

# IN BURMA WITH THE VICEROY

By Mrs. Everard Cotes



SAT in the dog-cart, under the wide wooden porch, waiting for the Commissioner of Mandalay. A little way off another person waited for him, twisting slim brown fingers. He was altogether small and slight, and anxiety sat obliquely in his eyes, eclipsing for the moment the gayety of his pink silk *putso* and short, crisp white jacket. Behind him crouched a little follower, only one, and very little. The leaf-shadows danced on the drive while we waited, three paroquets flew into the tamarind by the gate, and Poh Hlaw came out. Poh Hlaw is the Commissioner's "boy." Down he went on his knees before the pink stranger and bowed low, his heels well tucked under him, his hands on his thighs. Then, reverently, he withdrew. A moment later the Commissioner, all broadcloth and gold lace, sword and cocked hat, jumped into the cart and took the reins. He nodded pleasantly to the silk-clad one as we went past, and said something in soft, quick, round syllables that meant he had not time to stop and talk.

"One of Theebaw's nephews," he told me. "Probably come to worry me about his pension. Wrong day to come."

It was the day of the arrival of the Viceroy of India in the province latest added to his dominions, and the Commissioner was going to meet him. It may have been, for practical purposes, the wrong day to come, but I thought the view an unimaginative one.

Mandalay has its own sky, soft and gray and incurving like a tent, with white cloud-lines that seem meant for scrolls if one could read. It is the Very Sacred City, the city of contemplation, the city of all the monks. A thousand pagoda bells give tongue to the wind there when the sun goes down; a crumbling thousand more give up to time the testimony of outworn things. It lies in a curved arm of blue hills, and something broods over it

with solicitude. This you suspect from the air of the place and the way the shrill talk of the parrots and the complaint of the goats and the laughter of the people come to you wherever you are sitting. Afterward you go out, as I did that morning with the Commissioner, and see under the very zenith where the low gray sky is caught up, the square of the dark-red crenellated walls of the old royal city, three miles each way, and outside the walls the parallel clear moat thinking back at the sky; and then you are sure that over and above the Government of India some spirit is in possession here, some spirit that bends in affection over finished and forgotten things. Seven-roofed kiosks stand at intervals over the gates in the wall—they are called *pyáthat*, but they strike the eye like peaceful conclusions—and low white stone bridges raised in the middle span the moat. The buttresses of the gates are painted deep gray and white, and the bank that slants steeply from the wall to the water has here and there a low, twisted, spreading tree on it, purely for decoration. You may stop at a corner and look two ways along the reflecting water with bridge after bridge receding across, and *pyáthat* after *pyáthat* diminishing above, and each red and gray and white vista, so picked out and finished under the quiet light, slipping adorably into the near blue of the hills . . . Mandalay seemed aware with bunting that day, flags and arches of welcome everywhere and crowds flocking—aware and almost awake; but you looked again and saw that she only turned in her sleep and smiled, as at a dream.

The crowd thickened and brightened as we drew near the railway station, rippling and streaming past the guard of honor, as if the trim little men of the Burma military police were so many posts stationed there to tell the people not to laugh too much. They were the only Burmese I saw who seemed themselves

to have acquired gravity ; no doubt it was obtained by drilling. The decorations ran into a kind of crisis at the station ; inarticulate with joy they finished up in Brussels hearth-rugs with spaniels on them, and red cloth spread everywhere, and a pandal draped in big Union Jacks and shaking out little ones. I took my seat under the pandal ; the Commissioner mounted to the platform, where he became at once immensely significant.

A chair in the East establishes status ; in a manner it is a throne. Sitting on a chair waiting for a Viceroy, while an Oriental crowd of no degree surges and chatters outside, one is raised to the highest pitch of complacency possible, I imagine, upon this fatuous earth. I surveyed my fellow-worthies — the Deputy Commissioner, the general Officer Commanding, the District Superintendent of Police, and their wives, and the young lady staying with them, the whole of official Mandalay rustling and excited, highest and nearest as was proper, to the point where its titular head should make his august appearance. All in black and white ; we were still mourning our Queen in this remote possession which she never saw. Sparse among these, on elbowing chairs, but how oddly isolated in the point of view ! the new Burman, the subordinate official, the city magistrate, the barrister-at-law, light-brown intelligences quaint in queues, seeming to struggle actually as they sat, with the assimilation of the imposed method and the imported idea. And the Anglo-Burman—we have not acquired the country too recently for that—with his indescribable look, a kind of sophistication of the sun, establishing him forever in his mother's right, he and his respectable connections are also assigned places under the pandal, though perhaps their seats are not quite so good. Just opposite, in a front rank, sit the Belgian Fathers of the French mission to the lepers, and the Archbishop of Burma, the postulated one, a *tache* of black with a hint of purple, which lies like the shadow of a verity across the picture, imparting force and relief. It is indeed required, otherwise the Princesses in their corner, which they make a parterre, would turn the whole demonstration into a fantasy by a Japanese confectioner. Rows and

rows of princesses, Theebaws and Mindons, with here and there a queen, sedater but not sedate. Old you may be in the face like an ivory *netsuke* ; your smile may break into wrinkles and make the perpetual joke that you have no teeth left ; all the same, if you are a Burmese princess, you are privileged to laugh more than anybody, which really makes it worth while. Very dainty, very much the lady, were the princesses in a row, and in the black hair of every one of them sat a flower, a spray of white lilac or a rose, out of a box, and the more coquettish for that. Powdered they were to assure detection ; nay, to claim it ; and round their slender throats hung strings and strings of diamonds, white sapphires, and topazes. Then the short white jacket, the gay silk square slipping off the shoulders, the tight twisted petticoat of rose or yellow broché, and the ingenuous bare instep over a velvet sandal. And in each little begemmed right hand a large pink cheroot, unlighted, cherished till the ceremonial moment should be past. Pretty pensioned princesses, waiting to acclaim a King in a frock coat, arriving by "special" and likely to be punctual.

