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**HAN DYNASTY**

THE DYNASTY AROSE 2,200 YEARS AGO AND LASTED MORE THAN FOUR CENTURIES. TODAY, ETHNIC CHINESE STILL CALL THEMSELVES HAN — AN ECHO OF A GOLDEN AGE IN ART, POLITICS, AND TECHNOLOGY WHEN CHINA RIVALED THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN POWER AND PRESTIGE.

Under a spreading paulownia tree the village smithy stands, pounding red-hot iron. As his hammer strikes again and again, what was a plain slab of metal begins to look like a hoc. Not your sissy flower-garden hoe but a heavy, wide, thick-bladed brute instrument, a hoe for the ages. "You can't break them," a villager says of the hoes made by Liu Shiwa. "I've been using one for 12 years."

In the village of Shijiawan, near the ancient city of Luoyang in east-central China, the smith is a treasured citizen. Village farm plots, lush with cabbages and onions, owe their furrows and friable soil to hoes and rakes produced on the forge in front of Liu Shiwa's house. Two pigs grunt in a pen in a corner of his yard. Chickens and a dog wander about.

It's a scene straight out of the Han dynasty. Historians say the Han era ended 18 centuries ago. They err. That pig sty, the chickens, the dog are just like the miniature ceramic farmstead bric-a-brac that Han folk placed in the tombs of the departed, symbolic sustenance for the afterlife. Forge and hoe clinch the ancient tableau, for advanced iron working was a Man hallmark.

Another hallmark of the Han: durability. Among the longest of China's major dynasties, it survived, with minor interruption, for more than four centuries. From its founding in 206 B.C. the Han state was as powerful and prestigious in East Asia as the Roman Empire, its approximate contemporary, was in the West. Like Rome, it expanded into "barbarian" territory on its flanks, particularly to the northwest, where its armies cleared the way for trade along the Silk Road. And, like Rome, the dynasty spawned its share of weak rulers and sloughed into turmoil before collapsing, in A.D. 220.

Still, it bequeathed a template of ideal rule — a united China and a self-perpetuating government — that became the goal of all subsequent dynasties, just as it is for the dynasty (officially communist, but with capitalism busting out all over) that holds power in China today. In the Han legacy, too, are spiritual and ethical dynamics that guide millions of Asians. One is Confucianism, based on the moral values of Confucius, which became official ideology of the Han court (not that the Han rulers were always moral). Even the name Han, which the first emperor adopted from a river, endures. It's what ethnic Chinese call themselves: Han ren, Han people.

In many fields Han workers were far ahead of their Roman counterparts. They employed the wheelbarrow and the pulley to move goods, the water-powered trip-hammer to pulverize grain and ores, and the bellows to pump air into furnaces. When an emperor went out in his carriage, he rode in the shade of a regal parasol that — unique in its time — could be collapsed, thanks to sliding metal ribs. And the Han were the first to make a commodity that revolutionized learning, which they called zhi. We call it paper.

A eunuch, Cai Lun, told Emperor He about making zhi in A.D. 105. Perhaps Cai Lun used methods similar to those I saw at a paper mill south of Nanjing. Two men dipped a screen into a vat of pulp made of inner tree bark and rice straw, which looked like watery oatmeal. They raised a layer of dripping slush and examined it carefully. It had to be smooth, not too thick, not too thin. Pressed and dried, it became a sheet of high-quality calligrapher's paper.

Only a few paper fragments bearing writing have been found in Han tombs. For all we know, the Han used paper mostly to wrap fish. Yet they were writing like mad: poetry, complex mathematical problems, history, a huge dictionary, government reports, and the world's earliest surviving large-scale census (57,671,400 people in A.D. 2). They wrote with brushes and lampblack ink on wooden tablets or slips of bamboo, and also on silk. Tens of thousands of these documents have survived, delivering to scholars a portrait of life two millennia ago.

For example, we know from a cache of legal documents retrieved in Hubei Province that the traditional Chinese respect for the elderly was sternly enforced. "The law said that a wife who beat a grandfather or grandmother was to be 'cast away into the marketplace,' which meant being chopped to death," said Robin D. S. Yates, a scholar at McGill University in Montreal, who has studied the Hubei bamboo slips. Even slander of older persons was a capital offense. Note, however, that a scolding wife could be beaten by her husband, and it would not be considered a crime.

