JESUITS GO EAST

A Record of Missionary Activity in the East 1541–1786

FELIX ALFRED PLATTNER

Moscow
Saratoff
Tobolsk
Yenisei
Tunguska
Nertchinsk
Amur
Istamboul
Smyrna
Astrakhan
Aleppo
Cairo
Tabriz
Salenga
Tokio
Nagasaki
Baghdad
Hami
Peking
Ispahan
Su-Chau
Kabul
Hoang-ho
Lan-Chau
Nanking
Sri-nagar
Bandar-Abbas
ARABIA
Lahore
Siang-fu
Hankow
Indus
Karachi
Yang-tze-kiang
Canton
Muscat
Karmandu
Brahmaputra
Irrawaddy
Agra
Macao
Mass-owah
Sana
Gondar
Aden
Makalla
Surat
Manila
Zeila
Sokotra
GULF OF BENGAL
CHINA SEA
Goa
Mekong
Cachin
Malacca
Ternate
Batavia
Amboina
Timor

Persian Caravan Route
Siberian Route
Bento de Goes
Desideri
Grueber

0 500 1000 1500 2000 km.

JESUITS GO EAST

BY

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INTRODUCTION

" Pepper and Souls "

FOR 2,000 years the people of Europe have tried to explore the Far East. It was probably Herodotus, the " Father of Geography," who first brought the news of the existence of the Chinese to the Greeks, when, in the 5th century B.C., he defined the country of the Hyperboreans, " the dwellers beyond the North Wind, whose territory extends to the ocean," as the furthermost point of a trade route across Asia. It is certain that the Chinese, as traders and manufacturers of silk, came within the geographical ken of the Greeks and Romans soon after Alexander the Great's bold advance into India. The Emperor Wu-Ti, of the great Han dynasty, who ascended the throne in the year 140 B.C., had conquered the important territory through which ran the pack-trails of the Tarim basin and the Pamir passes. Watch towers and garrisons were then erected here to protect the ancient caravan routes which ran from the interior of China through Turkestan to Parthia. Finally, in the last century before Christ, Chinese silk made its first appearance in the Roman markets, and became an important article of fashion for the worldly ladies in the days of the Roman Emperors. Rome's trade relations with the harbour towns on the west coast of India were increased by the Emperor Augustus' conquests in the Near East. The Roman merchants paid such a high price for the Chinese oversea and overland products that Pliny, in his old age, complained about the injurious export of gold, exclaiming : " What a price we have to pay for our pleasures and for our women ! " As geographical knowledge increased, the mysterious land of Thin, to the north of the Malay peninsula, was recognised as the country where silk was produced, although probably no Roman traveller ever reached that country himself.

Rome's trade with India diminished with the decline of her wealth and strength. But in the second century A.D. Marinus of Tyre and Ptolemy attempted to collate the findings of geographical exploration and to represent them on maps. Neither of them realized however that the country which was the terminus of the sea-route was the same as that reached by the overland silk-route from India. The Latin world of the declining Roman Empire had no understanding of the astronomical formulas employed by Greek geographers, and so Rome derived no benefit from the Greek knowledge of the Far East.

Meanwhile a new spiritual power had arisen in the civilised countries of the Mediterranean, a "catholic," or "world-embracing," religious brotherhood which, strong in its youth and purpose, soon made itself felt throughout the whole known world.

Christian missionaries penetrated farther and farther eastwards. In A.D. 635 the monk Alopen was honourably received by the Emperor Taidsung in the Chinese capital, and soon afterwards numerous Christian communities sprang up in the Central Kingdom.

A slender link was forged by these few missionary works which for the first time in history united the civilizations of East and West. But this link was soon to be broken. A mighty storm arose in the south, in the Arabian deserts, which was destined for centuries to sever all routes connecting Rome with Peking. In the year 632 the prophet Mahomet died. Islam, the enemy of Christianity and at first hostile to culture, penetrated through the whole of the Near East. Like a broad crescent moon, one point of which stretched across the Straits of Gibraltar to Spain, the other over the Caucasus, it separated the countries of the West from the Far East, where a few scattered Christians were left to carry on their existence in isolated groups. It is true that the Mahommedans established some contact with the Far East, that Arab ships sailed far beyond Malacca and that explorers like Masudi travelled to Spain, Zanzibar, Turkestan and China. But Islam came sword in hand, and no bond of culture united her with the East.

Meanwhile in the countries of the West a community of nations had been formed under the leadership of the Church and of the Head of the Holy Roman Empire. This community of nations soon felt strong enough to engage in Crusades against Islam, to regain possession of Christ's tomb and of the cradle of the Christian world. The Knights of Christ met with partial success, but did not manage to pierce the Mahommedan crescent moon which enveloped Christendom.

At this time there arose in the steppes of the North-East a man of superior genius who, with his wild barbarian hordes, fell upon the civilized states of the East and West ; Genghis Khan, the self-styled ' Emperor of Mankind.' His Mongols conquered China and defeated an army of Crusaders at Liegnitz, in the year 1241. The Popes, recognizing the importance of this new people, instructed Franciscan missionaries to travel to the Volga and through the plains of Tartary as far as Caracorum, in the Mongolian steppes. In 1307, that is to say at the time of the founding of the Swiss Confederation, John of Montecorvino was consecrated Archbishop of Peking, and was allowed openly to preach Christianity in Mongolia at the court of the tolerant Khubla Khan. Never before had East and West stood in such close cultural union.

But once again this union broke down, before it eventually became really stable. In China the rulership of the Mongol Khans was overthrown by the isolationist Ming dynasty, which built up a strict system of boundary police, and closed China to the outside world. In Europe meanwhile, the great Papal schism had brought the Church to the verge of disaster and, together with the plague, the scourge of God, deprived her of the strength needed for further expansion. In the Middle East Islam gained fresh power by converting the Turks to Mahommedanism. In the year 1453 Bysantium itself, the great bastion of Christianity, fell to the onslaught of the barbarians. Christianity now appeared to be more severed from the East than ever before. The only lasting benefits which derived from the earlier expeditions into Mongolia were the reports of the missionaries and merchants, among them Marco Polo,

about the richness and greatness of China and about the continued existence of a Christian kingdom in Asia under the rulership of the legendary King "Prester John."

But now came a decisive turning-point in world history. On the Iberian peninsula the Christian princes had gradually pressed back the Moors. Even before the fall of Byzantium the Portuguese, under the leadership of John the Great, had started their policy of aggression, and, in the year 1415, had conquered Ceuta, the most powerful stronghold in African Mauretania. Here it was that Prince Henry, at the age of twenty-one, was received into the order of the Knights of Christ. History knows him under the name of "the Seafarer." He himself never took part in any voyage of discovery, but he made Portugal a sea power and a country of explorers. As once the thirteenth century Popes had sent out Franciscan missionaries to form an alliance with the Great Khan and to convert the Mongols, thus taking the Mahommedan enemy in the rear, so Prince Henry conceived the enterprising plan of sailing round the southernmost point of Africa in order to discover the whereabouts of Prester John in the East, and to form an alliance with him against Islam. Scouts were sent to discover the trade-routes in North Africa ; fine, seaworthy, decked ships of 400 tons were built, seamen engaged and sea-captains trained. The Prince was strengthened in his resolve by his studies of Marco Polo's writings, which had been discovered in Venice ; in his position as Grand Master of the powerful Crusader army he rigged out every year fresh caravels, which penetrated farther and farther southwards. In about 1445 they eventually reached the Tropics, with their negro population, and the old belief, that no human being could exist in these torrid zones, was thus shown to be a mere fairy-story. The road to the Eastern world now seemed open. The Popes sponsored these endeavours, because they were directed against Islam, the hereditary enemy of the Church. In 1455 Pope Nicholas V declared all territories hitherto occupied and all possible future conquests to be the inviolable Crown property of Portugal, and decreed that Portugal, as a compensation for the efforts she had made, should have the monopoly of

trade in those parts. When, in 1460, Prince Henry died, the southernmost point of the African continent had not been reached, India had not been discovered, but Portugal had become a sea power.

Before Portugal could consolidate her position, however, her rival, Spain, had achieved an undreamed-of success by the resolute action of one bold man.

Faced with the threat of advancing Islam, many Greek scholars had fled to Italy with their treasure-troves of old manuscripts. As early as the year 1410, Ptolemy's " Geography " had been translated into Latin. The more advanced thinkers began to drop the mediaeval Roman conception of the earth as a round, flat plane, as Fra Mauro had depicted it on his map in the palace of the Doges in Venice, and to adapt the old Greek conception of the earth as a globe. If this were really true, then the miraculous lands of the Far East could be reached by sailing westwards across the ocean. From the seventies onwards this revolutionary idea was the subject of passionate controversy in Lisbon. Toscanelli one of the most eminent cosmographers of his age, was commanded by the King to design a map of the Atlantic Ocean and to delimit its eastern and western shores. But he and Ptolemy, his precursor in this field, greatly overestimated the spread of China's boundaries towards the East, and ascribed the Island of Zipangu, known to us as Japan, to the mainland, thereby making the expanse of sea appear comparatively narrow and the distance to India across the Western Ocean much shorter than the journey round the southernmost point of Africa. The Genoese explorer Christopher Columbus declared himself ready to embark on the hazardous enterprise across the Atlantic. But Portugal refused his terms, for just at that time Bartolomeo Diaz had succeeded in rounding Africa's southernmost point, and the King had triumphantly christened it " The Cape of Good Hope."

Columbus' proposal was rejected by Portugal, but accepted by Spain. In 1492 he sailed away with three ships and a crew of 120. He did not discover Asia but he discovered America, which went at first by the name of West India. The return of the Genoese explorer brought a

threat of war between the two Iberian powers, for Portugal considered herself injured in her Papal monopoly by Colombus' journey to what was believed to be India. The Pope intervened between the two countries, and averted war. On May 4th, 1493, he stipulated a line of demarcation, which limited the rival spheres of interest. In the following year this line was revised by the Treaty of Tordesillas, and this revision, though slight, was destined to be of paramount importance in years to come. Through the arbitration of Alexander VI, a meridian line was established 100 (later 370) leguas (miles) westwards of the most outlying of the Azore Islands, which should represent the demarcation-line of the zones of influence. It was decreed that all land west of this line should belong to Spain, while the Asiatic and African territories east of the line should remain the property of Portugal. Both rivals solemnly pledged themselves not to navigate the seas under dispute, and not to trade in the lands already discovered there or in any lands and islands which might henceforth be discovered. Both countries pledged themselves to propagate to their utmost the Christian creed in their protectorate lands, and by means of Crown money to establish an ecclesiastical hierarchy suitable to the needs of the inhabitants. Thus Central and South America, with the exception of Brazil, became Spanish colonies. Brazil, it was later discovered, possessed an Eastern coastline which extended far beyond the dividing line between Spanish and Portuguese territory.

Portugal now roused herself to fresh efforts, in order to establish a firm rule in the territories adjudged to her. In July 1497 Vasco da Gama embarked on his most memorable journey. On March 1st, 1498, he encountered in Mozambique the first Arab ships laden with Indian freight, and on May 20th penetrated with his little fleet, piloted by Arabs, into the Indian harbour of Calicut, where the Portuguese seamen were greeted by two Moors who addressed them in the Castilian tongue. The African obstacle had been overcome, and India reached. But it was still

necessary to safeguard this great achievement by exterminating the Arab seamen, so that the far-reaching ambitions of Henry the Seafarer should be realized.

The conquest of the Indian Ocean by a small Portuguese fleet will remain for all time one of the most brilliant feats of arms of colonial history. Islam was then at the zenith of its power. In Europe it was advancing triumphantly along the Danube. In Africa the last remaining Christian Kingdom, Abyssinia, with its legendary King, Prester John, seemed about to succumb to the furious onslaught of the Mahommedans. Northern and Central India, with their population of millions, had long been under Mahommedan rule. On the Malabar coast the lucrative pepper trade was in the hands of Arab merchants. Malacca, the trade-centre of India and Indo-China, was one of Islam's citadels. Even the distant Spice Islands, the home of the precious cloves, were under Mahommedan control.

Albuquerque, Portugal's greatest colonizer, took up arms against this formidable enemy. By his conquest of Kotchin on the west coast of India, he safeguarded the pepper trade. In 1510 he seized Goa from the enemy and made it the capital of the colonial empire to be. He blockaded the two main channels of the old trade-route with the East, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and bolted them with the key-fortresses of Socotra and Ormuz. As early as 1511 Malacca, the Singapore of the time, fell into his hands, and soon afterwards a Portuguese fortress was erected on the Spice Island of Ternate. In 1517 Thomas Pirez landed in Canton, and about twenty years later other traders reached Jipangu, the "Land of the Rising Sun," which Columbus had earlier attempted to discover.

Thus, in a few decades of heroic endeavour, Portugal had achieved her aim and become a great power. Islam's front had been turned by an outflanking movement of bold execution and design, its communications severed in the rear ; the lucrative spice and silk trade had been intercepted and, in Abyssinia, contact had been established with the kingdom of Prester John.

From Lisbon to Nagasaki a strong chain of settlements was forged. The East was now in direct communication

with the West. Contact with the East, which the Mongol hordes with their pack and caravan trails had attempted to establish by land, had been even more effectively established by sea by a small maritime nation situated in the most westerly point of the Old World. Europe had discovered Asia.

In addition to the military safeguarding of the acquired colonial empire, Portugal had another great task to perform : to convert the conquered peoples to Christianity and to organize the Church in Asia. " First pepper, then souls " was the saying in India at the time. The peculiar colonizing methods of the Portuguese were a very important factor in the success of the missionary work. Portugal remained a " sea power." She was content to maintain everywhere a strong grip on important harbours and trade centres, the possession of which ensured for her the mastery of the seas. The centres in question were, in Africa San Thome and Mozambique, in the Indian Ocean Socotra, Ormuz, Goa, Colombo and Malacca, in the China Seas Macao and the free port of Nagasaki. The importance of these centres becomes obvious when they are compared with the modern English naval bases of Freetown, Cape Town, Dar-es-Salaam, Aden, Bender-Abbas, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore and Hongkong. All these towns are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the former Portuguese harbours and trade centres, and have taken over their important military and commercial functions.

Apart from a few punitive expeditions, the Portuguese made no attempt to penetrate into the interior of Africa or Asia. They would obviously have been too weak to defend themselves against the millions of hostile Asiatics. The sea was, and remained, their natural element, and a certain wise Chinaman summed the matter up when he said : " Drive the Portuguese from the water and they will die like fish." This explains why the native rulers in India, in the islands of Malay and above all in China and Japan remained in possession of their princely powers.

Thus, whenever the Christian missionaries, who followed in the wake of the Asiatic explorers, penetrated from the coast into the interior, they were always at the mercy of

the whims of the heathen despots. The few Portuguese naval bases were their starting-points, their centres of organization and their havens of refuge in times of persecution. Thus the missions were dependent on Portugal's political relationships with other countries, and, as a result of the Pope's decree, were protected by the King's patronage. Lisbon had undertaken the duty of furthering the interests of the Church in the conquered territories, and at first carried out this task with zeal and devotion. She created a chain of dioceses in Goa and other towns and appealed to the Jesuits and other religious orders to work with her in the Asiatic missions.

The first of these new missionaries, a man who was destined to serve as model to his followers, was Francisco de Yasu y Xavier, a Basque nobleman, like Ignatius Loyola, who had founded the Society of Jesus. No sooner did King John III of Portugal learn from the Pope of the sanctioning of this new Order than he asked the founder to supply him with a number of priests for his Indian colonies. Ignatius summoned his best friend and informed him of the King's wish. Francis Xavier replied simply: "Pues, sus—Good, I will go!" On April 7th 1541, on his 36th birthday, he embarked at Lisbon on the "Sanjago," reaching finally on May 6th 1542 the city of Goa, the capital of the Portuguese colonial empire in India. Xavier, as the Pope's legate and the King's confidential agent, had been given a special mission, to examine the state of religion in India, to report on abuses and to weigh the prospects of future success. It was not his task to convert a certain territory to Christianity, but to make a general survey of the various Christian settlements and to draw up a studied plan for their future development. The saint devoted a large part of the ten remaining years of his life to dangerous and exhausting travel. From Goa he proceeded to the Malabar Coast, on the southernmost point of India, thence to Malacca, to Amboina, Ternate and other scattered settlements on the Spice Islands, where "exposed to deadly peril in many forms," he experienced all the weaknesses and infirmities of mankind. On the stormy seas, in the hour of darkest dread, when all others

despaired, " he experienced the power of God's comfort to overcome the fear of imminent death." Xavier was the first European to reach Japan's ancient imperial city of Miako, and on September 3rd, 1552, he died a lonely death before the closed gateway into China, from which country he had hoped " to find a road to Jerusalem."

In all these years the emissary of God was burdened with sufferings comparable to those which he had felt one night in a dream when the figure of an Indian had lain heavily on his breast. Xavier indeed bore the weight of a whole continent on his shoulders. But, in a bare ten years, with the inspired planning and bold foresight of a born pioneer, he had started his work in the most important centres in the Far East. He had, through personal experience, discovered the best means of undertaking missionary work in the various districts and his fervent letters and vivid reports had roused King, people and Church, and had turned their thoughts enthusiastically towards India. The outstanding achievement of this great and inspiring man was that he opened the road to the future development of Christian missionary work. It was Francis Xavier who started the campaign to imbue the Far East with the spirit of Europe. The history of the Asiatic Church in the two subsequent centuries is the history of the development and destruction of his work. And the purpose of this book is to give a survey of this heroic and tragic struggle, a struggle to discover and maintain lines of communication with Asiatic mission-lands, a struggle against sea, mountains and desert. And this essay will at the same time give some account of the geographical discoveries made in the course of this struggle.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT VOYAGES TO THE FAR EAST

1. *The Key to the East*

SINCE the discovery of the sea-route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, Lisbon, Europe's most westerly port, had become the only gateway to the Far East. After his investiture by the Church with the title of Grand Master of the Order of Christ, the King of Portugal held the key to all worldly and religious power. In the East his patronage extended from the Azores, which the cosmographers of that age regarded as the starting point for the lines of longitude of the globe, to Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun. No ships could navigate the wide seas of Africa and Asia except the caravels and caracks of the Royal Indian Fleet. No missionary was allowed to embark upon one of these ships or to travel to Asia by any other route without the permission of the Portuguese throne. In this way the Crown tried to protect its profitable trade against the widespread practice of smuggling. And as it often happened that clerics of lesser estate were caught redhanded in illegal traffic, the Popes issued strict regulations by which all missionaries were obliged to travel to Portugal's eastern colonies through the gateway of Lisbon.

Even after the Portuguese trade monopoly had long been disrupted, and more and more Dutch, English, French, Danish and East Indies ships were finding their way into Indian waters, Lisbon maintained its ancient chartered rights of patronage. As her military power in the colonies waned, Portugal became increasingly jealous of her religious prerogatives there. Far into the eighteenth century the heads of the Jesuit Order in Rome carefully cherished the legal claims of Portugal, those claims which had served the missions so well in the past, and ordered the missionaries

to proceed whenever possible by way of Lisbon. The last remaining Portuguese possessions, Mozambique in S. E. Africa, Goa in India, Macao in China, remained the Jesuits' only safe bases in Asia. Here they had their colleges and hostels, their centres of administration and their lands and property, the revenues of which provided the funds necessary for them to carry on their work.

Political reasons prompted the Portuguese to keep a careful, sometimes even a meticulous watch, to see that no undesirable foreigners were admitted into the royal mission houses. Spaniards, with very few exceptions, were rigidly excluded. Even in the years 1580 to 1640, when the Portuguese, after the extinction of their own Royal line, had to recognise the authority of Philip II and his successors, this principle remained in force. Even Frenchmen were for the most part unwelcome on the Tagus, because their colonial ambitions were suspect. On the other hand, Italians from the Papal State and its dependent principalities were welcome, and up till 1720 there was a continuous flow of excellent missionaries from Italy into Portugal. When, at the turn of the 18th century, the Jesuit provinces in German-speaking lands had recovered from the trials and tribulations of the Thirty Years War and had built up some sort of internal organisation, more and more missionaries from Switzerland, the Rhineland, Bavaria, Bohemia and Austria made a belated entry into Portugal, and from there passed on to the Far East.

There were two main avenues of approach from Central Europe to Lisbon. The most popular route for South Germans, Swiss and Austrians lay through Innsbruck, Genoa, and across the Mediterranean. In the towns of the Po Valley the Italian Jesuits possessed beautiful colleges whose doors were always open to their passing colleagues. Genoa possessed a kind of advice-bureau for emigrants. A Jesuit Father, who was at the same time a good business-man, was installed there to protect the interests of the numerous missionaries en route for Asia and America, to regulate their money affairs, to ship their heavy loads of luggage and to procure suitable means of transport for the men themselves. A regular oversea service plied from

Genoa to Lisbon and back again, and was mainly composed of English and French ships.

After the first few weeks on the sea the missionaries soon woke up to the fact that their journey round the world was to be no pleasure-cruise. The men were subjected to horribly uncomfortable living conditions on small boats, to sea sickness and to dangers of every kind. Father von Laimbeckhoven, of a Viennese family of rank, tells how, in the year 1735, he and his two companions, a Capuchin monk and fourteen Italian musicians who had been engaged to give operatic performances in Portugal, were huddled together in a single cabin. Each man was provided with a " berth " five foot long and two foot wide, " in which one could neither move nor turn but was obliged to lie the whole night long stretched out as in a coffin." The fare was expensive enough, 200 Rhineland gulden for the three men, and yet " no better accommodation was to be found, and thus the highest payment provided the greatest discomfort." When sea sickness took its usual toll among the other passengers, Father von Laimbeckhoven, who proved to be a good sailor, chose to lie on deck rather than remain in the stuffy hold of the ship. Luckily the " Penelope " was spared attacks from the Turkish pirate ships which, lurking in their Tunisian creeks, were a traditional menace to sailors in the Western Mediterranean.

In these narrow waters piracy had been a constant danger during the numerous wars between the coastal states. Again and again, in reports of old voyages, we read of attacks from hostile privateers. In January 1656, ten missionaries to China, who were sailing from Genoa to Lisbon under the leadership of Father Martini, suffered a very unpleasant setback. Near Valencia the small Dutch ship was attacked and captured by a French corsair, in spite of the heroic defence put up by the crew. The Jesuits were stripped of all they possessed, transferred to the pirate ship and battened down under hatches. The pirate ship anchored in Antibes and long negotiations ensued about the releasing of the missionaries. Finally some of the Fathers were released and those who were held as hostages succeeding in escaping. On February 16th the ten men returned to Genoa. But

by then all their worldly goods had gone astray, and their journey to China had to be postponed for a whole year, as there was now no hope of reaching Lisbon in time for the departure of the Indian fleet.

The " North Sea Route " was at first less popular with German missionaries, for all Catholic priests, especially Jesuits, were forbidden on pain of death to enter England. Later, when the English had to some extent relaxed their police regulations against Catholic priests, German missionaries often made their journeys to Portugal via Dutch or North-German ports. For example, during the War of the Spanish Succession, two Bohemian Jesuits chose the route from Nuremberg through Frankfort and Cologne to Rotterdam, " where the inhabitants burn brown coal instead of wood and eat Pumpernickel in place of bread," and from there made a safe and speedy journey via England to their Portuguese destination.

Once arrived in Lisbon, all foreign missionaries were entrusted to the care of the " Legal Adviser to the Missions," until the date of the departure of the Indian fleet. The " Legal Adviser " assigned his protégés to the various colleges and residences, each according to his educational status. The younger members of the order might pass their time in the completion of their studies. Some of them, notably the two Swiss mathematicians, Johann Konig and Beat Amrhyn, gave lectures as guests of the Universities of Coimbra or Evora. Others took up the study of the Portuguese language in order to help with the care of souls, and little by little Portuguese became the language which the Jesuits used colloquially among themselves. During this period of waiting, which might last weeks, months or even years, nearly all the missionaries wrote to their friends and relations at home, describing their life in this foreign city, and the peculiar and often mysterious customs of its inhabitants. Many of their observations help us to a better understanding of certain habits and conditions on board the Portuguese ships, which upon first reading strike us as astonishing.

Lisbon was a large, straggling town, which, in addition to its white population, contained 40,000 negro slaves. But

even up to the early eighteenth century it appeared " very dirty " to visitors from the north, and was redolent with " Nature's stinks, because filth of every kind is emptied on to the streets, where even dead animals are allowed to lie and to infect the air." The native population showed little inclination for honest trade. Commerce was almost entirely in the hands of immigrants and Jews. Even the shipbuilding trade was at times so badly neglected that there was a scarcity of good ships in home waters and still more in India.

The gravest condition of all was the low standard of medical science. " I, as a chemist " wrote Brother Matter in 1710, " was beyond measure amazed to see that the doctors tried to cure all illnesses by bleeding. I believe that in this town with its enormous population there is not even a one year old child who has not had a vein opened. I have even seen boys of ten or twelve who have been subjected more than 50 times to this torture, and who have in consequence lost their colour and their vitality, and who look as pale as ghosts. The local doctors try to attribute this fact to the air of the country and to the climate, hoping thereby to divert the blame from themselves and their own ignorance . . . But how can doctors prescribe remedies for illnesses in a town which boasts no qualified chemist? A sick man gets even less consolation from his own kitchen: his diet consists entirely of sheep or ewes' heads boiled and served up with ears, eyes and all. When no results are obtained either from bleeding or from sheepskins, the only recourse is to the gravedigger."

In regard to the Portuguese " cookery " with its " fare so indigestible to foreigners," of which some Jesuit once said that " he did not wish to belabour his stomach with it," the missionaries are for the most part silent, and only occasionally do we find some marginal reference to it. For example : " Not only have we been welcomed in the friendliest possible manner by our Portuguese brethren, but we have also been hospitably entertained (though let it be said in their own peculiar fashion)."

From time to time we find some unkind remark uttered by the local Jesuits, who felt themselves injured in their

national pride by the introduction of foreign help. Or we read of fussy officials, who had probably never learned anything of foreign countries and foreign customs, insisting pettily on the observance of Portuguese local customs, which seemed to them as important and obligatory as the Jesuit rule which was common to all the provinces. It often happened that one or other of the visiting priests gave vent to his irritability in a letter to his friends at home. For this reason Father von Hallerstein, in several of his letters from Lisbon, lays special emphasis on the " surprising display of kindness and politeness on the part of the Portuguese brethren." " I must confess," he says, " that I do not find Austria either in Italy or in Portugal. On the other hand, I have not found among the Portuguese that peculiarity of behaviour which certain mischievous people have insisted on."

Nevertheless, for the impatient Jesuits anxious to pursue their journey, this compulsory stay in Lisbon, which was for them neither a home nor a place where they could settle down and work, remained " a sultry bath which acted as an irritation to the nerves, and yet which virtuous spirits could endure because it lasted only a short time."

2. *Noah's Ark.*

Once a year, in early spring, a date was fixed for all to go aboard and sail. The missionaries were summoned to Lisbon from every country and ordered to stand by. The traditional day for the departure of the Indian fleet was March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation. The sea-captains had learnt by experience that this was the best season for sailing, in both the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. But the departure often had to be postponed till April, owing to muddles in the shipping of the cargo as well as to contrary winds.

The day on which the Royal Fleet finally put out to sea was held as a festival by all the people of Lisbon. The Jesuits of the town assembled in the church of the Antonius College for a short prayer. Then a solemn procession was

formed. The students of the Jesuit College marched in orderly formation through the main streets of the town ; behind them came the theological professors and the other members of the order. These, in turn, were followed by the missionaries, who were recognisable to the onlookers by the crucifix which each wore on his breast, like the crusaders of old. Two lay brothers acted as acolytes to each missionary. The crowd thronged the streets and the squares, crying out to wish a lucky voyage to the " Apostles." The *cortège* finally reached the banks of the Tagus. The ships were anchored far out near the monastery of Belem, whose luxuriant magnificence is like the profusion of a tropical forest. It was here that Vasco da Gama had embarked in his caravel for his memorable expedition to India.

The missionaries said a final farewell to their friends and relations and joined the ships to which they had been assigned by previous arrangement with the ships' captains. The anchors were weighed. The guns of the fortress and of all the ships lying in the harbour fired a salute. Sail after sail was set, and soon the Indian fleet reached the mouth of the Tagus and the open sea. The great adventure had begun.

For many months the ships were to become the new missionaries' home and world, their " arks," as one of them so aptly put it ; for, lost in the mighty, terrifying waters of the ocean, God's help and the flimsy planks of these ships were the only bulwark between them and disaster.

The Portuguese explorers and even Francis Xavier had made the long journey in small caravels of between 100 and 120 tons, which were smaller even than the steamers which, to-day, ply across the Swiss lakes. It was in about 1550 that the Portuguese, copying the Genoese style of shipbuilding, began to build in the Lisbon wharves three-masted schooners weighing one thousand or more tons, or from one thousand five hundred to two thousand tons with ten fathoms draught. These caracks were said to be the largest ships to be seen anywhere, and were the marvel of the contemporary world. " Only a great King can afford to build such ships, to equip and maintain them," said the

contemporary Jesuit historian, Bartoli. The caracks, whose stout timbers were themselves proof against enemy shot or shell, carried fifty to eighty guns, and were therefore a match for a whole flotilla of smaller ships. In addition to eight month's food supply, ammunition and a large freight, there was room for eight hundred, a thousand and even more men on these giants of former days, for it was the habit of the Portuguese to use every available inch of space, and everything was packed tight.

Father von Laimbeckhoven, on whose ship only three hundred people could travel, and which had a complement of only twenty guns, reports, for instance, that the cargo consisted of " an enormous quantity of sugar, a hundred hundredweight of ivory bought by the King, and seven hundred small barrels of Brazilian tobacco bought by the Queen," whilst the merchants filled the other half of the ship with their own goods. All ranks of the crew bought and shipped on their own account " some thousand wicker-covered bottles of brandy, many hundred barrels of smoked pork and an equal number of cases containing glass necklaces and bracelets for Moorish women," and, in addition, European goods of all sorts. Another priest tells of ten thousand head of live poultry shipped in his carack. All the goods were stowed in the ship's hold. On both sides of of the ship were two or three floors of low-ceilinged, musty cabins. The officers and the richer passengers slept in the upper cabins, whilst the sailors, soldiers and the poorer passengers shared the accommodation below with cargo, ammunition and guns. Father Trigault describes in 1607 the bad conditions endured by all : " The rich passengers live in small cells. The common soldiers, crew and seamen live huddled together on the top deck. The second and third decks are used for storing wine, water, ship's biscuits and other goods. On the fourth and lowest deck they lock up emergency rations of bread and water."

The missionaries themselves were allotted, according to their numbers, one or two cabins as living rooms, in the turret at the ship's stern, which overlooked the deck. These rooms filled the whole width of the flat stern, and contained

windows which let in air and light. Sometimes there was even a door which led out to a roofed balcony, from which they had a view of the helm with its thick ropes. All reports confirm how incredibly cramped the living-space was, and how enormous was the price demanded for it. One report says " It was a small cabin, only a few feet long and a few feet wide." Or : " We, for our part, were assigned to three small cabins. There were four Jesuits in the bows of the ship, five above the helm and two near the mainmast. Thus we were quite comfortably housed. We sat on the floor and thus avoided having our heads bumped against the ceiling when the ship started pitching and tossing in rough seas. It would have been most foolish for anyone to stand upright or to sit on a chair, for better be a dwarf than a giant here ! " We read in another report. " The troop commander had let to us half the space assigned to him by maritime law for the sum of 600 florins, and here we managed as best we could. In this small cabin we had to store all our supplies of water, meat, oil, fat, wine, wood, fish, clothing, chests, etc. So this tiny space served us as church, sacristy, refectory and infirmary, domitory, cellar, storeroom, recreation-room ; in a word, an entire College, and all that pertained to it." The four-windowed room, eight metres by six, which was assigned to Father von Laimbeckhoven and his eight companions, was regarded as a real luxury cabin ; here the missionaries could actually set up beds, cover them with cotton sheets and hang between them " clean curtains, decent and even decorative." To guard against vermin and to make room for the barrels containing food, the bedsteads were mounted on stands three to four feet high. However, the Bursar had to pay the pretty sum of two thousand five hundred gulden for the hire of this " cabin de luxe."

The crew's quarters were particularly dirty and unhealthy, and the crew themselves lay packed together, " like herrings in a barrel," between stores and baggage. The ceilings were often so low that a grown man could not stand upright. Every possible inch of space was seized, for there were few ships and many people needing accommodation. Besides the Viceroys with their large suites of

noblemen and officials, officers and other ranks, there were always merchants on board with their families, servants and slaves, adventurers too, " get-rich-quick merchants " who hoped to make fortunes in India, and usually a good sprinkling of stowaways. The majority were a " wild, unbridled mob, ready for anything," reports a certain Viennese missionary, who at a later date, was famed for his devotion in ministering to the needs of the poorest classes in China. " These filthy, devil-may-care rascals did not even bother to bring one clean shirt on board with them. A few days after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, Father von Hallerstein was making a tour of the ship when he met a sailor who was at that moment taking a clean shirt from his chest. The old salt explained with pride : " I have already travelled ten times to India and have always chosen this very point to change my shirt, this point on the journey and nowhere else."

At the time when Portugal lost her possessions in India, when the stream of disappointed fortune-hunters had dispersed and were turning their thoughts towards the gold and diamond fields of Brazil, it became difficult for the Government to supply soldiers for the isolated garrisons of Africa and India. So, making the best of a bad job, they started a sort of press gang system, forcing the dregs of the population to leave Portugal and proceed to these colonies. " Whole gangs of thieves are arrested, pressed into the army and once a year sent off on the regular Goa ship bound for East India. We ourselves have transported three hundred of these criminals on our ship alone." Father von Laimbeckhoven, that kindly Austrian Jesuit, who himself travelled with this low rabble as his shipmates, expressed his deep regret that " for lack of better men responsible posts, which the highest of the land in Portugal have shed their blood to wrest from heathen hands, should be entrusted to such scum. These gaolbirds, who gave us priests a great deal of trouble during the whole journey, were brought aboard in irons," and only freed after the ship had reached the open sea and escape was impossible. Of course, only a small proportion of these conscripts remained true to their religion in India ; the rest deserted and went over to the

heathen princes ; the great Mogul in Agra alone numbered about fifteen hundred of these adventurers in his bodyguard.

These convicts, who came straight out of Lisbon's terrible dungeons were infected with every kind of foul disease and so started many dangerous epidemics on the India-bound ships. When, in 1677, the Admiral of the Fleet refused to take convicts on board, his squadron was spared such infections. But apparently the Government either did not profit by experience or could think out no alternative plan. Thus, thirty years later, Father von Hallerstein reports that on his ship a hundred soldiers, who were afflicted with infectious diseases " exchanged this life for another," whilst only three sailors perished.

Simple, god-fearing German missionaries observed with amazement " that, of the sixteen religious who embarked with them at Lisbon, two or three couples were bound together with chains under their long robes." Two of these unfortunates managed to escape while still on shore and to disappear in the crowd. The others remained in chains until the ship reached the open sea. These monks were being deported to India as a punishment for some crime or other. They " made every effort to find out " from Father Thillisch " what crime he had committed in his native country that had caused him to be banished to the Far East as a penance. They related their own misdeeds with shouts of laughter and boasted of their sins. He indeed gave them some suitable answer, but did not rebuke them as they deserved," says Brother Matter, who reports the incident. " But when they had the impudence to talk to me, I thought it proper to give them a real rough handling, so that they lost all desire to joke with us. The ship's captain frequently put them under hatches to punish them for their impudence."

The greater the crowd on the ships, the more scrupulously clean the ships should have been kept. But the Portuguese sailing boats were as dirty as the streets of Lisbon. The food was carelessly stored, the food and drink itself of a very bad quality, and the service badly organised. But the reports of the various journeys also vary. Some reports say that the ship's officers distributed the meagre

rations at the beginning of each month according to the rank and wealth of the passengers, that is to say dried fish, salted meat, rice, ship's biscuits, onions, salt, oil and vinegar. But according to a report written in 1607 there was a daily distribution of water, wine, bread, meat, oil and vinegar " which was paid for by the King." The ordinary diet consisted of salted pork, rice and cod. Poultry was reserved for the sick. The wine and water were of such a quality that when they were served they could neither be looked at, nor smelt nor held anywhere near the nose. The richer of the passengers therefore supplemented the meagre and monotonous fare provided by the ships' companies with provisions of their own. The departing Jesuits were themselves always liberally supplied by the College bursar with extra victuals.

All the passengers had to cook their own meals. This curious practice was already established when Francis Xavier made his journey in 1541 ; when some nobleman or other reproached him and said that it was unbecoming for a priest to wash his clothes over the ship's side with the common people and to cook his meals in front of them, the Saint answered that this was the very means of " gaining true respect as a Churchman." The same custom is hinted at in one of the later travel reports in the middle of the eighteenth century, where we read that the missionaries had to store their provisions in their cabins, and that on the anniversary of the founding of the Order they invited the ship's officers to dine with them. Or we read again how, during a great storm, all the various open fires had to be put out.

There were frequent quarrels and scuffles to get to these fires, as there was not enough room for all to use them at the same time. When there was an epidemic the sick always went to the wall. Being weak and helpless they could not fend for themselves and, because of the bad and meagre fare, fell an easy prey to the epidemic.

As far as discipline was concerned, everything depended on the Captain's qualities and the good example he showed. His word was law on the ship, and he acted as judge and jury. Serious criminals were punished by having nails

driven through their right hands, by which they were fastened to the mainmast as though to the stocks. Lesser crimes were often punished by " hanging the guilty man from the yardarm in the burning sun, and dipping him up and down into the sea, so as to give him a good taste of salt water."

In another letter we read : " Three gaol-birds of our infantry have been given a hundred strokes of the lash and pinned to the ground with musket and cannon balls, because they had secretly broken open some chests and stolen some of the stores."

It was no light penance for the missionaries to live for weeks and months in close confinement with swearing and cursing men, but it was a good test of their endurance. Following the example of Francis Xavier, who was the model for all future generations of Jesuit missionaries, they tried, by unselfishly tending and ministering to the sick, to make life on the ships more acceptable to God and more bearable to men.

On the Royal ships religious services were regularly held in accordance with old traditions and customs. A Portuguese secular priest generally acted as chaplain. The missionaries were always ready to lend a hand and very often took over his duties completely if he was ill. Mass was celebrated every morning, or, if the sea was too rough, prayers were said. The whole crew, when off duty, from the Captain to the cabin-boys attended regularly and many of the passengers attended too. In the evening, before retiring, the Litany of Loreto was recited and the sailors said the Rosary. " The whole night through " on some of the ships, a " prayer-watch " was instituted, and the watchman uttered a short prayer every half-hour in a loud voice. On Sundays and holidays sermons were preached, but on weekdays a Father or a lay-brother gave catechism lessons to the crew. In Lent—the journey always began in March or April—the passengers could, if they liked, fulfil their Easter duty by going to Communion. " Our greatest toil and work was hearing confessions during Lent," writes Father Trigault, " for at that time everyone comes to confession." " Nearly everyone has come to

confession," runs a report in 1556. "Some have come three or four times, whilst others have wanted to confess every week." In later days, apparently, all the crew had to prove to the Captain, by showing a "Confession paper" that they had obeyed the edict issued by the King. Father Fridelli reports in 1705 that the troop commander had by royal decree actually ordered that all should receive Holy Communion once a month, and, "by going to Communion himself, showed himself to be a God-fearing man and an example to others." The non-commissioned officers were "most emphatically commanded to see that no one used obscene or profane language."

The missionaries took strong measures to suppress the habit of blasphemy. They made it their business "to break them of the habit of cursing, swearing and gambling." Hand in hand with this went their efforts to settle quarrels and to establish peace "between the riff-raff, who went at each other with knives, and the more respectable people who fought with swords." Thus Father Pina persuaded the Viceroy, in 1561, to forbid the common practice of duelling and settling affairs of honour with arms. When the ship anchored during the journey, no two passengers who were on bad terms were allowed to leave the ship armed.

Thus, according to Father Rodriguez's report (1556) on the Indian fleet, "many things of all kinds were achieved in the service of God," and not only were services rendered to those in good health, but even more to the sick. One must admit that the Portuguese, for all their loose morals, were a fundamentally religious and even pious people. Many of the ships' captains and noblemen are revealed in the reports as serious men of irreproachable character, who, in all respects, set a Christian example to their fellow-travellers.

The religious life on the Royal Indian Fleet, as portrayed in the older Portuguese travel reports, shows certain traits which are typical of the Southern races. When dangers of any kind beset the ship, and the hand of death seemed nigh, those very people, who had only recently been blaspheming, cursing and quarrelling, began invoking the name of God,

and appealing for help to His Saints and to His priests. There was hardly one who, in mortal sickness, refused the priest's help and comfort. Through the howling of the storm one could hear the sailors and the frightened passengers uttering loud cries and praying to Heaven. If the wind drove the ship towards the shore or the spray-covered rocks, everyone fell to his knees ; the people ran to the priests begging for absolution from their sins. Vows were taken, and promises made to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints of future pilgrimages, alms and prayers. Obediently and with heart-felt sincerity they then followed the priest's advice, promising to reform their lives and taking their enemies by the hand in token of reconciliation. They held processions praying for favourable winds and for relief from the plague. But, when the danger was over, they all too often returned to their lax ways.

The superstitious and pagan custom of the " St. Anthony's Bath " is less comprehensible to us. Father von Laimbeckhoven tells how, when the ship was becalmed, the sailors begged the ship's chaplain " to hang a statue of Saint Antony of Padua in the sea or to bind it to the mast, in order to force the Saint, by this ill-treatment, to ask God to send us a favourable wind. Though we foreigners expressed ourselves very strongly about this piece of ignorant nonsense, and reproached them for this ridiculous custom and exhorted them rather to prayer, all our words were in vain. It was quite hopeless to get this idea out of their minds. They had a whole collection of stories to prove that the Saint, deaf to all their entreaties, had finally yielded when dropped in the sea. Whenever afterwards we had calm or contrary winds, the Saint had to be dipped in the sea or bound to the mast ; but enough of this folly ! " A more pleasant custom was the auctioning of rare fish or birds, which had been caught during the journey ; the proceeds, which amounted to several florins, was always put into the " Our Lady's Alms Box " and, at the end of the journey, put to some good use.

These, then, were the kind of people who travelled to India on these vast sailing-ships. " Priests and laymen, honest men and rogues, all linked together for better or

worse, like on a galley-ship." Perhaps no one has given a more vivid description of this little world in which the highest and the lowest were confined together in a small space, than Father Miller in the dispassionate summary which he gives us of his work as ship's chaplain. " I have heard the Easter confessions of three hundred and ninety of my shipmates ; I have given four of them the last Sacraments and sent them into eternal life, and preached five novenas. With God's help I quelled a mutiny, helped in the release of an army captain who had been wrongly imprisoned, stopped a duel, prevented many acts of violence, intervened in a case of manslaughter and received into our society a young man who pursued me with earnest entreaties."

3. *In the Region of Death.*

To guard against attack from enemy pirate ships the Royal Fleet always went to sea with a large escort. Two of the biggest ships were selected for special honours. The ' Capitana,' referred to in the Latin reports as ' navis praetoria' always carried the newly-appointed Indian Viceroy or the Commander of the Colonial Troops. The Admiral of the Fleet had as his flagship the ' Almirante ' or ' Almiravia,' from which he directed the movements of the squadron by flag or gun-fire signals.

As long as the Indian colonies remained in a flourishing condition, four, six or even more ships sailed yearly to Goa. Later on Brazil became commercially more important to Portugal than India, and then often only one small ship sailed to India, whilst squadrons of fifty to sixty ships made the journey to Bahia.

To guard against the lurking corsairs the fleet sailed in close formation as far as the Azores. Whenever one of the faster sailing ships got too far ahead or any suspicious sail appeared on the horizon, the ' Almirante ' fired her guns as a signal for the outlying ships to close ranks. Finally the squadron divided itself into several groups. The escort ships returned to Lisbon, and the Brazil fleet took leave of the frigates which were going to India and Angola.

Owing to the difference in their speed, these ships often reached their distant goal at wide intervals. When, in 1655, the four Indian ships arrived simultaneously in Goa, it was regarded as a quite exceptional stroke of good luck.

The first days or even weeks on these great ships, which rolled and pitched in a heavy sea, were a real trial to many landsmen. With few exceptions all had to pay their " toll to the sea," and " after a short time began to look more like corpses than like living men." The pains of seasickness were aggravated, says Father von Laimbackhoven, by " the smallness of the space in which they crowded us all together, and the unbearable stench." He mocked at the two " Chirurgi," because they forbade the seasick to touch beef and chicken-soup, but prescribed instead a glass of strong brandy to drink and a large slice of ham to eat. The ocean swell round the Azores was specially dreaded. The general confusion on board during storms was almost impossible to describe, but imagine hundreds of people without any sense of cleanliness, huddled together in a narrow space, vomiting and retching and suffering all the pains of sea-sickness !

These sufferings became far worse when the ships neared the Equator, or, as it was still called in good old-fashioned German, the ' Gleicher-Gürtel.' Here the two contrary tides and drifts which come from the north and south poles meet each other, and this is why the region known as the Doldrums has become so notorious with its sweltering fog, which is sucked up from the steamy sea by the sun, whose rays here fall vertically. " The elements are inconstant everywhere, but here they are inconstancy personified. At one moment it is astonishingly calm ; half an hour later we see nothing but distant lightning, and then shortly after, we are overwhelmed by a terrible storm of thunder and lightning. In a moment it is again quiet, then we have another storm, and so it goes on. Sometimes such a wild gale springs up that all one can do is to reef the sails. It then seems as though masts and spars will break and the ship go down. These sudden squalls are far worse than any hurricane. The ship is worn out in a few hours and gets such wide rents in her side that she has no power to resist any real storm that may arise later."

In spite of all their efforts, the Portuguese never succeeded in finding a safe route through that " witches cauldron." Many hard years of experience and pioneer work had taught Prince Henry of Portugal's seamen that it was preferable to hug the West Coast of Africa. From fear of the dangers of the unknown ocean they kept close inland, as they advanced little by little towards the Cape of Good Hope. For years and years the navigators stuck to that route. In choosing this course, however, the caravels often got stuck in the Gulf of Guinea, the fever-ridden " Region of Death," where, owing to the " calms " and to the north-flowing Benguela stream they were forced to remain as though spell-bound for weeks and even months under the scorching sun. Later the more enterprising captains sailed further and further westwards to try and discover a region of more favourable winds, which would speed them on their journey. Indeed the new route, which lay the other side of the ocean, quite near to the coast of Brazil, was finally proved better, and later always chosen in preference to the old. But even this route did not always provide a quick and safe crossing of the " Line," and had its own peculiar dangers and pitfalls. The ships had to risk being driven off their course and battered against the dreaded coast of Northern Brazil. Once there the battered ships were forced to return to Lisbon by using the Gulf Stream, as there were no south-westerly currents to carry them in the direction they wanted to go. Then they had to wait another year before trying their luck again. One such disaster occurred in 1596 to the caravel which had on board two Jesuit noblemen, Charles Spinola and his companion Jerome de Angelis. The caravel had a broken helm, and was driven against the Brazilian coast. On the return journey the ship was captured by English privateers, who dragged the two Jesuits to London, and only released them on the payment of a high ransom. In 1599 both these men once more undertook the journey to India, and later on died by torture in Japan.

The sad end of Father Diaz and his eleven companions is also well known. Their ship was driven to Cuba, and had to return to Portugal. When this brave body of priests

attempted the journey again in the following year they were suddenly attacked by French Huguenots near the Azores and killed for proclaiming their Catholic faith.

We read in the reports of terrible sufferings on the Portuguese ships in that region of heat and death. " The heat is so great and suffocating that one can hardly conceive of anything worse. Most of the food goes bad ; the water goes putrid and is alive with worms. All the meat and fish go rotten, however well salted they are. The butter melts and begins to run like oil. It is the same with the tallow candles. The ships' timbers crack, that is, the part of them which is above water. The decks run with melted pitch and tar. The inside of the ship is as hot as a baking oven." When rain fell everything began to decay and putrefy. Father Trigault reports : " The rain spells are so dangerous and pestiferous that if a man doesn't keep washing his clothes all the time and drying them in the sun they perish at once and attract all kinds of lice and other noxious insects. This is one of the most disagreeable aspects of the journey." The report of Pyrard, the Frenchman, is on much the same lines. " Rain is very dangerous in this atmosphere. Anyone who is drenched by it and does not run and change his clothes at once, will soon have his body covered with boils and blains, and his clothes full of lice. We were therefore compelled to draw an oilcloth awning over the deck, which protected us from rain and sun alike. I should find it impossible to describe in detail what we endured during these calms and these Travades, as these sudden squalls are called."

Now the passengers and crew began to suffer for the sins committed by the shipowners, for the filth of the boats, for their carelessness in regard to food and for the overcrowded and unhealthy quarters allotted to the crew. The epidemic became a plague, which soon spread over half, sometimes even over the whole ship. In most cases there was no experienced doctor to be had. The people with fever were left to find for themselves, and, in that abominable heat, had not even the strength to stand upright. The stronger of them stole the others' water rations. The passengers

fought with knives for every inch of shade. A French lay-brother, less discreet in his report than the missionaries, writes :

" The whole ship was in a state of hopeless confusion. The passengers, who lived crowded together between the bales of cargo, spewed all over each other, and those who suffered from scurvy dirtied each other. Everywhere one heard the cries and groans of men dying of thirst or hunger, cursing the day on which they had embarked, cursing their fathers and even their mothers, and the unbearable heat seemed to have driven them all out of their minds . . . . . In their distress they even robbed their companions of their last sips of water, so that the weaker died as there was no one to help them, no father to help his son, and no brother his brother, so terrible was each one's craving to save his own life by a sip of water."

The many travel reports of the missionaries between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries prove that hardly one ship escaped these hardships. We first hear of them in the rare descriptions given to us by Francis Xavier, and they are re-echoed in the last letter ever written by a Jesuit before the dissolution of the Order. Francis Xavier writes from Mozambique : " The sufferings so far have been so terrible that I would not willingly undergo them for even a day." It was only the love of God which made them endurable. On the ship which carried the Portuguese nobleman, Father John de Britto, who is now a canonised saint of the Catholic Church, two of his fellow-Jesuits and forty passengers died. " I was attacked by a serious illness on the journey. With God's help I regained my strength. My two companions caught the infection and died. I was the only priest and had to do all the work myself and tend the sick. There was nothing I did not have to endure on that ship : illness, hunger, thirst, cold, storms, and worries of every kind." Father Weiss reports in 1701 that there were 200 sick on board after crossing the line, and that a hundred and eleven of them died. He also reports that three years later, out of 300 passengers, sixty were already sick before reaching the Equator, and 82 died before the ship touched Goa.

One can therefore understand why Father Bakowsky wrote home from Lisbon in 1706 : " We have been warned to prepare ourselves for death, because of a certain infectious disease which is very prevalent on Portuguese ships."

The travellers refer to two kinds of illnesses, a very high fever and the scurvy, which the Portuguese most charmingly refer to as " the Dutch Illness." This disease " generally starts with sepsis of the mouth and swelling of the feet. The infection spreads quickly through the whole body, which soon begins to take on the black aspect of a negro's body, until finally the poison reached the heart and suffocates it." The symptoms described and the name given to this illness proves it to have been scurvy, which comes from eating too much salt food and food poor in vitamins. Those who were attacked by fever complained of intolerable headaches, faintness and attacks of giddiness. The temperature of the patients rose quickly, and then followed fainting fits and delirium. The illness often ended fatally. It may have been an illness similar to yellow fever, which is prevalent along the coast of New Guinea and is known to knock down Europeans like nine-pins, and which has made the ports of West Africa so many " white men's graves."

The problem of doctors on the ships was even greater and more serious than in Lisbon itself. We read in the 1607 travel report : " Our ship's doctor hardly knew how to bleed a patient or to cut his hair." Ninety years later Father Kastner makes the same complaint about the incompetence of the doctor. For the most part no mention at all is made of a doctor being on board. The Portuguese apparently knew no other method of treating fever than by bleeding and purging the patient. As late as the eighteenth century we still find the missionaries complaining of the ignorance of the doctors and of the insufficient supply of water and fresh, nourishing food. One report says : " The cupping of blood in order to cure fever-cases is common amongst the Portuguese, but it is such a dangerous practice that some patients, in losing their blood, lose their lives with it. The Portuguese have never heard of giving restoratives, or medicines of any kind, in order to renew

the weakened body's strength. They leave the patient to himself, until Nature comes to the rescue. If Nature prevails, then all is well ; if not, then it is all up with him and he dies from sheer weakness."

So we see that the priests had a terribly difficult problem to tackle in those floating hospitals and mortuaries. Here too, Saint Francis Xavier was an example and an encouragement for later generations of missionaries. It was taken as a matter of course that the Jesuits should nurse the sick. All the travel reports are full of announcements like these. Father Pina, for instance, writes in 1561 : " I and some lay brothers took over the nursing of the sick. One of us would enquire which of the passengers were ill and what they needed. Another prepared the medicines and syrups in the ship's pharmacy, of which he had been put in charge. I myself supervised the cooking and the distribution of the food after a consultation with the doctor, who prescribed each patient's medicines. The Viceroy was generous in his contributions to the sick and needy, and we, too, gave away a great many of our own provisions." Apparently it became the custom later to hand over to whatever missionaries there were on board ship the task of caring for the sick and seeing that they were provided with the prescribed food and medicine.

Let us try and picture the courage of these men, for they themselves were too modest to say much in their letters home about their merits and achievements : how they climbed down into the narrow, stuffy holds of the ships, where dozens of sick people lay around in semi-darkness, between barrels and chests, moaning and groaning, dirty and covered with pus : how the missionaries, " in a spirit of Christian charity crawled about over those hot, fever-ridden and sometimes putrefying bodies ; " they crawled because, in those low-ceilinged cabins, they could not even stand upright. No task was too filthy or degrading for them to undertake. They washed their sweaty, stinking clothes, nursed the infectious, fed the hungry out of their own stores and tried to comfort the dying and to prepare them for death. Themselves already infected, and half dead with fatigue, they toiled on in this repulsive, suffocating atmosphere in

order to give the Last Sacraments to the very men who, only a few days before, had been causing them endless trouble by their depraved mode of life.

In the long run all precautions, such as " washing the mouth, the nose and the temples with the most pungent vinegar " often failed, and we read without surprise that " many of the Jesuits caught the illness themselves from the breath and the clothes of the sick " and themselves died in great numbers. In the letters written by the survivors in Goa one reads again and again : " He died in the service of the sick." We need only quote one report : " God has taken the tenth member of our party. Two days before he became sick this young Father had shared the pillow of a poor soldier who had suddenly fallen ill and had not yet been won over to repentance." But in the end the sinner died a Christian death. Shortly afterwards, however, the priest died in Mozambique of the same illness, and was buried in front of the altar of the little church beside the Jesuit Bishop Morales, who had himself died suddenly on the journey out, having sacrificed his life in the same way."

The Portuguese travellers must have known of the missionaries' devotion, and their " first question, when they boarded the ship, was whether there were also Jesuits on board, and if there were any members of the Order present, they were welcomed by all with the greatest possible affection." But so many young missionaries were lost to the cause before they reached the mission fields that the superiors of the Order felt obliged to issue an instruction in 1671. This was to the effect that the departing Jesuits should preserve themselves for the real work, and not overtax their strength in the unhealthy living conditions on board ship. Special ship's chaplains were appointed by the Portuguese Government for the care of souls and to do the nursing of the sick. Some of the Jesuits had stayed down in the hold all day and all night, to nurse the sick, and had died in so doing. Others had given so much of their own food to beggars that they had run the risk of weakening their own resistance. Who will condemn these heroes for paying

little heed to this instruction? When they saw their shipmates suffer, they interpreted their orders as a piece of advice rather than as a command.

For weeks on end the hardships lasted, as the ships lay becalmed in the tropic zones. In the year 1596 one of the caravels had to return to Portugal; the second remained in the Doldrums for 66 days and was at last forced to make for Brazil, and only the third reached her destination. Something of the kind happened to the ships which started their journeys in the years 1613, 1616, 1621, 1628, 1636, and 1639, all of which had Jesuits on board. None of these ships ever reached their goal. Others ran short of food in the long periods of calm, and even after they had actually crossed the Equator, had to change their course and make for Southern Brazil.

4. *The Cape of Storms.*

Great was the joy of all when the ships had passed through the Region of Death and a strong south-easterly monsoon filled the sails. Off the heights of Pernambuco, where the South American Continent stretches out far eastwards into the Atlantic Ocean, the ships were caught by the Brazil Stream and carried southwards. Beyond the Southern Tropics they met the powerful West Wind drift which flows from Cape Horn, and from there made swift progress towards the "Cape of Good Hope," which had originally been christened by its discoverer, Bartolomeo Diaz, the "Cape of Storms."

After the stifling heat of the Tropics and after the hot summer, the sudden setting in of winter was acutely felt by the travellers, for these people from the South were not used to a cold climate, and, moreover, many of the poorer of them were very scantily clothed. The Flemish Father Trigault, says, it is true, that the Portuguese exaggerated when they talked about the intense cold which apparently existed there: for "the severest cold is no worse than what is felt in my country in the early mornings of March and September. I was at that time in my element,

and could make up the sleep which I had lost at the Equator through the cruel heat."

Meanwhile the Captains took precautions to be as well equipped as possible to meet the terrible storms which they knew lay ahead of them. The Jesuit geographer Riccioli, in his great work "Geographia reformata," mentions the region near the Cape of Good Hope and round the Natal Coast, as well as the Indian Coromandel Coast and the Gulf of Bengal, as the seas most famous for storms and shipwrecks. The Cape of Good Hope and the Natal Coast had a specially "bad reputation," and "so many ships had gone down there that the whole region had been named the seaman's grave." Working for days on end, soldiers and seamen brought the heaviest guns below deck to increase the ballast. The masts were secured by steel ropes, and all windows and hatches made fast with heavy beams. The passengers huddled still closer together in the hold of the ship.