My Commissioner was not alone upon the platform. It is printed somewhere who shall have this honor. "His Excellency will be met by" certain officers and officials wherever he makes a public arrival. They were all there, erect, square-shouldered in their tunics, a little flushed and embarrassed with the parade which every Englishman loves as a natural man and hates as a civilized one. Simple among them, standing as it were for one idea, was a Fragment. He wore the dress of that forgotten fantasy, the court of Theebaw, all white, with the fillet of ceremony ; and he must have been asked purely out of compliment, as he was there purely out of deference. No sense of humor ever disturbed his homage to the King, and decrepitude was the only thing that would interfere with it now. He was the old Kinwun Mingyi, Minister to Theebaw and to his father Mindon, a man whose word stood ever against war with the English. No doubt it is felt that it would be difficult to honor him too much for his perspicacity now that he has the dubious satisfaction of seeing all

his predictions fulfilled. So they make him Additional Member of the Provincial Legislative Council at Rangoon, and record his vote upon feeder railway bills. He and the princesses might exchange a glance.

"Let others hail the Rising Sun.  
I honor him whose course is run,"

his heart might murmur, if he were acquainted with Garrick, which cannot, of course, be taken for granted. But when the whistle made us jump to attention and the Rising Sun came up on the other side with all his Secretaries and Aide-de-Camps, the Kinwun Mingyi tottered forward with the rest and in his turn—shook hands.

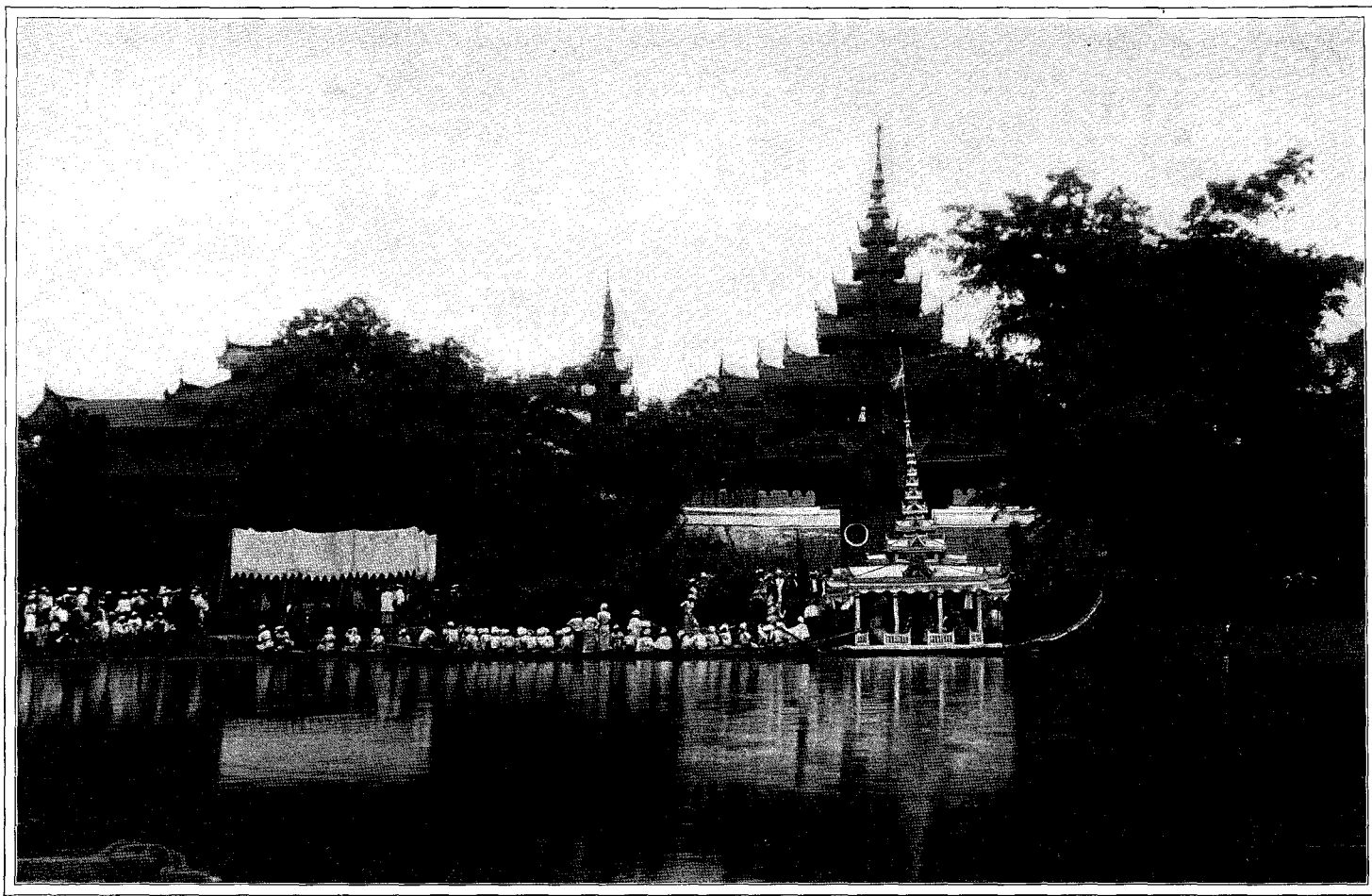
The Deputy Commissioner read the address of welcome, and then composure fell upon us all, that admirable British composure, translating itself into something like silence even in the crowd outside, while Lord Curzon said nothing in general in reply to that nothing in particular. He said it in his admirable crisp way; he looked, standing before us impressive with his star and ribbon, like the genius of another fortune; the Burmans gazed at him with naïve admiration, grave with the momentary shadow of a desire to understand. Except the Princesses; they laughed more than ever, but becomingly, behind their hands or in a corner of their shawls. Then, in ten minutes, it was over; His Excellency and the platform people had passed down the red baize to the carriages in waiting, and with a roll of wheels and a clatter of hoofs had disappeared along the broad, fluttering, police-posted road to Mandalay. We followed to see the departure, treading the red baize carelessly; it was now only red baize with mud on it. The crowd, gay in the sun, happy and articulate, broke this way and that. I looked back at the princesses. They were smoking.

