

The **Story** of the **World**

ALSO BY SUSAN WISE BAUER

The Story of the World: History for the Classical Child

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The Story of the World
History for the Classical Child

Volume 4: The Modern Age
From Victoria's Empire to the End of the USSR

Susan Wise Bauer

illustrations by Sarah Park



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Foreword

The four volumes of the Story of the World are meant to be read by children, or read aloud by parents to children. Each of the first three volumes increases slightly in difficulty. Although older students can certainly make use of them, the primary audience for Volume 1 is children in grades 1–4. For Volume 2, the primary audience is grades 2–5; and for volume 3, grades 3–6. This volume is targeted at students in grades 4–8.

The first three volumes (which cover history from roughly 5000 BC up until 1850) are designed so that siblings can use them together; so, a first grader could certainly make use of Volume 2 if her third-grade sister were using it as well.

I wouldn't study this particular volume, though, with children younger than fourth grade. The events that shaped the twentieth century—by which I mean the events that have laid down the borders of countries and dictated the ways in which those countries relate to each other—have almost all involved violence. As an academic, a writer, a historian, and the mother of children ranging in age from four to beginning high school, I have done my best to tell this history in a way that is age appropriate. Because of that attempt, this volume is less evocative than the previous three. I have always tried to tell history as a story, to bring out the color and narrative thread of events. But with this history, I have found myself veering continually toward a more matter-of-fact and less dramatic tone. The events of the twentieth century—the bombing of Hiroshima, the purges of Stalin, to name only two—are dramatic enough. Turned into story, they would be overwhelming.

Despite their violent nature, I don't think these events should be ignored by parents of young children. A fourth grader hears the news on the car radio, on the TV, or in the conversation of his elders. He hears the words (“terrorism”) and senses the worry of the adults around him. A fourth or fifth grader who has a vague idea of what is going on in the world deserves to be started on the path to understanding. The shape

of the world today is not random; it has been formed by a very definite pattern of happenings. To deny a child an understanding of that pattern is truly to doom a child to fear, because war, unrest, and violence appear totally random.

Even in this book, violence is not random. It is alarming, but not random. As you read, you will see, again and again, the same pattern acted out: A person or a group of people rejects injustice by rebelling and seizing the reins of power. As soon as those reins are in the hands of the rebels, the rebels become the establishment, the victims become the tyrants, the freedom-fighters become the dictators. The man who shouts for equality in one decade purges, in the next decade, those who shout against him. Boiling history down to its simplest outline so that beginning scholars can grasp it brings this repetition into stark relief.

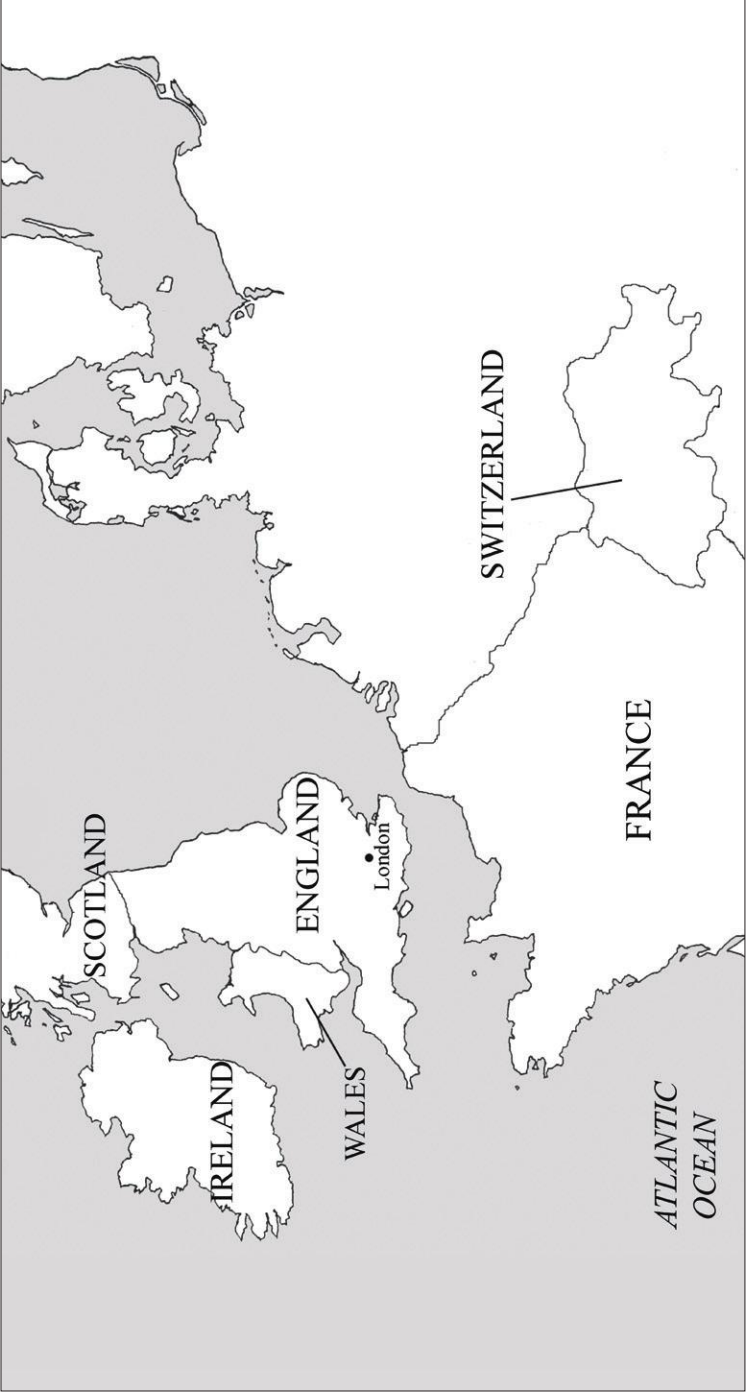
Again and again, while researching this book, I was reminded of the words of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who spent eleven years in the labor camps of the Soviet Union, and who, when he became powerless, finally understood that revolution never brings an end to oppression. Solzhenitsyn wrote, "In the intoxication of youthful successes I had felt myself to be infallible, and I was therefore cruel. In the surfeit of power I was a murderer and an oppressor. . . . And it was only when I lay there on rotting prison straw that I sensed within myself the first stirrings of good. . . . Even in the best of hearts there remains . . . an unuprooted small corner of evil. Since then I have come to understand the truth of all the religions of the world: They struggle with the *evil inside a human being*. . . . And since that time I have come to understand the falsehood of all the revolutions in history: They destroy only those carriers of evil contemporary with them."

Revolution shatters the structures; but the men who build the next set of structures haven't conquered the evil that lives in their own hearts. The history of the twentieth century is, again and again, the story of men who fight against tyrants, win the battle, and then are overwhelmed by the unconquered tyranny in their own souls.

