

CHINA



Hong Xiu-quan (1814-1864), the Heavenly King (so titled) and founder of The Heavenly Kingdom of Transcendent Peace, was the Chinese leader of the *Taiping* \fn{Perfect Peace} Rebellion (1850-1866) against the Qing Dynasty. Believing himself to be a brother of Jesus Christ, he proclaimed that he and his followers were fighting a holy war to rid the world of demons and establish paradise on earth, in the pursuit thereof marching his armies through every province of Imperial China except Gansu and in the ensuing chaos establishing his rule over large portions of southern China, the region of his birth. Sun Yat-sen came from the same area as Hong and was said to have identified with Hong since his childhood days; the Communists under Mao Tse-tung generally admired Hong and his movement as a legitimate peasant uprising that anticipated their own. Hong himself was convinced beyond doubt of the righteousness of his cause. In 1837, at the age of 23, he wrote the following

“Poem On Executing the Evil and Preserving the Righteous”:

In my hand I wield the Universe and the power to attack and kill, | I slay the evil, preserve the righteous, and relieve the people’s suffering. | My eyes see through beyond the west, the north, the rivers and the mountains, | My voice shakes the east, the south, the Sun and the Moon. | The glorious word of authority was given by the Lord, | Poems and books are evidences that praise Yahweh in front of Him. | *Taiping* \fn{Perfect Peace} unifies the World of Light, | The domineering air will be joyous for millions of millennia.

LITERATURE COMPOSED BY AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEAR COULD ONLY BE ESTIMATED, BUT WHO MAY STILL BE CONFIDENTLY PLACED AT SOME TIME WITHIN THE MID TO LATE SEVENTEENTH, THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURIES: 1680-1899

AUTHORS WHO WROTE AT SOME TIME DURING THE 17TH CENTURY

(Page 17)—281.41 The Preface And Poems \fn{by the anonymous “girl from Guji” (17th century)} Guiji Village, near Huainan, Anhui Province, China (F) -1

(17)—266.162a & 267.109 1. Meditation On The Past In Jade Effusion Garden 2. Banquet On A Winter’s Day At The Residence Of Chai Jixian 3. Cold Of The West Window 4. Marching Rhymes With My Mother’s Poem “An Offering To Zhuge Liang, The Martial Marquis” 5. Composed To The Song “A Beautiful Woman Combs Her Hair” 6. Note To Yaqing On An Autumn Day 7. Lament For My Mother, On The Fifth Day Of The Fifth Month 8. On The Original Theme 9. While At The Lake Cottage, I Observe Some Girls On An Outing 10. Playing Chess With

Yaqing On A Spring Day: **Ten Poems** \fn{by **Qian Fenglun** aka **Yunyi** (fl.1690)} Hangzhou area?, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 2

(21)—266.53 **Song Of The Qinhuai River** \fn{by **Yan Weixu** (fl.1690s)} Xinyu County, Jiangxi Province, China (F) 1

(22)—266.162 **Studying In The Inner Apartments** \fn{by **He Yuying** (fl. late 17th century)} China (F) -1

(22)—267.94 1. Describing My Thoughts 2. Zhenniang's Grave 3. Rhyming With A Poem Sent By Scholar Tianshui 4. Sending Tianshui Off To West Lake 5. Supplementing Tianshui's Farewell Poem To Me 6. On An Old Embroidered Mirror Bag 7. Giving A Garden Balsam Flower To Tianshui 8. Reading *Juanhong furen ji* 9. Cutting Off My Ring And Sending It To Tianshui 10. Burning My Poems 11. Writing Of My Regrets At Age Twenty:

Twelve Poems \fn{by **Chen Susu** (late 17th century)} Yangzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 2

(24)—274.81 **Untitled Poem By A Buddhist Lay-woman** \fn{by **Gui Shufen** (late 17th century)} China (F) -1

(24)—267.168 *Gujin mingyuan baihua shiyu: "Preface"* \fn{by **Sun Huiyuan** aka **Jingwan** (later 17th century)} Xiushui, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

(25)—267.169 **A Short Story** \fn{by **Qian Yi** (fl. late 17th- early 18th century)} Hangzhou?, China (F) 1

(26)—China 4.154 Excerpt from *Hong Xue Xuan Gao: Liu Juan* \fn{by **Gao Jingfang** (fl. late 17th-early 18th century)} Shaanxi Province, China (F) 44

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED DURING—OR WHO WERE BORN BEFORE OR AFTER—SOME SPECIFIC 18TH CENTURY DATE

(71)—266.167 **Lady Yu** \fn{by **Wu Yonghe** (fl. 1700)} China (F) -1

(71)—269.113c 1. Excerpt from **Looking At A Dropped Hairpin Reflected In The River's Flow** 2. My Morning Makeup \fn{by **Gao Jingfang** (fl.1718)} China (F) -1

(72)—267.97 1. Sending Off My Younger Brother Yunting To Qinshong 2. Sent To Madame Yunqing 3. Inscribed On A Painting 4. Double Seventh Eve 5. The Day After New Year's: **Five Poems** \fn{by **Xu Yingyu** aka **Ruobing** (c.1720-1750)} China (F) 1

(73)—267.98 1. Untitled couplet 2. *Yijan mei* 3. Venting Feelings 4. *Dao lianzi* 5. *Dao lian zi* 6. *Xi jiang yue* 7. *Xi jiang yue* 7. *Yu meiren*: **Seven Poems** \fn{by **Hou Cheng'en** aka **Xiaoyi** (fl.c.1722)} Jiading, nr. Shanghai, China (F) 1

(74)—281.42 **Twelve Song Lyrics, Ten Poems And Two Letters** \fn{by **Shuangqing** (before 1733-)} Xiaoshan District, Hangzhou City, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 7

(82)—267.99 1. Ballad Of The Water Wheel 2. On A Painting Of A Fisherman 3. Autumn Of The *Yimao* Year, A Poem To Console My Husband On Not Passing The Examination At Nanjing: **Three Poems** \fn{by **Mao Xiuhui** aka **Shanhui** (fl.1735)} Taicang, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

(83)—197.99 **The Doctor Monk Of Jinshan Temple** \fn{by **Wu Xiangju** (after 1740-)} China (M) 2

(84)—197.101 1. The Elegant Dupe 2. The Leper Girl Qiu Lieu **Two Short Stories** \fn{by **Xian Ding** (after 1740-)} China (M) 8

(93)—197.73 1. Mr. Lu's Adventure 2. Sister Zhi The Fox Fairy 3. Tan The Ninth 4. Two Wrongly-matched Couples: **Three Short Stories And One Short Tale** \fn{by **He Bang'er** (after 1741-)} China (M) 12

(105)—266.167a **Sitting At Ease Among The Pines** \fn{by **Cai Wan** (before c.1750)} China (F) -1

(105)—197.85 1. The Mynah 2. Black Eyebrows 3. Fallen Flower Island 4. Fake Ghost 5. Green-Apparel Kingdom: **Five Short Tales** \fn{by **Hao Gezi** (after 1752-)} China (M) 14

(119)—267.100 1. Sending Off Spring 2. A Farewell For Mr. Liu Chunqing, Leaving For The North 3. An Inscription For Magistrate Tang Taoshan's Painting "Aged Friends Find Tranquility On A Zen Mat" 4. Mourning The Death of My Fourth Daughter 5. On The Night Of The Sixteenth, While Listening To Rain, I Duplicate The

Rhyme Of Young Sister Guizhai's "Spring Moon" 6. Fragment of "Endorsing Zaisheng yuan": **Six Poems**\fn{by Gui Maoyi aka Peishan (c.1762-c.1832)} Changshu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 2

*

(121)—269.121b Excerpts from **A Cautionary Ode To Her Son On His First Governorship, In Shaanxi Province**\fn{by Zhang Zao (d.1780)} China (F) -1

*

(121)—269.122 1. Seventh Night 2. A Record Of Light Refreshment Taken In The Moon Tower On Seventh Night\fn{by Zhang Yuzhen (before 1782-)} China (F) -1

*

(121)—266.170 **Written On A Cold Night Waiting For Zhushi, Who Does Not Return And Reading Hon'glou Meng Chuanqi**\fn{by Jin Yi (d.1794)} China (F) -1

*

(121)—269.122b & 267.114 1. On Giving Birth To Another Girl Just As The Soul Of My Second Daughter, Dead Of Smallpox, Returned 2. Weeping For My Elder Daughter 3. To Thank Uncle Zicai, Who Sent A Poem As An Inscription For The Painting Entitled "Giving My Son Lessons By An Autumn Lamp" 4. Spring Miscellanies \fn{by Dai Lanying aka Yaozhen (before 1796)} China (F) 2

(123)—204.49 Excerpt from **Letters From The Snow-Swan Studio: A Letter To Sun Weisan**\fn{by Gong Weizhai (active 1796-1820)} Kuaiji, Zhejiang Province, China (M) 2

(125)—204.51 **Two Letters From The Autumn Floods Studio**\fn{by Xu Jiacun (active 1796-1820)} Shanyin, Zhejiang Province, China (M) 1

*

(126)—269.114 **Sent To My Husband**\fn{by Zhou Yao (fl.1799)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE GENERALLY CONNECTED WITH SOME TIME DURING THE 18TH CENTURY

(126)—266.54 **A Courtesan Laments Her Fate**\fn{by Gao Zhixian (18th century?)} China (F) 1

(126)—269.71 **Discussing Poetry With My Female Disciple Sufang**\fn{by Duomin (18th century?)} China (F) -1

(127)—266.166b **A Dream Of Heaven**\fn{by Xu Quan aka Yiyang (fl. 18th century)} Jiujiang City, Jiangxi Province, China (F) 1

(127)—269.67 **Remembering My Younger Sister**\fn{by Ou Long (fl. 18th century)} Nanjing, Jiangxi Province, China

(128)—267.102 1. A Spring Day 2. *Huan xi sha* 3. Spring Scenery 4. *Sheng zhazi* 5. Willow Floss 6. Night Rain 7. Chanting In My Chamber: **Seven Poems**\fn{by Zhang Xueya aka Gushi (18th century)} Taiyuan, Shanxi Province, China (F) 2