"At last the whole world is mine," the first Han emperor, Liu Bang, is said to have declared as he claimed the imperial throne in 202 B.C., the first of 27 Lius to reign. Far from the whole world, his writ extended across a territory only about half as large as today's China. Tough, and common as his surname — China swarms with people named Liu — he despised learned Confucians, whom he readily identified by their distinctive peaked hats. According to an incident recounted by a famous Han historian, Sima Qian, when Liu Bang encountered one of these worthies he "immediately snatches the hat from the visitor's head and pisses in it."

Liu Bang had been a minor official in the previous dynasty, the Qin (or Chin, from which "China" derives). The Qin was the first dynasty to weld China's oft-warring kingdoms into a single state. It was also cruel and soon collapsed. With the throne up for grabs, Liu Bang raised an army. His most formidable opponent, a general named Xiang Yu, captured Liu Bang's father and sent Liu Bang an ultimatum: "Surrender or I will boil your venerable sire alive!"

Liu Bang replied merely: "Send me a cup of the soup."

Bravado won out; Dad wasn't stewed, and Liu Bang finally crushed Xiang Yu, who then, to deal with the humiliation, committed suicide with his one remaining concubine.

The victor put his capital in the city of Changan ("eternal peace"), whose ruins lie today in the suburbs of its bustling, touristpacked successor, Xian ("western peace"). In those ruins on a June afternoon, I stood atop a mound 50 feet high — the site of Liu Bang's palace. Portions of Changan's city wall, which encompassed 13 square miles, poked from fields where peasants were reaping wheat, some with scythes, some at the wheels of combines.

Liu Bang, also known as Gaozu, "high ancestor," (symbolic names were often posthumously conferred on emperors) called his palace Lasting Joy. Joy? I thought I heard screams from the ruins. After his death in 195 B.C. his empress, Lu Zhi, tried to hijack the empire for her own family. She had several Liu Bang sons born to concubines murdered and for good measure mutilated his favorite mistress and had her tossed into a privy. Routing other Liu kin and loyal generals from their fiefdoms — the spoils of rulership — she replaced them with her own relatives. Fifteen years passed before the Liu clan managed to regain control, enthroning a surviving Liu Bang son, Emperor Wen. The Lius then wiped out all the empress's kin they could get their hands on.

Oh, the Han women! This wouldn't be the last time an empress or concubine colluded in a dangerous political game.

Emperor Wen, historians have written, won popular support by abolishing the gruesome punishments that the Han had copied from the Qin dynasty, such as severing the left foot of a man who forced a woman to become his wife. But from his study of Han laws, Yates doubts that Wen was so magnanimous. "What I see is that he got rid of some minor punishments," he said, "but not the terrible mutilations, such as cutting off the nose."

Some scholars at the Han court attempted to explain all events by an inevitable cycle of yin, dark and cold, and yang, light and warm. In their emperors they surely saw both. When the historian Sima Qian offended emperor Number 5, Wu Di, by daring to stand up for a disgraced general, Wu Di punished him by castration. (Sima Qian continued to write his history, perhaps the most important of all Han texts.)

Wu Di ("martial emperor") was a lad of 15 in 141 B.C. when he began a reign that lasted 54 years, one of the longest in Chinese history. His inaugural was a yang time; the empire was stable, granaries and the treasury were overflowing, and, as Sima Qian wrote, "every family had enough to get along on." On the south side of Changan, Wu Di built an academy devoted to the works of Kongfuzi, Master Kong, as Chinese call Confucius. The sage had long been dead, but disciples — those erudite men scorned by Liu Bang — had preserved his teachings. The academy trained administrators for Wu Di's government, paving the way for Confucianism to become the court's dominant ideology.

Confucians believed an emperor ruled by a mandate from heaven and that his virtue should inspire good behavior in his subjects. They prized honor, learning, and order, and sought to uphold authority. In the course of Han reign, thousands of academy alumni spread Confucian ethics across the empire, from whence the philosophy traveled to most of Hast Asia.

Wu Di paid respect to his ancestors and to heaven and sometimes sought out fortune-telling Daoists. Daoism in Wu Di's time was a philosophy evolving into a religion. Its fundamental tenet was to let things be, an avoidance of mankind's quest for power and wealth and an acceptance of whatever will happen. But some Daoists claimed to be able to read the future.

