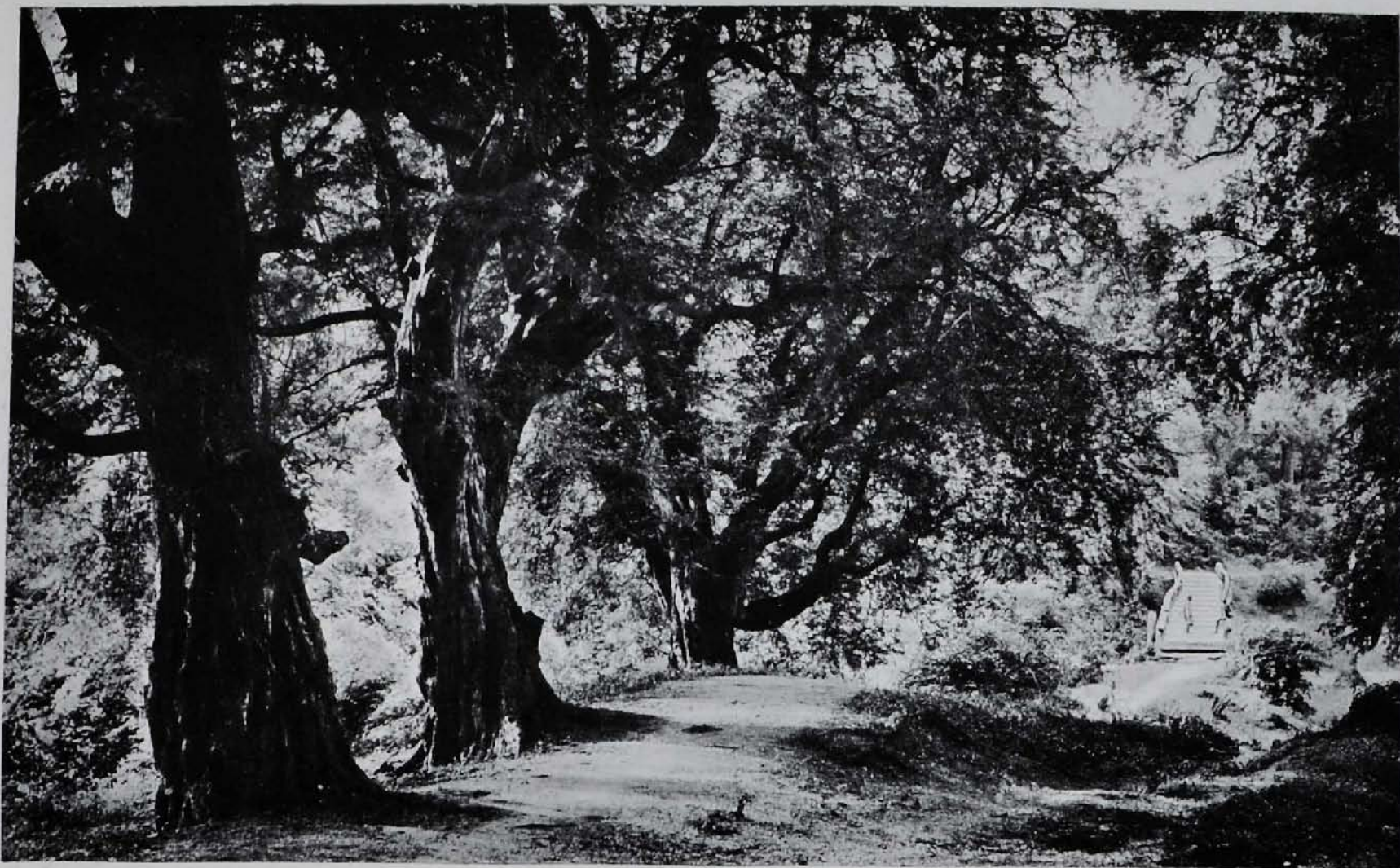
the village headman, and the Myo Sayé or village writer, with followers, take our way along this road talking of the past, and presently we turn aside into a narrower path, the Myo Sayé having somewhat to say of a moat on the far side. But the jungle thickens and we come to a pause. To show the way I make a rough passage through the jungle for some twenty yards. The man who has followed me turns back to make a detour, and so stops dead. Directly in his way there lies a snake,

upon a wilderness of brown jungle, the sinuous gleam of the river, and the mountains shutting off the sunset beyond. Down in the narrow path by which we have come the whole of the Burmese party are deep in prayer, their hands folded, and their heads bent in attitudes of intense devotion, and the only sound that breaks the stillness of the place is the sound of their voices as they pray.

On a stone pedestal beside the gateway there lie fragments of bricks seventeen hundred years old, with effigies of the Buddha upon them, and inscriptions in the Indian (Gupta) character. They have been taken from a hole dug into one of the smaller pagodas, and in a chapel not far off there is a figure of the Buddha whose face is that of an Indian, and not of a Burman. This is readily admitted by the Myo Sayé, who draws down his face with his hands to indicate the difference.

Long after we have come back, and I sit alone in the verandah of the Court House vaguely measuring the movement of the world by the passing of the stars, the stillness of Tagoung is broken by the chaunting of the villagers at prayer. Their voices are followed by the clanging of bells of different notes, at increasing distances, and the night air is made vibrant with their music. Long after the last stroke has sounded from the big bell its voice palpitates on in the stilly night. It is no new sensation, but I am the only white man in Tagoung.

Of the origin of Tagoung, of its history, of the causes which made of it a great walled city twenty-seven centuries ago, which have left it to-day a wilderness, rather than the capital of a mighty nation, little is known. There are legends, and there are the ruins. The former tell of



THE RELICS OF A BYGONE DAY

● Tigyaing on the Hill

great and famous and are now dust, and one wonders at the slow progress of the world.

On the hill, lifted above the crumbling walls of an old fortress which is attributed to Chinese invaders of Burma, there is the traveller's rest-house from which these sights are to be seen. Above it there is a pagoda, in whose court there are stone inscriptions, one of which



THE VIEW FROM TIGYAING HILL

records the bestowal of "the great sweet-voice of the one-lakh-emerald Pagoda" by a long list of subscribers, including the Myowun and Myo Thugyi of Mya-daung; old officials of the kings of Burma who have passed away. The other has to do with the consecration of a Thein or Hall of Ordination about the year 1216 B.E. The bell has been taken away to a monastery in the village since the precincts of the pagoda were occupied as

canoes, each with a paddler at the stern and a netter at the prow, take their way across the water. The fish trapped in the dead water between the palisades leap continuously into the air, and the keen-eyed gulls drop with shrieks after them into the water. The fishermen fling their black nets before them, and let them sink with their leaden weights. Then as the canoes are paddled slowly away, they haul in the line, easily, hand over hand, till it is all gathered in, and the dark funnel of the net slowly rises to the surface, a-twinkle with the silver fish that gasp and flutter in its toils. Fish near the palisades, and in the narrow enclosures, leap wildly into the air in their efforts to escape—such splendid leaps as would rejoice the heart of an athlete; and sometimes they succeed in leaping the barrier imposed between them and freedom; at others they fall, to the loud laughter of the lookers-on, into the moving canoes of the fishers; and at times they drop into the palisades, where they are caught in their folds or impaled upon the sharp-pointed stakes. Some are minnows three inches long, and others are tritons of fifty pounds which leap as high as a man.



A WINDOW IN A MONASTERY

Thus it is that though the pomp and circumstance of Rule have passed, the fascination of the primitive life still lingers at Mya-daung.



THE FAR SOUTH OF PAGĀN

CHAPTER II

PAGĀN

I. ITS STORY



A Minister of the King

ON the day of the death of Thupyinnya, twenty-seventh King of Prome, in the year 84 A.D., a countrywoman's corn-sieve was carried away by an impetuous wind. The countrywoman followed it, crying out, "Oh, my corn-sieve! oh, my corn-sieve!"

The citizens, disturbed by this clamour and not knowing what had happened, began likewise to cry, "Army of the corn-sieve! soldiers of the corn-sieve!"

A great confusion consequently arose, and all the citizens were divided into three parties, who afterwards became three different nations, the Pyu, the Kanran, and the Thet. The first took up arms against the second, and were victorious,



THIRI-PVITSAYA

clothed himself in royal robes, and, with a crown upon his head and other insignia of royalty about him, rode boldly into the town of Pagān, where he was received with acclamation. The usurper, rushing out to see what had happened, slipped at the top of the palace steps, fell headlong, and was picked up dead. This timely decease removed the only obstacle that stood in the way of the Prince, who immediately declared himself King of Pagān, and married the three chief queens of the deceased usurper. The third of these bore him a son, who became famous in history as Anawrata-zaw, the Paladin of the Burmese race.

Anawrata's greatest exploit was the conquest of Thatôn, and it was this conquest and the motive from which it proceeded, that gave Pagān that bias towards architectural splendour and religious zeal which is written in vivid letters on all that remains of it to-day. Anawrata's purpose in invading Thatôn was to secure the text of the Buddhist scriptures it possessed, and to Anawrata, inspired by the Southern Canon, is given the credit of establishing Buddhism in a pure form at Pagān.

The empire of Anawrata attained to no mean proportions. It extended from the gulf of Martaban to the borders of Southern China, and from the Bay of Bengal to Cambodia. His zeal for relics led him into communication with Ceylon, and his wife was the daughter of an Indian prince. His name is still green in the memories of the people, as though he had lived but yesterday.

He was eventually succeeded by Kyansittha, who was

• The Story of Pagān

China. Fraternities from Ceylon, from the conquered Hamsavati (Pegu), from Siam, the Shan States, Nepal, and China sojourned in Pagān, and King Narapati-sithu assigned to each fraternity, or sect, separate quarters where they were to reside."

Narapati-sithu was succeeded by his son Zeya-theinka,



THE DHAMMA-YAN-GYI PAGODA

who built the Bawdi Pagoda, a base imitation of the temple at Buddha-Gaya. Pagān was now upon the eve of her dissolution. Zeya-theinka died in 1227 A.D. Twenty-one years later there came to the throne Nara-thi-hapati, known to this day as "He who fled from the Chinese." This man, whose sobriquet has made him the laughing-stock of Burma for seven hundred years,



PAGODA PRECINCTS



SUNSET AT PAGĀN

● The Story of Pagān

whole circle of animal existence the state of man is the most difficult of attainment, and to attain that state during the time of a Buddha, is also most difficult. There can be no occasion for your Majesty to commit the evil deed of throwing these people into the water. Such an act will be for ever talked of even among kings, and it will be registered in the records of the



THE LAST OF THE GRAND GATEWAY OF PAGĀN

Empire. Let your Majesty therefore grant permission for any person to take such of the royal female attendants as cannot be embarked in the royal boats, and by so doing, your Majesty will be said not only to have granted them their lives, but to have afforded them protection."

The King replied, "Very true," and set at liberty three hundred of the female servants of the interior of the palace, who were taken and carried away by different



THE PAGAN QUEEN AND HER SUITE (1885)

• The Story of Pagān

suppose that Pagān was merely a holy city, even if the moated walls and great gateways of the inner city were not still in existence to testify to its secular character.

That Pagān was a great capital we know, from the



NYAUNGU VILLAGE

extent and duration of the empire ruled by its kings ; that it was steeped in an atmosphere of religion can scarcely be doubted by any one who has looked upon its ruins, or glanced at the inscriptions which record the endowments and benefactions of its kings and citizens. These inscriptions, with all their aspirations after

• The Story of Pagān

who dread even the sound of its name. Its people always enjoy immunity from danger and are free from pain. They are well versed in every art and possess various industrial appliances. The country is full of useful things, the people are wealthy, and the revenue enormous. The kingdom may therefore be said to be more desirable than the land of the Nats. It is a glorious



FRESCOS IN A HALL OF ORDINATION AT PAGĀN

kingdom, and its subjects are known to be glorious and powerful.”

But the cactus and the wild plum now grow where Anawrata once ruled in magnificence and splendour, and a dusty wheel-track runs through the grand gateway of old Pagān. A slow country cart, creaking along the ruts, toils alone now in the broad sunlight where of old there marched the processions of a king, and a breath as of utter desolation broods over a city which has been dead for six hundred years.

and lie buried to a third of their height in the ploughed fields. Monasteries perpetuating the tradition of the past still find a beautiful seclusion in places which are shaded by groves of trees and sheltered by cliff-ledges, but which yet command wide and noble views over the vast world of the river.

The most striking object in the near vista, as one makes one's way, is the Chauk-pa-hla Pagoda, built by King Nara-pati-sithu late in the twelfth century. It presents a brave front to time, its spire of slender beauty rising high in dazzling whiteness above the sands of the rivulet and the palm-clusters below. A wooden bridge



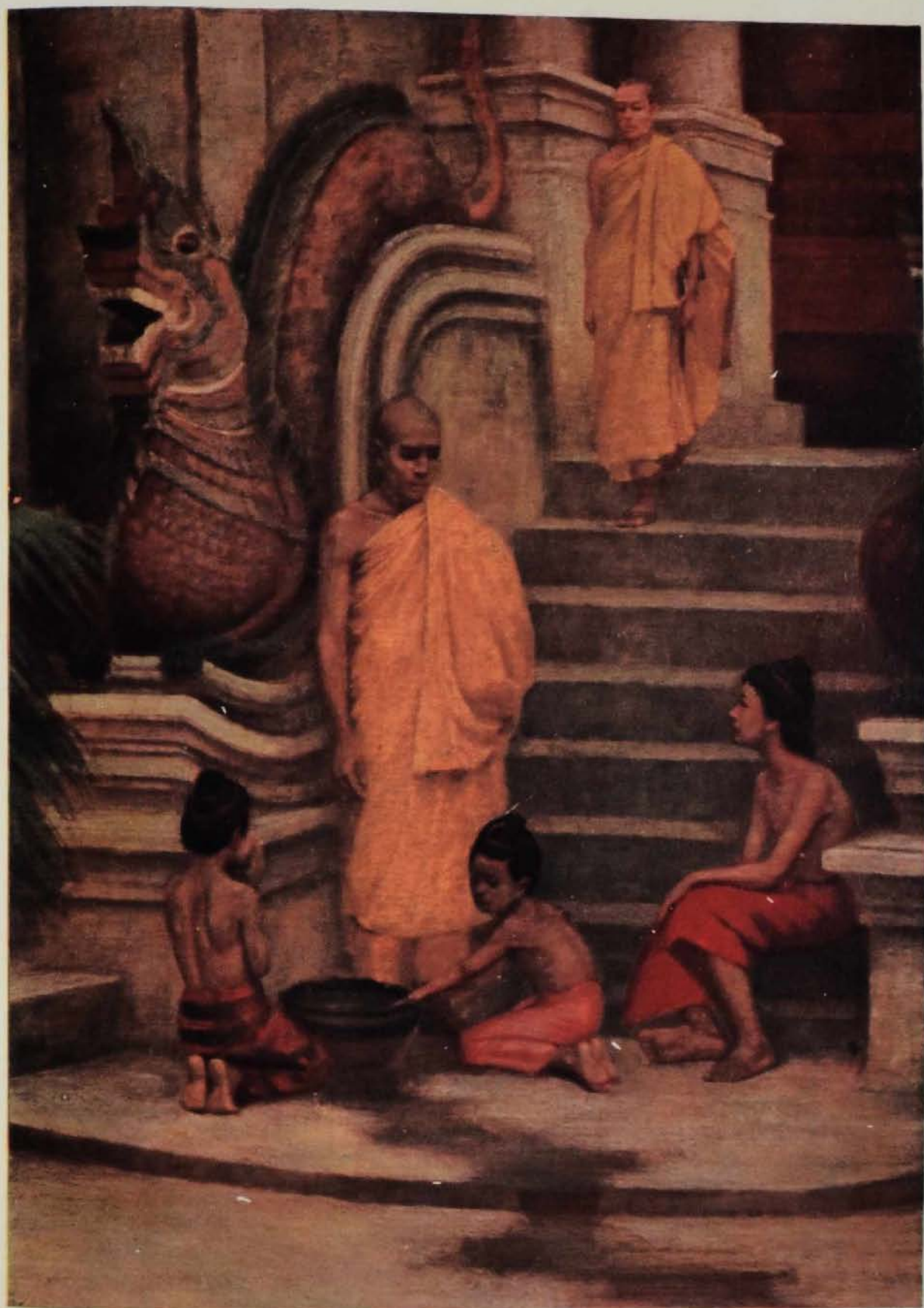
CHAUK-PA-HLA

SCALE OF 1:100,000
1000 2000 3000 FEET

IRRAWADDY RIVER



From the Indian Government Survey Map
PLAN OF PAGAN

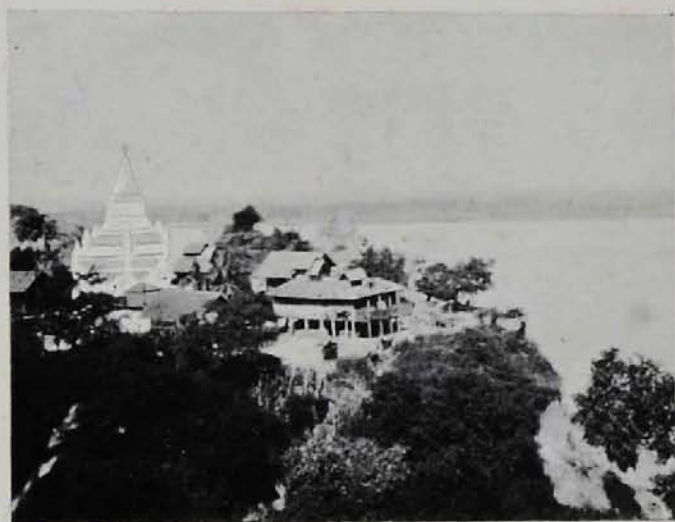


From a painting by J. R. Middleton.

FEET-WASHING AT THE ENTRANCE TO A MONASTERY.

spite of all that is visible from it, a strange and overpowering sense of remoteness and spiritual seclusion. All that passes on the river seems from here no more than an illusion; the throbbing steamers, the dreamy sailing-boats, the quick canoes, are but passing phantoms. They come and go, bodied forth one moment from the illimitable, only to be swallowed up into it the next. To the ascetic, rapt in the meditations of the spirit, they are no more than illusions bragging of reality. The night-watches and the starry firmament know them not, and the wide majestic river rolling on its way, the great earth circling through space, smile at their claims. Yet even *these* are illusions.