A note on accuracy: Historians vary widely on such matters as the number of war casualties in any given conflict, the sizes of armies, and even specific dates on which treaties were signed or independence declared. Since this is a basic text for young students, I have decided (fairly arbitrarily) to use *Encyclopædia Britannica* as the final authority on dates and numbers.

There is no single accepted method of transliteration for Arabic and Chinese names. I have chosen to use the Pinyin system for most Chinese names, unless another transliteration is extremely well known (“Manchuria” instead of the Pinyin “Dongbei,” for example). I have generally followed *Britannica* for names in other languages.

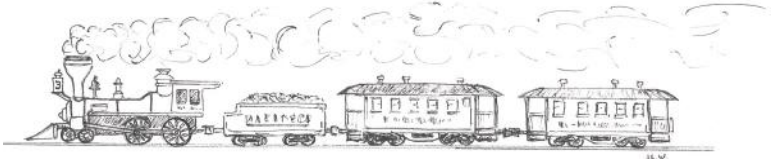
— Susan Wise Bauer
Charles City, VA
March, 2005



Victoria's England

Chapter One

Britain's Empire



Victoria's England

Summer had come to England. The sun poured down on the hot, soot-covered roofs and cluttered streets of London. The Thames River shone in the morning light. In an open green space at the center of the city, a huge glass box sat like a glittering toy on the grass.

Beneath the glass roof of the box, an army troop was marching in circles, beating a path on the grass. The youngest soldier looked up at the glass ceiling nervously.

"It's going to collapse any minute!" he whispered to the soldier in front of him.

"Quiet!" bellowed the sergeant at the troop's head. "Left! Right! Left, right, left! Stamp your feet! March until it falls down on your head!"

The young soldier hunched his shoulders and tramped harder. The ceiling shook—but the walls stood firm. Finally, the sergeant called his men to a halt. They had marched for an hour, and failed to shake the glass building down. Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert, would be delighted!

Victoria was queen of Great Britain, a country made up of four smaller countries (England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales) all allied together. In less than a year, Victoria and Albert planned to invite the entire world to Great Britain's capital city, London, for the biggest fair ever held: "The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations." Countries from all across the globe would bring their inventions, their machines,

and their goods to this fair. But such a huge fair needed an enormous building to hold all those exhibits.

Prince Albert had looked at 245 different plans for buildings—and had rejected all of them. Finally, he found the perfect exhibition hall: a glass building made out of almost a million feet of glass, attached to four thousand tons of iron columns and beams. This glass building had been designed by a man named Joseph Paxton, a gardener who had spent years building greenhouses. It was bigger than any building in England, and it would shine in the sun like a jewel.

But when the people of London heard about the glass building, they objected. If huge crowds milled around underneath the glass ceiling, shaking the ground with their feet, the building might collapse and kill everyone beneath.

So Joseph Paxton made a smaller model of his glass building and asked the troop of soldiers to jump and stamp around underneath it, shaking the ground. The model remained standing. Plans to build the giant greenhouse could go ahead!

There was no time to waste. The Great Exhibition was due to open in less than nine months. Every glassmaker in England was called upon to help. Thousands of sheets of glass and hundreds of iron bars and columns were brought to an open green space in the center of London called Hyde Park. There, the iron and glass were put together into a huge greenhouse that covered nineteen acres—the same space as seventeen football fields. A huge dome rose from it, big enough so that the towering elm trees in the park could fit right into the building. Paxton's building, the Crystal Palace, was ready for the fair.

Countries from all over the world brought thirteen thousand different exhibits. Vases and hats from Russia, furniture from Austria, farming tools from the United States, rich clothing and embroidery made in Prussia, fine cloth and weapons from France, and Swiss watches filled the halls. There were statues and pictures, a life-sized lead mine, the first gigantic models of dinosaurs, cuneiform tablets just discovered in the ancient land of Assyria, and a fountain hundreds of feet high.

On May 1, 1851, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert arrived in their state carriage to open the very first day of the Great Exhibition. The Crystal Palace shone in the sun. Flags waved from the roof. Sunshine flooded through the glass walls and illuminated the queen as she walked into the central dome. As she entered, a huge choir began to sing the Hallelujah Chorus.

Victoria and Albert walked through the Crystal Palace, admiring the beautiful clothing and furniture and the ingenious inventions from other countries. Later, Queen Victoria wrote in her diary, “We were quite dazzled by the most splendid [Indian] shawls and tissues ... [and] charming Turkish stuffs,



Queen Victoria, ruler of the British Empire

including very fine silks. . . . [And] there were ‘Bowie’ knives in profusion, made entirely for Americans, who never move without one.”

But Albert and Victoria were the most pleased by exhibits from all parts of the British Empire—an empire that stretched around the world. Australian convicts from the British colony of Australia had sent bonnets made out of palm leaves. British New Zealand sent carved wood. British-run factories in India sent beautiful silks and cottons. The British colony of Canada sent a brand-new kind of fire engine. Throughout the Crystal Palace, visitors marveled at British machines: a huge locomotive engine, a diving bell, models of steamships, cranes, pumps, plows and reapers, and architects’ models of bridges and buildings.

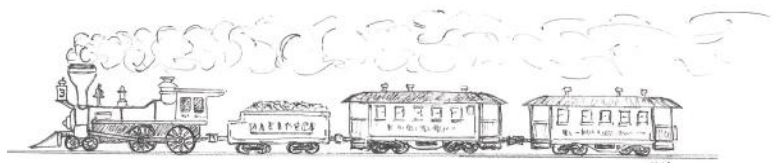
The *real* reason for the Great Exhibition was to show the entire world how powerful and modern the British Empire was. Britain itself was just a tiny island off the coast of Europe. But British governors were in charge of British colonies and territories in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, and many more places. Victoria’s empire was so big that the British said, “The sun never sets on the British Empire!” No matter where the sun’s light fell as the Earth travelled around it, the rays would warm land governed by the British.

British colonies sent coal, silk, furs, and other valuable goods back to Britain itself. But the British didn’t spread their empire just for money. They were sure that they could improve every part of the world—if they could just take control of it. Englishman Cecil Rhodes wrote, “We are the first [best] race in the world, and . . . the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race.”

The Great Exhibition made this clear! Only half of the Crystal Palace was given over to exhibits from the rest of the world. The other half was filled entirely with British goods. The six million visitors who came to the Great Exhibition could see exactly what the British thought of themselves: Britain was as powerful as the rest of the world, put together. The British historian and writer Thomas Babington Macaulay exclaimed,

“[The Great Exhibition was] a most gorgeous sight. . . . I cannot think that the Caesars ever exhibited a more splendid spectacle.” Just like the Caesars of the Roman Empire, the kings and queens of Britain had spread their laws, their customs, and their language across the world.