The way is always open into Theebaw's palace now, the bridges are always down. There is great freedom of traffic under the pyáthat where the gates and the guards used to be. Theebaw himself perhaps was the last person they closed upon, that day sixteen years ago when he and Supyalat drove through holding each other's

hands, and saw for the first time, on the way to banishment, how beautiful their walled city was, even from the outside. The palace remains, and many of the princess's houses with their curving roofs and carved edging like a blown flame above the eaves; but all the butterfly Court and Council are gone. The place is very wide and clean kept now; it is dedicated, except for the Kinwun Mingyi, to a fantastic memory and British troops. The old Minister, who alone is allowed his former residence, looks from his window upon an abomination of sanitation. Even the princesses live outside, as when a room is swept after a revel the flowers may be forgotten on the walls.

The durbar was to be held in the palace. The state significance of a Viceroy's visit gathers into the durbar, which may have the character of a formal parley or of an investiture. It was sixteen years too late for parley at Mandalay, but Upper Burma might hope to learn her duty with certain magnificent circumstance, and there were honors to be bestowed. Mandalay was full of expectant recipients, Shan and Kachin kinglings with their followers, walking about in the wadded fur coat which betokens wealth and station, and the flat straw hat of fun-goid circumference which possibly induces the fur-wearing chief to think he is cool. Other indescribable garments they had, and daos and plaited bags of stained grasses, and the weirdest look of jungle-strife about their wizened faces; and they lived in camps, in folds, with careful young Political shepherds who saw that their little great men of the China frontier were not fleeced here in the cunning city.

Red cloth on the palace steps—did Theebaw ever think of red cloth?—and tall palms bordering it. The palace steps are wide and so are the doors of the palace, under its seven royal roofs. Within a litter of sunlight dropped through the western wall, lying between the pillars, broken among the people. The palace is visibly, naïvely held up by pillars, in colonnades that grow taller as they lift the higher roofs, tallest under the central one. They are of splendid solid teak, lacquered red and covered with gold-leaf, so that there must always



Garden Party at Lieutenant-Governor's, Showing Barge for Visitors.





The Kinwun Mingyi in  
Robes of State.

have been a hint of the sun among them even when it rained and the Court had to play in the house. A decorated dais at the end of the widest colonnade, and chairs. In ranks right and left the durbarees, silent, squatting, waiting, the people to whom the function had an intimate importance, in whose life it played a real part. Then the officials and the other Europeans as before, the smiling spectators, the conscious helpers at the pantomime.

Outside the mynas squabbled, the hibiscus bushes flaunted in the sun. We aliens turned our eyes to the open doors; the hill chiefs knew better and looked straight in front of them always. A staff officer galloped across the stillness out there; then a gun shook the air. The gun was

electric: "He is coming!" it boomed, but it was only, after all, the General Commanding the District, who came clattering up under his salute, and walked to the dais followed by his staff, in full uniform, the General impressive, the staff very serious. A lapse and the sunlight shook again to announce the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, who also went to his appointed place followed by his Secretary and his Aide-de-Camp. The pause, the silence grew more pregnant—the gun when it spoke again was a thing to bring your heart to your mouth. Thirty-one times it roared to say that the Viceroy was on his way, and at the last hoarse note His Excellency was in his seat.

First came the presentations, with due

form and sequence, by the Foreign Secretary. The Viceroy, remaining seated, made inclinations rather than bows; the Burmans and the hill kings did such reverence as came most simply to them; if they ruled very near China they "shek-hoed," and a real, six-fold shek-ho such as was denied the Emperor William by Prince Chun is a profound matter, especially when it is executed by an elderly Heng with a face like a pickled walnut, in a sky-blue robe of state embroidered with gold dragons. Then the honors, the decoration of the Silver-



Dancing Girl in Old Court Dress.

Handled Sword, the Order of the Gold Chain. Sturdy military policemen, subordinate officials, the Belgian missionary to the lepers, laying up treasure in heaven and receiving its poor token in the Kaiser-i-Hind medal here—these came within the range of the imagination; one looked on with complaisance as they stood for an instant one after the other in the blaze of Imperial approbation. But those little

untamed savages, those solemn wrinkled barbarians in rows, instinctive head-hunters, wary even as they sit and watch, out of what have they built up achievements conventional enough for this majestic recognition? It is all printed in the durbar programme, in great phrases which they cannot read, how one has been active and energetic in the suppression of dacoity, and another has given "loyal co-operation" in dealing with opium smuggling, and another has made an "intelligent effort" to introduce an improved system for the administration of justice. One sees that they understand the rewards, if their conception of the virtues is elementary, and this makes the pleasure in their sidelong glances a little pathetic, suggestive somehow of sugar and the cage.

When all the gold chains and the silver-handled swords had been conferred, His Excellency the Viceroy rose and spoke. His speech was practical and vigorous; it had the intention of kindly encouragement and the manner of the ruling race. It dwelt upon Upper Burma's development, explained the material, hinted at the moral. It was indeed an inspiring lecture, and it brought sharply up, not wholly by contrast, the utterances of the central figure of another durbar, rather more



Prince Jamshyd Bukht.  
"The Last of the Kings of Delhi."

than half a century ago, in the palace of the Sun Descended Monarch, the Lord of All Umbrella-Bearing Chiefs, King Mindôn of happy memory. It is written in the chronicle of Phayre's "Mission to the Court of Ava" how "an ineffectual attempt" was made to induce the British envoy to take off his shoes at the gate of the palace, also to "shek-ho" toward the palace. The envoy of 1695