(129)—267.104 1. Feelings About My Late Sister's Former Abode 2. Hearing Geese From My Autumn Chambers 3. On The Autumn Magnolias, In Reply To My Husband 4. Two Song-Lyrics Written In Fun About Sixth Sister Flying A Butterfly Kite 5. *Pusa man* 6. Sending A Letter: **Seven Poems**\fn{by Zhang Xuedian aka Guzheng (18th century)} Taiyuan, Shanxi Province, China (F) 2

(131)—267.106 1. Winter In The Boudoir 2. Spring Mood 3. Spring Regrets 4. Boudoir Thoughts 5. The End Of Spring: **Five Poems**\fn{by Xu Yuanduan aka Yanxiang (18th century)} Ganchuan, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

(132)—269.68 **Joy At My Younger Brother's Arrival**\fn{by Wang Yuru (18th century)} Yunnan Province, China (F) -1

(133)—269.130 **Untitled Poem**\fn{by Song Jingwei (18th century)} China (F) -1

(133)—269.120c **Spring Mood**\fn{by Hsi Yüan-tuan (18th century)} Kiangsu Province, China (F) -1

(133)—274.85 **Recalling History On My Way To Jingzhou**\fn{by Wang Danyin (18th century)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY 18TH CENTURY

(134)—266.164 1. **In The Manner Of Tao Qian** 2. **To Lady Gu (Second Of Two)** 3. **Living The Quiet Life**\fn{by Lu Qingzi (early 18th century?)} China (F) -1

(135)—266.173b Excerpt from the **Preface to "Poems By Notable Ladies"**\fn{by Zha Changyuan (early 18th century?)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH THE MID-18TH CENTURY

- (135)—269.50a 1. Ten Verses Presented On The Occasion Of A Gathering In The Capital Of My Disciples To See Me Off 2. Traveling 3. Traveling In The Mountains: **Three Poems**\fn{by Ziyong (fl.mid-18th century?)} Liaodong Province, China (F) 1
- (1376)—269.51a 1. Untitled Poem 2. On Eating Bamboo Shoots: **Two Poems**\fn{by Yinhui (fl.mid-18th century?)} Jiangsu Province?, China (F) -1
- (137)—266.168 **Hardships Of The Road**\fn{by Zhuang Tao (fl. mid-18th century)} China (F) 1
- (138)—266.173 Excerpt from **Respectfully Presented After Reading Lady Ren of Songling's Poem "A Spring Day Spent Quietly At Home," Matching The Original Rhymes**\fn{by Jiang Zhu (fl. mid-18th century)} China (F) -1
- (138)—266.173c Excerpt from **In The Manner Of Shaoling's "Seven Songs"**\fn{by Shen Huiyu (fl. mid-18th century)} China (F) -1
- (139)—269.50 **To Lady Scholar Zifan**\fn{by Jizhu (fl.mid-18th century)} Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (139)—269.51b **Inscribed Upon A Portrait Of Ziwu**\fn{by Wuwo (fl.mid-18th century?)} Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region, China (F) -1
- (139)—267.112 1. Thinking Of My Younger Cousin Chen Yuhuan 2. Seeing Off The Spring 3. Flower Festival 4. Seeing Off Spring 5. On An Autumn Day Sojourning In Qiantang\fn{by Xu Feiyun (mid-18th century)} Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE LATE 18TH CENTURY

- (140)—266.169 Fragments from **The Song Of Mulan**\fn{by Wang Caiwei (fl. late 18th century)} China (F) 1
- (141)—267.115 1. A portrait Of A Beauty Enjoying The Cool Air 2. *Yu meiren ying* 3. A folding Fan Of Pear Blossoms And Twin Swallows 4. The Fifth Watch 5. Candles: **Five Poems**\fn{by Qu Bingyun aka Wanxian (fl. late 18th century)} Changshu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (142)—267.117 1. *Die lian hua* 2. Late Autumn 3. In Mid-Summer When It Gets Warmer, Someone Asks Me To Paint Plum Blossoms On a Fan; So I Inscribe The Following Verse On It 4. *Langtao sha* 5. *Yuzhong hua*: **Five Poems**\fn{by Shen Ke aka Yunpu (fl. late 18th century)} Jiangyin, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (144)—267.118 1. Talking At Night With My Elder Sister 2. Composed In Grief As I Sorted Out My Sister 3. Inscribed On My Own Portrait 4. Thoughts On A Cold Night 5. *Wu jiaqi*: **Five Poems**\fn{by Tan Yinmei aka Xiangqing (fl. late 18th century)} Huzhou, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 2
- (145)—267.120 1. Seeing Spring Off 2. Hearing Cicadas Droning As I Returned In A Boat: **Two Poems**\fn{by Shen Xiangyun aka Quiqin (fl. late 18th century)} Jiangyin, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (146)—267.121 1. In Late Spring Matching The Rhymes Of My Friend Lu Suchuang 2. Spring's End 3. Thinking Of My Friend Jiang Bicen On A Spring Night 4. Composed With Qingxi As Spring Departs 5. Sending Spring Off, I Match The Rhymes Of Suchuang 6. *Huan xi sha* 7. Spring Day 8. *Fenghuangtai shang yi chuixiao*: **Eight Poems**\fn{by Shen Xiang aka Huisun (fl. late 18th century)} Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 2
- (149)—267.123 1. Awakening In The Morning 2. *Shiliuzi ling* 3. Autumn Night 4. Young Willows 5. Remembering My Mother: **Five Poems**\fn{by Yang Jidua aka Guxue (fl. late 18th century)} Suining, Sichuan Province, China (F) 1
- (150)—267.114 1. To Thank Uncle Zicai, Who Sent A Poem As An Inscription For The Painting Entitled "Giving My Son Lessons By An Autumn Lamp" 2. Spring Miscellanies: **Two Poems**\fn{by Dai Lanying aka Yaozhen (fl. late 18th century)} China (F) 1

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN DURING THE LATE 18TH CENTURY

- (151)—267.113 1. Cooling Off 2. *Liu shao qing* 3. Sitting In The Night 4. The Uncle Of My Friend Yan Passes By My House And Shows Me His Recent Works; Humbly I Present The Following Verse 5. *Sheng zhazi*: **Five Poems**\fn{by Zhang Yuzhen aka Lansheng, Yunshan (late 18th century)} Huating, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (152)—267.125 1. *Chang xiang si* 2. *Fengguang hao* 3. *Pusa man* 1 4. *Pusa man* 2 5. *Haitang chun*: **Five Poems**\fn{by Wang Yuzhen aka Yiqiu (late 18th century)} Wujiang, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (153)—267.126 1. *Jiang shen zi* I 2. *Jiang shen zi* II 3. *Jiang shen zi* III 4. *Jiang shen zi* IV 5. *Jiang shen zi* V 6. *Jiang shen zi* VI 7. *Jiang shen zi* VII 8. *Jiang shen zi* VIII 9. *Jiang shen zi* IX: **Nine Poems**\fn{by Pu Mengzhu aka Heshuang (late 18th century)} China (F) 2

- (156)—267.128 1. Written In Fun For Li, The Old Mountain Man 2. My Great-Uncle Fan, Passing Through Jinling, Composed A Poem Upon The Grave Of Mr. Fang Zhengxue. I Followed His Rhymes. 3. Remembering My Mother 4. My Fourth Brother Kenzi Wanted To Change His Name And Style Name. Selecting Words From “Wen Wang Shi Zi,” I renamed Him Kexin, With The New Style Name Zhengei, And Then Composed This Poem To Mark The Event: **Four Poems**\fn{by Ni Ruixan (late 18th century)} Suqian County, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (157)—267.129 1. Sunset 2. Pear Blossoms In The Next Yard 3. Spring Sacrifice: **Three Poems**\fn{by Bao Zhilan aka Wanfang (late 18th century)} Dantu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (157)—267.130 1. Sleepless 2. Sitting Up At Night 3. Thoughts On A Rainy Day 4. Going By The Old House: **Four Poems**\fn{by Bao Zhihui aka Chaixiang (late 18th century)} Dantu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (158)—267.131 1. Getting Through The Summer 2. Out On A Boat, Facing The Moon, Thinking Of My Brother And Sister-in-Law In The Capital 3. On Hearing A Flute: **Three Poems**\fn{by Bao Zhifen aka Huanyun (late 18th century)} Dantu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (159)—267.132 1. *Cai sang zi* 2. *Qingyu'an*: **Two Poems**\fn{by Wu Guichen (late 18th century)} Jintan, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (159)—267.132a 1. The Double Seventh, Written To My Husband 2. Written In Fun For The Daughter Of Heaven On The Seventh Day Of The Intercalary Sixth Month 3. Emotions Aroused On The Double Seventh 4. Relating Harbored Thoughts While Ill 5. On A Spring Evening During My Illness: **Five Poems**\fn{by Jiang Renlan aka Qiupai (late 18th century)} Jiaxing Prefecture, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 1
- (161)—267.134 1. *Man yuan hua* 2. Plum Blossoms 3. Some Thoughts At Spring's End 4. Thoughts On A Rainy Night 5. Again Following The Rhymes Of Heart Studio 6. Peony Matches Heart Studio 7. A Reply Offered To Heart Studio In Lieu Of A Letter: **Seven Poems**\fn{by Jiang Zhu aka Bicen (late 18th century)} China (F) 2

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN DURING THE LATE 18TH – EARLY 19TH CENTURY

- (163)—266.170b 1. On Reading *Shitou ji*, I Praise The Lady Of The Xiao And Xiang Rivers 2. A Prefatory Poem To Li Shaozi's *chuanqi Jinghua yuan*\fn{by Qian Shoupu aka Qian Pu (late 18th-early 19th century)} Hangzhou, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 1
- (164)—269.52 **Feelings**\fn{by Wuqing (late 18th-early 19th century)} Yangzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (165)—267.144 1. Weed Lake 2. The “Precious Sword” Poem 3. Grasses: **Three Poems**\fn{by Sun Yunhe aka Lanyou, Xianpin (late 18th-early 19th centuries)} Hangzhou, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1
- (165)—267.144a **Untitled poem**\fn{by Zhu Mei aka Zixiang (late 18th-early 19th centuries)} Yuanyang, nr. Jiaxing, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1
- (165)—267.144b **Untitled poem**\fn{by Xu Yuru aka Yeuxian (late 18th-early 19th centuries)} Yanshan, nr. Tianjin, China (F) -1
- (166)—269.100c **Lamentation**\fn{by Wang Yun (late 18th-early 19th century)} China (F) -1
- (166)—267.152 1. Willow Catkins 2. Listening To A Flute On A Spring Evening 3. An Autumn Evening 4. Presented In Reply To A Poem Elder Brother Sent To Express His Feelings While Pondering Antiquity At Jingkou 5. Faded Chrysanthemums 6. The Cricket 7. A Little Song-Lyric Written To Record My Feelings After The Cherry Apple Trees Burst Into Bloom Beside Twin Peak Studio 8. Sent To My Husband 9. The Qingming Festival 10. Rising From A Sickbed: **Ten Poems**\fn{by Zhuang Panzhu aka Zhuang Lianpei (fl. early 19th century)} Changzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 3
- (170)—China 4.114 *Qui Shui Xuan Shi Xuan Yi Juan, Ci Yi Juan*\fn{by Zhuang Panzhu (fl. late 18th-early 19th century)} Yanghu, Jiangsu Province, (F) 26