The ships made a wide sweep southwards and tried to avoid the dangerous rocky shore of the southern cape, for fear the storms should batter them against the reefs. Not until the helmsman, by taking his bearings on a clear, starry night, had made sure that the promontory had been passed, did they dare veer north-westwards and steer for the straits of Mozambique, between Madagascar and the African continent.

Terrific storms attacked the frail ships from west and south, and "first from behind, then from in front, fell upon them with such mountainous waves that they nearly buried us under water . . . . Here we met with the usual welcome, and I shall never forget all my life the buffets we received." This report was written by Father d'Arboleda in 1560, when the mainmast of his ship was shattered by waves the height of a house. Father Trigault, writing in 1607, continues thus: "We also failed to escape the heavy storms, and, indeed, hardly any ships ever pass the Natal coast without running into them. One night the storm fell on us so suddenly that we hardly had time to reef the sails. That night was as horrible as Hell, with the rain pelting down and the thunderclaps and lightning. But the angry

wind was on our side, and we travelled a considerable distance in a few hours, carrying no canvas but a few light sails." And again a hundred years later Father Slaviczek reports : " I had to put back my head and look almost vertically up in the air to see the crests of the waves. At dawn, on July 18th, the ship was in the greatest possible danger, for although we had a powerful following wind, the mountainous waves broke the porthole shutters, forcing in the porthole with great crashes, flooding the inside of the ship and breaking up everything." In such raging seas as these, fearful terror seized the hearts of the " fever-stricken passengers and filled them with anguish. They lay in the narrow cabins with nailed-up portholes, with a feebly flickering lantern as their only light." One can understand that when at last the windows could be opened again, they felt it " as a release from Hell." But when the weather cleared again, the deck resembled " a jolly tinker's market or jumble-sale," because everyone had brought up their things to dry in the sun.

Many travellers to India, however, were never to know these happier hours. Somewhere the remains of their carack lay buried in the ' seaman's grave.' The Portuguese caracks, declared some sailor writing at the time, were indeed very good sailing ships in favourable winds, but very clumsy to steer. In storms these unmanageable giant hulks were too heavy to rise over the crests of the waves, so that the breakers swept with full force against the ship's sides, the joints were loosened and the planks themselves sometimes broken. The ships were usually worn out after a few journeys, and many broke up altogether in storms. Riccioli reports that a carack built in Bazani near Goa of the best Indian wood had made the journey to India six times, whilst other ships became unseaworthy after two or three journeys at the most. In the palace of the Viceroy of Goa there was a collection of pictures of all the India ships with the length of their lives and their histories inscribed on them. A traveller comments : " It is terrible to realize how many of these ships went down." In the second half of the sixteenth century the number of shipwrecks increased alarmingly. King Sebastian of Portugal

decided therefore that no ship over 450 tons was to be built. But after 1580 this measure was revoked under Philip II. Faria y Sousa relates that in the 60 years between 1580 and 1640, of the 323 ships which sailed from Lisbon to Goa, seventy had been lost on the outward journey, and many more on the return journey, which was hardly less dangerous. From another source we learn that in the 12 years between 1579 and 1591 twenty-two ships were wrecked between Portugal and India. Conditions did not improve with the decline of Portugal's power and wealth.

Another reason for the frequent shipwrecks was the carelessness and ignorance of the Portuguese navigators, which was commented on by some of the missionaries. Very often the captains made fatal mistakes in finding their bearings. In calculating the northern and southern latitudes they could hardly go wrong, if the weather was clear, for the Pole Stars provided some clue. But Father Stevens writes : " It is difficult to sail from East to West or from West to East, because there is no fixed point in the sky on which to base calculations. The crew try to remedy this by observing anything peculiar in the sea or in the air. They guess their position east or west from their experience in calculating the speed of the ship in relation to the force of the wind, and from the log-books of other captains." But Father Stevens thought that the best way to steer would be by the compass, watching the needle which pointed due north at the Azore island of St. Michael, and then, as the journey progressed, swung eastward and later on, after the Cape of Good Hope had been rounded, once more pointed due north. But, he said, as the navigators ignored the compass, the force of the opposing currents upset their calculations, as they did not allow for their influence on the ship's progress. Father Trigault has a similar criticism to make about the seamanship of the captain and crew. He reports that in their calculations they completely ignored the fact that the degrees of longitude become shorter and shorter the further one goes from the Equator. Other reports mention the fact that the maps were not at all reliable.

These mistakes in seamanship brought disastrous results when the ships reached the Straits of Mozambique where the " Bassas da India " were a real death-trap. Even when the sailors did their duty and conscientiously dipped the sounding-lead, the ships always risked being wrecked on dark nights or in contrary winds, in a sea which abounded in reefs and shoals, or, if they sailed inshore, of being driven against the coast of Madagascar or the African mainland. Many missionaries here experienced the most frightening hours of the whole journey. One report says : " Once more we were in terrible danger. One night we were attacked by a storm, and in the dark we lay helpless in the grip of wind and wave. I, and even the more experienced seamen, had never seen such rain or such a hurricane. Moreover, the gale drove us landwards. The whole company kept shouting : ' Look ! The ship's going aground ! She will founder ! ' But the Lord, who had decided otherwise, allowed us to escape the danger and to see the next day dawn."

When Father Stevens made his journey, the navigator's judgment failed while they were rounding the Southern Cape. Believing that the wind was favourable, he was rash enough to change his course eastwards while the ship was still much too close to the rocks. Suddenly the wind changed, and the ship was driven by heavy seas towards the coast. The ship was suddenly seen to be in only 14 fathoms of water. Everyone gave himself up for lost, for some of the anchor-ropes had already been severed, and the sails had been hoisted again so that the ship should at least be made to run aground at the most favourable spot. Then suddenly the wind veered again, and the Captain was able to make for the open sea. Father Trigault reports : " In the straits of Mozambique we had to endure two heavy storms which were much more dangerous than any we have met before. The wind changed constantly for the whole of two nights, 37 times in one night alone. The sailors had had to furl and unfurl the sails so often in obedience to the wind that they were now exhausted and had overtaxed their strength. There were some dangerous reefs close at hand, which was a further cause for alarm

and despondency. The more experienced among us were the most frightened. Even the Captain himself was in tears. There was only one cheerful aspect in the whole affair ; the lead did not touch bottom at 200 fathoms. Personally, I was indifferent to my fate. I was not frightened and remained as cool as a cucumber. But alas ! I was unworthy to die in the service of my God ! "

Even the ships which fortune had most favoured could not do the journey in under four months. The outbreaks of scurvy on the ships became more and more serious as the food became scarcer and, as Father Koch reports : " the fare less and less palatable . . . . For eight weeks we have eaten nothing but beans in oil, rice in oil, and bread boiled in water and oil." On Father von Laimbeckhoven's ship, which had been becalmed in these very waters by contrary winds, the soldiers, owing to the lack of firewood, received " once a day a handful of beans which had had a short glimpse of the fire and nothing more." So this galleon had to share the fate of most of the other ships which had not left Lisbon until late in April, and she was obliged to spend the winter in Mozambique with them.

This lonely Portuguese base on the south-east coast of Africa was, and remained, an ill-famed and hated garrison-station. On " this smallest inhabited island in the world," as the travellers to India scornfully called it, stood a strong fortress with a garrison of a hundred men, under the command of a " Governor," to which the coastal trading-centres of Sofala, Quilimane, etc., were subject. The natural and well-protected harbour was a safe anchorage for twenty large ships. Apart from that there was no inducement to put in there, for it was a particularly desolate and fever-ridden spot, situated on a strip of coast overgrown with dense virgin forest. Even more people died in this " Portuguese Cemetery " than on the ships themselves. Francis Xavier himself had to bury here forty out of five or six hundred of his fellow travellers. Even in 1737 we read : " It is unbelievable how many people die here every year; it has often happened that death has

swept away almost the whole fortress garrison in the course of a year."

Unless compelled to shelter here by contrary winds, all who could tried to avoid this spot, and if they could not avoid it, to leave it as soon as possible. The sick were brought ashore for a few days' rest. Some of them recovered from their scurvy after eating fresh vegetables and fruit, but most of them died of fever. Fresh water was therefore taken aboard as quickly as possible, the food-stock renewed, and the space on the ships previously occupied by the victims of the fever, filled with negro slaves ; sometimes shipwrecked people were taken on board, but the anchors were then weighed as soon as possible. Should, however, the trade wind in the Indian Ocean have changed with the beginning of summer, the unhappy travellers had willy-nilly to put up with being kept there between nine and ten months, and to wait until the monsoon changed again. It was in order to shelter these unfortunates that the Jesuits built a small house near the fortress. This building was intended to be a parochial house, a school for the poor colony, a base for the small Kaffir mission on the lower reaches of the Zambesi and a hostel for passing missionaries.

Finally, in August of the following year, would come the hour of deliverance from this desolate, lonely, fever-and death-ridden spot. In the meantime every inch of space on board which had been cleared by the death of so many travellers had been crammed with negro slaves. For Portugal, like every other nation, made enormous profits by the scandalous practice of slave trading. Father von Laimbeckhoven reports indignantly that, on a convoy ship which carried five hundred negroes, " eighty, most of them small children between five and nine years of age, were swept overboard by the storm and miserably drowned."

The journey from Mozambique to India usually took about four weeks. The ships took a northerly course and either steered in the direction of Socotra, the port at the entrance to the Red Sea, or actually called there to take provisions and fresh water on board. Ships which arrived rather late in the Indian Ocean ran the risk of not being

able to battle with the north winds and, instead of landing in Goa, of landing somewhere in Southern India, in Ceylon, or even in Malacca. Thus it happened that in 1555 a caravel foundered near the Maldive Islands, to the south of India and, in 1560, two others were driven out of their course to Ceylon, and the "Saint Paul" went down off Sumatra.

After so many months of travel and danger, imagine the joy with which the travellers first saw the sea-birds whose presence announced the nearness of the Indian Coast! At last, after a journey of at least five or six, possibly sixteen or seventeen months, a stretch of green shore would appear and behind it in the distance a tall, blue mountain-range stretching the whole length of the horizon. India, the land of their longing, had been reached! A cautious captain might drop anchor here, to await daylight before crossing the dreaded Goa sandbanks at the mouth of the river Mandovi. Coastal and patrol ships escorted the Indian carack in the last hours of her journey, when she sailed up the river between the dark groves of cocoanut trees which lined the banks. Then the weary travellers would see on their right a town, with walls, towers, wharves, arsenals, palaces and churches: Goa, the "Rome of the East." Brother Matter, who always liked to have his little joke, reports: "When we entered the harbour, there was an endless cannonade from all the guns we carried, large and small; for when there is no longer any enemy to fear, the last ounce of powder must always be fired off." In the general merriment all the crockery was either smashed, given away or stolen. "Only the passengers who had weathered the journey, and the locked-up trunks eventually got ashore. Everything else was sold," says one of the reports.

5. *In Golden Goa.*

As soon as the people heard that a Royal ship had arrived in Goa, the town took on a festive aspect. The inhabitants thronged to the sea-shore, a crowd of white, brown and black figures, among them the students of the Jesuit college

with their professors. Then long-boats were sent out to bring the missionaries on shore ; they were often so tired and weak from lack of food " that they could hardly crawl on all fours into the boats." Dozens and sometimes hundreds of sick were taken to the Royal Hospital on the stretchers which were waiting for them, while the passengers who could walk quickly formed a procession. " The moment we landed, we were given a parasol or an umbrella each, for parasols and umbrellas are necessary to keep off the sun's heat. A large body of Jesuit fathers and brothers and a number of city councillors were awaiting us in front of the College. Once more we were welcomed (as we had been on the quay) with very lovely music. They led us into the marvellously decorated church. Here we fell on our faces, prayed before the Blessed Sacrament and thanked the Lord for so many benefits conferred upon us. Then they led us into the sacristy, where we said a prayer over the grave of Father Xavier, the Saint, and the martyrs of Salsette, Rudolf Aquaviva and his companions. O, my soul, " exclaims Father Trigault, " what joy shall be thine when this long earthly pilgrimage is over, if thou art so uplifted at the end of this short journey." Meanwhile in St. Paul's College everything was prepared for the refreshment of the travellers. " At the tailor's shop great tubs were put out, in which our bodies were washed with warm water and aromatic herbs, for, after nine months on board ship, we had become dirty enough in all conscience. Then they dressed us from head to foot in new clothes, Indian fashion, so that we should keep nothing of our former European appearance. Finally, the college barber arrived, and trimmed our beards, hair and tonsures after the fashion of the country. Then they took us off to feed us." The whole community took part in the banquet, which was served in the refectory, magnificently decorated for the occasion.

The first two weeks were entirely given over to restoring the missionaries to health. In the refectory the new arrivals were given rich, strengthening food, specially chosen for them. After a week or a fortnight they were assigned to one of the forty Jesuit parishes in the thickly populated

peninsula of Salsette and, with the permission of the Superiors of the Order, banqueted by all the parish priests in turn and subjected to a flow of questions about distant Portugal. Finally the time came to start work in earnest. Those of the missionaries who had to work anywhere in India went off by sea or overland to the Mission stations allotted to them. The young members of the order, who had not yet finished their education, could complete their philosophical and theological studies in Goa. The missionaries destined for China, Japan or the Moluccas did services of various kinds, until in May the time came for them to continue their journey.

Meanwhile, after the beaching of the ships, the sick were sorted out according to their rank, and lodged either in the infirmary of the Jesuit College or in the Royal Hospital. All received the best possible attention.

At the start of the eighteenth century, the college infirmary contained seventeen single rooms and one hall. Each patient had his own special Indian attendant. A lay brother was in charge of the service. All Indian mission-houses of the order had the right to send their patients to Goa for better treatment, so there was always an average of twenty to twenty-four patients housed there. To cover the great expense they started a cocoanut plantation and each individual house had to make a contribution for the care of its own sick. " This institution will be better run if the superiors and bursars are made to realise that they themselves may one day be in need of its help and of its medicines."

The running of the great Royal Hospital for laymen was also entrusted to the Jesuit Order. The French adventurer Pyrard was amazed at the " magnificence of this building " when, in 1608, he was taken in there as a patient. He maintained that a hospital like that had no rival in the whole world.

" It occupies a very large area, has many passages, courtyards and pleasant gardens, where the sick can breathe fresh air. In the centre there is a large, finely paved courtyard with a fountain playing, in which the patients are sometimes allowed to bathe. At night the whole

house is lit up with lamps, lanterns and lights of all kinds. The passages are decorated with pictures portraying scenes from the Bible. There are two other magnificent churches belonging to the Institution."

Pyrard estimated the number of sick at about fifteen hundred, "all Portuguese and mostly soldiers, for the Indians and the women have separate quarters." Pyrard saw with his own eyes the need for such a hospital, for he was present at the arrival of the four large caracks in 1609. Each ship had started with a complement of over one thousand, passengers and crew, but a bare three hundred arrived in Goa, and most of them were ill. Of the twenty-four Jesuits who travelled that year, seven died.

The nursing in the hospital was also highly praised by this writer. "Each patient has a bed to himself, two shoes' length from his neighbour's. It is made up of cotton mattresses piled one on the other. The bedsteads are low, but prettily painted in various colours. There is a special ward for each illness, and in each ward there are enough beds for every patient. The sheets are made of very fine, white cotton. When new patients are brought in, all the hair is shaved off their bodies ; they are then given baths and maintained in this condition of cleanliness until they leave. The linen is changed every third day. There is no lack of doctors, surgeons and chemists, and they all visit the patients twice a day. The rest of the staff consists of Portuguese and Christian slaves."

Finally Pyrard gives high praise to the excellent fare in the Royal Hospital. "Everyone is given a whole boiled or roasted fowl to himself. Everyone gets what he wants, subject to the doctor's orders : rice, good soups, eggs, fish, sweets, meat of various kinds, and fruit of every sort, size and description. You can get as much bread as you want. None of the scraps are ever hashed up again. The patients are allowed to dine with their friends. If the attendants know that one of the patients is expecting a visitor, they bring an extra helping of food. Actually outsiders are only allowed to visit the hospital between eight and eleven in the morning and between three and six in the afternoon. All the plates and dishes are of Chinese

porcelain. After the meal the Portuguese attendant in each room asks in a loud voice if everyone has had his fill and if there are any complaints. When one of the sick starts to recover, he is put into another ward, where the patients are in the same stage of convalescence as himself."

The hospital was apparently founded through the King's generosity and later still further enriched by many donations from Portuguese philanthropists. So the hospital's income was high and the cost of living low, " and the wise husbandry of the Jesuits increased it daily. They even get their cheese and other produce from North India." When the patients were dismissed from the hospital they were finally fitted out with fresh clothes and given some pocket-money.

With the collapse of the Portuguese colonial power the Royal Hospital also seems to have lost some of its former splendours. At least we may suppose this from the remarks of the Bohemian lay brother, Christoph Matter, whose delightful travel report we have quoted several times already. When in 1709 Matter came to Goa he had to admit that everything looked even worse there than in Lisbon. There were no doctors whatever ; the Jesuit college chemist certainly understood " the commercial side of his business to the full and was in direct communication with all the four continents, but he had never learnt the art of chemistry. In short, he was an excellent manager, and had at his finger's ends all the prices and names of the various medicines, but could not himself prepare a single useful drug. I therefore started to arrange everything on our own lines." The " Erste Teutsche Apotheker " (the first German chemist) was so successful that the running of the Royal Hospital, which till now had been managed by a retired soldier, was entrusted to his hands. " Such people were useless to the sick, especially in districts where the chemist did the work of the head physician," and who often had himself to prepare the drugs which had gone bad after travelling such a long distance. The Jesuit brother gives a graphic description of his activities as " Physician-in-Chief " of the Hospital. " In my chemist's

shop, I have nine assistants, two of whom write out prescriptions and bills. One of them has to come with me when I visit my patients. These visits take place three times a day : at 5.30 in the morning, at 2 in the afternoon and at 8.30 in the evening. There are nine of us in all who go through all the rooms, I, the chief sick-room attendant, an assistant chemist, a bleeder, a barber, a cook, a general help from the patient's refectory and two moors. We visit one sick man after another. I play the role of head physician. My assistant writes down in a book everything I prescribe. After the rounds are finished, each of us returns to his own duties. The medicines are prepared. Each sick-bed attendant fetches the prescribed mixture for his patient. The head attendant keeps a close watch to see that every patient is well looked after. The spiritual father talks to them if they want him to, and not if they do not. The cooks work hard to keep ready all the various dishes prescribed by me for each particular sufferer ; for example choice vegetables, sweet dishes and young chickens. In a word : everything works with the rhythm and precision of an English clock. I would much rather look after twenty Indians in this town than two discontented grumblers in Teutschland." Brother Matter, however, is less enthusiastic about " an age-old and very barbarous Indian cure," which he would gladly have abolished but could not, for his efforts met with too much resistance from the Portuguese. " Whenever someone is sick—regardless of the illness—he has both his feet burned with a glowing iron till the flesh is raw, and thinks nothing of the terrible pain which this murderous branding causes him . . . . . To bleed him, they make a cross-wise incision in his back with a knife, so deep that one could actually plant peas in the wounds." The Brother was more successful in his fight against the custom of giving a " purge of a whole or half-a-pint which caused either strong vomiting or the loosening of the bowels." He prescribed only three or four ounces and recommended " gentle sweating potions which have added great glory to German medicine."

Christoph Matter directed the Royal Hospital excellently up to his death in 1721. In the year 1750 another

German lay-brother took over the management of the important pharmacy.

When we remember the unhealthy conditions which prevailed on the Portuguese India-ships, we can realise the importance of the Asiatic missions. Many valuable lives were at stake, and the fate of these people depended entirely on whether they fell into the hands of an expert or a bungler. One must do justice to the quality of the treatment given to the patients in Goa, in spite of the lamentable lack of doctors. The Jesuits in Goa apparently worked for their colleagues who had been taken sick on the journey " with such energy that it seemed as though the charity of the whole Society had been concentrated in this spot." In this way they remained true to the fine tradition of their Order.

6. *The Cancer on China's Back.*

Goa, the Rome of the East, was not only the end of the journey to India, but also the starting point for the journeys to the various Far East missions. From here the Jesuit missionaries travelled to the Great Mogul's court in Agra and Delhi, to the Kingdom of " Prester John " in Abyssinia, to the far-off Spice Islands of the Moluccan archipelago, and above all to China and Japan.

Up till the year 1614, Japan was the most successful of the Eastern mission-fields, " the Land of Promise, which in ten years will be Christian if we get enough missionaries for the work." The superiors of the Order therefore detailed the greater part of the younger generation for the " Land of the Rising Sun." At this time countless journeys were made to Japan. However, after the outbreak of the pitiless and systematic persecution of the " South Barbarians " by the Shogun dynasty of the House of Togugawa, the sea-trade with Nagasaki soon dwindled. Japan adopted a policy of complete isolation and forbade European evangelists and merchants to enter her islands.

Henceforth China became the centre of religious and diplomatic interest. Hesitatingly it opened its well guarded

frontiers to foreigners, and handed over to the Portuguese the Makao peninsula in the outlying district of Canton as a free harbour. Moreover, during the long reign of the tolerant Emperor Kanghi (1661-1722), more and more Jesuits were allowed to enter the Central Kingdom of China. A carefully compiled list shows a total of four hundred and sixty-three names of Chinese missionaries, of whom, incidentally, eighty were native to the country. But in the course of the eighteenth century there was a set-back in China as well. On the other hand the missions in Tonking, Annam and Cochin-China increased in importance. Macao, however, still remained the principal spring-board for the Indo-Chinese missions : it was from here that the Chinese junks took the travellers to their various fields of action.

Goa and Macao were therefore the most important centres of the old Asiatic Jesuit missions. The Portuguese shipping line between the two harbour towns was their life-artery.

The journey from India to China through the Straits of Malacca took between sixty and eighty days under normal sailing conditions. But it was limited to certain " periods dependent on Nature's laws, for at each season of the year the winds have their own strange turns and courses which, they never abandon. Thus for half the year the North Wind, and for the other half the South, have blown so consistently that this regularity has never changed within men's memory." The Chinese missionaries therefore had to leave the Indian harbours before the setting in of the stormy south-east monsoon and then, having rounded Singapore, to make use of the monsoon to sail northwards across the China Sea. Any European ship entering Goa in the autumn was therefore compelled to remain there between six and eight months, to " hibernate there, as it were," for the journey to Malacca usually started in May. Usually smaller ships were used for the transport of goods to the Far East trading companies ; the cumbersome caracks were mostly used for oceanic transport between Portugal and India.

The travellers to China and Japan had two great obstacles to overcome ; the Straits of Malacca which was the " most

wearisome sea-journey possible to imagine," and the typhoons of the South China Seas which sailors regarded with an almost superstitious fear, as " it needs a miracle to ride such storms, for the typhoon seizes the whole vessel, whirls it round and turns it deeper and deeper, until it at last reaches the bottom of the sea."

In the long stretch of the Straits of Malacca the travellers once more entered the region of the Doldrums with its powerful rainstorms. The ships sometimes tried reefing their sails and drifting southwards, borne by the slow tide. But a sudden rising south wind would often drive them back in a few hours as far as they had advanced in several days. Not until the ship was well advanced into the deeper waters of the straits could the seamen effectively defeat a fresh attack from the wind by letting down the anchor. The sailors often had to carry out this laborious and unwelcome overtime work in the scorching midday heat, whenever the capricious wind chose to change direction. The rich catches of " very valuable fish " provided some compensation for this drudgery. In times of calm the natives brought fresh fruits in canoes from the nearby shore, or the captains sent out boats with a couple of armed soldiers to search the coastal settlements with their tropical vegetation for food or drinking water.

These important straits were commanded by the fortress of Malacca, whose strategic position was later taken over by Singapore. The harbour there possessed the priceless advantage of being usable by ships at all seasons of the year. Many, however, were forced to spend long periods of waiting here. " Any ship from China or Japan which does not put in before Christmas, must wait here for the next monsoon period. The ships from India put in here twice a year, in May or September, but there was only one season favourable for those travelling to India." Thus Malacca was the recognised transit-harbour for goods from China, Japan and the Moluccas on one side, and on the other for the products of Arabia, India and Europe.

Under the protection of the fortress, the Jesuits, led by Father Balthazar Diaz, set up a mission-station in 1556 to provide the brethren in Japan and in the Moluccas with

all the necessities of life and to send news to Goa from time to time. The modest settlement later developed into an equally modest college for the children of the Portuguese colonists. Here the passing missionaries were often hospitably entertained until the ship-owners had settled their business, and the weather was favourable for the continuation of the journey.

In 1641, after a long siege and a sturdy defence, the town fell into the hands of the enterprising and ambitious Dutch East India Company. The Catholic services were at once proscribed and could henceforth only be held in secret. The Jesuits, in particular, were strictly forbidden to stay in the town.

By degrees Malacca lost its commercial prosperity under the rulership of the Dutch, for the Netherlands made Batavia, on the island of Java, their administrative capital. But a strong garrison was still maintained in the fortress. The mercenaries were usually Germans, and many of them Catholics. So it was fairly common to see in the town a passing missionary dressed as a layman, who had come to provide his lonely fellow-Catholics with the comforts of their religion.

When the ships had passed the Petra Bianca, which was a small, white, rocky reef, a death-trap for sailors, the far end of the Straits of Malacca could be said to have been successfully reached. These straits could usually be navigated in about a month, with the exercise of patient and conscientious seamanship. Having passed out of the straits, the ships turned eastwards and then north-eastwards and were swept by the south-west monsoon, which starts in April, swiftly and with full spread of sail up the South China seas. Now the Parzell or Baixa S. Antonio, a long sand-bank near the coast of Indo-China, must at all costs be avoided—this sandband was a death-trap to ships. The typhoons, too, caused many disasters here. Francis Xavier himself writes from Malacca : " The journey to Japan is very dangerous, for the ships are exposed to severe storms, to the danger of running against reefs and to pirates. It is considered a great piece of good luck if, out of three ships which set sail from these regions, two get through

unharmed." Riccioli, the cosmographer, writing much later, also reckons this sea and the Natal coast as the most dangerous waters of the Pacific.

When in June or July the first Chinese islands were sighted and from the masthead the cry rang out " Terra, terra da China," the Jesuits crowded the decks, and with a wild surmise, which we can now perhaps more readily understand, tried to spy out Santschan, the islet on which Francis Xavier had died a lonely death before the closed gateway into China. Whenever possible, the missionaries went ashore here to sing the Te Deum or even to celebrate Mass at the Saint's first grave.

After all these perils the ships still had to navigate the maze of islands which crowded the mouth of the Pearl river. Then at last, when they had sailed past a small rocky peninsula which projected from the mainland, they saw the harbour of Macao before their eyes. The goal had been reached.

The " Town of the Blessed Name of God," which is the official name for Macao, was the only safe base for the Christian Missions in the Far East. The Chinese had handed over to the Portuguese this easily blockaded peninsula in return for many counter-concessions. From time to time voices were raised in protest against this " Cancer on China's back." But owing to the greed of the Mandarins in nearby Canton and the influence of the missionaries at the Court of Peking, this port, the only free port for European trading-vessels, was preserved over and over again from destruction. And in 1622 the Portuguese succeeded in beating back a surprise attack from a Dutch flotilla. Macao is today still in Portuguese hands, although Shanghai and Hongkong have usurped its importance as a maritime base.

The Jesuits owned several mission-houses in this far-flung outpost of the Portuguese Colonial Empire. The Chinese missionaries were housed in St. Joseph's College until eventually, having learnt the language, they could travel into the interior of the country. In the same way, the older foundation of the College of St. Paul was the mother-house of the so-called Japanese Province. It had

originally served as a hostel for the members of the Order, who always made Macao a stopping place on their journey to Japan. Whenever there was no ship in Malacca which was bound straight for the Mikado's kingdom, the missionaries had to board a ship which was making for Macao, and here, for a whole ten months, " from August till May of next year, to bide our souls in patience." A long wait indeed, considering that the crossing from China to Nagasaki took only a fortnight ! We can understand, therefore, the rather despairing utterance of one of these men : " Delays like these are extremely disagreeable, and a hard trial even for the most steadfast." When the great persecution broke out in Japan and the missionaries were expelled from that country, the College of St. Paul became more important than ever. It became the training centre for the Japanese members of the Order, and a refuge for the exiles. From St. Paul's College they tried to start new mission-houses in the Malayan principalities. In short, what Goa was for the Jesuits in India, Macao was for the missionaries in the Far East.

Every journey to India was a great adventure, a long, hard struggle with the sea, a dangerous gamble with death. In this age of hygiene and technical science the travelling conditions and difficulties of these journeys appear not only startling but actually incredible. Distances which since the discovery of steam propulsion and the Diesel engine can be covered in a few weeks—in days even—were, in the times of the sailing-ships, a question of long, wearisome years. In the spring of the year 1601, let us say, the Indian fleet started from Lisbon to sail round Africa. In the autumn it put in at Goa. Here the travellers had to wait eight months for favourable weather. In May of the second year the journey continued and in summer they reached the Chinese harbour of Macao. Here the Japanese missionaries, though at the very doorstep of their goal after their 6,000 mile journey from Portugal, had to put in another waiting period of nearly ten months, and only reached their final objective in the third year after their departure from Europe.

If the wind conditions were unfavourable, the enforced hibernation in Mozambique might prolong the journey for a further year, and if we add to the sea-voyage itself the long distances from Italy or from the German provinces and the possibly dangerous and difficult journeys from Macao to the Malay Peninsula and to the inner provinces of China, we realize how much time and energy were wasted on the journeys alone. Many brave missionaries had to sacrifice three, four or even more of the best years of their lives before they could begin the work they longed to do.

CHAPTER II.

ADVENTURES ON THE ASIATIC SEAS.

THE Portuguese Jesuit Antonio Franco published in 1726 a bulky volume containing the chronicles of his province. In this book he has jotted down how many ships sailed yearly for India, whether the journey was successful or unsuccessful, and the names of all the missionaries who travelled to the Far East. These dry notes give a valuable glimpse into the history of the annual missionary journeys ; we see the plan as originally conceived, we read how it developed, and what eventually befell those who took part in it. The object of this chapter is, with the help of this chronicle and of many other contemporary records, to trace the development of the sea traffic on the Asiatic seas and to describe in detail the more memorable adventures of the Jesuit missionaries. These missionaries had in 1556 pressed forward enthusiastically from India to the remote Spice Islands, to Islam-encircled Abyssinia and to far-off Japan and China, whose doors had so long been closed to them. And in this chapter we have tried to follow in the wake of the missionaries, visiting each country in turn as they visited them. In doing so we found that the chapter fell of itself into an orderly sequence of sub-headings.

7. *Reinforcements for India.*

In spite of the swift growth of the Jesuit Order in the first decades of its existence, it needed all its strength to meet the urgent demands for work in Europe. Far-off India, therefore, received new batches of men at very wide intervals ; the usual number of missionaries to embark each spring in Lisbon was six. Had all reached their destination their work would have been of the greatest value, for there

was a great dearth of priests in India. But let us see what actually happened !

In the year 1548 ten Jesuits travelled to India. The Flemish Caspar Berse, who later became one of Francis Xavier's best lieutenants, worked on board as a cook, until at last the captain of the ship took pity on the missionaries and allowed their food to be cooked in his own kitchen. More than 100 sick were disembarked at Mozambique. This was a comparatively lucky journey and lasted only five and a half months.

The year 1555 has become notorious in mission history. A ship foundered in the dead of night on a barren island near the Maledives. The captain escaped with twenty or so of his men in a boat and on a raft. All the other 250 shipwrecked people died of hunger, as only a small quantity of food could be recovered from the ship, and help from Goa came too late. From the reports of survivors we learn that the three Jesuits who were among the dead had stubbornly refused to accept places in the boat or on the raft. " They preferred to die with the rest, rather than leave them without spiritual help in their hour of need."

But variable are the moods of wind and tide ! Shortly after this disaster we read of a journey to India " more fortunate than any which had taken place in the last twenty years." But even on that occasion one of the five ships, the " Saint Paul," was driven southwards far off her course and did not reach India till January of the following year.

In 1560 this carack also came to grief. Driven even further from her course, she foundered off the coast of Sumatra. Two missionaries who were on board succeeded in fighting their way through to Malacca. The other ships of that fleet had also had more than their usual share of illness and danger for they had started their journey late. As Father d'Arboleda reports, his caravel lost two precious months near the Canary Islands and in the Doldrums. The captain decided, therefore, not to land at Mozambique, but to sail straight for India. After a fierce and stormy night, in which the exhausted and helpless men had been almost compelled to abandon ship, land

was sighted a mile away. But they suddenly saw to their horror the wreck of the galleon which had joined the Capitana a short while previously, and no one on board knew where on earth they could be ! And when strange sails were sighted, they all rushed to take up action stations. However these ships proved to be a fleet manned by Indian Christians and captained by a Jesuit priest, who had come to find out who they were, and the bewildered captain was informed that he was near Manaar, a small island lying between Ceylon and the Indian mainland.

For the following ten years the journeys to India continued without any serious disaster, although the usual difficulties had to be met and overcome. In 1569, for instance, only one caravel succeeded in fighting her way through to India ; the second had to return to Portugal, whilst the third had to remain 66 days at the Equator and was finally forced to make for Brazil.

For the whole of this period the missionaries had to face dangers of every kind even along the Indian coast-line. For between the widely-spaced Portuguese bases the natives could maintain their independence and, from their hiding places along the Malabar coast, could sally out and attack any passing ship. The annual report for 1568, for instance, shows what kind of adventures and surprises the missionaries had to contend with. This report mentions first of all the death of two Jesuits on the journey to Japan, and goes on to describe in detail how five missionaries on different occasions succeeded only with the greatest luck in escaping the ambushes of the Malabar pirates. Father Lopez, together with three other brothers, had embarked at Cochin on one of the larger ships which had a crew of over a hundred men. On the second day out the foist was attacked by fifteen small enemy sloops. The Portuguese, who were better armed, held their own successfully until evening. Then, by accident, the powder magazine caught fire, and the force of the explosion threw the whole crew overboard, Father Lopez among them. The Mahommedans saw by his tonsure that Father Lopez was a priest, and as he was struggling in the water, they fished him out. When he confessed his faith he was stabbed to death. Two of

his companions suffered the same fate. The fourth was taken prisoner on shore with a few soldiers, and later ransomed.

During the first years of the foundation of the Order the Jesuits led what might in journalese be described as a life " crowded with incident " in their missions to the Far East, a " vivere pericolosamente " in the highest sense. They were allowed very little rest when they arrived at their mission-stations after their adventurous journeys. " Great is the harvest which has been reaped in this land," writes the Superior to the General of the Order. " But we are so busy that we hardly find time to sleep, as there are only a few of us and most of us are sick." As a result of overwork, the climate, the persecutions and the dangers on sea and on land, the instances of death among the missionaries were disproportionately frequent. Help was badly needed.

In the year 1574 Father Alessandro Valignani appeared as a saviour in need. He was one of the most outstanding figures among the Jesuit missionaries to the Far East. He had begun life as a student in Padua, and had spent over a year of his young life in a detention prison, because one night, in a fit of jealous rage, he had wounded a certain Francheschina Trona in the face with a dagger. Later in his life he was banned from the Republic of Venice, and came to work in Rome as a lawyer under the aegis of Pope Paul IV, who had been an intimate friend of his father. Suddenly his character changed. At the age of twenty-seven Valignani became a Jesuit. When he was still a novice he paid off his last debt of 250 scudi. Seven years later we find him appointed official Visitor to all the Asiatic missions of the Jesuit Order, and at the age of 34 given " special powers " in the very widest sense. With a retinue of 41 priests, the largest body which the Order had ever sent to India, Valignani arrived in Goa, and proceeded to discipline and re-organize the missions in India, Japan and China. His ability as an organizer was reflected very soon in an increase of recruits from Europe. From 1576 onwards usually between 10 and 15 missionaries travelled annually to the Far East.

What do the old Chronicles tell us of the journeys to India in these next thirty years? In the fifteen-seventies Father Thomas Busten Stevens' journey is the most remarkable, for this Jesuit was the first Englishman to reach India. His many valuable letters to his father helped to awaken the interest of the City of London in the trade with India. Father Stevens made a name for himself later as a poet and philologist by his vast biblical epic of ten thousand verses in the South Indian dialect of Konkani.

The journeys to India had proceeded fairly smoothly for ten years when, in 1585, a catastrophe occurred which is mentioned in all contemporary literature. We refer to the shipwreck of the " Saint Jacob " off the coast of Mozambique, in which a great number of Portuguese and several missionaries were drowned, died of hunger on the cliffs, of fever, or of torture at the hands of the Kaffirs. The following year brought the first loss of a carack through enemy action. The " Sao Felipe," the pride of the Portuguese navy, was captured with its rich cargo by Francis Drake on the return journey from India. The power of the Portuguese in the South Atlantic and in the Indian Ocean, which was to a large extent dependent on its great battleships, was greatly weakened by this defeat. The legend of the invincibility of the Portuguese caracks was destroyed once and for all. From now on no ship, however large and heavily gunned, could consider herself safe from capture. In 1592, the unusually powerful " Madre de Dios," a carack of 1,600 tons, carrying 9,000 hundredweight of cargo on board, valued at £150,000, was captured by the enemy. The Portuguese losses soon became intolerably heavy. The political situation in the mother-country which, after the extinction of the Royal House, had been forcibly absorbed by Spain, had a fatal effect on Portugal's trade with India. Portugal was involved in the wars of Spain against England and Holland. Her harbours were now closed to the merchantmen of the north, so these merchantmen proceeded to trade with Asia on their own account instead of putting in to Lisbon to buy the produce of the East. The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 had the immediate effect of breaking up the Iberian

control of the Atlantic sea-routes. In 1595, or thereabouts, Houtmans, who had learnt his trade in Portugal's fleet, made his first journey to India with a Dutch fleet. Ten years later the Dutch boldly attacked Calicut, in order to get control of the pepper-trade along the Malabar coast. At the same time another fleet attacked a heavily laden ship on the Macao roads. Dutch power in the Far East was now established. When we remember the religious dissensions of those days, in which the principle "cujus regio, eius religio" prevailed, we can see that the Jesuits had much, if not everything, to fear from this development. The first victims of the changeover of political power were the isolated missions on the much-coveted Spice Islands of the Moluccas.

8. *On the Spice Islands.*

We who live in an age of rationing can hardly understand the gastronomic achievements of the European kitchens at the beginning of the New Age. The well-known popular writer of the period, Father Drexel, S.J., wrote disapprovingly of his contemporaries: "At banquets 50 different hot courses are brought straight from the kitchen, and these are followed by an equal number of dessert dishes. This is an every day affair." The famous poet Balde, a colleague of Father Drexel, founded at that time a "Society of the Lean." The common people called this disguised Temperance Society "The Dry Order." But elsewhere gluttony was rife. Not only in Central Europe, which was renowned for its greed, but also in England, France and Spain, the master-cooks were hard put to it to excite their customers jaded palates by inventing more and more pungent sauces. It is said of the Emperor Charles V, that in the end he ate dishes which were so very hot that no one else could touch them. Thus it came about that the sale of the fashionable cloves, nutmegs and pepper became a very lucrative business. To quote an instance: in 1553 two Basle merchants declared for tax 45 sacks of pepper valued at 3,685 ducats.

The Orient had for years provided greedy Europe with these valuable products through the medium of Arab and Persian merchants. The control of the lucrative spice trade had been one of the aims which the Portuguese explorers had obstinately pursued in their many journeys. One of Albuquerque's first actions after conquering Malacca was to send a ship to discover the home of the treasured spices, in the unexplored tangled mass of islands of the Indonese archipelago. At the very far end of the narrows which are formed by Sumatra, Java, and Flores in the south and Borneo and Celebes in the north, the Portuguese captain had discovered what so many had been searching for for years, the islands of Serang, Banda, Tidore and Jailol, to name the most important of them. On the shore of the lovely bay of Amboina, at the southern end of Serang, a memorial stone, a " Padrao," was put up. This was a Lusitanian custom and signified possession. A little later a fixed garrison was established in Ternate, which lies slightly to the north, near the Equator, to insure the important trade interests of the Christian seapower against the Mahommedan Sultans of the small native states.

Francis Xavier himself, that tireless traveller, visited these remote islands in 1546 and 1547. They were inhabited by cannibal tribes. " Never had he been so severed from human help " as during his stay on the island of Moro. Nevertheless at a later date he sent three of his few Jesuit helpers from India to Moro, for it was unbearable for men living in that religious age to think that there could be a country without Christ. This was how the Jesuit Molucca mission was founded. This mission was maintained for fifty long years, at the cost of " great pains and loss of human life," but was finally annihilated.

One, and not the least of the missions' difficulties was the bad system of transport. The Moluccas were the world's end ; Ternate was the last bastion of Portuguese power, and the Portuguese had neither the will nor the strength to penetrate beyond it. Direct contact between Goa and Malacca, which was the transit-harbour for the Spice Trade, was maintained rather precariously by a few ships ; for here, too, the monsoons prevented more than

one return journey a year, although the journey from Malacca to Ternate took only about two months under normal conditions.

The bad shipping-service was the cause of many other troubles. The officials and soldiers on the far-off Moluccas allowed themselves even more licence than their counterparts in the Indian garrisons. The Kings of Portugal were tolerant and their decrees were issued with the best intentions, but these decrees were certainly none too strictly obeyed here at the far-flung reaches of the Empire. Moreover, the authorities thought it wise to banish the most turbulent elements of the army and navy to these remote islands, men who "saw no greater evil in killing a native than in wringing a chicken's neck and who enriched themselves as quickly as possible without troubling to serve the King or to worship God." The excesses of these men only stirred up the hatred of the naturally fanatical Mussulmans of the archipelago, and they took their revenge by constant surprise attacks on Portuguese ships and on Christian settlements. As the authority of the Protectorate Government in actual fact hardly reached beyond the sails of their caravels and the range of the fortress artillery, the Jesuit missionaries were exposed on their land and sea journeys to attacks from the Rajahs and from the many pirate ships which lurked in those parts. Woe to the missionary whose ship went aground on a hostile coast or was overpowered in a fight with Malayan ships! Slavery and death were his inevitable fate.

Father John de Beira, the first Moluccan missionary after Xavier, reports in 1553: "I was shipwrecked three times and the last time was the only one to escape. All the others perished. I swam ashore. The only thing I was able to save was my rosary. So, stripped of all my belongings, I wandered round those wild shores, looking for places to shelter and for caves in which to hide from the Mahommedans. During those nine months of suffering and privation I felt I belonged more to the dead than to the living. But at last I was caught by some renegade Christians and sold to the Mahommedans. And the Mahommedans gave me my full share of hunger and thirst." In

the end Father de Beira was saved by an unexpected volcanic eruption, which frightened away the superstitious islanders and left him to be rescued by some stray Portuguese soldiers.

In the following year, 1554, another missionary met his death in a shipwreck near Amboina, and four years later the brave Alphonso de Castro died also. He was captured by the Mahommedans on one of his missionary journeys. For five whole days the Jesuit lay chained to the bottom of a boat exposed to the blazing sun. Then they brought him ashore and kept him bound half naked to a stake for several weeks on end, exposed to swarms of gnats. At last the torturers ended this prolonged agony by cutting off his head. In the year 1571 Father Pero Mascarenhas narrowly escaped sharing the same fate. He had made a short journey of exploration to Celebes and had then gone to Malacca to take a report to his Superior. On the return journey he fell into the hands of the natives, near Java. " Given the alternative of denying his faith or being trampled to death by wild elephants, Mascarenhas remained firm." The Javanese did not carry out their threat, but allowed the Jesuit to be ransomed. Father Pero returned to his Molucca island and died there from poison, after several other adventures and five or six more attempts had been made on his life. Three other Jesuits were ambushed and put to death in the same decade. In 1579 their ship had to shelter from a storm in an inlet on the north coast of Java. Here it was attacked by 150 natives. In the slaughter which followed 73 Portuguese were killed, among them two Jesuits. Father Ferrari escaped assassination by a lucky accident. As he had left all his equipment on board the captured ship, he had first to return to Malacca. Travelling by a different route, he did not reach the mission of Tidore, to which he had been appointed, till November of the following year. Another bad accident of the same kind occurred in the year 1601.

The Jesuit missionaries were more afraid of the paralysing difficulties which awaited them on the Molucca Islands themselves than of the dangers of the journey. There

were the large distances between the islands to contend with, the dense tropical undergrowth on the mountains, the unhealthy climate of the Tropics and the lack of good food. They suffered constantly from fever, and caught "a new illness which they call 'Beri-Beri.' It starts with paralysis of the feet, then of the hands, and at last attacks the heart and kills the sufferer." Many of the royal officials, whose business it was to pay the missionaries from the proceeds of the customs, failed to do so. So the missionaries' food, was, "in regard to quality and quantity less satisfying than the food eaten in India or Europe during the strictest period of Lent."

To these physical sufferings were added spiritual trials which were even harder to bear: discouragement at the vicious habits of the Portuguese and at the barbarous customs of the islanders, who used to sell the older members of the tribe as food for their banquets. These feelings of hopelessness became unbearable because the loneliness was so great, chiefly owing to the irregularity of the postal and ship services. If a missionary were to die from the effects of the climate, his companion would remain alone for months or even years, because appointments to the mission-posts were so rare. "I have been nine years in India" writes Father Antonia Marta in 1587 from Amboina to the General of the Order. "Although I have written once a year or even oftener, I have received only one letter from you in return. It is obvious that the great distances are to blame for this. For I am convinced that if you had received our letters from the Moluccas you would not have failed to comfort us in our sufferings. Since the mission was first started here, no Provincial from Goa and no Visitor to the Asiatic mission-fields has ever paid a personal visit to these districts. I admit that the Provincial must be excused. None of the Fathers living in Goa could actually manage to get here. Our islands are indeed so remote that it would take three years to visit them." After the long journey from Goa or Molucca to Ternate, the Superior would have been obliged to wait here a full eight months for a favourable wind in order to sail to Amboina, which lay far away to the south. This journey,

it is true, took only a fortnight. But there he would have been obliged to make another halt of four months, because only then did the new monsoon period set in with the winds needed for the return journey. In other words, the Father Provincial would have been obliged to pass the whole of his three years of office far from his "Headquarters," and would have had to set aside entirely all his other important duties. The higher superiors had therefore given the necessary dispensation in advance. This dispensation freed the Father Provincial's conscience from all guilt, but did not help to lift the heavy burden borne by the lonely missionaries at the "World's End." Thus the difficulties of transport was one of the root problems of the mission-work in the Spice Islands.

All these difficulties resulted in a waste of human life far greater than that in any of the other Jesuit Missions. Of the fifty Jesuits who worked in the Moluccas between 1550 and 1605 there are fairly exact records in existence of the time of their arrival and of their retirement. Of these fifty, twenty-one died during their period of service, six of them violent deaths ; twenty-nine returned to India, most of them because they were ill or exhausted, some because of the revolutionary changes at home, some from sheer disillusionment. Almost half of them gave up before five years were over. The average of nine to ten years apostleship on the Moluccas was only maintained because seven of the Jesuits defied every adverse condition, and stuck to their posts for twenty long years.

So many tragic incidents in so short a time gave rise to anxious doubts and repeated conferences at Headquarters. Should these islands be given up altogether ? The answer was No every time ! The ideals of the Order must be upheld ; the Jesuits must remember their duty to the native Christians and continue their work in memory of those who had sacrificed their lives here. Even as late as 1593 the order was sent out : "Let everyone utterly devote himself to his task, and not think of leaving. Let us follow the example of the Patriarch Andreas Oviedo, who, forgetting himself and thinking only of the few Christians

living in the country, refused to leave Abyssinia and to accept the Papal brief nominating him to the bishopric of China."

Not all the Jesuits who had been sent to Ternate and Amboina had stood up to this test of endurance. When the mission first started, some of the Jesuits at once lost heart, turned round and sailed back to India, without even telling their Superiors. They were immediately dismissed from the Order. The desertion of the few only increased the glory of the many faithful, who stuck to their posts in face of terrible difficulties and constant danger. It was only when the Dutch East India Company rose to power at the beginning of the seventeenth century that the great adventure was brought to an end. The Spice Islands were conquered and the Catholic missionaries finally expelled.

9. *Into the Negus' Kingdom.*

Who was this mysterious Patriarch Andreas Oviedo, who was held up as an example to the Moluccan missionaries? He had been appointed Rector of the College of Gandia at a very early age, and there it fell to his lot to receive the secret vows of religion of Duke Francis of the notorious race of Borgias. Later in life he gave signal proof of his humility and obedience when he was rebuked by St. Ignatius for giving too free reign to his mystical tendencies. He had been giving eight hours a day to prayer and even went so far as to ask for a seven years' leave of absence to go and live in solitude. Oviedo was to find his solitude in the mountains of Abyssinia!

Ethiopia, like an island in the rising tide of Islam, had upheld the Christian faith safely behind her mountain walls. In the course of the fifteenth century news of the continued existence of this kingdom had come through to Portugal and it was generally believed that the mysterious king "Prester John" lived there. To establish contact with him and to form an alliance against their common traditional foe, Islam, was one of the great tasks allotted to the Lusitanian explorers. By 1550, great numbers of Portuguese had already found an entry into the Negus'

kingdom. Now the time seemed ripe to start the work of reuniting the country with Rome. Ignatius Loyola conceived a plan on a grand scale. He chose one of his best disciples, Father Nunez Barreto, to be appointed Patriarch ; two others, Oviedo and Carneiro, were consecrated Assistant Bishops and eleven men of the flower of the Order detailed as associates. This extremely important missionary expedition of the " Foundation Period " reached Goa in the year 1556 after the most favourable sea-passage to India recorded at that time.

Here the Patriarch met with bad news from Father Gonsalvez Rodriguez, who was the first Jesuit to tread the soil of the Negus' kingdom. The hope of a speedy union with Rome appeared extremely small. Moreover the Turks had won back their mastery of the Red Sea, so that access to Abyssinia had become very difficult. Bishop Oviedo, therefore, observing the greatest possible secrecy, started off ahead with five companions on the dangerous journey. This advance-guard landed on March 19th, 1557 in Arquico, near Massaua, and, after fifty days of arduous travel overland, reached the Negus' court at Gondar, near the Lake of Tana. The Roman delegation had a cold reception and there was no further talk of a union. The Negus would rather have seen Portuguese soldiers than the missionaries. The missionaries were not actually imprisoned, but they were treated with mistrust and strictly guarded.

For three whole years no news of these events reached Goa. It was thought that the Turks had succeeded in capturing Oviedo's secret letters. Disturbed by his long silence the Superiors decided to send the brave Fulgentio Freire as a spy to Abyssinia. On the 10th February, 1560, the Jesuit brother started off on a fast galley-ship. On the journey to Aden the Arabs made a surprise attack on the Portuguese foist and pursued it for the whole of that day and the whole of the next night. In the end the rowers were so exhausted that the captain decided to turn and fight the bigger craft. The soldiers used their arquebuses and fought for their lives. But in the end the Arabs overpowered the ship. The few surviving Christians were put to the galleys, and the foist was towed to Macua, a small

harbour on the south coast of Arabia. Brother Freire was severely wounded, and he and his companions in misfortune were put in irons. He managed to send a report from his prison to Goa, which ends with the words : " I am better off than I deserve to be. I, slave of the Society of Jesus, Fulgentio Freire."

Then came the year 1562. The Patriarch Nunez died in Goa, without having reached Abyssinia. It was in Abyssinia itself that Oviedo received the news of his appointment to the Patriarchate. His official residence was Fremona, a wretched little village in the district of Tigre. Here the high official of the Catholic Church spent his time ploughing up the heavy clods of earth single-handed to eke out a wretched living for himself. He was robbed of his vestments, his clothes were in rags, and his mule was burned to death in the stable. " But his sufferings are his joy." And thus the would-be hermit found his solitude.

Meanwhile the captive Freire had been sold in the slave-market and sent to Cairo ; from here he had been able to get news through to the mission in Abyssinia and tell the Jesuits there of his plight. The Jesuits wrote at once by way of Goa to the General of the Order, saying that they themselves had no chance of ransoming their colleague and that it was actually impossible to send him a single ducat. " For the love of Christ, think of his fate. It will be easier to manage his release through Venice than through India." Eventually King Sebastian of Portugal paid the Jesuit ex-galley slave's ransom out of his own pocket. Fulgentio Freire returned to Portugal and showed courage by reporting again at once for the India missions. For as an old Jesuit writer put it : " Such sufferings do not break the spirit of the brave soldiers of Christ ; they only spur them on to endure worse hardships still."

Oviedo's first attempt at forming a mission in Abyssinia had failed, in spite of all the heroism expended on the work. The reasons for the failure were mainly political. The Patriarch died in 1577, without a soul to comfort him, in complete poverty and loneliness. Two of his companions died in an attempt to bring a report to India. In 1588 there were only two Jesuits left alive in Abyssinia. The position

of the Christians was becoming more and more difficult, for, to make matters worse, the Turks had recaptured the " Straits of Mecca " and the Red sea coastline, so that communications between Goa and Gondar were almost entirely severed. Missionaries could only pass through these districts at great risk to their lives ; the Mahommedans could not forgive the Jesuits for having gone with the Portuguese men of war on their punitive expeditions and for having always stood in the front line of battle, urging the Christians on to fight the enemies of the Cross.

In spite of these difficulties the Fathers Petrus Paez and Anton de Monserrate, who had thoroughly learned the Mahommedan customs at the Great Mogul's court, set out in 1589 for Abyssinia. The two Jesuits, disguised as Armenian merchants, reached the important harbour town of Diu in North India. All their movements were kept absolutely secret. The Turkish captain, however, seems to have become suspicious ; as the boat was about to leave, he refused to take the Armenians on board and transport them to Suakin. The Jesuits therefore altered their plans, and decided to travel to Basra across the Persian Gulf ; there they hoped to join the caravan which travelled every September through Mesapotamia to Syria, and then to make their way up the Nile, across Egypt and into Abyssinia.

But when Father Paez reached Ormuz, he received news from a reliable friend that there was a ship sailing to a certain harbour on the Red Sea. So the two Jesuits travelled back to Maskat and were able to find a Turkish craft in which they sailed out of this small harbour town on the east coast of Arabia on Christmas day, 1589. But they ran into a storm at once and the ship was so terribly battered that it had to be towed by fishing-boats into a harbour in the Kuria-Muria Islands. Here the Jesuits embarked on another coastal vessel. However, in spite of all the precautions they had taken to keep their journey a secret, for a rumour had spread that two Christians were travelling in disguise through the country. The fanatical Arabs from the nearby town of Dafar seized the boat and hauled the missionaries into prison. Five days later a caravan was

leaving for the interior ; both Jesuits were strapped to the back of a camel and, exhausted by heat and hunger, finally collapsed, after endless days' marches through stony wastes or plains of prickly cactus. They were then chained to Arab mounts. After 25 days the caravan at last reached Terim in Wadi Hadramaut.

Here the population received the priests with scorn and derision. They were handed over to the " Sultan Ama of Einan " and, after three months, passed on to the Turkish Pasha of Sana, the capital of Yemen. The Pasha ordered the two suspects to appear before a tribunal. Among the officers of the law was an Indian apostate, who recognized both men as priests and betrayed them. That decided their fate. Both men were sentenced to life-long imprisonment.

In the Sana prison the missionaries met some 30 Portuguese Christians, of whom the majority were about to deny their faith in order to improve their condition. Fresh heart was now put into them by the presence and example of their new companions in distress. Even some of the apostates who had already been freed and who were living in the town returned to their faith. Four of them succeeded in escaping after some time and told the Jesuits in Goa about the plight of their fellow-Christians.

In the meantime Father Paez was being led daily to forced labour, chained to the other slaves. Father de Monserrate, however, being an old man, was allowed to remain in the prison, where he devoted all his energies to learning Arabic. In the course of time the rumour of the priests' chaste lives reached the Pasha's harem, and one of the women, who had observed the two Jesuits in the Palace garden, won from her lord and master a promise of release for the two men. Unfortunately at that very moment the Pasha happened to hear from a reliable source that the Portuguese from Goa were prepared to pay a large ransom for the two prisoners. Money prevailed over love. The Pasha now tried every means of squeezing a high ransom out of the Jesuits ; he increased the harshness of the prisoners' treatment, put them into iron collars, and threw them into a very low dungeon where they could not even sit upright. But Father Paez had no money, and at first

the Portuguese at home remained indifferent to his fate. Now the two prisoners were brought to the coast and there offered in the slave-market. As no one would buy them they were sent to the galleys. The ageing Father de Monserrate collapsed after a few months from the unaccustomed strain and became seriously ill. And now the Pasha got alarmed, fearing that he might have to forfeit the ransom. From now on he set his precious slaves to less arduous tasks. Here they were found at last, in August 1596, by an Indian merchant who bought them at the order of their Jesuit colleagues for a ransom of a thousand florins. The missionaries returned to Goa in December of that year, after nearly seven years of imprisonment. Here Father Anton de Monserrate soon died. Father Paez, for his part, soon started off again on another journey to Abyssinia.