To the recluse, the steamer captain straining with red eyes across the river spaces, the fighting man with his clatter of sword and musket and his professional ferocity, the judge weighing the mint and cummin of the secular law, executing one man, imprisoning another, are strange beings very near of vision, very far away from the great highway of life. And to them? He is at best a foolish old man, who does little to earn his own bread, or advance the world; an idle dreamer of dreams. But from here, where this silent monastery shelters under the white spire of the Shwé-thabeik,



THE SHWÉ-THABEIK

• Pagān as it is To-day

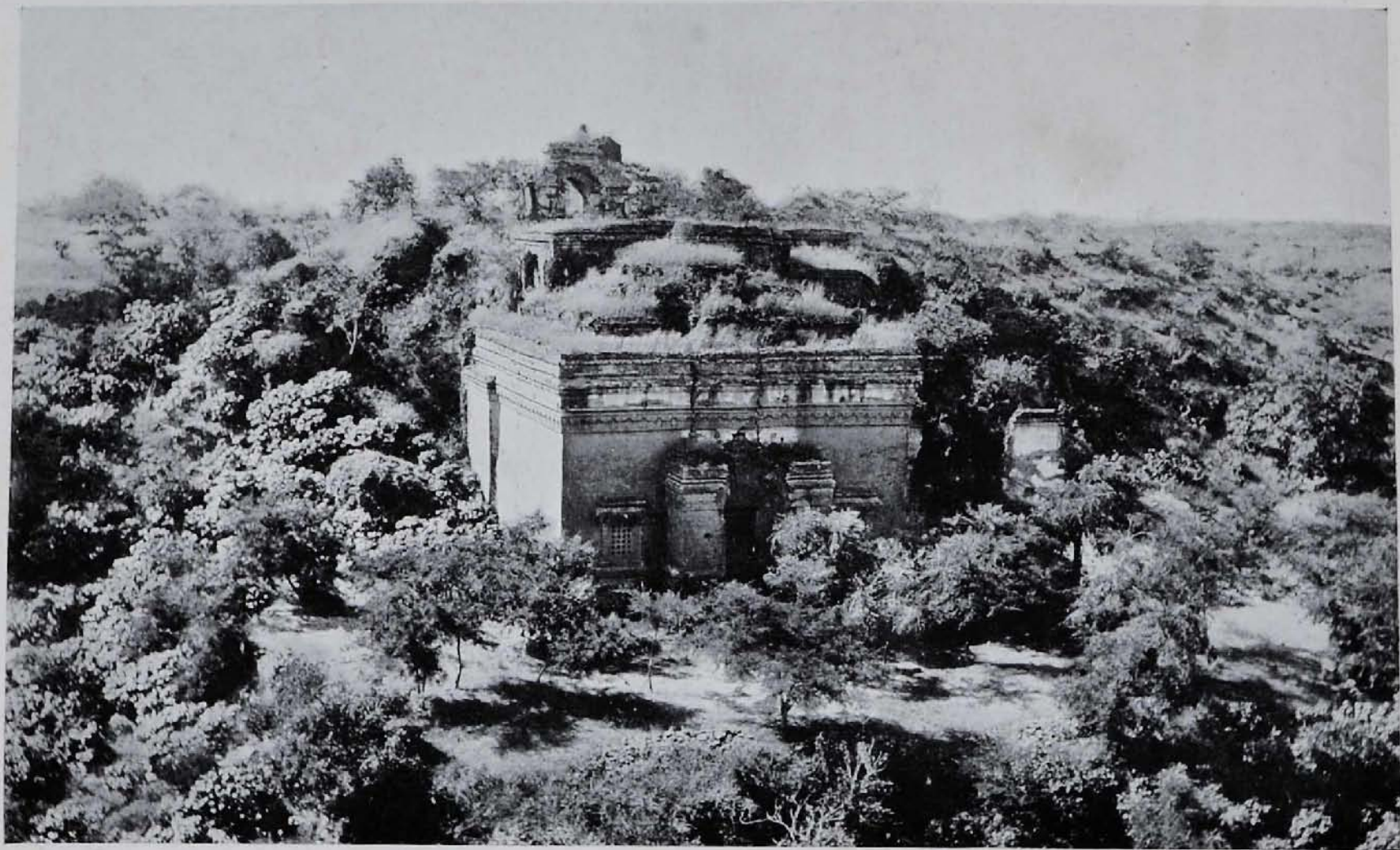
are completely deserted, and the stalled ox and the passing leopard shelter where worshippers once thronged.

From the Shwé-thabeik monastery a footpath leads



THET-KYA-MUNI PAGODA

over the uplands to the Kyauk-ku-Ohnmin temple. There is something here of the character of an English down; rolling waves of land lifted high above a world of waters. Yet the analogy is borne down in the moment



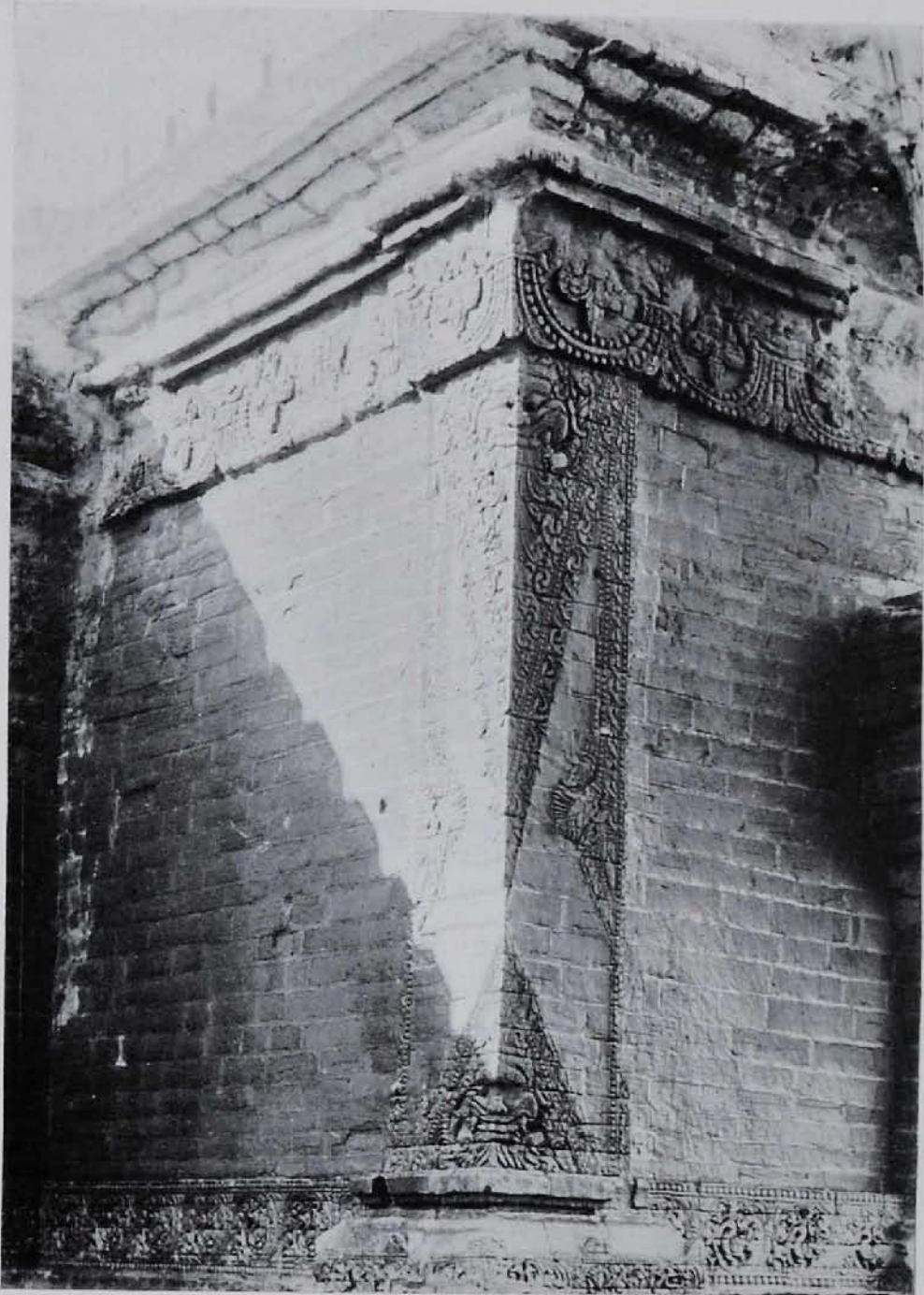
THE KYAUK-KU-OHNMIN TEMPLE



RUINS SHOWING PLASTER ORNAMENTATION 800 YEARS OLD

➤ Pagān as it is To-day

But these are subjects to which specialists alone can give their time. One may glance here for a moment at



NAN-PAYA : STONE CARVING ON EXTERIOR, MYIN-PAGĀN

the human interest of the Kyauk-ku-Ohnmin temple, whose history has been illuminated in part by the researches of the learned Forchhammer. He says : " On



THE SHWÉ-ZIGON PAGODA

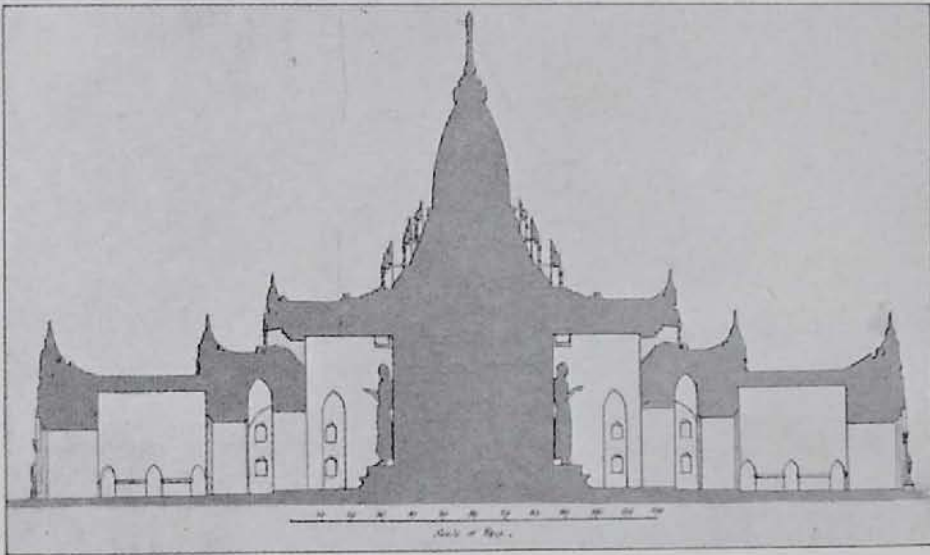


THE ANANDA

● Pagān as it is To-day

were dedicated to the same pagoda, when the monk Bok-dalinga, to whom the land had been previously offered by the King, renounced the world and chose the life of a strict ascetic in a cave.

In 1271 Pyinnya Thin dedicated to the same pagoda his two personal slaves in order that he and they might escape the horrors of avici (hell). The slaves willingly submitted to their dedication. And in the year 1796 of the Religion (1252 A.D.), in the reign of King



SECTION OF ANANDA TEMPLE, PAGAN

Uzana of Pagān, the Minister Plenipotentiary Mahathamman, who was a very pious devotee of the three gems, and his wife, who was replete with virtue and wisdom and charity, erected a large monastery surrounded by a wall enclosing a beautiful garden containing young fruit trees, a tank, a beautiful covered walk, and a rest-house, on a piece of high land east of Pagān; and dedicated to it many slaves, cows, and buffaloes, paddy-lands, gardens, and plantations; and caused a large barn to be erected for the storage of grain.

As the evening gathers one turns back from these relics of the past to the modern rest-house on the hill, whence a spectacle of extraordinary splendour is unfolded. For the entire river, which spreads away with a width of ten miles to the distant western shore, is transformed by the setting sun into a lake of gold. In its forefront rise the dark carved sterns of a fleet of Burmese boats; beyond the river there is the barrier of the Tangyi hills in heavy shadow; and beyond them again the lofty summits of the Aracan mountains rise transfigured in waves of flame. The same spectacle



COLOSSUS OF THE BUDDHA IN THE ANANDA PAGODA;
A WORSHIPPER AT FOOT

enlarged to its present dimensions by King Kyansittha in the latter part of the eleventh century, and the space between the old pagoda and its new casing was, according to popular belief, filled with jewels, thrown in as metal into a mould from which the wax had run out, by the King and all his Court. In 1767 A.D. the *hti* of Kyansittha having fallen, Sinbyu-shin, King of Ava, resolved to replace it, and it is from an inscription left by him that the following particulars are taken :

“ As conspicuous as the lunar orb in a clear sky, there stands in Pagān the famous and wonderful Shwé-zigon Pagoda. It has for centuries withstood the rigours of the climate. In the year 2312 of the Religion the Emperor, in a happy moment, asked himself what he should do to add to his own merit and to please the people. No sooner had he done so, than the *hti* of the Shwé-zigon Pagoda, without being affected in the least by wind or weather, bodily detached itself from its rest and slowly glided down to the earth. The Emperor gladly availed himself of the opportunity, and offered his own valuable crown of refined gold, a quantity of gold plate, flowers,



SILENCE

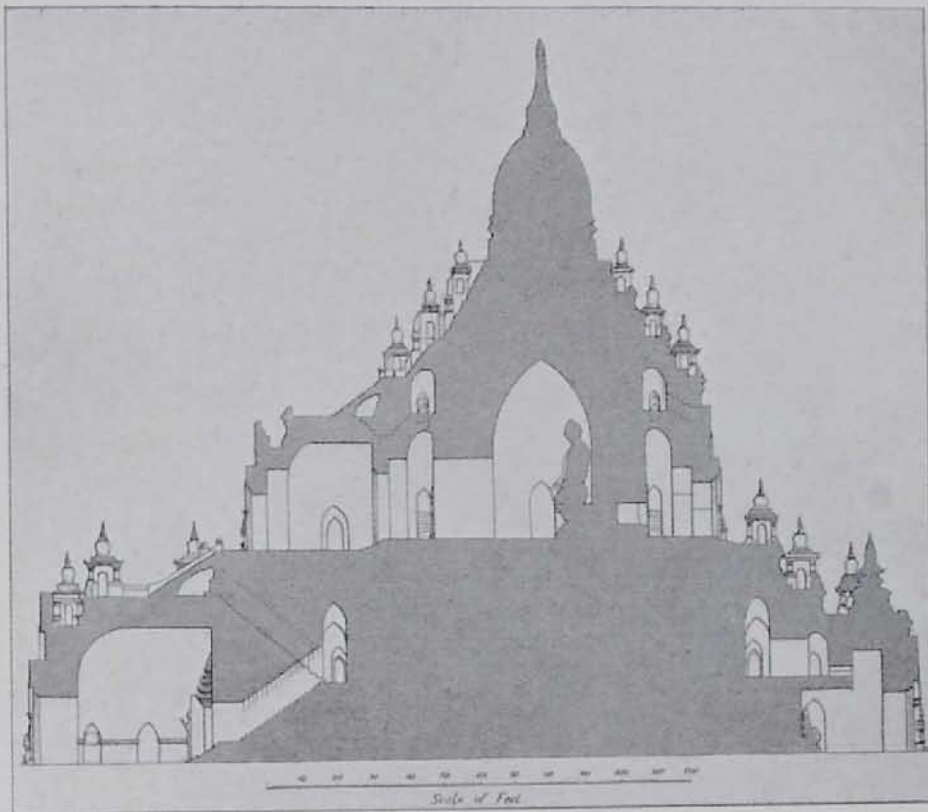


THAT-BYIN-NYU

➤ Pagān as it is To-day

many traces of the earlier religion which prevailed, before Buddhism was established in Pagān.

As one rides of a morning over the waste spaces of Pagān littered with the bricks of countless ruins, the sunlight still streams in at the ruined porches, bathing the lotus thrones and the superincumbent feet of



SECTION OF THAT-BYIN-NYU TEMPLE, PAGĀN

Buddhas in rising waves of gold. Nearly all look east, and the constant sunlight enters in now, with its homage, as it did a thousand years ago, careless of the changes that have been since then. In the lonely ways, flanked with cactus and heavy with a fine white sand, the detritus of centuries, carts creak slowly on their way, voices come up over the barren *despoblado*, and from time

by ministers and attendants bearing white umbrellas aloft. In the panels overhead there are single figures of Nats or Dewas in embroidered robes that suggest lace. All are carried out in a manner that is greatly superior to more modern work of the same kind.