And some claim that talent now. So, seeking my own fortune, I headed to the Daoist temple complex of Lou Guan Tai ("high view") on a mountainside a couple of hours east of Xian. "We had important roles in every dynasty because we prognosticated according to the stars," said a priest I met there. He had a round face and wore his hair balled atop his head. "This is the way we do it now," he added, displaying a box of a hundred varnished bamboo slivers. "Take one," he invited. I did.

"Number 64," he read the stick. He disappeared and returned with a slip of yellow paper, also numbered 64, and pronounced: "Everything you are doing is in harmony with the heavens. All the people you will meet in China are good."

My interpreter, Gao Jain, drew a stick and also received a happy prognosis. Hmmm. I began to suspect that all the hundred fortunes were calculated to please the customer. "Not at all," the priest said." You might have drawn 16," He produced the corresponding paper and read: "Your career is not good. It is better to go home and start farming. There is a lot of gossip about you, and the emperor does not like you."

I wonder if any prophesier would have dared deliver a similarly grim forecast to the autocratic Emperor Wu.

Emperor Wu flung armies in all directions, expending the empire into much of the territory that is today China, such as Yunnan Province in the southwest, and even occupying what is now northern Vietnam and Korea. But his fiercest campaigns took place in the northwest, where the Han frontiers had long suffered raids by the Xiongnu, a nomadic people.

The patchwork of fortifications that one day would become known as the Great Wall was a sieve. Emperors had bribed Xiongnu chieftains, even presenting Han princesses as wives, but still the raiders came. Finally, in 133 B.C., Wu Di declared war on the Xiongnu. In a single campaign "the men and horses killed in the Han side amounted to over a hundred thousand," Sima Qian wrote. But gradually Han rule was extended westward across what is today the Xinjiang Uygur Autonomous Region to the Pamir mountain range, 2,000 miles west of Changan. Expeditions even pushed beyond the mountains into Uzbekistan.

A lacework of tracks already crossed the vast Taklimakan Desert in Xinjinang. For year they had borne a trickle of goods; silk, iron implements, and lacquerware leaving China were swapped among desert dwellers for jade, furs, and horses. As Han armies pushed into the desert, the roads became more secure and the traffic exploded-the real beginning of the Silk Road land bridge between East and West.

Life survives in the Taklimkan only where springs bubble up or streams bring runoff from distant mountains. These oases became the outposts of empire, and I wanted to see them. So I hired an SUV with a driver, Wang Xinhu, and asked Yang Yi Yong an archaeologist who had worked years in the desert, to go along. Following routes on the desert's northern rim, we climbed parched mountain ranges and bumped across plains stretching into sun-blinded infinity.

I imagined strings of laden camels plodding our road. "Going both ways," Yang said, reminding me that in payment for silk China received nuts, sesame seeds, and grapes from Persia, spices and perfumes from India, and even glass from the Mediterranean. "Chinese traders sold their silk to Central Asian traders who sent it on toward Rome." By the beginning of the Christian era Romans were spending so much for silk that Emperor Tiberius prohibited the wearing of it.

To the oases, Yang continued, Han emperors sent not only soldiers but thousands of peasants — pioneers who would bulk up the empire's presence. The colonists encountered, besides Xiongnu, desert dwellers with Caucasian features, as proved by desiccated corpses exhumed from graves. One scholar told me: "I believe that when the Han came, the majority of desert people were white." Some experts say they may have migrated from Iran or even the Mediterranean. Or, others speculate, from southern Russia or Siberia.

One of the Han-occupied oases was in the Turpan Depression, 505 feet below sea level. At a humble open-air truck stop there, Wang drenched the SUV's radiator with a stream of water; the temperature was 110°F and a hard climb was ahead.

The road corkscrewed, surmounting ridges of naked rock. At last we topped out at 4,000 feet, and suddenly I was seeing grass and willows. Yang told me this was the oasis of Yanqi, the hub of a small kingdom in Han times and, because of its plentiful water, a crucial destination for caravans.

We climbed another barren mountain range and dropped down on Korla. Han caravanners knew this oasis too; rather, they knew the Korla that today is just rubble, with a few visible potsherds. Present-day Korla is a Taklimakan anomaly, a high-rise-studded mini-Houston for oil fields far off in the dunes — a main source of China's petroleum. Billboards urge petroleum executives to wear three-piece suits with such brand names as Tiger and Achievement. (No three-piece Tigers or Achievements on the streets in hot May, however.)