But just like the Romans of old, the British would soon have to fight to keep their empire together.



The Sepoy Mutiny

Not long after the close of the Great Exhibition, Britain found itself fighting a war in India—a war in which the eighty-two-year-old emperor of India, Bahadur Shah, would be forced to hide in a tomb while fighting raged outside.

Long before Bahadur Shah was born, English merchants who wanted to buy rare silks, cotton, and tea from India asked the emperor of India, Jahangir, for permission to build little settlements called *trading posts* along the Indian coast. These settlements would be safe places for their ships to land.

Jahangir agreed. So the merchants, joining together into a group called the East India Company, began to build their trading posts. For a hundred years, the East India Company went on building trading posts throughout India. More and more Englishmen and women settled around the trading posts. The trading posts put guns on their walls to defend the settlers. The trading posts began to look more like English cities!

One of the largest of these “English cities,” Calcutta, lay on India’s northeast coast, in the province of Bengal. The governor of Bengal began to grow nervous about this large settlement of Englishmen with guns, right in the middle of his country. He decided that it was time for the English to leave—so he assembled an army and marched out to fight against them.



India During the Sepoy Mutiny

But the merchants of the East India Company didn't want to leave Calcutta. They hired an army of English soldiers and an English general and fought back. When they defeated the Indian army, the East India Company took control of the government of Bengal.

The merchants had become governors.

By the time Bahadur Shah was born, the East India Company had seized control of more and more parts of India. In some places, British officials actually ran the government of India. In others, they allowed local rulers to control their courts and their ceremonies—but British “advisors” told the rulers what to do. And the taxes paid by Indians on their land went to the British.

Many Indians were displeased by life under British rule. They could see that British soldiers and officers treated Indians with scorn. The British tore down Indian temples to make room for British railroad tracks. Sometimes they forced Indian Muslims to shave their beards, which symbolized their faith. And both Hindus and Muslims in India were afraid that the British were out to convert them, by force, to Christianity.

When Bahadur Shah's father finally died, as a very old man, Bahadur Shah became the emperor of India. He was already sixty years old. Even though he was emperor, he had to do exactly as the East India Company told him. The Company even paid his salary!

In 1856, when Bahadur Shah was eighty-one years old and had “ruled” India for twenty-one years, the East India Company made a very big mistake.

The Company had three large armies to help control the three hundred million people of India. The army officers were all British, but many of the soldiers were native Indians, both Hindu and Muslims, who had agreed to work for the East India Company. These native soldiers were called *sepoys*.

In 1856, the British passed a law declaring that any soldier who belonged to the British army in India could be put on a ship and sent to fight in another country. The Hindu soldiers were appalled. A devout Hindu could only keep himself

ceremonially clean if he could cook his own food and draw his own water for bathing—and this was impossible on board a ship. A Hindu soldier who went on a British ship and then came home often found that his relatives and friends refused even to eat with him.

Then something even more disturbing happened. The East India Company bought a new, modern kind of rifle called the Enfield rifle, and announced that the army would begin using it. Soon, word spread through the ranks of the sepoys: “Don’t use the rifle! They are trying to make us into Christians once more!”

To understand this, you have to know that in those days, when a soldier loaded a rifle, he first had to load the powder, and then the bullets. This took time! But in an Enfield rifle, the bullets and powder were folded up together in a greased-paper package called a cartridge. All the soldier had to do was bite off the end of the cartridge, pour the powder into the rifle, and slide the bullet in.

Now, the sepoys whispered to each other that the grease used to coat the cartridges had been made out of animal fat. Devout Hindus were horrified by the thought that the fat of cows might touch their lips. Cows were sacred animals, never to be eaten. The Muslims were just as sickened by the idea that they might have to put pig fat into their mouths. In Islam, hogs were unclean.

At once, the British government announced that Hindu and Muslim soldiers could make their own grease out of vegetable oil. But it was too late. The sepoys were already angry at their British superiors, who called them “pigs” and other demeaning names. Now they were convinced that the cartridges were a deliberate attempt to destroy their Hindu and Muslim faith.

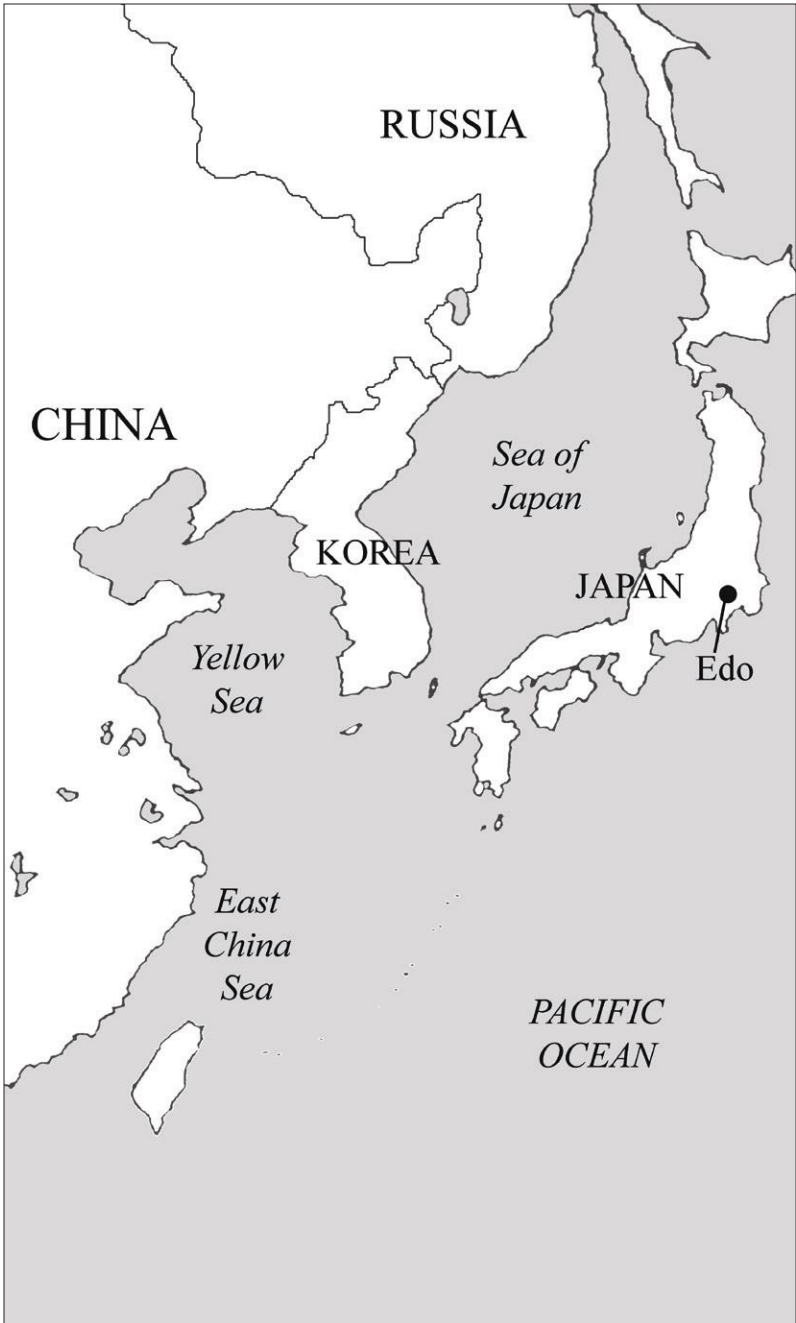
The sepoys began to rebel all over the northwest of India. They announced that Bahadur Shah, now eighty-two, was their commander in chief. Bahadur Shah was too old to fight—but he watched as the rebels took control of Delhi, drove the British out of the city of Cawnpore, and then laid siege to the city of Lucknow.