AN AUTHOR WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE 18TH CENTURY TO THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

- (195)—274.88 **Staying At The Little Tower At Duanqiao, Which Was Probably The Former Residence Of Huang Jieling, I Wrote A Poem To Record My Feelings**\fn{by Wen Jiangyu (fl. second half of the 18th century-first half of the 19th century)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1800 AND 1804

(195)—266.168a Chaste Girl Yang\fn{by Fan Huzen (fl. 1800)} China (F) -1

*

(195)—267.145 Untitled Poem\fn{by Song Mingqiong (-1802)} Hunan Province, China (F) -1

*

(196)—183.189 Four Letters From A Chinese Merchant\fn{by Li Qingen (before 1803-)} Xiamen, Fujian Province, China (M) 2

(199)—269.123 A Letter From A Youthful Courtesan\fn{by Cui Xiuying (before 1803-)} Suzhou, China (F)

*

(199)—269.123b To My Son Yongji On His Journey Far Away\fn{by Zhai Jingyi (before 1804-)} China (F) -1

(199)—269.124 Fragment, Apparently From A Letter Of Another, But Anonymous, Courtesan Of Nanjing\fn{by an otherwise anonymous courtesan (before 1804-)} China (F) -1

AN AUTHOR WHOSE CAREER FLOURISHED AROUND 1814

(200)—266.166a Early Summer Night\fn{by Tang Qingyun (fl.1814)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1820 AND 1825

(200)—208.196 A Mother's Letter To Taiping Commanders Requesting Their Co-operation With Her Son\fn{by T'an San-mei (before 1820?-)} Kwangsi Province?, China (F) -1

*

(201)—269.51 1. Convent Life 2. Untitled: Two Poems\fn{by Daoqian (-1820)} Jiahe, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

*

(201)—266.166 1. The Lone Wild Goose 2. The Withered Tree\fn{by Zhang Wanyu (before 1821-)} China (F) -1

(201)—204.120 Excerpts from An Ordeal Under The Barbarians\fn{by Cao Sheng (active 1821-1861)} Shanghai, Jiangshi Province, China (M) 2

*

(204)—China 1.170 Excerpt from *Lie Nü Zhuan Jiao Zhu* (Collations And Annotations To “Biographies Of Women”)\fn{by Liang Duan (-1825)} Qiantung, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 21

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH THE SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE OF 1830

(224)—208.117 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Chiang Ta-ch'eng (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1\fn{The bibliography for this set dealing with the Taiping Rebellion, and alleged to have been written “before 1830?” [Michael, Franz. *The Taiping Rebellion: History And Documents: Volume II: Documents and Comments*. Seattle (Washington), University of Washington Press, 1971. (MMCCCLIX) [DS 759 .M62 v.2] is a documentary source book. The treatises' themselves were designed as learning exercises under standardized titles written in Taiping classrooms under the control of this (Christian) sect: the leader proclaimed himself Emperor (the “Imperial Seal” refers to his seal); their “Heavenly Capital” was the city of Chin-ling; the “Criminal's Region” was the territory under the control of the Manchu Empire:H}

(225)—208.125 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Chou Chi-ts'ang (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

(226)—208.129 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Chung Hsiang-wen (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

(227)—208.130 A Reply To Harvey And Others Promising Protection And Trade\fn{by Fan Ju-tseng (before 1830?-)} China (M) -1

(228)—208.132 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Hsü Yü-shu (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

- (229)—208.134 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Huang Chi-shih (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (230)—208.136 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Huang Ts'ung-shan (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (231)—208.176 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Lin I-huan (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (231)—208.178 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Lo Ch'ang-ch'un (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (232)—208.179 1. A Note In Reply To Shih Feng-K'uei's Request For Supplies 2. A Reply To Sir George Bonham Discussing An Exchange Of Fire 3. A Letter To The English On Commercial Intercourse\fn{by Lo Ta-kang (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (234)—208.197 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Sung Yung-sheng (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (235)—208.198 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Teng Fu't'ing (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (236)—208.199 1. A Proclamation Ordering The People to Be At Peace In Their Occupations 2. A Notification Guaranteeing Protection To A wealthy Family\fn{by Teng Kuang-ming (before 1830?-)} China (M) 2
- (237)—208.201 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Wang Chih (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (238)—208.205 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Wu Jung-k'uan (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (239)—208.206 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Yeh Ch'un-shen (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1
- (240)—208.207 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Yüan Ming-chieh (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN SOME TIME BEFORE 1831

- (241)—269.130b **Untitled poem**\fn{by Ling Cunxun (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (241)—269.130c **Untitled poem**\fn{by Zhang Duanxiu (before 1831-)} (F) -1
- (212)—269.130d **Untitled poem**\fn{by Yuan Xhuxiu (before 1831-)} Anshun, Guizhou Province, China (F) -1
- (241)—269.130e **Untitled poem**\fn{by Liu Xiban (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (242)—269.130f **Excerpt from Lyrics Of Sorrow**\fn{by Xu Qibao (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (242)—269.131 **Thinking Of Bygone Days**\fn{by Xiong Lian (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (242)—269.131b **Untitled poem**\fn{by Lady Shi (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (242)—269.124b **Untitled poem**\fn{by Wang Ren (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (242)—269.124c **While Ill**\fn{by Hu Shenrong (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (243)—269.124d **Sitting In Silence**\fn{by Wang Feiqiong (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (243)—269.125 1. **Untitled poem** 2. **A letter to her husband** 3. **One of her remarks**\fn{by Jiang Lan (before 1831-)} China (F) 1
- (244)—269.126 **Teaching My Daughter**\fn{by Liang Lan'e (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (244)—269.126b **Excerpt from For My Granddaughters Studying Poetry And Calligraphy**\fn{by Zhang Shulian (218)—(before 1831-)} China (F) -1

- (244)—269.126c **Sitting At Night Discussing Poetry With My Brother**\fn{by Liu Wanhua (before 1831)} Yanghu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1
- (245)—269.127 **Looking After My Orphaned Nephew**\fn{by Zhu Wenyu (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (245)—269.127b **To My Sisters, In Memory Of Times Past**\fn{by Fang Jing (before 1831-)} Tongcheng, China (F) -1
- (245)—269.127c **Written to her husband as she saw him off to sit for the Imperial Examinations**\fn{by Zhang Yin (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (246)—269.128 **Untitled poem of encouragement**\fn{by Li Hanzhang (before 1831-)} Yunnan Province, China (F) -1
- (246)—269.128b **Picking Tea**\fn{by Wu Lan (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (246)—269.128c **A solitary couplet from a poem of renunciation**\fn{by Zhang Youxiang (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (246)—269.129 **Untitled poem**\fn{by Chen Anzi (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (246)—269.129b **Comforting My Mother**\fn{by an anonymous female suicide (before 1831-)} China (F) -1
- (247)—269.129c **Parting From My Parents**\fn{by an anonymous female suicide (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN AT SOME TIME BEFORE 1836

- (247)—269.129d **Farewell, Mother**\fn{by Ye Shi (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (247)—269.114b **Peach Blossoms In A Vase**\fn{by Guo Jie (before 1836)} China (F) -1
- (247)—269.114c **Writing About My Feelings**\fn{by Tong Feng (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (248)—269.115 **Poem On Making Up**\fn{by Weng Guangzhu (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (248)—269.115b **Stirred By Feelings On A Spring Day**\fn{by Qin Puzhen (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (248)—269.115c **Sent To My Husband**\fn{by Chen Shulan (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (248)—269.115e **Untitled poem**\fn{by Li Yingzhou (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (248)—269.115f **I Chatted With My Children On A Moonlit Night**\fn{by Sheng Sheng (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (248)—269.116 **A Night In Early Summer**\fn{by Tang Qingyun (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (249)—269.116b **1. Moved By Feelings In Late Spring, Using Lu Fangweng's Rhymes 2. Excerpt from My Humble Residence**\fn{by Bing Yue (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (249)—269.117 **Untitled poem**\fn{by Yuan Hanhuang (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (249)—269.117b **Excerpt from My Wall Was Damaged By A Storm**\fn{by Mao Huifang (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (250)—269.117c **Excerpt from an untitled poem**\fn{by Wang Wei (before 1836-)} China (F) -1
- (250)—269.117d **A Poem Of Improvisation**\fn{by Xu Zaiju (before 1836-)} China (F) -1

AN AUTHOR WHO WAS BORN AT SOME TIME BEFORE 1839

- (250)—266.171 **1. The preface to these poems 2. Encomium About Shi Xiangyun 3. The Goddess Of Frost And The Lady Of The Moon: Li Wan Mourns Daiyu**\fn{by Zhou Qi (before 1839)} China (F) 2

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1840 AND 1848

- (251)—208.177 **A Proclamation Urging The People To Disband Their Local Corps**\fn{by Lin Ts'ai-hsin (before 1840?-)} China (M) 2
- (253)—269.117e **1. Excerpt from Inscribed On The Painting Of Mme. Cheng Joining The Army 2. Examining My Sword 3. Excerpt from Recording The Events Of Destroying The Bandits At The Gates Of Tianjin**\fn{by Chen Yunlian (fl.1840)} China (F) -1
- *
- (253)—203.189 **The Story Of The Great Protector, The Dog King**\fn{by an otherwise unknown She tribesperson (before 1841)} Xuantang *jilin*, China (M) 2
- *
- (254)—197.68c **Excerpt from A Divorce After Seventeen Years**\fn{by Wang Hsi-shen (before 1842-)} Kwangsi, China (M) -1
- *