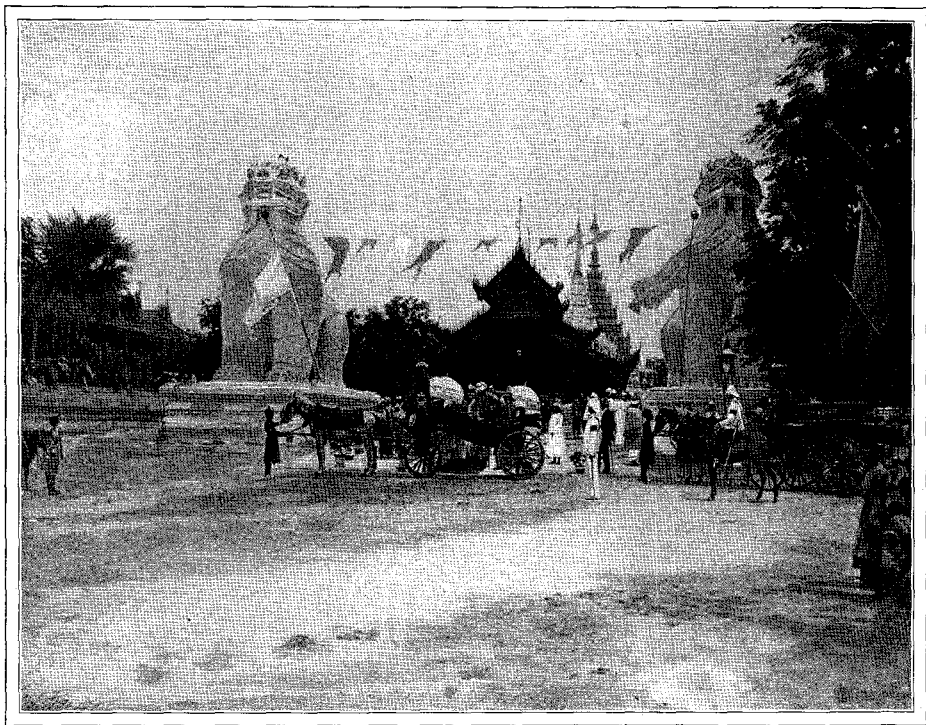
Hill Chiefs.

made no bones about it, so did Baker in 1755, but his record apologizes; in 1855 Major Phayre and his suite walked erect. There was a military display to impress the visiting British, and "many of the soldiers carried flowers or green leaves in the muzzles of their pieces," the delightful soldiers of King Mindôn. And there on the golden throne behind the

dais sat King Mindôn and chewed the betel in supremacy, while Major Phayre and his suite assumed a "frog-like attitude," surrounded by the Court frogs on the floor.

"There is no spectacle more absorbing than that of Oriental peoples passing by a steady progress from backwardness to civilization."

The Viceroy's words echoed among the pillars, and the level force of them



Arrival of the Viceroy at the Arakan Pagoda.

may well have knocked bits out of the pitiful glass mosaic. But on that other occasion there was a minister to listen and repeat; he was the Nekhan Dau, the "Royal Ears;" and another to listen and reply, he was Than-dau-gan, the "Receiver of the Royal Voice." Royal Ears introduced the worthy early Victorian persons who hoped for a treaty—which they did not get. He said they had "now happily arrived at the golden feet," and this no doubt was the moment when King Mindôn asked whether they had had any pickled tea. Then the Royal Voice addressed them, and the conversation is put down.

K. : "Do you know Burmese writing or literature?"

ENVOY : "I do somewhat, your Majesty."

K. : "I have heard of you now for three years. Have you read the Mingula-Thoot?"

ENVOY : "I have, your Majesty."

K. : "How many precepts does it contain?"

ENVOY : "Thirty-eight."

K. : "Do you remember them?"

Alas, not one. The Envoy has to say he is sorry, and one sees the pitying smile of the Sun that went down in Theebaw. He grows ironical; the opportunity must have been hard to resist.

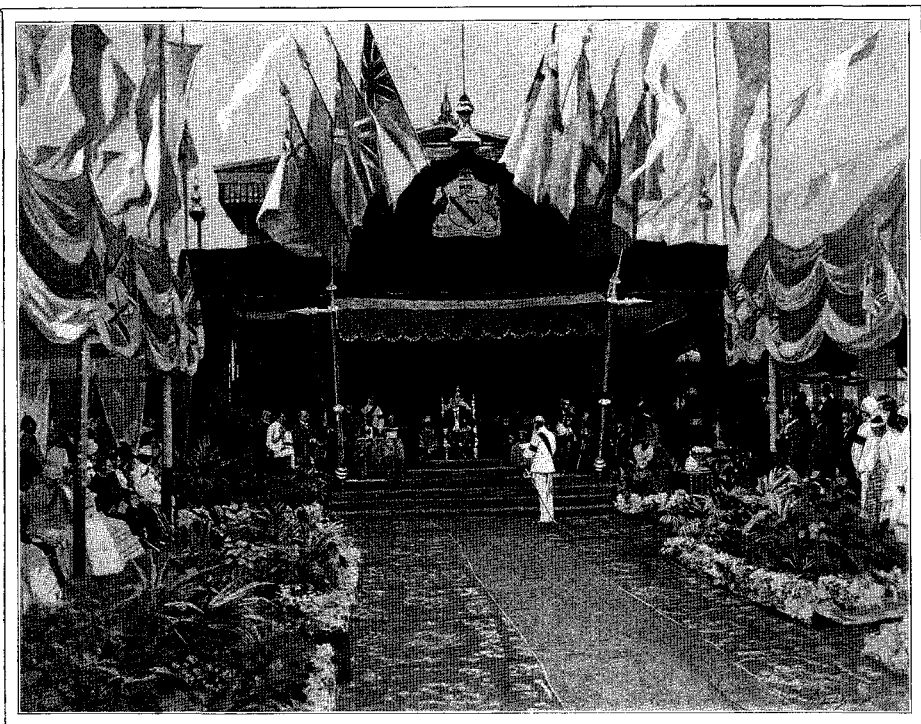
"I believe," he says, "your English kings have existed for two hundred years or more, have they not?"