But the British had no intention of losing India. The East India Company marched new divisions of well-trained British soldiers into India, and laid siege to Delhi. The rebels fought desperately to keep their city. One out of every three British soldiers who besieged Delhi was killed. But finally the British flooded over the walls. They found Bahadur Shah hiding in the tomb of his great ancestor Humayan and dragged him out to stand trial for treason. Bahadur Shah was found guilty and sent away to live, under guard, in a distant city—where he died, five years later, at the age of eighty-seven.

The British government declared that India would no longer have an emperor. But the East India Company wouldn't govern India anymore, either. Britain was fed up with the incompetent rule of the East India Company. If the Company had not treated the sepoy so poorly, perhaps the Sepoy Mutiny would never have happened.

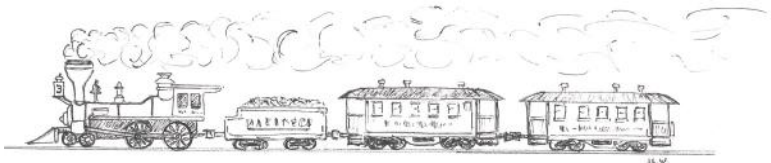
So Queen Victoria took India away from the East India Company and announced that India was now a colony of Britain, governed directly by the Queen and Parliament with the help of a head official called the Viceroy of India. Queen Victoria promised that all the British would work to make India a better place for the Indians.

But India didn't belong to the Indians any more. It had become British. All over India, Indians went on hoping for the day when they would get their own country back.



Japan Re-Opens

Chapter Two West Against East



Japan Re-Opens

Far across the world, another island empire lay. But this empire didn't want to spread across the world. It wanted to keep the rest of the world out.

The four islands of Japan were ruled by a *shogun*, a military general who inherited his position. For two hundred years, that shogun had been from the Tokugawa family. The Tokugawa shoguns were afraid that Christian missionaries, coming into Japan, would convert the Japanese to Christianity and destroy the traditional Buddhist faith. They were even more afraid that foreign armies would follow the missionaries in and take over Japan.

The Tokugawa shoguns decided that it would be best to keep all Christians out of Japan. As a matter of fact, it would be even safer to keep anyone from Western countries (countries in Europe or the Americas) out. The Japanese had everything that they needed to live. They did not need Western ideas, or Western missionaries, or Western goods.

So the shoguns passed laws, forbidding the Japanese to travel to foreign lands. A Japanese fisherman who was blown off course and landed on a foreign shore could never come home. Western merchants could not come to Japanese ports. Only a few Dutch ships were allowed to land on an artificial island in Japan's most important harbor—and they were only allowed to do this once per year.

For almost two hundred years, the Japanese followed their own customs, fished off their own shores, and had nothing to do with the West. But even though merchants and missionaries

from the West couldn't get into Japan, Western books were translated into Japanese and brought into the country. The shogun, the warriors who obeyed him (the *samurai*), and other educated people in Japan knew about Western ideas such as democracy (governments in which the people of a country rule themselves, instead of obeying a king or queen). They heard about Western technology (scientific discoveries used to make machines and other inventions). As time went by, more and more Japanese began to think that perhaps keeping Japan separate from the rest of the world wasn't such a good idea.

But before the Japanese could open their own doors to the West, the United States of America decided to break the doors down.

One hot August afternoon in 1853, the Japanese who lived near Edo Bay stood along the shores of the bay, staring out to sea. They had heard alarming rumors of four huge ships from the United States, loaded with guns, sailing their way. The ships had already been nicknamed the "Black Ships" by the Japanese fishermen who had seen them pass by.

Soon, four black specks showed themselves at the edge of the bay. As the Japanese watched, the ships grew nearer—and bigger. Two of them were brand-new, powerful steamships. The Japanese had never seen steamships before. They whispered to each other, "Two of the ships are burning!"

All four ships, bristling with cannon, dropped their anchors and lay with their guns pointing at the shores. The American sailors lined the decks, ready for action, armed with muskets and cutlasses.

What did these foreigners want? Slowly, nervously, a few Japanese boats pushed off from shore and approached the ships. But the Americans allowed no one on board. Several brave Japanese tried to swing up onto the chains that stretched down from the ships into the water, but the Americans waved their cutlasses to keep them away.

Meanwhile, the leader of the expedition, Commodore Matthew Perry, was down in his cabin, waiting.

Matthew Perry had been given a difficult job. American merchants wanted to buy fine Japanese silks and ceramics, and something even more important: coal. Steam engines needed coal to keep running, and the islands of Japan had plenty of natural coal. So the president of the United States, Millard Fillmore, sent Matthew Perry to Japan with a letter, asking Japan to open its ports to American ships.

Once before, the United States had asked Japan to trade with America. But the American captain who brought the request to Japan had been very friendly—so friendly that the Japanese decided he was too weak to take seriously. They refused to listen to him and sent him away.

Matthew Perry didn't intend to make the same mistake. He told his men to keep the Japanese away from the ships until they sent a truly important official out to see him. So the Americans told the Japanese who tried to board, "We bring a letter from the president of the United States to the Emperor of Japan. But we can only give it to a high official of the Emperor."

The Japanese went back to the shore to talk this over. They could see that the Americans did not understand how Japan was governed. Japan did have an emperor, but although the Japanese believed that the emperor was almost divine, he didn't actually rule in Japan. The shogun had all the power.