(254)—274.82 **From Her Poetry Collection A Poetry Manuscript From The Studio Of One Zither And One Crane**\fn{by Gao Fengge (d. before 1844)} Southern China (F) 1

*

(255)—203.28 Excerpts from **Journal Of A Voyage To England**\fn{by Liu Hsi-hung [Xihong] (before 1848-)} Panu, Guangdong Province, China (M) 17

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1853 AND 1858

(271)—269.118 **1. Escaping From The Red Turbans 2. In The Boudoir: A Miscellaneous Poem**\fn{by Dong Baohong (fl.1853)} Yizheng, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

*

(271)—269.119 **1. The Lament Of A Longing Wife 2. Wandering In The Fields After The Clear-Bright Day 3. Excerpt from Four Poems: Boldly Expressing My Opinion 4. Poem Presented To My Husband**\fn{by He Huisheng (d.1858)} China (F) 1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1860 AND 1868

(273)—267.176 Fragment of the opening of **Dream Affinities**\fn{by Zheng Danruo (d.1860)} China (F) -1

*

(273)—274.87 **To The Melody Song Of The Cave Immortals: “Peach Blossom Spring”**\fn{by Chen Jia (-1861)} China (F) -1

*

(274)—269.120 **Two poems inscribed on a picture of the Pavilion of Autumn Sash**\fn{by Yu Menghua (fl.1864)} China (F) -1

*

(274)—204.81 Excerpts from **Diary Of Travels In America**\fn{by Qui Xhaoxi (before 1865-1892)} Shanghai, Jiangsu Province, China (M) 2

*

(275)—267.151 **& China 3.67 A 1. Qingping yue 2. Pusa man 3. Spring Grasses 4. Yi Qin e 5. Bu suanzi: Five Poems B.** Excerpt from **Bitao Xianguan Ci** (Lyrics From Bitao Xianguan)\fn{by Zhao Wopei aka Zhunlan (-1867)} Hangzhou, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 42

*

(317)—204.64 Excerpt from **Record Of The First Diplomatic Mission**\fn{by Zhigang (before 1868-)} China (M) 2

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1870 AND 1879

(320)—113.67 **& 127.95** Excerpt from **Stones In The Sea**\fn{by Fu Lin (fl.c.1870?)} China (M) 18

(338)—204.73 Excerpts from **Diplomatic Mission To Nine Countries**\fn{by Dai Hongei (before 1870-1910)} Nanhai (Canton), Guangdong Province, China (M) 2

*

(341)—204.96 Excerpts from **Notes On A Journey To The Northern Borders**\fn{by Song Xiaolian (before 1878-1926)} Jilian Province, China (M) -1

*

(341)—204.20 **The Evolution Of China’s Secret Sects And Societies**\fn{by T’ao Ch’eng-chang (before 1879-1912)} Shanhsing, Cheking Province, China (M) 10

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1882 AND 1885

(351)—181.43 **A Letter From Lung On’s Wife To Her Husband**\fn{by his otherwise unknown wife (before 1882, when Lung On emigrated to the United States, leaving his wife and daughter behind-)} Xinhui County, Guangdong Province, where

Lung On's family was established, and from whose equally well-to-do families his wife will presumably have been chosen, China (F) -1

(352)—181.61 A Memorandum From Huang Zunxian to Zheng Zaoru, Envoy of the Manchu Empire to The United States of America (1881-1885)\fn{by Huang Zunxian (before 1882, the date of the report-)} Guangdong Province, China (M) 2

*

(353)—181.61b A Letter From Ing Du-hsieh to Ing Hay, His Son\fn{by Ing Du-hsieh (before 1883, the year he emigrated to the United States with his son-)} Taishan District, Guangdong Province, China (M) -1

*

(354)—181.51 A Letter to the American Missionary\fn{by Saum Song Bo (before 1885-)} China (M) -1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1892 AND 1899

(354)—181.79c An Autobiographical Statement\fn{by an otherwise unnamed slave-girl (before 1892, the date of the article in which her statement was recorded-)} Canton, Guangdong Province, China (F) -1

*

(354)—115.2b A Folktale\fn{by an unnamed Chinese male (before 1893-)} Peking, China (M) -1

(355)—50 203.138 1. The Flying Boat 2. Sampling A Rare Delicacy 3. Whoring With A Harlot 4. Nothing More Than A Natural Disaster 5. An Unexpected Calamity 6. Seeking A Perfect Resemblance 7. Inveigling a Harlot To Seek His Revenge 8. Preserving The Written Word For The Sake Of Filial Piety 9. The Price Of Vice 10.

Interpreting The Language Of The Pigs 11. Would That He Be Faithful ... 12. The Ducks With The Golden Innards 13. The English On Ice 14. Suckling A Baby Corpse 15. Burying A Living Buddha 16. The Pump-snakes 17. How He Lost His Manhood One Morning 18. A Turn Of Events At The Telegraph Office 19. One-hundred-day Mugwort: Nineteen Selections From The *Dianshizhai Pictorial*\fn{by Wu Youru (d. 1893)} Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (M) 10

*

(364)—181.78 An Autobiographical Statement\fn{by an otherwise unnamed Chinese wife of a wealthy Chinese merchant (before 1894, the date of the article in which her statement appears-)} China (F) 1

*

(365)—267.176a Fragment from Utter Loyalty\fn{by Zhou Yingang (d.1895)} Hangzhou, China (F) -1

*

(366)—114.103 The Leper Girl\fn{by Hsuan-ting (fl.1895)} China (M) 6

(373)—115.57 A Folktale\fn{an unnamed Chinese male? (before 1895-)} Shantou, Guangdong Province, China (M?) 2

(374)—115.59 A Folktale\fn{an unnamed Chinese male? (before 1895-)} Shantou, Guangdong Province, China (M?) -1

(374)—115.59b A Folktale\fn{by "a charming young woman" (before 1895-)} "a mountainous farming district," Guangdong Province, China (F) -1

*

(374)—269.97b Stop Footbinding!\fn{by Lin Qinnan (before 1897-)} China (F) 2

(376)—181.43 A Letter From The Mother Of One Otherwise Unknown Chin-hsin To Her Son\fn{by his otherwise unknown mother (before 1898, the date of the letter -)} China (F) -1

*

(376)—181.61 A Letter From Chu-chia On to Lung On, His Son\fn{by Chu-chia On (before 1899, the date of the letter-)} Xinhui District, Guangdong Province, China (M) -1

(377)—181.77 An Autobiographical Statement\fn{by Suey Hin (before 1899, the date of the article in which her statement appears)} Shandong Province, China (F) 1

(378)—204.16 A Biography Of T'an Ssu-t'ung\fn{by Liang Ch'i-ch'ao (before 1899-)} China (M) 5

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE 19TH CENTURY

- (383)—195.78 **The Imperial Edict on The Treatment of Prisoners Taken in Rebellion**\fn{by an unknown, but probably male secretary/copyist (19th century)} China. (M) 1
- (384)—150.345 **The Conversion**\fn{by Hsiao Chen (19th century)} China (F?) 6
- (390)—98.124 **A Country Boy Withdraws From School**\fn{by Lao Hsiang aka Wang Hsiang-ch'en (19th century)} “in the country,” China (M) 3
- (393)—267.145a 1. Excerpt from *Guiyin jixiu*: “**Preface**”\fn{by Su Wanlan aka Renjiu (19th century)} Renhe, Zhejiang Province, China (F)
- (394)—267.146 1. First Poem On Poetry 2. Second Poem On Poetry 3. Third Poem On Poetry 4. Fourth Poem On Poetry 5. Fifth Poem On Poetry 6. Sixth Poem On Poetry 7. Seventh Poem On Poetry 8. Eighth Poem On Poetry: **Eight Poems**\fn{by Guo Shuyi (19th century)} Xiangtan, Hunan Province, China (F) 1
- (395)—267.147 Excerpt from *Shuying lou mingshu baiyong*: “**Preface**”\fn{by Li Shuyi (19th century)} Xin'an, Anhui Province, China (F) -1
- (396)—267.148 Excerpt from *Hunan nüshi shichao suojian chujì*: “**Preface**”\fn{by Mao Guoji aka Mangyao (19th century)} Changsha, Hunan Province, China (F) 1
- (396)—292.118 **Song, to the tune “Intoxicated with Shadows of Flowers”**\fn{by Yü Ch'ing-tsêng (19th century)} China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED AT SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY

- (397)—266.55 **The Sorrows Of A Courtesan**\fn{by an anonymous courtesan (fl. early 19th century?)} Licheng, Shandong 1
- (399)—266.56 **Sighing Through The Night's Five Watches**\fn{by an anonymous young courtesan (fl. early 19th century?)} Licheng, Shandong Province, China (F) 2

AUTHORS BORN AT SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY

- (401)—266.165 **On A Winter Day I Compose Eight “Short Songs,” Copying Shaoling's Style**\fn{by Zhu Jingsu (early 19th century)} China (F) -1
- (401)—267.155 1. Autumn Boudoir 2. Sent With Thoughts Of Sisters Xuelan, Ruiyuan, Linfeng And Wanlan\fn{Two verses from a set of twelve} 3. *Yi ye luo* 4. Love Beans 5. I Had No Letter From Linfeng For So Long That I Wrote This To Send 6. Written After Getting Linfeng's Letter 7. A Found Poem 8. For *Shengxiangguan ci* 9. Writing My Feelings In Night Rain: **Nine Poems**\fn{by Li Peijin aka Chenlan, Renlan (early 19th century)} Changzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 3

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN OR FLOURISHED AT SOME (NORMALLY UNSPECIFIED) TIME DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

- (404)—274.80a Excerpt from **To The Melody Of Song Of Divination: Painting A Landscape**\fn{by Xu Shuhui (fl. first half of the 19th century)} China (F) -1
- (405)—267.177 Two fragments from **Flowers From A Brush**\fn{by Qiu Xinru (1st half of the 19th century; c.1805-c.1873)} Meili, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (406)—267.178 Excerpt from **Pear Blossom Dream**\fn{by He Peizhu (1st half of the 19th century)} Shexian, Anhui Province, China (F) -1