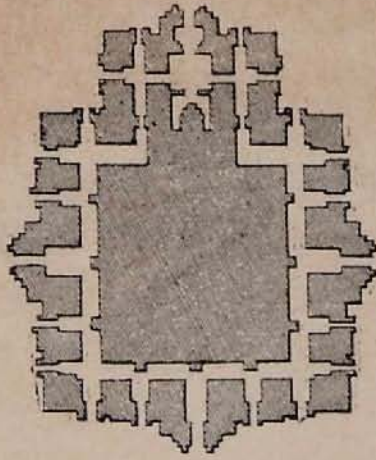
And now, leaving lesser things alone, we may well turn up the pathway which leads to



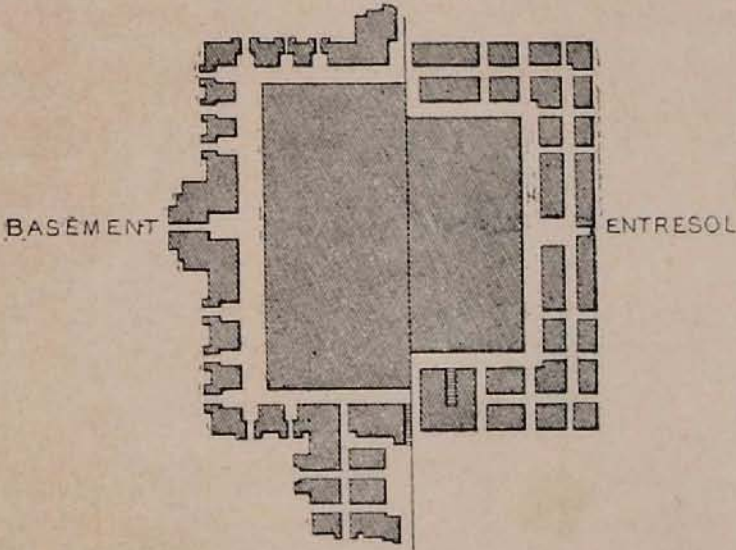
BIRTH OF GAUTAMA, ANANDA PAGODA

the Ananda Pagoda, the first of the great temples of Pagān. Built in the reign of King Kyansittha, the Ananda as a building has suffered little from the passage

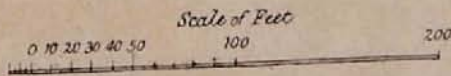
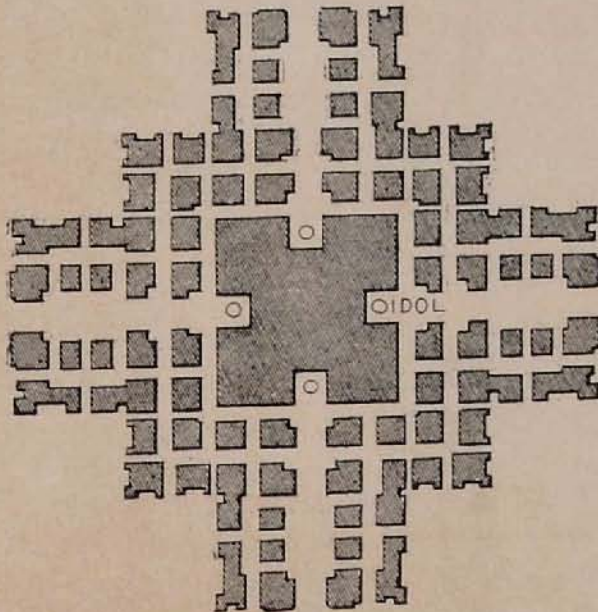
GAUDAPALEN



THAPINYU



ANANDA



From a drawing by CAPT. YULE after measurements by himself and friends
From YULE'S *Embassy to the Court of Ava*, 1858

GROUND PLANS OF THREE TEMPLES AT PAGĀN

of its corridors there are images of Buddha and sculptured groups depicting incidents in his life. Of such images and groups there are several thousand, many of them admirably executed, within and without the temple. The square mass of the building is surmounted by six successively diminishing terraces, the last of which forms a base for the square mitre-like spire, which itself upholds like a jewel in its cusps the typical pinnacle of the Burmese pagoda. There is an exquisite harmony of design in this building, combined with enormous solidity and fine workmanship which seem destined to preserve it for many centuries to come.¹

A short way beyond it, and approached by a pathway which runs through a gap in the eastern wall of the fortified city, stand the That-byin-nyu and Gaw-daw-palin pagodas, which share with it the glory of being the finest structures in Pagān. The That-byin-nyu, rising to a height of two hundred feet, is loftier than any other building in the city. Its most striking feature is presented by its third terrace, which leaps up unexpectedly to a height of fifty feet, unlike the Ananda, whose terraces climb in regular succession to its summit. Within these walls of fifty feet, the great image of the temple is enshrined some seventy feet above the level of the ground.

¹ "The Ananda Pagoda possesses two features which make it perhaps the most interesting building in Burma. The first of these is a long series of stone sculptures set up in the interior aisles, which are said to be contemporary with the building, and which represent various scenes in the life of the Buddha. The other is the ornamental tile-work consisting of some one thousand five hundred separate plaques disposed on bands around the exterior walls of the four terraces. On each plaque is some scene connected with Buddhist ceremonial, or representing one of the Jataka stories, and this fact renders them of peculiar value."—J. H. MARSHALL.

● Pagān as it is To-day

stifling and oppressive; and beautiful as much of the tracery is, animated as are many of the tiles, superior as is the masonry to that of the modern workman, there is little in any of their details to be mentioned in the same breath with the fine work of Greek or Italian or Norman buildings.

One does well to linger over these temples, for in their architecture they represent the utmost limit that has been attained in Burma. In 800 years there has been nothing done to surpass them. The problem as to how they came to be built at all is one of some fascination. The explanation in both cases seems to be



GAUTAMA'S RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD,
ANANDA PAGODA

that the impulse under which they were created was an exotic one, absorbed for the time being by the people, given a fresh vigour in their hands at a time of national exaltation; but in essence, extraneous and short-lived. It



PILLARS OF THE BIG DRUM



GAW-DAW-PALIN PAGODA

➤ Pagān as it is To-day

spire held aloft like a cusped jewel, while the light strikes clear between the enfolding claws.

A little beyond it, rising from a series of trefoil terraces from the edge of the river, stands the Bu or



SHWÉ-GU-GYI PAGODA

Pumpkin Pagoda, a strange-looking edifice which suggested to Sir Henry Yule the architecture of another planet. Its age is uncertain, but the people of the countryside attribute it to the first days of Pagān, seventeen hundred years ago.

Leaving the city by what must once have been the eastern gate, a narrow sandy lane, passing between high hedges of cactus overgrown with creepers, runs on to the Dhammayangyi Pagoda, the biggest building at Pagān, built by the parricide king, Narathu. He was murdered in the fourth year of his reign, and it is improbable that this gigantic building, the largest in Pagān, was ever finished. It consists of a square central block apparently but not really solid, round which there runs a corridor. Four great porches open from this corridor on the points of the compass. Three enshrine figures of the Buddha; the fourth is empty, the figure being within the wall of the inner square. Lateral windows, cut in the immense depth of the walls, send light down the corridors. There are huge archways in the central block on its four sides, of which three were bricked up, according to local



THE HINDU GOD IN THE TEMPLE OF THE STONEMASONS

● Pagān as it is To-day

palin lift their white forms against the blue hills beyond the river, and the peg-top spire of the Shwé-zigon cuts the sky with its outline of gold above the cliffs and hamlets of Nyaungu. All that the eye rests on between these supreme eminences is compact of countless pagodas in every stage of dissolution, down to mere swelling grass-covered tumuli, like little waves of land, under which some bygone edifice lies buried. Hedges of thorny cactus, fields of millet, acres of purple croton, fill up all the intervening spaces. What a spectacle it must have been when the city was in its prime!



THE BAWDI

Returning hence to the city walls, one leaves them, through the southern gate, for the Mingala-zedi Pagoda, which stands between the sandy pathway and the lustrous river beyond. It was built by Nara-thi-ha-pati, fifty-second King of Pagān, known to infamy as "He who fled from the Chinese." One of the last of the greater buildings of Pagān, it is in the style of the typical Burmese pagoda. Its walls are built of bricks, on which lines of Pali verses setting forth the history of the pagoda are inscribed. Its base is lavishly decorated with enamelled tiles, and an inscription

● Pagān as it is To-day

noblemen and maids-of-honour, and over these an image of Gautama Buddha in solid silver one cubit high, on Thursday the full-moon of Kason, 636 Sakkaraj. On that occasion a covered way was erected from the palace to the pagoda. Bamboo mats were laid along this. Over these rush mats were spread, and over these again, pieces of cloth twenty cubits each in length were spread; and at each cubit's length of the way banners were placed. During the ceremony the princes, princesses, and nobles threw a large number of pearls among the statuettes, and the pagoda was formally named the Mingala-zedi."



APPROACH THROUGH FIELDS OF MILLET TO THE
SULAMANI PAGODA

The road continues on past the Ku-byauk-gyi, built by King Kyansittha, and noticeable for its fine plaster and its windows of cut stone. Near it is the Myazedi, in whose courtyard there is a pillar inscribed on its four faces with a legend in Burmese, Pali, Môn and an unknown alphabet and tongue. The Pali and Burmese inscriptions are to the same effect, and record that in the year 1628 of the Religion (1084 A.D.) King Kyan-

☛ Pagān as it is To-day

journey through Myin-Pagān to the pagoda built by Manuha, the captive King of Thatôn. Outside it, a great alms-bowl ten feet high glitters in the sun; within, four colossal images of Buddha are enshrined. Three of these, which are seated, face the east, and the tallest of them is over fifty feet in height. The fourth, a recumbent figure of the dying Buddha, occupies the

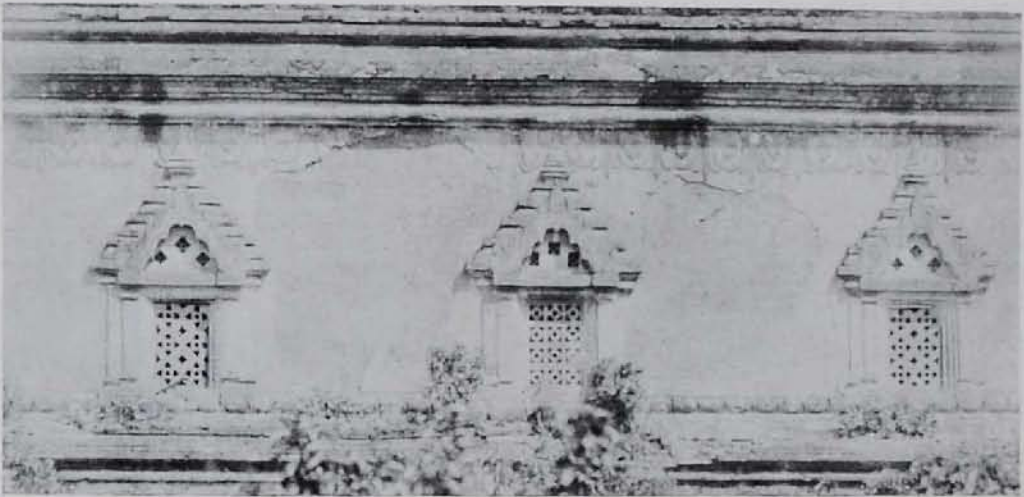


PAGĀN

whole length of the building on the west. The features are aquiline, the nostrils slender and finely cut. The length of the image is ninety feet. This temple, one of the ugliest of its period, is held of special sanctity, and to this day all who pass by it stay a moment to worship in its gloom before the great colossi. A few yards to the south of it stand the remains of the palace of the captive king, one of the most remarkable

➤ Pagān as it is To-day

standing image of Buddha, sheltered overhead by a hooded snake Mucalinda, with a number of smaller snakes about it. The neighbouring village of Thiri-pyitsaya, sheltered by a great acacia and surrounded by a gigantic cactus-hedge, marks the site of one of the older capitals, "The City of Power and Glory," which preceded Pagān. The Law-ka-nanda, the Ku-byauk-gyi, the Tha-ya-wa-de, and the Sit-ta-na Pagodas are the southernmost of all in Pagān. Beyond them there is



STONE WINDOWS IN THE KU-BYAUK-GYI

naught but the barren upland as it existed before Pagan became a human habitation. Of these last pagodas, the Law-ka-nanda, built by King Anawrata, is the most conspicuous. It occupies a commanding site on the lofty cliff-point overlooking the river, and its white mass and golden *hte* are the first objects which appeal to the eye of the traveller coming up from the south. It has long fulfilled this purpose, for one reads how beneath it there anchored, in the great days of Pagān, the ships of Aracan and Ceylon



STONE WINDOW, NAN-PAYA TEMPLE

• The Pagoda Slave

Interesting as is this occupation of the people, there is one other circumstance connected with modern Pagān which makes it remarkable. For Pagān, once the capital of an empire, is now the high capital of the pagoda slave. The great majority of its people are slaves, the descendants of slaves,

bound in perpetuity to the service of its countless shrines. At their head is the Mintha, their Prince, the lineal descendant of Manuha, King of Thatôn. Of the race of Anawrata the Great there is no living representative in Burma: the dynasty, the blood, have long since been extinguished; but of the blood of his captive there is still an acknowledged repre-



TRIMURTI IN THE PALACE OF MANUHA

sentative; he is still a prince, and still, after the lapse of nine centuries, a slave. Where shall one find anywhere a more striking illustration of the conservatism, of the resignation of the East? In all other matters the Burman has absorbed into his blood the Buddhist philosophy of equality and toleration. No caste distinctions bind him down, nor sour the social air he

to pay his respects. His father, he explains, killed his uncle. He was not punished. Why not? Because such is the way of kings. One cannot have more than one king at a time. But he himself has not killed any of his relations. He does not like taking life; and early in his youth he took an oath before a Pongyi that he would never shed another man's blood. King Mindon was of the same mind.

Talking of Pagān and its past, he confirms the story that the palace of Manuha, at which we have arrived, was built by his ancestor. Men, he observes reflectively, do not now build pagodas as they did in the great days, because there are no longer any Indian architects. Anaw-rata first employed them at the instance of Manuha, King of Thatôn.

It is a curious history, and the presence of this old man, here amidst the ruins of the past, makes the intervening years shrink away to nothing.

Of the origin of pagoda slavery there is no authentic account. That it was, as an institution, in full vigour at Pagān 800 years ago is beyond doubt, and many curious particulars of it may be gleaned from the inscriptions of the city. It was common enough to dedicate individual slaves to the perpetual use of sacred buildings,



BUDDHA IN THE NĀGA YŌN
(COBRAS ABOVE HIS HEAD)



THE LAW-KA-NANDA



THE PRINCE OF PAGAN



WAYSIDE RESTING-PLACE IN OLD PAGAN

● The Pagoda Slave

to pagoda slaves will be better understood on a perusal of some of the terrific anathemas launched, through the stone inscriptions of Pagān, against all who may dare to tamper with the perpetual nature of the endowments of slaves and lands.

“May those,” asks a gentle and pious lady, the



RUINED PAGODA

wife of Kinkathu, a noble of Pagān, “who molest these slaves, whether king or subject, monk or layman, man or woman, live short and inglorious lives as human beings, and die an unnatural death caused by fire, water, lightning, axe, elephant, horse, donkey, leopard, orang-outang, or by some incurable disease while spitting clots of blood. May they after death be burnt in the great *avici* hell



SUNSET FROM THE PO-U-DAUNG

BOOK III

Prome—The Middle Country

Prome—
Thare-kettaya—
Po-u-daung

CHAPTER I

PROME



A Royal Page

PROME, in the language of the official books, is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, the head-quarters of a District, the terminus of the Rangoon-Prome Railway. It is equipped with a Municipality, a Jail, a Court House, Waterworks, and various other blessings of the kind commonly provided by a conscientious, hard-working, tax-collecting Government. Blue-books describe annually the progress it has made along the path of civic virtue, and long pages record its statistics

to some unknown end. If there be any one to whom the assimilation of such knowledge is of profit, he is respectfully referred to these sources. The purpose of this chapter is but to glance very briefly at the past of one of the oldest cities of Burma.

Like Pegu, Prome is linked with prophecy by a pious people. In the Great Royal Chronicle of the Kings of Burma, it is related that the Lord Buddha stood in the fifth year of his enlightenment on the

The mole, working out his destiny, came in the fullness of time to rule at Thare-kettaya, which he built four hundred and forty-three years before the birth of Christ. Its name has to do with a very ancient artifice.

“Facti de nomine byrsam taurino quantum possent
circumdare tergo.”

Some five hundred and fifty years later Thare-kettaya



THE RIVER EDGE

was destroyed in one of those racial struggles between the diverse but kindred peoples of Burma with which Burmese history is punctuated. The present city, Prome, grew up in its neighbourhood, and from time to time became the capital of a kingdom ; but the little State wedged in here between Pagān, Ava, and Pegu never rose to their distinction, and for the most part it

within a little while the air was seen all on fire, and the earth all bloody; whereunto being added the clashing of weapons, and noise of guns, it was a spectacle so dreadful, that we few Portugals who beheld these things remained astonished, and almost besides ourselves."

"The second trial continued till night, yet would not the King desist from the fight, but swore not to give over the enterprize begun, and that he would lie that night within the enclosure of the city walls, or cut off the heads of all those Commanders that were not wounded at their coming off. In the meantime, this obstinacy was very prejudicial to him, but continuing the assault till the moon was gone down, which was two hours past midnight, he was then forced to sound a retreat, after he had lost in this assault, as was the next day found upon a muster, fourscore thousand of his men, besides those which were hurt, which were thirty thousand at the least, whereof many died for want of dressing; whence issued such a plague in the camp, as well through the corruption of the air, as the water of the river (that was all tainted with blood and dead bodies) that thereby about fourscore thousand more perished, amongst whom were five hundred Portugals, having no other buriall than the bodies of vultures, crows, and such like birds of prey."

After this first assault, bombardment was resorted to, and eighty pieces of ordnance were brought to play upon the devoted city for the space of nine days. The garrison, driven to desperation, sallied out "and fought so valiantly that in less than half an hour the whole

and traces of its military occupation may still be seen on the eminence overlooking the town. Let us turn rather to a pleasing account of the little town given by a British Ambassador who visited it a hundred years ago.