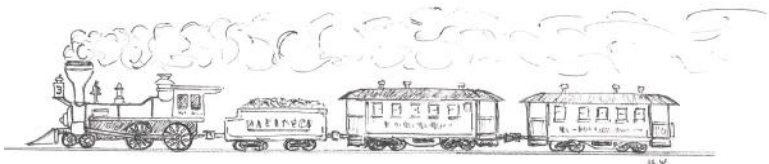
Finally, the Japanese decided to write a letter assuring Matthew Perry that the governor of a nearby town, a man named Toda, was the emperor's high official. They signed the letter in the emperor's name, and gave it to the Americans. When the Americans saw this forged paper, they agreed to come ashore and give the president's letter to Toda.

So Matthew Perry came ashore with his officers and a military band. The Japanese escorted him into a room hung with purple cloth and gauze curtains, where Toda sat, looking very serious. Matthew Perry handed over the president's letter, enclosed in a rosewood box with gold hinges. And then the Americans marched away, with their band playing "Yankee Doodle."

Toda thought the whole scene was very funny. But he and the other Japanese knew that the letter from the president was serious. Before he left, Matthew Perry warned the Japanese that he would return in one year for an answer—and that the answer had better be yes.

The Japanese knew that they could not fight back against Matthew Perry and his Black Ships. Japan had only a few cannon along the shores, and some of them no longer worked. The samurai, the warriors of Japan, were no longer the fierce soldiers they had once been. They had been taught to be government officials, not warriors. One samurai school even allowed its students to practice horseback riding indoors on wooden horses on rainy days, so that they wouldn't have to get wet!

When Matthew Perry came back to Japan in 1854, the Japanese agreed to sign a trade treaty with them. Not too long after, France, Spain, and other European countries signed their own treaties with Japan. Japan was closed to the West no more.



The Crimean War

In the same year that Matthew Perry sailed from the West to the East, a war broke out halfway between East and West.

The war started when two countries quarreled over the keys to a church. Of course, the church keys didn't actually *begin* the war. They were more like a lit match. A tiny match can't do much damage on its own—but if you shove it under a stack of dry firewood, you'll end up with a huge bonfire. The war that began in 1853 flared up because the countries involved were ready to fight with each other; there were plenty of pieces of "dry firewood" waiting to be lit.

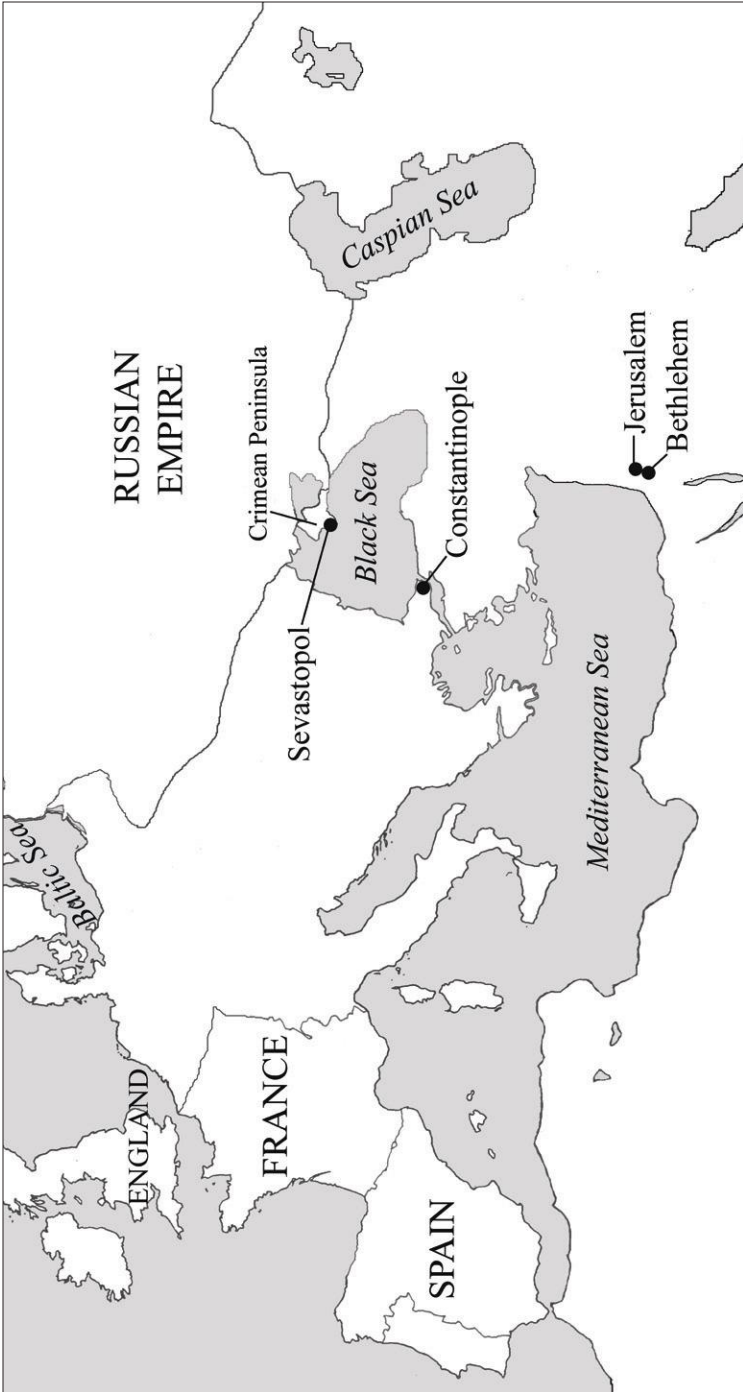
The first piece of "firewood" was tossed onto the stack by the Turks. The Ottoman Turks ruled over the land of Palestine,

where the cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem lay, and also over the city of Constantinople (which the Turks had renamed Istanbul). All three of these cities were important to Christians. And although the Turks were Muslims, they didn't want to make the Christian nations of Europe angry by keeping Christians away from holy places. So the ruler of Turkey gave England, France, and several other countries permission to take care of different holy places in Palestine.

The second piece of "firewood" was laid down by Nicholas I, the *czar* (ruler) of Russia. Nicholas I was determined to capture the city of Istanbul (which the Russians still called Constantinople) for Russia. Russia had no way to send ships down into the Mediterranean Sea. But if Russia owned Constantinople, Russian ships could sail down from the southern coast of Russia, through the Black Sea, past Constantinople, and into the Mediterranean. Those ships could carry Russian goods—and Russian soldiers! Nicholas I was looking for any excuse to attack the Turks and take Constantinople away.

The third piece of "firewood" was England's fear of Russia. Nicholas I wanted the British to fight with him against the Turks, and he was willing to divide any land that he won with his British allies. But the English thought that Russians were wild and savage. Nicholas I visited Queen Victoria in London, hoping to impress her with his wisdom. (He was even careful to tell the Queen that Prince Albert had a "very noble air," since he knew that Victoria liked to hear her husband praised.) But after he left, Queen Victoria snapped, "He has an uncivilized mind!" And one of her government officials warned, "I believe that if this barbarous nation [of Russia], the enemy of all progress ... should once succeed in establishing itself in the heart of Europe, it would be the greatest calamity which could befall the human race."