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED AT SOME UNSPECIFIED TIME DURING THE MID-19TH CENTURY

- (406)—195.79 Excerpts from **Letters and Diary Entries**\fn{by Tseng Kuo-fan (fl. mid-19th century)} Hsiang-hsiang, Hunan Province, China (M) 1
- (407)—195.83 Excerpts from **Diary Entries**\fn{by P'eng Yu-lin (fl. mid-19th century)} China (M) 1
- (408)—267.159 1. Little New Year's Eve 2. A Song Of Runzhou: **Two Poems**\fn{by Zuo Xixuan aka Fujiang (fl. mid-19th century)} Yanghu?, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1
- (409)—267.178a 1. Mourning At The Tomb Of Prince Yue 2. The Ballad Of General Shen: **Two Poems**\fn{by Zhang Chaixin (fl. mid 19th century)} Hanshan, Anhui Province, China (F) 2

(411)—267.180 The Golden Fish Affinity: “The Preface”\fn{by Niu Ruyuan (fl. mid-19th century)} Jiangxi Province, China (F) 1

(412)—269.52a 1. Part Of A Sermon To Her Disciples 2. Poems Of The Pure Land 3. The Twenty-Four Solar Periods: Reflective Verses 4. Song Of Collecting Sand Hermitage 5. Untitled 6. Untitled Verses\fn{by Lianghai (fl. mid-19th century)} Suzhou Province?, China (F) 3

AN AUTHOR WHO WAS BORN AT SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

(415)—267.181 1. Excerpt from **Phoenixes Flying Together** 2. Written At The End Of Phoenixes Flying Together, For Yang Xiangwan\fn{by Cheng Huiying aka Chenchou (2nd half of the 19th century)} Yanaghu, Hebei Province, China (F) 1

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN DURING (OR FLOURISHED DURING) THE LATE OR LATTER 19TH CENTURY

(416)—207.63 **Oration At The Funeral Of Mr. Duxiu**\fn{by Gao Yuhan (late 19th century-)} China (M) 3

(419)—269.120 **Excerpt from an essay**\fn{by Liu Renlan (late 19th century-)} China (F) -1

(419)—267.160 1. Inscription On A Painting Based On Xiaoqing’s Line “A Slender Shadow Coming To, And Reflected In, Spring Water’s Edge” 2. Autumn Sentiments 3. Light Of Flowers 4. Inscription On A Painting Of An Autumn Scene 5. Sacrifice To The God Of Earth 6. Feelings On A Sea Voyage 7. Inscribed On An Inkstone Rubbing Of The Calligraphy By Ye Xiao-luan In The Family Collection Of Wang Foyun 8. *Baizi ling* 9. Remembering Orchids 10. Inscription On A Painting By Sister Cansheng On “Seeking Poetry In The Moonlit Pavilion”: **Ten Poems**\fn{by Zong Wan (fl. late 19th century)} China (F) 4

*

(424)—267.182 **A Sworn Sisters Song Of The Twelve Months Of The Year**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

(424)—267.183 **Our Mutual Love Will Not Be Broken**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

(425)—267.184 **The Dog Barked Out Front: A Guest Had Arrived**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

(425)—267.184a **With A Brush Made Of Goat’s Hair, I Write A Letter To You In Your Noble Mansion**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

(426)—267.185 **With A Writing Brush I Write These Words On A Paper Fan, Congratulating Your In-laws Whose Entire House Is Red**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

(427)—267.186 **A Third Day Letter To Her Daughter By The Wife Of Wang Xianzhi In Baishui, Who Had Been Married Off By Her Husband To A Second Man**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

(428)—267.187 **Going To My Mother’s Place In The Burning Heat Of The Sixth Month**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

(429)—267.188 **Her Own Story By He Huanshu From Baishui**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

(430)—267.189 **I Have Been A Widow Since The Age Of Twenty-Eight And My Daughter-in-Law Is Unfilial**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 2

(432)—267.191 **The Ten Months Of Pregnancy**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 3

(434)—269.1 **Admonitions For My Daughter**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

(435)—269.2 **The Family Heirloom**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 4

(439)—269.6 **The Lazy Wife**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

(441)—269.7 **The Tale Of Third Sister**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 17

(457)—269.23 **The Daughter of The Xiao Family**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 8

- (465)—269.31 **Lady Luo**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 3
- (468)—269.34 **The Maiden Meng Jiang**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 2
- (470)—269.36 **The Demonic Carp**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 2
- (472)—269.39 **The Karmic Affinity Of Liang Shanbo**\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 8
- *
- (481)—China 5.1 Excerpt from **Len Shuo Wen Zi Xiu Bai Fa**\fn{by Fei Zhiyuan (late 19th century-after 1920) } China (M) 40
- *
- (521)—China 3.162 Excerpt from **Ji Shi Wen Bai Fa**\fn{by Liu Tieleng (late 19th century-1938) } China (M) 46
- *
- (566)—197.68 Small excerpt from **Tides Of Yangchow**\fn{by Li Han-ch'iu (latter part of the 19th century based on the source-) } China (M) -1
- (567)—197.68b Excerpt from **A Divorce After Seventeen Years**\fn{by Wang Hsi-shen (latter part of the 19th century based on the source-) } China (M) 1\fn{The bibliography in which this and the previous excerpt appear {Link, E. Perry, Jr. *Mandarin Durks And Butterflies: Popular fiction In Early Twentieth-Century Chinese Cities*. Berkeley, University of California Press, 1981. (MCMLXXXIX) [PL 2442 .L5]} identifies contributions by people born occasionally in the latter part of the 19th century, but whose birth-year could not (in 1981) be more specifically identified:H }

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE (WITH THREE EXCEPTIONS) CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BETWEEN 1900 AND 1907

- (567)—267.164 1. Matching Elder Sister Yun's Rhyme 2. *Lin jiang xian* 3. Inscribing A Painting On "Saying Farewell At A Riverbank" 4. Saying Farewell To My Husband 5. Sent To My Husband, Using The Rhyme Of The Previous Poem 6. Thinking Of "Sworn Sister" Li Chujuan 7. *Zui hua yin* 8. On the Double Seventh 9. Sitting By A Stream, Facing The Moon 10. Facing The Mirror:**Ten Poems**\fn{by Qu Huixiang (fl.1900) } Linhai, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 3
- *
- (570)—181.82 **Fragment Of A Speech At The Chinatown Presbyterian Church By Madame Mai**\fn{by Mai Zhouyi (before 1903, the year she immigrated to the United States-) } Canton, China (F) 1
- *
- (571)—267.167 1. *Banyue lou shichao: "Preface"*\fn{by Qui Chan (before 1905-) } China (F) -1
- *
- (572)—146.1 **A Folktale**\fn{by "a member of one of the oldest literary families" (before 1907-) } Chinchew, Fukien Province, China (M) 2
- (573)—146.3 **A Folktale**\fn{by "a former servant of the Intendant's" (before 1907-) } Chinchew, Fukien Province, China (M) 3
- (576)—146.6 **A Folktale**\fn{by "the son of the man who bought the tripod (before 1907-) } Chinchew, Fukien Province, China (M) 1
- (578)—146.7 **A Folktale**\fn{by Eng-pen (before 1907-) } An-hai?, Fukien Province, China (M) 3
- (580)—268.45 **A Detailed Description Of The Final Days And Execution Of Qiu Jin**\fn{by Fonu (before 1907-) } China (F) 2
- (582)—150.4 **Ghosts**\fn{by Yu Yueh (-d. 1907) } China (M) 4

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1910-1919

- (586)—281.39 1. **Lament Planned For Her Great-Aunt** 2. **Lament Planned For Her Mother-in-Law**\fn{by Mrs. Yau Chan Shek-ying (probably before 1910-) } Kwan Mun Hau Village, New Territories, Hong Kong, China (F) 2
- (588)—197.139 **The Ministry Of Healing In War-Torn China**\fn{by K. Chimin Wong (before 1910-after 1948) } Hong Kong?, China (M) 4

(591)—181.69 A Prose-Poem “sent by a Chinese Detainee to the *Chinese World Newspaper*”\fn{by an otherwise unknown Chinese, probably male (before 1910, the date when the poem was first published-)} Guangdong Province, China (M)

1

*

(593)—269.99 Excerpt from **A Letter To Li Yuanhong, Military Governor And Commander-in-Chief Of The Revolutionary Army**\fn{by Wu Shuqing (before 1911-)} Hanyang, Hubei Province, China (F)

*

(593)—111.9 **The Tale Of The Nisan Shamaness**\fn{by Dekdengge (before 1913-)} Marchuria, China (M) 21

(613)—197.125 **The Christian Message To The Chinese Farmers**\fn{by Chang Fu-liang (before 1913-after 1948)} China (M) 6

*

(620)—171.5 **The Clever Girl And The Fool**\fn{by an unnamed informant (before 1914-)} Ayar Village, Kumul Region, Araturuk County or Barkal-Kazak Autonomous County, Sinkiang-Uighur Autonomous Region, China (M?) 1

(621)—292.140 **A Conversation**\fn{with “a young farmer” (before 1914-)} Amoy (now Xiamen), Fujian Province, China (M) 1

*

(622)—151.6 Excerpt from **A Nun Of Taishan**\fn{by Liu O (-1919)} Taishan?, China (M) 2

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1920-1926

(624)—207.148 **Jesus, The Incarnation Of Universal Love**\fn{by Ch'en Tu-hsiu (before 1920-)} China (M) 2

(626)—197.121 **Rebulding Devastated Villages**\fn{by Kimber H. K. Den (before 1920-after 1948)} Nanchang?, China (M) 4

*

(630)—197.67 1. Excerpt from **Infant In The Entertainment Quarter** 2. Excerpt from **The Coward**\fn{by Pi I-hung (before 1922-)} Hangchow, China (M) 1

(632)—197.68 Excerpt from **Dreams on the Ocean of Humanity**\fn{by Yen Tu-ho (before 1922-)} China (M) -1

*

(632)—115.25 1. Wang Pao Ch'uan 2. Min Tzü Chien 3. Two Liars 4. Insoluble Problem* 5. A Village Teacher 6. A Deer And A Dream 7. True Luck* 8. The Best Drug* 9. Contiguous Confusion*: **Nine Folktales**\fn{by Hsü Tsan-hwa (before 1923-)} Manchuria, China (M) 13\fn{*: Titled by the compiler:H}