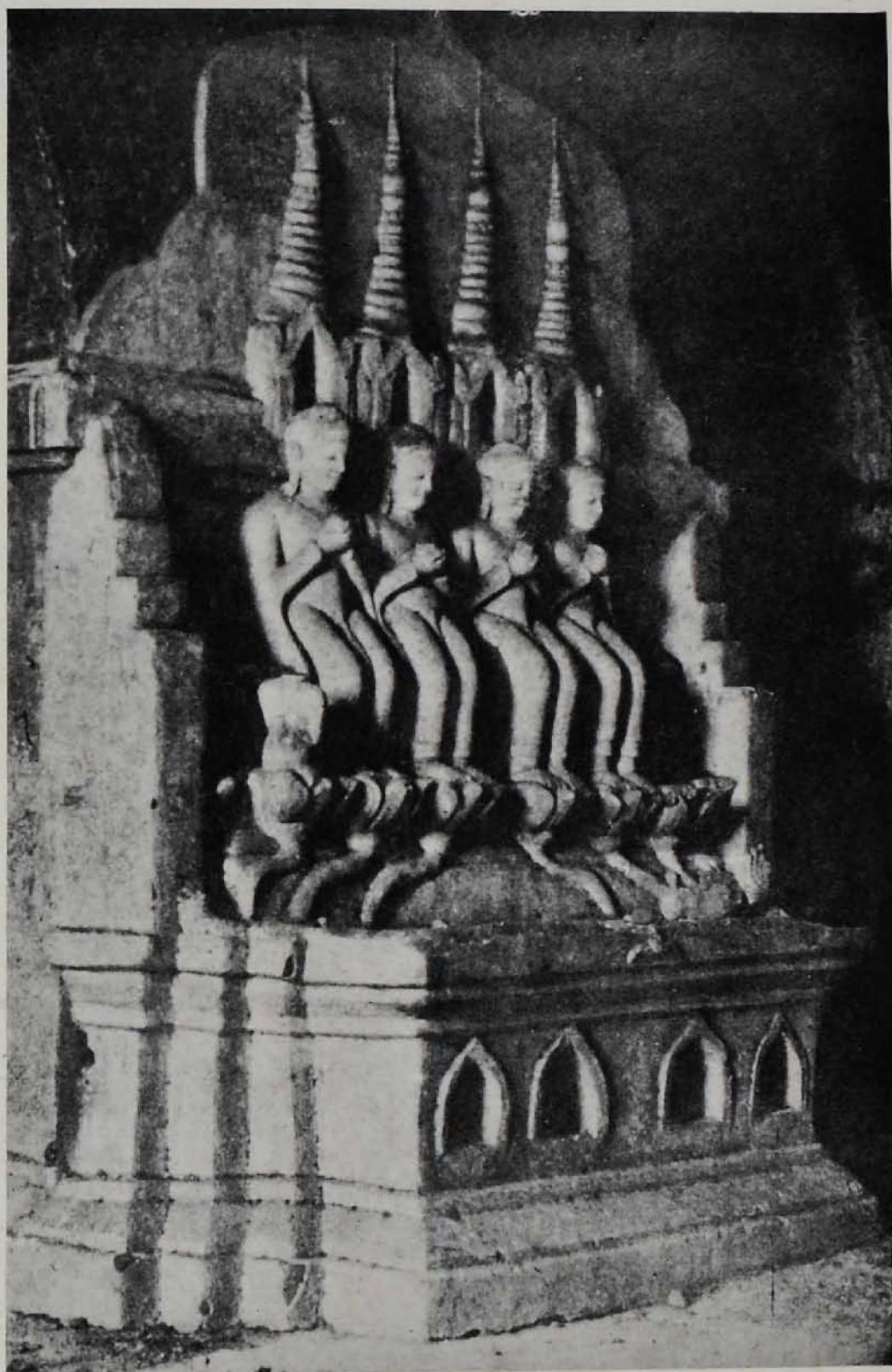
“Prompted,” he says, “by curiosity to view a place so renowned as Prome is in Birman history, for having been the scene of many long sieges and bloody conflicts, as soon as my boat was made fast I hastened on shore, and a short way from the bank entered a long strait street in which I walked for nearly a mile. The buildings were not remarkable; but though I saw little to notice, I found that I was myself an object of universal wonder. My attendants also created no little surprise; the dogs set up a horrid barking; the men gaped, the children followed me, and the women, as usual, expressed their astonishment by loud laughter, and clapping their hands; yet not the least indication of contempt was manifested nor anything done that could be construed into an intention to offend. Which ever way I turned, the crowd respectfully opened and the most forward were restrained by others. The notice I took of a little girl, who was alarmed at our appearance, seemed to be very gratifying to the parents, and the mother encouraging her child, brought her close to me.

“Had I entered a house, I have no doubt but the owners would have offered me the best of what it contained. Kindness to strangers is equally the precept and the practice of Birmans.”



From a painting by J. R. Middleton.

AN OFFERING OF ROSES FOR THE PAGODA.



THEIR LOTUS THRONES

CHAPTER III

PO-U-DAUNG

HIGHEST of seven hills that overlook the city of Prome from across the Irrawaddy, Po-u-daung is where the Buddha stood to utter his famous prophecy. We know what, according to the legend, he saw from there. Let us see what has taken its place.



A Minister of the King

In the north, there is the river making a pear-shaped oval beyond a wooded promontory. One can follow its windings far, as it bears grandly down from outlying space. In the east towards Prome it lies in a long direct line bounded on its farther side by a green and undulating country, which ends in the blue outlines of the Pegu hills. There is a little village on this farther shore; a little river making red loops, in the first of which the village stands; a cluster of red roofs in a grove of trees. On a small eminence near it there is a white pagoda and a monastery. Behind it—a lake of green paddy, patterned into fields. The whole, a Burmese village seen in miniature.

the Buddha are all they have brought with them from the city below.

Here they dream away the Lenten months, and it may be that the indolent life yields compensation in a growth of the inner vision. In such an atmosphere of peace, in this far seclusion from the sordid struggle of life, the spirit must grow in grace and tranquillity.

One can understand the story of the recluse who lived up here on one of these hills without ever descending into the world for fifty years. It is said that he never saw a white man. Great changes came into the world of which he once formed a part; battles were fought and won in the neighbouring cities—the sound of guns must often have reached his ears—fleets and armies passed up the great river encircling three-fourths of his horizon; embassies and rulers came and went. But all these were as nothing to him. History, gorgeous and tragic, deployed her splendid pages before his eyes. What had he to do with her?



AT A PAGODA GATE

Phases were these of the curse of existence; aspects of the incarnate life which fetters the spirit: vanities and vexation. Half a century passed away under his untroubled gaze, till in the end there came his own release—a release he longed to believe would be eternal.

on the walls and spires of the old city ; and before that again, when, as the legend personifying great changes, says, the Buddha stood here, there was only the Sea. "Change, Sorrow, Unreality" ; the sad litany seems written in imperishable words on the very face of this beautiful world, expanding here before one's eyes. And how small are the greatest edifices of the distant city from here ! How trifling the steamships creeping up the noble river ! How slowly the immortal current moves !



PANEL IN A MONASTERY WALL

At the foot of the hill, on the banks of the river, is a little *zayat* in which one can pass the day,

It has neither doors nor windows ; it is open to the world. A small stream beside it runs babbling down to the silent river ; the doves come and go alighting on the sun-clad tree-stems, butterflies flash from the purple creepers ; a faint wind blows all through the day. It is no warmer than on a summer day in Southern France, and it would be cooler, if the roof of the *zayat* were not made of imported iron.



EN ROUTE

BOOK IV

The Capitals of the South

Thaton—
Pegu—
Mergui

CHAPTER I

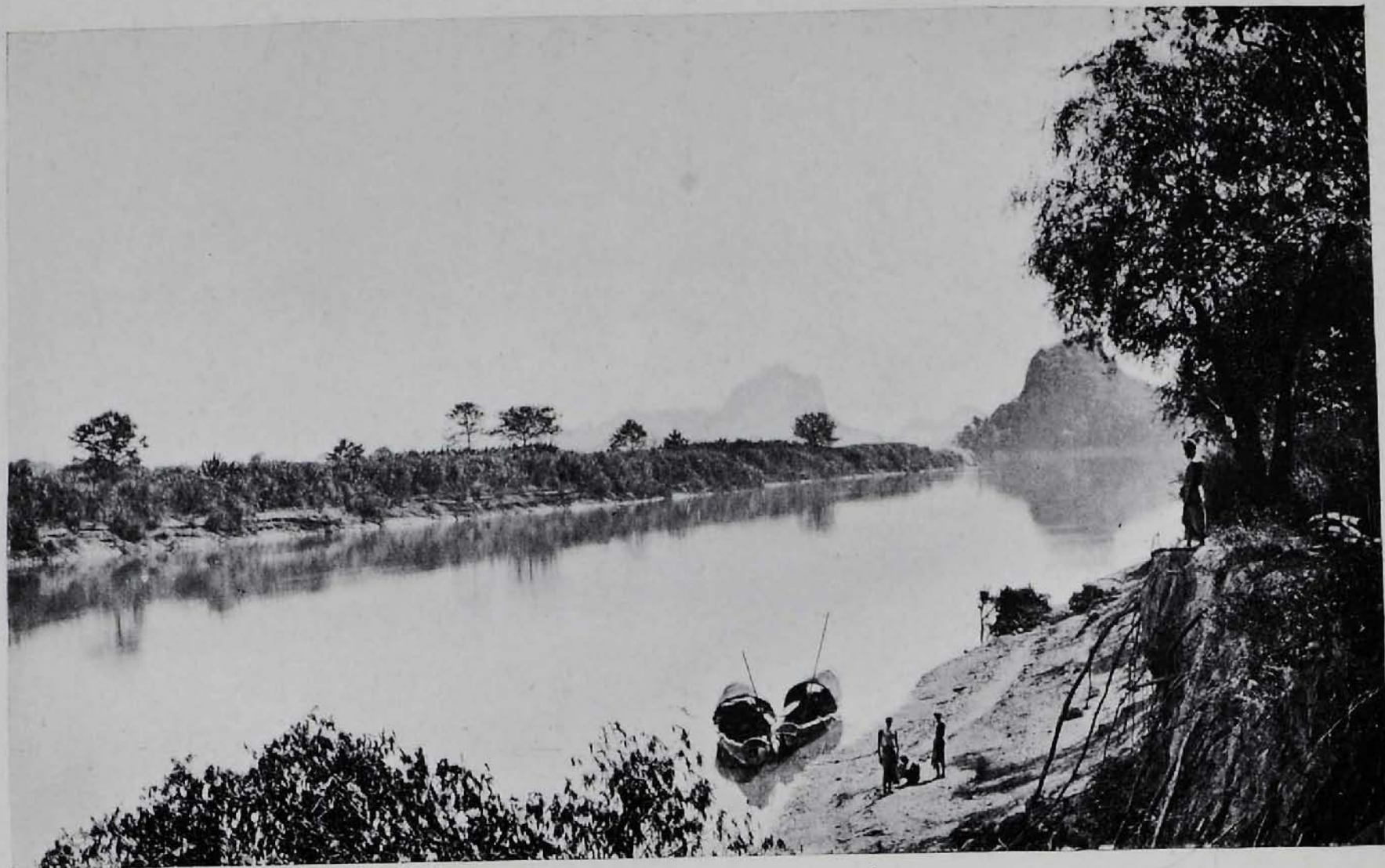
THATÔN

I. EN ROUTE



A Maid-of-Honour

THE steamer for Thatôn leaves at ten every morning, save on Sundays, when the crew and the skipper, under a Christian dispensation, take their rest. The skipper is a Mahomedan with a red fez, and the crew are lascars from Chittagong. They do their work in their own way, the typical Eastern way; easily, indolently, but not without ability. You will see the skipper of a morning, seated *à la Turque* high up on the white railings of the ship, with a scrap of fluttering paper and a pencil in his hand, jotting down particulars of the cargo as it comes aboard. The "sea-cunny," in an embroidered purple bolero, glides about with an old Bollinger quart full of green paint, and a bit of stick, with which he inscribes hieroglyphics on the incoming cases. He is a smart-looking man with a touch of daring in his face, and you would know him anywhere for a sailor. When the steamer moves he takes his place at the



THE SALWIN AND THE DUKE OF YORK'S NOSE.

En Route to Thatôn

hood, with the figure of a Caryatid and the lithe grace of a hunting-leopard. Her costume of stark reds and yellows, against her dark skin, is in startling contrast with the pale rose-pinks, the delicate hues that are characteristic of the less primitive Burmese.



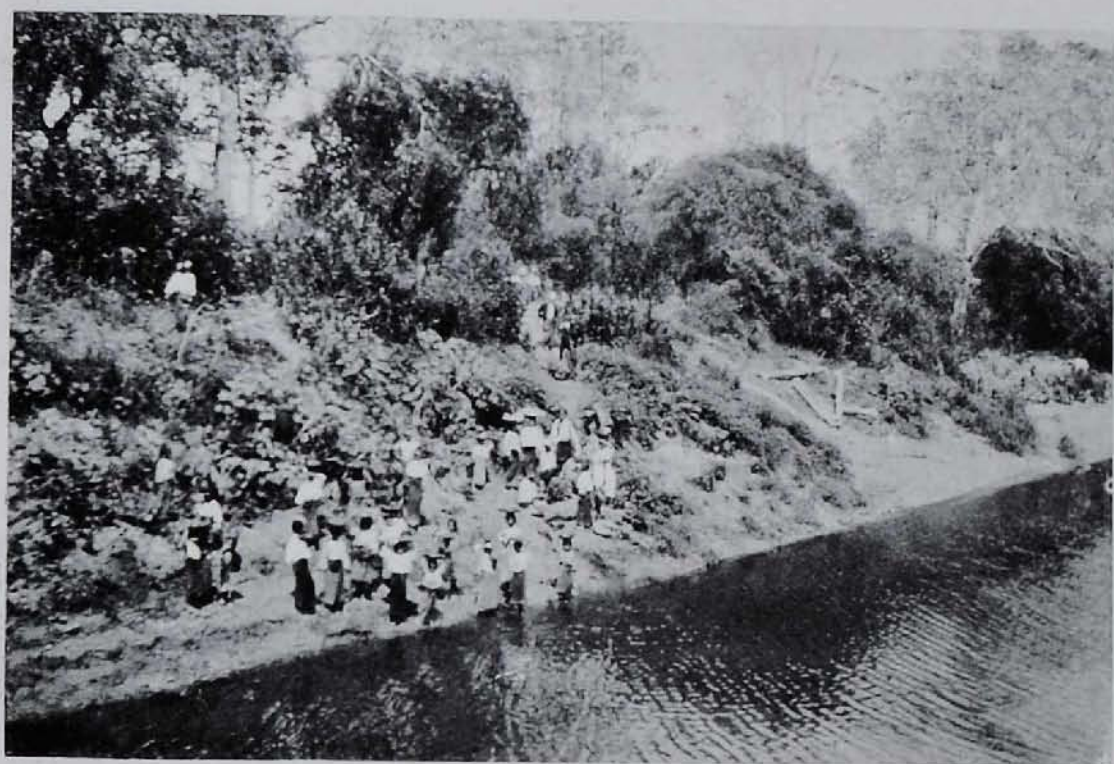
PAST MARTABAN

And thus in a little while the motley company, typical of the destiny of the Burmese race, is assembled, and the ship is full. The anchor-chains rattle, the steam whistle shrieks, the gangway planks are pulled in, and a sudden throbbing in the ship, a gust of cool air, tell us that we are under weigh. It takes but a moment to attain full speed on these river steamers, and we are

En Route to Thatôn

Siam. On the left bank there is a low-lying country between the scattered hills and the river, laden with tall grasses and set with wild cotton trees, and singularly like the north country far away between Bhamo and Myitkina.

The width of the Dundami, as we proceed up it, is broken by many an island, and the navigable channel



WAITING FOR THE STEAMER

grows less and less. Every moment adds to the beauty of the scene. The winding vista of water and bending river grasses and trees tasselled with red fruit, ends in a blue mass of mountain and valley, and the face of the steamer is turned east and west in rapid alternation. The wash racing after it plunges madly against the banks, or breaks in curling foam on the shallows, scaring into flight whole troops of white egrets, and

En Route to Thatôn

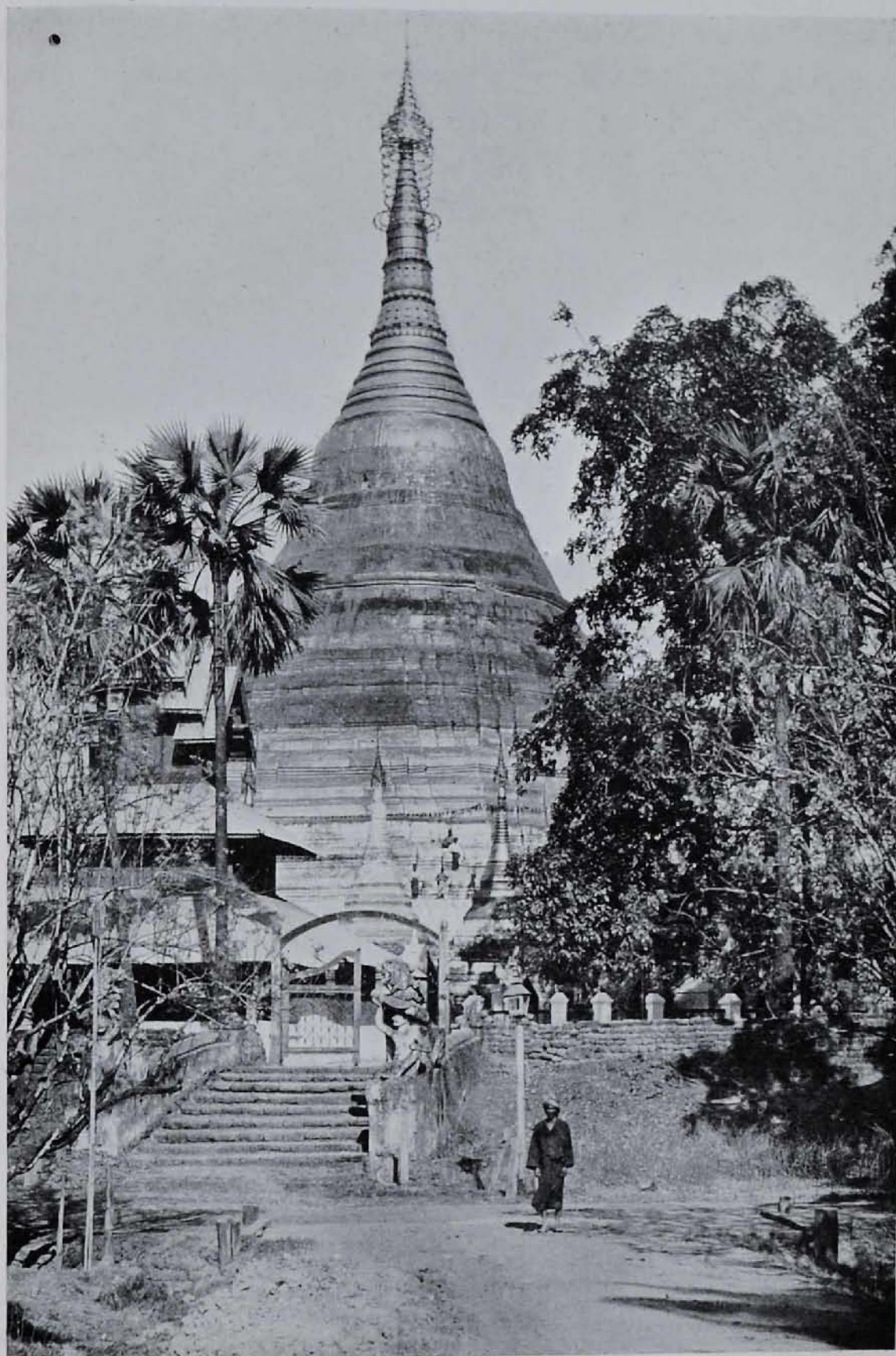
progress against wind and tide, and half way up to Duyinzeik the homing steamer races past us down the narrow river. We stop at villages and hamlets on our way to drop a passenger, or pick one up.