Next morning we headed west from Korla on a lonely highway that coursed through thornbush and stunted tamarisks. Occasionally we came on the stubby remains of Han fortifications, made of pounded earth, and even an intact lookout tower rising 45 feet. Guard duty in these places must have seemed like exile to the most desolate corner of the world.

The small city of Kuqa was a welcome smear of green on the horizon. A Han headquarters, it still possesses part of its ancient wall. Modern Kuqa, hard by the ruins, moves substantially on horsepower and donkey power, although some wealthier folk travel by motorbike. Almost everyone is Uygur, a Turkic people. Numbering more than seven million, Uygurs are Xinjiang's largest population group. Though they are Muslims, with strong cultural ties to Central Asia, their original homeland was the Mongolian steppe, from which they fled in the ninth century A.D. One of the surprises of the Taklimakan is that its hostile wastes have sheltered a succession of peoples on the move.

Kuqa's Friday bazaar beckoned crowds to buy from heaps of practical goods such as buckets, rope, and bicycle parts. In a smoky pavilion kebab sellers vied for business. "Come here!" they called. "Here's a table!" Women flashed through the crowd in red and lavender dresses and spangled scarves. Beyond the kebab cooks awaited the rice sellers and their mounds of grain and then the shoe repairmen, who fastened soles with a few turns of hand-cranked machines.

It is, altogether, a classic Central Asian bazaar, like those I've seen in Afghanistan, and to my mind it is a national treasure. I'm not sure China agrees. The present regime has compelled hundreds of thousands of Han to move into Xinjiang to dilute the dominance of the sometimes restive Uygurs. Emperor Wu had a similar purpose in mind, of course, when he dispatched Han peasants to the oases.

Wu Di's marathon reign ended with his death in 87 B.C. His milary campaigns had taken the nasty to its peak of dominion and prestige. But the cycle of yang was sliding into yin. War expenses had drained the treasury. Profiteers "were busy accumulating wealth and forcing the poor into their hire," Sima Qian chronicled. Other peasants were being squeezed onto smaller plots of land while the estates of well-connected landlords grew larger. The widening gap between rich and poor would become the dynasty's most explosive problem.

At court, powerful families were jockeying to control the throne and share its riches. When Wu Di's first empress faced demotion — she had failed to bear him an heir — a daughter intervened, attempting to rescue the situation by witchcraft, a serious crime. Her scheming led to the slaughter of hundreds of implicated people.

Nor should we overlook the manipulations of a beautiful commoner named Flying Swallow, who flew high indeed, becoming empress in 16 B.C. A favorite of Emperor Cheng, she managed to depose his chosen empress by accusing her of the same evil, witchcraft. Jealousies and scheming spawned years of feuds, executions, and even pitched battles, weakening the Liu clan's grip.

And finally, a coup. In A.D. 9 Wang Mang, member of a powerful family, was emboldened to shove aside the wobbling Liu regime and usurp the throne. After 215 years, Han rule was ended, he proclaimed, and a new dynasty was beginning, called just that: Xin, "new."

Scholars debate whether Wang Mang represented yin or yang. To redress the distorted land ownership pattern, he set out to dissolve the bloated estates of the Lius and dispense their holdings to the peasantry. But after 14 years he had not succeeded, and the peasantry did him in, in consort with the Yellow River.

China's mother river, as it's called, the Yellow River was the lifeline of many dynasties, providing a 3,000-mile-long route for trade, transportation, and irrigation. But she was a violent matriarch. In Wang Mang's reign the river went on a terrible rampage. Fleeing peasants became mobs of hungry looters, triggering a full-scale rebellion. Red paint smeared on their foreheads, an identity badge, inspired the name by which the rebels were known, Red Eyebrows. Wang Mang tried to restore order, but the Red Eyebrows were invincible. In A.D. 23 they entered Changan and lopped off Wang Mang's head.