While all this was going on, Father Abraham de Giorgiis had also started from Goa on a journey into Abyssinia and had also given his life for the cause. He was by birth a Maronite, and seemed a man very well qualified to trick the alert and watchful Turkish police and to make a success of the venture. De Giorgiis dressed himself as an Armenian cloth-merchant and left Goa on a Mahommedan ship bound for Diu. Instead of staying in Diu with his fellow-Jesuits, he went and lived with an Indian merchant. Father de Giorgiis was quite aware of the boldness of his venture : " The journey I am preparing for is full of dangers. I fully expect that I shall have to suffer for my creed and that I shall leave my head in the Mussulmans' hands." In March 1595, as the West monsoon set in, the small ship started and in spite of contrary winds, brought the missionary to Massaua. Here the Turks had a firmly established settlement on the long, narrow coral-island which they used for their trade with Abyssinia. The Avidor gave Father Abraham a royal welcome, thinking he was a rich merchant. Father Abraham was soon able to bribe natives to take secret messages to Father Lopez, who was the only man of Patriarch Oviedo's suite left alive, and who was still living in the land of the Negus. But the harbour-master of Massaua soon became suspicious, and summoned the unsuspecting missionary to his house in his Armenian

dress. Faced with the direct question whether he was a Christian or not, Father de Giorgiis made a bold confession of his faith. A few days later he was beheaded. In this way the second attempt to bring help to the lost Christians in the Abyssinian mountains failed. Two years later the one remaining Jesuit, Father Lopez, died. The flock was now shepherdless.

The leaders of the small Catholic community in Abyssinia wrote to Goa about the death of their priest, and begged that they might soon be supplied with a substitute. They argued that it was quite impossible for a Portuguese missionary to force his way through the Turkish lines ; a native Indian priest, they said, in the guise of a sailor, would have much more chance of success. The Jesuits in India fell in with this suggestion. A man who had been a scholar at the Goa seminary was chosen out of the countless volunteers who responded to the Superior's appeal. This man actually succeeded in 1598 in sneaking his way through Diu and Massaua and reaching Abyssinia. From there he sent back a secret message to say that the Pasha of Bailul, near Assab, would not be averse to accepting a good bribe, and that more priests could more quickly enter the country through this small harbour than by any other route.

Meanwhile in various conferences between the Archbishop, the Viceroy and the Provincial it had been decided to make Diu a stepping-stone for the Abyssinian mission. The harbour officials there were to grant the Turkish merchants certain privileges whenever they could show a special recommendation from the Jesuits. The latter, for their part, would grant this recommendation on condition that the journeys were made as easy as possible for their missionaries. The greedy hands of the Turkish merchants were always open to receive gold. " The gentlemen of the ' Straits of Mecca ' now send their agents and merchants to the Fathers in Diu, to have their business affairs better and more quickly settled by their patronage and authority. They even offer their services in protecting our people from perils on land and sea and providing them with food and seeing to their safe-conduct."

Father Paez was the first man to reach Abyssinia along this route. He arrived there in 1603, after waiting patiently two whole winters in Diu for a safe opportunity to sail. As a result of his encouraging report two more Jesuits were sent off in the following year. The Rector of Diu has left a moving letter describing their departure : " As the 23rd March had now arrived the Fathers took off their clerical dress and put on Armenian clothes, and we went into the Church, which had been carefully locked, and where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Before Father Anthony Fernandez stepped up to the altar, he took off his shoes as Moses did when he saw the Burning Bush. He prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, and, though his tears and sighs hindered his speech, we could hear him mutter the words : ' I commend myself to thy hands, O Lord ; do with me as Thou will'st.' Then Father Francis de Angelis did the same. It was almost midnight. The Captain of the ship sent boat after boat to fetch the Fathers on board. Finally they rose to their feet and took leave of the Most Holy Sacrament, and of all their brethren, who stayed on praying earnestly for their safety. I, however, went with them to the ship." The description of the Rector, Father Suarez, shows that the journey was a very dangerous one, " although the Fathers, through their acts of charity, had won the favour of the Turks." " The greatest danger of all was that the ship should be driven into a harbour which was not under the influence of that particular Pasha." Should that happen the missionaries were likely to be imprisoned and even killed.

After a two months' journey the two Jesuits " arrived in Suakim, having had great troubles to contend with. But their goods and the alms for the Catholics in Abyssinia were lost," for they had been stowed away on a boat which had gone down in a great storm. The Pasha gave the missionaries a friendly welcome, " because he obviously realised what the Jesuits in Diu had done for the trader on board his ship." He gave them an escort as far as the Abyssinian frontier, where their faithful friends were

awaiting them. Two other Jesuits, who travelled to Abyssinia in the following year, had an equally successful journey.

Father Paez was soon to see his persistence and organising ability crowned with success. He succeeded in overcoming the old and deeply rooted prejudices and opposition, and became the actual founder of the Abyssinian mission. His "History of Ethiopia" is the first comprehensive study of the old Christian kingdom portrayed in geographical, ethnographical, political and religious terms. Paez in his book recognizes the Lake of Tana as the source of the Blue Nile, a discovery which the English African traveller, Bruce, tried to refute in 1790, and thus expose the Spanish Jesuit as a fraud. Paez' greatest achievement lay, however, in clearing the way for a union of the Abyssinian Church with Rome. In 1622 the Negus Sissinnios, shortly before the great missionary's death, was converted openly to the Catholic faith and begged the Pope to send him a new Patriarch. Thus, in the early 1620's, the position had entirely changed, and now grand-scale missions were sent regularly to Abyssinia. Unfortunately in this case as in every case the effective exploitation of the favourable soil prepared by Father Paez was hindered by the Turkish trade barrier on the Red Sea.

Whilst in Europe the newly appointed Patriarch Alfonso Mendez was preparing for the journey with two assistant bishops and twenty missionaries, the lay and religious officials in Goa were working out the safest route for the Papal Delegation. The Negus had suggested as the best way the route through Zeila, a town in the district which we know today as British Somaliland. Information of every kind was sought from missionaries and garrison commanders right down as far as the Zambesi. Finally the Patriarch reached the main stepping-stone of the journey, Goa, after the most inconceivably horrible sea passage and a precious year's delay. During the sea journey and during the winter stay in Mozambique he had lost one of his assistant bishops and four young missionaries.

In Goa the party was divided up into small groups as a precautionary measure, and spies were sent out along

various routes to Abyssinia. Two missionaries travelled to Melinda, known today as Melindi, near Mombasa, in Kenya. These two failed entirely in their attempt and had to return. The two Portuguese, Francis Machado and Bernard Pereira, were recognised by the Turks in Zeila and put to death. But four other Jesuits, to everyone's amazement, managed to reach Abyssinia through Massaua. Apparently a last group, in spite of its predecessors' ill fate, used the Zeila route with success, and this route was then proposed to the Patriarch Mendez as the best. Zeila at that time held the position that Jibuti holds now. Every year three large caravans travelled from Zeila to the district of Tigre, and the Negus gave special privileges to the lords of the harbour town. The Patriarch with his suite actually reached the Emperor's court as early as 1625, and in the following spring there was a splendid ceremony to solemnise the reunion of the Ethiopian Church with Rome. Three years later there were already twenty-three Jesuits at work in the various provinces of Abyssinia ; for a few years it had even been possible to obtain a safe-conduct for the missionaries from the Pasha in Massaua. The Turks had eventually climbed down after the Negus had blocked the route along which the caravans travelled from the harbour into the interior. Trade with Abyssinia was essential to them.

But the whole magnificent construction collapsed like a pack of cards as soon as the Catholic missionaries lost the favour of the Sovereign. This was the tragic fate of the Jesuit missions here and in Japan, in China, in Tonking, and wherever Asiatic despots held sway. A somewhat hasty action on the part of the Patriarch Mendez against the schismatic monks and various political disturbances combined to spoil the friendly relationship which had previously existed between Church and Court. When in 1634 Sissinnios died an open persecution broke out. The missionaries were compelled either to leave the country or to hide away in lonely villages. The Patriarch and nine of his followers were handed over to the Pasha of Suakim, who was only too ready to follow the new ruler's hint and resume his old role of persecutor. Bishop Mendez and

his companions in distress were first sentenced to hard labour and then ransomed by the Portuguese.

Father Barradas had a rather similar fate, for the Emir of Aden kept him prisoner for nine long months. Two other missionaries, among them the nephew of Father Paez, were ferreted out in the desert of Assa and stabbed to death. Bishop d'Almeida and four other Jesuits who had managed to survive for some time in the country were eventually all caught in different places and hanged. The last martyrdom, which took place in 1640, brought complete annihilation to the mission which had promised so well. The few local priests and Christians became more and more lonely, for the direct approaches to Abyssinia were more strictly guarded than ever by the Turks. The Mahommedans would be satisfied with nothing less than that the kingdom of Prester John should sever itself of its own free will from its Christian allies. They were determined that the dangerous alliance should never again be repeated.

Thus an important part of the short drama of the Ethiopian mission was entirely taken up with the fight to find safe routes of entry into the remote mountain fastness. The Jesuits were fully aware of this and paid a large toll in human life to find a solution of the appalling problem. Even their missionaries on the Zambesi and in Angola were consulted in the matter.

While in 1623 the great expedition of the Patriarch Mendez was being prepared, the Viceroy of India and the ever active Visitor, Father Palmeiro, wrote to their followers in Mozambique exhorting them " to open a way of approach from that side to the kingdom of Prester John " and incidentally " to catch a small rhinoceros and a hippopotamus for His Majesty." In Goa people were talking of a great lake in the interior of Africa, behind the Portuguese naval base, and wanted to know whether one could not get at least within reasonable distance of Abyssinia by following this watercourse. Father Mariana, a missionary on the lower Zambesi, gave his Superior the required information in a full and detailed survey of the country. This Italian Jesuit, who for his Madagascar discoveries alone should be counted among the great African

explorers, is the first European to give in his report more detailed information about the lakes of Nyasa and Tanganyika. His descriptions of the following places are accurate : the mouth of the Zambesi, the watercourse of the Shiré, as well as the position, direction, breadth and length of the aforesaid lakes, whose northern ends he correctly places in the same latitude as Mombasa. However, he made one very big blunder : he maintained that both lakes were the same, and this notion held good until 1859, when it was exposed by Livingstone as false. In a resumé of his interesting geographical findings, Father Mariana sums up thus : an approach to Abyssinia from the direction of Mozambique is both possible and practicable, " but a safer and more convenient way " such as the Visitor desired, did not exist. " As far as I am concerned, I will undertake anything which the law of obedience dictates."

After this report all attempts to reach Abyssinia across the lakes of the great East African plain were abandoned. We now know that such attempts were foredoomed to failure. A last plan, which was drawn up six years later in Rome for the consideration of the Portuguese-Angola missionaries, appears to our eyes even more fantastic. It involved nothing less than crossing unknown territory of Central Africa, and this task the authorities thought they could entrust to " two missionaries who were used to the climate." Their Rector, it is true, held a different view. He answered drily that the plan was a foolhardy one, the journey long, the climate extremely unhealthy, and the inhabitants of the country untamed cannibals, who were constantly waging bloody wars. The affair should be very deeply considered before the missionaries were exposed to such obvious danger of death. After this the higher superiors decided against this plan, and it was left to Stanley, 200 years later, to discover the real lie of the land in that part of Africa.

Nothing shows better the importance of the travel problem for the Abyssinian mission than these despairing attempts to find a safe means of communication, either from the west or from the south, between the Portuguese colonial bases and the ancient Christian people of Abyssinia.

Geographical considerations made an easterly approach to Abyssinia the only possible one, and we can draw a parallel today from the fact that the railway-line between Jibuti and Addis Ababa and the road from Massaua to Gondar and Dessie are the only reliable routes into that remote mountain fastness. The far-seeing Portuguese missionary Barrabas was perhaps right when in 1633 he proposed a military occupation of Aden, Zeila and Massaua as an essential condition for any successful missionary work in Abyssinia. He backed up this suggestion by outlining a colonial programme which was carried out much later in the nineteenth century, half-heartedly by the Italians and more thoroughly by the British. Barradas' aim was to down Islam's supremacy in the Red Sea and, by making Aden into a second Goa, to assure a strong base for the Ethiopian mission. But Portugal herself was at that time already too weak, and saw too few immediate advantages to be gained by such a risky undertaking against the Turks. So in spite of the heroic sacrifices of the Jesuits the attempt broke down after a short initial success, and this breakdown was more than half attributable to the dangers of travelling at that time. Of the fifty-six missionaries who attempted to enter the Negus' kingdom between 1554 and 1639, twenty were either captured by the Mahommedans or perished in some other way.

A tragic fate also befell the Abyssinian missionaries' valuable literary work. It is true that Europe had received 'news about events in Prester John's kingdom through a number of large "yearly reports" and "circulars." But the voluminous scientific works of Father Paez, of Bishop d'Almeida and of Father Barradas, their scholarly researches into the geography, ethnology and history of Abyssinia, the first maps of the sources of the Blue Nile, etc., remained for various reasons unpublished. Father Beccari, S.J., was the first man to prepare them for print at the time when the Church was canonizing the martyrs of Abyssinia. He pieced together the maps with patient scholarship, and his arrangement of them was a model of editorship. His *Magnum Opus,* consisting of fourteen volumes, *Rerum*

Aethiopicarum Scriptores Occidentales, is a late but immortal tribute to the heroism and thirst for discovery of the Jesuits of old in the Negus' Kingdom.

10. *Rise and fall of the Barbarians from the South.*

Whereas the Jesuits made little or no progress in their efforts to preach the Gospel in and near Abyssinia, in Japan, on the contrary, their success was at first astonishingly rapid. The Japanese rather rudely christened the missionaries " the Barbarians of the South," because " their language, clothes and customs seemed to them ridiculous and merely gave cause for laughter. But the strangers' words went to their hearts, and moved them all to ask for baptism." Politics obviously also helped in the quick spreading of Christianity. In the second half of the sixteenth century Japan was passing through one of the darkest periods of her history, and the whole country was in a state of hopeless confusion. It was the unhappy time when Japan was without an Emperor. The Daimyos princes of the south, who were almost entirely independent, were anxious to be on good terms with the Portuguese in order to strengthen themselves in their struggle against the Princes of the main island of Hondo. So they allowed the missionaries to act as they pleased, and received in return modern arms and equipment from their countrymen at home.

The story of the Jesuit mission in Japan, which lasted barely a hundred years, can be divided into three periods of almost equal length. The first period comprises the thirty years before the arrival of the reformer, Father Valignani. The most marked feature of this period is the depressingly meagre supply of recruits for the mission. We can best characterise the second and third periods by borrowing the title of a contemporary Buddhist work : " The Rise and Fall of the Barbarians of the South." The year 1614 saw the great turning-point. The political development of Eastern Asia would probably have taken a completely different course, if, in this decisive hour of her history, the " Land of the Rising Sun " had found a

sound basis for a permanent understanding with the Western World.

The first European to remain for a considerable time in Japan was Francis Xavier. He called the Japanese " the best people we have yet discovered," and he wanted to send professors from the Paris University to the universities of Miako. When in 1551 Xavier had to return to India he left Cosme de Torres to carry on alone, the only priest in Japan, and various occurrences prevented his plans from being carried out. In the following year, shortly before his death, he was able to send Father Gago with two lay-brothers to Japan, where they remained alone with Father Cosme for four years ; for although Father Belchior Nunez left Goa for Japan in 1554, his journey took him two whole years to complete. His ship reached Malacca safely, but missed the favourable moment for the journey through the China seas ; then, in the following spring, Nunez, in his dilapidated craft, met with one mishap after another. In the Gulf of Siam he had to veer southwards, as the sailors implored him " not to destroy their own souls in order to save the souls of the Japanese." Father Nunez then embarked on a third ship and finally reached Macao. Once again he had missed the season favourable for continuing his journey. So he had to bide his time here until June 1556, and he profited by this compulsory stay to embark on a Portuguese merchantman and go to Canton. Thus he was the first missionary of the time to find his way into the interior of China. But here, as in Japan, he stayed only a few weeks, for he received urgent letters summoning him back to India.

Years passed and on further help came to Father de Torres. So in 1560 he resolved to send Father Gago to Goa with a report. Father Gago left on October 27 on Manuel de Mendonça's junk ; they met a terrific storm which drove them off their course to the island of Hainan and the Jesuit only reached his destination by way of Macao and Malacca in the Easter of 1562.

At the urgent request of Father Gago the Provincial Quadros at last decided to change his policy. In the subsequent four years he sent seven priests to this most promising

of missions. Two of these priests, Father Ramirez and Alcarraz, were foolish enough to entrust their lives to a certain Cochin shipowner, who compelled the merchants to embark all their goods on his cargo boat. Only with great reluctance did the priests set foot on this overloaded ship, which lay much too deep in the water and which "one could tell at a glance was bound to come to grief." It apparently went down during a typhoon in the China sea. The loss of the ship cost the Cochin merchants 400,000 ducats worth of goods. "There were many widows and orphans as a result of this disaster ; we, for our part, lost two men who could have done much in Japan in the service of God."

Four years passed and then three more priests were assigned to the mission. But in 1573 a catastrophe occurred, one that left a deep impression on the Indian Jesuits. It was in this year that the Visitor, Father Alvarez, received instructions from the General to make a personal visit to the Japanese mission. "Everyone tells me," reports Alvarez to his Superior before his departure, "that the journey to Japan will be dangerous for me because of the weak state of my health. For the last few months, it is true, I have felt a constant pain in my side. I am so weak that I can hardly stand upright at my Mass. But I go, strengthened by my sense of duty to the Church. What you wrote to me was specially comforting : even should I die on the journey, my labour would not be in vain." He was indeed destined to die, though not through ill-health as he had supposed. In Macao he and four other priests had to go aboard the ship which belonged to Don Antonio de Vilhana and which "was more blessed with men of rank and wealth than any ship which had ever sailed in that part of the world." But the Visitor embarked with the greatest reluctance and only "from dire necessity," because the merchants' obvious greed repelled him and the lack of discipline on board ship worried him. The bales of thin Chinese silk had been stowed away in the hold, while above the cabins they had stacked copper, lead and quicksilver. The ship was therefore badly ballasted and kept rolling from side to side in the water. She met a typhoon and that

was the end of her. When the storm began, orders were given that a part of the freight should be thrown overboard. "But everyone was concerned about his own property. Nobody would throw away anything but old hen-coops and empty pots and pans. To set a good example the Jesuits started taking their own chests out of the cabins and throwing them into the sea. But the storm raged more and more furiously. The ship began to sink, and finally foundered with all souls aboard. The only survivor was a Mahommedan sailor who was rescued three days later by a Portuguese junk. He brought the sad news later." The unhappy Japanese mission lost by this disaster not only a wise superior and four young assistants but also the greater part of its fortune.

Now the supply of recruits dried up, and we hear of no more arrivals until the second period in the life of the mission, when Father Valignani took charge. In 1577 fourteen missionaries all came out at the same time, and eight more followed them in the summer of the year after. But the Visitor's carefully thought out plans for the safe passage of the missionaries were almost upset at the last moment by the fury of the elements. Father Prenestino gives the following vivid pen-picture.

"On July 15th, 1578 at the end of the morning watch, when we were fifty miles from Japan, we were attacked by a typhoon so mighty and terrible that the blood froze in our veins. The crew stood motionless like statues and were at their wits' end what to do. On the next morning the storm blew stronger than ever and our fear increased with it. The people began to make vows and to confess their sins. At eight or nine o'clock, a great wave burst over the sloop, completely burying it; the seven native sailors uttered their last piteous cries; then their heads appeared, bobbing about in the waves, at wide distances from each other. At this sight we all went white with horror. Everyone was now prepared for a quick death; some of the people started praying, others had not even the wit to do this, but stared idiotically at the changing colour and expression on the face of the navigator, as the waves and squalls of wind beat against the ship. He took

not a moment's rest, but carried on with his duties. At noon it was feared that the foresail might split, and now that the mainmast had collapsed, the foresail was our only hope. But nothing in the world would induce any of the sailors to scale the rigging and repair the sail with pieces of canvas. I myself at last retired to the cabin to recite the Office of the Dead as best I could. I was certain that by nightfall we would perish. Many of the merchants and sailors had already wrapped themselves in their shrouds ; others bandaged their eyes and lay down on their beds, prepared to die there ; for they could not bear to look at the sea in its fury and at the wild waves beating.

At last I invited a fellow Jesuit to come with me and bid farewell to the rest who were lying somewhere under the top deck, weak and suffering from seasickness—we had none of us eaten anything all day. As I stepped out of the cabin, I saw the foresail suddenly ripped from top to bottom and at almost the same moment the helm split, so that the ship found herself all at once without sail or rudder, at the mercy of the horrifying waves. Now she began her death agony. The howling and roaring wind seemed to us like a monster conjured up from Hell. It paralysed us with fear. Some of the people had till then forgotten to confess. They now all began shouting : ' Give me absolution Father—give me absolution ! ' To which I replied : ' Hurry and confess some sin.' And all they could say through their tears was : ' As your Reverence pleases.' Then I to them : ' Tell me quickly of some sin that comes into your mind ! ' And they to me : ' Father, I can't remember anything at all.' So I really did not know how I could give them absolution ; and knowing the lives that some of them had led, I felt sorry for them. At last I asked them : ' Have any of you ever told a lie by any chance ? ' And they answered with wild wavings of the arms : ' Father we have none of us ever told the truth ! ' I had to be satisfied with that, as there was no time for more. The ship now showed signs of listing. Now, I must confess, my knees began to quake and my mind became confused. I merely said to Father Alfonso, who was standing beside me : ' We are about to embark on a long, long journey ! '

All the able-bodied men now rushed to the side-rail which was standing higher and higher out of the water. I myself, with a few others, gripped hold of the companion-way which led to the bridge. So we stood awaiting our last moment on earth, like men standing on the steps of the gallows expecting the final jerk. At that moment the waves swept over the whole ship. A great buffet from the waves rolled her over completely on her side so that the crow's nest lay under water. Now we all thought : ' That's the end ! ' We fell crashing to the ground, bringing the stairs down with us, and would have slid into the sea if the cabins had not held us up. I found myself lying right under the stairs, and it was only the stairs which prevented me from suffocating.

The ship lay on her side for about half an hour without righting herself. At last the people who were above me began to crawl up on all fours to the rail, from which they could almost see the ship's keel. At last I, too, managed to follow them on hands and knees. But in the trap door I saw a Portuguese who had hanged himself by the neck, so that his eyes were already starting out of his head with fear and pain. At first I was tempted to leave him to his fate, for the thought flashed through my mind that it did not matter much whether he died like that or by drowning in the sea. Fear, too, drove me on, for I wanted to catch hold of the rail. Then, however, the thought of Christ's love made me help the man, even at the risk of my own life. And so I said to myself ' This, Lord, will be the last good deed which I shall do in this life for thy love's sake ; ' I went to the man and with a great effort managed to cut him loose.

Later I saw my colleagues and some others clinging to the ropes of the upstanding rail, awaiting their last hour. Then three gigantic waves struck the hull with a fury great enough to shatter a strong rock. But none of them completely overturned our ship.

Now the navigator took courage, when he saw that the ship had not foundered after so many heavy buffetings, but was actually righting herself again. He shouted to us to lighten her. The people then began throwing everything

into the sea with a wild enthusiasm, so that in their fright they flung more stuff overboard in a few hours than in their greed they had loaded on to the ship in the same number of days. So by degrees the ship righted herself again, and though she listed twice more, she did so for less time and at a less steep angle . . . . After midnight wind and waves subsided, and at daybreak the storm had died down. Everyone made his appearance on deck ; each man rose from his tomb, and those who had given themselves up for dead, climbed out of their caves and graves and stood up, and all started gabbling away together after their long enforced silence, and we all hugged each other in great joy and exaltation like brothers who had been resurrected together."

When the ship finally reached Japan after further adventures, it was found that 30,000 ducats worth of goods had been damaged or lost. " Then the joy of the merchants was changed to grief, for now they saw clearly the extent of their losses and, forgetting that they had so nearly lost their very lives, they grieved for their lost property. But we for our part were sent all over the country to cultivate the Lord's vineyard, in obedience to the laws of the Church."

In the year 1579 Father Alessandro Valignani landed on the South island of Kiu-Shiu. It was exactly 30 years after Francis Xavier, the first European to tread the soil of Japan, had entered the capital. In Kiu-Shiu the three most influential princely families and about 150,000 natives were won over to the new faith. The mission was now freshly organised and its methods slightly changed with the help of the native converts. A new period began.

At the beginning of 1582, Valignani left Japan and went to India. His journey had a double purpose ; firstly to see that affairs in India were prospering, and secondly to head a delegation of Japanese Princes, who were to visit the Pope and the King, and by their presence, excite the interest of Rome and Lisbon in their distant country. The last plan was a bold and far-sighted one, and Valignani was responsible for its design and execution. The journey was long and dangerous, so they chose four of the youngest members of each of the three Christian princely houses of Daimyos from Kiu-Shiu.

On February 20th, 1582 the twelve young men, with a small suite, accompanied the Visitor on to the ship, which belonged to Ignacio de Lima. Twenty days later they were all comfortably quartered in the Jesuit College of Macao. They were to study Latin there under Father Diego de Mesquita, until the nine months period of waiting had elapsed and they could continue their journey to India. At last December 31st arrived, the date fixed for their departure. Valignani remained faithful to his friend de Lima, though he was offered accommodation on a larger and more comfortable ship. A fortunate choice, for the great sailing-ship went down near Singapore with her freight valued at 600,000 ducats, whilst de Lima brought his passengers safely to Malacca and from there to India after a perilous voyage.

On February 20th, 1584, that is to say two years after leaving Japan, five mighty caracks weighed anchor in the Goa roadstead for the journey to Portugal. The delegation was on board the St. Jago, though Valignani himself had to remain behind for business reasons. They had a swift and uneventful journey and the fleet arrived at the mouth of the Tagus after five and a half months. The Japanese were now in Europe, and, as the first of their race to tread its soil, were given a right royal welcome.

In Portugal's capital the Japanese guests spent twenty days visiting the magnificent churches and palaces. Then the Archbishop of Evora received them in his cathedral, where a solemn High Mass was sung. That night the Archbishop gave a banquet. Twelve poor men of the town were bidden to the feast and shared the food of the distinguished visitors.

On November 14th they were due to visit Philip II of Spain. They were taken to the Escorial and walked through the King's twelve apartments, coming at last face to face with His Catholic Majesty, who received them standing, surrounded by the princes and high dignitaries of Church and State, as prescribed in the ceremony. The audience lasted an hour. Then the Japanese princes attended an evening service in the King's private chapel, where the hymns were sung with an unusual sweetness. On the next

day Philip II returned their visit in person, at the Jesuit college, where the Japanese were lodged.

Two weeks later it was arranged that the strangers should be given an idea in Alcala of how a large European university was managed. For hours on end the unfortunate young men had to listen to the expounding of a theological thesis and afterwards had to watch the ceremony of the presentation of a doctor's hat.

They then continued their journey to Italy. They crossed the Mediterranean, which gave them an unfriendly welcome. Finally they landed in Livorno. Here the Japanese, escorted by the German guard carrying torches, were taken to see the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose wife, to their great alarm, seized and kissed each of the young noblemen in a motherly way. Then, instead of going to the carnival, they attended a display of falconry, for their travelling tutor, Father Nuno Rodriguez was constantly on the watch to see that his protégés' simple, innocent faith should not be shaken by any shocking sights. Meanwhile Pope Gregory XIII, as though aware of his approaching death, was urging the delegation to hurry on their visit, and at last—on March 22nd, 1585—they arrived at the gates of the Eternal City.

Three whole years and thirty days had passed since the Princes had left Nagasaki. At the door of the Roman College the General of the Order welcomed the guests with the joy of a father greeting his sons. They were to be received the very next day by the Pope in the public consistory. An enormous crowd thronged the streets of Rome, to gaze at the splendid procession of riders, which reached from the Porta del Popolo to the Vatican. The guns of the castle of St. Angelo fired a welcoming salvo as the delegates approached on beautiful white palfreys with black, richly embroidered saddle-cloths. The Japanese were wearing their native costumes with magnificent embroidery and with wide sleeves. For arms they carried the double sword of the Samurai. At their head rode Mancio Ito, the great-nephew of Daimyo Franciscus of Bungo ; behind him came Michael Chijiva of the princely house of Omura and Martin Hara of the clan of Arima ; Julian Nakaura was unable to

take part in the festivities owing to a bad attack of fever. In the Vatican, Ito and his companions were led by Archbishops into the Sala Regia, where the old Pope Gregory XIII and his Cardinals were awaiting them. After the formal welcome, the Pope embraced these children of the Church, who had come from so far to see him. Their credentials were given to the Papal secretary. After a short speech in Japanese by Ito, which Father Mesquita translated, the Portuguese Jesuit Consalvi made in his turn a speech commemorating the occasion. The Pope showed great concern for the health of the young Japanese princes, for not only did he pay the cost of their stay but, as it was Lent, he also sent the most delicious fish for their meals and sent his own doctors to treat Prince Julian Nakaura while he was sick. He endowed the colleges in Japan with a yearly sum of 4,000 scudi—his most important act as far as the Jesuits were concerned. But this sum was only paid once, as Gregory XIII died soon afterwards, on April 10th of that very year.

Sixtus V was now elected Pope and the Japanese were present at his coronation. They then started on their journey home. By their "polite, seemly and modest behaviour" they had made an excellent impression everywhere. Their moderation in eating, their good manners and their exemplary conduct were praised in all the many reports of this remarkable journey. They are equally lauded in the chronicles of the Central European Courts, where they were received on their return journey. They made pilgrimages to Assisi and Loreto, and visited Rimini, Bologna and Venice, where their portraits were painted and hung in the hall of the Senate. In Padua they were shown the famous university. Near Mantua they were met by the Gonzagas with fifty state coaches. From there they travelled through Milan, and visited the Carthusian monastery in Pavia ; from Pavia they went to Genoa, and from there to Spain and Lisbon. They must by then have had enough of feasting and entertainment. Now they had to have an interval of rest before starting on their second sea journey.

The India fleet of 1586, composed of twenty-eight ships, set sail on April 15th. It carried thirty-one Jesuits. The

Japanese delegates were on board the Sao Felipe which later, on her return journey, was to be the first carack captured by the English. The journey was uneventful as far as the coast of Mozambique ; here the ship was driven off her course on to the African coast. The passengers watched aghast as the negroes on shore armed themselves to plunder the ship. But the carack was not shipwrecked after all, and reached the bay of Mozambique where she found shelter.

Father Valignani in Goa was very worried by the prolonged absence of his protégés. As soon as the weather allowed, he persuaded the Viceroy to send out a swift sailing ship. This boat rescued the Japanese delegates in March 1587 from the fever-ridden fortress in Mozambique and brought them back to Goa. From there they and the Visitor started their journey to Macao in the following spring " on the best and strongest ship, the like of which is not easily found in India." At Macao the travellers had to spend a last long period of waiting but eventually on July 2nd, 1590, the first Japanese ever to visit Europe landed again in their own country. The memorable expedition had lasted eight years and five months. The whole of their journey over sea and land measured about twice the length of the earth's circumference. The young Princes had become men. Soon after their return they asked to be received into the Jesuit Order. With the exception of Michael Chijiva, who later left the Order and abandoned his Faith, they all remained true to their vocation for the rest of their lives. The name Julian Nakauras is now to be found inscribed on the roll of the Order's martyrs.

Under Valignani's wise leadership the Japanese mission made swift progress in the next twenty years. There was a constant increase in the number of European missionaries and a considerable body of Japanese were admitted into the Order ; lay-brothers were enrolled ; a printing-press was set up, and by degrees the tenets of the Christian Faith became known in all the provinces.

But the Japanese mission, like all the other missions, suffered from bad transport of men and goods. This problem

seemed insoluble and was a great hindrance to the development of the mission. The subsidy provided by the Portuguese Government was always late in arriving at mission headquarters, and the sum received usually much less than what had been sent. As the Dutch gradually gained mastery of the sea, the Japanese mission suffered correspondingly greater losses. More and more Portuguese ships were plundered, which meant that less and less money got to Japan. But the mission was growing and needed more money and not less. For example, on August 30th, 1604, a junk arrived in Nagasaki bringing news that the Dutch had captured a fully-stocked ship by a surprise attack in the harbour of Macao. All the goods had been lost, and it was the sale of these goods which was to have financed the Bishop and the missionaries during the following year. So all Father Valignani could do was to advise his people " to economise in food and clothes and to dismiss from College the less promising of the scholars."

Such trials might to a certain degree blight " the ripening vineyard of the Lord," but they could not destroy it. In 1614 the number of Christians in Japan could be reckoned at more than half a million. Then suddenly, all over the country, with the primitive force of a volcano, came an outbreak of repressed spite, which was to bury the flowering Christian plantation under the lava of hate.

The young Church of Japan was not so much the victim of a despot as of a deep-rooted political and religious movement. When the mission started the island was in a state of anarchy. Hideyoshi Taikosama, the " strong man " of the later Nippon period, brought about the most profound change in the country since 1582. He made himself military dictator and abolished the lax feudal system and the independence of the Daimyos, and in so doing by degrees broke the power and wealth of the Christian princes in the southern part of the country. The trend towards a centralised dictatorship was destined to lead in the long run first to suspicion, then to persecution and finally to complete extermination of the Christian mission from abroad. Moreover that very same period saw a revival of the old Shinto worship, that nationalistic movement founded on

religion which even today is the basis of Japan's strength. At first, under Taikosama, the Christian persecutions were short and mostly confined to small areas. But the situation grew worse under Yeyasu Daifusama, the founder of the Shogun dynasty of the Tokugawa. This line of rulers carried on the isolationist policy of its predecessor with obstinate persistence until its fall in the 19th century. Japan for the Japanese !

In the fateful year of 1614 Yeyasu published the edict banishing all the missionaries, whom he regarded as agents of foreign powers. He forbade the practice of the religion of the " Barbarians from the South," with its new doctrine. All places of worship in which the hymn to the hereditary ruler was not sung were destroyed, while the more obstinate of Yeyasu's subjects were forced either to deny their Faith or to go into exile. Now began the Japanese Christian Church's final struggle for life. Over a hundred Jesuit missionaries were deported to Manila or Macao, and anyone who chose to defy this strict law of banishment, who returned in secret and was caught, was punished by death. By degrees the persecutions became more and more severe. Now even the Japanese converts who were true to their new faith had to come up for trial. The harbours were strictly watched. The police systematically hunted down the priests " in huts, barns, stables, caves and even earth-holes," and dragged them off to behead them. More and more cruel were the tortures invented to break the courage of these champions of the Faith. The first martyrs they had merely burned outright, but now they scalded them slowly in the sulphur sources of the Unjen river, or drove them naked across frozen lakes. In 1633 a new punishment was invented which at last brought the secret police the success which had been denied them so long.

On the 18th of October Father Christopher Ferreira, at that time probably the Superior of the surviving Jesuits, was with several of his Japanese companions arrested and condemned to a form of torture peculiar to Japan. The myrmidons of the law hanged their victims head downwards on a gallows and let them slip slowly down into a pit filled with the drainings from a manure heap. To prolong the agony,

the prisoners' bodies had previously been tightly corded to impede the circulation, and also a vein in the forehead opened, whereby danger of congestion in the brain was lessened, which otherwise might have produced a stroke. For five hours Father Ferreira endured the alternating sensation of agony and terror produced by this horrible torture.

Then he weakened. At a sign from him the hangman's assistants loosened his bonds and Ferreira gave up his Faith to save his life. The Jesuits' Superior had become a renegade.

Before this horrifying news reached Europe, there came to the fore in the ranks of the Order the man who was destined to atone for Ferreira's disgrace by his own great heroism. In the first days of December of that same year, 1633, that is to say, a few weeks after Father Ferreira's fall from grace, Father Marcellus Mastrilli was badly injured in Naples by an iron hammer falling from a great height and striking him on the right temple. On Jan. 2nd the sufferer's condition was greatly aggravated by an attack of creeping paralysis, and he lay on his bed almost unconscious, so that the doctors despaired of his living through the night. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he completely recovered. Two Jesuits who were nursing him were present at this sudden recovery, and the other people living in the house came to hear Mass said by the man who a few hours before, had been given up for dead. The fact of this instantaneous healing is fully authenticated. Father Mastrilli himself attributed it to St. Francis Xavier, who appeared to him in a vision and bade him "go to India and shed his blood."

However this may be, the recent events in Japan resulted in Father Mastrilli getting leave from the General to enter that country and defy the persecutions. As early as April 1634 the Father started his journey and was received everywhere in triumph, in Italy as well as in Spain, for the news of his miraculous recovery had preceded him. Mastrilli left Lisbon in the spring of 1635 by the first ship sailing, in charge of a body of 32 Jesuit missionaries. He arrived in India on December 8th. Here also he was

welcomed with great enthusiasm by the natives. The impetuous people actually tore off pieces of Mastrilli's clothing, for they wanted always to have some relic to remind them of the man to whom their great patron had chosen to reveal himself.

It is possible that Mastrilli did not hear of Ferreira's apostasy until he reached the Jesuit College of Goa. This sad news only strengthened him in his resolve, although he knew that certain death awaited him if he set foot on the forbidden island. At Xavier's open grave he signed a vow in the presence of witnesses : " There is no martyrdom in Japan which I do not long for with all my heart ; no hangman to whom I would not offer myself ; no chains, no dungeon, no sufferings which I would not gladly endure."

In April 1637 Father Marcellus and four companions boarded the ship which was to take them to Macao. But in the China Sea the ship was driven off its course by Dutch corsairs, and had to take refuge in the harbour of Manila. When people heard about the Jesuit's plan there was an uproar in the town. The merchants feared that if the missionaries were discovered, the Japanese might take reprisals which would damage their trade and also that their town might become notorious as the starting-point of this illegal venture. So the journey was held up here, and Mastrilli was finally forced to be separated from his companions. The latter were shipped over to Macao, whilst Mastrilli himself was detained under various pretexts. But he eventually succeeded in persuading the Governor to give him leave to continue his journey to Japan. Tradition relates that the name of the unhappy Ferreira was brought up in the parleying, and that Mastrilli expressed his hope of either putting fresh heart into Ferreira through his own example or at least of atoning for the disgrace inflicted on the Order.

The Spanish Governor yielded in the end to this brave man's arguments. A ship was rigged out for the journey. To deceive the natives, the Captain sailed southwards as though making for Macao. Then he veered northwards again, and the ship battled her way through heavy storms ;

Father Mastrilli braved the perils of the deep in order to meet a greater danger. Near the coast he and some brave Japanese Christians were lowered into a boat and set adrift, so that they could made their own way ashore. An order was rapped out, the sails billowed out in the wind and now all that could be seen was a small boat floating in the waste of sea! There was only one country it could be making for—Japan. And there death was awaiting its occupants.

Foredoomed, the party of missionaries soon got what they had asked for. Father Mastrilli was discovered the moment he touched land and was taken to Nagasaki, tried, questioned about his intentions and condemned. It appears that this champion of his faith did not meet Ferreira, although Ferreira was then living in the town. The torture lasted three whole days. First came the water-torture, in which a stream of water was poured down the victim's throat and then squeezed out again. Then the executioners burned certain parts of his body with a red-hot iron, " the shame of which caused him more agony than the actual pain itself." Even after this Mastrilli still found strength to rise up and rebuke the goggle-eyed members of the Court, saying that the Japanese used not to submit men to torture so shameful as this ; surely the body had many other parts equally easy to mutilate. They then gave up this form of torture as useless. The next morning Mastrilli was taken to the cesspool, but, to everyone's amazement, his young, strong body was proof even against this. Finally they slashed off his head with a sword. This happened on October 14th, 1637, almost on the same day and at the very spot where, four years previously, Ferreira had yielded.

Hitetada, the relentless Christian persecutor, applied crueller and crueller methods of punishment, and became more and more rigid in his determination to purge his island kingdom of all foreign elements, and to isolate it from any contact with the outside world. In the end, foreign merchants were allowed to land only in Nagasaki, and even there had to submit to the ignominy of police control. An order was given that all sea-worthy junks were to be destroyed, so that no one should be able to leave the country.

In 1640 an entire delegation from Portugal which had entered the country without leave, was executed in cold blood. Nevertheless, Father Rubino, that brave man, who was the Visitor to the Missions in the Far East, decided to make a last attempt to establish his Order on the island. "I am a Superior and therefore think it only sensible to go and see for myself what can still be done." With four chosen companions, a Pole, an Italian, a Spaniard and a Portuguese, he made a secret entry into that bloodthirsty land. They were soon caught. At the trial they found Christopher Ferreira standing opposite them, acting as interpreter. Father Rubino tried to stir his conscience by rebuking him in a loud, stern voice. In vain! The hell of their torture lasted seven months, and, was given in small doses, the better to wear down the sufferers. The five champions of the Faith finally died in 1643.

Later on it was rumoured in Macao that two missionaries, who till then had managed to escape the persecution, had been imprisoned in a brothel. After that no more Jesuits tried to steal into Japan. As one can see from recently published police reports, the systematic extermination of Christianity continued. One piece of good news reached Macao later. Merchants reported that in 1652 Christopher Ferreira had atoned for his fall from grace. Feeling his death approach, he confessed that he was a Christian. Upon this he was condemned to the cesspool torture, where, as an old man of 74, he endured what he failed to endure as a young man. His name is inscribed today beside those of Father Mastrilli and Father Rubino in the roll of the hundred and eleven Japanese martyrs of the Jesuit order, sixty-six of whom were natives of the country of Tokugawa. Thus ended the hundred year history of the "Barbarians of the South." The "Land of the Rising Sun," the most easterly part of the globe, was the land they had most longed to reach on their year-long, wearisome journeys across three stormy oceans, in times when they were blessed with success, when their arms grew weary with work; and even in times when they looked death in the face, a death which many of these heroes went out to meet with gladness.

11. *Death Journeys to China.*

In the course of the seventeenth century China gradually strode ahead of all the other missions in interest and importance. The mission in the Moluccas had been destroyed by the Dutch ; Rome's envoys were still banned in Abyssinia ; in Japan the mission had been martyred in the flower of its youth ; in India the narrow strips of land under Portuguese rule were well enough supplied with priests, while in the interior the Christian creed battled in vain against the obstinate resistance of Moslems and Hindus. In the Central Kingdom, however, the representatives of the Society of Jesus went from strength to strength, and impressed everyone with their wisdom, culture and nobility of character. In 1583 that man of genius, Father Ricci, succeeded in obtaining the right to remain permanently in a country which for years and years had " apparently observed the rules of seclusion better than any convent." At the turn of the century he was allowed to settle in the capital, Peking. When the founder of the new China mission died in 1610, the mission could consider itself established. But the slowness of the sea communications between East and West, which caused such a waste of time and life, was to prove a constant and serious obstacle to its further development. The best illustration of this difficulty of transport is the sad fate of certain Chinese Mission procurators who had been sent to Europe at a very critical moment to settle important business and who never arrived.

Shortly after Father Ricci's death the Belgian Father Nicholas Trigault was summoned to Rome. He left Macao at the beginning of 1613 but reached Goa after the departure of the fleet with which he was to travel home to Lisbon. To avoid a delay of a whole year, Trigault decided to travel overland to Italy. His venture succeeded. He passed through Basra, Bagdad, Mossul, Aleppo and Crete and, with the help of Flemish merchants and by his own personal courage eventually reached the Holy City, over two years after his departure from Nanking. He took part in some very intricate discussions, but succeeded in convincing his audience on every point, and among other things, obtained

permission from the Pope to have Church services in China read in Chinese instead of in Latin. Meanwhile Trigault also completed his famous work " The Christian Campaign in China," which was his own rather free version of Ricci's memoirs. This book, the first exact and comprehensive study of the great and cultured people who lived in Eastern Asia, created an enormous stir. " Toute l'Europe l'admira et le reçu avec grandissime contentement." New printings and translations appeared one after the other, and, when in the middle of May 1616 the author started off on a round of visits to all the princely houses of the land, he was already famous enough to persuade these princes to subscribe money and books for the mission. In Madrid, Florence, Parma, Milan, Munich, Vienna, Paris, Brussels and Cologne the great traveller was welcomed with an intense curiosity and people rushed to fill his purse. At the Book Fair in Frankfort Trigault bought hundreds of works which today still form the basis of the old Jesuit library in Peking. In the colleges of the order the Mission Procurator's visit aroused enormous enthusiasm. In Ingolstadt alone forty Jesuits, professors and students, volunteered for the China mission. On the list of candidates we read even the name of Father Johann Cysat from Lucerne, the discoverer of the Orion Nebula and son of the well-known statesman Rennward Cysat, who in 1586 published in Switzerland the first printed report about Japan. Cysat did not get permission to travel. However, in the spring of 1618, the name of an even more famous Swiss Jesuit, Johann Schreck or Terrentius, whom his contemporaries regarded as an authority on philosophy, mathematics and medicine, appeared on the list of the twenty-two missionaries who had assembled in Lisbon intending to go to China.

On the journey to India the travellers had to face the usual scourge, the fever. Father Trigault lost in quick succession his brother Philip, a cousin, two more of his fellow countrymen, a German, an Italian and a Portuguese. In Goa however it was considered " a good journey," for only 50 of the 663 men on board died. Father Trigault ascribed the comparatively low mortality chiefly to the medical knowledge of Father Terrentius, and to the devotion

to duty of the other missionaries " without which two hundred people would have perished." Ten of the Jesuits had to remain in Goa, either to recover their health or to complete their studies. But Father Trigault travelled on next year to Macao with a first consignment of four men. Fathers Terrentius, Rho and Kirwitzer soon died and were buried on foreign soil. But the last and greatest of all the procurators companions won for himself later the title of " second founder of the China mission," for it was Adam Schall from Cologne who kept Father Ricci's work safe throughout the whole of the revolutionary year of 1644, and preserved it for better days.

As had often before happened in the history of China, which dates back so many thousands of years, conquerors from abroad had succeeded in overthrowing the hereditary dynasty and usurping the dragon throne. The Mings had fallen to the power of the Tsings from the steppes of Manchu. And in obedience to the age-old rhythm of the country, a period of national self-sufficiency was followed by a general opening of China's frontiers to the outside world, and to everything spiritual or material which in the interval that world had produced. The seizure of power by the Mandchus brought the Jesuits very much into favour. Father Ricci had sowed the seed slowly and patiently. But it was Father Schall who reaped the harvest when the light of royal favour shone on him. This learned astronomer was pressed to accept the post of Director of the Imperial Observatory, for the Mandchus, in accordance with the Chinese custom, wished to direct their policy by the stars. The young Emperor Túng Chih regarded the German Jesuit as a kind of fatherly friend and adviser, and confided his innermost thoughts to him. In every province the missionaries and their followers were protected by Father Schall's influence in the capital.

What Father Schall was to the young Mandchu Emperor, Father Koffler was to the late Ming sovereign's family, who had taken refuge in the southern part of the kingdom. The Emperor's grandmother, mother, wife and eldest son were all baptised by the Austrian Jesuit ; the Christian Mandarin Pang Achilles, Chancellor and Marshal, directed

the affairs of state and that small portion of the army which had remained loyal. To form an alliance with the Christian powers of the West seemed to the leaders of the Ming party the only possible means of avoiding defeat in their unequal struggle against the cavalry troops from the north. They finally persuaded the Superiors of the Order in Macao to allow Father Boym, a son of King Sigismund of Poland's head physician, to travel to Europe in 1651 as their ambassador.

In that very year the Jesuits in North China had sent home Father Martin Martini of Trent to beg for full powers and for the reinforcements necessary to exploit to the full the mission's favourable prospects. Neither of the procurators knew anything of the other, and they travelled to Rome by different routes. Father Boym chose the Goa route. The authorities objected to any direct contact between the Imperial Court of China and any European country except Portugal, so they refused Father Boym a berth on the waiting ship. This turned out to be all for the best, for the carack foundered not far from the shore with two Indian procurators on board. Now Father Boym, with the consent of his Superiors, left the town secretly and travelled along the overland route through Northern India, Persia and Armenia to Smyrna, and at the beginning of the year 1653 was able to hand the Pope the petition from the Imperial Court of Ming, inscribed on the finest yellow silk.

As was to be expected, the Emperor's ambassador achieved no practical success in his mission. All sorts of difficulties retained him 3 years in Italy, and it was not till the spring of 1656 that he could start again for Lisbon.

Meanwhile Father Martini, after many adventures, had also reached the Holy City. He had started from a port in the province of Foukien and had gone to Manila. Here he was delayed for months on end and then caught by the Dutch, who kept him in Batavia till 1653. He was then embarked on a Dutch ship, which was driven back by contrary winds in the channel, and had to make a complete detour round Ireland in order to reach the North Sea. On August 31st Father Martini was at last able to set foot on European soil, in the Norwegian port of Bergen. From

there he hurried first to Antwerp and Amsterdam in order to get the publishing houses there to print some of his works to which he had put the finishing touches during his long journey. The first book appeared in the year 1657 ; it was a history of the conquest of China by the Mandchus. The first printing was in Latin and was called *De Bello Tartarico.* In the very same year the book went into new Latin editions in Antwerp, Cologne, and Vienna, and was translated into Dutch and French, and these translations also had two reprints. At the same time the publisher John Blaen brought out a German translation. The book was in such demand that in the following year further translations were published in Portugal, Spain and Sweden. Later in 1706, a translation appeared even in Denmark. So " The Tartar War " had an even greater success than Trigault's " Christian Campaign in China." And yet we must consider Father Martini's chief work to be not " The Tartar War," but the *Novus Atlas Sinensis,* published by Blaen in 1655. This well-known publisher shrank neither from difficulties nor expense, but made a very lovely book out of the seventeen marvellous maps of China and her provinces, in Giant-Folio format. The original Latin edition was followed by others of the same kind with Dutch, German, French and Spanish texts. A hand-painted edition-de-luxe of the magnificent work is to be found in the Zentral-bibliothek in Zürich.

The explorer shortly afterwards produced yet a third book, which shows his astonishing creative talent. This book was published in Munich in 1658 ; it was a new and completed version of the Atlas and a comprehensive study of China's history in the period before Christ. Father Martini says that he had to decipher 60,000 Chinese documents in order to compile the work. For many years nothing was produced which could rival this work in the brilliance of its industry and scholarship.

Father Martini was equally successful in winning influential friends for the China mission and in carrying out his own mission in Rome as he had been in the production of his enlightening works about the Far East. Father Schall's position as Astronomer-in-chief was sanctioned by the Pope, the methods of the mission approved of, and a great number

of competent missionaries enrolled. On the journey to Portugal in 1656 Father Martini had the ill-luck to be on a ship which was plundered by French corsairs, so that he did not start on his return journey to China until a year after his colleague Boym. Both journeys were equally unlucky.

Father Boym, it is true, reached India safely with his eight companions, although of the six hundred men of the ship's crew another seventy died of fever and scurvy. But before he could start off on the second stage of his journey, Goa was blockaded by a Dutch squadron. So the brave envoy with the Belgian Fathers Couplet, Rougement and Hartoghvelt and the Englishman Keynes decided to travel on overland. In Bengal Boym embarked on an English ship which took him to Burma. In the damp forests of Siam Father Hartoghvelt died. Later the little party was forced to split up. Father Boym happened to have got news from Macao that it was dangerous to return to that town because representatives of the Ming dynasty were not popular there. The political tension in Macao was very acute at that time, for the Manchus had threatened to destroy the harbour unless serious action were taken against the pirates. Father Boym submitted bravely to his fate. He allowed the two Belgians to sail away alone to Macao. The Englishman Keynes was put aboard an English merchant ship and went down with her in a typhoon. The envoy and his faithful follower Andreas Siu tried to push their way through Tonking to the South Chinese border province of Kwang-si, where he expected to find the Ming Court. After some unpleasant experiences with his heathen boatmen he managed in the end to find shelter in Hanoi in the house of one of his colleagues. This man was Father Onuphrius Burgin, a native of Lucerne, who enjoyed the special favour of King Trinh Trang and was the only priest for miles around. Directed on his way by Burgin, Boym once more started off, through the trackless jungle of the the border country, for he must at all costs hand over Alexander VII's letters to his royal patron. But in the meanwhile the victorious Manchus had occupied all the frontier passes and at the last moment the envoy had to acknowledge defeat. Before Father Burgin could

hurry and bring help, the courageous Boym ended his tragic mission on August 22, 1659, on the very threshold of the former Ming kingdom, which he had served with such devoted courage. As early as 1651, that is to say, eight years before this event, Father Koffler had been set upon and killed by the Manchus. With his death and with the death of the brilliant statesman Pang Achilles vanished the last hope of the survival of the Ming dynasty.

Meanwhile Father Martini's expedition had also suffered disaster after disaster. Of his proud band of thirty-six young missionaries, seven met their deaths from fever on the ship. The Viceroy himself, Don Antonio de Telles Mendezes, shared the unhappy fate of the common soldiers and seamen. Five more brothers died in Goa, after they had been admitted to the hospital. When the new monsoon period set in, the procurator sailed away with nine companions. The Dutch had blockaded the straits of Malacca, so the captain had to sail past Java and Sumatra in a south-westerly direction and could only turn northwards again into the Sunda Sea after rounding Timor. On this journey 3 more missionaries died. When the fleet had left Lisbon, it had carried 17 missionaries destined for the China mission. Twelve of these had now fallen by the wayside. But once more, as in the time of Father Trigault, we find among the few survivors a man, the preservation of whose life seems to atone for the deaths of all the others. Father Ferdinand Verbiest it was who brought all Father Schall's efforts to fruition and made a brilliant success of the whole undertaking, just as at an earlier date Schall had preserved Ricci's works from destruction.

On Feb. 5th 1661, Túng Chih, the first Emperor of the Manchu dynasty, the friend and patron of Father Adam Schall, died at the age of 23. From now on Schall's influence at the court of Peking began to diminish, for he had made himself a great enemy, Yang Kuang-Lsien by name, a professional informer and clever attorney who gradually undermined the Jesuit Father's position. The affair ended in a very sensational High Court case, in which Father Schall was declared to have forfeited all his honours and condemned to death, and nearly all his colleagues were

sent to prison in Canton. In 1666 the first Jesuit Mandarin died, purged in the fire of the unjust persecution, before the infamous sentence could be carried out, and four years later the whole country read in the official newspaper a royal proclamation in which the young Emperor Kanghsi declared Tang Jo-wang (the name given to Schall by the Chinese) innocent of all the crimes for which he had been condemned. Father Verbiest, Schall's advocate and friend, was then appointed Director of the Department of Astronomy.

Now the Jesuits could look forward to another period of favour and this seemed a suitable moment to send to Headquarters an accurate and detailed report of the needs of the mission.

Father Intorcetta, who was chosen as procurator and who was another of Father Martini's travelling companions, was given for his travelling expenses the large sum of twenty gold pieces out of the mission's very depleted funds, and in 1670 he set forth on his journey. He reached Rome in under a year, and quickly laid his demands before the General. His first demand was that forty new missionaries should be appointed, " although actually a thousand would not be too many to reap and tend the rich harvest which is ripening throughout the whole kingdom." The Fathers in China were for the most part old, he said, and their strength was exhausted by work and suffering. The whole future of the mission depended on a quicker and more regular supply of efficient men. Father Intorcetta's needs could not be fully met. There was certainly no lack of enthusiastic volunteers among the brethren, but it cost money to train and equip so many priests and this money could not be raised. So in the spring of 1673, " a mere " twenty-seven Jesuits assembled in Lisbon. Twelve were detailed for China. The two most remarkable figures among them, from the point of view of age and intellect, were Adam Aigenler and Beat Amrhyn from Lucerne, both professors of the university of Ingolstadt. After years of patient waiting they had at last got an order for China from the General, in virtue of their expert knowledge of mathematics. The departure of the two famous university teachers caused

a sensation throughout the little town. Their heroism in volunteering for this dangerous journey made a deep impression in Lisbon too. Father Aigenler was honoured by an invitation to deliver lectures at the University of Coimbra up till the day when the India Fleet set sail.

The year of grace 1673 was to be a disastrous year for the Jesuit Mission. A galleon carrying seven missionaries to Angola went down. All seven were drowned. On the Indian fleet, too, death reaped a more than usually rich harvest in crew and passengers. We have exact information about the various events which occurred on this journey of death, because Father Amrhyn has left a detailed diary. On the day before sailing the King and Queen received the priests in solemn audience. Don Pedro II of Braganza gave an especially gracious welcome to the friend of his youth, John de Britto, who had defied his influential family and offered himself for the mission to Madura in India. On the morning of the 15th March the missionaries boarded their various ships with the usual display of ceremony. Father Intorcetta with eight of his companions had been taken on board the "Almirante." A favourable wind carried the ships out to sea, and they got almost to the Equator without mishap. But here they were for weeks hopelessly becalmed. The travellers were exposed day and night to a suffocating heat, without the tiniest breeze to refresh them. The hold of the ship was like a steaming oven. The travellers were all gasping for breath, and parched with thirst which the putrid water could not quench. To make matters worse, there was a specially violent outbreak of the much dreaded Guinea epidemic. The healthy tended the sick with devoted care and attention, until the infection attacked them too and laid them low. On April 11th, Father Amrhyn made the last entry in his carefully kept diary: "When I awoke in the morning I had a fainting fit. However, when I got some fresh air into my lungs, I began to feel better, except that I felt extraordinarily weak the whole time." On that very day Father Aigenler foot-notes the diary in a trembling hand: "Today the ship's chaplain died."

On April 15th, Father Amrhyn and two other of the Jesuits received the Last Sacraments from Father Intorcetta. Then we read in the diary : " At about 9 in the evening, after receiving Extreme Unction, Father Beatus Amrhyn died a death worthy of his life and of his name. The heat had been terrible all day, without any wind but with strong downpours of rain."

" April 16th. After the Superior had said Mass, we read the burial service in our cabin ; for all the sick sailors were lying huddled together on deck. Then the Superior and three men carried the body amidships. We all grieved that such a man should be so unceremoniously dropped into the sea, and that strangers should have had to perform the last rites for him."