"Quite that," says Major Phayre in effect, but Mindôn is not to be diverted from his point, the age of *his* dynasty. He inquires whether the Envoy has read the Maha-Radza-Weng, the chronicles of the Burmese kings, and to the regretful negative he replies :

"I will present you with a complete copy, also a copy of the five hundred and fifty Zats and the Mahan Zats, and when you come again I shall expect to find that you have studied it. Read it carefully and let it enter into your heart; the advantage will then be twofold. . . ."

"Gentlemen of Upper Burma," the dispassionate voice claims our ears again, "the stages of your evolution have been relatively rapid. . . ."





The Durbar at Mandalay.

So they have; there is no talk of Biloos's bones nowadays. It was grave enough in Mindôn's time, and the offer of the Biloos, the whimsical evil spirits of the kingdom, makes a recorded part of the mission's negotiations. Mindôn knew the British to be foolishly fond of research into matters intended to be hidden, and one guesses at the genial way he waived responsibility when he said: "There are Biloos's bones in the Yan district. You can have as many as you choose, or a whole Biloo even." After which the visitors were dismissed to a light refection of fried locusts and boiled lily-stalks, which they seemed to have appreciated. It is all very like a fairy-tale to have happened only fifty odd years ago and to be set down in archives; it has the gentleness and the glamour which still holds in the air of Mandalay. But especially does it hang like a picture between the red gold pillars when one sees the empty throne, and hears from the conqueror's dais the sterner homily of the new instructor.

In Burma you live with Gautama Buddha. In India he is a name, a memory

enshrined at Buddha Gya, an influence lost and corrupted in the great Vedic tide. Here he is present and active; his finger is on every lip, his glance in every eye; the low sky is full of him. The people have taken his very impression; he fell here upon a simplicity and a sincerity that have maintained him almost as he was. Every male Burman is at one time or another his disciple, and thousands of these remain to be his priests, the priests who give that peaceful amber note to city crowds, and make lonely saffron splashes against the vivid landscape as the train goes past a monastery in the evening. His image naturally abounds, sheltered in shrines, the image of the Teacher; and one of the most revered of these sits in the Arakan pagoda at Mandalay. As an item in a Viceroy's programme the Arakan pagoda makes no great figure, but its dimensions are great in the hearts of the people, and its fame spread very far.

We knew before we arrived that the brass image in the Arakan pagoda, twelve feet in height, was brought by a conquer-



ing Burmese army over the hills from Akyab, in the year 1784. That was explained in the tour-book, which is compiled by the Military Secretary out of the bleached bones of Oriental empires. The Military Secretary did not hint in the tour-book that it was the piety of the King that drew the image to Burma; that is the kind of statement this author always leaves to the local historian; but so it is said in the inscription. We also learn that it was made in Gautama's lifetime, toward the end; that he looked upon it with favor, and said: "Brother, I leave you to bear my features when I am gone." Once only the figure spoke, and then the Teacher laid silence upon it until Areemadehya should come to reveal the new law. Areemadehya is not yet come—he is passing his present existence in the form of a hare—but the Payah Gye continues to obey.

Plaster *chinthé* sit at the entrance, those terrible guarding *chinthé*, bravest of all the fabled beasts of Burma. Dazzling white they sit, with great forepaws planted and devoted eyeballs painted yellow. Quite delightful they are to consider, with the gay blue sky hanging over them; it makes one light-hearted to look at them. The approach behind the *chinthé* is a long colonnade, and it was full that morning of the sound of striking gongs, dull and throbbing or quick and clear, but soft and articulate in the loudest notes. Nearly all the women in the stalls between the pillars sold gongs, round or three-cornered, of brass or copper or bronze, and the purchasing public had an ear, it seemed. Amber rosaries as well they sold, and flowers and candles for offering, and marvellous painted wooden toys, jointed and hanging by strings to a bar. Upon these the immortal child in some of us fell at once, and I rejoice to think that

while I possess my green sea-serpent with purple scales that darts through the air as if it were his native element, life can never be wholly dull again. In honor of His Excellency the stallholders had papered the pillars about as high as their own heads, with pages from old numbers of English illustrated weeklies. These things cannot be left out of a truthful record, but they may be skipped. We skipped them, all but the Viceroy, who

regarded them more in sorrow than in anger, and pointed them out to the responsible official. The only conspicuously unenviable person to be met in the course of a Viceroy's tour is the responsible official.

The crowd followed sparsely, entertained but not extravagantly curious; it was there upon its own business. The way led round the shrine; the Payah Gye looked out upon the other side; it took us under a vaulted roof covered with the unimaginable torments of the Buddhist.