The company on board amuse themselves, each after



TAUNG-THUS, OLD STYLE AND NEW

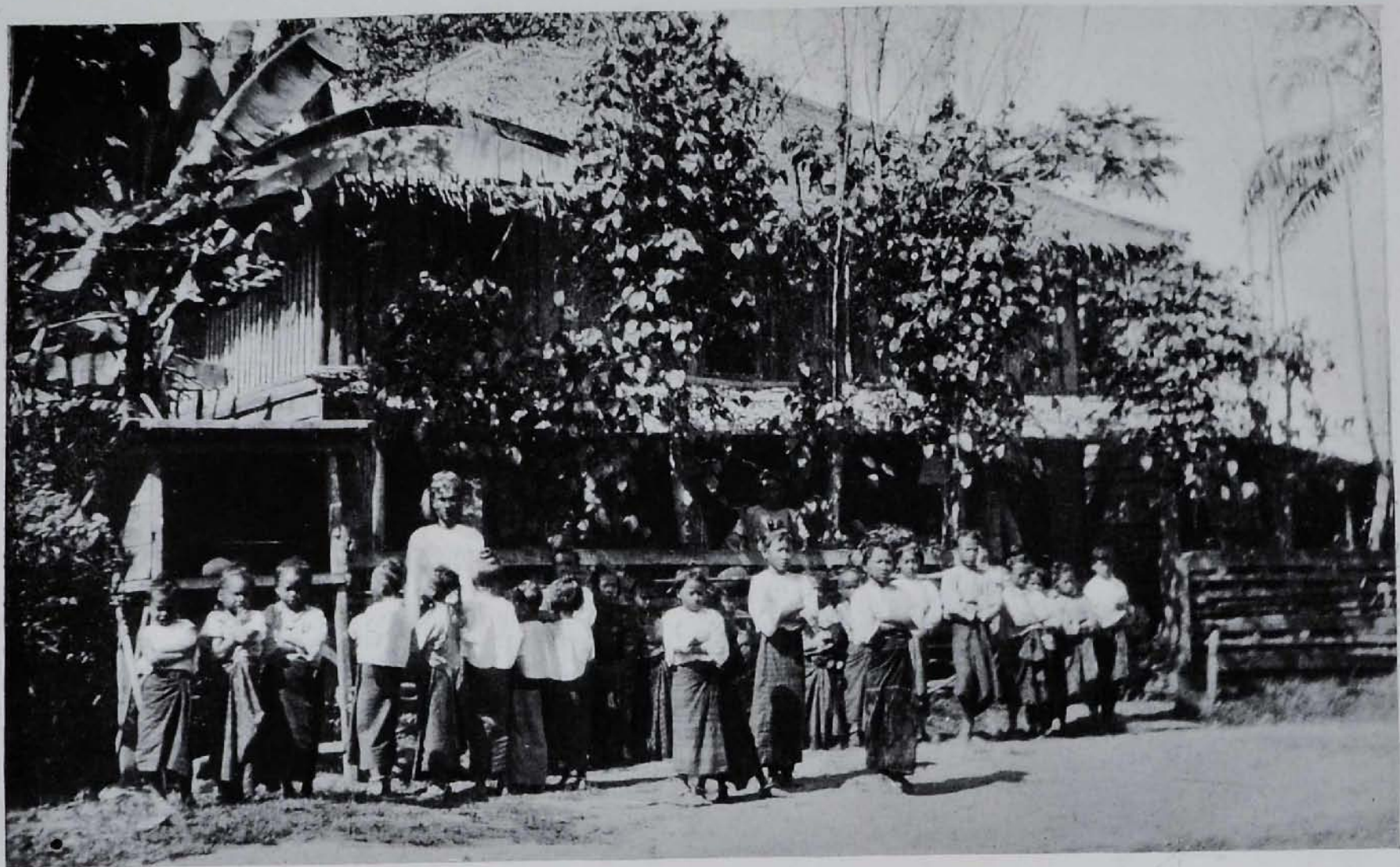
his own fashion. The "son of the jungle" stares about him like a yokel, taking his fill of the new wonders of steam, and swift travel, and elegant company. The town girls flirt—'tis an unending joy—the old women gossip and smoke, the Mulla slumbers, save at the appointed hours, when he rises up to pray. So the



THE SHWÉ-ZAYAN PAGODA



RICE-BINS



THE LAY-SCHOOL

• The Ancient City of Thatôn

the lowest depth of woe by being made pagoda slaves."

There is no incident in Burmese history more notable than this, none which has left a deeper impression on the memory of the people; and there is scarcely a peasant from Ava to the sea who is not familiar with the story of King Anawrata's conquest of Thatôn. At Pagān itself the crumbling walls of King Manuha's palace, with carvings of fine stone within, and the presence of a lineal descendant of the captive king, still known as a Prince and still a pagoda slave, clothe the old story with a singular reality. But since the downfall of Manuha, the ancient city—most ancient, it would seem, of all the cities of Burma—has never again held up its head.

Its life is in the past, and its glory has departed.

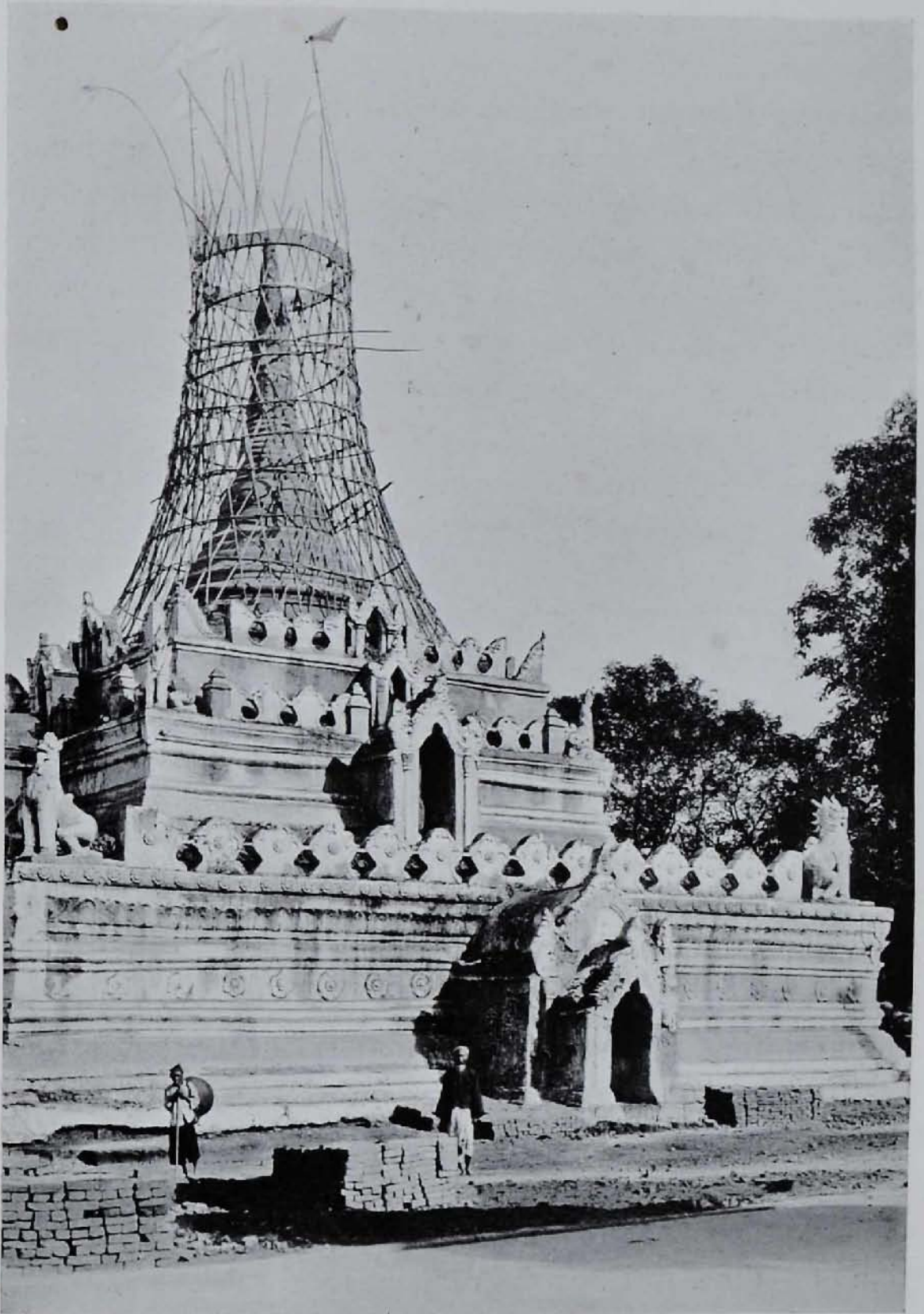
III. THATÔN TO-DAY

It is the turn of the harvest season, and Thatôn, with its new-found rice-plains stretching far to sea, is rejoicing in the produce of its toil.

Under the wayside palms and under the eaves of the trim cottages, the unhusked rice lies in great encircling bins of mat, a ruddy yellow in



PRIZE PUPILS



THE LIBRARY UNDER REPAIR



THE THAGYA-PAYA



PHO-PHO'S SON



A TAUNG-THU PROCESSION

cism upon the shoulders of Thatôn about this period as to the ultimate triumph of the British arms. A cautious Chinaman who was building a store for the

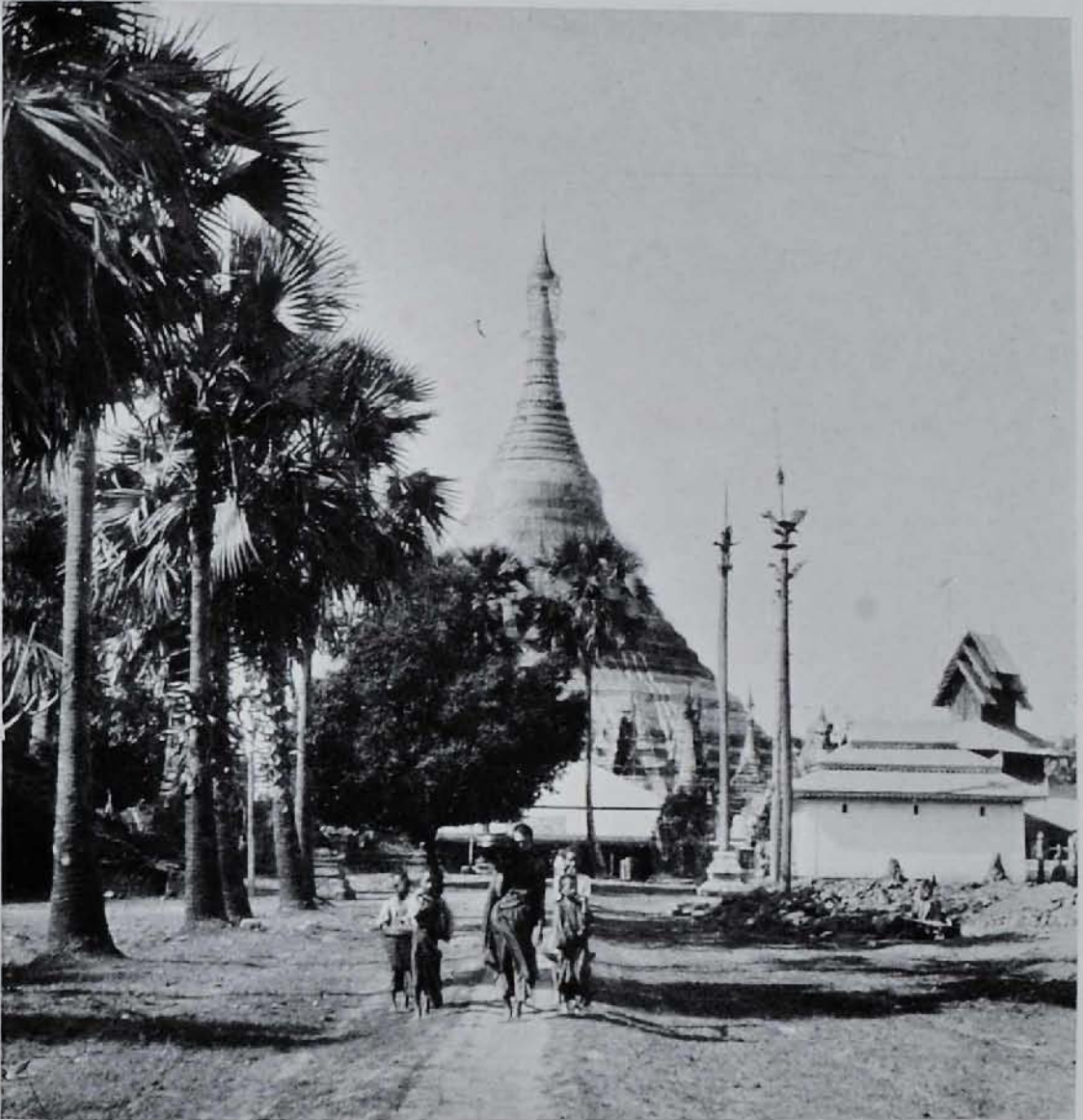


OLD TAUNG-THU WOMAN AT THE WELL

sale of European commodities to the English residents suspended his efforts. "I will wait," he said, "till I hear that Mandalay has fallen."

☛ Thatôn To-day

the Majesty of Rule. Past him where he toils, the central street runs on to the far eastern wall and the edge of the long tank where the boat races are held. The great plains spread beyond, bare and brown, and



GOING FORTH TO BEG

the dust from them as it rises up under the creaking wheels of the carts is caught by the setting sun and turned to a mist of gold. Here, as on many a day, the evening closes in with extraordinary splendour, and the spectacle is one that the eye follows with

of it, dun plains on the other. The vast monotony is broken here only by the dwindling line of the telegraph-posts, and in the foreground a caravan of creaking carts, laden with new grain. There are no villages here to cheer the wayfarer. It is all rice-land



A SON OF THE JUNGLE

of the richest, and the peasants who work it go many miles from their homes to their fields. Not long ago it was all sea, even this Martaban road. Here, the sea gives, and the sea takes away, and the contour of the land is perpetually changing. The toiling peasant,

Another and wider view expands from the terraced pagoda which crowns a distant hilltop two thousand feet above the city. It is good to look upon, for the place is classic, and great changes have come here upon land and sea. Directly below us lies the ancient city, with its double moats and walls clearly traceable after the lapse of more than twenty centuries; its palace outlines, its main thoroughfares, straight and uncompromising now as they were then, its water tanks and its pagodas. Beyond, the great plain stretches away to the shimmering sea. The plain itself in its level stillness, and in the manner in which it creeps into every bay and curve of the mountains, is an image of the sea whose place it has taken.



OLD STYLE TAUNG-THUS

adversity, of sinning and repentance, of busy life in this remote settlement on the shores of the easternmost seas, and

so to the great *dé-bâcle*, the advent of Anawrata the Conqueror. After that again, nine hundred years of obscurity and decline, till only a village of thirty houses remained; and then at last the coming of anew wave from the West, and the regeneration of to-day.



CARVING ON A MONASTERY
DOOR



CARVING ON A MONASTERY
DOOR

throbbing day and night with an energy that is immense, they are fit emblems of the new era; and there is in them a confident promise of success.

It is indeed from these gigantic habitations and from the crowded harbour, rather than from the thoroughfares of the city itself, that the stranger gathers some confirmation of the boast that is for ever on the lips of its citizens, of the greatness of Rangoon. And the mills and the shipping are intimately connected. To the mills from all the fat rice-lands of the lower province there flow with centripetal tendency the vast supplies of grain which make the surplus of its harvest; and in the ships, waiting like hounds in leash, the husked rice is borne away to distant harbours of the world.

The train, gathering impetus as it emerges from the suburbs, soon passes out of reach of mills and tenements. The Shwé-Dagôn, earlier by twenty centuries than mills and a recent civilisation, alone stands for the receding city, a beautiful and noble object dominating the plain. And one is glad of the transition. For promising as are these husks of the new industry, prophetic even of a greatness to come, they are yet little more than the lowly material offspring of an hour. That other, piercing the grey cloud-laden skies with its circlets of gold enflamed, stands in some sort for that which is Eternal and Divine.



THE SPIRE OF GOLD, PEGU

country between Rangoon and Pegu. There are few incidents of greater moment than the periodical bustle of some small railway station, with its painted railings and sedate and well-trimmed hedge—a curious innovation in the landscape; or the snowy flight of a bevy of egrets in the sun. Here and there a gaunt adjutant ponders in the wet fields, a philosopher heedless of shrieking trains. On the far horizon the grey clouds shape from form to form silently climbing the dome of Heaven, or turning into purple, and hiding the green fields and the clustering homesteads behind curtains of dark, gloomy, and continuous rain.

Near Pegu the plain rises into broken hillocks covered with dense jungle, through sections of which the track cleaves a straight pathway, and with a roar and shriek the train enters the ancient city of Pegu.

II. THE STORY

“PEGU CLARISSIMA TOTIUS INDIAE”

Pegu, long as widely known to the Western world as Ava, has fallen greatly from the splendour of its past, and it presents but a poor front to-day to the traveller familiar with its glory. Like many another city of Burma, its day is over, and it will never again dazzle the eyes or the imaginations of men. But its history remains; a fitful, intermittent, and broken tale, yet lit with many a splendid and a tragic page.

In its early beginnings it was an offshoot of Thatôn; a colony settled, like so many others that have become famous, by men for whom there was no honourable



THE PEGU PAGODA. THE WHOLE OF ITS GREAT BULK IS COVERED WITH PURE GOLD

And here let it be understood that the war between Manuha, King of Thatôn, and Anawrata, King of Pagān, was a war between two peoples, whose origins, whose civilisation, and whose language, if cognate, were yet distinct. It was a great episode in a long conflict for racial supremacy in Burma, between the Môn and the Burmese peoples; a conflict which in its successive phases makes most of the subsequent history of Pegu, and which ended only with the complete annihilation of the Môn capital in the reign of Alompra, seven hundred years after Thatôn was ruined by his great predecessor.