*

(639)—205.150 **Present-day Industrial Situation And The Labour Movement**\fn{by M. Thomas Tchou (before 1926-)} Shanghai, China (M) 4

(642)—205.145 1. The Present Political Outlook In China 2. The Needs Of The Christian Movement In China: **Two Essays**\fn{by David Z. T. Yui (before 1926-)} China (M) 6

(648)—205.153 **Intellectual Movements**\fn{by P. C. Hsu (before 1926-)} China (M) 3

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1931

(650)—205.98 **Chinese Students In Great Britain**\fn{by Szeming Sze (before 1931-)} China (M) 5

(655)—195.75 **Two Commentaries**\fn{by Wang Ching-wei (before 1931-)} China (M) 3

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1933

(659)—115.60 **A Folktale**\fn{by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

(660)—115.61 **A Folktale**\fn{by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

(662)—115.62 **A Folktale**\fn{by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

(663)—115.63 **A Folktale**\fn{by an unnamed Manchu? male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

(663)—115.64 **A Folktale**\fn{by an unnamed Manchu? male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) -1

(663)—115.64b **A Folktale**\fn{by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1934

- (664)—269.99b Excerpt from **Reminiscences**\fn{by **Sister Qian** (before 1934)} nr. Shanghai?, China (F) -1
- (667)—204.134 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Building A Bridge On The Wuchiang River**\fn{by **Huang Chao-tien** (before 1934-)} China (M) 3
- (668)—204.137 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: The Tsunyi Meeting Points The Way Forward**\fn{by **Chang Nan-sheng** (before 1934-)} China (M) 5
- (672)—204.142 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Crossing The Chinsha River**\fn{by **Hsiao Ying-tang** (before 1934)} China (M) 5
- (677)—204.147 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Red Army Men Dear To The Yi People**\fn{by **Aerhmuhsia** (before 1934-)} China (M) 3
- (680)—204.150 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Crossing The Great Lingshan Mountains**\fn{by **Hsiao Hua** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (683)—204.152 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Forced Crossing Of The Tatu River**\fn{by **Yang Teh-chih** (before 1934-)} China (M) 3
- (685)—204.156 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Lightning Attack On Luting Bridge**\fn{by **Yang Cheng-wu** (before 1934-)} China (M) 4
- (690)—204.160 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: A Pair Of Cloth Shoes**\fn{by **Chiang Yao-hui** (before 1934-)} China (M) 1
- (691)—204.161 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Nine Company Cooks On The Long March**\fn{by **Hsieh Fang-tzu** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (693)—204.163 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: How We Captured Latzukou Pass**\fn{by **Hu Ping-yun** (before 1934-)} China (M) 3
- (696)—204.166 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: An Awakened Mountain City**\fn{by **Tso Chi** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (698)—204.168 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Snow In June**\fn{by **Tien Kuo-hao** (before 1934-)} China (M) 1
- (699)—204.169 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: A Party Branch Committee Meeting**\fn{by **Chien Chih-an** (before 1934-)} China (M) 1
- (700)—204.170 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Joining Forces At Kantze**\fn{by **Tan Shang-wei** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (703)—204.172 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Our Supply Station On The Marshlands**\fn{by **Yang Yi-shan** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (704)—204.175 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: On The Tangling Mountains**\fn{by **Wu Hsien-en** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (706)—204.176 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Battle For Paotso**\fn{by **Cheng Shih-tsai** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (709)—204.179 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: The Battle Of Chihlochen**\fn{by **Hsu Hai-tung** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2
- (711)—204.182 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: A Warm Welcome**\fn{by **Ho Po-ling** (before 1934-)} China (M) 1
- (712)—204.183 Excerpts from **Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: Northward Bound**\fn{by **Liu Jen-sung** (before 1934-)} China (M) 1
- (713)—204.184 Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: Northward Bound**\fn{by **Liu Jen-sung** (before 1934-)} China (M) 1
- (715)—204.184b Excerpt from **Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: Home At Last**\fn{by **Chu Chia-sheng** (before 1934-)} China (M) 2 \fn{If we assume the men credited with these tales are actual survivors of the Long March, then they were either young men when they undertook the march (which would probably have made their birth years coincide with their mid- to late teens or early twenties); or they were a class of boys (8-14 or thereabouts) who were usefully employed because of their size as spies, and were popularly known as “Little Red Devils”; or they were older veterans, and could have been born in the last decade of the 19th century in order to be alive and still be in armed service at the time the Long March took place. Now, the Chinese Red Army was founded in 1927 from units of the Koumintang Army who rebelled against their Nationalist leaders. (They were renamed the People’s Liberation Army after the Sino-Japanese War ended.) The Chinese Communist Party was founded in 1921 in Shanghai; but it had its origins in the May Fourth Movement of 1919 when, as W puts it, “radical political systems like anarchism and communism gained traction among Chinese intellectuals.” The Chinese Republic itself however, predates these events to 1911; and it is certainly possible that future Chinese officers of a Communist force could have been born in the 1890s, enlisted in the Republican armies between 1911 and 1920—and in the process have become officers under the Koumintang, or Nationalist, regime—joined the rebellion of 1927 under Communist

banners, and still be alive to have participated in the Long March of 1934-35. Officers from the royalist armies of the Russian Tsar are known to have commanded Communist units from their own conviction as to the justice of the popular revolution against the autocracy in Russia between 1917-1921; so this *scenario*, though admittedly a slight stretch to the imagination, is not an impossible one. And, of course: if the officers could be born between 1890-1910, why not some of the rank and file? This was the path of Chu Teh (Zhu De), who eventually rose to become commander in chief of the People's Liberation Army, and he was born in 1886. Mao himself was born in 1893; Chou Enlai, the first Chinese Communist Premier, was born in 1898: there were doubtless others, now lost to history. Unfortunately, the copy I used in which these stories are contained was issued without bibliographical information concerning their authors; in order to legitimately include them in this collection, I must *assume* that they are written by men born at least between 1890 and 1910, as well as being *authentic* revolutionary memoirs. (There being no general editor identified by name to the volume in which this collection appears, each person in it has been individually credited in the overall bibliography of the *Protocol* with his own unique Roman numeral to the same source. They *are* all credited by name, although there is no more specific information about their places of birth other than "China"; but if all the foregoing assumptions are in fact correct, they must all have been born prior to the date of 1934, the date of the Long March itself.):H

I have no explanation why items 204.183 and 204.184 were credited *separately* to the same person by the book's editor. They do not read as if they are by the same person, unless we take it for granted that we have here to do with two incidents reported by the same person—but if this was in fact the case, then why set them out as if by different people? The resolution could be that in fact two different people were originally responsible for the narratives, but that the general editor did not know the name of the second respondent, and, reluctant to suppress a genuine narrative, credited it to the eyewitness account of 204.183. It will be obvious even to the casual reader that all of these accounts have been cast in the form of (for want of a better description) heroic revolutionary valor not to be denied overcoming arrogant resistance by a well-equipped but inherently cowardly and despicable foe. Do men in battle behave with such ideological purity—indeed, with such ideological grace—as recorded in these narratives? Still, I remain convinced that underlying everything we are dealing with real people recalling real events; if there has been some—to my mind, heavy-handed—editorial retouching and decoration, we must accept it as par for the course, and not let it get in the way of genuine admiration for real accomplishments in difficult situations: H, 08/06/16. }

AN AUTHOR WHOSE BIRTH YEAR WAS CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1935

(716)—207.72 Chinese Festivals\fn{by Dr. Y. C. Chang (before 1935-)} China (M) 7

FOLK-TELLERS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1971-1990; BUT WHOSE TALES, BECAUSE OF THE PRESUMED INHERENT PURITY OF ORALLY TRANSMITTED FOLKLORE, REMAIN SUBSTANTIALLY UNCHANGED FROM THEIR EARLIEST TELLING

(723)—146.10 1. Nü Wa And The Rainbow 2. Yao The Great Seeks A Successor 3. Great Yü And The Flood 4. Ch'ü Yüan And His Brothers 5. The Mystery Of The Little Pavilion 6. The Crock Of Gold 7. The Fruit That Turned Into Jewels And Gold: **Seven Folktales**\fn{by Chou Li-hsuang aka Mrs. Kwok (before 1971-)} Peking, China (F)

10
*

(732)—130.64 1. *Clan-de-Cline* 2. It's A Boy! It's A Girl! 3. Gone Finshing 4. Lord Mu Climbs The Granary 5. Lord Mu Eats Shit: **Five Tales About Ayidan**\fn{by Zhao Jingxiu (before 1979-)} Lijiang Prefecture, Lijiang Naxi Autonomous County, nr. Lijiang City, northern Yunnan Province, China (F) 4

*

(736)—130.59 Adan, Haowa and Shisi: **A Folktale**\fn{by Wang Fuchen (before 1980-)} Yinchuan, Ningxia Hui Autonomous Region, China (M) 1

(737)—130.68 The Rainbow: **A Folktale**\fn{by Xu Jiarui (before 1980-)} Dehong Dai-Jingpo Autonomous Prefecture, Western Yunnan Province, China (M) 2

(739)—130.63 The Cloud That Longs For A Husband: **A Folktale**\fn{by Li Xinghua (before 1980-)} Dali Bai Autonomous Prefecture, Western Yunnan Province, China (F) 1

*

(740)—181.35 **A Journey Of Bitterness**\fn{by Lily Wang (before 1989-)} "the Fuzhou area in southeast China" (F)

2
*

(742)—130.60 The Festival Of Ascent: **A Folktale**\fn{by Ma Guang Wen (before 1990-)} Yinchuan, Ningxia Hui Autonomous Region, China (M) 2

□†□

AUTHORS WHO WROTE AT SOME TIME DURING THE 17TH CENTURY

281.41 The Preface And Poems\fn{by the anonymous "girl from Guji" (17th century)} Guiji Village, near Huainan, Anhui Province, China (F) -1

I was born and raised in Guiji, and from my earliest years I devoted myself to the Classics and Histories. As soon as I reached marriageable age, I was wed to a merchant from Yan. Despite my elegant features I had to serve a "general" who turned out to be completely unfaithful: each day I suffered repeated scoldings by his ferocious and jealous wife. When one morning I dared to complain to him, I became the target of her rage. I was whipped and beaten and treated worse than a common slave. Filled with indignation I could hardly rise!