The saints in Paradise

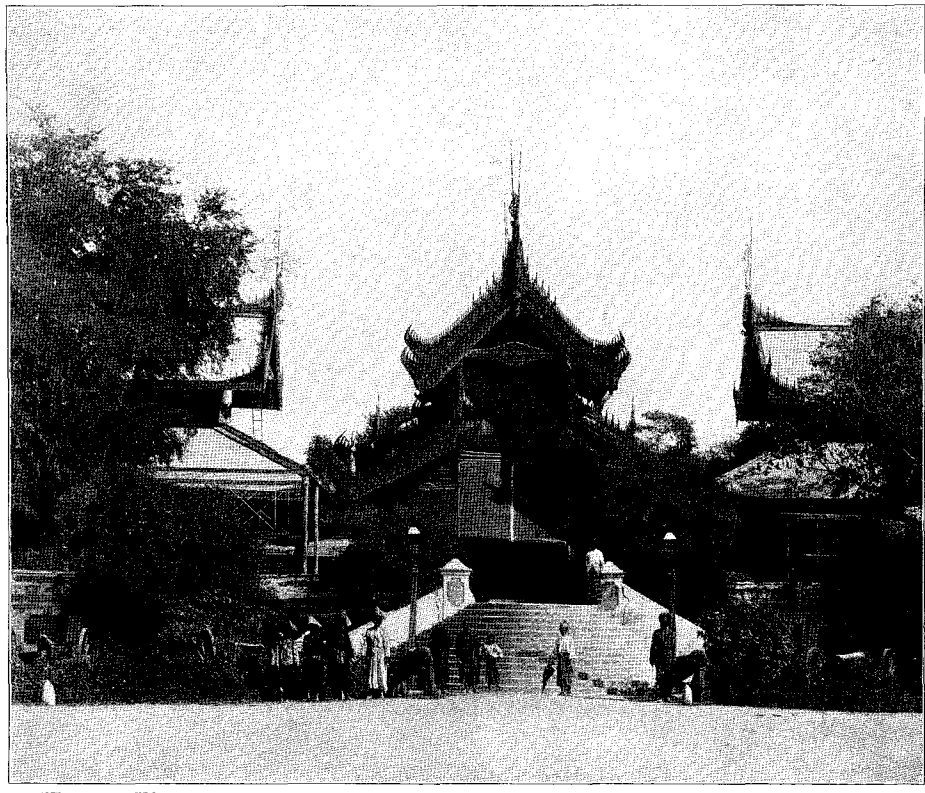
were also there with all the freedom of contrast; placid and rigid they sat under delectable trees, while devout persons crawled toward them at fixed intervals, offering dishes of fruit. These things were but an allegory, explained Maung Báthaw who walked beside me, and had only such relation to the facts as could be expressed by primary colors and primitive imagination—had Christianity nothing to correspond? What could I reply to Maung Báthaw?

At the end of the passage we came full upon the adoring crowd, stepped from the booths into church. The worshippers were thick upon the tiled pavement; they sat on their feet, bending forward from their knees when the litany asked for fervor, and in the joined hands of everyone of them his offering burned or withered. Creature-candles, red and yellow for birth-



King Mindôn. From a sketch by a member of Major Phayre's Mission.

This is the only portrait extant, except the sketch in the Mission Record.



The Palace.

days, a tiger for Monday, for Thursday a rat, and birthday flags of paper bearing Pali inscriptions, the pink lotus and the blue, and the creamy, heavy-scented champak—with such things did they commend themselves; and one old woman lifted up a glass of water. She was very old; did she mean that she had come to clear sight and an untempted palate for life? There were many wrinkled ones, men and women; there were coolies and children and Shan princesses and jungle folk, and they all swayed and spoke together. There is no supplication in Buddhism, said Maung Báthaw, only worship and reminder; yet I fancy some of them prayed. “When a woman fears for her child she will do it,” said Maung Báthaw.

We picked our way among them and faced the image; it reared itself in a dark recess. About the head and face workmen on ladders were pasting the votive gold-leaf; the heavy features shone dully with that benignance which is so pathetic

a human attribute to those whom we would have kind. The attitude was the commonest, representing the Master as he attained the Buddhahood, with the left-hand palm upward in the lap, the right hanging over the knee. There it sat immobile, contemplating without seeing the fleeting incarnations that held out the pink lotus, not cruel and not clement, lighted always with the virtues of a precious memory, and gifted for itself with an enviable permanence. I went in among the shadows and looked up at the inscrutable brazen mask. As I looked I heard the murmur swelling behind me, continuous, beseeching; and it seemed to me that I listened to an immemorial sound. . . .

They built Mandalay three miles from the river, so that the loud and foolish voices of the Bombay-Burma Trading Company's steamers should not annoy the King. That is what its founders were privileged to think of—not the facilities for trade or the advantages of water-power,



Paghán.

The Viceroy, Lady Curzon, and staff in the foreground.

but the peace of the King. The inheriting Saxon, who usually goes by river from Mandalay to Rangoon, has therefore to drive three miles to embark. It is a long suburb to the river, very green and lazy and Burmese, where even the pariahs are too well fed to bark, and the people still smile at the stranger, the absurd hurrying stranger, who never seems to realize that he is living only one of his million little lives. Thence we set off one afternoon, when all the functions and festivals were over, down the long quiet stretches of the Irrawaddy. We were the *Irrawaddy* and the *Bhamo* of the Royal Indian Marine, then the "telegraph boat," last and least the Commissioner's launch. The broad-beamed *Irrawaddy* had lashed to her protection on one side the Viceroy's flat, on the other the Lieutenant-Governor's; her own accommodation was given up to the clerical staff. The *Bhamo* carried the guard and guests; the telegraph boat provided the Viceroy with operators; the Commissioner's launch brought the Head of the Division. We moved at spaced intervals; we presented an appearance, I may say with confidence, in no

slight sense majestic. The *Irrawaddy* went first, with her nose, if she had had one, in the air, but the fleet of the R. I. M. boasts no such feature. Her smoke blowing to port, and her ineffable "side" gave her irresistibly the look of a pompous old gentleman with his hat at an angle, squiring a fat lady on either arm. Then came the *Bhamo* and after us the other two, thumping along in punctual attendance, swinging round the curves never an inch out of regulation distance. We were a fleet; we carried bristly brass guns, and the flag flew like an adventurous bird on ahead. The state of it was indescribable, if it did tail up in the Commissioner's launch, and the theatre splendid; a kind of royal progress it seemed, upon a road swept and abandoned. The odd thing was the peace of it—we heard nothing but our own stern paddle-wheel; and there was a contrasting, pleasant triviality, as when the captain boasted of his plum-cake at afternoon tea. It was lamented that we had not done the upper river, the defiles; but, so far as I could learn, the upper river presented just that "magnificent scenery" which has its



match in any wooded gorge, while there upon the banks that slipped past us lay Burma in her own expression, free from parallel, gentle, fantastic, appealing. Curiously solitary the country stretched away, vividly yet softly green; only at constant intervals the white pagoda swelled upon a cliff, or its golden top showed among the trees; and where the pagoda was, there

banks sank to an outline, the silence seemed to quiver around us. Beyond, an indefinite distance over the lapping water, twinkled the lights of the Viceroy's floating camp. Then out of the heart of the mystery began to fall a quiet rain, which struck upon the river. . . .