For two and a quarter centuries after its conquest by Anawrata, Pegu slumbered under the yoke of Pagān. Then the gradual weakening of the Pagān dynasty allowed the subject people to raise its head once more, and the fall of Pagān before the invading hordes of Kublai Khan gave the Môn his freedom. Martaban set up for itself under Wareru, a Shan adventurer, in the year 1281, and Pegu was wrested from Burmese control. In 1323 it became again the capital of the Môn race, and twice successfully resisted the efforts of the Burmese to reconquer it. By the year 1404 the power of its kings had become consolidated, and it was able to take the offensive by invading Burmese territories and laying siege to Prome and Sagaing. Burmese and Môn were now nearly equally matched in strength, and invasion and counter-invasion followed each other without any conspicuous results, till mutual exhaustion brought temporary peace in 1620.

Intrigue and murder became rampant at the Court

quaint narrative as "no inconsiderable Port, principally inhabited by Indian Dervishes," referring doubtless to its colony of Indian traders (A.D. 1496). Hieronymo Santo Stefano, a Genoese, made a longer stay. "Here," he says, writing of Pegu and of Bin-ya-Ran, the king, "is a great Lord, who possesses more than ten thousand elephants, and every year he breeds five hundred of them. This country is distant fifteen days' journey by land from another, called Ava, in which grow rubies and many other precious stones. Our wish was to go to this place, but at that time the two princes were at war, so that no one was allowed to go from the one place to the other. Thus we were compelled to sell the merchandise which we had in the said city of Pegu, which were of such a sort that only the Lord of the City could purchase them. To him, therefore, we sold them. The price amounted to two thousand ducats, and as we wished to be paid, we were compelled, by reason of the troubles and intrigues occasioned by the aforesaid war, to remain there a year and a half, all which time we had daily to solicit at the house of the said lord."

"While we were thus suffering from cold and from heat, with many fatigues and hardships, Messer Hieronymo Adorno, who was a man of feeble constitution, and greatly reduced by these afflictions combined with an ancient malady which tried him sorely, after fifty-five days' suffering, during which he had neither physician nor medicine, yielded up his spirit to our Lord God. This was at night, on the 27th day of December, St. John's Day, in the year 1496. His body was buried



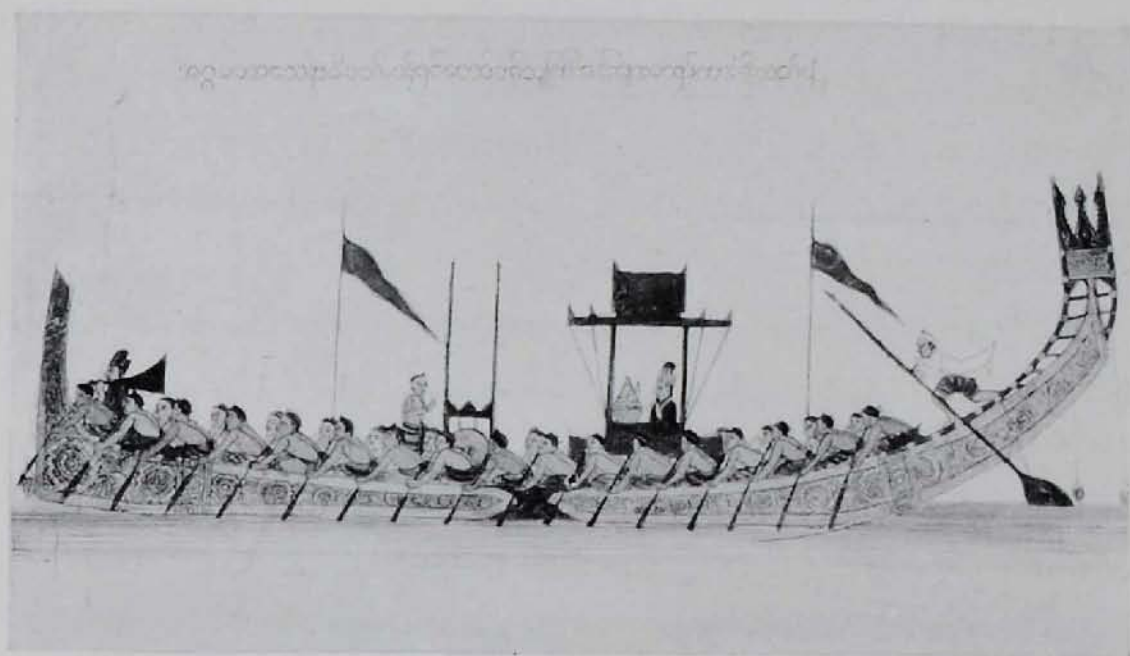
From a painting by Saya Chone

ROYAL BARGES ON THE MOAT. AN OLD-TIME PROCESSION OF THE KINGS OF BURMA

full of rubies within and without. And when he had opened it, there were six separate divisions, all full of different rubies ; and he placed it before us, telling us that we should take what we wished.

“ My companion answered :

“ ‘ O Sir, you show me so much kindness, that by the faith that I bear to Mahomet, I make you a present of all these things. And know, Sir, that I do not



BURMESE MINISTER'S STATE BOAT

travel about the world to collect property, but only to see different people and different customs.’

“ The King answered :

“ ‘ I cannot conquer you in liberality, but take this which I give you.’ And so he took a good handful of rubies from each of the divisions of the said casket, and gave them to him. Their value was estimated at 100,000 ducats. Wherefore, by this he may be considered to be the most liberal King in the world, and

should see how little respect was paid to our sacred books. Correa observing this, ordered to be brought instead of it a book of Church-Music, which was more creditable, being bigger and better bound, and opening it, the first Verse he met was, Vanity of Vanities. This passed among the people as well as if it had been the Gospel."

Bin-ya-Ran, King of Pegu, died in 1526. His neighbour, the Chieftain of Taungu, had declared his independence of the Court of Ava forty-one years previously, and continued to rule and consolidate his power as King of Taungu for another four years after the death of Bin-ya-Ran.

The growing fortunes of Taungu were coincident with a decline in the vigour of Pegu, and the characters of the two princes who ascended the thrones of Taungu and Pegu were of a kind to hasten the inevitable end. Takara Wutbi, the successor of Bin-ya-Ran, was a lad of fifteen, of an idle and frivolous temperament. Tabeng Shwehti (otherwise known as Mengtara) was a year older, but a lad of mettle and capacity, trained in an atmosphere of ambition, and the rising hope of the Burmese race, which recognised in him a scion of the ancient line of Pagān. He was fortunate in being served by a general of great talent and fidelity; a man who was to succeed him on the throne, and become famous in history as Branginoco, King of Pegu.

Tabeng Shwehti began his career of conquest in the year 1537, by an attack on Pegu. The attack was renewed in 1538, and again in 1539; the last time with success. On each occasion the city was defended



From a Manuscript at the India Office

WUNGYI GOING IN STATE TO THE PAGODA

● The Story of Pegu

history of his reign is one of almost incessant war. His conquests were immense, and his Empire attained to proportions that have never been surpassed in the history of Burma. "Branginoco," we are told, "so far enlarged His Empire by his conquests, that it extended to China and Tartary, and was Sovereign of twenty-four Great Kingdoms beside eighty Princes not inferior to Kings. Thus it became the powerfullest Monarchy in Asia except that of China."

Martaban, Pegu, Taungu, Prome, Ava, Zimmé, the Shan States, Laos, and Siam were included within its borders. The capital of this Empire was established at Pegu, and the King devoted such leisure as he could borrow from his wars, to lifting it to splendour and beauty. It is easy to picture what it looked like in his day, for the city was visited by many travellers, more than one of whom has left his impressions on record.

The first and most notable of these was Cæsar Frederick, a merchant traveller from Venice. The account he has left cannot be surpassed at this late hour in the history of Burma; to paraphrase it would be but to lessen its reality and its charm, and it is best given in his own words, as translated by an Englishman who was his contemporary in thought and feeling.

PEGU UNDER BRANGINOCO

1567 A.D.

"By the help of God," says Frederick, "we cam safe to Pegu, which are two cities, the old and the



THE MOAT OF OLD PEGU

in their handes which are made of longe leaves of a tree. These leaves are three quarters of a yarde longe, and two fingers broade which are written with a sharpe yron made for that purpose, and in those leaves are their supplications written, and with their supplications they have in their handes a present or Gift, according to the Waightnesse of their matter. Then come the Secretaries down and reade their supplications, and then

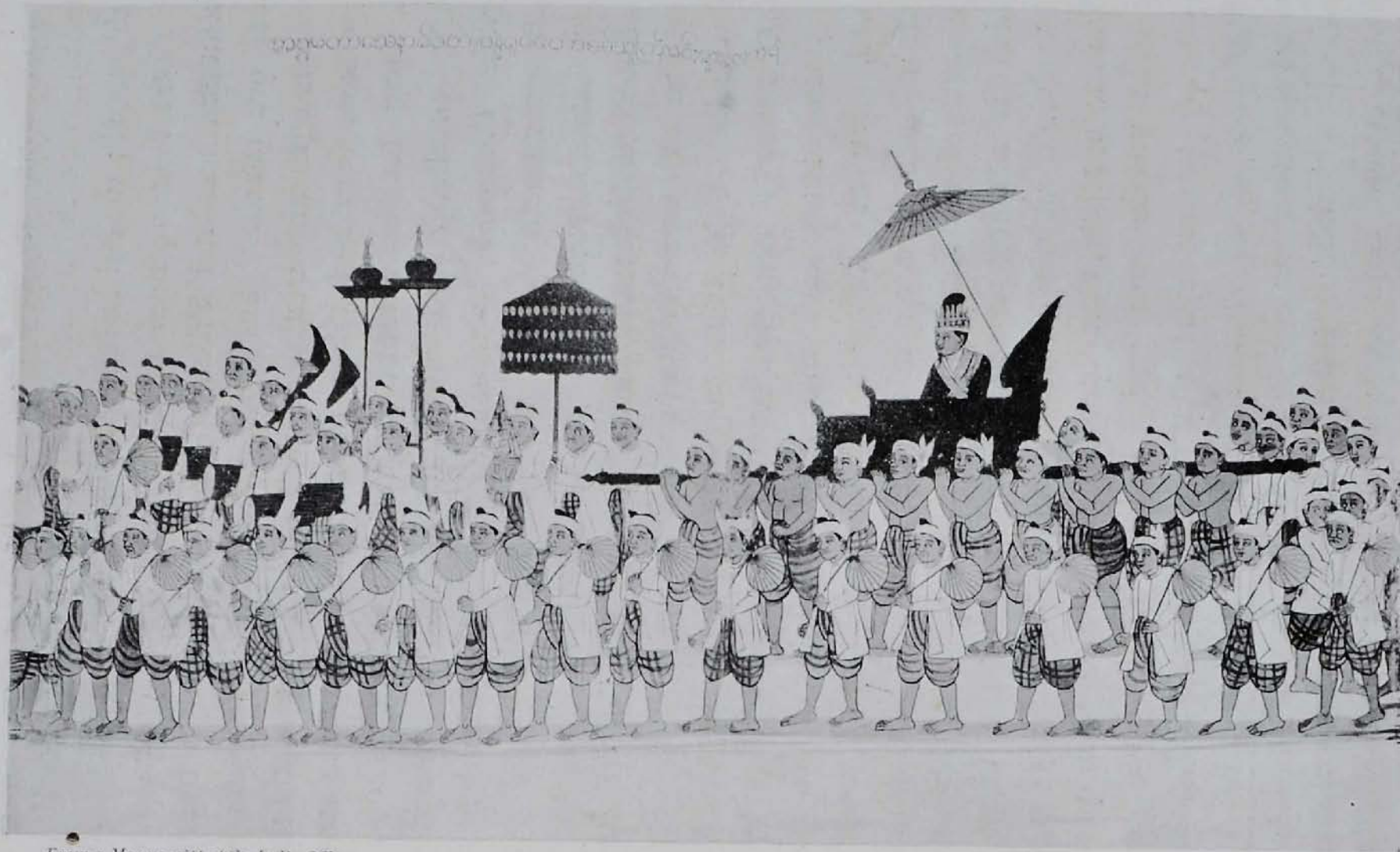


A ROYAL OFFICER

take them after they are reade before the King, and if the King thinke it good to doe to them that favour or justice that they demand, then hee Commandeth to take the present out of his hand, but and if he thinke their demaunde bee not justly, or according to right: hee commandeth them away without takeing of their giftes or presents."

THE GREAT POMP OF THE KING

"I say that this King everie yeere in his feastes triumpheth, and because it is worthy of the noting, I



From a Manuscript at the India Office

A BURMESE MINISTER BEING CARRIED IN STATE

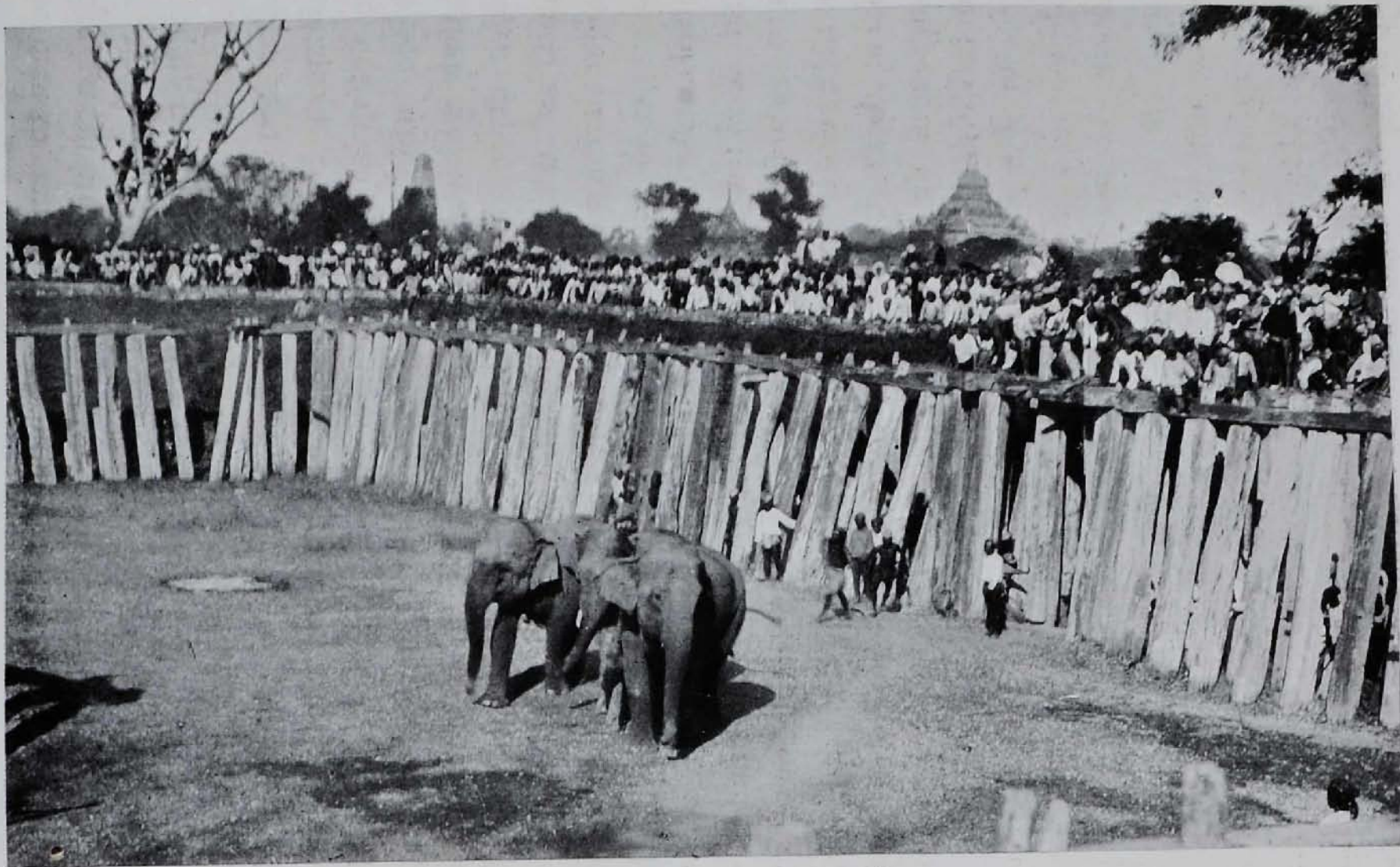
not Water and salt, they will maintain themselves a long time in a bush with rootes, flowers and leaves of trees, they carrie rice with them for their voyage, that serveth them instead of comfets: It is so daintie unto them. This King of Pegu hath not any army or power by sea, but in the land, for people, dominions, Gold and silver, hee farre exceedth the power of the Great Turke in treasure and power."

THE KING'S WEALTH

"This King hath divers Magazens full with treasure, as Golde, silver, and everie day he increaseth it more and more, and it is never deminished, also he is Lorde of the Mines of Rubyes, safyrs, and spineles. Neere unto his royal pallace, there is an estimable treasure whereof he maketh no account, for that it standeth in such a place that everie one may see it, and the place where this treasure is: a great Court walled rounde about with walls of stone, with two gates which stande open everie daye, and within this place or Courte, are gilded houses covered with lead, and in everie one of these are certain Pagods or idoles of a verie great valure."

THE KING'S ELEPHANTS

"Within ye gate of the Palace there is a fayre large Court from the one side to the other, wherein there is made places for the strongest and stoutest Elephantes appointed for the service of the King's person: and amongst all other elephants, he hath foure that be white,



HOW ELEPHANTS WERE CAUGHT

selves away one by one, out of the Court, leaving the wild Eliphant alone, and when hee perceiveth that hee is left alone, hee is so madde that for two or three hours to see him, it is the Greatest pleasure in the worlde, hee weepeth, hee flingeth, hee runneth, hee justleth, hee thrusteth under the places where the people stande to see him, thinking to kill some of them, but the posts and timber is so strong and great, that they cannot hurt anybodie, yet hee oftentimes breaketh his teeth in the Grates. At length when he is wearie and hath laboured his body that he is all wet with sweat, then he plucketh in his trunke into his mouth and then hee throweth out so much water out of his bellie that he sprinkleth it over the heads of the lookers on, to the uttermoste of them, although it be verie high, and then when they see him verie wearie, there goeth certain officers into the Court with long sharpe canes in their hands and pricke him that they make him to goe into one of the houses that is made alongest the Court for the same purpose, as there is many which is made long and narrowe, that when the Eliphant is in, he cannot turne himselfe to goe backe againe. . . . At length when they have gotten him into one of those houses, they stande over him in a loft and get ropes under his belly and about his necke, and about his legges, and binde him fast and so let him stande foure or five days and give him neither meate nor drinke. At the end of these foure or five dayes, they unloose him and give him meate and drinke, and in eight dayes he is become tame."

they make Gold dearer in Pegu then it would bee, if they consumed not so much in this vanitie.”