That was Father Aigenler's last entry. The diary was continued by a third hand up to the arrival in Goa ; Father Amrhyn's friend was himself seriously ill. Death reaped another rich harvest. One after another the following died : the Portuguese Garcas, the Savoyard Gatinara, the Corsican Bergoder and Brother Fernandez, and on April 23rd the two Belgians Johann van Mol and Thomas van der Elst. Father Aigenler also got worse. On August 7th, after the ship had rounded the Cape, " the sick man was seized by an attack of apoplexy after the midday meal, and lay almost half an hour senseless in frightful convulsions. Death seemed near." The pain continued 3 more weeks, until at last on August 26th death released the poor man from his sufferings.

" The sympathy and grief felt by all the travellers at his death is indescribable. Everyone adored Father Aigenler for his piety, his knowledge and his pleasant company. To honour the dead man, the Captain and the first officers themselves escorted the body, and actually carried it to the starboard side of the ship, an honour which none had till then received. The Superior is in deep mourning for the loss of this man, whose unusual qualities made him so obviously suitable for the China mission—and this after the death of so many splendid missionaries and almost in sight of Goa too ! How mysterious are the ways of God ! Me alone, most incompetent and unworthy of men, has

He spared and left to the Superior as a humble companion in life." Father Simon Rodriguez then notes briefly that the ship reached the Indian coast on Sept. 5th. Father Intorcetta had lost seven of his eight companions. Another China missionary had died on another ship, whose total losses in crew amounted to fifty and in Jesuits to five, among them Father Balthasar a Costa. Thus of the twenty-seven outgoing Jesuits only fifteen reached Goa. Of the twelve missionaries destined for China Father Intorcetta brought only one safely to Macao. The losses sustained in this fateful year, 1673, were the more unhappy because the Emperor Kanghsi had in the meantime freed the missionaries in Canton, and throughout the whole kingdom of China the harvest was now only awaiting the reapers.

Philip Couplet, whom his Belgian compatriot Verbiest sent to Europe in 1681 to get reinforcements for the mission, did not have a much better journey. As soon as he reached Rome he got involved in politics and high diplomacy, and his return was delayed a whole ten years. He spent these long years in making his own contribution to Europe's spiritual discovery of China by publishing the first treatise of the doctrine of *Confucius Sinarum Philosophus*. He also told the story of the life of the " Chinese lady, Candida Hiu," a great benefactress to the mission, who was related to the christian statesman Paul Siu Kolao. This latter is, incidentally, the ancestor on their mother's side of the " three great sisters of China," the wives of Sun Yat Sen, of the financier Kung and of Marshal Chiang Kai Shek.

On the journey to India in the year 1692, five missionaries died, one after the other, among them the young John Charandy from Solothurn. The sixth to die of fever was the unhappy Father Le Blanc. He was first captured in Indo-China by the Dutch and sent off to Middleburg, but after he had been ransomed, he was enterprising enough to ask for permission to make another journey to China. But he was drowned before reaching his goal. Finally Father Couplet himself met death in a storm not far off the coast of India. The lurching of the ship loosened the cargo, and one of the cases struck the Jesuit such a terrible blow on the head that he died of his wound. On the journey to

Macao death took Father Spinola too, the man who had been appointed first Bishop of Nanking. Of the procurator's fifteen companions, only five appear to have reached China. They were all received with open arms. As a memorial to the great priest and scholar Ferdinand Verbiest, who had died on Jan. 28th, 1688, the Emperor Kanghsi had published on Jan. 28th, 1692 his famous Edict of Emancipation for the Catholic Church. In this edict he praised the missionaries' exemplary life, and the high ideals of the Christian Faith, and for that reason allowed all Chinese " to worship God in every church in the Kingdom." The wisdom and perseverance with which all the missionaries had pursued the methods of adaptation first introduced by the great Italians Valignani and Ricci had at last, after a hundred years, brought the longed-for result. The leading cultural power of the East had opened its gates to the creed of the West.

It is the great tragedy of the Jesuit mission in China that almost at the very moment of its greatest triumph, the disastrous " Rites Dispute," should also have reached a climax and brought final ruin to the mission. In 1693 Bishop Maigrot from Fukien issued an edict forbidding the practice of ancestor and Confucius worship throughout his diocese, although the Jesuits had allowed these practices as purely civil ceremonies under certain conditions. The dispute was again referred to Rome, and now the trouble started in earnest. For in Europe the embittered Jansenists were on the watch for an occasion to show up the " lax morals " of the Jesuits, and to undermine their prestige once and for all by accusing them publicly of the heinous offence of " heathen practices." Rome itself had supported first one side and then the other during the long drawn-out quarrels between Jesuits and Jansenists. The Jesuits in China were represented in these final discussions by the great scholar, Father Kastner, and by the Belgian, Francis Noel. They left Macao at the beginning of 1702 and reached the Holy City in record time, that is, actually before the end of the year. In spite of all their efforts the final judgment in the " Rites Dispute," was given against their Order. As Pope Clement XI wrote later, " the mission had not

only to be free from superstitution itself, but from the merest suspicion of superstitution." The China mission, which had hitherto flourished in peace, was now sacrificed on the altar of religious disputes in Europe. The unhappy choice of Tournon, a thirty-three year old Pope's Chamberlain, as Papal legate in China was destined to hasten on its fall.

Uncertain of the outcome of their efforts in this unhappy affair, the two procurators returned in 1706 to their mission by way of Lisbon. Father Kastner took the opportunity of his sojourn there to propose to the authorities important improvements in the sea communications with Macao. He put before the authorities in Lisbon a plan for taking a quicker and more direct route to China, based on his own nautical observations. After rounding the Cape of Good Hope, the ships should not sail to Goa, but should use the West Wind Drift and call at the Sunda Islands. In the Portuguese harbour of Timor fresh supplies could be taken aboard. In this way it would be possible to reach Macao in the same year. Father Kastner could not carry out his plan that very year, but had to return by the usual route round India. But later on the Portuguese more than once made use of his suggested route, and the results proved the German Jesuit to have been right. For example, in 1716 a caravel reached her destination in only 170 days, a time usually reckoned as only possible in favourable conditions.

When in July 1707, Father Kastner arrived back in China, the state of the mission had profoundly changed. The fanatical Tournon, now Papal delegate, had roused the Emperor's anger by his intolerant behaviour and had in a few weeks seriously compromised the missionaries' work. Tournon had, in a rage, published "The Interdiction of the Rites," and had threatened to punish any transgressor with the severest Church penalties. The Emperor irritated, the missionaries in a state of confusion, the Christians in consternation! This was how affairs stood when Father Kastner arrived back.

Father Kastner may have been still in Macao when the Legate was brought there under orders from Kanghsi, and handed over to his Portuguese opponents. He was at once arrested for having infringed the King's patronage, and

died in June 1710, a prisoner and a Cardinal at one and the same time. Although he failed in his mission, he showed steadfastness in tribulation. He was a tragic figure who was by nature unfitted to succeed in any mission which needed tact.

Meanwhile Father Kastner had been summoned to Court and had taken up his post as Head of the Department of Astronomy. Among his assistants was Brother Franz Stadlin from Zug, a watchmaker and precision-instrument maker. The Emperor often visited the jovial old handicraftsman in his workshop, and, Chinese fashion, sent expensive presents to his funeral.

And Father Noel?

For some unknown reason he did not reach the interior of China for a whole year. Then, later on, he foresaw the outbreak of the troubles and the threat of a schism throughout the land, caused by the thundering edicts of excommunication issued by the Papal Legate. So he decided at last to return to his native province. He embarked with Father Provana and Father Arxo, who had been entrusted by the Emperor with an urgent message for the Pope. Noel, as a young and enthusiastic missionary, had once before travelled to China with Father Arxo in 1684. How differently everything had turned out from what they had hoped, and all because of this unfortunate "Rites Dispute!" During the long, wearisome journey which lasted so many months, the two men must have often talked of their former travelling companion, Father Vidal. Father Noel had met him in like circumstances in 1702 when he was travelling as a procurator, for Father Vidal was at that time the representative of the Indo-China mission, and had travelled with him to Rome. But in the meanwhile he, like so many others, had on his return journey, gone down with his ship off the coast of Guinea, a victim of the remorseless sea.

Yes, the sea! With all its horrors and incalculable moods, had it not played a major part in the downfall of this magnificent mission? Had a quicker and safer route from Rome to Goa and Macao been found, how many misunderstandings, how much suffering, how much misfortune could have been spared the world! Nothing reveals

more clearly this often unheeded truth than the memorable journeys of the procurators of the China Mission, and the disastrous fate of the Jesuit delegates whom the Emperor Kanghsi sent to the Pope in Rome during the crisis of the 'Rites Dispute.'

In 1706 Father de Beauvollier and Father Barros were the next to set forth. Both lost their lives and their property off the Portuguese coast. Two years later the Fathers Arxo and Provana followed them. Father Provana fell seriously ill in Europe, and could not therefore make the return journey. Father Arxo accomplished his task and hurried back to China in 1711. But hardly had the shores of Portugal vanished over the horizon than he also collapsed and died. The Emperor Kanghsi was so enraged at the long absence and apparent desertion of his ambassadors "that he had already begun to contemplate exterminating the whole of Chinese Christendom." But the Jesuits in Peking succeeded in pacifying him once more by pointing out the length and the dangers of the sea-route. Father Provana must have received news of the Emperor's rage, for he defied all the doctors' warnings and decided to forget his illness and make the journey to China in 1719. But he died when the ship was rounding the Cape of Good Hope, safe in the arms of a Chinese Jesuit, the first ever to be ordained to the priesthood in Rome. Father Fan would not allow the body to be dropped overboard, but brought it to Canton, in order to show the people the remains of a man who had met death stoically in the performance of his duty. The dead man was buried in Chinese soil. But he himself was denied the happiness of proving to the Emperor that his envoys had been true to him.

CHAPTER III.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE FAR EAST.

THE sea was terrible. The journey round Africa to India was long, dangerous and full of drudgery. The losses in men, time and energy were enormous. All these facts made it most imperative to find another route to the Far East. Was it possible to get to India, to China even, quicker and more safely by land? But the geographers of the seventeen century had a great mystery to solve, the mystery of what lay in the middle of the vast continent of Asia, for deserts, mountains and hostile tribes had always barred this region to white explorers. The high plateaux to the north of the Himalayas were, until Sven Hedin's day, indeed still are in our day, the least known part of the globe.

12. *The riddle of Cathay.*

The sixteenth century Portuguese relied entirely on ships' logs and compasses for the navigation of their vessels. In this way, it is true, they soon learned all about the Asiatic coast-lines. But the interior of the countries whose coast-lines they knew were of little or no importance to them, and thus remained for ages closed books to them. To quote an example of this: the Himalayas are never mentioned in Indo-Portuguese mission reports before 1580! A Jesuit of the period living in Goa mentions "a very high mountain" in Northern India "although," as he says himself, "he had forgotten its name."

Even the missionaries penetrated only gradually into the interior from the Portuguese bases on the coast. The early Jesuit missionaries stuck therefore to their mediaeval ideas about the geography of Asia, as their remarks occasionally

reveal. Francis Xavier, who had at that time already travelled to Japan and to the far-off Molucca Islands, wrote to Ignatius Loyola in 1552 of his intention to travel to China and to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. He wrote : " Everyone tells me that it is possible to get there from China. If this is so, then I will report to you how many miles it is, and how long the journey has taken me." Father Kaspar Barzäus, one of Xavier's best men, whom the master had specially appointed to the mission in the fortified harbour of Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, is equally uncertain in his geography. This is the more surprising because the Flemish Jesuit had great opportunities of meeting people from all the different tribes in India and from all the various nations in the Far East. But even he, in 1551, declared that " China, or at any rate Greater Tartary, is certainly Germany's neighbour." A long passage in one of his letters of that date reveals the geographical ideas of the period. For instance, in writing of Ormuz, he says : " This kingdom lies on the Persian Gulf, which separates Arabia from Persia, and in it near Basra, are the mouths of two very famous rivers, the Euphrates and the Phison (the biblical name for the Tigris). The Arabian Gulf (our Red Sea) divides Egypt, the kingdom of Prester John and Ethiopia, from Arabia. The mouth of the Nile is also near here. The Nile's sources are on the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope, and the river flows through the country of Prester John which borders on this very promontory, disappears for several days' journeys under the earth, and appears again on the frontiers of Egypt, where the country of Prester John ends. The crocodiles which one sees at both ends of the river prove that the same Nile continues on through the middle of Egypt, and this is also proved by the fact that in summer it is muddy and turgid and floods its banks to such an extent that it waters the whole of Egypt, and in summer, let us remember, the Cape of Good Hope is in the spell of winter and great cold. And when Egypt has its winter, the waters of the Nile are pure and clear because at that time the whole district round the Cape of Good Hope is shrivelled up with heat. The fourth river to rise in this earthly Paradise is

the Ganges, which flows through Cambaia (in Northern India), up to the furthermost point ever reached by Alexander the Great."

Anyone who knows the history of geography would think that these words had been written by a Roman cosmographer or a Christian author of the early or middle ages. Moreover one must not forget that Father Barzaus was a very experienced man and an acute observer. Curiously enough he also mentions in his reports burning petroleum wells—he calls them " sulphur veins." " The legend relates that the whole island had been in flames for several years, and that up till recent years, one side of the mountain was still burning and had been burning for many years."

It is true that the missionaries could get very little clear information from the geographers of that time. The Portuguese government had forbidden on pain of death the sale of their jealously guarded charts. But these state secrets very soon reached the hands of Dutch merchants, and this explains how at that period maps were made, depicting in some vaguely recognizable form the richly indented Southern Asiatic coast line. The famous maps of Ortelius and Mercator, which were drawn in about 1570, are instances of these. But even the scholarly Flemish cartographers remained completely in the dark about mountain ranges, river systems and political frontiers. Whenever they made a bold attempt to draw a map of Asia the great advance in technical knowledge of the time did not help them, and their hopeless efforts ended, as Sven Hedin says, " in cartography run riot." To the map makers of that day the mouth of the Ganges was not in the Gulf of Bengal but in the Bay of Canton and in the China sea ; and in their portrayals of the countries of Tibet, Mongolia and Turkestan with their maze of mountains they gave full play to their inventive powers.

The root of the evil lay in the fact that the sources of information were unreliable and reports often misunderstood. China, for instance, was often given different names, and was therefore entered over and over again in the same map. Ptolemy, the great scholar from Alexandria at the time of

the Roman Empire, was still regarded in the sixteenth century as the chief authority on geography. Since the humanists had re-discovered his work he had always remained the "infallible Pope," of cartography. Apian, Vadian, Gemma Frisius and other cosmographers were, on all important points, content merely to interpret his findings. But in Ptolemy's conception of the world, the Far East occupied a disproportionately large space. And he had represented the Central Kingdom on his maps as occupying a far greater area than she actually did occupy. And he had called her by two different names, Sina and Serica (the "Silk Country").

The Portuguese journeys of discovery to the Tropics, which Ptolemy had set down as uninhabitable, and their findings in the Indian Ocean had shown, much to the regret of the scientists of the Green Table, that the statements of the great Alexandrian were not beyond contention. The Flemish Jesuit Jacob Shipman, whom the humanists after their fashion had christened Nauarchus, had in 1568 tried to reconcile Ptolemy's theories with the reports of the Asiatic travellers of the Middle Ages and of the Portuguese seamen and missionaries. Nauarchus had read descriptions of travels by William of Tripolis, John of Piano Carpine and other Franciscans, who in the thirteenth century had penetrated into the interior of Mongolia and even to China, at the time of the great Mongolian Khans. Moreover Marco Polo's fairy-tale description of the mysterious country of Cathay had only recently come before the public (published by Ramusio in 1559). But Nauarchus' daring attempt to unify the statements of such different authorities as Ptolemy and Marco Polo, Rubruk and Barros resulted in greater confusion than ever. A hundred years previous to this, the learned Camaldolese monk, Fra Mauro, in making his famous circular map in the Doge's palace in Venice, had been led astray by the many contradictions and double annotations, as were Nauarchus and his colleague Ortelius. That great rich country of Cathay described in such detail by Marco Polo was impossible to locate from the data given in his report. Nauarchus and Ortelius had no recourse but to revert to the original findings of Ptolemy, and to

place Cathay somewhere right up in the north, and in this way extend China's frontiers far beyond Siberia.

The Jesuits in Goa knew about this remarkable theory which was gaining ground among the learned men in Europe. When the college in Goa was founded a series of lectures on cosmography was held there, and there was a copy of the *Theatrum Mundi,* as they called Ortelius' atlas, in the college library. An exact knowledge of geography was considered by the Superiors to be of great importance to the mission work. Whenever they travelled into unknown countries, the missionaries always had strict instructions to take careful notes, which were afterwards collected and sorted out for the benefit of the community. But it was not until 1580 that an occasion arose for starting the work in earnest. And between 1580 and 1600 great progress was made in solving the problem of Central Asia, its peoples, customs and geographical constitution.

In the year 1579 there was great excitement in Goa over the arrival of an unexpected embassy from the interior of India. This embassy had been sent by the Grand Mogul Akbar, and came with a special message for the Jesuits, and an invitation to attend a ceremony at his Court. Akbar, a descendent of Tamerlane, was perhaps the most famous ruler that India has ever known. His empire reached down to the southernmost point of the peninsula ; it stretched eastwards to Bengal, northwards as far as the Himalayas and westwards through Kashmir to Kabul, and from there on to what we know today as Central Turkestan. Akbar's capital, Fatipur-Sikri, or the " Poem in Stone," was built in a style which combined Mahommedan-Persian grace with Indian exuberance. This capital was just now to be the scene of a remarkable meeting between men of various creeds, of a spiritual struggle for the soul of the all-powerful sovereign. For, in Akbar, " the man was greater than the Emperor." He was an epileptic and could neither read nor write, and yet had an exceptional mind, was a thinker and a searcher after truth, which he considered would be best established by getting representatives of the various religions to argue together. It was with this purpose in mind that he had summoned the Jesuits from Goa. In his " City of

Victory," Akbar had erected the famous Divan-i-Kas, a magnificent and ingeniously constructed assembly hall. In the middle was an enormous and richly-ornamented pillar with a pedestal built out to hold a throne. From the top of this column four bridges branched gracefully out, and led to four separate galleries, in which the representatives of four religions were made to sit. The Jesuits were to take their places with the Hindu Brahmins, the Persian Sufis and the Mahommedan Mullas and plead the cause of Christianity. Akbar's seat at the foot of the column in the middle of the building was a symbol of his real intention, which was to pick out the " best " things known to man on the subject of religion and to unite them in one single religion, which, in his opinion, would then be the most perfect of all religions.

The first Jesuit deputation was headed by Father Rudolph Aquaviva, a son of the Duke of Alfi, and a nephew of the great General of the Order of the same name. Aquaviva, who had first come to India with Father Ricci in 1579, took with him two very clever supporters in the learned Antonio Monserrate from Catalonia and Father Henriquez from Arabia, who was to have the double role of counsellor and interpreter. Although Akbar was very fascinated by the three priests and impressed by their talk, and often gave them points in the quick give-and-take of the religious debate, the Jesuits were disappointed in their great hopes of converting him, and for this reason returned to Goa in 1583, perhaps a little prematurely. For here, shortly afterwards, Father Aquaviva and the first Swiss Jesuit missionary, Father Pietro Berno from Ascona, and some other Jesuits were killed by Hindus, who had been secretly incited to the deed. The expedition to the Court in Northern India had, however, resulted in the gain of some useful knowledge and experience. Father Monserrate had been commanded by the Superior of the province to keep an accurate diary and he added to this diary geographical notes of great value. These notes he amplified on a long hunting trip which he took with Akbar in the wild valleys of Kashmir, by making careful observations and enquiries. When he got home the conscientious explorer went on

tirelessly writing out his " Report." During his imprisonment of over six years in Arabia, he gave the final touches to his work, and after his release, brought it back with him to Goa safe and ready for printing.

Sven Hedin calls Father Monserrate's book a " first class guide to the India of that day." Unfortunately it was only preserved as a MS., and first handed over to the printers about fifty years ago. So " the first really scientific map of the districts of Lahore and Kabul," which was contained in the " Report," together with a great deal of astronomical topography, remained unknown to wider circles, and two hundred and fifty more years passed before a work of equal value was published about the districts described by Monserrate.

What impresses explorers perhaps more than anything in the work of the Spanish Jesuit is that he is the first European to mention the " Mansarowar," the sacred lake which lies at the foot of the holy mountain of Kailas, in the district where the Indus, the Sadletsch and the Brahmaputra all have their sources. The missionaries, however, considered the report about Cathay and its supposed Christian population of greater importance. The existence of this kingdom of millions had been known in Europe since the days of Marco Polo. Columbus had searched for it on his travels to the west. But neither he nor the Portuguese in their advance eastwards had ever been able to discover it. Cathay, with all its towns and treasures, had faded away for ever behind the mountains of Central Asia, like Atlantis in the sea, and the cartographers were faced with an insoluble problem.

We can well understand the perseverance and energy with which Father Monserrate attacked this problem on the occasion of his visit to the Grand Mogul's Court. It seemed an opportunity too good to be missed, and he cross-examined the Mahommedan travellers to the best of his ability, noting down all they said about the forgotten country. " Cathay is the country which is nowadays known as the Land of the Silk Merchants. These are for the most part Christians, with a strong intermingling of Jews, Heathens and Mahommedans. Their reigning sovereign

is called Emmanuel. All silk exported from China to Europe is brought from the Land of the Silk Merchants by Chinese caravans. The Land of the Silk Merchants is a part of Asiatic Scythia (Siberia), and is separated from Tartary and Mongolia by the Imaus Mountains. Cambalech, the capital of the Land of the Silk Merchants, is 3,000 miles from Samarkand." (Thus Father Monserrate).

The geographical findings of this rather inadequate and yet interesting report are on the whole accurate. They are based on facts established by the widely-travelled merchants of Northern India, whose caravans had for centuries travelled across the Pamir passes to Turkestan and China. The Chinese were already known as " Silk Merchants " at the time of the Roman Emperors, and Ptolemy (and after him later geographers) had for that reason called Northern China " Serica," or " The Land of Silk." After the Mongols had conquered the country and the Great Khan had made Peking his residence, Cambalech had become the capital of and Cathay the name for the Central Kingdom. Travellers had to cross either the Hindukush, the Tienshan, the Altai or some other Central Asiatic mountain range from Afghanistan or the steppes of Kirgise by the junction roads in order to reach the age old Chinese silk route.

Monserrate's statements about the religion of the inhabitants were, on the other hand, inaccurate, even misleading. In this respect the Jesuit's Mahommedan informants, and even the missionaries themselves, were deceived by certain outward similarities between Buddhist and Christian rituals and customs. It had happened that the Emperor Akbar had invited Jesuits to his Court a second time and then again, in 1594, even a third time, and the Jesuits had gone. The leader of the third and most important missionary expedition was Father Jerome Xavier, of the family of Saint Francis Xavier. He soon got busy with the question of Cathay " which is situated near the famous 300 mile long wall which divides China from Tartary." Finally, on July 27th, 1598, an event occurred which "rolled away the stumbling block." Father Xavier happened to be talking to the Crown Prince in his palace, when a Mahommedan merchant entered the hall to pay his respects.

In answer to a casual enquiry from the Prince, the merchant said : " I have come from the Kingdom of Cathay." In the course of the conversation it came to light that the man had lived for thirteen years in Cambalu. Of the inhabitants of Cathay he reported that they had pale skins and were of good physique, and that he preferred them to the Turks and Europeans. As for their religion, he knew that they were " Isauits," that is to say, Jesuits or disciples of Christ ; but that there were also among them " Massauits," that is to say followers of Moses, in other words Jews, and also a number of sons of the Prophet. Father Jerome Xavier persuaded this interesting man to pay him a visit, and by talking to him, discovered a great many more lively and interesting details about the Christians of Cathay. The merchant said that he himself numbered many good friends among them, and that the Isauits possessed many churches, some of them large, with pictures, images and crosses. There was one priest who ruled over all the others. They led chaste lives, and prepared boys for ordination. They were all in high favour with the King. The priests wore black robes, " like your Reverence's own robes," as the merchant put it. On feast days, however, they wore red robes. A large proportion of the population, women and men alike, shunned marriage and preferred to lead celibate lives. Father Xavier at once sent off messengers to Goa with this sensational news, mentioning that he had read in the " Chronicle " of St. Anthony reports of the conversion of certain Mongols by Franciscan missionaries, and that he had found the name " Cathay " mentioned on Ortelius' map. He proposed to the Provincial that, with the Emperor Akbar's help, an expedition should be prepared to explore this mysterious Christian country. Akbar had declared himself ready to give material help to the expedition. Xavier himself offered to lead the party.

Three and a half years were to pass before the plan was realised. The Superiors in Goa sent to Europe to beg the religious and lay authorities for their consent, and also tried to find out from their colleagues in China their opinion of the plan. It was in Peking, we remember, that Father Ricci held sway, and that great man had lately been busy studying

the eastern districts of Asia. So it was of paramount importance to gain Ricci's moral support for the great venture.

13. *China's Ptolemy.*

It was a lovely autumn day in the year 1584. All Chaoking was on tenterhooks. From the early hours of the morning the Mandarins had been parading the town in great state, preparing to make their official New Moon visit to the Viceroy. Having paid their respects, they climbed back into their decorated sedan-chairs and were carried in procession to the western suburb ; Lincitao was to introduce to them his famous protégés, the men known as " the Monks from the West," who had made a great stir in the town.

At the door of the Jesuit settlement the guests were received by servants in long robes, who bowed low before them. The Mandarins took off their multi-coloured robes of office and the elaborate headdress which forced them to walk holding their heads stiffly upright, and put on instead round caps with buttons which denoted their rank in the priestly hierarchy. The " Living Gods," once more became human beings ; they could now allow the mask-like expressions on their faces to broaden into smiles, although the strict ceremonial still enforced a certain constraint on their behaviour.

In spite of their poverty the Fathers of the Society of Jesus always kept their houses and courtyards scrupulously clean. They had mastered the strict etiquette and elaborate formalities of Chinese politeness and, having nodded, bowed and gesticulated as custom required, they led their visitors through the spotlessly clean courtyard into the hall of their house, where at the place of honour stood an altar with a crucifix and the sacred vessels of the Liturgy. The Mandarins, solemn and dignified as usual, listened to the foreign priests as they explained these things to them. Then they were taken into the small museum. With untiring patience the scholars answered their guests' eager and inquisitive questions. The Chinese admired the rich bindings of the

folio volumes with their artistic mountings. They were amazed at the strange lettering which ran horizontally instead of vertically, at the contrasts of colour in the illustrations and at the engravings which stood out in perspective and of which their own artists knew nothing. They gazed with awe at the clocks with their complicated machinery, listened to the mysterious tick-tock of the clockwork and watched the swinging of the pendulums, swaying their heads to and fro to the same rhythm. The prism through which the sun's white light is divided up into the various colours of the spectrum seemed to them a miracle. But they spent most of their time gazing at the big map of the world which was hung where it was most likely to attract attention. This map was probably the *Typus Orbis Terrarum,* which the famous Flemish cartographer, Ortelius, had published in 1570 in his *Theatrum Mundi.* " The Chinese wondered what on earth this could be, for they had never before seen or imagined anything like it. And all these exalted personages asked in one voice that they should be provided with a Chinese edition of the work to enable them to understand its meaning better."

The visitors then went off to have their meal, at which the Viceroy regaled them with exquisite dishes. These visits soon became a regular institution At every visit four or five hours were spent in question and answer about all the novel sights to which the Chinese had been treated. And when the time came for them to leave, Father Ricci, who had not yet mastered the language as well as he would have liked, never forgot to present his guests with the two volumes published by his colleague Ruggieri, called " The Sound Doctrine " and " The Ten Commandments." It was his secret intention that these proud gods in human shape should read his personal confession : " I, Seng, born in the Land of the West, had heard that China was a happy and well-governed country. So I set my trust in the sea and spent three whole years travelling across it, landing at last in the Empire of the Ming. Now I am living here, not in order to gain wealth but to worship the Lord in Heaven and to serve Him. For He dwells in His palace on high, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, and all that dwells

therein. Therefore must He be worshipped and acknowledged the whole world over . . . . We, in the country of the West, call Him Tiao-use (Deus) . . . . I, Seng, solemnly profess this."

In the early years of the China mission, the Jesuits hoped by various means to interest the more civilised of the population of the country in the Christian religion. It soon came to light that far the greatest attraction was provided by the map of the world. This Father Ricci admits himself.

The Chinese have always shown a peculiar love of and gift for studying history and geography. Maps of the world had been printed over and over again in the Central Kingdom from the early days of the old Han dynasty until now. But they had always been " primitive drawings in which the various parts of the earth were not shown in their true proportions, and the maps had no scale." The Chinese geographers planted the capital of China right in the middle of the quadrangular map which was supposed to portray the world, and drew attention to it by making a picture of the Emperor's throne on it. Was he not the Son of Heaven ? The fifteen ancient provinces of the Empire filled most of the space on the sheet. At the eastern edge a small ocean was portrayed, dotted about with a number of minuscule islands. " When the Chinese compared their own country's enormous dimensions with the tiny space occupied by the rest of the world," reports Father Ricci, " they were so puffed out with pride that they thought the rest of the world must be barbaric and uncivilised compared with their own country. We had, therefore, but small hope of getting them to admit the superior learning of scholars from abroad."

This Chinese pride was shaken for the first time when the Mandarins looked at the map of the earth, and saw " the world occupying such an enormous space and China quite small in the corner." Some of the proud gentlemen began secretly scoffing at the presumptuous Seng from the West. But the more sensible of them were deeply impressed by what they saw in the Jesuits " Europe-Museum." The scale system which was explained to them by Father Ricci, and the many notes and illustrations in the white spots of the various countries were enough to convince them of

the accuracy of the presentation. In any case the Viceroy expressed a strong wish that a Chinese edition of the map of the world should be presented to him, and so, in 1584, Matteo Ricci began his work, or rather his " Bagatelle," as he called it at the time.

Li Mateu was not content merely to make a copy of the European original. When he was studying under the great mathematician Clavius he had crammed so much knowledge into his head that he was now able to create an entirely original work, " helped by maps, books and travel notes which he had brought with him." The Jesuit, in his map, placed China in the middle of the sheet, so that the " Central Kingdom " received the place of honour which corresponded to its name, and, at the same time, by a skilful projection, was made to look larger than it actually was, so that the Chinese were gratified. This was typical of Ricci's tact and understanding. Without in any way betraying his own convictions or altering the truth, he spared the sensibilities of his Chinese patrons by a simple, yet elegant twist of the compass and square. The Viceroy was enchanted with the work. Without the Jesuit's knowledge he ordered a woodcut of the map to be made in Canton and distributed copies among all the most favoured guests of his palace. The Mandarins could now see " to their joy and satisfaction what a place of honour China occupied and what enormous distances and oceans separated her from the country of the foreigners. Thus they lost their fear of being invaded by the people of the West."

The Ricci map soon found its way into the different provinces of the empire. The next few years saw several more editions. The Italian scholar, during a stay in Nanking in 1600, himself prepared a revised edition of the work at the request of his friends, of which twelve plates were made and printed on silk at the expense of the State. The Viceroy of Kweichow got a Mandarin of high rank to copy the map on a smaller scale, and had a book brought out which contained the rich commentary of the original, and an additional preface written by a Christian author. A few copies of this work found their way as far as Japan, where, it appears, still more printings were made.

In the year 1601, Father Ricci succeeded in getting permission to settle permanently in the Imperial City of Peking. Among the presents which he gave Wan-Li was a clock which roused the Son of Heaven to a frenzy of delight. But since no one except Li Mateu knew the secret of keeping the clock in permanent working order, Li immediately became indispensable at Court !

At the request of the Christian Mandarin, Leo Tche Tso, a third revised and amplified edition of the map of the world was published in Peking. It was printed on six rolls, each over six feet high. Ricci had conscientiously consulted the writings of Ortelius, Gemma Frisius and other Flemish and Italian cartographers for his countless notes, and these notes, besides giving descriptions of Christian countries and their centres of worship, also often gave the names of the original authors. Dr. Leo, who had applied himself personally for nearly a year to the task of revising the text, had several thousand copies brought out. Till now Father Ricci had thought it wiser not to send a copy of his work to the Emperor. He was afraid of angering the All Highest by this entirely new presentation of China in his picture of the world. But now a hand-painted copy found its way into the interior of the " Forbidden City " and was presented to the Emperor by a eunuch. Surprisingly enough Wan-Li took an immediate fancy to the work, which described unknown countries and objects like an illustrated dictionary.

They found the author's name written on the map, so the eunuch was told to order at once a dozen copies printed on silk. Unfortunately the original plates, which were in the printer's house, had been badly damaged in a storm. Ricci declared that he was prepared to provide the corresponding number of maps from an edition in eight sections. But the eunuch dared not return without having carried out his master's instructions to the letter. After three days of unpleasant bickering they finally drew up a memorandum for their Lord and Master, telling him of the destruction of the original plates, and saying that the scholar from abroad was prepared to arrange a new and even more carefully prepared edition. Ricci was secretly hoping by this means to convey to the Prince even more detailed

information about the Christian culture of the West. But the Emperor insisted on his wish being fulfilled and the Chinese draughtsmen had to hurry and engrave new plates from Ricci's own private copy of the work. Thus, at any future date, the Emperor could always have prints drawn off. The presentation of the map was considered important enough to be mentioned in the annals of the Ming dynasty : " Li Mateu drew a map of the earth. It consists of five islands (continents). The first is called Ya-si-ya (Asia) and contains a hundred kingdoms, the most important of which is China. The second is called Eu-lo-pa and has seventy kingdoms. The third is Li-wei-ya (Libya-Africa) and has a hundred kingdoms. The fourth is Ya-me-li-kia. Fifth and last, comes Me-wa-la-ni-kia (Magellania—the oceans discovered by Megallanes). "

The great Italian Jesuit was the first geographer to give the Chinese an exact knowledge of Europe, Africa and America. When he ironically describes himself as the " Ptolemy of China," he is surely unconsciously revealing his own powers and importance as a purveyor of geographical knowledge. For just as the humanists, by their discovery of the work of the famous Alexandrian Ptolemy, had revolutionised all the ideas of European geography previously held by the authorities, and made it necessary to have all the globes and maps altered, so Li Mateu, by his work, opened up for the Chinese a new era of geographical knowledge.

Ricci himself, however, played an invaluable role of his own in helping to revise the views of Europeans about the Far East. European cosmographers, relying on Ptolemy's still unshaken authority, persisted in making China occupy a disproportionately large space on their maps. Its length and breadth, as displayed on the maps was so " inflated " that its frontiers extended much further northwards than Siberia, and its spread eastwards reached the same line of longitude as California. The view that America and Eastern Asia formed a single solid block of land was still held. The more advanced Flemish cartographers failed in their efforts to reconcile the contradictory assertions of the old classical authors with those of the Portuguese seamen.

Indeed their attempts to bring daylight on the scene only led to fresh confusion.

Now it was a life and death matter for the Jesuit missionaries to have accurate knowledge of the geographical position of their mission-fields in the Far East. So in 1582 Ricci was summoned by Valignani to Macao, where that wise old man instructed him to write a descriptive essay about the country, based on Chinese sources, maps and commentaries. For they both realised that it would be an impossible task to make their own map conform with the maps used in far-off Europe. So Ricci, as soon as he could spare time from other occupations, started on this work. With Chinese help he sifted out the country's best cosmographers and soon observed, like his later colleagues, "that up till now no people had portrayed their own country with such accuracy and natural geographical ability as the Chinese." (Hedin). All their findings had been made on the spot, and later on revised. The only thing they lacked was a mathematical scale, and a system of projection, which would have helped them to get the untidy mass of good material into proper shape and to fit the various pieces together on to a map.

On June 5th, 1583 Ricci seized the opportunity when there was an eclipse of the moon to determine Macao's geographical longitude. He was handicapped by having no exact instruments to work with. He set its position at 125 degrees east of the Canary Islands, through which the meridian of those days passed. He was only 5 degrees out in his calculation. He fixed its latitude at 22½ degrees, and in this he was only half a degree out. Now he had a comparatively safe basis to work on, from which, with the help of co-ordinates, he could more or less accurately sketch in the distances of the various towns, with the help of the Chinese findings. Now that Ricci had more or less accurately gauged the size of China, Ptolemy's swollen balloon automatically burst, and the Central Kingdom of China was for the first time portrayed on maps more or less as it is today.

These findings were so new and so revolutionary that even Ricci's collaborator, Ruggieri, doubted their accuracy. But

Father Clavius' pupil was sure of his methods. He stuck to his findings faithfully and verified them over and over again in the ensuing years, whenever his travels into the interior gave him the chance to take new measurements on the spot. When, at last, on September 7th, 1598, he paid his first visit to Peking, he found his guess confirmed : the capital of the empire lay slightly south of forty degrees latitude. The Chinese cosmographers, on whose distance-measurements he had based his calculations, had proved to be reliable, more so, in any case, than the European maps, which put Peking quite ten degrees further north, somewhere in the region of the trans-Siberian railway, or in the latitude of Berlin, instead of in that of Naples. Thus, after eighteen years of research, Ricci had fixed for good and all the extent of the Central Kingdom's territories and had brought back its northern and eastern frontiers to their proper proportions. Ptolemy's fifteen hundred year old error had been corrected !

Until his first visit to Peking Ricci had been obliged to concentrate his geographical interests on China alone. Now the immense inland districts beyond the Great Wall were within his range of vision. He too fell under the spell of the mysterious Cathay. Before long it began to dawn on him that this country " could be none other than China " and " the great King whom Marco Polo mentions none other than the Emperor of this country." This supposition was confirmed when, in Peking, Ricci became acquainted with the merchants from Central Asia, as Monserrate and Xavier had done in Agra. They assured him that " in the Great Mogul's kingdom, in Persia and elsewhere China was known only by the name ' Cathay.' " When asked what name Peking went by, " the travellers answered : Cambalu—in other words, the name which our maps give to the capital of Cathay."

China and Cathay were two names for the same country. This was a new and important fact to have established, for it disclosed another point where the Greek geographer and those who followed him had gone astray. They had failed to realise that they were often using different names to denote what was really the same country or the same

town. The great muddle which had ensued from this double presentation could now be explained and rectified. However, it was a long time before the cartographers adopted these important discoveries and made use of them in their works. But this fact in no way detracts from Father Matteo Ricci's merits. He referred to himself ironically as the " Ptolemy of China," and he was fully entitled to bear this name. Had the great Italian Jesuit not had other, even greater merits, his geographical discoveries would have sufficed to ensure him a place of honour in the Pantheon of Science. The magnificent new edition of his work which has been brought out by the Italian Royal Academy is a fitting tribute to his genius.

14. *Across the Roof of the World.*

Somewhere in the fifteen-nineties Father Ricci informed his colleagues in India of the results of his researches. But the Jesuits in Goa and Agra remained sceptical. How could heathen China and Christian Cathay be one and the same country? In any case it was their duty to seek exact information about the numerous Christians who were said to inhabit some sort of forgotten land beyond the mountains. The Superiors considered the lay brother Bento de Goes to be the man best qualified to undertake this difficult and delicate task.

Brother Bento had had an adventurous career. He was born in the Azores in 1561 or 1562 and had joined the army at an early age. Perhaps, like many other young men of well-to-do families, he had hired himself out as a colonial trooper in order to avoid the consequences of some youthful escapade for, as a simple mercenary, Goes showed that he had enjoyed a conspicuously good education when, at the age of 22, he left the rough and tumble of a soldier's life in order to join the Society of Jesus. His deep religious feeling, his chivalrous nature and great energy combined with sagacity made Bento an ideal companion for Xavier on his mission to the Mogul's court. Here Goes soon learnt the Persian tongue, and acquainted himself with the customs

and outlook of the Mahommedans. He made difficult journeys through the mountain valleys of Kashmir, where he acquired much practical experience in the art of caravan travel. Thus Brother Bento was thoroughly prepared for the great task of exploring Cathay.

This was the rough plan laid out for the expedition. Goes was to disguise himself as an Armenian merchant and to join one of the trading caravans which travelled regularly to Afghanistan over the Khyber Pass. From Kabul he was to proceed over the mountain passes of the Pamir plateau as far as Yarkand and thence into Eastern Turkestan. This was the limit of the Great Mogul's demesne. From this point on everything was in darkness. Only the task was clear and the will to complete it inflexible. Goes must at all costs discover the forgotten country of Cathay and establish contact with its Christian population.

The Emperor Akbar held to his promise and furnished Goes with supplies and horses. He even gave him a letter of recommendation to the allied Princes. Father Xavier gave him a letter to the Christians of Cathay and another to the brethren of Peking, in case he should find himself in the Chinese capital. In token of his creed he wore on his breast a cross with two inscriptions from the Gospels. Henceforth he was known as " Banda Abdulla," " Servant of the Lord," with the surname of " Isai " or " Christian." For, although caution was prescribed in countries " whose inhabitants are wolves and sworn enemies of our faith," Goes wished neither to conceal nor to deny his Faith.

The departure from Agra took place on October 29th, 1602. At Lahore Benedict de Goes wrote Father Xavier the following farewell : " Though I must now end this letter, the memory of you will continue to possess me. My heart will always be mindful of the affection and kindness which you have lavished on your brother Bento, nor will I forget your advice at the moment of our separation."

The great caravan, composed of 400 to 500 souls, had meanwhile assembled on the banks of the Ravi. Banda Abdulla's intention was to attach himself to this caravan with his companions and servants. At the beginning of March 1603 the caravan started on its slow and disorderly

progress across the plains of Northern India. It crossed the rivers which flow down from the Himalayas, and gradually approached the People's Gateway into India, which for centuries past the wild tribes had used for their periodic incursions into the fertile and enticing plains of the Punjab.

At the beginning of April the caravan crossed the Indus. After passing the frontier-fortress of Peshawar it began its painful and cautious ascent of the long, narrow valley, protected by a military escort of 400 men ; for from time immemorial the hidden ravines of the Khyber pass had been famed as the Paradise of Afghan highwaymen. Our merchant caravan was indeed itself suddenly attacked in ambush, and a wild affray ensued.

Six months after their departure from Agra the travellers reached the point which marked the first stage of their journey. Kabul is one of those towns which, owing to their geographical and political position, are immortal. The inhabitants of Kabul call their town " the oldest town in the world," and point out proudly to visitors the tomb of Cain, who slew his brother. Here, " in the bowels of the mountains," the natural lines of communication between East and West, from China and Sinkiang to Persia and Syria, cross the trade route from the Russian steppes to Southern India. Here the caravaners, exhausted after their long mountain treks, seek rest and reinforcement for their depleted ranks in the mild climate of this fertile valley.

It was for these very reasons that Banda Abdulla was compelled to delay his journey here for several weeks. One day, in the market-place of Kabul, he was told that a lady of high rank had been robbed on her return from Mecca and was in need of money to continue her journey. This lady happening to be the sister of the Prince of Yarkand, Brother Bento considered it good policy to earn her gratitude, and offered the noble pilgrim a free loan of 600 golden coins, raising the sum required by selling Indian indigo.

Finally, towards the end of August 1603, the newly-formed caravan started off on a fresh stage of its journey. Its goal was Eastern Turkestan. Just at this moment

Brother Bento fell sick of a high fever. Only one of his companions remained faithful to him, the young Armenian Isaac. In spite of his illness the Jesuit had to start on his long mountain trek. The guide avoided the easier but longer route through the Valley of Bamian, where formerly the Buddhist monks had hewn their cave monasteries out of the smooth rock, although this much-frequented trade-route promised plentiful alms. He chose instead the pack-trail which crosses the Hindukush behind Tcharikar. The journey along the trail, which winds slowly upwards between the mountain peaks, over 7,000 metres in altitude, and then across a plateau, takes about twenty days to complete. The journey over the glaciers of the pass and the descent into the province of Badakshan takes another fifteen days. The merchants, in terrible stress and danger, forced their way through this lawless land, where every man's hand was against them. They were robbed and blackmailed by customsmen, by the men forced as escort on them and by the wild mountain tribes. The good Brother Bento himself was obliged repeatedly to ransom his stolen horses at very high prices.

Towards the middle of October the caravan succeeded in reaching the upper course of the Oxus, known today as the Amudarja, which divides the North-Eastern province of Afghanistan from Russia. The Wakhan valley, formed in the folds of the hills by the erosion of the mountain torrent, creates the natural ascent to the Pamir passes, through which lies the shortest connecting route with the oases of Eastern Turkestan. On modern political maps of Central Asia the Wakhan valley is depicted as a long, narrow tongue which the buffer state of Afghanistan shoots out between the Soviet Union and the Indian province of Kashmir. It is a cold, barren mountain-valley, populated with scanty settlements, at an altitude of between 2,700 and 3,600 metres. The nearer one approaches to " the roof of the world " the more lonely and inhospitable becomes the landscape. The supreme test of endurance is the crossing of the Wakhir pass, 5,400 metres above sea level. Let us quote from the report handed down to us :

" At this point Brother Bento was faced with the most

unpleasant and tiring stage of his whole journey. Five of his horses collapsed owing to the severe cold and the total lack of fuel, and also because the air is so unhealthy that it is almost impossible for any living creature to breathe. The remedy for this is to eat leeks, onions and dried apricots, rubbing the horses' muzzles with leeks. It takes 14 days to cross these barren mountains when there is snow on the ground ; it takes less time when the ground is clear of snow. This stretch of land is a favourable haunt of highwaymen, who lie in wait for the caravans, plunder them and sometimes kill the travellers themselves."

It needed all Brother Bento's strength of will to overcome the obstacles along the steep path which led to the pass and to encourage his disheartened servants to stay the course. Finally they reached the summit, and in Saricol man and beast found once more a haven of refuge. After resting a few days in this town, they continued the ascent to the glacier pass of Chichiklik. Now again the caravaners had to pass some nights in the open air, exposed to Nature's inclemencies, and on one or two occasions they found at dawn the bodies of their comrades frozen to death.

Goes is very reserved in writing about these adventures. But his few utterances are confirmed by modern explorers. The travel tales of Aurel Stein and Sven Hedin throw full light on the alarming accident which, but for Brother Bento's fatherly care, would have ended in the death of the brave Armenian Isaac shortly before the goal had been reached.

For about two kilometres the caravan trail follows the bed of the river, which has forced a channel along the level of the Tarim basin between the close-lying, overhanging rocks. This passage is known by the name of " Tenghi-tar," which means " the Narrow Pass " . . . Stein and Hedin, who took this route in 1894, are agreed about the dangers of this *Via Mala*. During the thaw this narrow strip of land is completely impassable. " Our progress became more and more difficult. A hundred, a thousand times, we slipped up on the round, wet stones. Again and again we had to cross the stream to make headway along the gorge which is only a few yards wide. The air was as cold as in a cellar.

We were often obliged to relieve the mules of their loads and to lead them along the more difficult passages." On one of these occasions Isaac lost his footing and fell into the ice-cold water. They succeeded in dragging him to the bank, where he remained unconscious for eight hours. It was only through Brother Bento's untiring efforts that the unfortunate man was once more restored to life.

Two weeks after this final ordeal and about 3 months after its departure from Kabul the caravan reached Yarkand, greatly reduced in numbers. It was now the end of November 1603, and for over a year Banda Abdulla Isai was destined to linger in the capital of Eastern Turkestan.

The cause of this provoking delay was a peculiar trade-agreement between Cathay-China and its neighbours. Under the rulership of the Ming dynasty the Empire had become completely isolated from the outside world. The northern frontiers were closed. The only people exempt from this isolationist policy were certain merchants who, under the title of ambassadors, were allowed to bring their so-called tributes to Peking. Their number, their quota of imports, the date of their arrival and so forth were strictly regulated by the Court Tribunal in Peking. The Court took possession of the more precious imports, especially the much coveted jade from Khotan, recompensing the ambassadors with princely generosity for their expenses. In this way the merchants did an excellent trade. " Thus the Emperor lives in the mistaken belief that the whole world is subject to him, although the more intelligent people take the opposite view, that it is rather China who pays toll to the merchants." The Chinese have always been masters of the art of saving their faces.

These pseudo-ambassadors from the " Western Kings " were allowed to enter the Empire through the frontiers of Kansus at intervals of 5 to 6 years. Of the thousand or so merchants who made these journeys seventy-two were entitled to travel to Peking at the Emperor's expense. The next caravan was due in 1604. Brother Bento's idea was to attach himself to this caravan, and to travel with the

merchants as one of their company. With great ingenuity and by an exceptional stroke of luck he succeeded in his aim.

Yarkand was one of Islam's citadels. But here, in this market-town, where men of all creeds and races intermingled, there was less religious intolerance than in other Mahommedan cities. Nevertheless the arrival of an Armenian "Rumi," a Christian, was the subject of daily gossip in the bazaars, and soon Adbullah Isai needed all his wit and caution to extricate himself from many a delicate and dangerous situation.

At the very first customs house they discovered in his baggage a prayer-book and a Cross, both of which objects were suspect in the eyes of the Mahommedans. The King, wishing to see these objects, summoned Brother Bento to his council-chamber. Goes, who knew the ceremonial as laid down in the Koran, first indulged in an impressive display of Mahommedan ritual, and then delivered the book into the King's hands. In this way he won the first round. Now the King challenged him to read and to explain a passage in the book. The disguised Jesuit, "overjoyed to be able to pronounce the name of Christ to these heretics," seized the opportunity of preaching a sermon about Christ and the Last Judgment. Now the King demanded to have the meaning of the Cross explained to him. To his question, which direction do the Christians face when they pray before the Cross, Brother Bento gave the shrewd reply: "They face what direction they please, for God is everywhere." The Mahommedans marvelled at the deep religious learning of this Kaffir, and the King dismissed the assembly with the words: "This man is a true Molla."

That night Brother Bento had won the Prince's esteem, and his blameless and fearless life soon gained him the affection of the merchants: "Never before had they known an Armenian like him." The pious Mahommedans were sad to think that "such an excellent man should be condemned to suffer the pains of Hell," and some of them resorted first to kindness, then to cunning, and lastly to an almost open display of force to compel him to recite the

Chahada, the short creed to Allah and his Prophet. Abdullah Isai's position was becoming very critical, when the arrival of the Queen Mother of Khotan saved the situation.

Now Brother Bento was repaid in full for the service which he had rendered to the noble pilgrim. The Saracens counted it highly in his favour that he had assisted a " true believer " in the performance of her sacred duties. The Prince of Khotan hurried to greet his mother and overwhelmed Brother Bento with proofs of goodwill, inviting him to his palace eight days' journey from the capital, and repaying him for his loan with a store of precious green-white jade.

Now the Jesuit brother sold his wares and made a large profit, and with the help of the Prince's patronage became one of the most well-to-do merchants in the town. There was no banquet to which he was not invited. At one of these banquets he met a rich merchant who proposed that he should accompany him to Cathay, for he was the leader of the next " ambassador " caravan. After a short, diplomatic display of reluctance, Goes fell in heartily with the plan. In the face of remonstrance and warnings from the merchants of Kabul he remained true to his resolve. To an Armenian who kept pestering him with tales about the treachery of the Mahommedans he replied : " You may return to India. I, for my part, cannot retrace my steps halfway without having completed my task. God has protected me until now, and will continue to do so until with His help I have found Cathay."

Cathay ? Had Bento de Goes not yet learnt about this lost country in this market town, this meeting-ground for all nomadic merchants ? There was still a long stretch of road in front of him, for the distance between Yarkand and the Chinese frontier is 1,250 miles, that is to say, roughly, the distance between London and Palermo. The descriptions of Cathay which the merchants gave Goes must have strengthened the false impression of that country which he had first acquired in India. This we know from the letters which he sent repeatedly to Agra, and in which he mentions fans, paper, joss-sticks and china from Cathay, but also talks of paintings from that country which were

quite obviously of Christian origin. The merchants could give him no information about that country's religion. Even their tales about the Kings of Cathay did not tally with what he had heard about the Chinese Emperors from the missionaries' reports. Thus, after a year's stay in the heart of Asia, the explorer came to the following conclusion : " Cathay is not the same country as China, but it is China's neighbour and resembles it in many ways . . . . It will take me eight months to reach it. I leave this place in good health, recognised as a Christian and yet on good terms with everyone."

These words were written by Brother Bento on Nov. 13th, 1604, on the eve of his departure from Yarkand. For nearly a whole year he had had to bide his soul in patience, until the long drawn out preparations had been completed and the hour had arrived for the " embassy " caravan to depart. With his faithful companion Isaac, five drivers, two servants and eleven horses Abdullah Isai began the last long stage of his voyage of discovery. He must have travelled through the towns which align at wide intervals the trail which runs between the mountain slopes of the " skyhigh " Tienshan and the waste of sand dunes of the Taklamakan desert. These oasis towns were politically under the authority of the Prince of Yarkand, and Abdullah Isai carried with him the highest recommendations to the various governors. But owing to the presence of lurking bands of Mongol robbers the journey was not without danger. Till now his cruellest foes had been the mountains and the cold, but these were now replaced by the discomforts of sand and constant thirst.

It took the caravan a month to reach Aksu, which was under the rulership of one of the King's nephews, a boy of twelve. With " Indian sweets and confections " Goes gained the favour of the royal sugar-baby, winning his affections completely by performing for his benefit a wild fandango, for as he reports, " dancing is the chief delight of the people of Turkestan."

In Karashar more serious difficulties awaited them. It was the time of the Ramadan. Some fanatics molested Adbullah Isai for not conforming with the law of fasting.

The Governor himself had ventured on a coarse jest in his first audience, and had submitted the Christian stranger to a hard test of courage. When, late that evening, Goes was summoned to the Prince's presence, he feared the worst, and gave the despairing Isaac the necessary instructions in the event of his death. But in the nocturnal discussion which followed, the lay brother showed the necessary tact, and managed, without hurting the Kazi's feelings, to justify himself and his Christian creed. " The Christians are true believers like ourselves " declared the Prince at last. He then invited the whole company, which had grown heated in the argument, to a rich banquet, hoping that in the general conviviality the disputants would sink their differences. When, long after dawn, Goes was finally allowed to return home, he found his faithful companion weeping bitter tears. The good Isaac, who was not used to his pious master keeping late hours, had long despaired of his return and was already bemoaning his death.

In Karashar Bento de Goes found unexpectedly the solution of the riddle of Cathay. He met some Mahommedans who had travelled to Peking with the previous " embassy " caravan. These Mahommedans brought news to Brother Bento about the Fathers of the Society of Jesus who lived in Peking, for they had been living in the " Strangers' Inn " at the time when the Fathers Ricci and Pantoja had been imprisoned there by the Mandarins. Between February and March 1601, the Mahommedans had been in constant touch with the two Jesuits. They gave an exact description of the Jesuits' appearance, but they did not know their names. To prove the truth of their tale they showed Brother Bento a letter in Portuguese which they had found on the doorstep of the Jesuits' house and which they had pocketed because the foreign writing had attracted them. " This news brought joy to the hearts of the two travellers, for it now dawned on them that Cathay was indeed China."

Thus unexpectedly was the lost country discovered. But where were the Christians whom the Indian Mahommedans had spoken of? Here was a mystery which had to be solved before all doubts could be dispelled. Brother Bento,

driven by a longing to meet his colleagues, now pressed energetically forward. The caravan had already delayed its journey for three months and, according to the programme arranged by its leader, was to make a stay of equal duration in the neighbouring town of Turfan. Goes therefore asked the Governor for permission to continue the journey alone. The Governor was in the act of drawing up a safe-conduct pass when, in the presence of several witnesses, he asked Banda Abdullah whether he should mark on the paper his Christian name "Isai." "Yes," replied the bold disciple: "Thus far have I travelled as a Christian, and as such will I continue to the end." At these words a venerable old counsellor exclaimed: "This is a true believer and an upholder of his Faith."

In the middle of July 1605 Brother Bento set out from Karashar with his small company on the fresh stage of his journey. His goal was Kiajukwan, the famous west gate of the Great Wall of China, near Suchow, in the province of Kansu. In Turfan and Hami he allowed himself and his companion a month's rest, for the ride across the wide, barren steppes was exhausting enough in itself and had been made even more difficult by the need to be constantly on the alert. Every now and then the presence of bands of Mongol robbers forced the travellers to progress by night. Between the oasis of Hami and the Chinese Wall the dangers and hardships increased. The "Silk-Road" here crosses a strip of waste land 500 kilometres broad which connects the Taklamakan and Gobi deserts. Like the smooth waves of the sea under a light wind the undulating dunes of brown sand stretch away on either side as far as the eye can reach. Though water is certainly to be found in the depressions between the hillocks, a constant withering East wind blows which allows of no vegetable life. Travellers suffer more even from cold than from thirst.

Once more the brave Brother Bento entrusted his life to God's keeping. Mile after mile he plodded on. Hill after hill vanished over the northern horizon, but to the south fresh hills constantly loomed up ahead of him. He followed the course indicated by the bones of perished or slaughtered animals and by mounds of camel dung. Tirelessly the

searching eyes of the travellers watched for suspicious signs, and at every alarm they seized hold of their primed guns. But at last the day came when the little caravan stood joyfully before the gateway of Cathay which they had at last discovered.

But Cathay proved to be the inhospitable, self-sufficient land of China, which had withdrawn behind its protecting wall. The armed watchmen of Kiajukwan refused admittance to the strangers until the written permission from the provincial government of Kansu had arrived. They made an exact list of the people entering the country and a careful inventory of their goods. Finally, under a strong escort, Bento de Goes and his friends were conducted into the frontier fortress of Suchow, where the disciple was destined to meet his tragic end. It was now early February of the year 1606. More than three years had elapsed since Goes' departure from Agra.