Alas, I am like a bird in a cage and my life has no value for me anymore. But I was afraid that if I hid myself amid the bushes, I would die without leaving a trace. I therefore temporarily postponed my death, and when the others had all finally fallen fast asleep, I stole to this back courtyard, and using my tears to mix the ink, I wrote three poems on the wall. If a sympathetic friend should read these, and be saddened by my unlucky fate, my death will not have been in vain

My silvery-red singlet is partly covered by dust,
Only a single dying lamp to keep me company.
I am just like the pear blossom after a rain storm:
Strewn all about and never making it to spring.

*

All day long I lived in a den of tigers and panthers—
Filled with emotion, silently brooding limitless grief!
Old Heaven arranged for my birth with no other purpose
Than to provide romantics with a topic of conversation.

*

To whom could I complain of my myriad sorrows?
In the presence of others I smiled, but alone I wept.
Do not look upon this poem as just an ordinary poem:
Each line of verse is made up of thousands of tears.

266.162a & 267.109 1. Meditation On The Past In Jade Effusion Garden 2. Banquet On A Winter's Day At The Residence Of Chai Jixian 3. Cold Of The West Window 4. Marching Rhymes With My Mother's Poem "An Offering To Zhuge Liang, The Martial Marquis" 5. Composed To The Song "A Beautiful Woman Combs Her Hair" 6. Note To Yaqing On An Autumn Day 7. Lament For My Mother, On The Fifth Day Of The Fifth Month 8. On The Original Theme 9. While At The Lake Cottage, I Observe Some Girls On An Outing 10. Playing Chess With Yaqing On A Spring Day: **Seven Poems**\fn{Qian Fengjun (fl.1680)} China (F) 4 (MMMCCXCIII, 1-3; MMMCCCXV, 4-10)

1

Running currents of West Lake sing
of ages long in the past;
wind is folding the snowy wave,
water dragons dance.
They say a royal carriage once
held a splendid hunt;
a thousand riders with carved saddles
camped along the water.
Flageolets and songs at dawn
pressed on Phoenix City clouds;
at evening their flags and banners
furled Dragon Mountain rain.
Across the lake now autumn winds
are blowing in the reeds;
red cheery-apple's suspended fruits

are the cuckoo's soul.
The glory and beauty of earlier times
today are truly gone;
from the river village in waning light
washing blocks ring clear.
In the Palace of Renewing Splendor
only moonlight is brilliant;
by the Hall of Virtue and Longevity
only spring grass comes to life.
Events of an age, mere floating clouds,
could they be fixed or secured?
Lake currents, crying and murmuring,
swirl round ruined city walls.
The descending sun strikes dread in my heart,
transfixes my distant gaze;
no purple clouds do I see there,
this evening on the southland.

2

Come full cycle, the stars tell
the year is almost gone;
the sky is cold
the winter bleak and gloomy.
Plants all wither
under severe frost;
scattered dews dry
in early morning sun.
Happily I meet with
these good and modest people,
and we sit down together
in a house of iris and orchid.
As we laugh and talk,
spring breezes rise;
in friendly accord
we busy ourselves with our writings.
Pictures and books
are strewn about the room;
on the table of yew wood
we set our zithers and lyres
Since the birds have left
the courtyard is even quieter;
when clouds hang low,
shadows on blinds grow dim
Living a secluded life
keeps noise and dust distant;
thoughts transcend,
range wide and far away.
Time's flowing light goes
swift as a thrown shuttle;
such good times together
are I fear too easily lost.
And so, inspired by wine,
we raise our voices in song;

from beginning to end
enjoying to the fullest
the bounty of this good hostess!

3

A rainstorm passes through
sweet blossoms are drenched;
when the wind comes
green leaves yield to it.
With inkstone and red paste
I study the *Changes* of Zhou,
more aware than ever
how remote from the world
is my little window.

4

We pay our respects at the shrine hall of noble Zhu,
And place on the altar an offering of white duckweed.
Where birds are roosting the lofty trees are ancient;
Where insects nibble the tablet has recently crumbled.
His maze of stones is lost in bracken and mist;
The golden phoenix is reduced to a dancing sprint.
When he commanded an army in the name of Han succession,
His “feathered battle standard” was a single length of silk.

5

From the new-leaved grove a green bird's sudden call;
Over palace women's quarters spring dawn is about to break.
By her bed a silken cord linked to the well-pulley;
Autumn-clear water gushes, her mirror coldly gleams.
Watching the red sun, slowly she rolls up pearl blinds;
Twin arcs, half-moons, are her brows traced so fine.
Jade phoenix flies atilt, golden cicada dangles;
Sash pendants swing and sway, trailing Xiang River mist.
Then down the stair alone she goes to pick for herself sweet buds:
“These cherry blossoms laugh at me because I bear no fruit!”

6

Your letter arrived from the city's outer gate, or, I should say, from the ends of the earth!
We've both felt sad, missing each other, neither aware of the other's mood.
When cool evening breezes and chess games are played out, soft rain late in the night;
It is the season when wild geese return.
By my window, orange and pomelo are heavy with hanging fruits;
Outside the door, hibiscus blooming on countless branches.
Together we enter this dear autumn but cannot enjoy it together,
So instead, I'll depend on the blue bird to send my love to you.

7

I keep remembering spring

When fresh dreams shattered.
Young orioles had just begun to sing,
How many days was it?—
Then glorious spring vanished completely.
Rushes bent down in the wind
Iridescent green gone cold;
Pomegranate flowers were cloaked in rain
Their red petals dragging.
What hurt most:
All things proper to the season
Were there, as ever,
And my dear mother I could not find.

*

I have hung artemisia and tiger,
Set ritual incense winding
Beat a painted drum until
It rumbled like thunder and lightning.
Watching the children play round my knee
Makes me even more heartbroken.
“Beware” was the message sent in vain
To Qu Yuan’s aggrieved soul;
River waves seem to speak the complaint
Of filial daughter Gao.
Yet I long to be with her.
I would take offerings of meat and grain
And enter the deep abyss
Just to see my mother’s face.

8

Chu songs, painted horns—a riot of sounds erupted
And blew down the border city moon.
Eight thousand sons and brothers had long been the dragon’s men;
In a single night their finely worked saddles and golden armor were scattered on endless empty wastes.

*

She chose to be jade crushed at the side of the king;
Her blood stained his battle dress red.
Faithful, her spirit refused to enter the land within the passes;
Year after year, when Wu River waves rise in spring, they are red with her tears.

9

Green is dyeing banana leaves
Red inflaming the peony;
At every turn, bright beauty exhausts its wonders.
In this small house, finished with dressing
I sit quietly apart, talking to no one.
I draw water for myself from the flowing stream
And prepare some aromatic tea.
Exquisitely fresh!
It makes my mood calm.
I roll up blinds to see the sunlight;
Up above, where mist motions for something to lean on,
Spring hills look tranquil.

*

By the river dike, a group of girls on an outing,
So graceful, so vivid,
More innocent than fragile willow wands before a breeze.
Plied by the river's current, their reflections waver
Until they look like immortals in flight.
Fantastic!
The setting sun falls westward through the void;
As far as eye can see
Distant waters, endless skies.
I would like to be,
Resting in the long, lush, sweet grass,
One of a pair of mandarin ducks.

10

In the deepest courtyard, on a quiet spring day
The gold animal puffs “small seal” incense.
With each fresh cup of tea, a new chess game begins.
In the season of apricot rains the air is sweet.

*

My parrot's chatter has just become fluent when,
Suddenly, he jumps down to the ground.
Distracted, I turn to look, and
To my dismay, needlessly forfeit a jade scratcher!
Leaning on the screen, laughing, we twist off a flowering branch to breathe its scent.

266.53 Song Of The Qinhuai River \fn{by Yan Weixu (fl.1690s)} Xinyu County, Jiangxi Province, China (F) -1

Through Jinling City runs the Qinhuai River,
It matches the Qu River's banks in old Chang'an.
In spring the Qu's banks were filled with young beauties;
The Qinhuai's banks are also graced with silk gowns.
For ten li pearl inlaid curtains hang on jade hooks;
Dances, gowns, fans, and songs compete in extravagance.
Along the water grow green willows and red pomegranates
Partly shading the elegant red curtains of wealthy homes.
Newly made-up beauties show off from their balconies;
With their captivating smiles they look like immortals.
Boats line up, banquets and dandelion wine fill the air,
The music never stops in the realm of mist and flowers.
Commoners and scholars, the girls welcome one and all;
In this urban domain all these amusements reign supreme.

Alas!

The Qinhuai River is very nearby to Swallow Lane;
But the era of Wan Tanzhi and Xie An \fn{Both 4th century AD Jin Dynasty scholar-officials} is long past.
Swallow Lane was the Six Dynasties' liveliest place;
But now it is gone as if having flowed down the river to the east.

266.162 Studying In The Inner Apartments \fn{by He Yuying (fl. late 17th century)} China (F) -1

An elegant literary style
is not sufficient by itself;
The teachings transmitted from Ban Zhao

are something we ought to know about.
Since ancient times, the reason why many stories
of exemplary women have been handed down
is not just to make us knowledgeable,
it's so we can act on their example

267.94 1. Describing My Thoughts 2. Zhenniāng's Grave 3. Rhyming With A Poem Sent By Scholar Tianshui 4.
Sending Tianshui Off To West Lake 5. Supplementing Tianshui's Farewell Poem To Me 6. On An Old
Embroidered Mirror Bag 7. Giving A Garden Balsam Flower To Tianshui 8. Reading *Juanhong furen ji* 9. Cutting
Off My Ring And Sending It To Tianshui 10. Burning My Poems 11. Writing Of My Regrets At Age Twenty:
Twelve Poems\fn{by Chen Susu (late 17th century) } Yangzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 2

1

I'm from a poor family.
I grew up in Yangzhou.
At the age of thirteen I learned embroidery.
At the age of fifteen I learned to play the zither.
During difficult times I found I was unable to protect myself:
Without intending to I lost my chastity.
Though I have only one blemish in a lifetime,
Who will again believe in my sincerity?
This is very hurtful, how can I talk of it?
My life is cast away like the feathers of a swan.