The fourth piece of "wood" was tossed onto the pile by France. France didn't like the Turks—but at least the Turks were a weak and disorganized empire. Russia, on the other hand, had become a huge and threatening country, not very far



The Crimean War

away. If Russia attacked the Turks, perhaps France would be next! So the French also decided to try to make friends with the English. The king of France, Louis-Philippe, traveled to England to see Victoria, only two months after Nicholas I. The French and the English had been enemies for hundreds of years; Louis-Philippe was the first French king to visit the English monarch since 1356 (and in 1356, the French king had been dragged into England as a prisoner of war!). But Louis-Philippe managed to please Queen Victoria. She ordered a feast held for him, with the gold plates used for her favorite guests.

Now the firewood was laid. The match was ready to be struck.

Russian and French Christians started to argue with each other about who should protect the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, where they believed that Jesus had been born. The king of France told the ruler of Turkey that French warships would attack Constantinople if the French didn't get the keys to the church. When Nicholas I heard about this, he retorted that he would march down and attack the Turks if the French *did* get the keys!

And that is exactly what he did. The Russian army invaded the northern part of the Turkish Empire. The French, afraid that Russia would grow bigger and even stronger, launched their own attack against the Russians. And the British joined with the French.

In the first year of fighting, the French and the British managed to drive the Russians back out of the Turkish Empire. But the two countries then decided to weaken Russia even more. Together, France and Britain were determined to capture the Russian city of Sevastopol.

Sevastopol lay in the north of the Black Sea, on a little chunk of land jutting down from Russia called the Crimean Peninsula. The Russians kept their warships at Sevastopol. If the French and British armies could capture Sevastopol, Russia would never be able to sail warships down into the Mediterranean Sea.

So the British and French armies marched towards Sevastopol. But the Russians fought back fiercely. The British and French soldiers had to dig trenches, fight a battle, push a little more forward, dig more trenches, fight another battle, and push a little more forward—for months and months. They spent so much time on the Crimean Peninsula that the whole war became known as the Crimean War. And as the Crimean War went on, the British army became more and more disorganized. No one seemed to be able to get food and clothing to the troops. Supplies sent to the Crimean Peninsula sat in piles, spoiling, only miles away from hungry soldiers who were wearing shreds of disintegrating uniforms. And in one of the most famous battles of the Crimean War, the Battle of Balaklava, British officers ordered mounted soldiers to charge forward into a much bigger Russian force, instead of waiting for reinforcements. The soldiers obeyed—and almost all of them were killed. Their charge was later made famous in the poem, “The Charge of the Light Brigade”:

Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

But although the British weren't very organized, the Russians didn't do much better. Nicholas's chief general made horrible mistake after horrible mistake. Finally, Nicholas's son Alexander fired the general and appointed another one. When Nicholas I heard what his son had done, he had a stroke from anger—and died not long afterwards.

Only a few months after Alexander took control of Russia, the British and French finally managed to capture Sevastopol. More than one hundred thousand Russians had been killed or wounded defending it! Alexander knew that it was time for Russia to give up fighting. So in 1856, he agreed to

sign a peace treaty called the Peace of Paris. Russia would get Sevastopol back, but only after returning Turkish land to the Turks. And Russia had to promise not to keep any warships in the Black Sea.

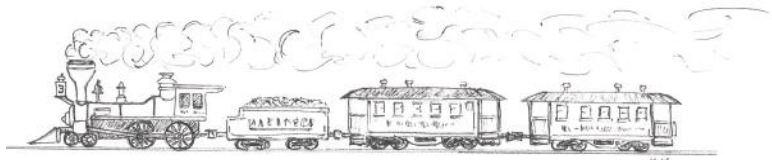
Russia could no longer dream of sailing a Russian fleet into the Mediterranean Sea. Russia's ambitions had been quenched—for the moment.



The Great Game

Chapter Three

British Invasions



The Great Game

Just three years after the Second Opium War ended, another king, in another country, managed to drive the British and all other foreign invaders out of his homeland. The king's name was Dost Mohammad Khan, and he ruled in Afghanistan, a rocky, parched country that lay sandwiched between Russia to the north and India to the south.

By the time that Dost Mohammad became its leader, Afghanistan had already been invaded over and over again. First, the Mongols had taken the country over. Then, a prince of India named Babur had added part of Afghanistan to his Indian Empire. Persia, which lay along Afghanistan's western border, moved in to take over the rest of Afghanistan.

Two hundred years later, a heroic Afghan chief named Mirwais Hotoki Khan drove the Persians out. At first, Mirwais Khan had worked for the Persians. He even lived at the Persian royal court. But then the Persian *shah* (king) assigned a cruel, ruthless Persian governor to run Mirwais Khan's home, the eastern city of Kandahar. Mirwais Khan saw his people suffering, arrested, and killed for no reason. So he invited the governor and his bodyguard to a country picnic—and had them both killed. Then, Mirwais Khan led an army into Kandahar and drove the Persians out of his country.

But when Mirwais Khan died, after six years of rule, the Persians invaded Afghanistan once again.

Another hero arose to push back the foreign invaders. He was a native Afghan who had served in the bodyguard of the Persian *shah*. He fought against the Persians, pushed them

back out of his country, and ruled for twenty-six years over all the different tribes who lived in Afghanistan. He became known as Durrani, which means *pearl*, because his rule was as valuable as a jewel to the people of Afghanistan.

But then Durrani died, and the tribes began to quarrel about who should be king next. Finally, one soldier managed to take control of Kabul, the largest, most important city in Afghanistan. His name was Dost Mohammad Khan.

At first, Dost Mohammad Khan was *khan*, or chief, only in the city of Kabul. But he spent the next ten years fighting to spread his power around the surrounding countryside. Finally, the other leaders of Afghanistan agreed to recognize him as their leader. They gave him the title of *Amir*, or Commander, because it would be his job to lead the Afghan people in war against their enemies.

Dost Mohammad was a skilled warrior and general; a tall, keen-eyed, energetic man who preferred plain soldier's clothes to fancy court costumes. But he soon learned that fighting alone would not protect Afghanistan from invasion. To keep his country independent, Dost Mohammad would have to scheme and plot.

You see, Afghanistan lay right between Russia and British-run India. Russia and Britain were enemies. Neither country wanted the other to control the country between their two borders. So Russia and Britain each tried to convince Dost Mohammad to sign an alliance. The Russian and British strategies to get control of Afghanistan became known as the Great Game.