According to old reports Suchow was divided into two parts, closely guarded one from the other : the Chinese, as rulers of the country, occupied the richer half of the town, while the other half was occupied by Mahommedans and foreigners, merchants from Central Asia, Persia and Arabia, who had permanently or temporarily settled there. Abdullah Isai took up temporary quarters in this ghetto. To pay for his own keep and for that of his servants the brother was obliged to part with his matchless jade at a low price.

In the cosmopolitan ghetto of Suchow Brother Bento soon discovered the whole truth about Cathay. " When he heard here about Peking and about the different names for China his last doubts were dispelled : Cathay and China were one and the same land. All the information that he had gleaned from the Mussulmans about the greatness of the King of Cathay and about his Christian subjects was either invention or idle tales. The Mussulmans had obviously mistaken the pictures of Chinese idols for Christian representations of the Virgin and of the Saints, and had conceived the altars, the incense, the candles, the processions, the songs and the prayers of the Buddhist Bonzes to be symbols of Christianity."

Brother Bento hastened to communicate this news to his brethren in Peking. He begged them to make every effort " to free him from the hands of the infidels and to obtain for him a right of entry into China." His caravan had to abide by the law and to delay two more years before proceeding further. After " the indescribable sufferings of his journey " Goes wished to return to India by way of Canton. To ensure results he sent several letters at regular intervals, and finally succeeded in finding a reliable messenger, who managed to escape from the strictly guarded ghetto and made his way swiftly towards the capital. Brother Bento's position had recently become more critical, chiefly owing to the fact that six months after his own arrival in Suchow the " embassy " caravan had made its appearance in the town. Its leader had not forgiven Brother Bento for his premature departure from Karashar, and was now seeking revenge. By appealing to the unwritten code of caravan travel, he compelled the Christian merchant to loan and give money to pay for the communal feasts. The longer the brethren in Peking delayed their answer, the more the once rich merchant Abdullah Isai fell into financial straits.

Meanwhile the Jesuits in Agra and Peking had become greatly concerned about the fate of their brother Bento. In 1606 his letters from Yarkand had arrived safely in India, but since his departure from that town no further news had been received. Father Ricci in Peking, who had received timely information about the voyage of exploration, made constant enquiries from the traders arriving in the city about a certain Christian merchant who was residing in the " Stranger's Inn " in Suchow. It was through these secret agents that Father Ricci, as early as 1602, previously therefore to Goes, had received definite information about the identity of Cathay and China. But the years passed and no news came through about Brother Bento's whereabouts.

Finally, in November 1606, more than ten months after the Jesuit's arrival in Suchow, his Mahommedan messenger, who had left in the previous spring, succeeded in finding Father Ricci. Ricci, reading between the lines of

the letter, guessed that his brave colleague was in desperate straits, and set to work without delay. He himself was obliged to remain in the capital, so he detailed Juan Fernandez, an intelligent and trustworthy Christian convert from Macao, to undertake the difficult task of contacting the Jesuit brother. Regardless of weather and season, Fernandez started at once on his mission to Kansu. In Singanfu his companion made off with half the sum allotted for the expedition. Nevertheless, on May 31, 1607, the brave Fernandez, after an exhausting journey, arrived in Suchow, where, upon his enquiring about Abdullah Isai, he was immediately presented to the faithful Armenian Isaac, whom Goes, as though guided by instinct, had at that very hour sent to the market-place.

When Fernandez entered Brother Bento's room he found him wasted away to a skeleton and bedridden with a lingering disease. "When the brother set eyes on our messenger and heard him speak in Portuguese, he received him like an angel from Heaven. He took our letters in his hands and, shedding tears of relief, said : 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace : ' for he imagined that he was at the end of his journey and that he had accomplished his task."

At the hour of his death, on April 10th, 1607, that is eleven days after Fernandez' arrival, the dying man sent a last message to his colleagues, "that his journey had been very long, very wearisome and beset with dangers. Therefore should no member of the Jesuit brotherhood attempt to follow his example."

Father Ricci later suspected that Brother Bento had been poisoned by his Mahommedan fellow-travellers. This suspicion is not unfounded. Goes had reached the frontier of China a man sound in wind and limb. Only then did his health begin to fail. The subsequent events in Suchow show that the Saracens had other reasons beside their proverbial religious intolerance for desiring the death of the Armenian Rumi. No sooner did their spies inform them of the event they had so passionately desired than a group of merchants rushed into the deathchamber and stole the diary in which, in addition to his travel notes, Brother

Bento had set down certain loans which were due to him. Thus the merchants, in tearing up the pages which concerned their debts, destroyed a document of unique geographical importance. They then seized the Armenian Isaac, who was the only witness of their act of violence, and tried to make him a Mussulman.

But the Mahommedans had not reckoned with Fernandez. It is to this determined and cunning Chinaman that we owe the preservation of Brother Bento's life-work. He carefully collected the scattered fragments of the diary and guarded them like a precious heritage. He arranged a Christian burial for the Jesuit brother and also fought a long and bitter legal duel for the release of Bento's faithful companion Isaac, even going so far as to pawn his clothes to obtain the necessary funds. Fernandez brought the grim and hard-fought battle to a happy end by suddenly taking a piece of pork from his sleeve and solemnly proceeding to share it with Isaac in face of the assembled company. At this horrifying spectacle the Mussulmans fled in a body from the council hall, and the Chinese judges, unwilling witnesses of this barefaced exhibition of ungodliness, had no choice but to hand Isaac over to Fernandez, together with Brother Bento's small and precious legacy.

This legacy was placed in Father Ricci's hands in October 1607 : a prayer-book, the Cross, his written vow, a few letters and safe-conduct papers and a single page out of the Bible, a chapter from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians in which Paul boasts that he has proved himself a true servant of Christ in many trials and tribulations and mortal dangers, in journeys by land and upon the waters, in the desert, amid robbers and heathens.

Often did the venerable Father Ricci gaze with awe upon this small, faded page, whilst with persevering scholarship he pieced together the rescued fragments of the diary and filled in the gaps by means of the Armenian Isaac's reports. Revised again and again, the travel story first saw the light of day under the editorship of Father Trigault, who included it in his work " The Christian Campaign in China." To the astonished European geographers he announced the fact that " Cathay is China " . . . . From that time

onwards Bento de Goes has figured as one of the greatest of Central Asiatic explorers. Hedin, Stein and others who have followed in his tracks have written of him without prejudice and with respect. Sir Percy Sykes ends his book "Europe in Search of China (the 3,000 year Struggle for the discovery of the legendary Cathay)" with a moving description of the death of the "Heroic Jesuit," who, in the words of a colleague, "sought Cathay and found Heaven."

To this day the Mahommedans of Suchow in the heart of Asia make a yearly pilgrimage to an ancient grave which lies outside the walls of the town. It is said that a notable stranger is buried there, a man who was not a Moslem and who yet worshipped one God and one God alone: "not an infidel of the pig but of the book." Is this tomb, as English missionaries suppose, the grave of Banda Abdullah Isai, whom we know as Bento de Goes, of the Society of Jesus?

15. *Round the Himalayas.*

The rumours about the Christian communities who were said to live beyond the mountains continued to circulate in India in spite of the latest findings of the investigators. So in 1624 the Superior of the Agra Mission, Father Antonio de Andrade, decided to go personally and collect information on the very spot. This enterprising Portuguese Jesuit was therefore "the first European to cross the Himalayas and to enter Tibet from the south." We can therefore sympathise with the famous Tibetan explorer, Sven Hedin, when he says that he has always had "a particular affection" for the thirty-one faded sheets of the original edition of Father de Andrade's work, the "New Discovery of Greater Cathay or of the Kingdom of Tibet," and that he has always agreed whole-heartedly with the Father's last words, "Laus Deo!"

Father de Andrade left Agra on March 30th, 1624, accompanied by Brother Manuel Marques. Two Christian servants went with them. In Delhi the missionaries joined a group of Hindus, who were setting off on a pilgrimage

to the temple of Badrinath, which was situated on the upper reaches of the Vischnu-Ganges. The Jesuits followed the band of pilgrims up slippery mountain paths which led through deep, damp gorges along the river's edge. In Srinagar (which must not be confused with the capital of Kashmir, which has the same name), the Jesuits were arrested as spies. But Father Andrade succeeded in dispelling their fears by his self-possession and ready wit and at the same time managed to keep the secret of their identity and of their intentions. A letter dated May 16th shows that up to that very moment the explorer was completely in the dark about the difficulties of the journey. He imagined that he could reach Tibet in a week's time and said that he had heard " from very reliable sources that a great many good Christians lived there."

The pilgrim party continued its climb up the higher slopes of the mountains and at last reached the Holy Place of Badrinath, which lies deep in the maze of valleys on the southern slopes of the Himalayas. The Hindus had reached their goal, and here the four Christians left them. They climbed up to the level of perpetual snow and on towards the unexplored country of Tibet. They followed the watercourse of the Ganges, which led them in the end to the village of Mana, which lies at the foot of the 7,757 metre high Gang-men. Here Father de Andrade hired an experienced guide to lead him and his party up to the pass, which had the same name.

It was not yet the season for crossing the mountains. The snow had not yet become " hard and firm like marble, upon which even horses' hooves leave no trace." But news came through that the Rajah of Srinagar had thought better of his decision to release the foreigners, and that he had sent a party of men to take them prisoner again. This news decided Father Andrade to set off at once. He left his crippled companion, Marques, in safe hands in the village and continued his journey under cover of night with his two Indians and the guide.

But our would-be mountaineers were inexperienced and untrained, and each uphill step only increased their sufferings. Our lowlander was appalled at the wildness

of this high mountain world, " where he could no longer see houses, trees or plants ; only barren rocks and snow." Fearful, though never dismayed, he continued his interminable " scenic-railway " journey, crossing and recrossing the snowbridges under which the " mountain-stream rushed headlong downwards with a deafening roar." His food consisted entirely of roasted barley-meal soaked in water. Fear of their pursuers in the valley spurred them on and allowed them no rest.

But for all his efforts Father de Andrade was overtaken by a party of men from Mana, on the third day after leaving that village. The men frightened the guide away by telling him of the fearful dangers that awaited him on the pass. But Father Andrade they could not frighten. The sturdy pioneer of the faith knew where his duty lay and went obstinately on. We may dismiss the extraordinary stubbornness of this Portuguese explorer as mere foolhardiness—indeed, events proved that his critics were right. But our Titan was a man of great purpose and was not to be deterred from what he had set his heart on doing.

The air became thinner and thinner, the track more and more difficult. They plodded on for hours, knee-deep in snow. They sank up to their chests, their shoulders even, in the soft snow-drifts. " We had often to lie down at full length in the snow, and, to prevent ourselves sinking deeper still, we had to make breast strokes with our arms, as swimmers do. This was our work during the day, and at night we could not sleep." They spread out one of their coats on the snow, and drew the two others over them, which provided some sort of wretched covering. Again and again one or the other had to get up and shake off the dense snowflakes which kept falling. Their hands and feet became stiff and numb with cold, their eyes were blinded by the white, glistening light of the wintry landscape. But at last their incredible venture came to a successful end, and they reached the top of the Mana pass, where they found a glacier-lake, which proved to be the " source of the Ganges." According to modern measurements this source lies five thousand six hundred and four

metres above sea-level, that is, eight hundred metres higher than the summit of Mount Blanc.

It was the first time that a European had gazed from the heights of the Himalayas towards the vast mountain world of Tibet. But great as was his longing to descend to the people in the valleys, Father Andrade was forced to return, just as he had reached the threshold of that unknown country. His Indian companions were utterly exhausted. It would have been folly to make a descent into a completely unknown territory along glacier slopes which were still deeply embedded in snow. So they turned back, and on the third day our bold mountaineers came once more face to face with human beings. They were men from Mana, who had been sent by Brother Marques to search for his friend. They went a little lower down in the valley and camped in a large cave in the rocks, where later on Brother Marques joined them, with fresh supplies of food. Here all those who had been on the great expedition rested for a month to recover from the effects of their first tussle with the mountains. Meanwhile the snow began to melt in the heat of the sun, and conditions improved.

In July the two Jesuits started off again towards the mountains, and this time they met with better luck. At the end of August, 1624, they entered Tsaparang, on the banks of the Sadletsch, on horseback. The Lamas had sent a party out to meet them. The Himalayas had been conquered !

Tsaparang is today a ruined and almost uninhabited hamlet. But at the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the residence of an independent Tibetan prince, which explains why Father de Andrade refers rather pompously to the place as a " Cidade real," or royal residence. The Prince and Princess gave the priest a warm and sympathetic welcome, and allowed the Jesuits to preach their religion freely and openly. Even the Lamas at first showed no uneasiness about the missionaries' intentions. Father de Andrade therefore hurried back to Agra in the same year, and here wrote his report on November 8th about the " New Discovery of Cathay." He declared that Cathay was not a country at all, but a town near the

Chinese frontier and at the same time the capital of one of the seven Tibetan provinces. The little booklet was printed in Lisbon only two years later, and translated into several languages. Thus for the first time in history the existence of Tibet and its peculiar religion were made known to all the people of Europe.

Meanwhile the author of this little book had returned to Tsaparang, crossing the Himalayas for the second time, (June to August, 1625), this time with two companions, and here on April 11th, 1626, by permission of his esteemed patron, he laid the foundation stone of the first Catholic Church in the land of the Lama monasteries. But his hope finding old Christian communities here was disappointed. Nevertheless, as early as 1626, three more missionaries arrived in Tsaparang, having crossed the mountains as Father Andrade had done. In the following year they travelled along the route which Sven Hedin took later; they traversed the chain of the Lhadak mountains and reached Gartok, in the valley of the upper course of the Indus. Then they travelled on to Radok, two hundred kilometres north of Tsaparang, where they founded a mission-station. Thus these mountains, too, were conquered by the Jesuits, and the Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, who arrived there three hundred years later, imagining that he was the "first," christened them the Transhimalayas. When Father de Andrade was summoned to Goa in 1630 to take up his position as Superior of the Indian province he could regard the Tibet mission as established.

On his first return to Agra Father de Andrade had already suggested that a mission should be founded in Shigatse, a place which to-day is still important. Situated in Eastern Tibet, it was at that time the residence of the "King" of Utsang, and of the highest of the high among the Lamas. Lhassa, the Dalai-Lama's capital, only achieved its present-day importance about fifty years later.

So, in obedience to the decrees of the Superior in Agra, Fathers Stephen Cacella and John Cabral, accompanied by Brother Fontebuona, started their journey from Cochin to Schigatse on April 30th, 1626. They travelled by sea to Hugli in Bengal. Here, at Christmas, Fontebuona died.

The two priests then went up the Brahmaputra to Hajo, and from here proceeded along a western tributary of that river, reaching at last the small principality of Cooch Behar. From here a caravan-route led northwards over the Himalayas. In the spring of 1627 they began a wearisome climb through the wild mountain valleys of Bhutan. The travellers had now left the land of dark Hinduism and had already entered the kingdom of Lamaism, with its richness and riot of colour. In Paro the Rajah welcomed the two foreigners with great kindness. He was a man of character, who had lived in strict seclusion for three years, and had devoted himself to prayer, to studying the scriptures and to painting. The Lamas, too, looked up to him as their spiritual head. This ascetic prince would have been overjoyed to keep the foreign preachers at his court, and he offered to build them a house and a church.

The Jesuits were compelled to remain seven months with the Rajah, and only by cunning did they succeed in outwitting his importunity and in continuing their journey northwards " in search of Cathay," as they had been ordered to do.

After an exhausting journey across the Himalayas Father Cacella and his companion at last entered Schigatse in January 1628. The two priests were astonished to find in this remote valley a monastery town with several hundred buildings, which were built in terrace-formation up the slopes of the hill, and which housed several thousand monks. The foreign scholars were given a friendly welcome by the Lamas of the Tashi-Lumpo, the great Tibetan monastery college. Father Cacella realised very well that here " he had found the key into Tartary, into China, and into many other countries besides." Shigatse was not only the religious, but also the geographical centre of Lamaism. From here it was possible to reach the Tsaparang Mission in four weeks, by going westwards down the well-worn " thalweg " along the valley of the Tsangpo. A constant stream of pilgrims and traders travelled along this path from Northern and Eastern Tibet to worship at the tomb of the great Tsong-Kapa, the founder of the Yellow Sect.

Father Cabral hurried back through Nepal to Bengal, full of hopes for the future ; he wanted to discover a better route and at the same time to get reinforcements. On June 17th, 1628, he wrote from Hugli to his superiors in Goa that the new mission might become " one of the most glorious missions of the Order."

Meanwhile Father Cacella had started his work, helped by the young Prince's generosity. The Lamas' austere mode of life and their culture made a deep impression on him. He thought for a time that he had come face to face with some ancient Christian civilisation which had been maintained through the centuries. In 1629 he met Father Diaz in Bengal, and persuaded him to come out and work with him. But Father Diaz died crossing the lonely heights of the Himalayas, and Father Cacella died soon after, on March 16th, 1630, having only just completed his journey over the mountains. So Father Cabral remained alone. Gradually he came to the conclusion that Lamaism, in spite of certain outward resemblances to the Catholic Church, in its organisation and ritual, was at bottom the very essence of paganism. However, he did not lose hope, and wrote to the people in Tsaparang to tell them so. And now the Superior in Tsaparang decided to leave that town and to come and live in the more important and quieter centre of Shigatse. But big events put a stop to this plan.

The Jesuits had unfortunately arrived in Tibet at the very moment when there was a fierce struggle for power between the Lamas of the Yellow Reform Sect and the Princes of the Old Regime. Helped by the faithful of Mongolia, Ngqavang Lobsang became all powerful in Eastern Tibet and made himself Dalai-Lama. So all the Jesuits had achieved was undone by the political changeover. Father Cabral, in winning the favour of the lay Prince, lost the friendship of the lamas, and somewhere in the year 1632 was recalled by the Superiors from a mission which no longer seemed to have any chance of success. All that was left of the Jesuit mission in Tibet was Father Cacella's tomb, a sad reminder of what had been a premature undertaking.

The "Kingdom" of Tsaparang was not spared these political disturbances. Here the Prince was for some time consistently persecuted by his brother, the Chief Lama, for having favoured the missionaries. Shortly after Father Andrade's recall in 1630, a Lama revolt broke out in Tsaparang. Although the missionaries themselves came to no harm, their church was plundered and their patron and all his family and about four hundred christians were carried off to Leh, in the Indus valley. The two missionaries who were stationed in the remote town of Radok had their settlement destroyed and were then themselves taken to Leh. But they were soon allowed to return to their brethren in Tsaparang.

The mission was therefore in a hopeless position when Father Francisco de Azevedo made another adventurous journey across the Mana pass and arrived in Sadletsh to take up his duties as the newly appointed Superior. He decided to adopt a friendly attitude towards the ruler of Leh, and to go there and plead with him. The two Jesuits Oliveira and Azevedo set out together and arrived in Leh after a twenty-one day journey. They managed to persuade the ruler to allow them to establish settlements in Leh itself, as well as in Radok and Tsaparang. Azevedo returned through the districts of Rupshu, Lahul and Kulu by a shorter route, which led in a straight line southwards to Agra. Father Azevedo was an acute observer and gave a lively description of his mountain journey through hitherto unknown territory. His report was translated into five languages, but afterwards forgotten for two hundred years, until European interest in Tibet revived again.

The mission plodded painfully on for several years. At times the authorities would set a watch on the five Jesuits and they would be treated like prisoners. But Father de Andrade, who was now in Goa, had not forgotten the mission for which he had sacrificed so much. He decided in 1634 to instil fresh life into the enterprise by sending out six new men. But no sooner had preparations been begun than Father Andrade suddenly died, and it was supposed that he had been poisoned. Nevertheless, the

six men selected for the mission started on their long journey with Father Nuno Coresma at their head. The expedition was a failure. The party reached Northern India during a period of famine. Two of the six men died from exhaustion after the trials of the journey, and three others fell ill in Srinegar itself, and had to retrace their steps. Only Fathers Coresma and Correa crossed the Mana pass and arrived safely in Tsaparang. Here the local missionaries were in a state of discouragement: they had met with a negative and even hostile reception from the inhabitants of the district. Father Coresma and Father Marques were imprisoned for a time and then released. The whole party returned together to India in 1635 completely dispirited, and Father Coresma suggested in Goa that the mission should be dissolved. The Provincial in Goa favoured this plan and sent messengers to Rome to suggest its being carried out, though in the meanwhile he sent off two missionaries to Srinegar to hold the fort for the time being.

It was distasteful to the Jesuit General to surrender a mission so easily; to yield like this was to disobey the great tradition of the Order. So he decreed that another expedition should be sent. It was a hard order to obey. However, three missionaries stepped into the breach at once, and, with the veteran Marques at their head, set off on the journey. But the difficulties were too great even for them, with all their strength of mind and purpose. The prince, who was now under the influence of the Lamas, had closed his frontiers to the missionaries. Brother Marques went on ahead with one companion to spy out the land. But when they reached the top of the pass—it was the fifth time Brother Marques had been there—they were attacked, brutally manhandled and imprisoned by the Tibetans. Marques' companion succeeded later in escaping to Srinegar, but Marques himself was kept by the Tibetans as a hostage. The Jesuits in Agra and Garhwar tried hard to get their imprisoned brother released, but in vain. Marques remained in solitary confinement in Tibet for many years, indeed until his death.

No one has yet discovered the exact date of his death, but in 1647 his name was crossed off the list of the members of the province of Goa.

Thus in 1640 the Jesuit mission in Western Tibet came finally to grief. But the failure of their mission from the religious point of view does not lessen our admiration for these men's courage and for their achievements as explorers, for, although they had no previous experience and were without the advantages which our modern explorers enjoy, they were the first Europeans ever to reach the peaks of the Himalayas. What Sven Hedin in his book " Transhimalaya " says of Father Antonio de Andrade, applies to them all : " He is a milestone in the passing of the centuries, a boundary-stone in the flow of time, and his journeys mark the year One in the history of European journeys of discovery into Tibet."

The Jesuits in the Great Mogul's Empire never allowed the memory of Tibet to fade from their minds. From time to time plans were thought out for the reconstruction of that mission beyond the Himalayas. But no fresh journey was made till 1713, which was the year of the famous expedition into Tibet headed by the Italian Jesuit, Hippolitus Desideri.

Father Desideri was born in Pistoia on December 20th, 1684. No sooner had the young priest finished his studies than he set off to India with a special injunction from the General of the Order to reconstruct the Tibetan mission. He travelled to Delhi through Bassein, Surat and Agra, on a journey of several stages, using his enforced waits to perfect himself in the Persian language. In Delhi he called at once on Father Emmanuel Freyre, who was to lead the expedition into Tibet.

The two men, who were very unlike in character, in 1714 started northwards at the end of the monsoon period. Their first objective was Srinegar, the capital of Kashmir. Unlike Father Andrade, who had always crossed the Himalayas somewhere near the sources of the Ganges, Father Freyre proposed to follow the upper course of the Indus and to reach the unknown mountain world that way.

They reached Srinegar on November 13th, after a tiring trek across the wide expanse of foothills. The missionaries had to wade through many ice-cold torrents, and cling Indian-fashion to the tails of buffaloes to stop themselves from being swept away by the swift current. Father Desideri's lungs were in the end affected by these repeated immersions in water, and he caught a severe dysentery which clung to him for nine months.

The explorers had to take up winter quarters for six months in Kashmir. On May 17th, 1715, at the first sign of the snow melting, they started off again with three servants and an interpreter. The route they chose was subsequently taken by Sven Hedin in 1906. The travellers reported of this route that " it led through narrow defiles and along steep, dizzy precipices " to the Sodshi Pass, three thousand five hundred metres high. The mountain-path, hardly practicable even to pack-animals, then led along a wild mountain torrent, which proved in the end to be a tributary of the Dras. The " Sodshi-La " was also a great stumbling-block to Dyhrenfurth on his 1934 Himalayan expedition ; he had to send back his horses because they were useless in the soft snow.

Father Desideri then goes on to describe the treacherous suspension-bridges of Ladak, and his descriptions have been confirmed in every detail by modern explorers. These bridges are made of loosely-twined willow ropes, which serve both as footway and side-rail. The travellers passed over the roaring mountain torrents in single file. The bridges swayed alarmingly under their feet and the height made them dizzy. After crossing the last precipitous gorge and still following the pack-trail they finally entered the magnificent valley of the Indus and followed its course upwards across treacherous slopes towards the local capital of Leh. In places the track was still covered with snow or obliterated by the slush. Here one of the native guides went on ahead, hacked footholds in the ice or along the slopes and helped the missionaries forward step by step.

After a forty day journey across the highlands the travellers finally reached Leh with its imposing monastery fortress. The " King " at once summoned the two foreign

"Lamas" to his presence, and treated them very courteously. Father Desideri would have gladly settled down in the capital of this "second Tibet," which is now known as Ladak. But Father Freyre was of a different mind, and decided for some peculiar reason to proceed along the old pack-trail to "Greater Tibet" and to Lhassa. Father Desideri had to obey, the more so because the instructions given him were to help reconstruct the Tsaparang mission. As this district was entirely unmapped, Father Freyre probably imagined that he would find Tsaparang near Lhassa, and that, in any case, he would get more exact information here.

Having rested two months in Leh, the two men whom fate had brought together once more took up their journey with servants and horses, treading a path which no white man had trodden before. The little caravan soon left the Indus valley and ascended to the Tshang pass, five thousand three hundred and sixty metres in altitude. This climb has also been described by Hedin; how the horses toiled upwards hour after hour over the rough granite pebbles, snorting and panting with wide nostrils. The descent is even worse. This shingly ground changes later into damp slush.

Just before reaching Tanksi, a settlement three thousand nine hundred metres in altitude, Father Desideri turned south-eastwards, followed a fold in the mountains which was interrupted here and there by passes easier to cross, and then descended again to the valley of the Indus behind Tshushul. On September 7th the exhausted caravaneers entered Tashi-gong. This frontier garrison of Greater Tibet lies near the junction of the two sources of the Indus.

It was here that the most dangerous part of the journey began. Travellers have to do a journey of several weeks along the "Tasam," the old Tibetan pilgrim track, through sparsely-populated highland country and over high passes, before penetrating into the interior of that legendary mountain kingdom. A feeling of hopelessness overtook the two Jesuits and they made a month's halt at Tashi-gong for their native guides could not lead them any further.

But in the end fate played into their hands. They were allowed to join the caravan of a Tartar princess, who was returning to Lhassa after her husband's death.

In the middle of October this very mixed party of travellers left the last settlement in the Indus valley, Gartok, where nearly a hundred years before Father Andrade had founded a small mission. The " Tasam " leads across the Jerko-La, a pass nearly four thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight metres high, up to the sources of the Sadletsh. After a few days' journey the travellers saw to the north an " endlessly high mountain, whose peak towered upwards to the clouds and whose precipitous slopes were eternally icebound." This was the Kailas, the holy mountain of Meru, of the Indian legend. As Hedin says, the " marvellous " Desideri was the first European to describe that mountain, so similar in many ways to the Matterhorn of the Swiss Alps. Desideri also described the Lama monastery which lies at its foot, and the pilgrimage which the pious make round this pyramid of rock and ice, which rises up in majestic isolation. The Italian Jesuit now saw a sight which no other explorer had yet seen, " the most beautiful lake in the world," the crystal-clear Manasarovar. Father Desideri realized that he had now reached the district of the sources of the Indus and of another Indian river. But he named the river which has its source in the sacred lake the Ganges, whereas it is actually the Sadletsh.

The travellers did not stay long at this holy place. They continued their journey on horseback through a wintry landscape where they met no human soul save a few solitary monks and a few simple herdsmen. Before reaching the Tsangpo-Brahmaputra valley the Tasam leads over the highest watershed, the Marium-La, which is 5151 metres above sea-level. Father Desideri gives in his report an account of a whole day spent clambering about the mountains : " At daybreak we strike our tent, the outside of which is completely frozen. Then we load up the pack-horse. Then, our hands stiff and aching with cold, we saddle ours and the servants' horses. Then we drink tea, with melted butter in it. Finally, I help everyone into the

saddle and mount myself. We ride on until evening and sometimes even after dark ; we do not once dismount. When at last we reach a spot without snow or at least with less snow on it, we pitch our tent and look round for large stones to weigh it down. Then we unsaddle and feed the horses. Our last task is to look for dried animal dung, which we use as fuel. Our servants now start cooking the food while we priests say our prayers. Now the horses have to be watered and carefully covered with rugs, after which we have our meal. Our beds are skins spread out on the ground and our pillows the horses' saddles. Our nights were merely a pause from work, and not a real rest. For no one could rest comfortably in that piercing cold, and the intolerable discomfort caused by the strange clothes we wore prevented us sleeping."

Having crossed the watershed between the sources of the Sadletsh and the Tsang-Po, the travellers reached the first settlements of Eastern Tibet. On January 4th, 1716, they entered Ser-Kia or Saka-dzong. It had therefore taken them three months to travel across the mountain-world of the " Ngari-Dshongar " from Gartok to this little fortress-town. As the caravan advanced along the long valley of the Tsang-Po and came nearer to the large Lama town of Shigatse, they began to meet more travellers on the road and to pass larger settlements. Ten months after their departure from Srinagar the two Jesuits at last entered Lhassa, on March 18th, 1716. The Dalai-Lama's capital, "the goal of their long, long journey ", had at last been reached. It was here that Father Desideri had decided to start his mission work. Father Freyre, for his part, took a month's rest, and then returned through Nepal to India. A few years later he left the Order, apparently because he was not greathearted enough to endure so many hardships and trials.

Father Desideri remained five years in Lhassa and the neighbouring districts. From the very first he was in high favour with the " King." He was given a special house to himself and later he was even allowed to take up his quarters in a Lama monastery. The great missionary was wise enough to make a deep study of the customs and religion of this strange, priest-ruled state, before starting to

preach Christianity. " He studied from morning till night, and, except on feast days, never ate until evening for fear of wasting time. He kept himself fresh in the daytime by drinking a little tea."

By the end of the year Father Desideri, working day and night, had already composed a book in which he described the main points of his personal religious beliefs. On January 6th, 1717, he gave the book to his princely patron, upon which the " King " proposed a religious discussion with the most learned of the Lamas. The Jesuit replied by asking to be allowed first of all to peruse the sacred books of Lamaism. He spent four summer months at this work, living in the famous monastery of Ramo-Che. Here he made excerpts from the 115 little volumes of the Kaanghiur and from the almost equally long commentary on the work. He had daily discussions with the monks over what he had read. In August he retired to another monastery, where the Chief Lama actually offered him a special room to say Mass in. At last, in November, the missionary said that he was ready for the religious argument with the Lamas. But this unfortunately never took place, because in the early days of December, the " King " was dethroned by wild tribes from Tartary. When his protector fell from power, Father Desideri was forced to seek refuge with the Capuchin missionaries who, shortly before, had made a sortie from India and established a mission-field in Takpo. The Italian Jesuit lived with these good men on excellent terms, shared their hospitality, and continued his studies. He completed various essays and translations, and gave lectures to his hosts.

While the missionaries were living and working together in peace and good will a foolish dispute arose in their far-distant country, whether Tibet was to be assigned as a mission-field to the Jesuits or to the Capuchins. At the beginning of 1721 Father Desideri received a letter from the General of the Order, dated January 16th, 1719, recalling him from Tibet. He handed over some valuable manuscripts to his hosts and returned to India in April, 1721. Father Desideri had spent five years of exhausting study in the heart of Tibet. And although he was now fully

equipped for his priestly duties, obedience demanded of him the great sacrifice of abandoning the work of a lifetime just when it promised success.

Father Desideri, accompanied by a Capuchin, began his homeward journey by crossing the Thung pass, 5,626 metres in height, hoping to reach Nepal. This was what Father Cacella had done many years ago. The returning missionary describes the mountain sickness " which inevitably attacks all travellers who cross the mountains at that spot." Although it was the end of May, there was still thick snow on the slopes and the wind was so icy and blew so hard that the Jesuit was frozen to the marrow of his bones in spite of his thick woollen travelling clothes. He began to think he would have to give up trying to climb higher, for he found great difficulty in breathing. The travellers had almost reached the top of the pass when they fortunately found a hut where they could spend the night. But some of the party could not bear the stuffy atmosphere of the hut, for it was even more difficult to breathe there than it was outside, and preferred to remain in the open air all night despite the low temperature. All these symptoms of sickness disappeared as soon as the travellers reached the lower-lying valleys on the south side of the mountains. Thirty days after their start Father Desideri reached the village of Kuti in Nepal, where he enjoyed a well-earned rest. He wanted to accustom himself to the heat of the climate after his long sojourn in the Tibetan tablelands and to avoid reaching his next stopping place, Katmandu, during one of those seasons of fever which make that town such a dangerous resort for foreigners. His companion considered such precautions unnecessary and pressed on. But he paid for this haste with his life.

It was the middle of December 1721 when Father Hippolitus resumed his march. This time, too, he was accompanied by a Capuchin, an elderly priest. Both of them soon came up against those treacherous rock galleries where the traveller has to descend step by step, planting his feet in small niches hewn out of the rock, or has to walk down clefts hardly a foot wide. The old Capuchin asked a native who was familiar with the mountains to carry him

on his shoulders over the worst places. He was also helped over the swaying railless bridges which spanned the torrents. On December 22nd Father Desideri entered Katmandu, overjoyed to have left behind him the terrors of the untamed mountain world. At the end of April 1722 he reached the Jesuit residence in Agra, having passed through Patna and Benares. It was from Agra that he had started his adventurous journey to Tibet eight years before.

Father Desideri's later life can be recounted in a few words. He was summoned to Southern India in November 1725. From there he returned to Europe on a French ship in 1727, carrying with him documents concerned with the canonization of his brother in religion, Johannes de Brito. In Paris this widely-travelled man was received in audience by Louis XV. At the end of January 1728 Father Desideri reached Rome, having travelled through Marseilles and Genoa. It was here that he completed his famous work, in which, as R. Fazy says, is to be found the first clear exposition of the Tibetan religion.

His premature death on April 14th, 1733, at the age of 49, prevented his work from being published. Not till 1904, when Sven Hedin's voyages of discovery and writings about the mysteries of Central Tibet had excited the whole world, was Father Desideri's manuscript dug out of the dark archives, brought into the light of day and published. Hedin, referring to the Italian Jesuit's achievements and learning, describes him as "one of the most superb travellers who has ever visited Tibet, and of contemporary travellers the most outstanding and gifted." Father Desideri was the first European to make a complete circle round the Northern Himalayas, and to give detailed information about the strange monk-governed state hidden away behind the highest mountains of the globe.

16. *The Persian Caravan Route.*

In the middle of the seventeenth century another geographical problem began to exercise the minds of the leaders of the Jesuit Order. The more the Dutch privateers

threatened the sea-traffic between India and Portugal, the more urgent became the need to find a quick and safe overland route between Rome and Goa. But in the Near East Islam still maintained its old power. The ring with which it had encircled Christian Europe from Morocco to the Urals was, it is true, outflanked in the South, but had not yet been pierced in the East.

The experiences of the Abyssinian missionaries had proved that it was impossible for the Jesuits to make a safe crossing of the Red Sea. The Rulers of Aden and Dafar, of Suakim and Massaua, were fanatical opponents of Christendom. The Turks in Baghdad and Basra also had a bad name as relentless enemies of the Christians, whom they accused of having undermined their profitable trade with India. Moreover, there was constant warfare in Mesopotamia between Turks, Arabs and Persians. Thus the Euphrates route, too, was virtually closed.

The only route which seemed to offer them a better chance of reaching the goal they were aiming at was the great Persian caravan road which led from Ormuz through Isfahan and Tabris either to Smyrna or Aleppo. Along this road there was a constant coming and going of enormous caravans carrying merchants and soldiers. As a protection against highwaymen strong caravanserais had been built along the route. The great Shah Abbas is said to have ordered 999 of these shelters to be built ; and when inquisitive strangers asked, " Why not a thousand ? ", the Persians would answer mischievously, " Because Shah Abbas wanted people to ask just that very question." That same wise old Shah, who came to power at the beginning of the seventeenth century and under whose rulership Persia's happiest period began, did not wish to see his trade policy thwarted by religious persecutions. So he had allowed thousands of Armenian Christians to settle quite near his new capital, Isfahan, and had allowed Catholic missionaries to enter his Empire. Various of these missionaries had already used the Persian route to get to India. This route, therefore, was obviously the most practicable link between Goa and the West.

The first Jesuit to cross Persia seems to have been a Frenchman, Francis de Rigordi. Travelling by way of Marseilles and Syria he arrived unexpectedly in Goa on March 18th, 1646. Although Pope Urban VIII had released the missionaries from their former obligation of travelling to Goa by Lisbon and by Lisbon only, the Portuguese in Goa regarded Father de Rigordi in the light of an intruder and forced him to return home after four months. He arrived back in Marseilles in 1649, after a long journey through Persia, Armenia, Russia, Poland, Hungary and Italy.

In the following year various incidents led to the first systematic attempt to discover the Persian route to India. Father Maracci had come to Rome as the representative of the Goa Jesuits. He had composed a lengthy memorandum recommending that new missionaries should be sent to Abyssinia, which had been abandoned as a mission-field since 1640. The persecutions there had not ceased, but there were still some native priests carrying on their work. Since the year 1648, ran the memorandum, Father Parisiani had been living in Mokka, near Aden, disguised as a merchant, and had been exchanging a fairly lively correspondence with certain influential Abyssinians. Against this was the fact that the Negus had asked the Turkish Pashas of Suakim and Massaua to seize and execute all Catholic priests. The plan of creating a new mission called, therefore, for the utmost caution, for its was very desirable that it should be a success.

While Father Maracci was submitting these proposals to the Order Father Alexander de Rhodes appeared in Rome. This distinguished man, who intellectually was the equal of Ricci, Schall and other spiritual leaders of the mission in the Far East, had been working since 1623 in Annam and Tongking. In 1645 he was sent to Europe " to convince the Holy See of the imperative need of Bishops for Malay."

On his way home Father de Rhodes was sentenced by the Dutch in Java to a long period of imprisonment, because he had said Mass on Dutch territory. " Only after a journey of four and a half years " did he reach " the most marvellous city in the world, after suffering so many perils

on land and sea, so many storms, shipwrecks and imprisonments, crossing so many deserts peopled by wild animals, meeting so many heathens, heretics and Turks." In Surat he had a talk with Father Parisiani, before the latter's secret journey to Arabia ; with regard to the question of crossing Persia he was able to report to the General of the Order facts authenticated by his own personal experience. The plans which Father Piccolomini drew up as a result of this report had to be reconciled with the report of the journey made by the great French Jesuit, Rigordi. At the beginning of 1650 two eminent Jesuits from South Germany, Heinrich Roth from Dillingen and Franz Storer from Constance, were sent out to perform a double task : to discover an overland route to India and to reconstruct the Ethiopian mission.

Father Storer, who was at that time "Dean of the Faculty of Liberal Arts" in the university of Ingolstadt, met his old school friend in Venice, and here they both received their full marching orders. Of the eight points of advice recommended to them the most important was that the two fathers were to travel through Persia in lay dress, and disclose to no one that they were priests and members of the Jesuit Order. They must not say Mass on Turkish or Persian soil, and must refrain from any religious discussions during the whole of their journey. They must glean all the information they could from fellow-Jesuits and missionaries in Smyrna, Aleppo and elsewhere about the customs of the people, about possible dangers that travellers might be exposed to and about the best methods of travelling. All these things must be reported to Rome at once ; several copies of these reports were to be made and they were to be sent back by different routes. In general they must look after their health and not expose themselves unnecessarily to danger. "Do not let anyone too much into your confidence, but do your best to win people's favour by politeness." The document ends with an exhortation to remember the Saviour nailed to the Cross, and as members of the Order to arm themselves with patience to meet all possible hardships.

The General of the Order hoped that the two men would succeed in sailing from Ormuz to Arabia after they had crossed Asia Minor. Once in Mokka they were to make careful enquiries about a certain Torquato Parisiani who was living with the English merchants but was in fact a Jesuit working for the Abyssinian mission. They could get what advice they wanted from him. Should Father Parisiani have left in the meantime they were to go to Diu or Surat, two harbours in Northern India, and there await orders from the Superior in Goa. They could spend their leisure hours learning the necessary languages and collecting useful facts about Abyssinia and the Great Mogul's kingdom.

The two German priests to whom Father Piccolomini chose to entrust this great task did not set sail from Livorno to the Levant until November of that year. Twice their ship was attacked by Turkish corsairs, and barely escaped destruction. At the beginning of January 1651 the two passengers arrived safe and sound in the harbour of Smyrna. Here they disguised themselves as Armenian merchants, and joined a caravan which was making for Isfahan. They reached the Persian capital on August 19th, after a long and exhausting journey.

All contemporary reports agree upon one point, that the travellers were very badly treated on Turkish soil. For instance, Father Machault writes in 1655 that they had ridden through Armenia " in constant peril of their lives." The " Franks " had been blackmailed whenever possible by the customs officials. Their companion, a lay brother trained in medicine, was abducted by force by the Pasha of Diarbekir, and they could not persuade this provincial despot to release him. So the Jesuits were actually lucky " to escape with merely their skins from these highwaymen," and for this reason set all the more value on the " humanity and politeness " of the Persians. The travellers were intensely relieved when they entered the districts ruled by this hospitable race. Though the journey through Erzerum, Tabris, Kashwin and Kashan to the capital was a long one, travellers could stick to the well-marked and much-frequented caravan route, which was thoroughly safe and even provided certain wayside comforts.

In Isfahan, the "flowering rose of Paradise," Father Storer, took up his quarters with the hospitable Carmelite missionaries. But here he learned the sad news that shortly before his arrival Father Parisiani had been compelled, through the foolish action of some Indian priest, to resign his post in Mokka. The Father had been forced to return to Goa, so the way into Abyssinia was now closed. Storer therefore decided also to go to Goa with his companion Roth, in order to discuss with his Superior what further steps they should take. Having passed through Jesdeshas, where they bake marvellous bread, and Shiras, where they drink wonderful wine, the travellers by degrees penetrated into a parched, savage and lonely country. Sometimes they had to lead their horses by the bridle along the steep precipices. They reached the Persian Gulf near Bender-Abbas. The fever-infected climate of these hot lowlands was more dreaded by foreigners than all the other perils of the road. The two Germans were lucky enough to find a ship about to set sail, and landed at the turn of the year 1651 in Surat after a stormy journey along the coast. A month later they arrived in Goa. From where they had started on their overland route to Goa was the same distance as from Constantinople to London, and with the sea passage added to it, the journey had lasted a whole year. This slow progress was indeed depressing, and no later travellers seemed to be able to hasten it up.

In Goa the ways of the two friends parted. Father Roth was transferred to Agra in the Mogul mission. Father Storer, for his part, soon started off on a calvary crueller than that endured by almost any other Catholic priest.

The Portuguese colony of Goa was entirely preoccupied with India, and there was only one man living there who was seriously concerned about the fate of the Abyssinian mission. That man was the ageing Patriarch Mendez. He had been the Pope's representative in that wild mountain country from 1625 to 1634 and, with the help of the Negus Sissinios, had brought about a union between the two Churches ; he had, however, been imprisoned after his friend's death, ransomed by the Portuguese and taken back to Goa. Here he did all he could to help his persecuted

flock. But, after suffering such terrible reversals of fortune, he had lost his former authority, wealth and influence.

It may, however, have been the Patriarch's pleas and intercessions which, in the end, gave Father Storer the chance to steal his way once more into Abyssinia. He entered the country in 1656 in the dress of an Armenian surgeon. There are only three letters in existence which tell us of the unhappy fate which awaited him in the Negus' kingdom. Catholics were forbidden to live and work in any district under the Negus' control, so Father Storer had to be very secretive in carrying out his task. He writes in his second letter that he has heard two confessions, and apart from this, has done nothing but practice as a doctor. He tells everyone to be prudent when they write to him, and invites Father Roth to come out and join him.

By degrees Father Storer made his way towards Gondar, on the lake of Tamar, which was at at that time the Negus' capital. He soon made himself indispensable to the despot by working at his Court as a doctor, but at the same time roused the suspicions of some of the courtiers because he was celibate. They guessed that the mysterious foreigner was a Catholic priest and denounced him. Father Storer was spared any rough handling, it is true, but from now on the Princes set a strict watch on him and he was kept at Court. His third and last letter, written in the year 1658, begins therefore with the words : " There is no redemption from Hell." His hope of having one of his fellow-Jesuits come and cheer him in his loneliness was disappointed. A martyr to the law of obedience, Father Storer apparently died in complete isolation in 1662. The place and manner of his death are not known.

17. *The Crossing of Asia.*

The experiences of the Fathers de Rigordi, de Rhodes, Storer and Roth and certain missionaries of other Orders had proved that the road to India through Persia was practicable though very difficult, and took even longer than the sea journey. In Rome they were already counting

up the number of their dead ; men who had died from exhaustion and from the effects of the bad climate in the Persian Gulf. Of the French Jesuits who had been sent out to the Far East at the instigation of Father de Rhodes in 1654 and 55, five took the overland route across Persia, but only three arrived in Surat.

It was now clear that the Indian missionaries had nothing much to hope for in that direction. But soon another idea occurred to them : what about the overland route to China ? Could not travellers from Persia find connecting roads leading through Central Asia to Peking ? Was there any hope of gaining time this way ? The journey by sea took on an average two years because of the long compulsory waits due to the monsoon, and, now that the Dutch were masters of the sea, it was no longer possible to ensure a safe or regular delivery of letters from Rome to Macao and back again. We are talking now of the situation as it was in the middle of the seventeenth century. All important letters were sent in duplicate or triplicate and put on different ships going by different routes, but very often even then the letter did not arrive. Sometimes it happened that missionaries in China had to wait four, five or even six years for answers to their letters and reports to Rome. A letter from the General of the Order, written in 1654, was not received by Father Gravina until 1658. Father Schall reports on March 17th, 1660 to the General of the Order, Father Nickel : " Your letter of five years ago has just reached me." A letter written by Father de Ferrari to Rome in June 1661 was answered by the Roman curia on April 15th, 1664, but their reply did not reach Ferrari till October 4th, 1668. And so it sometimes happened in China that the members of the Order did not know who their own Superior was, for the rumour of a fresh nomination might easily reach China by accident in a personal letter, while the official document confirming this nomination was still wandering round the world or lying at the bottom of the sea in three different ships. This delay and uncertainty in the delivery of news might on occasion become really painful for the missionaries, if ever they came up against hopeless difficulties and some favoured one

solution and others another. The tragic end to the " Rites Dispute " was clearly due in part to the bad state of the lines of communication between the mission and the mother-country.

Therefore it was imperative to find a shorter and safer overland route to China. Was it possible, starting from Persia, to make a bee line across the continent of Asia and thus save precious months and even years in delivering the more urgent letters? Did not the southern end of the Caspian Sea lie almost in the same latitude as Peking? Had not earlier Catholic missionaries found their way to China at the time of the great Mogul Khans? Was this not an opportunity to win fresh countries over to Christianity? It was at any rate well worth trying.

Today we can take a clear measure of the difficulties which an overland journey across China would present to travellers of that age. Since those days men from every nation in Europe have spent a whole century exploring the heart of Asia with all its mountains and deserts, and in telling us about it. We now know all about the jumble of native states in the wide plains of Turkestan, warring one against the other, and we know that the distance from Smyrna to Peking is about 8,000 kilometres as the crow flies. The attempt to find a straight, unbroken route across Asia without car, train or plane appears to our modern eyes as very audacious.

In Rome in 1650 they were exceedingly ignorant of the geography of Central Asia. It is obvious that there were no reliable reports available, showing the position of the most important towns and the distances between them, about the customs and religion of the various peoples, the altitudes of the mountains and the peculiarities of the climates ; they were probably hidden away under the heavy piles of documents in the archives of the Order and never found. This is the only possible explanation for the extraordinary statement in a contemporary guide-book that Samarkand (the well-known trading centre in Bukhari) lay only seventy or eighty miles away from the most westerly Chinese town, Suchow.

And yet, for the past thirty years, there had been standing on the documentary shelves of the general archives in Rome a memorandum by Father Schall, which contained an accurate and detailed description of the caravan route from Samarkand to China. The official biographer of the great Cologne Jesuit discovered that very memorandum in that very archive at a much later date. Thirty years is a long time, enough to see many changes among the leaders of the Order, who are usually selected from among the older members. Since 1630 Father Vitelleschi had had four successors, and there must have been an equal number of changes among their assistants. Thus it was that Father Schall's excellent memorandum with all its enlightening details about the unknown continent of Asia was hidden away in the darkness of an archive and escaped the eyes of those for whom it was intended. And yet did it really matter whether anything was known or not? There was no riddle too hard to solve, no road too long to travel, no sacrifice too great when it was a question of advancing the Crusade, of planting the standard of Christ in unknown territory. The General knew that he had only to say the word and the man would step forward, be he French, German, Belgian, Italian or Portuguese. And if the task set was within the power of man to achieve, it was certain that a few years later the effort would have been made, the journey accomplished and the riddle solved.

Apart perhaps from a certain negligence in using the knowledge gained from the missionaries' reports one can have no word to say against the methods used by the Superiors of the Order in their great work of discovering the overland route to China. They never risked lives ill advisedly, but advanced step by step, with method and caution.

They were quite right, therefore, in their decision to make Persia the first stopping and resting-place for their travellers. France's influence in the Near East had for some time been increasing, so French missionaries were chosen to carry out this task; they could manage this task better than others could do, from their advanced mission posts in Syria. It was from Syria that the scholar

Father Chezaud came to Isfahan in 1652 to found a Jesuit settlement. Two years later Father Alexander de Rhodes was on his way to Persia, having finished his recruiting work in Rome and France. The choice of this excellent man as Superior for the Persian mission shows the importance which was attached to this new foundation. During his short stay in Malta this widely-travelled French Jesuit revealed his extraordinary gift for learning foreign languages. He had talked Portuguese with his brethren in Asia, had in Annam and Tongking mastered a number of native languages in a remarkably short time, had looked after the spiritual needs of the Christian converts in Macao, and now proceeded to address an assembly of Knights of Malta in fluent Italian in an anniversary speech in honour of Francis Xavier. And only a few months later, he, for all his advanced years, had learned enough Persian to be able to converse with the Shah himself. This astonishing talent soon brought its owner into high favour with the Shah, and won the people's respect. The new mission prospered at once, and the Jesuit father was once more free to turn his thoughts eastward: "I consider that we should lose no time in discovering an overland route to China, for this is very much the wish of Rome."

Soon afterwards the two men to whom the General of the Order had entrusted the venture of travelling through Asia to the Far East arrived in Isfahan. They were two members of the Austrian province, Father Bernard Diestel and Father Johann Grueber. Father Diestel had, after a short stay in Isfahan, been sent back on business to Europe in 1654. He spent the next year making interesting journeys to Rome, Vienna and Poland. In January he appeared unexpectedly accompanied by Father Martini and was captured, along with the procurator of the Chinese mission and some other Fathers, by French corsairs. This misadventure once more upset all Father Diestel's plans. After his release he was ordered by the General to get ready to make an exploring journey to discover an overland route to China, and was assigned as his subordinate Father Grueber, from Linz in Austria.

On February 18th, 1656, the General Goswin Nickel gave the two explorers full marching orders similar to those issued previously to the Jesuits Roth and Storer. They must first go to Isfahan and win the Shah's favour by offering him presents from the Christian princes. They must stay in Isfahan long enough to master Persian and Arabic, and in the meantime find out all about the trade between that country and China. Should the trade-relations between the two countries turn out to be favourable they were to join a caravan. During the journey they were to establish the positions of the various towns and inquire into the customs of the various peoples. They should preferably travel by the " shorter north route," which leads through Bukhara and Samarkand to Suchow, a town on the Chinese frontier, seventy or eighty miles away. Should they consider it desirable to found missions in Samarkand or elsewhere, they must send back and ask for help from the French Jesuits in Isfahan. The two priests should not hurry to be off, but rather make as full and as many enquiries as possible in Isfahan ; for the main purpose of their journey was to open up an overland route to China, and to discover how postal communications could be established with Peking. Only if this northern route were closed should the missionaries turn southwards to Goa and proceed to China from there.

These " marching orders " were therefore clear as far as the task was concerned. But the suggestions put forward and the geographical information given in these orders were contradictory and misleading.

Father Diestel started the journey with his companion at Messina, arriving in Isfahan shortly before Christmas, 1656. Here alarming news awaited them. The Shah was at that very moment arming for war against the Prince of Samarkand. Trade between the two countries was interrupted. Any further progress along the " northern route " seemed out of the question. From the very start good intentions had been upset by political disturbances.

It seemed hopeless to wait for this state of war in the Eastern provinces of Iran to end, so Father Diestel changed his plans and proceeded to Goa with a heavy heart. In

April 1657 the two Austrian Jesuits landed in Surat. Fresh alarms ! Goa had just been blockaded by the Dutch, so it was not possible for the priests to continue their journey in this direction either. There was nothing now for them to do but wait in Surat. At last, after ten months, a friendly English captain took them and four other Jesuits aboard his ship free of charge. In July 1658 they were all put ashore safe and sound at Macao. Here Father Diestel met his former Mediterranean fellow-captives, and they all celebrated this happy occasion together. By a strange coincidence they had all arrived at the same moment.

Father Schall, the friend and adviser of the young Manchu Emperor, Shun-tshi, arranged for his two compatriots to be invited to the Court of Peking. Father Grueber was introduced as a painter and Father Diestel as an astronomer. The latter, however, had soon to leave this inhospitable capital for reasons of health, and died soon after, in September 1660, from an abdominal disease, at the early age of 41.

But as far as Father Grueber was concerned, the General's order to explore an overland route still held good, and the Superiors in Peking told him he must obey this order. Grueber was first to have a thorough rest and to make full preparations, and then to start off, this time in the opposite direction, from east to west. He was assigned as a companion Father d'Orville, who was to take the place of Father Diestel. Father d'Orville had quite recently arrived in China with Father Martini. He was a man of noble birth and character, of great determination and ingenuity, in all ways fitted to replace Father Diestel.

The preparations for the journey were not finished until the spring of 1661. Father Grueber spent the period of waiting painting, at Father Schall's own request, a portrait of him in Mandarin dress. At the same time he took down from dictation the great man's reminiscences. Schall's position at Court was at this time a cause of worry to the more timid of his colleagues, for there had just been a fresh outbreak of controversy on the unpleasant subject of the Chinese rites. It was more urgent now than ever

before to reach a final decision on these disputatious points. Perhaps, as everyone in Peking hoped, Father Grueber's overland journey would hasten Rome's answer.

Thus the questions of the day seemed to make it most imperative for Grueber to leave as soon as possible. On April 13th 1661 the two men left Peking with Sianfu as their first objective, heavily charged with letters and reports about the state of the mission. The Emperor had provided them with a large sum of money and with letters of recommendation addressed to the local authorities in the north-western provinces of his Empire.

Father Grueber's description of the journey is, in Sven Hedin's opinion " not as impressive as the journey itself." It is true that, since Sven Hedin wrote those words, new documents have been dug up in the Order's archives. And yet one would like to have had closer information about Father Grueber's extraordinary achievement in travelling the whole distance from Peking to Smyrna through all the least known districts of Central Asia. The great traveller is himself a little to blame for this deficiency. " He had, it is true, a bird's sense of the lie of the land, but he lacked a bird's blithe tongue. His notes are as dry as the rocks of Tibet." He notes down nothing of the landscape and is silent about all the little caravan's adventures. His jottings are merely arid figures, topographical notes and recountings of daily " distances covered."

The first stage of the journey, from Peking to Lanchow, the capital of the province of Kansu, was easy enough to tackle. Father Grueber travelled along the main road which ran through Taj-Juan and Sianfu, the eastern end of the " Silk Road." In Lanchow he made a sudden decision which had very important consequences. What he actually did was, speaking metaphorically, to shift his points and go right off the rails.

We must assume that the explorer knew the line of the Silk Road exactly. Father Schall must obviously have told him. When Father Schall was in Singanfu in 1630 he had made a thorough study of the organisation of China's trade with Central Asia. He had persuaded the great silk magnate Mirjudin to give him twenty interviews in which he had

accounted to him for every day of the one hundred and nineteen days' journeys along the caravan route, from the Chinese frontier-town of Suchow to Bukhara. Other merchants told him the facts about the continuation of the trade route to Merw, Meshed Tabris and Aleppo in Syria. Schall had then made a careful calculation and had reckoned that the whole stretch of journey between the Mediterranean and the Great Wall would take travellers two hundred and fifty-five days to complete. Realising that he had done some important research-work, Father Schall sent to Rome a detailed account of the trade traffic on the Silk Road. Is it conceivable that a man as practical as Schall should not have communicated these very important facts to his friend Grueber during the long months when they were working together in preparation for the journey? If he did so, then why should Grueber have left the well-trodden main trade route in Lanchow and plunged down into the untrodden paths of Tibet? Could he have received news of political rows between Chinese and Tartars, Buddhists and Mahommedans, in that border country where war was always either brewing or actually in progress? Did he perhaps remember the tragic fate of Brother Bento de Goes, who had once travelled along the middle stretch of the Silk Road in the opposite direction and who before his death in Suchow, had warned all his fellow Jesuits of its terrible dangers? Had his orders been changed, and had he been told this time not to map out the shortest land-route but instead to bring to Rome those vitally important documents which had been entrusted to him by the *safest* route? Is that why he tried to avoid the long journey through unknown Mahommedan principalities and to get as quickly as possible on to the mountain tracks which led across the Himalayas? That is Father Grueber's secret; whatever the truth may be, we must face the fact that he turned towards Tibet, and in so doing followed a route which had only been given a brief mention in Father Schall's memorandum.