Morning brought a new revelation, delicate everywhere. A white fog hung upon



Burmese Ladies at Moulmein.

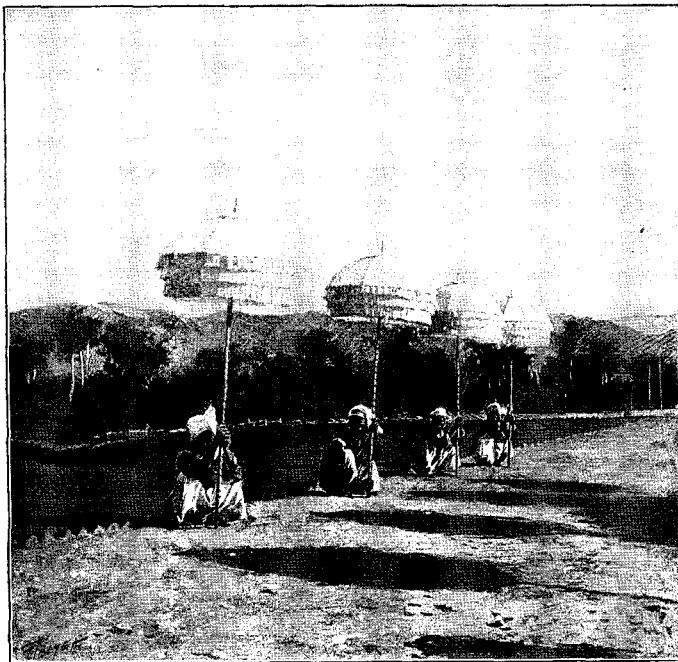
always were the guarding *chinthé*, tall, upreared upon the edge, with their forefeet planted as if against the tide. This way or that they looked, according to the bend of the river, but always up, always with flaming eyeballs at the sun; and they did not seem to see us at all. The sun went down behind them and left clear wandering lakes of fire; and from this wide grave river, slipping into the twilight, rose a hint of new experience, peculiar and infinitely possessing. A few uncertain moments while the sky faded, and night fell suddenly to the rattling of our anchor. Vagueness drew in upon us; we lay motionless upon the idea of a river. The

the banks, breaking and parting, lifting and lying; and there was no inch of them that a Japanese artist might not have made a picture of in the clear rose dawn. An exquisite precision and clarity we saw, broad lights and turquoise shadows, a wooded strip fretted against a mother-of-pearl sky with a band of silver under it, or long yellow stretches of sand slipping into a pale river where the blue had almost died, and always, behind, the tender lines of the folding hills. The color was Egyptian in another atmosphere; and then there was the different temple, and always the tent-like sky.

We were to stop at Pagán, and in the

afternoon we began to come to it. There are miles of Pagán deserted along the river, long, tranquil miles of grave pagodas, standing nearly all in the dark red and purple tones of crumbling masonry, with here and there a vivid white one, like the flash of an old torch still burning. There is nothing like Pagán in the world for the number of its surviving fanes—we saw only the fringe of them along the river; and nothing like it in any other respect, of course, at all. An inscription puts the pagodas down at one less than ten thousand; the exact one less betrays, perhaps, the imaginative computation of the Orient, but I do not think there is any other. Even from the river we could see a good deal of rubbish. It lies to the disgrace of the Burmese King who pulled down six thousand pagodas to strengthen his fortifications against the Emperor of China, and then ran away, leaving Pagán to the inheritance of the earth and, later, of the Deputy Commissioner. That happened in A.D. 1284, and since then, until the arrival of the Deputy Commissioner, no one has lived in Pagán but the pagoda-slaves and the Lord Buddha, whose image is not to be counted there, even by his disciples.

There was a sound, as at last we approached, of clashing and chanting; and out upon the river shot two long skiffs, black against the silver water. There must have been twenty-four men in each of them, as well as he who balanced himself in the middle and struck continuous cymbals to the measure of the boat-song. They steadied and headed for the *Irrawaddy*, and then something slight and graceful and flashing slipped away from the bank and began to follow uncertainly after. It was a Burmese ceremonial barge for His Excellency, and they were towing it; but it looked like a beautiful tropical swan coming of its own accord. By the time we had sidled up to the landing the Viceroy of all the Indias and the lady who adds her charm to his state had stepped aboard the fairy craft. Its prow was of tinsel and of paper, gold and rose; its lines were long and exquisite, and as it lay against the sunset all the dying light seemed to burn upon it. It hovered in turning, and then glided across the fantastically empty background of the broad pale river, the very poetry of pomp; one shut one's eyes and longed to dream it again.



Waiting for the Viceroy.



Oil- Wells Managed by Americans.

Viceroy leaving one of the wells.

The bank was thick with gathered Burmans ; it looked like a tulip-bed. The country welcomed the Viceroy in her own way ; this is always permitted. The song of the boatmen ceased, and the hymn of the Burmese maidens began. They sat under a paper pavilion—there was a fairy out-crop of paper pavilions, glittering, rainbow-tinted—and they wore the traditional Court dress which made them look like little spangled mermaids with double tails. They were artlessly powdered and ingenuously jewelled, daughters of well-to-do people who had been carefully taught this accomplishment, and they swayed as they sang, with ecstatic movements, head on one side, palms thrown up and outward :

Respectfully we bow down before Your Excellencies !

At Your Excellencies' feet we bow down.  
Gladly we dance before Your Excellencies !  
Your excellencies arrive from London,

Which is printed in gold upon the map !  
Your Excellencies' glory is like the rising sun.  
Gracefully we dance and gladly.  
No one can dance as we.  
Your Excellencies have eight kinds of armies.  
Let other nations take care !