The first move in the Great Game came from Russia. The Russian government convinced Persia to join Russia in an invasion of western Afghanistan. The combined Persian-Russian army could easily overcome the west of the country and then march on towards Kabul, where Dost Mohammad ruled. But when the British saw this army on the move, they sent a message to the Shah of Persia. The message warned the Persians that, if the invasion continued, Persia would be considered an enemy of Britain—and would suffer the consequences.

The Shah of Persia wasn't particularly afraid of Dost Mohammad. But he didn't want to make enemies of the entire British Empire! So the Persian soldiers all withdrew from Afghanistan. Britain had won the first match in the Great Game.

Now the British tried a move of their own. They planned to lend a lot of money to Dost Mohammad, so that he could use it to hire soldiers to fight against the Persians and the Russians. This would keep the Russians out of Afghanistan. It would also put Dost Mohammad in debt. "A loan of money," one British diplomat wrote, "would give us a great hold upon him!"

Instead of taking the money, Dost Mohammad decided that he too would join in the Great Game. He told the British government that Afghanistan would be a friend and ally to Great Britain—as long as British soldiers would help him drive out the Indians who still lived in the southern parts of Afghanistan.

When the British government refused, Dost Mohammad asked the Russians for help instead. At this, the British grew angry. "It is time," one British official announced, "to interfere decidedly in the affairs of Afghanistan."

Instead of helping Dost Mohammad drive the Indians out of Afghanistan, the British sent *sepoys* (Indian soldiers under British command) and English soldiers from India northward into Afghanistan. This Indian-British army marched through the wilds of Afghanistan until they reached the fortress city that protected Dost Mohammad's kingdom. Dost Mohammad had put his son in control of this fortress—but his son had neglected to wall up all of the fortress's gates. When the Indian-British army discovered that one of the gates was not bricked up, they blew it up, captured the fortress, and then stormed on towards the center of Dost Mohammad's kingdom, the city of Kabul.

Dost Mohammad wanted to stand and fight, but his soldiers, seeing the overwhelming British force, had begun to desert him. He had to flee into India!

Meanwhile, the Indian-British army occupied the city of Kabul—and grew more and more unpopular. They ate food that belonged to Afghans, took whatever they wanted from the markets, and treated the people of Kabul with contempt.

Finally, the Afghans had had enough. In Kabul, angry Afghans killed a British official before soldiers could arrive to protect him. Then they besieged the army's headquarters. When another British official arrived to settle things down, the rebels killed him as well.

The British-Indian army decided that it was time to leave Kabul. But now winter had come. The soldiers marched south towards India in freezing cold, with Afghan fighters following them and attacking from behind. Four days into the journey, over four thousand British soldiers had died. Only 120 were left. As this tiny remainder approached the border, the rebels made a final attack against them. Only one wounded man escaped. The army that had invaded Afghanistan had been completely destroyed.

The British gave up the idea of conquering Afghanistan. But they were angry over the massacre of their army. Troops of British soldiers marched into Afghanistan, burning, killing, and looting. When they had destroyed dozens of villages and killed hundreds of Afghans, they withdrew. Their revenge was over.

Now Dost Mohammad returned from India. His kingdom had shrunk. The Persians had taken advantage of the chaos to invade the west. Other warlords had seized bits of the country for themselves. All Dost Mohammad had left was the city of Kabul.

But Dost Mohammad was a patient man. He spent over fifteen years slowly rebuilding his kingdom. And because he knew that another war with Britain would only weaken Afghanistan more, he decided to make peace with his enemy.

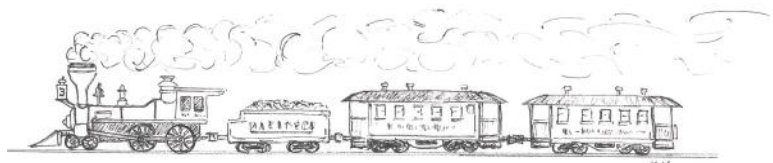
In 1855, twelve years after the disastrous British invasion of Afghanistan, Dost Mohammad signed a treaty with Britain. This treaty promised that he would not attack the British, and

that the British would stay out of Afghanistan. When the Sepoy Mutiny broke out in India, two years after the treaty was signed, Dost Mohammad kept to his part of the treaty. He did not go down into India and join the sepoys against the British. "Had Dost Mohammad turned against the British," one British general said later, "I do not see how any part of the country north of Bengal could be saved."

Meanwhile, Dost Mohammad kept on expanding his territory. He added Kandahar to his kingdom, and gave it to one of his sons to rule. Then, in 1863, he drove the remaining Persians out of the west.

Finally, Afghanistan was free of invaders.

Two weeks later, Dost Mohammad died, late one night, in his own bed. He had ruled over an independent Afghanistan for fourteen days.