At the end of June, Grueber and d'Orville reached Sining, the last large Chinese town which lay on their route. They travelled round the northern shores of the

large inland sea of Kou-Kou-Nor (100 longitude east) and finally left the Chinese Wall on July 13th. The journey to the Dalai Lama's capital across the desert of the " Tartar Kalmuks," along lonely, unknown pilgrim paths, took three months to complete. Guided by natives, the two men crossed many rivers with grass-grown banks, where the herds of the nomads grazed, and passed the sources of the Yangtse-kiang and the Saulen. They travelled across desert country, " which some people think stretches from India to the Arctic ocean." They crossed one of the great 5000 metre passes of the towering mountain range of Tang-La, which lay in front of them like a crossbar, blocking their way to the wild table-lands north of the Trans-Himalayas. They saw " wild bulls " (yaks) dotted about here and there, and, less frequently, strange men who lived in " portable houses." Finally they crossed the majestic mountain massif of the Trans-Himalayas, which will always be linked in men's minds with the name of Sven Hedin. To quote Hedin's own words :—" they had no idea that they were making a new addition to their already large store of discoveries."

On October 8th they reached Lhassa. Here they allowed themselves a month's rest. Father Grueber was a clever draftsman and spent these leisure hours making a number of sketches ; he painted the various temples with their grotesque statues of gods, and Potala, the Dalai Lama's mountain monastery.

It is to this Austrian Jesuit, indeed, that Europe is indebted for the first " comprehensive and valuable survey " of the forbidden city. He was also extraordinarily accurate in fixing Lhassa's position on the map. The town itself he called by its Tartar name, Barantola.

As had been arranged, the explorers started on November 8th on the last and certainly the most difficult stage of their journey towards the bright and sunny plains of the Ganges. They passed through Shigatse where they saw Father Stephen Cacella's grave. Then they turned southwards towards the high passes near Gaurisankar's towering peak, which travellers had to cross to get to Nepal. Here Father Grueber got mountain-sickness. But the little party

struggled on and reached Katmandu, the chief town in that mountain district, on Christmas eve, 1661. After so many tiring weeks of travel they decided to take another month's well-earned rest.

Punctually on the day fixed, January 24th 1662, they continued their journey. On the last day of March the two travellers arrived in Agra, where they fell into the arms of the astonished Jesuits of the mission. The first great milestone on their carefully planned journey had been reached ; what they had achieved was a masterly feat of endurance, worthy of their great predecessor and fellow-Jesuit Bento de Goes, who sixty years earlier had started from the Mogul's capital and tried to find a way into China. They had, in fact, done as big a thing as he had done in the opposite direction. But this new achievement in the service of the Order and in the interests of science was made at a price. Father d'Orville's strength gave out, and he died on the Saturday before Easter, April 8th, a week after their arrival. He was buried in the Jesuits' cemetery, the " Patritola," beside many other unknown heroes of the Tibetan mission.

Father Grueber now found another companion, a man who knew the country well and was an excellent linguist. This man was Father Heinrich Roth, who fourteen years earlier had travelled with Father Storer through Persia to India. This newly-formed little party left the hospitable roofs of Agra on September 4th, at the end of the rainy season. Father Grueber took with him his faithful Chinese servant Matthew. Father Roth had specially chosen as his servant Joseph Nadschir, an Indian who claimed to be eighty-five years old, and in the sixteen twenties had apparently made several journeys to Tsaparang with Father Andrade.

Father Grueber made a special point of avoiding the harbour town of Surat, for he feared trouble with the suspicious Portuguese there, and chose the overland route which led through the plains of Northern India.

In Lahore he heard that all caravan traffic to Persia had been stopped. So he went by boat down the Indus to Tattah, near the modern port of Karachi. Here, after

weeks of waiting, Father Grueber embarked on a ship which took him nearly as far as Bender Abbas, in the straits of Ormuz. From here he continued his journey along the Persian caravan route through Schiras to Isfahan, where the four men spent the month of May recruiting their strength. On November 27th, 1633 they arrived in Smyrna, after a last stretch of four months on the road. Here, though "in the last stages of exhaustion," their souls rejoiced to see the Mediterranean stretching out before them. They went by ship to Italy. On February 20th 1664 Father Grueber and his companions entered Rome. It had taken them almost three years to cross Asia from the Pacific to the Mediterranean. The efforts they had made were stupendous.

Father Grueber now handed over to the Curia of the Order the letters and official reports with which the missionaries in China had entrusted him. He then drew up a full memorandum describing the results of his investigations. He recommended the route he had himself taken as the best and safest connecting route with China. But he said that missions should be founded in Nepal and Sining. If this were done, he said, a chain of bases could be formed ; Smyrna or Aleppo—Isfahan—Surat—Agra—(Nepal—Sining)—Singanfu.

But the procurator of the Portuguese Jesuits in Asia protested strongly in the interests of the Royal Patronage against any such innovations. In March of that year (1664) this important matter was brought up for discussion at the Procurators' Conference. The Jesuits in a body decided that the old sea-route should be adhered to, and that the overland route should be used only on special occasions. Realizing that Grueber and his companion were not likely to be well received in Lisbon, the Jesuits gave them special permission to return overland to China. So the journey of discovery turned out not to have been so successful as everyone had hoped. It was no recommendation for Father Grueber's route that it had taken him three years to get from one end of it to the other.

There were now threats of war between Turkey and Persia, so Father Roth pressed for an immediate departure

back to China, " otherwise," he said, " it will be difficult to get across Turkish territory." In his heart of hearts he also cherished the hope of sneaking secretly from India into Abyssinia, where he thought he might find his former teacher and friend, Franz Storer, still alive. But the General of the Order, Father Oliva, would not give his consent to this bold plan. Knowing the Negus' mortal hatred of the Catholic Church, he did not wish to let one of its adherents go " into that Hell from which there is no redemption." But he suggested to Father Roth instead that he should try and found new missions in Tibet and Nepal, using Agra as a base.

Father Grueber and Father Roth had meanwhile thought out another plan for their homeward journey, which was to go to Persia by way of Greater Russia and the Caspian sea, thus avoiding Turkey. They had only been in Rome a few weeks before they started off again. Father Roth travelled through Venice to his native town of Dillingen. Then he visited the Prince Palatine, Philip William of Neuburg on the Danube, at whose Court Father d'Orville had served as a page before entering the Jesuit Order. The Prince showed a very special sympathy and interest in Father d'Orville's journey and death, and he asked Father Roth to tell him everything he could about India. While they were thus engaged, Joseph Nadschir, Roth's Indian travelling companion, was busy showing the cooks at the Court the way they prepared rice in his own country, and the Prince, highly delighted with this sample of Indian culinary art, distributed platefuls of the rice among the gentry of the little town. It was a red-letter day for Neuburg !

Finally Father Roth and Father Grueber met again in Vienna, where Leopold I received the explorers twice in audience and spent several hours talking to them. The Emperor was so interested in their reports that he decided to patronize the attempts to find " a better and safer route " to China. He wrote a letter to this effect to the General of the Order on September 17th 1664, saying that the yearly allowance of 1,000 florins, with which ten years ago Ferdinand III had endowed the Jesuit missions in

China, should no longer be sent to Lisbon but should be used instead to finance the attempts to discover an overland route. In the same letter he declared his intention of writing personally to the Pope to ask him to remove any obstacles which might stand in the way of these plans. The General should do everything in his power to further these plans, and incidentally should send a Jesuit Father to Vienna as a trustee for all the money subscribed and as a propaganda agent for the China mission.

But these plans met with a cold reception in Rome. For the Pope had meanwhile received a letter from the King of Portugal, in which he protested politely but firmly against any attempt to plan out a route which led to Far Eastern territories under Portuguese protection, and which avoided Lisbon. If such a route were used, it would be a violation of the vested rights of the kingdom.

We must make allowances for Portugal's sensitiveness about what would appear a matter of no great importance. It was just at this time that Portugal's colonial empire was being threatened with collapse. Holland was encroaching upon it everywhere. Father Grueber was himself a witness of this "Twilight of the Gods." He writes: "The Portuguese have lost so much of their former power in the whole of East India that not only can they not progress anywhere but they are actually in danger of losing everything they now hold." This was written in 1658, and since then Portugal's military position had hardly improved at all, while her religious and political influence in the Far East had definitely waned owing to the Pope's nomination of Apostolic Vicars from France. This rather one-sided though perhaps necessary measure on the part of Rome had prepared the way for a fundamental change in the existing state of religion in India. The measure had had an injurious effect on Portugal's prestige, and the government in Lisbon considered that they had the right to protest vehemently. It was a fact that in pursuance of an "anti-Portuguese" Church policy, the first Vicars Apostolic had in 1661 and 1663 already secretly entered Portuguese protectorate lands by the overland route

through Persia. And now the Jesuits, too, were about to lend their support to these undesirable efforts ! It was more than Portugal could stand.

In order not to annoy the Portuguese Royal House, which after all had done yeoman service for the Jesuit Order and for the missions, the General of the Order, Oliva, sent as evasive an answer as possible to the Emperor's request. He said that he could not exchange a safe route (the sea-journey through Lisbon) for an unsafe one.

While all this was going on Father Grueber and Father Roth had left Vienna and travelled through Prague to Northern Germany. Armed with letters of credit from the Emperor Leopold, they hoped to be able to travel through Moscow to the Far East. But when they reached Mitau, near Riga, they received bad news which brought them up short. They were told that the Tartars of the lower Volga had allied with the Poles to suppress the rising power of the Romanoffs, and that in consequence the road to Astrakhan was closed to all travellers from Moscow. And so the two Jesuits decided to return.

In 1655 they were allowed to form part of the suite of the Austrian Ambassador to the Porte, and travelled with him through Venice to Constantinople. Here Grueber's faithful Chinese companion Matthew died. He had accompanied the Jesuit on all his journeys, showing a doglike devotion and true Asiatic tenacity. Grueber himself now became seriously ill with tuberculosis and for that reason received orders from Rome to return home. He obeyed with a heavy heart and embarked on a ship which was leaving for Livorno.

So Father Henry Roth had to return alone through Persia accompanied by his mysterious Indian. All we know of his journey is that he landed at Surat in May 1666 and continued his journey from there to Agra at the end of the rainy season. But, alas, this gifted man who had achieved so much died " on June 20th 1668 after long years of fruitful service " before he could carry out his schemes of founding missions in Nepal.

Shortly before this the famous work *China Monumentis Illustrata* had been published in Amsterdam and had assured

for Father Roth a permanent place of honour in the history of philology. Father Athanasius Kircher, S.J., himself one of the seventeenth century's most famous scholars, was the author and publisher of this thick folio. The book was dedicated to the Emperor Leopold, one of the patrons of the China mission. Father Kircher, who was one of the first Europeans to dare decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics, embodied in the various essays in his book a Sanskrit grammar compiled by Father Roth. This was the first time the scholars of Europe had been introduced to the classic language of Aryan India.

Father Grueber also made some valuable contributions to this book. He had modestly left to his more famous colleague the task of reproducing his numerous sketches of China and Tibet and of publishing his geographical and ethnographical notes about those countries. He certainly could not have entrusted them to more skilled hands. Unfortunately, as was the habit in those days, Father Kircher, in editing Father Grueber's notes, paid less attention to the Jesuit's geographical discoveries than to any fresh information he had to offer in the sphere of religious history.

This is why we are so poorly and inaccurately informed about the greatest journey in the whole history of the Jesuit missions. Scholars have laboured in vain to find out the exact route which Father Grueber took when he crossed Asia on his way from Peking to Smyrna. But R. Tronnier has tried to convey in figures some idea of the Austrian missionary's stupendous achievement. Here are the results of his researches, and remarkable they are indeed :

Rome—Peking :—

6,400 kilometres by land, 12,000 kilometres by sea.

Peking—Rome through Tibet :—

11,700 kilometres by land, 1,800 kilometres by sea.

Rome — Mitau — Vienna — Constantinople — Livorno —Vienna :—

5,400 kilometres by land, 2,500 kilometres by sea.

Total :—

23,500 kilometres by land, 16,300 kilometres by sea.

These figures show that he covered a total distance of 40,000 kilometres, which is equal to the earth's circumference. Tronnier adds another 7,000 kilometres of land travel due to his many deviations from the imaginary straight line drawn between his various stopping places. It was indeed a colossal undertaking, especially when one considers how poorly equipped travellers were at that time.

Father Grueber did not lose his love of travel in the later years of his life. He went as a chaplain to the forces in Austria's wars against the Turks. He died on active service on September 30th, 1680, in the Hungarian town of Patak, far from his native land. A great adventurer for God.

18. *The Kremlin's Secret.*

In December 1673 a Papal brief was issued which permitted not only members of the Jesuit Order but all missionaries who were secular priests to use the overland route to India without going through Lisbon. Now that Portugal by her hostile attitude had virtually made the sea-route impossible it was Pope Clement X's intention in issuing this brief at all costs to keep the " lines of communication " of his envoys in the Far East. It was some time, however, before the Jesuits took advantage of this edict. For one thing they thought that they were on the verge of establishing good relations with the government in Lisbon, and for another they were none too certain about this overland route, as the explorers' reports had been on the whole discouraging. The journey to India across Persia always took a year, and was in its own way almost as dangerous and exhausting as the journey by sea. The road from India to China across Tibet was now no longer even considered, because it had nothing to offer which made it in any way preferable to the sea journey. Highly as Father Grueber's achievements were prized, the optimistic views he had formed about the road he had himself travelled were shared by no one.

But the vital question about the overland route to China still remained unsolved : the question whether there existed

some Central Asiatic caravan route to the north of the Himalayas. With great political changes taking place everywhere, the thought that the true connecting route between Europe and the Far East might lie through Moscow gradually began to obsess the minds of the leaders of the Jesuit Order.

In the course of the seventeenth century the Russians had gradually extended their domain further eastwards. In 1632 they had built a fortress in Yarkutsk on the Lena ; in 1636 they reached the banks of the Amur, and 1653 saw the first Russian Embassy settled in Peking. Finally, five years later, after some bloody skirmishes with the Chinese, the Russians established a fortified settlement on the borders of Mongol Manchuria, which they called Nertschinsk. During the next twenty years there was a gradual increase of tension between the two great Asiatic powers, until at last a new delegation was sent to Peking, headed by Count Feodor Golowin, to try and come to some peaceful arrangement. The Muscovites' sojourn at Kanghsi's court was an opportunity, which the Jesuits soon seized, for making a number of reconnaissance journeys, all of which had the same object : to open up a land route which would link China with the countries of the West.

Father Verbiest, the Superior of the Jesuits in China, seems to have been the first to have thought of searching for this route in Siberia. He served as official interpreter in the Russo-Chinese negotiations and so had an opportunity not only of performing valuable services for Prince Golowin but also of getting useful information about the Russian advance eastwards. The result of Father Verbiest's newly acquired knowledge was that his fellow-countryman, Couplet, was sent to Rome and Paris in 1680 to get reinforcements for the flourishing China mission. The authorities in Paris agreed to send out a considerable number of French Jesuits, the majority of whom travelled by way of Siam to China on a French ship in 1685. At the same time a few especially able men were selected to explore the overland route. So Father Verbiest's large-scale and farseeing plans were to be realised !

Father Louis Barnabé was appointed leader of the first Russian expedition. He was a man of unbounded courage, " perhaps one of the most excellent missionaries who has ever worked in the East ". Since 1680 he had been in Armenia and, while working in Eriwan and Erzerum had learnt a lot about the caravan routes in Central Asia. He was about 35 years old at this time. The thirty year old Father Philip Avril was to accompany him on his journey.

Father Avril travelled from Paris to Lyons in the company of Father Couplet. Couplet must have told him at some time or other during their short trip together across France about the difficulties of the sea-journey ; that of the 600 missionaries hitherto detailed for China, only about 100 had reached the country at all, and that " all the rest had either been destroyed by shipwreck, illness and murder or captured by pirates or other robbers ". Impressed with these disastrous statistics, the young explorer vowed to himself that he would spare no pains to lessen the toll of valuable lives by opening up a safe land route to China.

Passing through Rome and Livorno (the latter town is constantly referred to in the mission reports as the starting-point for the sea-trade with the Levant) Father Avril reached the port of Alexandretta on the Turko-Syrian frontier in February 1685. From here on it was advisable to be prudent. The Mahommedan Turks had a habit of treating Christian missionaries none too tenderly. So Father Avril disguised himself as a Turk and, to avoid attacks from Kurd and Arab highwaymen, travelled under the protection of a strongly-manned caravan, which was making for Aleppo. French Jesuits had been settled here for some time, and owned a small house which they used as a base for their Armenian mission. These Frenchmen persuaded Father Avril to go and lend a hand to the overworked missionary in Bitlis until all the necessary preparations had been made for his great expedition. So Avril dressed up in Armenian clothes, and " unfortunately, owing to his hosts' lack of experience, was entrusted to the care of a merchant, who posed as a very special friend of the Jesuits ".

This strangely assorted pair, merchant and Jesuit, joined a new caravan composed of about 200 people. Now began

a long and dangerous journey north-eastwards to Bitlis through a land which grew more and more barren. When the caravan had crossed the Euphrates the Armenian " revealed himself in his true colours ". In order to pass through the customs unscathed, the merchant " declared " poor Father Avril as a " Frank ", or European. Avril was obliged to delve pretty deep in his pockets to avoid having his precious scientific equipment seized from him.

The trek across the hot plains was a great strain on our traveller, who had not yet become used to long treks. His strength began to fail. It was unfortunately the season of fasting for his Armenian fellow-travellers, and Avril thought it wiser to fast with them and to eat nothing but a miserable diet of dates, biscuits and dried fruit.

Father Avril had many unpleasant adventures before he finally reached his goal. He was nearly drowned crossing the Tigris. Kurd highwaymen made constant attacks on the caravan, in which many of the travellers were wounded. The ride over the Armenian Taurus mountains, which were deeply snowed under, meant much additional suffering ; there were days when the exhausted cavalcade advanced no further than a mile.

Father Avril was true to his promise and remained in Bitlis, on the lake of Wan, for six months. He was then summoned to Erzerum and again six months later to Eriwan, in Persia. Here at last he met Father Barnabé, and together they made the final preparations for their expedition into Central Asia. Having pondered and discussed, taken careful note of the reports and pieced them together, the two travellers finally decided on the following plan : they would cross the country which is known today as Aserbaijan and reach the Caspian Sea somewhere in the neighbourhood of Baku ; they would then travel northwards up the Caspian Sea to the mouth of the Volga, and somewhere in Astrakhan, where so many merchants of all nationalities rubbed elbows, join a caravan travelling eastwards, and thus somehow approach China by way of Western and Eastern Turkestan.

On April 23rd, 1686, the explorers started off, disguised this time as Georgian merchants. At first the journey was like a pleasant camping holiday. The way was safe, the

district fertile, the Armenian population hospitable and the wind on the Caspian Sea friendly to them. Then they met the strong contrary tide of the Volga, which swept them back and caused them a long and painful delay. It took the ship twelve days to reach Astrakhan, which was actually only the same number of marching hours distance away. Stung to disfigurement by the swarms of midges in the swampy area of the river delta, Father Barnabé and his companion eventually reached the " Muscovite capital of Greater Tartary " on July 25th.

As soon as they entered the districts under Russian control, they were subjected to all kinds of tedious delays. Even in those days the Russians showed themselves to be masters of the art of delaying the issue and of secretiveness. At first, we must admit, everything seemed to be going well. The Voivode provided the two strangers with " sojourn permits ". At their inn they met people who came from every corner of Asia, " some of whom boasted that they had often been to China and had seen the capital, Peking ". The Jesuits painstakingly noted down all the information they could collect about the different routes leading into China. And one day a monk showed them " a properly annotated diary " belonging to some merchants, who had made the journey from Astrakhan through Bukhara and Samarkand to Peking in a hundred and eleven days.

The two travellers resolved to attach themselves to a caravan and to try this road at the first opportunity. They were now convinced that the journey to China was " not nearly so long or so difficult as most people supposed ". But they were soon to be disappointed in their hopes. At the last minute the merchants with whom they were to travel decided to abandon their plan. There were rumours of war between Kalmuks and Usbeks in the wide steppes between the Caspian and Aral Seas, and these rumours frightened the leaders of the caravan. They said they would put off their journey for weeks or, if need be, months. Now the Jesuits were in a proper quandary. While they were trying in vain to find a solution, " news came from a reliable source in Moscow that a small band

of merchants had arrived there with the intention of travelling back to Peking through Siberia in the spring ".

So on to Moscow !

But a tragi-comic little episode was destined to upset the apple-cart. Certain of the Jesuits' Armenian friends were to plead with the Voivode for the necessary safe-conduct pass for the priests. They were imprudent enough to " praise to the skies Father Barnabé's knowledge of and skill in medicine ". Unfortunately the high and mighty lord had during his reign always acted up to " the catchword which still held good among these wild peoples—' He who can't drink well is no wise man ! ' (Ne pian, ne Sophi) ". When Father Barnabé first saw the Voivode in an interview he noticed at once " from his shrunken and dried up face " that he was suffering from acute alcoholic poisoning. He advised him strongly " to abstain from such excess, otherwise his bowels would be consumed by powerful flames which the greatest medical skill in the world would not put out ". Unfortunately for the two Jesuits the sick man took Barnabé's advice and " soon fancied himself so well that he was fully convinced that the Jesuits would make him immortal if he kept them always at his side ".

First ingratiatingly and later almost with open threats the potentate made it clear that his two " physicians-in-ordinary ", who had become indispensable to him, were not to be allowed to continue their journey. To make matters worse, Father Barnabé had a severe haemorrhage. Father Avril was now in desperate straits and set his last hopes on the Polish ambassador to Persia, who was about to enter Astrakhan on his way through to Moscow. But the Voivode used the pretext of a rumoured plague epidemic to compel the Poles to " go and air themselves " on a distant island in the Volga, and forbade anyone to communicate with this emergency quarantine-station. Finally the Archimandrite of the Orthodox Church came to the rescue. Grateful to Father Barnabé for having " cast out of his body a yard and a half-long worm without injury to himself " he broke down with the most severe threats the obstinate resistance of the convivial Voivode. At last, on October

19th, that is, after a compulsory stay of four months, the travellers were freed, and at once embarked on a ship which was going up the Volga.

The sequence of disasters was to continue from now on without interruption. For the first few days the ship made good progress under a favourable wind. Then the weather changed. " The sails were reefed and the boatmen put ashore " to drag the ship slowly upstream. Now winter set in. The two Jesuits were without fur coats or warm clothes of any kind. The rank smell from the cargo of dried fish made it impossible to remain in the hold of the ship. Father Avril thought he would die of cold. His feet became so stiff and numbed that " for three weeks he felt no life in them at all ". At last, on the bend of the river, the travellers reached the snow-bound city of Tzaritzin, the Stalingrad of today.

Alas ! The travellers could not wait long here because of the threat of the Volga freezing over. After five days, owing to carelessness in the galleys, the whole ship caught fire, with its cargo of greasy fish. The flames spread with such speed that our two travellers only just managed in time to jump into a boat and row ashore. " Cold as we were ", relates Father Avril with dry humour, " the fear of being plundered and captured by the Tartars kept us warm ". They hid in the undergrowth on the river bank and waited for help. Once more salvation came to them from an unexpected quarter as a reward for their many acts of charity. A ship appeared and the owner turned out to be a Russian nobleman whom Father Barnabé had cured of an illness in Astrakhan. The Russian promised to take the Jesuits on board and to land them at Saratow. But now came another stroke of ill-luck. When they were only forty miles from their destination the river froze and the ship got stuck in the ice. Father Avril's feet were in far too bad a state to allow him to walk over the ice, so his companion volunteered to go on alone with some of the servants and get help in the town.

Father Barnabé reached Saratow after six days of indescribable hardship. The drivers were very reluctant to set out, for they did not think that the ice on the river would

hold. It was three weeks before they dared go on to the river and rescue those who were still aboard the ship from death by starvation. The trip across the mounds of ice-floes on the Volga was exciting enough. Then they were nearly caught in ambush by a party of sixty Tartars. Luckily the captain of the ship had had the sense to bring a small cannon on shore with the rest of the stores, and the fire from this cannon drove the highwaymen away.

In Saratow the Archimandrite or Principal of the St. Basil monastery proved himself a true friend and a generous host to the missionaries. He gave them the best room in the monastery and set them up with sleighs, furs and reliable drivers for their journey to Moscow.

After a well-earned rest the two Jesuits resumed their journey " in a thoroughly cheerful state of mind ". The sleighs, which were well lined with bearskins and in which the travellers could lie full length or sit upright as they pleased, carried them " more quickly and comfortably than any other vehicle in Europe could have done ". After a thirty-five day journey the French Jesuits reached Moscow, where they took up their quarters with two German Jesuits, who had recently arrived in the town to serve as chaplains for civil servants and officers from the German Empire, who were attached to the Embassy there. Thus, after many wanderings, the Jesuits now felt at home again. But these various expeditions were always hit or miss affairs, and the journey to Moscow turned out to be another miss. The Tsar's ministers were suspicious and had very little sympathy for the Jesuits' China schemes ; indeed the Jesuits themselves were looked upon with the gravest suspicion as possible political spies. The Russians were at that time engaged on a scheme for settling enormous quantities of people in Siberia to manage and develop the fur trade. They did not wish to have any foreigners peering and prying into their affairs. So Father Barnabé had some unpleasant experiences when he somewhat reluctantly paid a visit to Court to beg for the necessary travel permits. The all-powerful Prince Galitzine paid them some very gracious compliments, it is true, but having done so, he passed them on to the Chancellery. Here the two Frenchmen were

" cross-examined for four hours like criminals arrested for murder, and three or four sheets of paper were smeared over with an endless sequence of questions and answers." The torment of this cross-questioning lasted till one o'clock in the morning.

While their petition for passes to enter Siberia was doing the round of red-tape officialdom, the two explorers took all steps to find the so-called Chinese ambassadors who were supposed to be living somewhere in this town with its population of over half a million. After wandering here and there, up one street and down another, they finally discovered these " ambassadors ", who were really Mongol merchants from the interior. The Jesuits hoped to be allowed to join their caravan on its return journey. But they still had to wait for the official passes to come through.

Meanwhile Father Avril was hastily collecting all the useful information he could lay his hands on about the overland routes connecting China with the outside world. He finally drew up a carefully-written memorandum for the Headquarters of the Order in Rome, which he was later able to amplify with reports taken from documents belonging to the Polish secret service.

Avril starts by giving us a detailed account of the Russian scheme for colonizing Siberia, and of the Russian fur trade. He then gives a short summary of the characteristics of the various Central Asiatic peoples. With this ethnographical background to work on, he proceeds to give us a list of the most important routes into China. He separates them into two groups, a southern and a northern group. The southern routes all start from Persian Armenia, which is best reached from France by travelling through Constantinople and the Black Sea port of Trebizont. He selects Erzerum in Armenia as the terminus of the first big stretch of journey, and the second main stopping-place should, he declares, be the old commercial town of Bukhara, in what we know today as Russian Usbekistan. To get from Erzerum to Usbekistan travellers should either take the route which leads through Astrakhan and the Kirghiz Steppes, as Avril had first planned to do himself, or they should circle round the southern end of the Caspian Sea

and then continue through Tabriz, Teheran and Mesched, keeping always on Persian soil. Up to this point Father Avril was quite right in his ideas, except that in suggesting Bukhara as the second starting-off point for the continuation of the journey eastwards he was saying nothing that others had not said before him. It was along this very road that Father Grueber had already received instructions to look for the solution of the riddle.

The rest of Father Avril's theories about the southern routes are, however, misleading ; in fact " quite off the mark " in the literal sense of the words. He knows nothing of the classic silk-route, which Father Schall describes in his memorandum (Bukhara — Samarkand — Tashkent — Andiskhan — Kashgar — Turfan — Hami — Suchow). Far from it. He actually advises travellers to turn southwards in Samarkand and to strike a course for Kabul across the desolate mountain passes of Afghanistan. From here, he says, one can travel on to Agra, the Great Mogul's capital. What follows is a complete muddle, and can only be explained by the fact that Bento de Goes himself travelled along this route. But Father Avril seems to have entirely ignored the fact that the good brother actually started his journey in Agra and travelled *northwards* to Kabul ; that, moreover, he had to endure terrible hardships in crossing the Hindu Kush. Father Avril's proposed little trip to the south, to Agra and India, therefore makes no sense at all.

Father Avril would have been more correct if he had quoted Brother Bento as the pioneer of the second of his southern routes. This route led from Kabul through Kashmir to Turfan (in Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang). The " Croisiere Jaune " followed this route after leaving Kabul. But Brother de Goes' diary makes it clear that he for his part chose to take his caravan along the shorter route from Kabul over the Pamir passes. Even now Father Avril goes completely astray when he traces the last lap of the journey ; instead of following the silk-route eastwards along the northern or southern edge of the Gobi desert and aiming for the West Gate of the Chinese Wall, he advises the traveller to make for Barantola in Southern Tibet, which is known to us today as Lhassa. This confusing piece of

signposting is very difficult indeed to explain, the more so because Father Avril suggests, as his third variation of route, the perfectly orthodox and much frequented road from Turfan to Suchow, although he errs here too in tracing the western lap of the road, Turfan-Europe, not through Bukhara but way up north in Siberia, past the lake of Balkash as far as Tobolsk.

All these contradictory theories give one the sort of dizzy feeling that people must have had when they first looked at the map of Central Asia in Danker's Atlas, published in Amsterdam in 1680. It is a pure conjuring trick of the most remarkable kind. The Jesuits' instructors, most of them Mahommedan merchants, who made regular use of the age-old caravan routes, appear to have purposely deceived the explorers by telling them false facts, and to have finally convinced them of things which they had at first found hard to believe.

Father Avril was more successful in his attempts to investigate the northern or Siberian routes of entry into China. This task was a less difficult one, for the Government archives had certain documents to which he could refer.

It is best, says Father Avril, to leave Moscow at the end of February, when the snow is hard and firm, and to travel to Tobolsk which lies at the junction of the Tobol and Irtish rivers. The distance between the two points is 1800 Russian versts, or about 350 hours march, and can be covered in sleighs in about three weeks. Now the traveller must wait for the thaw to set in. He must then take a boat and ply along the Irtish downstream, that is to say northwards, up to the point where the Irtish joins the river Ob, whose tributary it is. The traveller should then sail up the Ob in a south-easterly direction, as far as Narym, then make a sharp turn into the Keta, which is a tributary on its eastern bank and now upstream along the Keta until he reaches Jeniseisk which is two days journey from the Jenisei river. In winter the stretch between Tobolsk and Jeniseisk can always be traversed in reindeer sleighs, which go smoothly and easily up the frozen rivers.

After leaving the great trading-centre of Jeniseisk, the report goes on, the Russian fur-traders and colonists continue their journey by boat. They continue upstream along the main river and then along the upper course of the Tunguska, until they finally reach the " Miracle Sea of Baikal ", near Irkutsk. (It is at this spot that the old trade-routes cross the track of the modern Trans-Siberian railway). The travellers sail across this sea and enter the river Selenga on the opposite shore, which is also navigable. This new river brings them finally to the Mongolian frontier at an easy distance from Urga or Ulan Bator.

Now, the report goes on, the traveller would find himself safely planted on the old " Tea-route ", which led straight across Eastern Gobi to Kalgan and Peking. But as long as the suspicious Chinese continued to block this direct route of entry to the Russians, the latter had to make a wide detour to the east. The plan, therefore, was to trek by covered ox-wagon from the Selenga to the Shilka, which itself flows into the Amur just below Nertshinsk. Now the travellers had to choose between sailing in a southerly direction down the Amur, which divides Russia from Manchuria, as far as the Sino-Manchurian border and reaching Peking that way, and, after leaving Nertshinsk, of venturing across the steppes (following the track of the modern Manchurian railway). Anyone who chose the latter route must take into account the whims of the Chinese officials, for no traveller could pass through the Great Wall without their permission.

A priori, therefore, Father Avril was quite right in maintaining that he had discovered a practicable route to China, although in his plan he was relying too much on the Siberian river system. But he was greatly out in his estimate of the length and duration of the journey. He maintained that the Siberia route could be traversed in two months. Two months was too short even for the last lap from Tobolsk to Peking.

In a report written in 1704 the Peking Jesuit Father Thomas later confirmed the route as originally mapped out by Father Avril. A priest named Sergius, who was attached to the Russian embassy in China, told Father Thomas that

the Russians always covered the stretch between the Selenga river and Tobolsk by water, except for a short spell of two days on land. As the Emperor Kanghsi always allowed travellers to take the direct road from the Mongolian frontier to Peking, the duration of the journey from Peking to Moscow was reduced to one hundred and forty days ; of these hundred and forty days fifty were taken up by the ride along the Selenga, about seventy by the river stretches and halts and about twenty by the journey between Tobolsk and Moscow. If the journey were made at a time when snow lay thick on the ground, it would naturally take longer.

To their great sorrow the Fathers Barnabé and Avril were both denied the right of putting their theories to the test. They were thwarted by the officials of the Russian Chancellery, who finally sent a message to say that there was a legal proviso which forbade anyone to travel through Siberia to China without having first proved that they were men of good repute. As citizens of France, therefore, they must get all the necessary papers from Paris.

The two unfortunate Jesuits, who had so very nearly reached their goal, found themselves obliged at the last moment to retrace their steps all the way back to France. Heavy-hearted though not despairing they left Moscow and arrived in Warsaw on March 12th 1687. Father Barnabé hurried straight on to Dantzig where he picked up a boat which took him to France. Meanwhile Father Avril set himself indefatigably to the task of planning the Siberian journey, and enlisted two enthusiastic helpers from the Polish provinces, Fathers Japolski and Terpilowski. Avril got his country's ambassador to give him an audience with John Sobieski, and Sobieski, who was shortly going to Moscow to negotiate with the Tsar, promised that he would persuade the Tsar to allow all missionaries coming from Poland to enter China without interference. Sobieski also supplied Father Avril with valuable information and gave him maps of Siberia taken from the archives of his secret service.

In the meantime, Father Barnabé had had an equal success in Paris. He found an influential helper in Louis

XIV's confessor, the Jesuit Père La Chaise. La Chaise, as we see from one of his letters to Father Verbiest in Peking, was very well informed about the whole affair. Verbiest had written to Paris to ask that some priests should be sent to China by way of Greater Tartary, and, as a result of this request, the King asked the two Superiors concerned to provide him with four French and two Polish priests. Father Barnabé had already been working for some time on this scheme with Father Avril, and, after his recovery from a severe illness, had made a vow that he would see it carried through. It was therefore decided that Father de Beauvollier and Father Nivard should also take part in the expedition. Two of the priests had been nominated Mathematicians Royal, and were set up with all the necessary paraphernalia of astronomical instruments, medicines and goods for barter.

Now every possible precaution seemed to have been taken and the reorganized expedition promised well. In addition to the Fathers Barnabé and Avril, who were experts in Arabic, Turkish and Armenian, the party numbered Father Japolski "a Pole of high lineage, of higher merit and of unusual virtue" and the equally excellent Lithuanian Terpilowski, both of whom spoke perfect Russian. Father de Beauvollier, who had been studying the problem of the overland route for many years, was a capable mathematician and a man of unusual energy. The twenty-eight-year-old Father Nivard was the baby of the party, and he, too, no doubt, had his share of talent and virtue.

But man proposes, God disposes. Hardly had the various members of the party set out for their meeting-place in Poland than one blow followed another. First of all Father de Beauvollier missed his ship in Rouen. As it happened this was fortunate for him, for the ship went down in a storm in the Baltic with Father Barnabé and young Father Nivard on board. Father Avril waited on and on in Dantzig for his companions to arrive. And to all these troubles was added the threat of a fresh war. In Paris and Vienna, in Moscow and Constantinople men were arming.

In his dilemma Father Avril decided to appeal once more to his Polish patrons, and went to the Diet in Grodno. He arrived there in February 1688, and found, in addition to the French Ambassador, a new friend in the person of Count de Syri. This man held the position of Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of the Shah of Persia, where he represented several European states. In this capacity he was just starting off on a journey through Moscow to Isfahan. Father Avril begged that he and his companions should be allowed to join the Ambassador's suite. Count Syri was an Armenian by birth and a diplomat by profession, so any disinterested action must have been pain and grief to him. He first left the Jesuit on tenterhooks for a month. Then he said he would agree to the proposal on one condition : that Louis XIV, whose confessor was also a Jesuit, should nominate him as his own representative at the Shah's court. The unfortunate Father Avril had no choice but to yield and returned yet again to Paris to get the necessary papers for the high and mighty lord. The whole affair was settled in a few months. The Jesuits in the French capital did not leave their poor, harassed colleague in the lurch. While all this was going on, Father de Beauvollier had also arrived in Warsaw.

It was decided that the ambassadorial party should not leave till September 1688. They calculated that in this way it would be winter when they left Moscow, and that they could continue their journey from Moscow by sleigh, very quickly and comfortably. When the whole enormous party had assembled, the Polish Jesuit was found to be missing, and it was he who had the care of the precious astronomical instruments. Count Syri refused to wait. So Father Avril hurried back to Wilna, but missed the absentee priest, who all this time had been recovering from an illness and had now himself started off. The two finally met in Minsk, and hurried off together in pursuit of the Count. But the Count had already left Polish soil. At the Russian frontier Avril was arrested by order of the Voivode of Smolensk. The Kremlin's game was now clear. They were purposely separating him from his protector, so that he should be prevented from making his intended

journey through Russia. But Avril was not to be thwarted any longer. At that very moment the Polish Ambassador at the Tsar's Court happened to be passing through the town. Avril took the bit between his teeth and had himself appointed Chaplain to the Ambassador. In this way he finally reached Moscow. Here, to his dismay, he learned that Father de Beauvollier was on his way to Astrakhan, having left the capital at the express wish of the Tsar. Now Father Avril was really and truly beaten.

Two days after his arrival one of the Tsar's chamberlains called on him with an order from the Emperor expressed in the sharpest terms " that he should immediately leave the country and, without looking to right or left, should take himself off along the very road he had come by ". Avril now made a last attempt to save the expedition by reminding the Tsar of his earlier consent and of the passes which he had got specially from Paris. But the appeal failed. The command was modified in form, but in substance remained the same ; the Jesuit was to leave the country without delay. Russia intended to keep her trade with China a secret.

In the spring of 1689 we find the two French Jesuits back in Warsaw. What choice had they now between returning home and beginning the whole work over again ? The Jesuits were true to their calling and chose the thorny path. They resolved to return to Armenia and from there to find the solution to the riddle of how to enter China. They intended to travel through Constantinople to Persia and, with Count Syri's help, to reach their goal.

In view of the threats of war between the Sultan and the Tsar, to attempt to reach the lower Danube through Polish territory meant taking risks. The Polish King gave the missionaries an escort and safe-conduct passes. Father Avril and Father de Beauvollier travelled through Lublin, Lemberg and Jassy and reached the Danube at Galatz. Here they crossed secretly into Turkish territory, but were arrested and imprisoned for several weeks in a military camp on grounds of espionage. But their French nationality and some wire-pulling by influential friends of the Grand Vizier eventually got them released ; they were

even given permission to continue their journey through Turkish territory as far as the Persian frontier. The two Jesuits travelled to Constantinople by sea, were handed their passports as promised and were now ready to start off on their third attempt to enter China. But suddenly Father Avril, who had been in a weak state of health for some time, developed a third haemorrhage. He was ordered by the Superiors and doctors to give up all idea of making the journey and return home, as Grueber had done before him.

He narrowly escaped sharing Father Barnabé's final fate, for his ship nearly sank in the Mediterranean, but after a very dangerous journey he eventually landed in Toulon on November 30th, 1689.

In a period of about five years of exploring work in the worst possible conditions Father Philip Avril had succeeded in carrying out part of his mission. He had discovered a safer overland route to China and, with the help of Russian and Polish secret service documents, had written it up pretty accurately. It was Father Avril's opinion that the Siberian route was preferable to the long and dangerous sea-route round Africa only so long as the Tsar allowed the missionaries a free passage across Russia. The results of his researches " could in those days rank as discoveries of considerable importance ".

The French Jesuit composed a memorandum describing his experiences and researches which deserves a place of honour in the travel literature of Europe. Referring to the ill-success of his persistent efforts he writes : " The more I strove to cross Great Tartary and enter China, the more vigorously Divine Providence, to whose decrees I bow, flung me back to my fatherland, so that in the end I found myself, not in Peking, but in Paris."

19. *Turkestan as a Barrier.*

In spite of all the ill-luck which they had met with so far, Headquarters in Rome persevered in their efforts to find an overland route to China. Father Verbiest, too,

in his reports from Peking was always referring to the possibilities and advantages of opening a road through Russia, which in any case would serve as a safe and much quicker route to bring letters by. For missionaries coming from Poland, Germany and Belgium, said Father Verbiest, this northern route would be " the safest and easiest ". In Peking and Rome great hopes were set on the Jesuit Father Philip-Maria Grimaldi. He was the man whom they considered best qualified to make a final and lasting success of the project.

Father Grimaldi came of a distinguished Piedmontese family, and had come to Macao in 1669 at the age of thirty. Father Schall had just died, and nearly all the China missionaries in nearby Canton had been sent to prison by order of the Regent, whose anger had been roused against them. To the horror of all the prisoners the Dominican Father Navarette escaped secretly from the camp and made his way to Rome, where he put up a passionate plea against the methods and teachings of the Jesuit missionaries. To prevent any serious consequences arising from this thoughtless act, the Italian priest Grimaldi had slipped into the prison of his own free will to take the place of the Dominican ; in any case it did not matter very much where or how he spent his time until the persecution was over, and in prison he found the best teachers of Chinese. When in 1671 the young Emperor Kanghsi ordered the prisoners' release and the Jesuits found themselves in high favour again, Father Grimaldi was summoned to Court, and, as he was of an inventive turn of mind, he soon worked his way into the boyish Emperor's good graces by designing miniature water gardens, telescopes, magnifying glasses and what not.

In 1686 Grimaldi received orders to travel to Europe. The Emperor nominated him his personal ambassador in Rome and Moscow, while Father Verbiest appointed him a kind of temporary Chargé d'Affaires. Grimaldi was charged with two duties. The Court in Peking had for years been awaiting the Tsar's decision with regard to the Manchurian frontier dispute, and Grimaldi was to get

this from him as quickly as possible. Secondly, in his role of official chargé d'affaires to the mission, he was to get a permit to travel through Siberia.

The Italian Jesuit employed his time in Europe renewing his acquaintance with many distinguished scholars. First among these we must mention Leibnitz, the German philosopher, who had always been interested in the ancient civilization of China. The Tsar Peter the Great was a great admirer of Leibnitz, and Grimaldi hoped that a letter of recommendation from this source would get him a good reception. But his hopes were in vain. The Tsar refused categorically to allow the missionary a free passage through Siberia.

It may have been that the authorities in Moscow still suspected the Jesuits in Peking of working against Russian interests in Eastern Siberia for religious reasons. In actual fact the Fathers Gerbillon and Pereira had in that very year, 1689, done great work in bringing about the treaty of Nertschinsk, by which the threat of war between China and Russia was at the last moment averted. At the very moment when negotiations were about to be broken off the Jesuits, who up till then had played the passive role of interpreters, took the initiative and proposed a compromise acceptable to both parties. The Russians were to resign their claim to a disputed piece of territory on the Amur, in return for which the Chinese guaranteed the Russians preferential treatment in matters of trade. "One can hardly exaggerate the importance of this treaty", writes Henri Cordier, the great Sinologist.

All this the Kremlin recognised whenever it suited their interests to do so. But the Russians simply did not want to have foreigners peering into their secrets. And this is why Father Avril, Father Grimaldi, and even the General of the Order were all in turn rebuffed. They all had to pay now for their earlier lack of understanding of the Russian character.

Headquarters in Rome now turned its attention once again to Armenia. It was decided that a larger expedition should be prepared, and that this time the journey should be carried out more methodically. It should no longer

happen that a whole expedition could be wrecked through the death or illness of one priest. The outline of this large-scale plan was as follows : first, a party of ten or twelve missionaries was to be sent to Armenia with Father Grimaldi as its Superior and Father Beauvollier, at present in Constantinople, as its guide ; secondly, the missions there were to be strengthened and the young missionaries were to be educated in the language and customs of the country ; thirdly, advance-posts were to be established in Samarkand and Bokhara which might possibly push through into China ; fourthly, every year a fresh party of missionaries was to be formed which was to travel to Armenia through Constantinople, Trebizond and Erzerum, to relieve the missionaries there and to free them to continue their journey eastwards, where they could apply their knowledge of languages in the Mahommedan mission in Kansu.

The plan was well enough thought out, but did not take into account the difficulty the missionaries found in travelling from place to place in those warring eastern countries. Events were to prove this soon enough

In the autumn of 1691 twelve Jesuits entered Constantinople with Father Grimaldi at their head. Father Beauvollier had been waiting here two years, for his journey had been delayed by the murder of Count Syri in Persia. Two of the priests were left behind in the Turkish capital, while the others embarked on December 8th on a small coasting ship. Father Schuch writes : " I will not relate our sufferings in detail, for I fear I should frighten others from taking on the work ; although my story ought actually to inspire them with fresh zeal to bear hardships ".

The details which the German Jesuit so secretively keeps to himself are exposed in an extensive report written by one of the French members of the expedition, which appeared in 1694 in the " Mercure Galant ", the leading political and literary paper in France. At first all went well. But 35 miles from Trebizond the captain refused to go further, as he had arrived at his home. It took seven days to persuade him to provide another ship for the Jesuits to continue their journey. They arrived at Trebizond on Christmas day and thus finished their journey across the

Black Sea in time to avoid the dangerous winter season. Now followed the much more tiring stretch of journey to Erzerum, the capital of Turkish Armenia. When the exhausted travellers dismounted at night after a ride which sometimes lasted fourteen hours they had to collect firewood to prevent themselves from dying of cold, or had to fight for places in one of the few dirty caravanserais. The route over the mountains was deeply snowed over and covered with ice, and went twisting along at the very edge of terrifying abysses into which the horses were in constant danger of falling. " I do not know ", wrote one of the travellers," what would have happened to us on the pass which was six foot deep in snow had not a larger body of riders galloped ahead and trodden down a path for us." On February 6th the caravan reached Erzerum where it was welcomed by Father Villotte and two other Jesuits.

Unfortunately Father Beauvollier did not follow the advice which Father Villotte now gave him, but made a small, though fatal error. The Pasha of the town happened to be in debt and hoped to get money out of the " Franks ". Father Villotte said that in his opinion a few presents and a nice tip would not be out of place. But Father de Beauvollier thought that the Pasha should be content with polite compliments from " the great King of France's ambassador ". The local despot, in his disappointment, refused to give the permits needed to cross the Persian frontier and, adding injury to insult, went behind the scenes and stirred up the dissenting Armenians against the missionaries. The affair ended in a regular small-scale persecution, with all its evil consequences, though this time without bloodshed. The Jesuits were blockaded in their own house by order of the local council, plundered by their own " guard " and finally expelled from the town at a few hours' notice. They escaped just in the nick of time from an ambush which the cowardly Pasha had set for them and reached the Persian frontier by the skin of their teeth. In Persia Father de Beauvollier was welcomed as Louis XIV's ambassador. The greedy Pasha of Erzerum was later beheaded at the Sultan's order, it is true, but this did not help the expedition very much. The Erzerum

mission was destroyed, and the settlement in Trebizond also suffered from the popular revolt. Thus the chain of missionary posts which was supposed to link the Far East with Europe was already broken in the Near East.

After they had arrived at Isfahan, the Jesuits altered their original plans to suit the changed circumstances. Father Grimaldi had to admit that he could not reach his goal quickly enough by the land route. But he felt he must hurry back as soon as possible to Peking to give his own personal account of his experiences to his Imperial patron. He had been absent for so long. He chose the Fathers Schuch, de Beze, and Archambaud to accompany him on the journey to Ormuz and India. The two above-named Frenchmen were to follow the example of Grueber and Diestel, and travel westwards from China to establish contact with Father de Beauvollier, who, meanwhile, was to advance eastwards with two companions. Father de Villotte was to spend his time reorganizing the settlement in Erzerum. This is the substance of the report sent from Persia to the General of the Order in the autumn of 1692.

But once more force of circumstances was to prove too much even for these carefully worked out plans. Father Grimaldi lost his companion Schuch, who died in Persia. He was obliged, therefore, to continue his journey from Goa to China alone, for the Portuguese authorities refused to allow the two French Jesuits to continue their journey on the pretext that they had violated the Royal Patronage Act. At last, after months-long negotiations, the Frenchmen were allowed to rejoin the missionaries in Bengal. There Father Archambaud died in that very year, and Father de Beze followed him to the grave a few months later.

Meanwhile Father de Beauvollier had started his reconnaissance journeys in Persia but these had ended in complete failure. He and four companions were in Kutschan, on the eastern frontier of Persia, on January 10th, 1694. At the beginning of March they were all back in Isfahan. How far had they gone? To Bokhara? To Samarkand? Who stopped them? Nobody knows exactly. In any case Father de Beauvollier considered his expedition to have been a failure. He and his three companions started

their return journey to Syria on horseback ; they took with them letters from the Shah addressed to Paris and their intention was to go to Rome to ask for fresh instructions and supplies.

We read in the 1694 register of the Order that two men of that party were in France for reasons of business, " from where they must soon return to the mission " ; Father de Beauvollier and Father Brevedent are written down as having the care of souls in Aleppo.

The answer from Rome arrived in September 1695. The scholarly Father Brevedent was sent to Egypt. He died in 1699 near Gondar, engaged in a last attempt to found a mission in Abyssinia, where he had gone dressed as a layman in the company of the famous doctor and explorer Poncet. To his great surprise Father de Beauvollier found himself appointed to the post of Superior of the newly-formed Jesuit settlement in Surat on the north-west coast of India. He started off at once for his new mission, but was captured by Arabs in the Persian Gulf. His companion, Father Martin, reports on this journey : " I was not sorry to leave Persia for India, for I really longed for a mission where I had to work harder and suffer more. What I sought I found much sooner than I had expected. I was captured by Arabs on the way. Try as they might our capturers could not discover our nationality, as we always talked to each other in Turkish and only read Arabic and Persian books. But when one of them demanded that we should profess the Mahommedan faith, we admitted frankly that we were Christians, but we still kept our nationality secret. Finally the Pasha ordered our release on the assumption that we were not " Franky ", that is, Europeans. They assumed this because of our knowledge of languages. So this time the Lord held us unworthy to suffer death for His name's sake ".

The two men arrived in Surat soon after their release. Father Martin travelled on to the mission of Madura, in Southern India, where he found, as we learn from his letters, all the fullness of suffering which he had prayed Heaven to grant him. Father de Beauvollier spent the next years of his life working in this great harbour-town,

where travellers and merchants from Persia met others from Europe, India and the Far East. Amongst the hundreds and thousands of people whom this man of many tongues met at this junction of the world's traffic were two to whom he became especially attached.

One day a certain Lawrence van Duyne came to see him and confided to him that he was the Flemish Jesuit Gerard Arnold Ryckewaert. He came from Moscow where he had been sent in 1696 by the secret order of the General to try to travel to China through Siberia. In spite of his strict incognito, he, too, was refused permission by the Kremlin to travel through Siberia. Ryckewaert had then slipped through into Persia to do what so many other Jesuits had done before him : namely, to find the age-old caravan route through Samarkand to Kansu. He had waited over a year for an opportunity to carry out his plan. Then, at last, he too had had to decide to travel by sea to Goa. The unexpected meeting with his companion in misfortune de Beauvollier was not to be his last adventure. When he declared his identity to the Portuguese authorities in Bazaim they forced him to return northwards to Persia. On that return journey Ryckewaert had to sell his books and astronomical instruments to pay his way further. Once again, in the year 1700, he waited four long months in Isfahan, still hoping to make his way overland into China. Only then did he return through Armenia and Syria to his native country. Not until 1703 did he arrive back in Bruges, the town he had left seven years previously.

Even more affecting was the meeting between Father Beauvollier and his former travelling companion, Philip Avril, who still thirsted after missionary work among the heathens. In 1698 Father Avril broke his journey to Bengal in Surat. How overjoyed he was to meet his old friend again, whom he had last set eyes on ten years ago in India ! Did these two heroes of missionary work have at that moment any presentiment that they were soon both to meet a tragic end ? Father Avril never reached his mission-field. He died in that very year, 1698, a victim of the sea, before reaching the land which he so yearned for. Father de Beauvollier, for his part, was allowed to

travel to China by sea, some months later. On November 21st, 1699, he boarded an English ship with some French Jesuits who had been stranded at Surat. He, " le grand marcheur devant Dieu " had devoted eleven years of his life to an impossible task. We must come to this depressing conclusion when we calculate the number of brave attempts made by so many brave men, who certainly did not lack energy. One of the most persevering and able of these was Father de Beauvollier, of whom it was said : " He is a zealous hero, who scorns all dangers and obstacles and who will dare anything in the name of God. The greater the difficulties, the greater his persistence. He is like a lion, who, when he meets resistance, charges bald-headed against it. He never allowed his courage to waver, and if one venture led to nothing he embarked obstinately on another ".

Father de Beauvollier proved the truth of these words by his conduct in China. He was forty-two when he arrived in Canton. Previous to this he had put all his energies into studying and perfecting himself in various oriental languages. Now he set himself diligently to the task of deciphering Chinese characters and books. But soon the Superiors appointed him Procurator of the Canton mission, where he could make best use of his wide experience in his dealings with merchants and ships' captains.

It was in Canton in 1706 that he received the astonishing order to carry state papers to Rome as the Emperor's Chargé d'Affaires. His companion was in this case the Portuguese Barros. On this journey he, too, was drowned, another victim of the cruel sea. The two envoys parted company at the half-way anchorage of Brazil, each carrying a separate copy of the State Papers, to increase the chances of their safe delivery. They had actually sighted their goal, the safe coastline of Portugal, when both the ships on which they were travelling went down in the same storm and on the same day, January 20th, 1708.

Thus ended the dramatic struggle to find an overland route to China through Russia or Persia. Nearly all the principals concerned in this project met their deaths on the seas. Father Barnabé, Father Nivard, Father Avril

and Father Antoine de Beauvollier had all in the end been sucked down by the cruel waves, whose enmity they had tried to combat with so much courage, perseverance and in spite of so many setbacks.

The epic story of the efforts of the old Jesuit explorers to find an overland route to China had a rather romantic and unexpected finale. The setting of the idyll was Persia, where Father Villotte was living and working. Father Villotte had by no means given up his old hopes and plans. In the year of Father Beauvollier's death, "Don Carlos", a Tartar prince who had been baptised in exile in Spain, came to visit him. This prince was trying to return to his native country through Central Asia under this pseudonym, hoping to take up his rightful position as ruler and to introduce Christianity there. His plan was frustrated by the obstinacy of the Persians, who refused him entry. Don Carlos, alias Kaimakit, had no choice but to return to Spain. His was apparently the last attempt to link the Near East and Far East missions. In Rome they now realised that this idea must be given up once and for all. Moreover the missionaries who travelled to China by sea at a later date found better and healthier conditions on French and English ships. On the other hand their numbers rapidly decreased as the doors leading into the Central Kingdom were closed again by the anti-Christian descendants of Kanghsi.

The Jesuits at the Imperial Court in Peking were the only members of the Order who did not lose interest in finding the overland route through Russia. They had a double interest in it, for, if the occasion arose, they could always use it as a means of letter transport. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the missionaries who were engaged in surveying the Empire in preparation for the great imperial map, travelled far into the interior of Mongolia and into the province of Sinkiang. From here it would not have been very difficult to explore the line of the silk-route leading across the Terek Pass to Samarkand and Bokhara. But Russia had in the meanwhile also extended her domain southwards, and was jealously guarding her precious secrets in these districts too. In 1721 she was forced, much to

her fury, to open her door to a Jesuit and here we have the unexpected " happy ending " to the great epic story. The Jesuits themselves played hardly any part in it at all. It was the Emperor Kanghsi who suddenly appeared on the scene as the *deus ex machina.* On the occasion of the sixth Russian Embassy's arrival in Peking the " Son of Heaven " expressed a clear wish that Father Giampriamo should be allowed to accompany the Tsar's envoys back to Moscow. He declared that he had given Father Giampriamo express instructions to take urgent letters to the Pope. This time the Russians could not prevaricate, but had to consent in order to prevent their mission from being a failure. So we see the above-named priest leaving Peking on March 13th 1721, as a member of the Ambassador Ismailoff's suite. The Tsar kept him waiting as long as he could on the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Moscow before allowing him to travel on. Father Giampriamo made a swift journey overland, and delivered the Imperial messages in Rome in October 1722. Apparently the Papal Council was not very impressed by what these letters contained, for the messenger himself was shortly afterwards formally forbidden to return to China. Nevertheless, of all the Jesuits who spent ten and twenty years of their lives in persistent endeavours to plough their way overland from Europe to China or vice-versa, Father Giampriamo is the only one who managed to discover a safe and practical route stretching the whole way from China into Europe.

At the time of the great Mongol Khans of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries, Franciscan missionaries had done the same journey over and over again at a quicker speed and under safer conditions. At that time there was actually a regular relay mail-service between the Don and Hoang-Ho. Priests and merchants, no matter what their race or creed, could traverse the wide plains on the northern fringe of the Central Asiatic mountain country free and undisturbed. The Mongols prided themselves that " a young girl could travel alone with a bag-full of gold from one end of the Empire to the other without suffering the smallest injury." With the collapse of the Mongol Empire

and the triumph of fanatical Islam, the great connecting route, between East and West, was closed to all who did not believe in the Prophet of Mecca. Not until the building of our present-day Trans-Siberian railway and the construction of the inter-continental air-lines of today, were the bold plans of those old-time men of vision, the Jesuit pioneers, finally realised.

CHAPTER IV.

JESUITS AND MANDARINS.