THE TRADE OF PEGU

“In the Indies there is not any merchandise that is Good to bring to Pegu, unless it bee at some times by chance to bring at some times Opium of Cambaia, and if he bring monie he shall lose by it.

“Now the commodities that come from S. Tome, are the only merchandice for that place, which is the great quantity of cloth made there, which they use in Pegu: which cloth is made of bombast woven and painted so that the more that kind of cloth is washed, the more livelier they shewe their colours, so that a small bale of it, will cost a thousande or two thousande Duckets. Also from S. Tome they layde Great store of red yarne, of Bombast with a root which they call Saia, as aforesaid, which colour will never out. With which merchandise everie yere there goeth a great Ship from S. Tome to Pegu of great importance, and they usually depart from S. Tome to Pegu the 10 or 11 of September.

“Also ther Goeth another Great Ship from Bengala, every yere laden with fine cloth of bombast of all Sorts which arriveth in the harbour of Pegu. This harbour is called Cosmin.

“From Malaca to Martavan, there cometh many small ships and great, laden with peper, Sadolo, Procellam of China, Camfora, Bruneo, and other merchandice.

“The ships that come from Meca, enter into the port of Pagu and Cirion, and those ships bring cloth

have as good Jewels, and as good cheap as he that hath been practised there a long time, which is a Good order, which is this. There is in Pegu foure men of Good reputation which are called Tareghe, or brokers of Jewels. These four men have all the Jewels, or Rubies in their hands, and the Merchant that will buy, commeth to one of these Tareghe and telleth him, that he hath so much money to imploy in Rubies. For through the hands of these foure men passeth all the Rubies: for they have such quantity that they knowe not what to doe with them, but sell them at a most vile and base price. When the Merchant hath broke his minde to one of these Brokers or Tareghe, they carie him to one of their Shoppes, although he have no knowledge in jewels: and when the Jewellers perceive that hee will employ a Good rounde summe, they will make bargaine, and if not, they let him alone.

“The use generally of this Citie, is this: y^t when any Merchant hath bought any great quantity of Rubies, and have agreed for them, the Merchant carrieth them home to his house, let them bee of what valure they will he shall have space to looke on them and relooke them two or three dayes: and if hee have no knowledge in them he shall always have many Merchants in that city that hath verie Good Knowledge in Jewels: with whome hee may alwayes conferre and take counsell, and shewe them unto whom hee will, and if he finde that hee hath not employed his money well, he may returne his Jewelles backe to them whom hee had them of, without any losse at all.

“Which thing is such a shame to the Tareghe to

but everie man may stampe it that will, because it hath his juste partition or valure: but they make many of them false by putting overmuch leade into them.

“When any man will receive money or make paiment, hee must take a publique wayer of money, a day or two before hee goe about his businesse, and give him in payment for his labour, two Byza a moneth, and for this hee is bounde to make Good all your money heerby: and to maintain it for Good for that hee receiveth it and seales the bagges with his Seale.

“That money is verie waightie, for forty Byza is a great Porters burthen, and commonly a Byza of a Ganza is worth (after our account) halfe a ducket, little more or lesse.”

EXACTIONS

“The custom of Pegu and fraight thether may amount unto twentie or twenty-two per cent, and 23 according as he hath more or less stolen from him, that day they custome the Goods. It is requisite that a man have his eyes watchfull, and to be carefull, and to have manie friendes, for when they custome in the Great hall of the King, there commeth manie Gentlemen accompanied with a number of their slaves and these Gentlemen have no shame that their slaves rob strangers: whether it be cloth in the wing of it or any other thing: they laugh at it. And although you have set so manie eyes to looke there for your benefite, that you escape unrobbed of the slaves, a man cannot choose but that he must be robbed of the officers of the Custome house.”

THE HOLOCAUST OF PEGU

“The King of Pegu proclaimed warre against Ava, and called to him his Bagnia and Semini, and gave order to his Decagini, that as they came he should put them in prison ; which being performed by the Decagini the King ordained that the morning following they should make an eminent and spacious Scaffold, and cause all the Grandes to come upon it, and then set fire to it, and burne them all alive. But to shew that he did this with justice, he sent another mandate, that he should doe nothing till he had an Olla or Letter written with his hand in letters of Gold, and in the meantime he commanded him to retaine all prisoners of the Grandes families unto the women great with child, and those which were in their swaddling clothes, and so he brought them all together upon the said Scaffold and the King sent the Letter that he should burne them. And the Dacagini performed it, and burned them all, so that there was heard nothing but weepings, shriking, cryings, and sobbings : for there were foure thousand in this number which were so burned, great and small, for which execution were publike Guards placed by the King, and all of the old and new Citie were forced to assist them. I also went thither and saw it with Great Compassion and grieffe that the little children without any fault should suffer such martyrdom, and among others there was one of his Chiefe Secretaries, who was last put in to be burned, yet was freed by the King’s order ; but his legge was begunne to be burnt, so that he was lame.”

seated and what King governed it; and I told him that it was in the Kingdom of Italie and that it was a Republike or Free State, not governed by any King. When the King heard this, he greatly wondered; so that he began to laugh so exceedingly, that hee was overcome of the cough which made him that hee could hardly speake to his great men. Lastly he demanded, if that King which last took Portugall were as great, and if Venice were warlike. To which I answered that King Philip that had taken Portugall was the potentest King among the Christians, and that the Venetians were in league with him but had no fear of any, yet sought friendship with all. And then I reported the overthrow which the Venetians gave the Emperor of the Turkes. Ametbi who at that time was at Mecca confirmed this to be true of the defeat of the Turkish Armado. Then he gave me a Cup of Gold and five pieces of China Damaske of Diverse colours, and bad them tell me that he gave me these and did not so pay me for my Emeralds for which I should be contented of his publicke Terreca, which are his treasurers. Moreover, the King ordered that for the wares which I had brought, the Decacini should not make me pay any taxe or Custome."

A REIGN OF TERROR

"On a sudden and within a few days, he gathered together out of both the Cities more than 300,000 persons, and encamped without the Citie. Ten days after that I, Balbi, saw the King upon an Elephant all

into the region of the Bramas, whom also he after changed away for Horses. He ordained also that all the Peguans should be branded in the right hand, that every man's name, countrie and condition might be known."

To such a policy there could be only one conclusion. The tributary Kings of Prome, Taungu and Zimme broke into open revolt. The King of Aracan despatched a fleet and an army for the conquest of Pegu. The city was invested, and after a brief siege opened its gates to the conquerors. The King was sent prisoner to Taungu, and was shortly after put to death. Pegu, the splendid, the opulent, the wonderful city of Bureng-Naung, was reduced to desolation; and famine and horror stalked the land. Of the terrible pass to which it was brought at this period there is ample testimony in the narratives of contemporary travellers and historians.

Nicholas Pimenta, Visitor General of the Jesuits in India, gives of these events the following account. Referring to the King's first struggles with his rebellious subjects, he says :

"The Cosmians first set a King over them, against whom the King sent an Armie, which spoiled all the Countrie, and brought many Captives, whom the King caused to be burned: and continuing his warre upon them, faced by famine, they yeilded to his mercy, but he with exquisite torments slew them all."

AVA

"The next stage of his furie was the Kingdom of Ava, where he commanded his sonne the Governour

Grandeas, of whom every weeke almost yeelded a rising Sunne setting in a bloody cloude," disputed with each other sovereignty, until at last the city was deserted and "left to the habitation of wilde beasts."

In spite of the widespread tribulation of his people the King jealously guarded his own riches. "The King," says Pimenta, "is said to have killed two hundred eunuches lest they should betray his huge treasures: it is also reported, that his father caused three hundred and sixty-five cornbalengas of Gold (great kinde of gourd) which none knoweth where they be." Of

THE KING'S END

he says, "Boves writeth 28th March 1600 that the King of Pegu beleagred with a straight siege by the Kings of Taungu and Arracan, delivered himselfe, unable to hold out any longer to the King of Taungu, which caused his head and the Queen's also to be cut off. The like he did to his sonne the Prince. After this he went to the tower where the King's treasure was kept, which was so much that scarcely six hundred Elephants and as many Horses were sufficient to carrie away the Gold and Gemmes only. For I say nothing of the Silver and other metals, as things of no price."

"The King of Arracan," says Sousa, "contenting himself with what he of Taungu under-valued, gathered above three Millions and a great Train of large Cannon."

* Peter Williamson Floris, who visited Pegu shortly after its fall, confirms these stories of the King's wealth and of his tragic end.

abstained not from their children, and children devoured their parents. The stronger by force preyed on the weaker, and if any were but skinne and bone, yet did they open their intrailles to fill their owne, and picked out their braines. The women went about the streets with knives to like butcherly purposes."

THE END

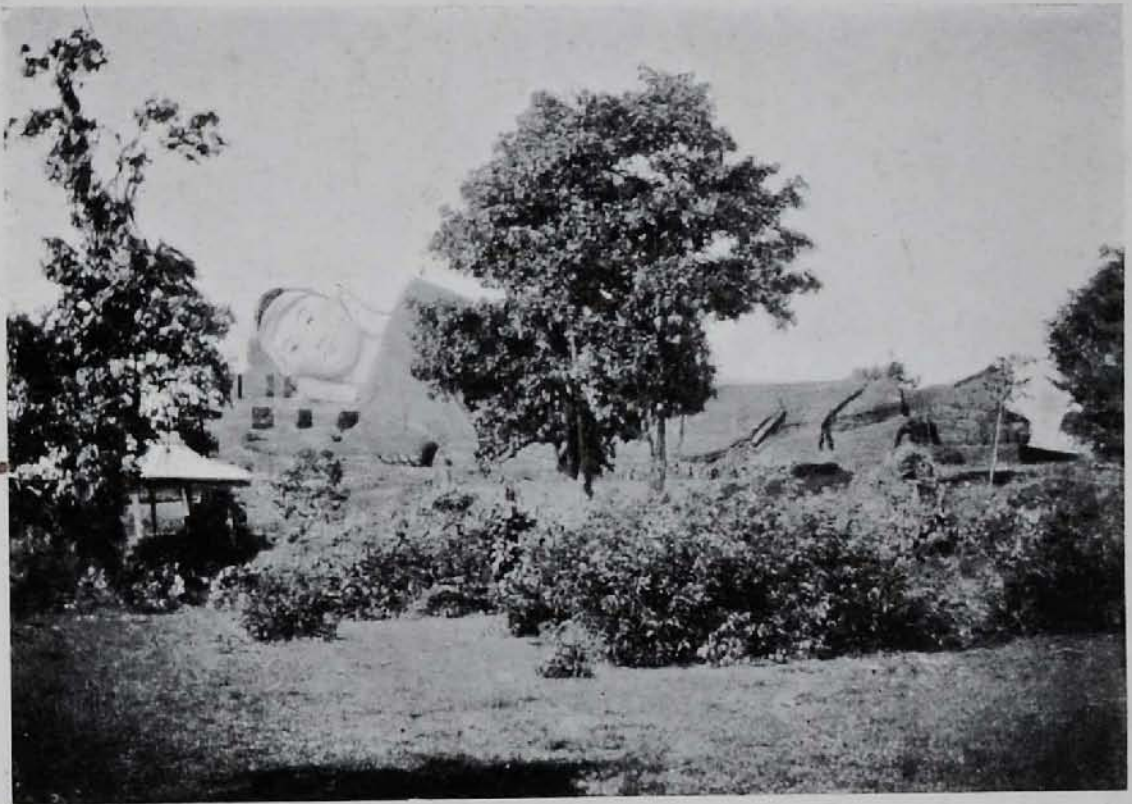
Thus was the glory of Pegu extinguished, and it might well have been that the last chapter in its history had been written. Yet it was destined to play a part again in the history of Burma; once more the old struggle between the Môn and the Burmese people was to be revived, and once more annihilation was to overtake the devoted city, consecrated by prophecy to a happier fortune.

Its history in the interval may be briefly told.

For a few years it seemed as though it must become an appanage of Portugal. In 1603 Philip de Brito y Nicote, that strange comet of adventure, was proclaimed King of Pegu. In 1613 he was impaled outside the walls of Siriam, and the Portuguese ceased for ever to be of any account in Burma.

For a few years its new master, the King of Ava, ruled his Empire from Pegu; but the city was in ruins, and he grew tired of living amidst the symbols of decay. In 1634 the capital was definitely transferred to Ava. Pegu now lapsed into a subordinate province. It no longer had a king of its own. It was ruled by a succession of Governors, who were cordially hated by its

At this juncture there arose the greatest figure in modern Burmese history, Alompra, the restorer of the Burmese supremacy, and the founder of a dynasty which, perpetuating itself for a hundred and twenty-five years, was extinguished at Mandalay in the person of King Thibaw in the closing days of the year 1885.



COLOSSUS OF THE DYING BUDDHA AT PEGU

The career of Alompra, full as it is of interest, cannot be related here. It must suffice to say that by May 1757, that very year in which the first stone of British dominion in India was laid by the genius of Clive, the fate of Pegu was already sealed. Its King was, shut up within the city, the hosts of Alompra were encamped about its walls, and all hope of succour from without was at an end. Once more the devoted city

CHAPTER III

MERGUI

THERE are still many who think that the pearl-ers of the 'nineties made Mergui, and that before their coming it had no history; and of the remote and sleepy little settlement of to-day it is indeed difficult to believe any tale of bygone greatness. For it lies here on the fringe of the ocean, as if all but repose had passed it by. Behind and about it there spreads a wild country of swamps and mountains clothed in dense and luxuriant vegetation, the home of the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the tiger. No telegraph wire has ever hummed in its vicinity, and a small steamer that passes by it, dropping anchor for a few hours each week in its secluded harbour, is almost the only link that binds it to the outer world.

Yet Mergui has come very near to greatness. It has harboured ambassadors and kings, it has stood upon a highway of the world, and its name was known in Europe before the modern capitals of India had come into being. Nearly five centuries have passed since it was visited by a traveller from St. Mark's, and more than two hundred years ago, when James II. was King,

ling in the East. In the course of his adventures he apostatised to save his life and the lives of his wife and children. This circumstance, when he was at length safely arrived in his native land, weighed upon his mind, and he put the matter before the Pope at Florence with the hope of getting absolution. The penance enjoined by His Holiness was that he should faithfully relate his travels to his Secretary, Poggius. Poggius being himself very desirous of his conversation, "questioned him diligently both at meetings of learned men and at his own house," and found that the traveller discoursed learnedly and gravely of all he had seen. And if there be any doubt in any one's mind as to the virtue of letting a man tell his own story in his own words, let him read the abstract by Poggius. For all that the learned Poggius was able to extract from the traveller, about Mergui, was that having sailed from Sumatra he arrived after a stormy passage of sixteen days at the city of Tenassari, "which is situated on the mouth of a river of the same name."

Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there are constant references to Tenasserim. It was known to Vasco da Gama and Amerigo Vespucci, its fame was carried to the ears of Venetian spies in Lisbon, its ships were known as far as Ormuz and Guardafui, and a cousin of Magellan in the dawn of the sixteenth century describes "its colony of Moors and Gentiles, its trade with Malacca and Bengal, its traffic in copper, quijksilver, vermilion, and silk; in rose-water brought from Mekkah in little bottles of tinned copper; in opium, musk, benzoin, and benjuy." Half a century later,

Albuquerque to the King of Siam. On his return from the capital in the year 1511 he with his following "passed overland towards the West into the citie of Tanacarim, standing upon the sea on the other side in twelve degrees, where they embarked themselves in two ships, and sailed along the coast unto the citie of Malacca"; and Antonio de Miranda de Azavedo, his successor, also sent by Albuquerque, reported that it was only a ten days' journey across the peninsula.

In 1606 Balthazar de Sequeira, the first missionary who took this route, having sailed from St. Thomas for Tenasserim, crossed the peninsula to Siam, "partly by goodly Rivers, partly over cragged and rough Hills and Forests stored with Rhinocerots, Elephants, and Tigers (one of which tare in pieces one of the company before our eyes)."

This stream of trade and travel grew each year, and the wild border road over the Samroyot, or Country of Three Hundred Peaks, was constantly traversed by embassies and priests.

In 1662, the first French missionaries to Siam entered by Mergui and Tenasserim, under the leadership of Monseigneur de la Mothe Lambert, Bishop of Berythe, and there is happily on record the narrative of their travels. A great portion of it is taken up with details of the long journey these devoted travellers made from Paris to Bussora and Ispahan, and from there across the continent of India to Masulipatam, with which we are not here immediately concerned. But the little book is worthy of complete perusal, for its piety, its candour, its humanity, and the glimpse it offers into

chant of the divine office, the voice of the preacher, unmolested in his vocation."

"On the 30th of June, 1662, the episcopal party began their journey to the capital, in three boats of the country fashioned just as they are to-day. In these boats they slept and ate and passed the days and nights of their journey, for it was too perilous to venture on shore because of the dense forests, full of tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, bison and other savage beasts.

The peculiar difficulties of their navigation (of which the description is literally applicable to a voyage up the Yunzalin to-day¹) resulted in the Bishop's boat being wrecked on a snag.

"Monseigneur de Beryte, avec son Ecclesiastique, demeura assez de temps suspendu sur le trône de cet arbre, battu de tous costez des flots impetueux de cette rivière."

From Jalinga, where they rented a mat house and rested a few days to repair their damages, they proceeded by bullock carts, whose discomfort left a lively impression on their minds. At night, to protect themselves against the attacks of wild beasts they had to make lagers of their carts surrounded by a stockade of thorns, to keep out "des rhinocerots, et surtout de cruels tygres, qui livrent une furieuse guerre aux bœufs." During the night they fired their arquebuses and lighted bonfires to the same end, each man of the party taking it in turn to do sentinel.