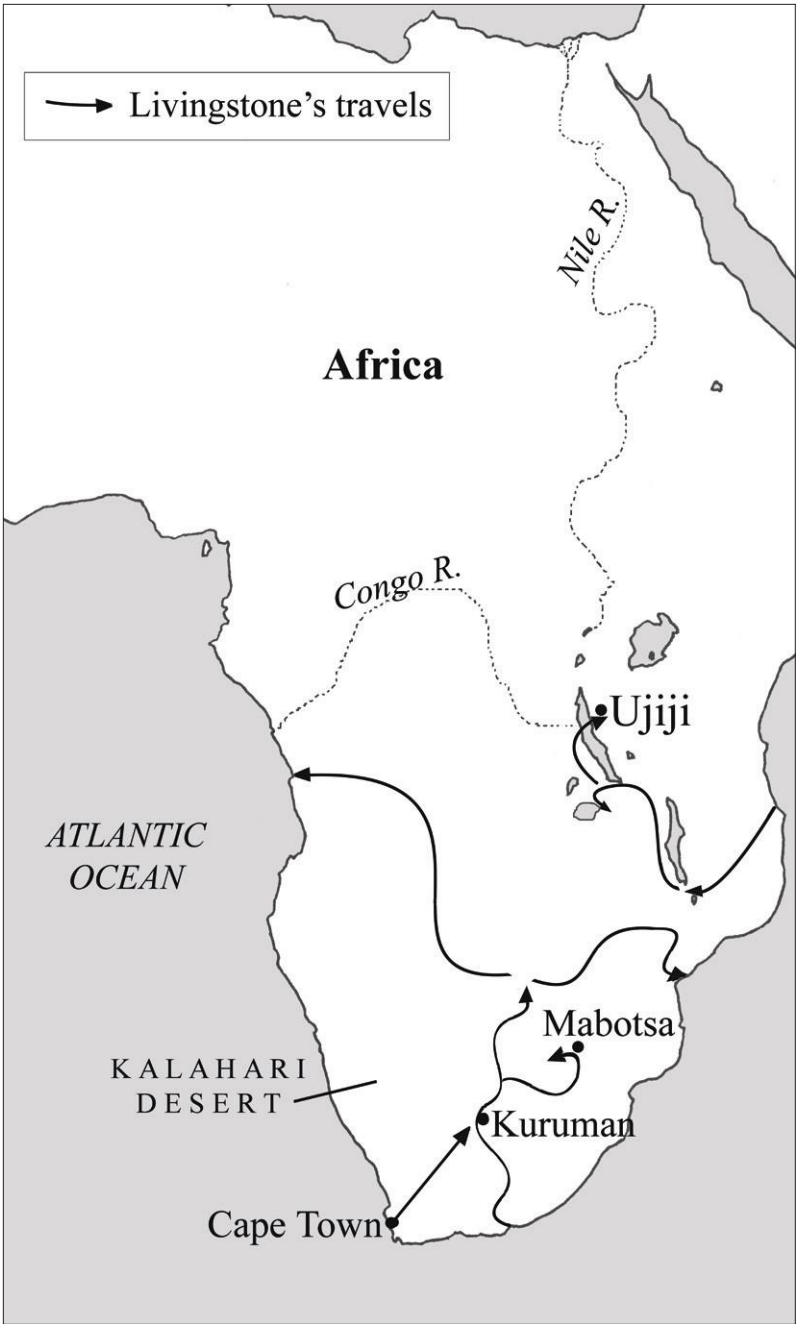
Wandering Through Africa

Far away from Afghanistan, a Scottish missionary was about to find out about the continent of Africa. His love for Africa would pave the way for yet another invasion.

It was a chilly spring night in Scotland, and David Livingstone was tired of studying for his medical degree. He stood up, stretched, and looked around his tiny room. He was ready for a break.

Just down the street, a missionary was giving a special talk on Africa. Livingstone knew nothing about this mysterious, unexplored continent. He decided that he'd go down and listen to the missionary's adventures before he went back to his books.

The missionary, Robert Moffat, told story after story of his life in Africa, as David Livingstone sat fascinated. Moffat had been living for years in a town called Kuruman, five hundred



Livingstone's Travels in Africa

miles from the southern coast of Africa. In the far south of Africa, the Dutch and British and other Europeans were already living and trading; they had built a busy city called Cape Town on the coast, and had settled all around Cape Town as well.

But north of Kuruman lay the rest of the huge continent of Africa: hundreds and hundreds of miles that no European had ever seen. “Often, as I have looked to the vast plains of the north,” Robert Moffat told his audience, “I have, in the morning sun, seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been!” As he heard those words, David Livingstone was filled with a great desire to visit those thousand villages, to care for the sick and to preach Christianity.

A year later, Livingstone had finished his studies and become a doctor. He boarded a ship and sailed for Africa. When he arrived at the port of Cape Town, he found hundreds of Europeans, building trading posts and settlements along Africa’s coast. But Livingstone was anxious to move away from Europeans, towards the mysterious heart of Africa. He travelled slowly northward, learning to survive like an African. He ground flour for his bread by hand, ate boiled caterpillars and locusts, and enjoyed one of the great delicacies of Africa: an enormous frog that lived in the earth and croaked loudly right before rain. “It is nearly as large as a chicken!” Livingstone wrote in his journal.

As he learned more and more about Africa, Livingstone came to hate the slave trade (the practice of taking Africans from Africa, and selling them as slaves to other countries). Even though the slave trade was illegal, slave traders were still visiting the coast of Africa and taking Africans away into slavery.

David Livingstone hoped to stop the slave trade. He thought that if he went on exploring Africa, he might find rivers and other trade routes that ran into the center of Africa. If Europeans could reach the center of Africa easily, they could come in and trade with the Africans for ivory, salt, and other goods—instead of for slaves.

Livingstone's explorations almost killed him. Three years after his arrival, he was living in Mabotsa, a town just east of the burning sands of the Kalahari Desert. For weeks, the people of Mabotsa had been losing their cows to lions that broke into their cattle pens. Livingstone agreed to go out with his African companions to drive the lions away.

But as he was loading his gun, a lion crept up behind him, unnoticed. It leaped on Livingstone, knocked him to the ground, grabbed his shoulder and shook him back and forth. Later, Livingstone wrote, "[The shaking] caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror . . . a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat."

Two of Livingstone's African friends shot the lion with their rifles. The lion turned and attacked them—but before it could kill either man, it staggered and collapsed.

Livingstone's arm was badly broken. But he refused to return home. He wanted to keep on looking for those trade routes that would bring the slave trade to an end.

In 1857, the same year as the Sepoy Mutiny, Livingstone wrote a book about his explorations called *Missionary Travels*.



**David Livingstone, attacked by a lion
on the African savannah**

He returned to England so that the book could be published. It was a tremendous success. Thousands and thousands of copies were sold. The British were happy to forget about the troubles in India for a little while, and read about an exciting new continent instead. David Livingstone became famous.

A year later, in 1858, the government of Great Britain gave David Livingstone the official job of finding trade routes into Africa for British traders. The papers that made Livingstone a *consul* (a British government official) told him to go on exploring Africa, so that Great Britain could “promote commerce and civilization [in Africa], with a view to the extinction of the slave-trade.”

So David Livingstone set sail for Africa once more, this time with the support of his country.

For the next fifteen years, he would go on exploring Africa, mapping out its rivers and lakes, and learning about its dozens of kingdoms: the land of the Oromo, of the Masai, the Burundi, the Luba, and many, many more. Livingstone spent so many years in the center of Africa that many people began to wonder whether or not he was still alive. Finally the American newspaper the *New York Times* sent one of its journalists, Henry Morton Stanley, to find the missing explorer.

Stanley travelled across Africa for weeks until he found the famous missionary at Ujiji, a village just east of the Congo River. He saw a man whose face was carved with deep lines and tanned brown as leather by the sun. The skin seemed to stretch tightly over his bones. A branch had snapped back into one of his eyes and injured it. His left arm hung at his side, twisted and almost useless.

Stanley was so awed in the presence of this great man that he decided to display the best American manners he could. He walked up to David Livingstone, took off his hat, and said, “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

Stanley offered to take Livingstone back home to England, but the missionary refused. He had decided to remain in Africa for the rest of his life. Two years later, David Livingstone

died in a hut in central Africa. His African friends took out his heart and buried it under a tree, according to African tradition. Then they wrapped his body in bark and canvas, tied it to a pole, and carried it to the coast so that a European ship could take David Livingstone home.

David Livingstone had hoped to make Africa stronger. But his maps of Africa would make it easier, years later, for England and other European countries to come into Africa and to treat it just as India had been treated: like a land to be captured, conquered, and used.



The Nation of Italy