Once more the throne was up for grabs, and in the chaos the Liu clan saw its opportunity. Liu Xiu, a ninth-generation descendant of the dynasty's founder, proclaimed himself emperor. While the Red Eyebrows sacked Changan, he led his followers to Luoyang and inaugurated Han Chapter II. The rebellion died out and the Lius were back in business for another 195 years. Historians often refer to the Han reign in Changan as Former Han or Western Han, while the Luoyang era is Later Han or Eastern Han.

At noontime in Luoyang I watched a boy kick his soccer ball down a street almost empty of traffic. Compared with throbbing, neon-lit Xian, Luoyang is gray and muted. An unfinished highrise hotel stands forlornly near the city center.

The site of the Eastern Han capital, a few miles away, reminded me of Changan, with remains of the city wall rimming grain fields and cabbage plots. A low mound is all that's left of the observatory where astronomers tracked the heavens. "They made the dynasty's calendar and told the time for planting," said archaeologist Duan Pengqi, who spent years excavating at Luoyang. "If anything unusual happened, such as a planet turning bright, they reported it to the emperor because it might be a sign of something momentous about to occur."

The Liu scion who reestablished Han rule, known today as Guangwu Di, was a strongman who reigned at Luoyang for 32 years, until A.D. 57. His capital was one of the world's most populous cities, with perhaps half a million inhabitants and palaces that rose several stories.

Life in those palaces was indubitably grand. I looked in one day on a party, recorded on the brick wall of a tunnel 36 steps below ground. The honoree wore a festive red dress. She was seated at one end of a great hall with many guests who were being entertained by jugglers and musicians.

Artists painted this scene, which is about 25 feet long, in a tomb at Xinmi in Henan Province, where the honoree and her husband were buried. "We can't be sure who she is," said the tomb's curator, Wang Mingliang, "but we believe the scene represents some important occasion in her life." The tomb's construction and decoration probably required the labor of a hundred artisans for six or seven years. Many royals were interred far more elaborately, their bodies encased in, and supposedly preserved by, suits of jade wafers stitched together with gold wire.

People in Luoyang "are extravagant in clothing, excessive in food and drink," wrote a disgusted observer of Han life in the first century A.D. Even slaves, coachmen, and concubines wore fine brocades, pearls, and jade.

All the while, the peasant's lot was worsening. For the desperate poor, selling one's self into slavery was an option, although the number of slaves apparently never became large. More likely, an indebted peasant forfeited his small plot to a landlord and became indentured. As estates grew bigger, so did the numbers of unemployed who roamed the countryside looking for work.

Perhaps one of those had been Cao Fu, whose name appears on a crude gravestone collected from a Luoyang cemetery for convicts. Cao died while serving the five-year sentence of another man, Hu Fei. "A rich man convicted of a crime could hire a substitute prisoner," archaeologist Duan explained. "We think very few public officials were imprisoned."

Impoverished peasants, and also some aristocrats, must have sought escape from the gathering storm at a Buddhist temple a couple of miles from old Luoyang. On shady paths there I followed pilgrims moving reverently from altar to altar. Many were poor folk who bore simple offerings — two or three peaches or apples. A gong's throaty resonance lingered among the junipers.

A monk named Zhang, who walked with me, said two monks brought the faith to Luoyang around A.D. 67, having entered China via the Silk Road. "They brought statues and scriptures on a white horse," Zhang said. Thus the temple's name today: White Horse. From this and other founts Buddhism expanded across China, joining Confucianism and Daoism — the three teachings, as Chinese call them — as a profound influence upon future dynasties and China's masses.

Toward the end of the first century A.D. the house of Liu stumbled into a long streak of bad luck in which one emperor after another died young, without a chosen heir, or without sons at all. The new emperor might be a child (perhaps a cousin of the deceased ruler) or even an infant. Real power usually resided in a regent from the family of an empress (even child rulers were provided with empresses). Court scheming intensified.

Yin, yang. While the aristocrats jockeyed, a remarkable device was installed in the Bureau of Astronomy and Calendar. Six feet wide, it looked like a bronze jar. Eight dragon heads were placed around its upper part. Beneath each was a bronze toad. If the jar felt an earthquake's tremor, even a faint one, a ball dropped from a dragon into a toad's mouth. The genius of this, the ancestor of all seismographs, was that the ball dropped in the direction from which the tremor came, thanks to a mechanism inside the jar. Some engineers believe it was a pendulum suspended from a sling with eight levers attached to the eight dragon mouths. If a tremor came, say, from the south, it caused the lower part of the pendulum to swing north. Therefore, the upper part tipped south, engaging the lever attached to the southern dragon. Its mouth opened, the ball dropped. Thus Zhang Heng, who invented his "earthquake weathercock" in A.D. 132, could inform the court if a distant earthquake occurred, and indicate the direction of the stricken area.