They sang in their own impulsive tongue, with great directness and an uncompromising desire to be heard. It was impossible not to wonder how the words fell upon the ear of one Excellency, the one born to the ideals of a Republic ; but there was nothing, of course, to show. Perhaps it was even a severer test when they invited her to mount, by red lacquered wooden steps, into a state chair upon poles, lavishly adorned and carried upon the shoulders of her willing subjects. It was Theebaw's chair, they said. Nor had anything been forgotten of Theebaw's state ; the royal white umbrella with the long bamboo handle was duly hoisted over Lady Curzon, its bearer trotting along-





Biloos in Effigy.

side. The umbrella was modern, with muslin frills, but the tradition was unimpaired. Another, even larger, sheltered the Viceroy upon his sturdy Burmese pony ; and there were one or two left over, but I did not see any demand for them.

So we went in procession up from the river into Pagán, up from the river by the main road just as those old arriving companies of priests used to go, who travelled for two hundred years from Siam and Ceylon and Pegu, even from China and Nepal, to the hospitality of the greatest Buddhist city in the world. Their footsteps have long been lost, but a ghostly presence of themselves seemed to hang about this ruin of their religion, and to travel with us, in the gray of the late afternoon, and point with affection to the fanes that survived. We contemplated many of them, from the great and perfect "Ananda" with its four colossal statues of the Teachers of this world-cycle, to the nameless shrine that moulders on like a defaced head-stone, in testimony to merit won by virtues long expired. We were happily without the sun ; the story of the place lay before us in its own atmosphere, pagoda rising beyond pagoda like vague untroubled thoughts too far withdrawn even to know

that the same throb of the same incarnation holds the world in bondage still. The day crept away and left us ill-lighted in the myriad of them ; and we wandered silently, each in his special solitude, back to the river, penetrated by an old benig-nance, strangely free in the presence of a surviving calm.

So down the river to Prome, and from Prome by train to Rangoon. At Rangoon a great blaze of welcome unexpectedly urban, decorations upon tall city buildings, massed bands playing and hurrying carriages ; we had returned from Arcady. The crowd in the pandal that listened to Lord Curzon's reply to the address of welcome was oddly cosmopolitan. In one of the side rows a languid figure wearing an air of perfunctory interest and a gold lace crown sat wedged between a Chinese grocer and a Parsee money-lender. There was a depression in the upturned eyes that rested upon His Excellency the Viceroy which seemed a sentiment of appealing sincerity. I had no Commissioner at Rangoon, but I asked a philosopher of the occasion who it was. "That?" he said. "Oh, that's Prince Jamshyd Bukht—born in captivity and childless—the last of the Kings of Delhi."



# THE ARMY OF THE CALLAHAN

By John Fox, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE



HE dreaded message had come. The lank messenger, who had brought it from over Black Mountain, dropped into a chair by the stove and sank his teeth into a great hunk of yellow cheese. "Flitter Bill" Richmond waddled from behind his counter, and out on the little platform in front of his cross-roads store. Out there was a group of earth-stained countrymen, lounging against the rickety fence or swinging on it, their heels clear of the ground, all whistling, chewing, and talking the matter over. All looked up at Bill, and he looked down at them, running his eye keenly from one to another until he came to one powerful young fellow loosely bent over a wagon-tongue. Even on him, Bill's eyes stayed but a moment, and then were lifted higher in anxious thought.

The message had come at last, and the man who brought it had heard it fall from Black Tom's own lips. The "wild Jay-Hawkers of Kaintuck" were coming over into Virginia to gut Flitter Bill's store, for they were mountain unionists and Bill was a valley rebel and lawful prey. It was past belief. So long had he prospered, and so well, that Bill had come to feel that he sat safe in the hollow of God's hand. But he now must have protection—and at once—from the hand of man.

Roaring Fork sang lustily through the rhododendrons. To the north yawned "the Gap" through the Cumberland Mountains. "Callahan's Nose," a huge gray rock, showed plain in the clear air, high above the young foliage, and under it, and on up the rocky chasm, flashed Flitter Bill's keen mind, reaching out for help.

Now, from Virginia to Alabama the Southern mountaineer was a Yankee, because the national spirit of 1776, getting fresh impetus in 1812 and new life from the Mexican War had never died out in the hills. Most likely it would never have

died out, anyway; for, the world over, any seed of character, individual or national, that is once dropped between lofty summits brings forth its kind, with deathless tenacity, year after year. Only, in the Kentucky mountains, there were more slaveholders than elsewhere in the mountains of the South. These, naturally, fought for their slaves, and the division thus made the war personal and terrible between the slaveholders who dared to stay at home, and the Union "Home Guards" who organized to drive them away. In Bill's little Virginia valley, of course, most of the sturdy farmers had shouldered Confederate muskets and gone to the war. Those who had stayed at home were, like Bill, Confederate in sympathy, but they lived in safety down the valley, while Bill traded and fattened just opposite the Gap, through which a wild road ran over into the wild Kentucky hills. Therein Bill's danger lay; for, just at this time, the Harlan Home Guard under Black Tom, having cleared those hills, were making ready, like the Pict and Scot of olden days, to descend on the Virginia valley and smite the lowland rebels at the mouth of the Gap. Of the "stay-at-homes," and the deserters roundabout, there were many, very many, who would "stand in" with any man who would keep their bellies full, but they were well-nigh worthless even with a leader, and, without a leader, of no good at all. Flitter Bill must find a leader for them, and anywhere than in his own fat self, for a leader of men Bill was not born to be, nor could he see a leader among the men before him. And so, standing there one early morning in the spring of 1865, with uplifted gaze, it was no surprise to him—the coincidence, indeed, became at once one of the articles of perfect faith in his own star—that he should see, afar off, a black slouch hat and a jogging gray horse rise above a little knoll that was in line with the mouth of the Gap. At once he