20. *The King's Mathematicians.*

In the year 1697 the China missionary Father Bouvet handed Louis XIV a small book entitled "Portrait historique de l'Empereur de la Chine." The book was merely a flattering comparison of the Imperial "Son of Heaven" with "le Roi Soleil". This piece of scriptural civility is good evidence of how much the French Jesuits in China appreciated their debt to both princes. Kanghsi's imperial radiance shone on them in the Central Kingdom, and they basked in the reflected glory of their own sovereign, Louis XIV. Without the help of these two representatives of royal absolutism they would never have had the chance of working for their Church in China.

As long as Portugal could assert its royal patronage and trade monopoly rights it also had the power to sift out from the yearly mission "relief" parties any elements it considered undesirable. The Portuguese had always obstinately mistrusted France's policy of expansion. They thought it dangerous to let missionaries of French nationality enter their colonial territories. The principle "keep the French from Asia" was pretty consistently adhered to. Thus, up till 1655, only three French names out of a hundred others appear on the list of Jesuit missionaries: the great Alexander de Rhodes, a native of the papal town of Avignon; the "Saint" of the old China mission, Father Etienne le Fèvre, and its "Methuselah", Father Jean Valat, who died at the age of 97, after a life of devoted service.

Only once, in 1654, on the occasion of Father de Rhodes' journey through Europe, did Portugal break her rule. John IV decreed that of the seventy missionaries who were to travel to the Far East at his expense, sixteen might

be Frenchmen. But hardly had this door been opened than the dispute about the Apostolic Vicars arose and the door was closed again more firmly than ever. With this the French Jesuits saw vanish their last hopes of helping to spread the Christian faith in Asia.

But now Louis XIV intervened personally in the affair. His minister Colbert was at that moment trying to make France into a leading power in Europe by building up a colonial empire worthy of her. A new fleet was built, and French ships cruised about the Atlantic. The Royal Academy of Sciences sent its geographers into all accessible countries. Only the Far East remained completely closed to French influence. It was at this moment that Father Couplet arrived in Paris with instructions from Father Verbiest to interest the flourishing French Jesuit provinces in the mission to China. The Court confessor, the subtle Father la Chaise, thought it a good moment to introduce the procurator to the King. The King and his minister Colbert jumped at once at this opportunity, which so exactly fitted in with their own secret plans. It was resolved that French Jesuits should be sent to the Central Kingdom. " The sciences in themselves ", Colbert said to Father de Fontenay, who had been proposed as leader of the expedition, " would not be a sufficient inducement to anyone to sail across the sea and spend the rest of his life in a strange world, far from his friends and from his native land. But your Fathers undertake these journeys over and over again from their great longing to convert the heathen. So I would be grateful if they would spend their free hours in making scientific investigations ". Thus it was that the combination of political, scientific and religious interests brought about the first French Jesuit missionary expedition to China.

Under the pesudonym of " Royal Embassy to the Court of Siam ", a party of six Jesuits embarked on March 3rd, 1685, on the " Oysseau ". They were all men of excellent education and good repute. The Academy of Sciences in Paris had taken them on as members ; Louis XIV had given them the title of " Mathematicians Royal " and had fitted them out with instruments and pensions. The worldly

Abbé de Choisy, who either as a penance or from desire for notoriety had exchanged a gay social life in the Paris salons for a small ship's cabin on board the " Oysseau ", was full of praise of these men : " Our Jesuits are the best men in the world ", he wrote. " All six of them are intelligent. Some of them are quick, and catch your idea the moment you open your mouth. They never speak without saying something good, and one can always learn from them. . . . They spend their lives drawing lines and working out mathematical problems ". Astronomical observations and calculations were the main work of the " mathematicians royal " during their months-long sea journey. In September the embassy landed in Siam and was received by the Greek adventurer and Prime Minister Phaulkon with true oriental pomp and circumstance. Our polite Frenchmen buttered the local Siamese Prince up to the eyes, and soon won his favour. He would have loved to keep them all permanently at his Court. But he had to content himself for the time being with Father le Comte, for Father de Fontenay had to continue his journey to Peking, and Father Tachard had to accompany the French " ambassador " back to Paris.

In July 1686 the China missionaries embarked on a Chinese ship. It looked pretty and seemed safe, but was in fact rotten and sucked in water like a sponge. The navigator, who had already been shipwrecked five times, wanted to ignore the condition of the ship and to get the journey over quickly, for he trusted to his lucky star. But the captain compelled him to put in at the neighbouring shores of Cambodgia. Here the four " Mathematicians Royal " were for a whole month led hither and thither through the damp jungle by the natives, and finally put back exhausted on to the rotten junk. From jungle to junk. Then the captain gave orders for a right about turn, and the entire Jesuit party found itself en route for Siam again. Fortunately the missionaries were rescued half-way by a royal galley-ship and taken on board.

In Siam the French Jesuits learned that the Portuguese in Macao had received orders to take them prisoner there. So in June of the following year, 1687, Father de Fontenay

took his party on board a Chinese junk bound for Ningpo. After thirty five days of excessive heat, hunger and thirst the five missionaries were able to land in China. This time Father le Comte was allowed to go with them.

When they arrived in the " Central Kingdom so rich in flowers " they had to tread a thorny path. The Viceroy of that district was furious at the sudden intrusion of these strangers and proposed to the Central Government in Peking that these undesirable guests should have their property confiscated and then be sent away. But the Jesuits' underground news system moved quicker than that of the red-tape officials. "In Tuo Tche Kio-Se" (Father Intorcetta) hurried to his colleagues' assistance from the nearby town of Hangchow, and Father Verbiest in Peking soon got wind of the affair and arranged that the Frenchmen should at once be summoned to Court. " Men of such calibre should not be driven from the kingdom " declared the enlightened Kanghsi, " they should all come here. The mathematicians shall remain under my personal protection ; the rest may use their own discretion and settle wherever they like in the country."

Thus it happened that the French missionaries arrived in Peking on February 7th, 1688, having travelled across China by the Great North Road from Ningpo, at the expense of the Chinese State, three years after their departure from Paris and ten days after the state funeral of Father Verbiest, the first man to travel by the road along which they had travelled. Very soon the grateful sovereign, whom Father de Fontenay had been able to cure of malaria with a few doses of quinine, set a special place apart for the Jesuits to build a house and church inside the walls of the " Forbidden Imperial City". Nevertheless the Jesuits still had many difficulties to contend with. The jealous and nervous Portuguese who had control of the various ports seized the letters and money bags intended for the " intruders " (the Jesuits). Another and no less serious cause for alarm and despondency was that the Emperor did not pay for the services of his European scientists. The result was that Father Le Comte in 1691 and two years later Father Bouvet had to return to Europe

to get Headquarters to pay the mission's debts. Father Bouvet's arrival in Paris was delayed by the War of the European Coalition against France. He did not reach the capital until 1697, the year of the Peace of Ryswijk.

The following spring saw the start of the second great French expedition to China. The cruise of the "Amphitrite" takes a place of honour in the annals of French naval history, for she was the first ship ever to sail from France to China. Father Bouvet and his nine companions were coming at the Emperor's special request so their frigate was sure of a good berth in every Chinese harbour. She left La Rochelle on March 7th, 1698. In the Indian Ocean the navigators miscalculated and made a premature turn to the north-east so that they missed the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, by about sixty miles. The wind conditions made an about turn to the south impossible, so the captain had to make up his mind to follow the long stretch of island to its northernmost point and then turn into the Straits of Malacca and reach the South China Sea that way. Thus a small misreading of the compass could lead to weeks of discomfort and a dangerous loss of time. The mistake was discovered on July 31st. Twenty days later the frigate was still lying almost motionless, exposed to great heat and tropical rainstorms, hard by the Equator. Fortunately the passengers were able to recuperate for a short while in Sabang, the harbour on the north cape of Sumatra. Father Premare describes the passage through the Straits of Malacca as the "most wearisome stretch of sea-journey in the world". The "Amphitrite" only advanced 220 miles in a month, which is less than a man could do on his feet in the same time. The inexperienced French had somehow acquired a half-blind and rather incompetent Portuguese pilot to steer them through these shallow waters. When they realised how feeble their navigator was they set to work to draw a fairly accurate map of the straits for the benefit of future ships.

In the night of September 11th the frigate was surprised by a sudden storm, while four of the sailors were on shore. "The air was fiery, the sea wild, the wind atrocious, the

rain frightful", says the old travel report. All on board had to lend a hand to prevent a calamity. Then again later the ship nearly sank through lack of proper charts. In the China Sea it was driven under full weight of canvas right in amongst the treacherous Paracel reefs. From the deck of the frigate the horrified travellers gazed down into the shallows and saw the line of jutting rocks apparently right under the ship's bottom and, looking ahead, saw the white foam of the waves being beaten into spray against the reefs. All seemed lost when suddenly the navigator made a complete about-turn of the helm, and was able to use the turn in the wind to reach deep water again. Now, however, the hitherto persistent south wind suddenly died down. But the "Amphitrite" was lucky. Exactly seven months after leaving La Rochelle the missionaries, "rather pulled down and exhausted" it is true, but still alive, were paying their respects at St. Francis Xavier's grave on Sancian. With the help of Chinese pilots familiar with the lie of the land the frigate was successfully steered through the maze of islands to Macao and later even as far as Canton. Thus the eleven Jesuits arrived sound in wind and limb in their promised land, and, as the Emperor's guests, were welcomed by the Mandarins with a very special display of deference.

In the following year five more Frenchmen landed in the Central Kingdom, among them Father de Beauvollier and the lay brother Bernard Rhodes. The latter had already had a very adventurous life. During the War of the Coalition he had been captured by the Dutch in Pondicherry, taken to Amsterdam and freed again in 1697 when peace was signed. Brother Rhodes at once reported back for the Asia mission, where his abilities as a chemist could be put to best use. He travelled out with Father Pellison, but their ship was captured near Madagascar by the Filibusters of the island of Anjouan. The pirates plundered the "Petit Saint-Jean", but let the missionaries go free. They arrived in Surat destitute, and at once joined Father de Beauvollier. The moment they reached China Brother Rhodes was summoned to Peking. His modesty and upright character won him the Mandarins' respect. He

was even allowed to attend the Emperor Kanghsi and later was always taken by the Emperor as his private physician on his long hunting expeditions in Mongolia. Later the Emperor had a successful operation, and, on his recovery, showed his gratitude by giving Brother Bernard a number of bars of gold, the sale of which later realised 200,000 francs. This was the largest fee that any missionary had ever received from the Emperor.

This money has a history attached to it. The Superiors of the French mission invested the sum with the English East India Company, so that they could use the revenue to meet some of the debts incurred by the Indian and Chinese missions. When in 1773 the Jesuit order was abolished by a Papal edict the officials in India followed the example of the Catholic Princes and States of Europe, confiscated the capital and suspended the payment of the interest. The ex-Jesuits, who had remained in India, sent a representative to London. Their claims were recognised by the Governing Body and the Indian administrators were ordered to pay out the three years' arrears of interest due to the Order. They based their decision on the following principle, which does the Company great credit : " Though other governments may have been guilty of severe offences against international law, there is no reason why the India Company should follow their example and violate their most sacred obligations." In view of the great services which the Jesuit missionaries in Pondicherry had rendered to the officials and employees of the trading company, the interest was to continue to be paid up till the death of the last Jesuit. When the last Jesuit did die in 1813, the Propaganda Congregation in Rome decided that the whole of the original capital was to go to the Lazarists in Peking.

The year 1701 saw the start of the third great French expedition. Its leader was Father de Fontenay, who had returned to France on the " Amphitrite ". On the third anniversary of the sailing of the first expedition the ship put out to sea with ten Jesuits on board. This time the swift frigate made a record journey. She reached the bay

of Macao in under five months, but was nearly laid low by a typhoon in the treacherous maze of islands which blocked the entry to the harbour.

Add to the number of missionaries who composed these three expeditions all those who travelled in smaller parties or did the journey by themselves and you get the following result : in a period of fifteen years, that is to say, between 1687 and 1702, about forty French Jesuits arrived in China. This is a large number when one considers the conditions which prevailed at that time. In spite of these conditions, however, not one of these missionaries died during the journey, although even the French did not escape the scurvy. No one knew, at that time, that scurvy was caused by lack of fresh food. On the other hand on the Portuguese Far East ships five of the Jesuits who made the journey in 1680 died and a German priest reports that in 1700, on his caravel, a hundred and eleven people were carried off by an epidemic. Father Werckmeister wrote eight years later from Brazil that he had been driven off his course there on his journey to India and that of his thirty companions five had died of starvation and disease.

The missionaries were themselves well aware of the difference between the travelling conditions on the ships of the various nations. We deduce this from a report written by the Austrian Father Franchi, who had the good fortune to travel to China on the " Amphitrite " : " There will be no lack of discomfort during the long sea journey, but it will be easier to bear on French and English ships than on Portuguese ships ". He wrote this knowing very well that the Portuguese ships were crammed with pestridden criminals who had been press-ganged for the colonial army. The " Amphitrite's " unvarying good luck may have inspired Father Kastner to plead so passionately in Lisbon in favour of making non-stop journeys to China. Shortly before his departure to take up his duties as procurator in 1702 he had met a French Jesuit in Canton who told him about their record trip.

At the turn of the century the short sequence of great French expeditions suddenly stopped. The Emperor Kanghsi showed his anger about the " Rites' Dispute " by becoming

more strict in allowing European missionaries to enter the country, and the glory of the " Roi Soleil " was on the wane as a result of the War of the Spanish Succession (1704-1714). As a result of the combatants having newly-acquired colonies, the European struggle developed into a World War, whose battles might as easily be fought on the high seas or in the overseas possessions as on home soil. The united English and Dutch fleets waged a fierce privateer war against the French trading fleet, and, from their bases in South Africa and on the Indian Ocean, blockaded the sea-routes to India and China. In circumstances such as these only a few French Jesuits here and there could get to China. They had to make their way round South America and across the Pacific. This was not, of course, a very quick way of going. One of the first small parties which left St. Malo in 1703 was overtaken by another small party in Manila five years later, and Father Nyel's experience was even worse, for he was actually ten years on the way ! Once on China's frontiers these brave men had to try to sneak by stealth into the kingdom whose doors had once more been closed against them. Father Baborier, for instance, had himself locked into one of the coffins used by the Chinese, which are known as " travelling coffins ". Loaded first on to a boat and then carried on the shoulders of coolies he finally reached his mission field after weeks of agonizing discomfort. The time was past when Royal sedan chairs waited in Canton for the arrival of the King's Mathematicians.

21. *The Great Map of the Empire.*

After the arrival of the French Jesuits China became less inaccessible than ever before to the outside world. Matteo Ricci had many years ago succeeded in introducing Christianity in the Central Kingdom by impressing the Chinese with his astromonical learning. His colleagues followed conscientiously along the path which he had prepared for them. They also followed Ricci's shining example in the field of geography. In the course of the

next ten, twenty, thirty and forty years the Fathers Aleni, Schall, Verbiest, Ruggieri and Boym published a series of important maps. These older works were later supplanted in scientific value and importance by the " Novus Atlas Sinensis ", the work of the mission procurator, Father Martin Martini, who published his magnificent volume containing seventeen large maps and a rich commentary when he was on an official mission in 1655. Father Ricci had concerned himself with presenting the outer façade of the Central Kingdom, while Father Martini was more interested in the interior decoration. The prince of geographers, Ferdinand von Richthofen, gives high praise to the old missionary's work and calls him " the begetter of our geographical knowledge of China ". Father Ricci's map was never published in Europe. Father Martini's map was the first European map which showed China's real frontiers and which gave a more or less accurate description of her river systems. The German Jesuit had made long expeditions to determine for himself the exact topography of certain important towns. He had borrowed the rest of his findings from the best Chinese sources, above all from the " Koang-Yu-Ki ", or " Atlas of the Empire " in twenty-four volumes, which had been compiled at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A report of that date, written in old German, runs : " No one should suppose that we find these things in our own brains or that we invent them somehow : for we confess here and now, and in good old fashioned German, that we have taken all our facts from the Chinese geographical books and atlases exactly as they are written and printed about each separate district ; we have all the aforesaid sources at our disposal, and can show them to anyone who is a lover of such things. But what we have ourselves contributed in the way of accuracy and industry will be readily appreciated by everybody who is familiar with geography."

Martini's atlas remained for many years the most complete and reliable geographical representation of China. It was regarded by European scholars as the standard atlas of China up till 1735, when the famous " Jesuit Map " of China, Manchuria and Mongolia was published in Paris.

This latter map was the product of a successful collaboration between the missionaries and their friends in France.

In the year 1685 considerable damage had been caused by floods in the neighbourhood of Peking. Father Thomas, who since Verbiest's death had become the Emperor's special adviser on astronomical matters, was allotted the task of making a survey of the districts laid waste. With the help of some of Father Thomas's French colleagues, the Jesuit completed the map and presented it to the Emperor in just over two months, although as many as 1700 towns and villages had to be marked on it. A short while afterwards Kanghsi had a talk with Father Parrenin, in which it accidentally transpired that the Emperor was ignorant of the true position of the town of Mukden. Parrenin, who doubtless brought all the weapons of his armoury to bear upon the monarch, his native charm, his own special knowledge and his piety, finally succeeded by the use of the compass and square in convincing the Emperor of his mistake.

The sovereign, who possessed an open and receptive mind, at once realised the value of maps both in the administration and defence of a country. Accurate geographical findings could help him to suppress revolts from Chinese nationalists and to organise defensive measures on the Russian frontier. We know from one of the Emperor's secret memoranda addressed to the princes of the blood and to the mandarins of higher rank that Kanghsi's mistrust of the European powers increased with age. He was above all frightened of the Russians, " who had already advanced to the mouth of the Amur and who were contemplating building fortresses there and making the place into a port." In the memorandum he warns his Privy Council of the Dutch ambition to become masters of the seas, saying that the Dutch " are good soldiers, have countless ships and much money ". Even the " Fulangki of Luzon ", the Spaniards, are suspect to him as neighbours, because of their lively trade-relations with Chinese merchants. It was true that so long as he was on the throne, there was nothing to fear, for all the Powers were anxious to be friends with him, and the King of " Porotucal " had

actually supplied him with " clever people who do great things for our dynasty with their science and skill in art ." But after his death " the Russians in the north, the Spaniards in the east and the Dutch in the south could do what they liked with China if the government were weak and at odds with itself."

Such and such-like considerations seem to have been greatly exercising the Emperor's mind when he finally came to an agreement with the Jesuits at his Court that they should make a cartographical survey of his enormous Empire. Kanghsi's wish fell in exactly with the missionaries' immediate plans, for, owing to the " Rites' Dispute " and the religious and political disturbances which had arisen from it, many of the Chinese Christians had had their priests taken from them. Here was a good pretext for visiting the isolated provincial communities, for putting them in touch with each other and encouraging them to hold out.

On July 4th, 1708, to quote the words of the famous Orientalist Remusat, " a geographical expedition larger in scale than any that had ever been embarked on in Europe " was undertaken in China. Father Parrenin, the initiator of the plan, was at first also put at the head of the expedition itself. But later Father Jean-Baptiste Régis took the most active part in carrying it out. A number of Jesuits of various nationalities took part in the work of surveying, and made long, difficult and sometimes even dangerous journeys. The Emperor ordered certain Chinese and Manchurian mandarins to see to the billeting and feeding of the missionaries in the various places they visited, telling them at the same time to keep a secret watch over these European scientists. Kanghsi even refused his confidential adviser Parrenin the right to enter certain frontier districts of the Empire in pursuit of his task, and by this certainly hindered the work of the expedition.

The methods used in surveying were a combination of astronomical and geometrical measurements. The longitudes and latitudes of the principal places were first determined and then submitted to the test of triangulation, and any errors discovered were at once rectified. The

missionaries went out on long journeys which sometimes lasted over a year and visited all the most important provincial towns, villages, monasteries and so forth. To the already often richly adorned pattern of the maps the cartographers added fresh data which they discovered after a close study of maps and documents which had been placed at their disposal by the respective Chinese authorities. Father Regis assures us : " We left nothing undone in our attempts to do really good work. We took all precautions to ensure that we should produce something really worthy of the illustrious sovereign, something which would oblige Kanghsi to show his gratitude by protecting and furthering the growth of Christianity in his kingdom."

The Fathers Régis, Jartoux and Bouvet—Bouvet fell ill after two months' work—started their surveying at the Great Wall. For a whole six months they travelled across mountains and valleys along the edge of that massive bulwark as far as Sining in the north-west province of Kansu, and in January 1709 returned to Peking. This first section-map, fifteen feet in length, met with the Emperor's approval. Then, in May, they started the survey of Manchuria up to Heilungkiang, where today Swiss missionaries of the Order of Bethlehem (Immensee) have a mission. Father Bouvet, who, as we have said, had fallen ill, had meanwhile been replaced by the Austrian Fridelli. By the end of 1710 the great and painstaking work of surveying the northern frontier districts, including the province of Che-li and the capital, Peking, had been completed.

To speed up this tedious preliminary work several groups were formed in 1711, to each of which was assigned a different province. The Fathers Régis and Cardoso, the latter a Portuguese, took in hand Shantung, on the Yellow Sea. Fridelli, Jartoux, du Tartre and the Augustinian brother Bonjour travelled to Mongolia and included in their districts the northern provinces of Shansi, Shensi and Kansu. Father Gaubil later sent to France a full report, based on travel notes and diaries, of that particular unit's astonishing work. Unfortunately there is only a summary extract of it in existence. According to this

report Father Fridelli and his companions travelled at first in a northerly direction as far as 50° latitude, beyond the Gobi desert, a district which today divides Mongolia from Soviet Russia. The explorers followed the course of the Kerulen river and then continued westwards along the southern bank of the Selenga. We have mentioned these two rivers in our account of the land route through Siberia to China. In their route Fridelli and his companions crossed the north-south route already surveyed and described in detail by Father Gerbillon when he made various journeys as a member of Kanghsi's suite. Later on the four Jesuits crossed the Altai mountains, and penetrated almost up to the sources of the Irtysh on their southern slopes, between Mongolia and Dzungaria. But, having penetrated to the north of Urumtsi, they made a sharp turn southwards, and on their way home already started surveying the important caravan town of Hami. So here they reached the old classic " Silk Road ", which a hundred years ago had been used by Brother Bento de Goes on his journey from India and Turkestan to the Chinese frontier. Having crossed the Gobi desert the Jesuits returned into real China through the famous Imperial gate of Kia-yu-Kwan. They had done a huge trek through completely unknown territory. Their memorable expedition is worthy of a longer report than it is at present possible to give.

Meanwhile another group of map-making Jesuits, led by Father Régis, had started work in the thickly populated coastal provinces. Every year they extended their journeys farther southwards, to Shanghai and Canton, and, to wind up their share of the work, even as far as the island of Formosa. Meanwhile the tireless Father Fridelli had been entrusted with another difficult task. He and Father Bonjour were told to survey the enormous and remote mountain provinces of the Sseu-Tchouan and Yunan in South China. In the middle of this great task Bonjour, the Augustinian, died and Father Fridelli himself became seriously ill. Father Régis, a true friend in need, hastened to the help of his colleague. Together they finished the work and even managed to survey the central provinces on the Yang-Tse-kiang, a work which had not yet been

done. On Jan 1st, 1717, the two geographers returned to Peking. In nine years of persevering and conscientious work the whole Empire, including the northern frontier districts, had been surveyed. Thus the preliminary work of cartography was carried out with remarkable speed, though, we must confess, not everywhere with the same accuracy.

Even the unknown territory of Tibet had been included in the new field of research. Two Buddhist Lamas were carefully trained in Peking and then sent off into the remote tablelands. The two Lamas followed Father Grueber's route through the high, lonely tablelands of Greater Tibet as far as Lhassa and then up the Tsangpo as far as the Holy Lake of Manasarovar. All this took place at roughly the time when Father Desideri was travelling in the opposite direction from India to the Dalai Lama's capital. As later researches proved, the Lamas brought back with them to Peking some quite useful information.

Meanwhile Father Jartoux, who had once travelled "at the price of much pain and suffering through the whole of Chinese Tartary" (the Manchukuo of today), though now a sick man, had started to co-ordinate the maps of the separate provinces in Peking. After his death this intricate and highly-skilled work was continued and finished under the direction of Father Régis. In 1718 the woodcuts of the maps were ready for printing on the finest Chinese paper. The whole work, which comprised a large map of the Empire, fifteen single sheets of the provinces and several special maps, was presented to the Emperor. Kanghsi was highly delighted and handed the atlas over to the Ministry of Geography for closer inspection, "for the work was very dear to him".

"Hoang-chao yu-ti song-tu". This was the official title of the atlas produced by the Jesuits, and means "The Complete Map of the Empire under the present Dynasty". This atlas forms a landmark in the history of Chinese cartography and is still used today as the foundation for all new Chinese maps. Various new editions, one of which appeared as late as 1894, show clearly how lasting its influence was. To quote the words of the modern Chinese

author, Ting Tschao Tsin, " our present-day geographers, when quoting the sources they have relied on for their books, always state their indebtedness to the scientists at Kanghsi's court ".

The Chinese " Imperial Map " was hardly of less importance to the cartographers of Europe, for the influence of the French Jesuits, who had done most of the work of producing it, soon put it within reach of the European scientists. It was Father du Mailla who translated the Chinese texts and Father Régis who composed a lengthy introduction to the great work. The whole was then sent in loose sheets to Father du Halde, who had been selected as the best man to introduce the discoveries of the missionaries to the cultural world of France. Since 1708 du Halde had been bringing out in serial form the well-known " Lettres édifiantes et curieuses ", in which he regularly printed the mission reports of his Jesuit colleagues from all over the world. At the same time he was working on his voluminous book, " Description géographique, historique, chronologique, politique et physique de la Chine et de la Tartarie Chinoise ", which is a real encyclopaedia of the great civilized Empire of the Far East. And it was in this work that the geographical researches of his Jesuit colleagues in Peking, their travel reports and maps, were to find a permanent setting worthy of them.

Father du Halde handed over the original maps which had been sent to him to the most famous cartographer of the age, d'Anville. D'Anville, " the King's Geographer ", worked on these maps conscientiously and well, and the result of his work shows, in Richthofen's words, " the hand of the master ". To ensure that the reproduction should be as faithful as possible to the original d'Anville kept the original format and copied the original Chinese printing stroke for stroke. He took only one liberty with the original ; he omitted a number of small places which could be of no interest to Europeans. He also designed on his own account a complete map of Eastern Asia, in which he tried to co-ordinate various data and sources.

Unfortunately Father du Halde did not employ the same methods as d'Anville. In editing the text he reproduced

Father Régis's scholarly memorandum only in garbled form. Régis's convincing explanation of why he had given a completely new presentation of Central Asia with inadequate scientific equipment was left out. Thus, to quote the scholarly Fréret's words, " all ground-work for the topography " was completely lacking. The reader also got very scanty information about the conception and execution of the huge work. Even the memorable expedition through Outer Mongolia which can rank in importance with the later travels of Hedin and others, was dismissed by Father du Halde as too trivial to be described in detail.

When in 1735 the last issue of the " Déscription de la Chine " had appeared, voices were raised expressing doubt about the scientific value of the maps, and these voices clashed with and sometimes even drowned the outburst of popular enthusiasm over the book. When one considers the bitterness of feeling which existed between the Jesuits and their free-thinking and Jansenist opponents, one is not surprised that jealous critics should have tried to belittle the masterpiece by describing it as a mere jumbled attempt to reconcile the many and contradictory Chinese findings. These critics even went so far as to cast doubts upon the authenticity of the Jesuits' long expeditions.

These hostile attacks, it is true, fell on stony ground. There were some influential members of the Royal Academy in Paris who were in direct personal and official contact with the Jesuits' colleagues in Peking. Moreover, Father Gaubil, a man of rare intelligence and tireless energy, set to work at once to try and save his colleagues' reputation.

When he had studied Father du Halde's work and had seen for himself the regrettable defects of the book, he wrote to Fréret in November, 1736 : " When one realizes the difficulties of making maps of much smaller countries than China and Tartary, one sees that what has been done in the book can only add to the glory of the Tartar Prince who decreed that this magnificent work should be done. I dare to suppose that the reputation of our missionaries will in no way suffer by it."

Father Gaubil, who came to China in 1721, had himself met some of the Peking geographers and studied their

notes and diaries. And he had himself spent years studying the geography and history of Central Asia. He was careful to submit all the literary productions of his Jesuit colleagues to a close examination, which his own excellent critical faculties and his wide knowledge entitled him to do. So we may fully believe him when he praises their conscientiousness and care in the work of designing the China maps.

Once quarrels and passions had ceased to cloud men's minds, the " Jesuit-Map " of China was generally recognized as one of the world's most important achievements in the sphere of cartography. In his classic work, " China ", von Richthofen calls the map, " on the whole a masterpiece, considering the age in which it was produced ". The scientists of today know that later surveys have proved the carefulness and comparative accuracy of the missionaries' work, even if little mistakes crop up here and there. They honour the men who gave this priceless gift to the vast Central Kingdom of China in an age when not a single great European country could boast a map of its own territory which could rival the Chinese map in magnificence.

22. *Beyond the Great Wall.*

Shortly after the " Complete Map of the Empire " had been finished Kanghsi died (1722). The great Emperor was succeeded by his son, who was unworthy of him. Yung-tching was more interested in studying his own private wants than in the welfare of his kingdom. He let the business of government fall into the hands of one of his younger brothers, " the 13th Regulo " as he is referred to in the mission reports. This capable prince, unlike his elder brother, was very attached to the missionaries, and his favourite among them was Father Gaubil.

The Regulo, like his far-sighted father, was afraid of the Russians, who were extending and increasing their power every year. He too, for military reasons, thought it important to have an exact knowledge of the advanced bases of the Russian armies in the north. Father Gaubil

who was a specialist in the history of the Mongols, was also interested, from the point of view of science, in knowing more about the wide territories beyond the Chinese Wall. So the seventeen-twenties saw the production of various important maps of the interior of Asia.

First of all the Jesuits Régis and Fridelli received an order to supplement the map of the Empire by making a special study of the middle course of the Hoang-Ho as far as the Caspian Sea. This study was virtually concerned with the territories through which ran the strategically important connecting road between Northern China and the trade-centres of Russian Turkestan. Father Fridelli was probably chosen to assist in this task because he had personally visited and studied the eastern part of the lands which were to be surveyed, as far as Hami on the fringes of the Gobi desert. This time neither of the Jesuits went on these expeditions themselves, but only worked second-hand on material given to them by the Government : official documents, Mongolian travel reports, information received from Kalmuk officers who had originated in the steppes round the Aral Sea, and so forth.

Later Father Gaubil himself took a hand in the study of these districts, while he was revising his world-famous work : " The History of Ghengis Khan ". When he sent the finished MS to France he included with it two maps and a geographical essay. The maps were still useful to d'Anville in his collaboration with du Halde. The memorandum—like so many other of the valuable writings of the Peking Jesuits—was unfortunately only published in extract form ; the detailed account of the great expedition into Mongolia in 1711 was, for instance, suppressed by du Halde and yet this report in itself would have rectified du Halde's mistakes and refuted the criticisms which had been levelled at the " Jesuit Map ".

Father Gaubil's essay on the mysterious sources of the Ganges as drawn on Chinese and Tartar maps received better treatment from his collaborators in Paris. His chief advisers in compiling this essay were two Lama geographers, who had travelled in the Jesuits' interests through the inaccessible mountain country and had made some very

neat little cartographical notes of their researches. The Italian Jesuit, Father Desideri, was the first European to see and describe Kaila, the " mountain of the gods ", in the heart of Tibet, and the Holy Lake of Manasarovar, while the French Jesuit Gaubil was the first man to provide the outside world with a map of this legendary mountain world. Hedin describes this map as " valuable and interesting. . . the topography is basically sound, while the hydrography is absolutely accurate. The only outstanding error is that the name Sadletsh is used in place of the name Ganges (to denote the river which has its source in the Holy Lake) ".

This fresh contribution from Gaubil was also gratefully received by d'Anville, who used it to rectify small errors on his section map of Tibet, and the influence of d'Anville's map of Tibet can be seen on the corresponding map in Stieler's " Handy Atlas ", published in 1875. On the authority of the documents sent to him from Peking, d'Anville quite correctly draws a chain of mountains to the north of the Tsangpo-Brahmaputra, and this chain Sven Hedin declares to be none other than the Trans-Himalayas, rediscovered and re-explored by himself. As time went on the cartographers began to make arbitrary and not always happy alterations in their maps, instead of sticking to what the original sources had taught them. Thus, to quote Hedin again, " Ritter's and Humbold's representations of Southern Tibet, compared with d'Anville's, are a step backwards ". Thanks to his confidence in Gaubil's word, the 1730 Frenchman was nearer to the truth than the 1844 Humbold.

When in the second half of the last century ruthless criticism became fashionable in the world of science, even the achievements of Gaubil and d'Anville were discredited and it was decided that the Trans-Himalayan district should be regarded as unexplored territory. No European had ever been there, said the authorities of that age. But in this field, too, modern research has again confirmed the original findings and expert knowledge of the Peking missionaries.

With the death of the enlightened " 13th Regulo " the sequence of great maps produced by the Jesuits suddenly stopped. But it was taken up again with great vigour in the reign of Kien-long. The " Heaven-Sent Monarch ", like his ancestor Kanghsi, ruled for 60 years (1736-96). Kien-long was certainly one of the most important and successful of China's rulers, although he gets rather a poor reference from the missionaries because of his moody character and of his dislike of Christianity. The Central Kingdom extended its frontiers again under Kien-Long's energetic rule ; the Emperor's marshalls led Chinese troops to victory in Korea, Turkestan and Tibet, while Nepal, Annam and Burma became tributary states to the Empire. Kien-long also won a campaign against the so-called Eleuthians of Dzungaria, which was an occasion for great rejoicing at home and pitiless exploitation abroad. This victory also created fresh work for the geographers. European Court painters were called in, Brother Castiglione and Father Sichelbarth among them, to commemorate the great victory in a series of excellent battle pictures, while the " Mathematicians Royal " were commissioned to draw up a map of the conquered country and to contribute in their own particular way to the glorification of the event.

This time the main burden of the work was borne by two Portuguese Jesuits, Father Felix da Rocha and the younger Father Joseph d'Espinha. They made two long and circuitous journeys through certain districts of Central Asia, one in 1755 and the other in 1769-70. The second journey should rank as one of the most important exploring journeys ever made into these inaccessible lands of the interior. The two Jesuits visited Hami, Turfan, Urumtshi, Manas, and other places to the north of the Tien-Shan mountain range. Father da Rocha extended his researches right up to the river Ili, in what today is Russian territory. He subsequently rejoined Father d'Espinha in the Chinese frontier town of Suchow.

Unfortunately the Jesuits found it impossible to report all the details of this journey in full, although the account of their achievement would have been a very suitable end to the long story of Jesuit geographical researches in Central

Asia. These two Portuguese were sacrificed on the altar of the period in which they lived. As soon as the maps were printed, the Chinese editors suppressed the names of the authors of these maps. And yet, in the course of the nineteenth century all their various works were identified one by one. In his map of Turkestan Karl von Ritter borrowed their topography—Father Gaubil mentions forty-three astronomical references ; and in the 1877 edition of Stieler's atlas the journey of the two Portuguese is shown on the map which deals with that particular district. Not until after 1877 were the discoveries which they had made with their inadequate equipment corrected and put out of date by the work of modern explorers.

Hardly had the two Portuguese Court Mathematicians completed their maps of Central Asia than Kien-long set them a fresh task. He made the same demand on them that his ancestor had made on Father Verbiest, namely the designing of a great map of the world to decorate his palace. It was to measure about twelve feet by six. Father da Rocha set himself to the work, and in 1761 presented the Prince with the original sketch. This sketch is really nothing more than an improved copy of the maps of Ricci and Verbiest. A few years later a woodcut and many reproductions were made of the map at Court.

Even now the whims of the Emperor Kien-long were not satisfied. He hankered after a map of his country in which all his own particular conquests were emphasised and made the centre of attention. He had learnt about the art of stencilling from European engravings, and demanded that the map should be reproduced by that method and that method only. But the art of engraving was not practised in China, so the Jesuits were in a proper quandary. But because the " Son of Heaven " had spoken, some solution had to be found, and at the eleventh hour there appeared a saviour in need in the person of Father Michel Benoist.

Father Benoist is a tragic figure. In him was incorporated, so to speak, the fate of all the last Jesuits in Peking under the despotic rulership of Kien-long. He came to China in 1744, after a brilliant academic career, with the intention

of serving his church as a simple priest. But a very different fate was in store for him. He was destined to spend the whole of his 30 years of missionary life satisfying the whims of an Emperor who by lifting a finger could have destroyed the whole Jesuit missionary work of the past two centuries. Father Benoist designed a mechanical watergarden in obedience to the Emperor's command ; he drew up the plans, cast the leaden pipes, built the conduits, forged miniature figures of men and animals which danced about gracefully in attitudes which varied with the pressure of the water. He worked almost day and night, on fine days and on dull days, eating food which revolted his stomach, until in the end his health began to fail and there was " barely a breath of life left in him ". But by this heroic renunciation of all that he as a priest held most dear " he won the Emperor's favour for himself, for the others, indeed for the whole mission ".

Father Benoist, as practical as he was versatile, again came to the rescue in the dilemna about the map-engraving. He sat down in his library with a pile of books in front of him and began to study the art of engraving. Then he constructed the necessary machines, taught the Chinese workmen how to manipulate them and was soon able to begin the great work of producing the required map. A hundred and four different plates were engraved, each two feet long and one foot wide. The engraving work itself succeeded better than Father Benoist had hoped and the printing, too, was finally passed as satisfactory by the Mandarins. After several years of uninterrupted work the first copy of the new Imperial Map was finished and presented to the Emperor. Kien-long was satisfied and ordered a hundred copies to be taken from each block, that is to say, 10,400 single sheets in all.

Meanwhile the marvellous engravings had arrived from Paris, engravings which had been made in the best French workshops from the 16 original drawings by Castiglione and his colleagues, depicting Kien-Long's victory in the Eleuthian war. The Emperor was so enchanted with these prints that he at once ordered the unfortunate Father Benoist to set to work and draw some more equally perfect

copies from the blocks which had been sent from Paris with the pictures themselves. Once again Benoist applied all his inventive ability to the task of constructing the necessary elaborate printing-presses. His final achievement may not have been quite up to the standard of the exquisite Paris prints, but it found favour with the Chinese despot and was generally admired by the experts.

What the Jesuit missionaries in Peking did to advance geographical science is only a small part of their achievement as mediators between Europe and China. " Their researches are first and foremost concerned with history and religion " said Richthofen. " We have not the time even to make a summary survey of the enormous amount of work on the subject of China accomplished on the one hand by the missionaries and on the other by the scientists in Paris." Remusat, one of the founders of modern oriental scientific research also claims for the French Jesuits the glory of " having opened the road to the cultured classes of other nations and to have introduced China to the whole of Europe." These men succeeded in penetrating so deep into the true nature and being of this cultured people of the East that twenty-four of them, helped by Christian Mandarins, compiled works which are included in the official index of the best Chinese writings of all time. And they also knew how to awaken sympathy and admiration for China in their own country. Yes, in the rococo period it was actually the fashion to enthuse over Chinese art, literature, architecture and philosophy. Even Voltaire and Goethe, Leibnitz and Frederick the Great can be counted among those who came under the influence of China. " Not until the end of the century, when general relations with China were drowned in the rising tide of political economy did trade interests get the upper hand and contribute in no small way to the increasing antipathy felt for China ". And China was only defeating her own ends when she ceased to heed Kanghsi's wise warning : " Such men should not be driven from the kingdom ! "

23. *German Astronomers in Peking.*

It was not only the French Jesuits who made a name for themselves in Peking. In the eighteenth century their colleagues from the German provinces also came to the fore. It is true that only about 120 out of nearly 800 German Jesuit missionaries of outstanding merit worked in the Portuguese colonies in Asia. It was not the men themselves who were responsible for this late appearance on the scene and for their scanty numbers. None of them lacked enthusiasm for mission-work. Proof of this is to be found in the hundreds of petitions from the provinces north of the Alps, in which the " Indipetae " asked the General of the Order to send them to India. But in the first years after the founding of the Order they had time and again received the answer : " Germany is your India ". And there was no " Roi Soleil " in Germany, as there was in France, to back their claims. Plans for great colonial conquests were entirely alien to political thought in divided Germany. So the German Jesuits were completely at the mercy of the Portuguese authorities, and the Portuguese only succeeded in conquering their prejudices when it was all too late. Of the total of sixty-six German missionaries to India hardly any reached Goa, Malabar or Annam before the eighteenth century, and in China not even half of the total number of forty-five German missionaries had arrived before 1690. Of these almost all were specialists, chosen to do some qualified work. The Jesuits Terrenz, Kirwitser, Herdtrich and Schall were astronomers ; Grueber and Diestel were explorers, whose task was to discover the overland route ; four others, among them the two Swiss, Fiva and Sonnenberg, died after a very short period of residence abroad, while nine of them died on the sea journey itself or very soon after arrival. Last but not least of the twenty-one German Jesuits who actually lived and worked in China we may mention Father Martini, the geographer, and Father Koffler, the friend of the Mings.

Then there was Kilian Stumpf, who stands as a sort of solitary link between the first group of Germans, all of whom had already died before the arrival of the French

Jesuits, and a second German group. He arrived in Macao in 1694, after losing two of his compatriots at sea. He showed himself so upright and honourable in his dealings that he was appointed Head of the Department of Astronomy and Superior of all the Jesuits in China. Later he represented the Order as a Crown witness in the unpleasant legal proceedings against the Legate Tournon. But he was also the first Jesuit to sign before witnesses the declaration of obedience to the Pope's " Interdiction of the Rites ".

The " Rites' Dispute " and other events were calculated to damp the enthusiasm of missionaries who would otherwise have been eager to come to China. Reinforcements arrived not steadily, but in driblets, and each fresh batch usually arrived with a special purpose. Thus in the years 1699 and 1700 nine members of the order from different German provinces arrived at the newly-founded mission-station in Calicut, having suffered severe losses. In 1706 Father Kastner returned from Europe bringing a small party of Germans with him. Then followed thirty lean years. Not a dozen German Jesuits went to Asia during the whole of that period ! The only memorable event which occurred in that time was the first non-stop journey to Macao, which took place in 1716, and in which the Fathers Kögler and Slaviczek were passengers.

Let us now jump twenty years. We find Father Kögler enthroned as " President of the Court Star Chamber " in Peking, in place of his compatriot Kilian Stumpf. The Emperor Yung-tcheng had, in spite of his hatred of Christianity, created Father Kögler a Mandarin (second class) and at the same time appointed him Vice-President of the great Li-pu, as the ' Rites Tribunal ' was called. Father Kögler also enjoyed the full confidence of his Superiors and held for many years some of the most important offices. Meanwhile the missionaries had declined in numbers. Father Zallinger, who was the first German to enter China after many fallow years, had died " without ever putting his hand to the plough ". On October 5th, 1736, the thirty-eighth anniversary of his ordination, Father Kögler wrote : " May merciful Heaven send us more

valiant men like him. We are panting for their arrival. Here we are in constant danger. I have heard, it is true, that fresh spiritual aid is actually sailing from Portugal; but the poor state of my health makes me doubt very much whether I shall ever have the joy and comfort of setting eyes on those who are destined for us here".

Father Kögler was right in his prophesy. Fresh German missionaries were actually on their way. On that very day, October 5th, the advance-party was on a ship near the east coast of Africa. But on this ship an atmosphere of gloom reigned, because "a complete calm had firmly moored it in the sea". And on that fateful day, too, October 5th, the main body of missionaries was crossing the Brenner pass on its way from Munich. Father Kögler kept wondering: would they all arrive in China in good health and in good time?

Detailed reports exist today about these two mission journeys. The writer of the first report is Father Gottfried von Laimbeckhoven, who excels in the arts of accurate description and acute observation, and who is kindly disposed towards foreign customs.

Father Stöcklin has published in his "Weltbott", a six-volume collection of contemporary mission reports, the two maps on which Father von Laimbeckhoven had very accurately marked his ship's course. His description of the journeys made between 1735-37 shows that in the last 200 years nothing much had changed on the Portuguese ships. Indeed in certain ways conditions during the period of decline had changed for the worse. Most of the hundred and eighty soldiers who were on Father von Laimbeckhoven's ship "were being sent to India instead of to the galleys as a punishment for theft or other exhibitions of reckless knavery". More by good luck than good management the ship finally entered the calm bay of Mozambique, having been exposed to terrible storms, with crew and passengers laid out with fever. The ship and its cargo was saved, but the loss of life was terrible. During the next ten months —the period of enforced wait in Mozambique for the change in the monsoon—a hundred soldiers died. Many of the

surviving mercenaries were detailed to remain in Mozambique to reinforce the weakened garrison ; this order was the equivalent of a death-sentence. To take the place of the soldiers six hundred and fifty black slaves were crammed into the ship. It was not until September 1737 that the ship landed in Goa with its unhappy company, and here most of the European passengers had to be taken off at once to hospital.

Two weeks later nine German Jesuits arrived in Goa ; they were not a little surprised to find that they had caught up with their advance-guard in India, and that it had been touch and go with them. Their own journey had been exceptionally lucky. For the last hundred years no ship had set sail for India so late in the year, and yet " the travellers disembarked in Goa almost in the same numbers and as robust in health as when they had embarked five months previously ". Of the four hundred soldiers who had been taken on board in chains, only two had died during the journey. The Jesuits had not only been given comfortable quarters but, wonder of wonders, had also been provided with a cook who knew his job. This cook, Karl Slamenski, had formerly been surgeon-in-chief and ensign in the D'Olonisch Dragoon regiment, and had travelled to Lisbon from Transylvania in order to join the Jesuit order in India.

The " wait period " in Goa that year was exciting enough. The enemy was at the very gates of the town. Father von Laimbeckhoven describes in detail the sad decline and imminent collapse of the last stronghold of the once mighty Portuguese empire. " Whilst other nations seem to be able to make something out of nothing, Portugal's beautiful wide lands are almost all uncultivated ; her fortresses have not the garrisons needed to defend them and her well-situated harbours are without ships. All Portugal's attention and money is given to Brazil, where, in point of fact, rich treasure can be obtained from gold and diamond mines almost without effort ". For this reason the Portuguese had had to cede valuable stretches of shore to the Maratta warriors from Poona, and this had entailed the loss of nearly all the landed property from which the Jesuit missions in

China, India and Malay had derived the revenue which went to pay for the high cost of shipping and supporting the many members of the Order. And now the Marattas were actually preparing to besiege the capital, and had sent a powerful corsair, the ' Angria ', to blockade the town from the sea. After the departure of the China missionaries the plight of the Portuguese became so serious that a third party of six German missionaries was actually forced to do several months' service as mercenaries in the fortress of Marmagao, and to take up arms and help defend it against the attacking Marattas.

In the meanwhile Father von Laimbeckhoven with his eight companions had arrived safely in Macao in August 1738. Here the situation had taken a sharp turn for the worse, and Father von Laimbeckhoven writes : " China is still closed to Europeans. No Europeans can show themselves openly except priests who are in the Emperor's service in Peking ". The Emperor Kien-long had received no European in audience at his Court, said Father von Laimbeckhoven, not even Father Kögler, who had done so much for him in the past. The only man Kien-long would see was Brother Castiglione, and that was because he had a special fondness for his paintings. It is true that a good number of missionaries were still practising in secret in the provinces. But in Tongking fresh persecutions had broken out, and four Jesuits had been tortured two years previously. The report continues : " Only in Cochin China do things look brighter. About half the population there is Catholic, and the present King shows a great liking for our faith "

It was certainly no easy task for the Superiors to find useful work for the eight German Jesuits and the three Frenchmen who had joined them. Fortunately a special message from the Emperor arrived in December, in which he asked to be sent five men of special ability. Father von Hallerstein and Father Gogeisl were wanted as astronomers, Father Florian Bahr as a Court musician, Brother Attiret as a painter and Brother Thebaud as a precision-instrument maker and clockmaker. The Fathers Laimbeckhoven and du Gad were left out of the Emperor's list, and were detailed

by the Superiors to do dangerous mission work in the provinces of the interior. The Fathers Palaczek, Siebert, Grueber and Brother Neugebauer were ordered to go to Malay where a new mission had been founded.

Since Father Ricci's time so many Jesuits have crossed the Central Kingdom along one of its main arterial routes in a south-north direction that we must here give a brief description of the journey from Macao to Peking. The distance between these two towns is roughly 2000 kilometres, that is, the distance from London to Malta.

According to Father von Hallerstein's diary, the five missionaries left Macao for Canton on March 1st, 1739, dressed as Chinese. In Canton they were held up for a whole month for an official examination. The Jesuits finally came to an agreement with the judges that their travelling expenses should be paid for by the state, " in the established fashion ". On the 4th April they started off in earnest. At first they travelled up the great river of Pei-kong by junk, alternately sailing and rowing. Ten days later the ship turned into a tributary flowing eastwards, near the town of Chow-chu-fu, and in so doing left the route now followed by the modern North-South-Railroad which runs between Peking and Canton. On April 20th the stretch of river-journey came to an end near Nan-chow. The travellers continued their journey from here in litters, each carried by four men, over the Meiling mountain range. On the very next evening the missionaries arrived in Nanngan, an important town in the province of Kiang-Si, where they embarked on ships of better quality which carried them down the Kan-Kong, a river famed for its dangerous reefs and for the many shipwrecks which have taken place on it. The missionaries were well looked after by their mandarin escort, but were also kept under close watch by secret orders from Peking. Even the port-holes of their cabins were thickly curtained over and kept closed for the whole journey.

The Mandarin who escorted them took similar precautions during the second lap of the journey, which was an overland trek leading straight to the capital. All the military outposts, " which in this mighty Empire have comfortable

guardhouses placed at regular intervals of hours' marches ", presented arms at the approach of the litters and welcomed the officials and guests of the Emperor with tokens of respect which befitted their high rank. " But every evening, directly we arrived at the inn appointed for us ", reports Father von Hallerstein, " they carried us, litter and all, into the house, and here we had to remain seated quietly until the next morning. And in these same heavily-curtained litters we were then taken out of the house and carried through the country right up to Peking, unable to see anything of the towns, villages, forests, mountains, rivers and other points of interest through which we had passed ". The good brother Attiret felt in his chair, " like a bird in a cage ". Nevertheless Father von Hallerstein managed to note down the exact direction of the route, the distances covered from day to day and any events of special interest.

From Nan-chang onwards the missionaries travelled overland, following the western shore of the great Po-jang lake. Here Father Bahr was unlucky enough to fall headlong down the steep bank into the water, litter, pack-animals and all, but he escaped with only a slight shock to his nerves. Then they came to the town of Kiu-kian, through which flows the mighty Yang-Tse-Kiang. The route usually taken from here was by boat downstream to Nanking and from there northwards by sailing ship along the famous Imperial Canal. But Father von Hallerstein and his companions chose another way ; they were ferried across the river and continued overland as far as Hsu-chou. Here they crossed the Yellow River, which in those days still flowed south-eastwards in its original bed. On the next day the Jesuits reached the Imperial Canal, where they saw forty junks, richly dressed in flags, on their way northwards to bring the yearly tribute to the Emperor from the provinces of the south. On June 13th, 1739, the travellers were met by the Provincial Pereyra, a mile outside the gates of the capital, and taken to their new quarters. The whole journey through China had lasted six weeks. A fortnight later they presented themselves at Court. They had entered upon their new profession, " their chained

slavery" as Father von Laimbeckhoven calls it. The would-be missionaries were destined to spend thirty years in the service of the moodiest of all despots, as mathematicians, musicians or painters, "tied to a chair from one sun to the next, hardly ever getting time off on a Sunday to go and worship God ; bearing a thousand other burdens with the sole purpose of keeping the Emperor well-disposed towards the missionaries who spread the Gospel—and because they see Paradise at the end of their pain and drudgery".

CHAPTER V.

FORTITUDE IN ADVERSITY.

24. *The Convict Ship.*

At 3 a.m. on July 5th, 1762, a party of soldiers led by the Captain-Governor Don Antonio de Mendoza Corte Real hammered on the door of the College of St. Joseph in Macao. In the name of the Marquis of Pombal, the all-powerful Minister of His Most Trusted Majesty, the King of Portugal, the soldiers arrested the thirteen Jesuits whom they had startled out of their sleep : nine Portuguese, two Italians, and two Chinese, all members of the Chinese province. The same thing happened on the same night to the eleven Jesuits in the College of St. Paul ; here six Portuguese, the two Germans Koffler and Graf, and three members of the French mission were taken prisoner. The twenty four missionaries were forbidden all communication with the outside world ; the doors and windows of their prison were fastened with iron bars ; an armed guard was stationed outside the house night and day, and town criers were hired to proclaim in the public squares the measures which had been taken by the King's Government to suppress the Jesuit Order throughout the whole of Portugal's sovereign lands. The prisoners were treated harshly and subjected to unnecessary indignities. Their household property was auctioned at an absurdly low price, while they themselves were shipped on board the " St. Louis ", which was to deport them to Lisbon. Thus began the missionaries' last journey ; they, once held in such high esteem, were now branded as Crown criminals.

Pombal had as early as 1758 taken similar measures against the Jesuits in Portugal. His reasons for declaring that the Order was to be destroyed were so " irreproachable " that he did not even trouble to try these alleged enemies of the Crown before a High Court of Justice. In

the course of the year 1759 most of them were shipped off to the Papal States ; the estate administrators of the overseas missions and a few others were quickly imprisoned for fear the injustice of their treatment might come to light.

The first ships which were due to sail from Lisbon to the colonies in Brazil, Africa and Asia were given instructions to take to the authorities there to arrest all Jesuits they could lay their hands on and to have them deported to Lisbon for trial. The Goanese province in India was almost entirely overpowered by this unexpected conspiracy for most of its hundred and fifty members had their parishes inside the Portuguese domain. On the other hand all the fifty missionaries of the Malabar province in Southern India escaped the persecutions. The two Jesuit bishops, who were the heads of this diocese, refused, in spite of the threat of having their revenues confiscated, to obey the exacting demands of the Viceroy of Goa. They ordered the missionaries to hold out in their parishes. An attempt by the Count of Ega to kidnap them by force was frustrated by the native population, which rose up in their defence. But in the meanwhile the Count could amuse himself with the prisoners in Goa. His methods are recounted in full by an eye-witness, a simple and honest German lay-brother, Jacob Müller. Jacob Müller had come to India as late as 1752 with five of his compatriots. On April 15th they bade what they thought was a " forever good night " to Europe ; on September 21st they all landed in Goa, after a hundred and seventy-seven men of the crew had died in the good old " India journey " tradition. Brother Müller, who was a skilled chemist, took over the co-directorship of the Royal Hospital with the blind head attendant.

In Brother Müller's report we read the following : " On the morning of Sept. 25th, 1759 the mail-boat from Portugal arrived in the Goa roads. In spite of the strict police control messengers got through several times during that day bringing news to the Jesuits that some mischief was being plotted against them. However, everything was as quiet and undisturbed as usual in the various houses of the Order. Then, just before four o'clock in the morning of

the 26th, the King's Commissioners came and demanded admittance. In the College of St. Paul, where Brother Müller lived, there appeared as many as two whole companies of Grenadiers, "some with blazing torches, others with drawn swords". The soldiers were stationed along all the passages and staircases, while the Chief Commissioner went straight to the Rector's room where with his own hands he turned down the mattress and searched for secret documents. Then he went to the main office where he had the safe seized with all its contents, three thousand talers and the keys to the Church and to the storerooms. Meanwhile the troops had been doing themselves proud on the food which had been set out for the professors and students of the college. Towards evening the inmates of the other houses of the Order were also all brought into the College. Only six of the hundred and forty men now under close arrest, (one priest and five Italian lay brothers), said yes to the offer of freedom on condition of their leaving the Order. The rest were first submitted to several weeks close arrest and then sent to the various monasteries of the town, where they were allowed a little more liberty. Then again, a few days later, Count Ega had eighty of the more senior of the Jesuits packed together in a very cramped space in the Augustinian monastery, which was merely a tumble-down old ruin. "There were such quantities of mice and rats there that they actually leapt on to the Fathers' plates when they were eating". Heat and vermin combined made living conditions in the three or four rooms and the single passage almost unbearable. At the end of September they were all once more transferred to a single floor in the College of St. Paul ; there was so little room here that the dovecot had to be used to house the sick. It was natural, therefore, that all the prisoners should look forward to the day when they were put aboard ship as to a sort of liberation. But they were soon to be cruelly undeceived.

On the evening of December 20th the hundred and thirty-seven Jesuits were submitted to a last and very rough inspection and then taken to the harbour under strong military escort and rowed out in boats, to the "Nossa

Senhora da Conceiçao", the ship which was waiting for them. "When the Captain saw what a huge party we were, he at first refused to take us on board" writes Brother Müller. ". . . . he said he was too cramped for space to house everyone. But in the end he had to give way in face of the Viceroy's insistence.