Zhang's device surely registered several tremors that, along with other calamities, such as floods and locust swarms, led prognosticators to conclude that heaven was angry and the end of the dynasty was approaching.

Indeed, everything was spinning out of control. Thousands from Luoyang's Confucian academy protested corruption — China's first student demonstrations. At court, eunuchs, once merely servants and harem guards, became a potent force in the often bloody scheming, enriching themselves as they supplanted purged officials. Massive peasant uprisings roiled the provinces "like a billowing sea," as one historian wrote, even threatening the capital in A.D. 184.

Six years later a general named Dong Zhuo seized power and placed a child, Liu Xie, on the throne. Last of the 27 Lius to be called emperor, the puppet was powerless to rescue the empire of his forefathers. Dong murdered the eunuchs and burned Luoyang to the ground. Warlords battled each other. Liu Xie finally abdicated in 220, and China broke into warring states, not to be unified again for three and a half centuries.

Seen close-up the Han nobility looks less than noble. But at that range other dynasties look no better. The Han's supreme goal was maintaining itself, and despite bouts of turmoil, it succeeded so well that centuries later, when China was scourged by civil war and nomad raiders were plundering northern towns, people looked back longingly to Han unity and peace.

And it really never died, this dynasty, transmitting cultural precepts and beliefs still valid. "The West inherits its traditions from the Romans and Greeks," summarizes Liu Qingzhu, director of the Institute of Archaeology in Beijing, "while China inherits from the Han." Later dynasties would be more renowned, praised for artistic perfection and sophisticated governance. But the Han gave them a foundation — an impressive achievement for a regime sired by a coarse upstart who liked to befoul scholars'hats.

**WEBSITE EXCLUSIVE**Winds as strong as tornadoes, the hazards of rice wine, the challenges of photographing a farmer's market — get the author's and photographer's tales from the field at nationalgeographic.com/magazine/0402.

PEOPLE IN LUOYANG "ARE EXTRAVAGANT IN CLOTHING, EXCESSIVE IN FOOD AND DRINK," WROTE A DISGUSTED OBSERVER OF HAN LIFE IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. EVEN SLAVES, COACHMEN, AND CONCUBINES WORE FINE BROCADES, PEARLS, AND JADE. ALL THE WHILE THE PEASANT'S LOT WAS WORSENING.

AFTER LIU BANG'S DEATH IN 195 B.C. HIS EMPRESS, LU ZHI, TRIED TO HIJACK THE EMPIRE FOR HER OWN FAMILY. SHE HAD SEVERAL OF HIS SONS MURDERED AND MUTILATED HIS FAVORITE CONCUBINE, THEN HAD HER TOSSED INTO A PIRVY. THIS WOULDN'T BE THE LAST TIME AN EMPRESS OR CONCUBINE COLLUDED IN A DANDGROUS POLITICAL GAME.

[**A TALE OF TWO POWERS**](http://eds.a.ebscohost.com/eds/delivery?sid=ce2355b6-58cc-4a47-aab3-1ac26d9c01bf%40sessionmgr4006&vid=4&ReturnUrl=http%3a%2f%2feds.a.ebscohost.com%2feds%2fdetail%2fdetail%3fvid%3d3%26sid%3dce2355b6-58cc-4a47-aab3-1ac26d9c01bf%2540sessionmgr4006%26bdata%3dJkF1dGhUeXBlPWNvb2tpZSxpcCxjcGlkJmN1c3RpZD1oYWRraWxsJnNpdGU9ZWRzLWxpdmU%253d#toc)

At its greatest extent around A.D. 100, the Han Empire's reach was comparable to Rome's (inset). Military threats led to Han expansion in the deserts of the northwest, the Korean Peninsula, and Southeast Asia. Trade followed the military occupation. The styles of empire were markedly different: Rome's economy relied on slavery, for instance, while Han prosperity rode mainly on the backs of free peasants.

MAP

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By Mike Edwards

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. Louis Mazzatenta