They paid their toll also, like all who have come

¹ Vide *The Silken East*.

the East India Company, was appointed Governor of Mergui by the Siamese Government, guided at that time by the genius of Phaulkon, the celebrated adventurer, who rose in an incredibly short time from the place of cabin-boy to that of First Minister of the King of Siam, and almost to the throne itself. Samuel White, an Interloper—one of those, that is, who rightly disputed the Company's monopoly of the Eastern trade—was at the same time appointed Shahbunder, an office which gave him entire control of the customs, the shipping, and the trade of the port.

We know something of these two Englishmen, and we can picture them newly appointed to offices of rank, making their way overland from Siam in each other's company; full of hope at the favourable turn in their fortunes, and of good fellowship, since they had now known each other for nearly four years, and were Englishmen alone in a far country. But there was a radical difference in the characters of these two pioneers, prototypes of many who were to follow them, which made any continuity of good fellowship between them impossible. Between Burneby, the ease-loving, indolent man of harems, and the keen, virile, and ambitious White there was little in common; and as the days went by at Mergui they drifted further apart till at last White came to speak of him as a man "fit to converse with nobody but his Crim Catwall, and take delight in being the Town Pimp, and disposing of all the whores to anybody that wants one, or keeps company with a parcel of Sailors, that over a bowl of punch will lye worshipping him up, till he thinks himself a

recall all the Englishmen in the service of the King of Siam. One of the letters he brought was addressed to "Mr. John Richard Burneby, Governor, and Mr. Samuel White, Shahband at Mergui for the King of Siam," and it informed them that in the case of failure on their part to take "the first opportunity to leave the King of Syam's service and repair thither to Fort St. George, they would be prosecuted in his Majesties courts of Judicature as Interlopers and Rebellious persons staying and trading in India contrary to his sd: Maties Royall proclamation." The ceremony of reading the King's Proclamation took place in Mr. White's drawing-room, and when it was finished the English residents of Mergui unanimously expressed their willingness to obey it, and evinced their loyalty by crying aloud "Amen" after Mr. Forwell had repeated the words "God Save the King!"

A truce of sixty days was established, pending the receipt of a reply from the King of Siam to a copy of the Proclamation sent to him by special messenger. But short of extreme complacency on the part of the Siamese authorities, or of rigid abstention on the part of the British commander, no such truce could have been maintained. The Siamese began to stake the river and mount batteries of heavy guns. The British commander retorted by pulling up the stakes and declaring that he would spike the guns, and on the 9th of July he went on board the Siamese vessel the *Resolution*, armed with a pair of pistols, and seized her in the name of the King of England to the use of the Honourable Company. This breach of faith

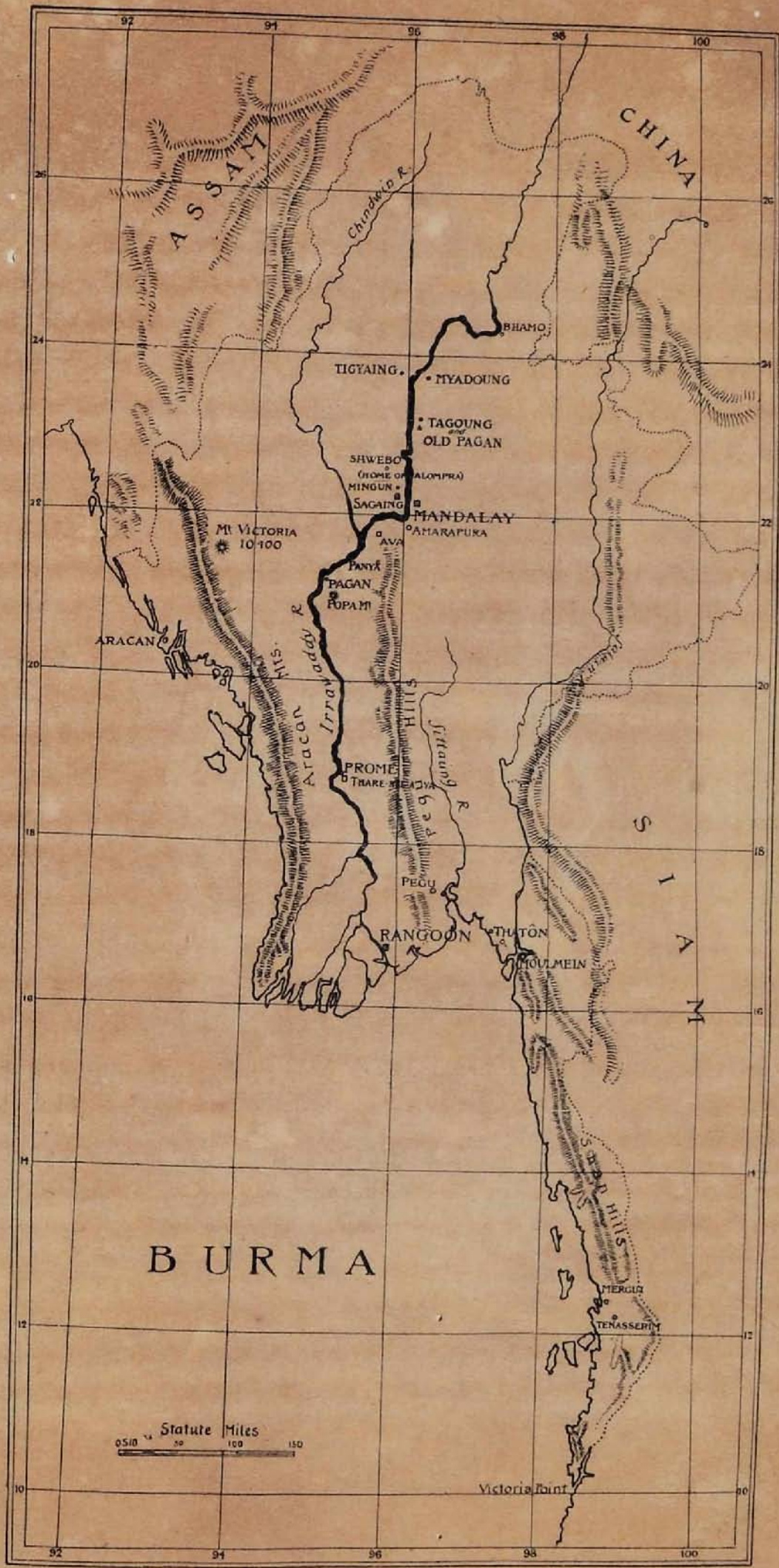
none of them remaining except some few priests, who are condemned to miserable cabins and slavery."

As time went on, Mergui was again visited by French and English ships; but the two massacres and the general sense of European failure in Siam had extinguished its prosperity. Revolution followed revolution at the capital and the fortunes of Mergui continued to dwindle until they were all but annihilated by the invading hordes of Alompra, two years after the battle of Plassey. Mergui, which had roused the strong personal interest of James II., and nearly become a capital of the English people in the Far East, sank once more into a Lydian obscurity, till the thunder of English guns in October, 1824, reclaimed it to British ascendancy, but not again to greatness. For it was far better known in the days of Phaulkon and Samuel White, two hundred and twenty years ago, than it is to-day.

NOTE.—An English tombstone, the cherished possession of a washerman, was recently discovered at Mergui, inscribed with the following legend:

... RELYETH IN ...
 ... BODY OF M ...
 ... SAM WH ...
 ... THIS LIF ...
 DONI 168 ...
 tor meus vivit ergores ...

It has been deciphered by Mr. Grant-Brown, the Deputy Commissioner, as follows: "Here lyeth in peace the body of Master Saml White who departed this life Anno Domini 1687. Redemptor Meus vivit ergo Resurgam." Samuel White, however, lived to pursue his campaign against the East India Company several years later in London; and this tombstone therefore either does not relate to him, or else it was erected under a misapprehension.



SKETCH MAP OF BURMA

POSTSCRIPT

I

THIS book will greatly fail of its purpose if it does not encourage the reader's interest in the monuments of Burma—many, alas! now hastening to decay—and in the noble work of conserving and interpreting the best of them, which, inspired by Lord Curzon, has since his time been carried on in a systematic and scientific manner. Many buildings that might, even by now, have utterly perished, have under his influence been given a new lease of life; many more which hold the buried past of the Burmese people are being made to yield up their secrets to skilful research. The traveller in Burma, to whom such things are of any account, should not fail to equip himself with the annual publications of the Archæological Department, copies of which are purchasable in London soon after publication. Here I am allowed the privilege of printing, with Lord Curzon's permission, his Minute on the preservation of the Royal buildings at Mandalay, a copy of which he has kindly lent me. It tells, in a few pregnant and authoritative words, the whole story of what has been done to preserve these beautiful and pathetic buildings since he visited them as Viceroy of India in 1901.

MINUTE BY THE VICEROY ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE PALACE AT MANDALAY

The desirability of preserving King Mindon's Palace arises not from its historical importance, which cannot be said to be very great, nor from its antiquity—for it is less than half a century old—but from its value as a model—the only one that will before long survive—of the civil and ceremonial architecture of the Burman Kings. Of the many scores of

possible to preserve the whole of the Palace buildings in their original state, even if on other grounds it were desirable, which it is not. I do not know in what condition were the pillars of King Thibaw's Throne-room and Audience Hall (now used as the Garrison Church) before they were re-gilt. But supposing them to have been much the same as the gilded pillars and walls in other parts of the Palace, I should not myself have sanctioned their being re-gilt. I should have regarded it as a needless expenditure of money, both because the re-gilt columns are not more, but less, beautiful than the old, and because, owing to the impossibility of carrying the work right through the building, a sharp and unnecessary contrast is set up between the restored and the unrestored portions. However, this mistake, if mistake it was, cannot now be remedied. In future, however, I think that the following principles should be observed :—

- (a) Regilding should not be resorted to except in cases of obvious necessity.
- (b) An annual sum should be spent upon conservation, and should be devoted to the general repair of the scheduled buildings on the platform, to the occasional cleaning of the walls, to the restoration or renewal of the carved woodwork (which ought not as a general rule to be painted in an endeavour to imitate the sombre crimsons or reds of the old) in cornices, and eaves, and gables, and spires.

If these principles are followed, the platform and its buildings should (barring the accident of fire) be capable of preservation for at least a hundred years. The columns will lose their brilliancy, as the gilding becomes dulled or wears off, and the entire fabric will look less splendid and less picturesque. But its original character will still be maintained and it will continue to survive as a type of regal architecture and residence in the pre-British times. It will be for some successor of mine to decide whether, as the structure grows older and gradually moulders into decay, it will be worth while attempting renovation on a larger scale than I have here foreshadowed.

Acting upon the above principles, in my recent thorough examination of the Palace Platform, I issued the following instructions to Mr. Benton, the Engineer, which it seems desirable to place on record, so as to guide future proceedings :—

(I) Mr. Benton has undertaken to prepare a ground-plan of the platform, with its buildings, in which all those that are to be evacuated (where now occupied) and to be especially preserved from decay, because of their character or associations, are to be marked.

(9) *Some panels, with glass incrustations, that have been moved from their original site in the interior apartments, should be replaced. The same applies to the panels in the dining-room of the Club. When the latter quits, they should be restored. This must not be forgotten.*

(10) *All traces of the recent occupation of the rooms in the Palace, either as an official residence or as Government offices, should be removed. A good many of these still survive.*

(11) *The water tanks, where placed near to the platform, should be removed to a safe distance. If the main buildings were ablaze, they would, as placed at present, be unapproachable and useless.*

(12) *When the entire range of buildings has been evacuated, the platform, the scheduled apartments, and the gardens should be maintained as a national monument, open to the public from end to end, and carefully guarded, night and day, by a sufficient body of watchmen.*

(13) *A good deal of the apparent dustiness and dilapidation arises from no attempt having been made, since the British occupation, to clear away the dirt and cobwebs which lie thick everywhere, and which are the inevitable consequence of exposure to the air. A little careful dusting and cleaning (not rubbing) will show that in many cases the gilding is almost as fresh as when first put on. I have suggested that this should be done.*

(14) *The Council Chamber of the Hlutdaw is so dilapidated as to be unworthy of preservation among the scheduled buildings. It stands at some distance from the main structure of the Palace, and possesses little merit or beauty. I have asked Mr. Benton to furnish me with drawings and measurements of the old throne, side-doors, and balustrades that still remain in it, with a view of presenting them to the Calcutta Museum. They will otherwise perish in a few years. If it is necessary to keep the offices of the Commissariat Department in the Palace enclosure, I see no great objection to their being accommodated in the Hlutdaw. They must certainly be removed from their present quarters, which are in the scheduled list.*

(15) *The outside walls and platform were in the time of the Kings painted white. The grey that has since been introduced is one of the hideous innovations of the Public Works Department. It should be replaced, either by plain whitewash, or, should some contrast be required, by white and crimson-red (corresponding to the colour everywhere used by the Burma Kings).*

CURZON.

DECEMBER 2, 1901.

the Talaings in the eleventh and eighteenth centuries A.D., so the latter destroyed a large number of the pagodas at Pagan in 1404 and 1751 A.D., during the devastating wars between Pegu and Ava. The greatest amount of destruction was, however, committed when the Mongols under Kublai Khan invaded Pagan in 1284 A.D. The *Mahâyâzawin* or Chronicles of the Burmese Kings plaintively record that 14,000 shrines of various dimensions and styles of architecture were destroyed by the King to obtain material for building a series of fortifications, which extended twenty-one miles along the left bank of the Irrawaddy. In peaceful times, too, the Burmese pagodas were often dug into for their valuable contents. In the language of Thohanbwa, the Shan Chief of Mohnyin, who became King of Ava in 1526 A.D., 'the pagodas are the spiritual and material banks of the Burmans, and should be despoiled of their treasures.' In these circumstances, the work of excavating in this Province is as dispiriting as the gleaning of grain after repeated harvests have been garnered in.

"ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BURMESE ALPHABET

"Prior to the eleventh century A.D., the lapidary art appears to have been unknown at Pagan, for no stone inscriptions antedating the rise of Anawrata have been found. This has created a belief among writers on Burma that, before the conquest of Thatôn by Anawrata, the Burmese did not possess an alphabet, and much less a literature. Such a belief has, however, been refuted by the researches recently made into the origin and development of the Burmese alphabet, and the broad facts elicited may be summarised as follows :

"*Third century A.D.*—Burma was conquered by the Kingdom of Shu, one of the Three Kingdoms into which China was then divided ; and she became tributary to China.

"*Fourth century A.D.*—The *Mahâyânist* form of Buddhism was introduced into Burma by Chinese missionaries, who taught it in Chinese. No Chinese epigraphic remains have, so far, been discovered, with the single exception of the Chinese inscription set up by the Mongols at Pagan in the thirteenth century A.D.

“*Twelfth century A.D.*—Jain, Saiva, and Vaishnava influences completely disappeared at Pagan, as evidenced by the Kyaukku Temple, which was built in 1188 A.D. An outburst of architectural energy took place, which lasted from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries A.D. Pure *Hînayânism* as well as Burmese epigraphy became firmly established.

“*Thirteenth century A.D.*—The Mongols under Kublai Khan overran Burma in 1284 A.D. The Burmese Empire broke up, and the Shans and Talaings asserted their independence. These political upheavals produced no modification in the Burmese alphabet, which had been fully developed and had assumed a permanent form.

“The conclusion is inevitable that the Burmese alphabet was primarily based on the Gupta script of the fifth century A.D., which was imported overland through Assam and Manipur, and, possibly, also through Arakan, and that it was modified, to some extent, by the Eastern Chalukyan character of the tenth century A.D., which reached Pagan by sea through the Talaings. Pagan latterly received her letters and religion from Aryan or Northern India, while Pegu received hers from the Dravidians of the South. It was in the eleventh century A.D., after the conquest of Thatôn by Anawrata, that the Aryan and Dravidian systems were harmoniously blended at Pagan, and that thenceforward Burmese civilisation assumed a definite aspect.

“BRIEF NOTE ON BURMESE ARCHÆOLOGY,

“*Compiled for Mr. Scott O'Connor, Author of 'The Silken East.'*”

“The following brief Note on Burmese Archæology was compiled for Mr. Scott O'Connor, author of *The Silken East*, and was submitted to the Director-General of Archæology:—

““The archæological buildings of Burma form a distinct group by themselves. Mostly constructed of wood or of brick and mortar, they bear strange marks of hybridisation, and the problem for solution appears to be to establish a relationship between their architecture and that of analogous structures in the adjacent countries of Tibet, China, Cambodia, Java, Ceylon, the Dekkhan, and Northern India. There can be no doubt that

The pose and contour of the images of Buddha and of the figures sculptured on stone are distinctly South-Indian, and the structures, like the Nagayôn and the Ananda, are square edifices with *Mandapas* or porches, and are provided with vaulted chambers and corridor passages, into which a subdued light gleams from above. The most interesting class of buildings, which would repay a careful study, is, however, that to which the Shwesandaw and Shwezigôn belong. They are solid domes with sharp pinnacles, in which the types of the Indian *stûpa*, of the Singhalese Dagoba, and probably of other cognate structures elsewhere, are found combined. There are also cave temples, built against the precipitous sides of ravines or hollowed out of sand dunes of which the Kyaukku is the prototype. They were intended to be a combined residence and temple, and served their purpose well in the torrid climate of Pagan. At Mandalay, the restoration of some of the buildings, especially the pavilions on the walls of Fort Dufferin, has been successfully executed; but at Pagan, only conservation has been attempted.

“The compilation of the Provincial list of monuments has not yet been completed. A selection will be made of such buildings as reflect the history and religion of the Burmese people, and steps will be taken for their preservation either by—

- (i) Maintenance by the Public Works Department at Government expense;
- (ii) Protection under the provisions of the Ancient Monuments Preservation Act, 1904;
- (iii) The formation of Trusts under section 539 of the Code of Civil Procedure;
- (iv) The informal appointment of Trustees by Deputy Commissioners, on the nomination of village elders, in the case of monuments which, though possessing an archæological interest, do not possess funds or landed property.

“Since 1884, Trust Schemes have been sanctioned by the District Courts in respect of the principal Pagodas of Rangoon, Bassein, Henzada, Prome, Pegu, and Mandalay, according to circumstances. Trustees will be appointed to additional shrines.

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