"So at daybreak we clambered on board and were taken to the special quarters reserved for us, a cabin certainly not more than twenty-eight foot long and hardly twenty foot wide. Besides this we had allotted to us a third part of the deck up to the mainmast, where a plank shed had been erected. The space given to us was sixty foot long at the most, and a great deal of this space was taken up by seven enormous guns. So there you have the total accommodation reserved for a hundred and thirty-seven Jesuits! The officers clasped their hands above their heads and said: 'It is impossible to leave the Fathers like this—they will surely all die!' When the Captain saw that it was literally impossible for everyone to lie down, he had the plank shed at the mainmast enlarged by about ten feet. I spent almost every night of the journey lying on a narrow shelf meant for bottles; and yet I had no wish to change places with the people lying stretched out at full length on the floor. For whenever the great waves threw a few tons of water through the portholes into the ship, all the beds on the floor were drenched. Moreover the missionaries were so closely huddled together that they kept each other awake all night, especially as many of them were seasick or ill in other ways. . . . As for the food, the Portuguese Court had arranged that the Jesuits were to be given the same food as the sailors. But sixteen florins seemed to the Viceroy rather a large amount to give for so little food, so he had arranged that a little extra should be added to it. Unfortunately there had been some carelessness in the buying of the food. The salted meat had to be thrown overboard, barrels and all, though the fish was a little better. When they opened the first barrel of white beans, they discovered a layer of beans about three inches deep and underneath nothing but empty cocoanut shells. It was the same with the other stores. The biscuits were well

made but so badly packed with other provisions that they very soon became mouldy, turned black and were alive with worms. Every man got a mug of drinking water a day. But when we crossed the Equator for the second time, the water was full of worms. I do not need to describe what it tasted like, but I can definitely say that each mug-full contained at least a hundred worms. There was nothing to do but shut your eyes and swallow it down. Everyone was given one cup of Indian wine a day. So it is not surprising that many got ill and died from sheer distress and privation, and most of us would have died of starvation, had not the Captain and the other ship's officers denied themselves some of their own food and handed it over to us on the sly. As regards illness, scurvy was rampant everywhere, to say nothing of those who collapsed from old age and sheer discomfort and from constant high fever and pleurisy. Some of the scurvy sufferers were dark blue and black down to the soles of their feet, others paralysed in all their limbs, so that they could not move hand or foot. Others again seemed perfectly strong and robust, but were the first to die, and died almost at once. Others were attacked by a very painful dysentery, and also succumbed very rapidly. Almost everyone was ill in some way or other. . . . . .

" When we sailed out of Goa, we had a favourable wind and also strong, favourable tides. The wind held until we made our second approach to the Equator. Then it suddenly died down, and the heat became intense. Near the Canary Islands we met a strong north wind, so that we had to tack backwards and forwards for a whole month to get to the latitude of Portugal. You can well understand how much we suffered from this wind, as we had been strangers to cold for so many years and only had thin Indian clothes. Moreover our resistance had been quite weakened by sickness and hunger. It is therefore not to be wondered at that in the last eight days of the journey the Jesuits died at the rate of almost two a day. The survivors were so weak that they could hardly help each other at all. When at last on May 20th, 1761 the ship sailed into Lisbon twelve of us (among them myself) made

a general Confession in preparation for the journey into eternity. This earthly journey had lasted exactly five months, and twenty-four Jesuits had died in the course of it.

" The harbour officials in Lisbon had received special instructions from the Court to provide us with all we needed in the way of food and drink, and some of us began to think that we must have come into favour again with the authorities. But as early as the 22nd May these hopes were dashed, for on that very morning all foreigners and the Africa missionaries were separated from the rest of us, twenty-six in all. One of the King's Ministers made a very odd demand of them ; would they leave the Society of Jesus ? But when a certain young man, who had just finished his novitiate, answered ' No ', the Minister said : ' He is behaving like a good member of the Order, and if he were my own son, I would not have wished him to act otherwise ! ' On May 24th our names were read out. After the fresh food I had eaten I had become so strong and well in the previous three days that I was able to get off the ship without help ; my weakness therefore had been due purely and simply to hunger. Between 9 and 10 in the morning we twenty-six Jesuits were marched between two lines of soldiers with fixed bayonets to the St. Julian tower, which we reached at four in the afternoon. Of those left behind the eldest were taken off a week later to the Azeitao prison. Some of them renounced the Order from fear ; the rest were taken off to Rome ".

The Macao Jesuits also ended their long sea journey in the prison of St. Julian. They too had suffered far greater hardships than they need have done in their long sea journey, and this was entirely due to the negligence or harshness of their guards. The twenty-four missionaries were given the very narrowest living space on board ship, and soon the whole place was alive with vermin, " so that the men found no rest day or night ". The next four months were spent in these unspeakable conditions, now on the high seas, now on some desert shore or other, while the " St. Louis " discharged her cargo. The first to collapse under the strain was the seventy-year old Father de

Sequeira, the Rector of the College of St. Joseph, who had spent twenty-one years of his life in the interior of China, dressed as a peasant, visiting one after the other of the many scattered Christian communities, bringing hope and comfort to them. On March 22nd, 1763, the prisoners were taken to Fort Marmagao, near Goa, which, we remember, their colleagues had helped to defend for the Portuguese Government at the time of the Maratta war. For ten long months they remained in here, apparently forgotten by the outside world. The fare was meagre, the living-space small but just adequate : four men to a room. Finally, on Feb. 4th, 1764, the order came through that the Jesuits were to be embarked on another ship. " There were some who either by reason of their age or their weak constitutions should certainly have never been taken aboard. But no account was taken of this, and they were hustled along with the rest ".

These quotations are taken from the report of Father du Gad, who, when the occasion arose, was equally ready to record kindness. He reports, for instance, of their new Captain, that he tried to improve the lot of the men under arrest by not always carrying out his orders to the letter : for example, he always allowed two priests to say Mass. Near the Cape of Good Hope the ship ran into a severe storm, which lasted four days. But before this several of the Jesuits had already been attacked by scurvy, owing to the lack of sleep and fresh food. Now others developed horrid coughing fits. Four died. The first to die was the sixty-nine-year-old Father de Neuvialle ; he fell down with a stroke and died before they could give him the Last Sacraments, because at that very moment they were giving them to the eighty-year-old Brother Vieira. Vieira had come to China as early as 1707 and had a longer record of service there than any other of his present companions in distress.

On May 15th the ship put in at Bahia, where it remained a whole two months. This rest was enough to set the sick men on their feet again, in spite of the horrid cross-examinations to which they were constantly submitted, and of the removal of their books : the guards once or

twice actually tried to take the priests' breviaries from them ! Then the journey was resumed on the same ship, and three months later the " St. Louis " docked in Lisbon. It was her seventh and last journey from the colonies to the mother-country with her cargoes of Jesuit prisoners. During the whole deportation period thirty-eight of the missionaries had died. Their sufferings were over. But for most of the rest they were only just beginning. The nineteen surviving China missionaries were packed off to the fortress of St. Julian. " Here we were treated like dead men whose bodies are hastily removed from the sight of the living. They buried us in dark cells and cast us away into veritable dungeons one after the other, like evil spirits. None of us dared utter a word."

25. *In the Vault of Death.*

Miracles sometimes happen in this world, and one of them was the resurrection of the dead of St. Julian. " I have seen their prisons with my own eyes," wrote the Austrian Ambassador, Chevalier von Lebzeltern. " I can only give a faint picture of their great sufferings, for they exceed all that the imagination can conceive, and the mere sight of them makes one's blood freeze with terror and horror. Holes a few feet square which opened on to a large courtyard were for eighteen years the dismal homes of these unhappy people ; it was a miracle that they survived at all."

The fortress of St. Julian is three miles from Lisbon at the mouth of the Tagus, and stands on an isolated rock in the sea. It was Pombal, the herald of a so-called liberal and tolerant age, who condemned the hundred and twenty-four Portuguese and foreign Jesuits to this fortress's subterranean casemates, those pitch-dark, damp and mouldy vaults ; moreover, the victims themselves were never told why they were thus being buried. But some of these " dead " men were resuscitated and have lived to tell the tale. Their statements tally on the most important points and supplement each other in regard to the details. And

let us see what they actually did have to say about the vaults of St. Julian. Father du Gad wrote: "Imagine vaulted cellars with extraordinarily thick walls. Mine was about twelve feet long, nine feet wide and barely six feet high. There were no windows in the walls, only a loophole." Brother Müller wrote in support of this: "Our cellar was hardly twelve feet long and about six feet wide. The ventilator was about a foot wide and about a hand's breadth high, so that whenever the oil lamp went out, the room was in total darkness. The stench alone was enough to make anyone mortally ill. When in October the rainy season began the rain streamed down constantly from the vaulted ceiling into our cell, so that one could hardly find a dry place to sit down or indeed move at all in that cramped space. One could only walk up and down the length of the plank bed. The walls on three sides were always dripping with water, and there was so little air that if one sat down one could hardly breathe and felt oneself to be suffocating. This alarming sensation was increased by the fumes from the oil-lamp, which had no outlet out of the room. I will not mention the repulsive stench and the vermin which resulted from the various illnesses we all suffered from, and from the fact that the cells were never washed out." And Father Thoman backs up this description in a report in which he says: "Right at the very start I felt an oppression on my chest and this I had to bear for fourteen long years. We sat there deprived of daylight and fresh air, as the small loophole was only a hand's-breadth wide. The constant damp, especially during the period of rain, made everything rot. The fortress commandant used to say: 'Everything is rotting; only the imprisoned Fathers are not rotting.'" Father Eckart said in concluding his report: "Yes, indeed, we were more like dead men than live ones, and we seemed to have found our graves before we had died."

The prison was under the command of a colonel, who seemed quite indifferent to the welfare of the prisoners. He helped himself liberally to the contents of the few remaining pieces of the Jesuits' luggage. Brother Müller had to wait a week before he got a straw mattress and a

blanket " of the kind which is hung over the backs of mules in stalls. And when after a short time this precious ' bed ' began to rot owing to the damp, how I had to beg and implore them to give me another one ! After a year or two our clothes became mere rags and tatters, and they gave us nothing to wear instead " Once and once only in the course of those long years did a Royal Commissioner pay a personal visit to the prison, and as a result of his visit the cells were provided with benches so that the many very old prisoners could lean back against the walls when they sat down.

The feeding of the prisoners was in the hands of about half a dozen " cooks ", who carried out their duties very erratically. Brother Müller was at first lucky in this respect. " Whether our ' cook ' could have fed us better on the daily dole of twenty-four farthings I cannot say. But at least he gave us a double portion on holidays and on Shrove Tuesday. But the others were not so good in this respect. There was, in particular, an old widow woman who gave her prisoners such bad food that in the end she had to be dismissed. But when the Jesuits arrived from China, she succeeded by shedding tears of remorse and with promises of better behaviour in getting six of them assigned to her care. Father Graf was unlucky enough to fall into her hands." Father Du Gad, too, mentions the lack of food, and its badness, which made it indigestible for the sick prisoners. It is certain that many of the prisoners were in a constant state of hunger. " But these sufferings would have been easy for disciples of Christ to bear," he continues ; " our training in submission and patience and our habit of suffering softened these hardships for us. But what was really hard to bear was that we were refused permission to receive Holy Communion and even to make our Easter duty." The excitable Brother Müller breaks in here with : " If such a thing had been done to us by heathens, Turks or Jews it would have been easier to bear. But that Christians should have done such a thing is indeed sad. Even the greatest criminals would be allowed to receive Holy Communion at Easter. And worse still : if anyone

was lying at death's door the surgeon had to swear on oath that he was really in need of the last Sacraments before he would be allowed to receive them."

No human frame could have stood up to such hardships. Moreover, many of the prisoners were over sixty years old, some over seventy and one or two over ninety. Some had gone blind, others deaf, and a great number were half or entirely crippled by gout. Three of them " actually went mad, thereby increasing the sufferings of the others. The warders were amazed that they did not all die from having to endure so many trials, and it was indeed almost a miracle that this did not happen."

Father du Gad, in writing this, has unconsciously explained how it was that the spirit triumphed over the flesh, and how these unfortunates managed to keep alive. Father Thoman suggests another reason : " We Jesuits realised only too well that there was little hope of our being released. But we were thoroughly convinced of our own innocence. In spite of the wretchedness of our fate we lived so cheerfully and were always in such good spirits that our warders were greatly amazed."

Another reason for the strength of their resistance was the true brotherly love which remained firm and active in the hour of distress. Brother Müller joyfully describes this side of the picture : " After the first four months were over we gradually woke from our melancholy, during which time we neither of us knew whether there were any other men on earth besides the three who brought us our food. When they came with the food in the mornings and evenings they would sign to us and we would go to the door of our cell, for at that time the captain had all the doors opened for an hour to let in a little fresh air. Then we would see all our dear fellow Jesuits standing at their doors for the same reason as ourselves. What a joy it was for all of us can easily be imagined. After a little time we became somewhat bolder ; as soon as the captain had gone a short distance away and could no longer see us—the passage formed a semi-circle round the cells—we acted as mice do when the cat is away. We scampered from door to door, comforting each other. The captain knew quite well

what we were doing, so he always carried his keys in his hand so that we should know when he was coming back. Sometimes he would even shout to us that it was time to stop chattering. And so it went on for two years. Then we began to want more freedom still, and some of us started opening the cells ourselves. The rest followed our example, until in the end only six doors remained closed. Two students seized the opportunity of these secret meetings to pass their first and second year courses in theology, a subject which they had studied in their cells. But our chief object in opening the cell doors was to come to the help of the poor sick and of those in distress, bringing them words of comfort, food and medicines, the latter provided by those who still had some money hidden away, and who had handed it over to good people to spend for them. And we also helped each other by exchanging clothes and underclothes, for some of the old ones among us had not even a shirt to their names. Others, again, gave money to those who needed it, and others did tailoring work, repairing their comrades' clothes, or rebound breviaries and books which had fallen to bits owing to the damp. And in this way we really became Jacks-of-all-trade." To all this Father Thoman adds : " One saw venerable old men plucking wool to prepare mattresses, spinning cotton and knitting stockings. Others taught themselves languages, so we all had our various occupations."

Brother Müller goes on to describe their mode of life : " Some of us walked up and down the passage in front of our cells at all times of the day or night, or visited our sick companions. But the mice hurriedly scampered back into their holes as soon as the cat appeared at the far entrance, and closed their doors so cleverly that nobody could have seen that they had ever been opened. And so it went on for a whole year until one night the affair suddenly came to an end. At eleven o'clock the captain appeared unexpectedly with a warder, and that was our undoing. For if he had been alone he could have closed his eyes to the whole affair, although he had caught fifteen of us red-handed, all from different cells. But as he could not trust the fellow who was with him he had to report

the matter to the commandant, who subsequently ordered large bolts to be fixed on all the doors. Thus we were once more cut off from all communal life. But we had foreseen that such a thing might happen, and had thought out a kind of language of knocking and whistling with which we communicated our thoughts. And this we used from now on with such skill that we were able to tell each other everything". But the Savoyard Father Fantini succeeded later in opening his door again and continued to visit the others for two more years.

Meanwhile twenty more Jesuits had arrived at St. Julian in January and February 1762, to join the original hundred and four. Most of these were missionaries from Brazil, amongst them the German Fathers Kaulen, Meisterburg, Eckart and Fay. Their state of health was hardly better than that of their companions in distress, for they had already suffered a long imprisonment in the fortress of Almeida. The twenty-eight cells of the St. Julian prison now had to be crammed more tightly than ever. Brother Müller himself was confined with his companion Father Mucci in a slightly larger room which was also shared by an Italian, a Portuguese and a Spaniard. This change seemed to them a real blessing in spite of the dreadfully narrow space allotted to them.

The prisoners seemed by now to have got into the warders' good books by their model behaviour and their stoicism. The warders had discovered that their prisoners were not low criminals. So they were no longer surly and suspicious as they had been at first. One of the Italian priests had made a cardboard model of the "Holy Sepulchre" and of the crib of Nazareth, and the commandant came personally to inspect it. The warders and the boys who ladled out the food said their prayers there and the captain even allowed the soldiers' children to go down to the gloomy vaults, which for a short time were brightened by the commemoration of the Redeemer. The priests said prayers together and sang hymns, the inmates of the various cells forming themselves into two choirs. Thus the gaol temporarily became a monastery. The Captain's sudden visit, which we have already mentioned, and the arrival

of prisoners from Macao put a stop to many of these happy interludes. For now they had to fit the new arrivals as best they could into whatever space remained.

There is in existence an old plan of the twenty-eight underground cells of the St. Julian prison and a complete list of the men held prisoners there shortly after the arrival of the China missionaries. Number 7 cell contained Father Koffler and his Provincial, the blind Francis da Costa, with Father Dionysius Ferreira, who had already suffered torture at the hands of the Chinese in 1754, a Portuguese lay brother and the Chinese litterateur and linguist, Francis da Cunha, alias Hiu, who a few years previously had done good service to the Portuguese Government as an interpreter to the ambassador Pacheco in Peking. His services were soon forgotten, however, and he was left to die in the prison on Feb. 27th, 1764, after a painful illness. Father Koffler gave him the last Sacraments. No. 14 cell was occupied by Father Mucci and Brother Müller ; these two had been unlucky in the last partitioning of the cells, and had had to put up with a very small and musty one, which was really only one half of a cell which had been divided into two. Their neighbours in cell 16, Father Graf and Father Alvarez, who were both members of the Japanese province, were in the same uncomfortable state. No. 19 cell contained the African missionary, Father Thoman and a young Italian ; Father Thoman spent his time teaching his companion theology, to prepare him for ordination. In No. 27 cell were the two brothers Joseph and Thomas da Sylva ; Joseph had already once been put in irons in China for over two years ; having then been subjected several times to torture, he had been condemned to death, he and four companions, but later his Jesuit colleagues in Peking succeeded in having the sentence reduced to banishment for life. So every cell had its secret, and many sorrows which could never be expressed.

In the meantime the dead of St. Julian had not been quite forgotten by the outside world. But the friends and relations of the imprisoned Jesuits were greatly hindered in their attempts to help by Pombal's hatred. The first people to succeed in discovering the whereabouts of their

lost relation were the family of Father du Gad, who had appealed to the French Ambassador. The Queen of France finally interceded with the authorities, and on August 3, 1766, du Gad was released from the vault of death. Father Kayling, his cell-mate, gave the good news to the others by means of the code-language. When Brother Müller heard the news in his own isolated cell he noted down in his diary : " We were all filled with fresh hope ".

Father du Gad informed his government that two other Frenchmen were imprisoned in St. Julian. France's powerful influence was brought to bear and the two men were released in the autumn of that very year. Then, after another month-long period of anxious waiting, Father Fantini and Brother Bonjoanini, Father Thoman's companion, were set free in the spring of 1767, at the intercession of the Court of Sardinia.

Meanwhile steps had been taken in Vienna too. Father du Gad had managed to get news through to the Superior of the Austrian province that eleven Jesuits from the various Austrian principalities were interned in St. Julian. As early as the sutumn of 1766 the Empress Maria Theresa ordered her ambassador in Lisbon to have a talk with Pombal about the matter. The Secretary of the Legation, von Kail, set about this delicate task with the utmost caution, taking all pains not to offend the Minister. Pombal said to him at last : " There will be no great difficulty about releasing men who have been imprisoned for that crime and for that crime only (the crime of being Jesuits). Jesuits are a commodity which we are only too thankful to be rid of." Nevertheless months went by before five of the eleven Austrians were finally released from the gaol ; these five were especially chosen " because they were guilty of no crime except that of belonging to the Jesuit Order." Two other candidates for pardon died during the period of prolonged negotiations.

Simultaneously with the release of the five protégés of the Empress thirty-two other Jesuits were released from St. Julian by Pombal himself on July 9th 1767. They were shipped off to the Papal States, where he did not need to support them any more. Among these fortunate ones were

the Procurators of the Japanese and Chinese provinces, who had been the first to arrive in St. Julian, on Feb. 21st, 1759 : the rest consisted of fourteen ex-Indian missionaries, among them Brother Jacob Müller, and the fifteen surviving Jesuits from Macao. An exception was made in the case of the unfortunate Father Joseph da Sylva, who saw his own brother walk out into freedom while he was left behind. Of the enormous quota of Brazilian missionaries only two were released, an Italian lay brother and a paralysed old man. All the rest had to remain buried in the vault of death, for, as the Austrian Ambassador admitted later, they had committed " the greatest of all crimes : to be Jesuits and to know too much about Brazil ".

Brother Müller writes about the longed-for hour of deliverance : " On July 7th (1767) the Commandant announced that the hour of our release was at hand. He then dealt us out a few necessities, such as shoes, stockings and underclothes. On the next day we were shaved and on the third day the Captain gave us new clothes and overcoats. During these last days of our imprisonment he allowed those of us who were to be freed to have the doors of our cells left open so that we might get used to the fresh air, as some of us had been in these cells for three, others for six, some even for nine whole years without ever setting eyes on sun or moon. On the afternoon of the 9th we got orders to prepare to leave. At ten o'clock two high government officials arrived to see that we were properly clothed and to search us. We shouted good-bye to the other inmates through the locked doors of the cells. At midnight we were paraded once more ; the thirty-seven names were read out and then we left. Outside the gaol stood a body of armed soldiers who were to escort us to the ship. We all went on foot, except the ex-Superior of the province of Brazil who had gout and therefore had to be carried in a litter by four galley-convicts. One of the old men was seventy-nine ; five others ranged between seventy-five and seventy-seven. In the afternoon we sailed. When we passed the St. Julian fortress where our dear brothers were still imprisoned we waved them a last goodbye with our white handkerchiefs."

The liberated missionaries were making their last sea journey on their way home. They were once more at the mercy of storms and corsairs, which caused them many an alarm. The five Austrian Jesuits were landed at Genoa ; the rest were taken to Civita Vecchia, where they met twelve other ships bringing Jesuits who had been exiled from Spain. On September 5th the victims of Pombal's wrath at last set foot in the Pontifical State. Now they were safe again.

By the middle of July 1767, of the 124 Jesuits who had been taken to St. Julian 42 in all had been released, 14 had died and 68 were still languishing in prison. Among those in prison were several Austrians and Germans who were to be kept waiting, it was said, until the " State-Inquisition " had passed judgment on them. In the year 1772 or thereabouts their Superiors made a further appeal to the Imperial Court in Vienna for the release of their colleagues. But in vain. Pombal was relentless. The casemates of St. Julian were gradually becoming mortuaries. Twenty priests had now died there of illness or old age. Then at last Pombal fell from power, and there was a general resurrection from the graves of St. Julian. On March 20th, 1777, the 45 survivors were restored to sunshine and freedom which had been denied them for 18 years. No Court of Law had ever sentenced these godly men. Their behaviour has exonerated them, and history has acquitted them of guilt.

26. *The Survivors.*

While the imprisoned missionaries were lying buried in the dungeons of St. Julian, the storm of hatred against the Order was raging more fiercely than ever. In 1764 even the flourishing French provinces were abolished ; three years later came the death-blow for the Jesuits in Spain, and several hundred missionaries were banished to Europe from South and Central America. Naples, Sicily, Malta and Parma followed the example of the Great Powers. By degrees thousands of evicted Jesuits began to throng together in the Papal State. The General of the Order,

Laurence Ricci, was worried to death to know how to provide food, lodging and work for his exiled children.

Meanwhile the few Jesuits in the Asiatic missions who were out of Pombal's reach were almost collapsing under stress of work. As the years went on their physical strength began to fail and their poverty increased. Death created gaps in their thinned ranks which could no longer be filled. The men who had been fated to survive the disaster which had occurred to the Portuguese provinces of the Order became more separated from their fellows as time went on. The policy of abolishing the Order was consistently pursued in Europe, with the result that the Asiatic missionaries were deprived of all their friends and cut off from all supplies. Only rarely now did news and letters pass from Europe to Asia and back again. Many of the missionaries died and no record of the year of their deaths is to be found in the annals of the Order.

The career of Father Tieffentaller was as tragic and quietly heroic as any, and though his journeys of geographical research were made at a much later date they deserve a short mention in this survey. Father Tieffentaller, who was a native of the Tyrol, had arrived in Goa in about 1743. It was originally intended that he should assist the Fathers Gabelsperger and Strobl in their work at the Court of Daisingh II, the Maharajah of Jaipur. But before he even reached Jaipur with its world famous observatory the great Maharajah and astronomer died and the work of astronomical research was given up. Father Strobl was considered to be capable of managing the small Christian community of Jaipur on his own, so Father Tieffentaller was ordered to go and settle in Agra and to attend to the spiritual needs of what remained of the Christian communities in the Grand Mogul's now crumbling empire. The missionary made several long journeys from Agra through Northern India, and with the help of astronomical measurements and observations was able to collect valuable geographical material. On the strength of these journeys and of Father Tieffentaller's linguistic abilities, the well-known Orientalist Anquetil du Perron, who was at that time living in Surat, begged this

man, skilled in the language and the ways of the country to collaborate with him, and soon a friendship profitable to both sprang up between them.

The deportation of the Jesuits in Goa and the confiscation of their goods deprived Father Tieffentaller and his only companion Father Wendel of all material support. So, in despair, the Father decided in 1765 to travel to Bengal and there get help from the English colonists. He rode for weeks on end, hungry and half-starved, through remote districts into which no missionary had yet penetrated, making beautiful sketches of all the larger towns, their sites and the way they were planned and determining their geographical position. In Allahabad he boarded a boat and travelled down the Ganges, measuring and mapping as accurately as possible with sounding lead, compass and sextant the flow of the river, its depth, its tributaries and the settlements on its banks. When he reached Calcutta, which was at that time only a small fortified outpost, the Englishmen there encouraged him to carry on his geographical work. Helped by these Englishmen Father Tieffentaller spent the next few years exploring outlying districts between the Ganges and the Himalayas, districts which were still quite unknown to European geographers.

Father Tieffentaller had now been in India for thirty years and sat down to write a book of everything he had already noted down and scientifically observed on his many travels. He called the finished work a " Historical and Geographical Description of Hindustan ". The MS, together with a great number of maps and sketches, arrived safely in the hands of his fellow-scholars and admirers in Europe. Anquetil de Perron reproduced these maps and sketches on a smaller scale and the result was the first scientific map of the Ganges and its great northern tributary the Gogra. Dr. John Bernoulli, a member of the Royal Academy in Berlin, translated Father Tieffentaller's original Latin text into German " in order to preserve such an excellent work from oblivion ". This work and the map of the Ganges were published in one volume which appeared in German in 1785 and the following year in French, and the excellence

of the book assured for its author a place of honour among Indian and Jesuit explorers. In that very year Father Tieffentaller died a lonely death in Lucknow. What other Jesuits have done for other rivers of our planet, Father Marquette for the Mississipi, Father Fritz for the Amazon, Father Arce for the Rio de la Plata, Father Martini for the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang, that Father Tieffentaller did for the Ganges : without actually discovering it, he was the first man to record its exact position on the globe.

The French Mission in China managed, thanks to its exceptional legal position, to keep itself for the time being hale and hearty. Even as late as the sixties a dozen or so missionaries arrived in China from France. After that English and French ships used to bring missionaries in ones and twos to Canton from the Papal States and the German provinces. But now that they had lost their only base, Macao, the missionaries, having reached Canton, found themselves between the devil and the deep sea. The Portuguese were pursuing them on sea, and the Chinese were preventing them setting foot on land. So where could they go? One or two of them managed to find secret shelter with trustworthy friends ; others had to remain on board the European ships in the hope of a message coming from Peking summoning them straight to Court. The position of Father Le Febvre, who had been appointed Superior of the French mission after du Gad's arrest, was particularly hard in circumstances such as these. Harassed on one side by the Mandarins and persecuted by Pombal's spies on the other, the poor old man did not know where to lay his head. Finally, in 1765, he found himself compelled to embark on a French ship and sail back to the Ile de France (Mauritius) in the Indian Ocean. Among those who went with him were Father de Ventavon and Brother Bazin, whose arrival had been announced at the Court of Peking, but who had not actually received the official summons to go there before it was too late. Brother Bazin was, it is true, accustomed to such reverses. Between the years 1741 and 47 he had served in the Persian mission and had accompanied the bold Shah Nadir as his

" physician-in-ordinary " on many a dangerous expedition, and after the Shah's assassination had had some hair-raising adventures from which he had only escaped with his life by his own presence of mind. This time, too, on the journey to Mauritius, everything was to turn out for the best in the end.

Kien-long's fifth son happened to be suffering from a tumour. None of the Court doctors had been able to do anything for him, when someone suddenly remembered the European doctor whose name had been presented at Court. A special messenger was sent from Peking and arrived in Canton in the incredibly short space of twelve days. And now the Mandarins were in a great state of alarm and despondency ; search as they might, Brother Bazin was nowhere to be found. Finally it was discovered that he had left the country. The Viceroy was in despair, but there was nothing to do but wait until the summer, when the three Jesuits returned to Canton on a French ship. Now Brother Bazin and Father de Ventavon got the safe-conduct pass which had been denied them the year before. But Father Le Febvre got no safe-conduct pass. He was obliged to spend the next twelve months on a boat, until at last he found a safe shelter in the home of the Manager of the Society of Import Traders. In the end the Jesuits at Court succeeded in obtaining for their Superior permission to reside in Canton, on the grounds that they could not carry on their work without having a Counsellor to represent them in that city.

In the years which followed Father Le Febvre found many opportunities for smuggling missionaries secretly into the country and for sending help from time to time to his colleagues in the provinces. The sufferings endured and the precautions taken by these priests to hold their posts in their remote mission-fields defy description. Father Bourgeois gives a moving account of his short meeting with a certain French missionary on May 19th, 1768. He was on his way to Peking and arrived one day in a village on the banks of the river Kan. The French missionary had been warned of Father Bourgeois' arrival, and was waiting for him in his house-boat at the appointed

spot. "Alone in a bad boat, not daring to show himself; stifled with the heat; unable to talk the local dialect and in danger of being captured at any moment, he knew no comfort save that which comes from above. Bad water and bitter non-nutritious herbs were nearly all that he had to sustain him. We had our boat pushed forward right under his window. He took a quick look at us from his wretched little room which was built of bamboo, and in which he always hid himself. We thought he looked haggard and utterly exhausted. He passed a little note to us, which we answered, and then we at once hoisted our sail, so that the people who were watching us and who missed nothing should not be made suspicious." There is no record even of the name of this unknown hero.

Even the great Father du Gad was fated in that very year to learn the true severity of Chinese law. Hardly was he out of the cells of St. Julian than he begged the Superiors to allow him to return to China. The Mandarins refused him permission "to set foot in the country which was the sole interest of his life". So Father du Gad was forced to return home in 1770. In a moving letter of farewell he promised his colleagues in China to be loyal unto death. "You yourselves understand that after so many attempts to get to you, I leave this country without leaving you. My spirit remains with this mission to which I have devoted my life." The old campaigner was indeed true to his word. After his arrival in Paris he took over the position of "Procurator to the French Missions in China and India", and, up till his death in 1786, continued to seize every opportunity to help the last remaining missionaries in Peking.

One such opportunity occurred on Christmas Eve 1772. On that day the four last Jesuits whom General Ricci had been able to enrol for the China mission met in du Gad's house. They were Father Alexander Castiglione, a member of one of the oldest families in Lombardy, Father Gietl from Bavaria, Father le Clerc, a native of Burgundy who had settled in Germany and Father Alois Moriz, from the Tyrol. Father Moriz is the last of the long line of old-time Jesuit missionaries who described their journeys to the Far

East. His detailed travel report is not only a thrilling description of life at sea but also a truly human document and a testimony of unbroken faith. This unpretentious and otherwise unknown Jesuit priest was possessed of the true spirit of Francis Xavier. He chose to ignore the Archbishop of Paris' warning that the Order was about to be suspended and with the permission of his Superior hurried off to China. " At nos continuandam obedientiae viam existimavimus.—But we believe that we must follow the way of obedience to the end."

Thus on Christmas Day Father Moriz drove past the brightly lit palace of Versailles on his way towards a dark future. On Jan. 20th, 1773 the " Dauphin " put out to sea with a complement of a hundred and eighty men, passengers and crew. Now life on board ship began, with its usual tales of seasickness, cramped space, bad food and storms. Father Moriz describes the life in the following report : " Our quarters were like an underground dungeon ; we shared them with cocks and hens, cows and calves and a few Frenchmen into the bargain. The stench, the darkness by day and the noise by night were all disagreeable. We appeased our hunger with salted pork and a little rice, and had to quench our thirst with what they called water, and which had to be drunk with closed eyes and closed nostrils and which, bad as it was, was insufficient. February 6th nearly saw the end of us. A horrible storm got up. It was ten o'clock at night and I was already lying down. Suddenly there was an enormous crash and all the cases and chests, which were bound together with strong ropes, were thrown against each other, above and below my head. I woke up and at that very moment saw men standing at my bed with lanterns. That was a bad business, because the gunpowder was stored below me, and no light was supposed to be brought near. They brought a hawser rope to make fast the great tiller which was creaking above me. Now I began to think that there really was something pretty bad in the wind. But if I had to die, I wanted to know how I was going to die. And, in the few clothes I had on, I got out of bed and swung myself right up to the top bridge of the ship, a rather perilous venture

considering the force of the waves which were beating against the ship. Here I saw what a storm was really like. Wind, waves, thunder and lightning—elements of which it was hard to say which was the most alarming. Meanwhile the whole crew had been working hard trying to loosen a sail from one of the masts. In vain ! So the ship was at the mercy of the wind and was sailing under canvas right into the danger-zone and to its own doom. But it turned out to be all for the best. The wind itself broke ropes, sails and yards and flung them all into the wide ocean. Now the ship was quite stripped. As everyone knows, a ship in a storm is like a ball in a boy's hand. So we were tossed to and fro, up and down, and each toss seemed to be the last. About fifty of the sailors were lying in the bows of the ship, holding on with both hands to the rail to stop themselves from being lifted up by the waves and thrown into the sea. The officers stood in the stern of the ship under cover, silent and awestruck, and I was with them.

" Suddenly a great wave towered up in front of the ship's prow. I can see it still. It just stood there, and no one thought it could be meant for us. Then suddenly it flung its whole length over the ship. The dreadful roaring had hardly stopped when we found ourselves standing in water. And what a force there was behind that wave ! It lifted all the sailors up and flung them against the strong forecastle and then outwards, forecastle and all. However, the taut ropes at the ship's side saved them from going overboard, all except one who was thrown out into the sea and never seen again. The wave actually penetrated under our shelter, threw me against a soldier and him and me against the steering-wheel. I fell softly, but not the poor soldier ! All the others were thrown flat on the ground and whirled neatly round in the water. Then the water poured down the three gangways in the middle of the ship and filled the cabins and horse stalls ; and now cries and bellows from frightened animals and men rose to our ears above the roaring of the storm. Amidships the water poured down into the hold and added to the flood which was there already. For barrels containing wine, oil and

drinking water had already been broken by the giant blows which the sea had dealt the ship and their contents had already formed a brooklet which the sea-water now converted into a regular river. In a word : the danger was so great that the oldest seamen present shouted that if another wave like that came it would be all up with us. I can tell you my good French friends were shaking in their shoes ! And now for the first time I saw them making the sign of the Cross ; and I heard them for the first time praying to God. You may ask me how I felt at that particular moment. Praise be to God, I felt no different than if I had been standing at the window of my room on dry land ! I rejoiced heartily in the greatness of my God, who with His mighty elements could make these earthworms who dared challenge Heaven not only tremble, which any soldier might do, but actually pray.

" At last, at about six in the evening, the wind seemed to be abating and our Captain took courage and set one sail. It held ! Thus we outwitted the storm and sailed with astonishing speed out of the danger-zone.

" It was the first, but also the last storm ; for from now on we had a very fortunate journey. On April 14th we sounded the lead and found bottom at 110 fathoms. From the sand on the lead we realised that we had safely rounded the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. But we did not see land. Two days later one of our sailors fell into the sea. We flung out a rope to him, which he caught hold of and so was fished out. When asked what had come into his mind when he was in danger he answered : ' I was afraid that a shark might come at me.' ' Did you not think of repentance and of amendment of life ? ' ' Devil take me, Sir ' he answered, ' I didn't even think of them.' On May 13th we had our first sight of land, a joy which is beyond description, and at last on the 15th there appeared before our eyes a blue cloud, the island of Mauritius, the goal of our first sea-journey. We were horrified to see several hulks of ships which had gone down only a month ago. Later that day we cast anchor."

In spite of the bad news about the persecution of the Christians in China the missionaries continued their journey

on June 20th and, after several hair-raising adventures put in at Canton on August 28th. Soon after their arrival Father Le Febvre appeared on board, and a week later he smuggled his fellow-Jesuits through five lines of Chinese watch-posts safely ashore. " I knelt down and kissed the earth of that continent which was now to be the battleground of my future life and death ", wrote Father Moriz with emotion. The last pages of his long travel report, which is dated Jan. 1st, 1774, contain a description of what happened during the early months of his sojourn in Canton.

At almost the same time as the " Dauphin ", the other ships carrying Jesuits arrived at Canton. One party was led by old Father Villiani, who had been sent to Rome in 1770 to get help for the Tonking mission. On his departure he had solemnly vowed to the Christians who were lamenting his departure that he would return, and he had kept his word. Soon a deputation arrived from the interior to escort the venerable priest with his five new missionaries to Tonking. To these five had been added two of Father Moriz's travelling companions, who were considered unsuitable for China : " Father Gietl wanted to go to China but could not ; and you'd never guess why ! Because of his nose ! For, you see, the Chinese have very small noses, and Father Gietl's big nose would have given him away at once ". Father Castiglione, too, was for some unknown reason detailed for the Malayan mission, and both these priests were destined to work there together for many a year.

But the third of the three comrades, Father Le Clerc, had a worse experience. " Up till this very moment he has had to remain hidden away in the ship, and now has to return to Mauritius until the beginning of next year because it is at present impossible to take him into China. God knows what will happen next year. The last man who was sent there was sold by his guide for 50 talers ; thank Goodness the European ship which brought him to Canton paid 4000 talers for his ransom ; this sum had to be redeemed by us in these hard times when Portugal has long deprived us of all Portuguese, and France of all French revenues, which were our livelihood." Nothing is known of the later fate of Father le Clerc.

Father Moriz himself, together with a Portuguese Jesuit as a doctor, an Italian as a painter and an unknown Austrian Jesuit as a mathematician was intended for service at the Imperial Court of Peking. But a year and a half elapsed in solitary study before the longed-for message arrived from the Emperor in Peking : " Let them come ". Four junks were in the harbour, fitted out for the journey, and the missionaries were ready too. Then, at the last moment, the Bishop of Macao informed them of the Papal Brief which had been formally drawn up and which decreed the suppression of the Jesuit Order. Father Moriz's career as a Jesuit had come to an end.

" What a bitter blow ! After three days of anguish and tears we began to weigh the disadvantages of any decision we could possibly make. The Emperor had ordered us to proceed to Peking ; to ignore an Imperial summons was in China the equivalent of lêse-Majesté. On the other hand the Papal Brief forbade us to settle in Peking as members of the Order. Any delay in carrying out the Pope's will would be frowned upon in Europe. So we decided in the end to die rather than cast a slur on the Society of Jesus by defying Papal jurisdiction in such difficult times. May I remind you of the slander which was once so widespread, that the Jesuits had had the doors of China opened to them more in order to become Mandarins there than to be Apostles. We, the last of all to arrive, were at once given the rank of Mandarins, but though we might have lived as Mandarins there, we would not have been able to preach the Gospel, so we returned to Europe ! "

Both the Bishop and the Governor of Macao tried to arrest the ex-Jesuits in Canton and to hand them over to Pombal. But now the heathen Chinese came to the rescue of the missionaries, and French merchant ships took them into safety. The ex-Jesuits returned home on these ships in 1775. " We, who had remained dry-eyed on our departure from Europe, shed bitter tears when we said our final farewell to that country which we had hoped to make our second home."

27. *The Last Jesuit.*

When the Society of Jesus was suppressed in 1773, one of its most notable members was Bishop of Nanking and administrator of the diocese of Peking. As the rivers flow to the sea, so the greatness and sufferings of all the Jesuits seem to unite in the mind and person of Father von Laimbeckhoven. The crown of martyrdom was denied him, but the sword of Damocles hung over his head for years, and his head was bowed by many sorrows. He drank from the bitter cup of suffering and yet remained serene. Exiled by the Church, he remained her grateful child, which closes its eyes to its mother's failings. Let us end our own roamings through past ages by roaming with him into the heart of China. China, we know, was now closed to the outside world.

Father von Laimbeckhoven wrote : " All the missionaries who had come with me to Macao had already left. I alone stood facing the gates of China which seemed barred against me. I looked for an entrance and found obstacles everywhere. We finally decided to buy our way in, whatever the cost. But we had to find a way of eluding the watchful Chinese spies. So we pretended that we priests were going off to spend a holiday on an island near Macao. On the morning of March 11th, 1739, I was taken with four Portuguese and three German fellow-Jesuits to this island. Towards evening they told me it was time for me to put on Chinese dress. They shaved off my beard which reached down to my chest and left me with a few hairs hanging down on either side of my chin in the Chinese fashion. My head, too, was shaved clean, all except the crown, and the hair on the crown of my head they made into a pigtail, a style which the Chinese have copied from the Tartars. At last I was put into Chinese dress. It was pain and grief to me to have to take off my cassock and put on a heathen sack, even though it was made of silk. But it had to be done.

" At about seven in the evening I said goodbye to my dear Jesuit brothers and in the pitch dark night boarded a small rowing boat which was to take me to a large hired

barque. I was in trouble from the very start, for, through the carelessness of the oarsman, the boat capsized just as I stepped in. I was soaked up to the waist and lost part of my equipment. Then it was so dark that we rowed about for several hours looking in vain for our boat, and it was morning when we sighted it. And then I was quite alone with all these heathens on the ship, and had only two Christian servants with me, who were to protect me in any emergency and to pay large sums of money to win the heathens over to my side. For these people will do anything for money. They know very well that they would be beheaded if they were found guilty of having taken Europeans into the Chinese provinces. But they will risk anything for money. On the morning of March 12th the wooden anchor was weighed and the sails were set. We made quick progress northwards in a favourable wind. But we were pursued by a customs ship which searched each of the thirty junks of our fleet in turn, to see that there was not a single European travelling. We all stood trembling for fear the customs men might examine our ship. My friends took everything out of my cabin and covered me with blankets, making me look as much like a corpse as possible. I remained closely imprisoned in my 'grave' for nearly the whole day, in a bath of perspiration".

Having passed safely through several lines of guard-houses Father von Laimbeckhoven arrived in Canton where he was taken on to a barque which had been reserved for him. In this barque he continued his journey into the interior of the country. He and his companions managed to get through a strict customs examination by the old trick of pretending that there was a man dangerously ill on board, so that the frightened officials kept at a safe distance. On the 24th of the month the river journey was completed. Father Gottfried spent all that day in an inn which they thought was safe, while his servants went out in search of some trustworthy coolies. But the Southern sun had not yet sufficiently tanned the missionary's pale skin, "his nose, too, was too long and his eyes too big for him to be taken as a Chinaman even in the clothes

he wore." So there was soon a crowd of old and young in front of the open window of his room "gazing at this newly-arrived freak of nature." The Jesuit was much concerned lest his appearance would give him away at this very early stage of the journey.

The danger passed ; the ignorant natives of that remote provincial town had no idea of the enormous price which had been set on the stranger's head. The missionary had many similar adventures on his journey across the mountains into the province of Kiang-si. He travelled across this province by boat along the Kan, which was a safer and quicker method of progress. This enabled him to meet his Superior in Kansu, the Italian Father Simonelli, who was working here in secret among the Christian population.

On April 23rd Father von Laimbeckhoven reached Hankow and thus ended the first part of his journey. His ship had to sail along the great Yang-tse-kiang river " past whole forests of masts " before berthing against the quay of this important town. It was in this " very famous trade-centre for silk, rice, grain, coal and other things " that the young missionary was to be initiated into his dangerous duties. His instructor was Father Ludwig Sequeira, who was one of the priests destined to die later on the " Convict Ship ". In spite of a serious bout of dysentery Father von Laimbeckhoven very soon started off on his first tour of inspection of the forty-two widely scattered Christian communities which were to constitute his first field of activity in the next years. " I had to endure many hardships on this journey owing to the heat and the cramped space on the ship and yet this was nothing in comparison with the glow of comfort I felt at the warm affection which the Christians showed in receiving us into their homes regardless of the obvious danger, and the eagerness with which they listened to the expounding of the Gospel and received the Sacraments. The presence of the heathens prevented us holding services except at night. In the evening we Christians met in the Catechist's house. First a sermon was preached and confessions were heard and then Mass was celebrated in the early hours of the morning, and at daybreak I was back in my floating house. This

performance had to be repeated day after day and, in addition, I had to endure on the journeys great discomfort, hunger and thirst, so it can easily be seen how burdensome the China mission was in those conditions."

The next few years were spent in this kind of work. On Feb. 2nd, 1740, Father von Laimbeckhoven took the solemn vows of the Order in the presence of Father de Roberts. Now he was granted a few days rest, and he spent them with three other Jesuits. Then the wearisome river journey began again. Every now and then new Christian communities were discovered, which had been priestless for many years owing to the persecution. These had now reported themselves to Headquarters and were awaiting a visit. The missionary wrote in a letter addressed to his " dearest mother " that he had been eleven months travelling ; eight months had been spent on the rivers and three in the mountains, and the twelfth in his headquarters at Wu-Chang, opposite Hankow. " I have nearly forgotten how Europeans live, and have become almost more Chinese than the Chinese, the more so because I have not seen any European except perhaps one French priest, and to have the pleasure of his company I have to travel forty to fifty miles, so that we can hear each other's yearly confession at Easter. As I often have to do without the sleep I so much need and spend many months at a time on the water, there is so much dampness in my lungs that my health rather suffers from it. But I dare not put myself in the hands of any doctor, as the doctor might give me away. But the Christians vie with each other to bring me everything I want. I cannot sufficiently praise the affection and respect they show towards their priest."

Then came the year 1743. " Night work, burdensome journeys, constant pursuit and countless other inconveniences in a mission parish which extends over two hundred miles " had apparently exhausted Father von Laimbeckhoven's strength. But when cross-questioned by the Superior he begged earnestly " that he should be allowed to die beside his converts " and not be sent as an astronomer to the Court of Peking.

Four years later we find Father von Laimbeckhoven himself appointed to the office of Superior of all the Jesuits scattered through China and Malay. There was a new wave of persecution throughout the land. Bishop Sans from the Order of Dominicans was condemned to death with several of his companions. Two fellow-Jesuits were beheaded in the nearby town of Nanking. And in Father von Laimbeckhoven's own province of Hu-kwang the new Viceroy brought in stern measures against the Christians. Several missionaries withdrew to Macao in face of the storm, because they did not wish to bring the faithful into danger and also because the strict system of police control made it almost impossible for them to visit the outlying communities. But the Visitor himself was held back by considerations of " love and care which he owed to his flock, although officially he should have been back in Macao a long time ago." For he could deal much more easily with the necessary correspondence from Macao than from his remote mission in the heart of China.

In the year 1755 a new life began for Father von Laimbeckhoven. At the suggestion of King Joseph I of Portugal, Pope Benedict XIV had on May 15th, 1752, appointed him Bishop of Nanking. But von Laimbeckhoven did not get to Macao for his consecration ceremony until the summer of 1755. In the early days of 1756 he tried to get to his diocese by stealth. " I wanted to share the sufferings and work of my fellow-Jesuits, and if God should hold me worthy, their martyrdom too." (The police had just arrested and imprisoned five missionaries and a number of Christian converts). " I wanted to hasten to my harried flock and to give my life for them. I soon reached the province of Hu-kwang, but there found all roads into Kiang-nan blocked. For three years I was forced to travel up and down, and had always to be changing my hiding-place to escape my pursuers. I was a Bishop and could not get to my bishopric. I was a shepherd and could not lead my flock."

In his great distress Mgr. von Laimbeckhoven wrote in 1757 to the King of Portugal. " This Church has been completely devastated by the persecution. The shepherds

are defeated and the flock scattered. After my return I tried by every means in my power to comfort the faithful, to lessen their fears by my presence and to lead back to the Church those whose spirit had been broken by suffering and who had been lured into heathen practices. But my toil was in vain. They were so terrified that they did not dare take me into their houses. I have not found in the whole province one house to take refuge in. For the last two years my only refuge and hope has been in flight, until the Lord calls me to Him or Your Majesty in his goodness should allow me to settle somewhere."

But Joseph I had too many troubles at home to bother himself with the fate of the Jesuit Bishop in distant China. By the time Laimbeckhoven's letter arrived in Lisbon the King's minister, Pombal, had already arrested the Jesuits in Portugal. Soon the mission properties in Goa and Macao were confiscated, and with them went Bishop von Laimbeckhoven's last means of support, for he had been robbed of his salary too. " I saw myself faced with insoluble problems. My flock, which was still under the influence of the persecution and of fear, was awaiting my help, and I myself was reduced to the extreme of poverty, yes, let us face it, to beggary, for I was without help, without resources to fall back on, without provision of any kind. I was between the devil and the deep sea. To whom could I turn ; who would answer my knock ? "

In the end the Archbishop of Goa managed to persuade the patronage authorities to pay his suffragan the Church revenues for the years 1762 and 1763. But nothing more was paid after 1766. In 1771 Bishop von Laimbeckhoven, who meanwhile had had to take over the diocese of Peking in addition to his own, finally wrote to the General of the Order : " Now that I have been without an income for the past five years, now that the King of Portugal will on no account have any Jesuits in the countries under his patronage, now thirdly that I have been deserted by the only man who up till now has supported me, namely the Primate of Goa, would it not be better for me to resign my bishopric and spend the few remaining years of my life in some German Jesuit house ? What do you think of this

idea? May God bless you for continuing to regard me as a member of the Society of Jesus and to count me as one of your children."

Father General Ricci was no longer in a position to answer this letter and to comfort the old Bishop in his homesickness. Instead of an answer Laimbeckhoven received another message from Rome. He was being harried about the country by a fresh Christian persecution and was in hiding in a wretched little hut when he received the Papal Brief about the dissolution of the Jesuit Order together with the corresponding instructions. That was the bitterest hour in Laimbeckhoven's life, for he was a Jesuit heart and soul. In his capacity as Bishop of the Northern Chinese provinces he had to announce personally, in accordance with the law of the Church, " the condemnation and death of his own Mother ".

The decree about the dissolution of the Order was already rumoured in Peking in the autumn of 1774. Father von Hallerstein and Father Benoist both had strokes when they heard the news and died within a few days of each other. Father Bourgeois, the Superior of the French Jesuits in the capital wrote personally to Mgr von Laimbeckhoven, who had to announce the canonical publication of the Brief in Peking. He begged him to give as mild a reading as possible of the Pope's decree so that the missionaries could continue their work and save the Christian community from complete disaster.

It was some time before the official copies of the Brief reached the distant land of China and it could be legally promulgated. Meanwhile the members of the Jesuit Order were still bound to their vows and to the rules of the Order and were allowed to continue living as Jesuits. There is in existence a letter which was written during this interlude by the Peking Superior : " Dear Friend ! This is the last time I shall be allowed to write the letters S.J. after my name. The Bull of dissolution is on the way. It will soon be here. It has meant a great deal to us to have been allowed to remain Jesuits one or two years longer. Peking, May 25th, 1775." On November 15th, Bishop von Laimbeckhoven's representative finally promulgated the

Pope's decree. On the morning of that day the last Superior of the glorious China mission wrote to one of his old friends in France : " You are my oldest friend. You shall be the last to read the dear letters S.J. after my name. The Vicar General is coming in an hour's time to deal us our death-blow. Oh God, what a moment ! What suffering ! Dear Society of Jesus, dear Mission ! François Bourgeois, Jesuit and Superior of the French Mission, 9 a.m."

An hour later the Jesuit Order had ceased to exist in Asia, where for more than two hundred years it had served the Church with its martyrs, its scholars, its explorers, its priests and its humble acolytes. " The child-like respect which the Jesuits have always shown towards the Holy See and which they have taught to all their members forbade us to nourish any grievance. We submitted with a resignation which was as complete as it was unpalatable. The world will never understand how hard it was for us because it will never understand how much we loved our good Mother and how worthy she was of our love."

Mgr. von Laimbeckhoven's way of the cross was not to end at this station. On the contrary, fresh and even more painful experiences awaited him. The new Bishop of Macao disputed his claims to the bishopric. A few Portuguese missionaries withdrew from his jurisdiction. Several Chinese priests, too, refused to obey him. Even Rome did not spare him ! In 1780 the shepherd who had defied danger and had stuck to his flock through the worst persecutions, had to accept a coadjutor. Contrary to the rule and regardless of the great Bishop's personal merits and abilities which had triumphantly survived every test, all the spiritual authority was placed in the hands of this other man and the great standard-bearer of Christ was invited to retire and rest ; his age was even inscribed on the official documents as six years greater than it really was ! The Assistant-Bishop died on the journey out, and the legal Lord Bishop of Nanking was left for three unbearably long years in his diocese, deprived of all the authority which he needed to carry on his work.

But love can endure anything. Poor to beggary, dressed in peasant's clothes, ill from his enforced vagabondage,

pursued by spies, scorched by the heat, pestered day and night by swarms of gnats, the seventy-three-year-old Bishop travelled tirelessly in his barque from one settlement to the other, here today and there tomorrow, working, preaching, comforting, praying and enduring. His former colleagues in Peking and in the provinces died one after the other. The year 1785 saw Mgr von Laimbeckhoven and the eighty-six-year-old Father Correa living alone and working together in Kiang-nan where there were still 30,000 Christians. Then Father Correa also died, having served as a missionary for 60 long years. Only now did the Bishop's energy begin to fail. He retired to live in a small and loyal Christian settlement in one of the outlying suburbs of Shanghai. One of his priests, the Chinese ex-Jesuit Yao, rushed there to be with his former Bishop during the last days of his life. Laimbeckhoven wrote to Bourgeois that he, for his part, had obeyed the rules of his Order as he had always done and that he had found comfort in so doing.

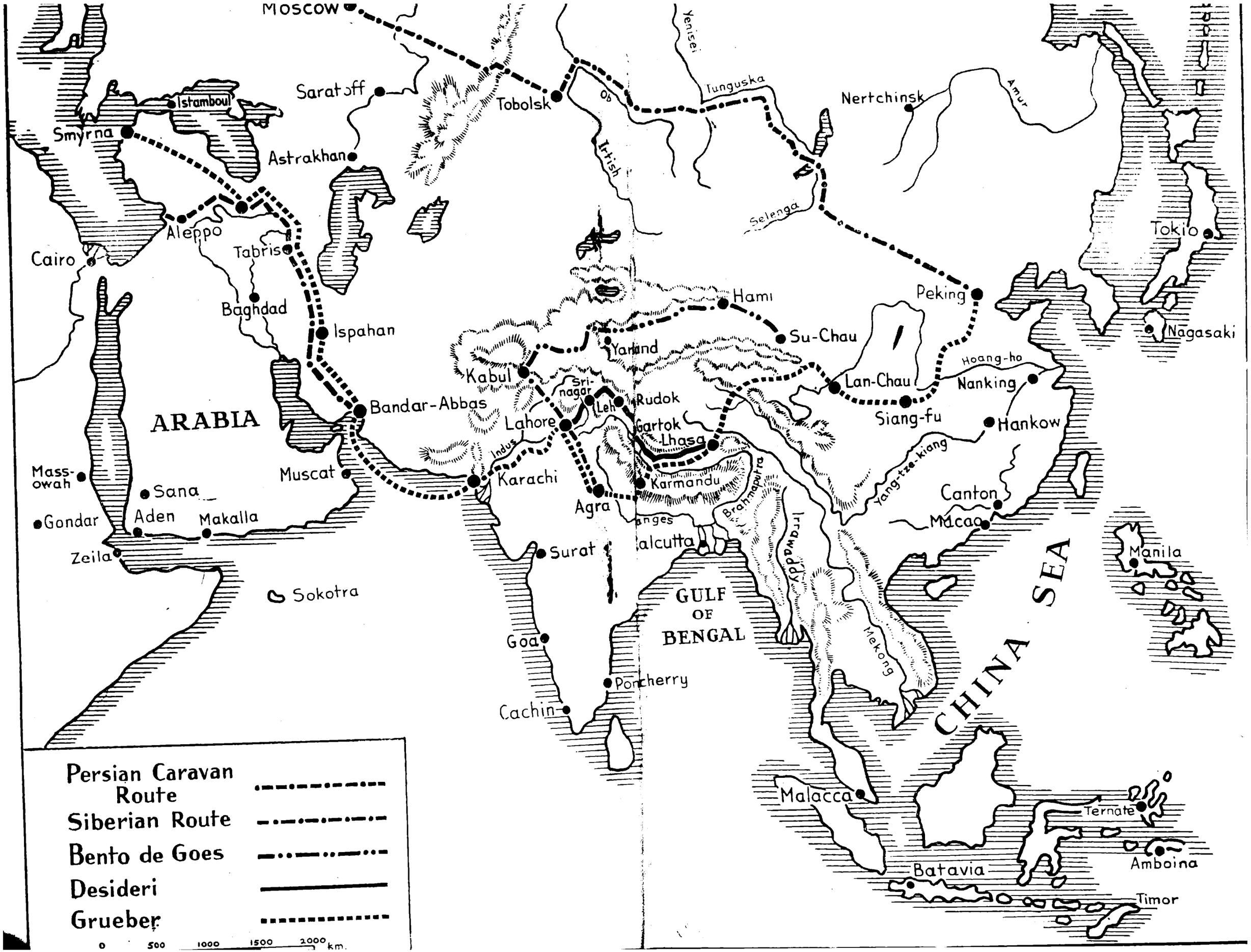
On May 22nd, 1786, Bishop Gottfried Xavier von Laimbeckhoven died.

Shortly before the dissolution of their Order the Peking Jesuits built a monument to their extinct brotherhood in the cemetery where so many of their great dead lay.

The Latin inscription on the monument ends with the words :

ABI, VIATOR, CONGRATULARE MORTUIS,
CONDOLE VIVIS, ORA PRO OMNIBUS,
MIRARE ET TACE.

Depart Traveller, congratulate the dead,
Mourn for the living, pray for everyone,
Marvel and be silent.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Astrakhan
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Tabriz
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Kabul
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Sokotra
GULF OF BENGAL
CHINA SEA
Goa
Pondicherry
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