2

The fragrant flower is at rest.
The green mountain is so shut away you can't tell what year and month it is,
Can't tell what year and month it is.
The pines are wilting, the cypresses old.
It is hard to connect them with his sympathetic heart.
*
The Lord of Heaven does not care that the flowers fall like snow.
The orioles and swallows while away the hours. To whom can I tell my story?
To whom can I tell my story?
Autumn mists, autumn rains, a few piles of yellow leaves.

3

Zhuo Wenjun once enjoyed running a winehouse.
When she first met Sima Xiangru, he was indeed handsome.
I don't feel pity that music communicates a smile,
It's that I don't know whether Xiangru ever got the girl from Maoling.
*
Suddenly the parrot announces the visit of a guest.
I lift the curtain and in one smile I already have feelings for you.
How audacious! my gentleman!
By the magnolia flowers, you ask my nickname.

4

As you depart, my heart follows your boat.
How can the sorrow of our parting be compared to former times?

I hear the tomb of Su Xiaoxiao is located at West Lake:
Please don't forget to visit her at the Six Bridges.

5

I sent your boat off outside Suzhou.
Numerous clouds and mountains inspire grief for the traveler.
The worst is at daybreak beside my red candle
When, awakened, I pull together broken dreams and start combing my hair.

6

From whose hands did the mirror bag come?
Such varied and numerous colors are not often seen.
A coiled dragon and overturned phoenix are on the perfume box,
Wonderfully clear and bright where jade fingers have held it.

*

Don't resent that the light of the mirror is covered.
The roundness of its moon can only be seen by a beauty.]
Please don't buy five-color thread:
Only the bright moon in the sky knows my heart.

7

I love garden balsam flowers.
You love garden balsam seeds.
The anxious nature of seeds is like your heart.
The red of the flower dyes my finger.

8

The clear sound of your pen reaches me
As I read in the middle of the night.
It's like gathering flowers with pale shadows,
It's like hearing the sound of cold rain.

*

I lament that our experiences are so similar.
Your genuine talents have difficulty finding a male admirer.
If only you could see this scented volume of your works,
On which endless tears of blood have fallen!

9

I have worn this gold ring for years,
Today I send it to you as a token.
The union of two lovers is no difficult matter
As long as your heart is firm as gold.

10

My grieving heart is always in turmoil. It is hard to revise my writing—
Beneath the light as my poems are consigned to fire, I weep tears of blood.
Because the words "love-sickness" are hard to understand,
I don't want to leave my bitterness to the world of men.

Year after year I have wandered around as a beauty.
 I sketchily set down the facts of my life at this time.
 I've had bitter regrets all my life—that there has been no way to control my fate.
 In vain do I regret a hundred matters, all come to grief.

*

The young crow had a dream of returning to her parents, but home is too far away.
 Not being a literary phoenix, I keep my thoughts to myself.
 I loved the wonderful time of sunny spring,
 But learned the secrets of the winter plum when it grew cold.

274.81 Untitled Poem By A Buddhist Lay-woman \fn{by Gui Shufen (late 17th century)} China (F) -1

Blanketed by Dharma clouds,
 Encircled by twin-streams,
 The new edifice gleams.
 The pavilion towers are lofty,
 A solitary lamp shines in the distance, Sanskrit chants reach all the way to the flowery banks.
 The fragrance of the cassia circles around.
 We summon the recluse to be our companion here
 In this deep valley, this secluded place.
 I used to come here in my imagination to amuse myself,
 My dream-spirit wandering about—I have not heard from you in so long.

*

The invalid is the most listless;
 At dusk I call Lianlian \fn{The maid} to dust off the ancient ink stone,
 Then I peruse my books, reciting until my eyes grow dim.
 When winter ends and spring comes
 I again come to the Chan convent.
 This time as I climb up to the hall,
 And slowly stroll through this woman's monastery
 My pent-up emotions enjoy a measure of release.
 In the green shade, I listen to the warbling of the yellow orioles.

267.168 1. *Gujin mingyuan baihua shiyu*: “Preface” \fn{by Sun Huiyuan aka Jingwan (later 17th century)} Xiushui, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

I occasionally pick up the scribes of rustic solitude. Some gave a particular depth of feeling to the rhymes they have left behind. But none of the ladies who remain in their golden courtyards have yet achieved fame.

Anthologies such as *Among the Flowers* and *The Thatched Hall* only include one or two poems by such ladies—poems in a few restricted styles and indiscriminately mixed with the writings of men. Often the writers of such verse chose as their subjects “boudoir feelings” and “thoughts of longing”; but how is this different from writing calligraphy while gazing on peonies, or composing songs while pointing to tangles of miwu grass?

Gui Suying (otherwise known as Mrs. Gao of Cuili), a man's intellect hidden in her matronly headdress, a brilliant mind behind the gauze casement, early took control of Shaojun's elegance, extended the clarity and brilliance of the beautiful Miss Ma. Moved by this talent, her brush has mined out emeralds, her ink stone has stored up crystal; she has edited a history of female poets, now continuing it with a collection of song-lyrics. Divided among the four seasons, these poems include works by a hundred women. The sentences she selects are a word-brocade, a rain of pearls; their carefully arranged wording is a piling-up of agate on a jade terrace. It is fragrant, it is lustrous, it lends itself to humming and chanting; it is, in a word, the perfumed codex of the gauze curtain, the gem-encrusted history of the patterned screen.

In her careful selection, Mrs. Gao had the help of two ladies from Wushui and Changxi, both of them known for virtue and talent alike. In beauty and in knowledge, they bear comparison with the legendary women of the past. Does anyone who merely toys with the brush dare to be put next to these models for all womankind?

Speaking for myself, I do bemoan those ladies of the red mansions who, despite all their pearl-and-kingfisher ornaments, their fine gauze screens, are lacking in literary accomplishment; and it saddens me that those girls of the green window, who (in the words of the ballad) “weave plain cloth and coarse silk,” have no experience of the glories of the writing-brush.

Think back on the scenes of incomparable passion by the Chenxiang Pavilion. The kingdom-toppling Yuhuan, knowing that feelings are impermanent, longed to leave behind a record of them, but in the end could only summon the Qinglian Hermit and hold the ink stone while he wrote. Had she been able, like Lady Ban or the Plum-Blossom Consort, to wet her brush and write a Xiang-river song or a slow “Xue’er” tune for musical performance, we would have her own words to know her by, not her silence.

Therefore put this book on your table, look through it while you sit by the window, open the pages so that their perfume may escape. The wind, our elder sister, will not riffle its pages in jealousy. Open the book: its beauty will be revealed, fresh even after a spell of rain. The spring colors of the Shanglin garden do not need to be hung with ribbons; must the pliant branches of the Jingu garden wait for the East Wind’s lordly arrival to begin bursting forth in flower?

Truly, Mrs. Gao’s “flowery scribes” are female scribes, and the rhyming of words is a rhyming of minds. Now that this book has been carved on printing-blocks, those who are of kindred spirit should cut mandarin-duck patterns on their looms and hold this book, like a fragrant rose, in the palms of their hands.

We may forgo wealth, but never sully our hearts. And so we shall requite Mrs. Gao’s elegant intent. As for talent, I am no match for the Plum-Blossom Consort, and in character I can hardly compare with that “Bamboo Grove spirit,” Me Daoyun. At most, I venture to accompany Mrs. Gao as lowly whip-holder, in which position I am honored to receive the dust that her mighty horses raise in their flight. Blushing for myself, I rejoice in her accomplishment.

267.169 A Short Story \fn{by Qian Yi (fl. late 17th- early 18th century)} Hangzhou?, China (F) 1

In the last month of the winter of the year jiaxu \fn{1694} the carving of the printing blocks of *Peony Pavilion: The Return of the Soul* was completed. Our son checked the text for mistaken characters, a task that he completed by the end of the year. On the First Night when the moon came out, I set up a clean table in the courtyard and on it I placed a carefully bound copy. \fn{Of the play *Peony Pavilion*} I then set up a soul tablet inscribed with Du Liniang’s name, plucked a branch of red plum blossoms, which I placed in a “gall-bladder” vase, lit some candles, and laid out offerings of fruit and wine. My husband laughed loudly and said:

“Don’t, you think you are really being too foolish? Tang Xianzu himself has said that Du Liniang is a made-up name and that such a person has never existed. So why do you make offerings to her?” I answered:

“That may be so, but the breath of the Great Clod is infused with intelligence. Even a stone may serve as the habitation of some creature, and even a tree may serve as the dwelling of a god. When Qu Yuan first sang of the Goddess of the Xiang and when Song Yu wrote his rhapsody on the Goddess of Shamanka Mountain, these [women] originally may well have been allegorical, but later many temples [were established in their honor]. So how can you and I be absolutely sure whether or not Du Liniang really existed?” My husband said:

“You are right and I was wrong.”

At midnight we went to sleep, but shortly afterwards, awakened by the sound of my sighs, my husband got up and got dressed. Nudging me with his elbow, he said:

“Wake up! Just a moment ago I had a dream that you and I went together to a garden that seemed to be the one with the Red Plum Chapel. In front of the pavilion, peonies of all different varieties were in full bloom, their five different colors intermingled. Suddenly a beautiful woman appeared from behind the pavilion. Her dazzling beauty was so blinding that it robbed all the flowers of their colors, and secretly I wondered whether this might not be Du Liniang herself. But when you asked her for her name and dwelling place, instead of answering, she just turned around and plucked a little green plum, which she rolled between her fingers. And when you asked her: ‘Are you Du Liniang?’ she only smiled and did not reply. A moment later, a blustery storm rose and blew all the peony flowers off into the sky, leaving none behind. Then, when I became aware of you heaving endless deep sighs, I woke up.”

The dream he described corresponded with my own dream, and we both were astounded by this amazing coincidence. My husband said:

“Long ago, when Ruan Zhan\fn{Early 3rd century} argued that ghosts didn’t exist, a ghost appeared to him. Could it be that Du Liniang really does exist? This proves what you said!”

We heard the fifth watch of the night being announced at the city gate, and since the lamp we had placed on the wall was still burning, I got up as well, and called the servant girl to get the fire going and brew us some tea. After I had finished combing my hair and sweeping up, I immediately asked for a writing brush and paper so that I could record this event. At that moment the light of the lamp had turned a pale red and the first light of morning was already shining through the window. My husband said:

“It cannot have been by accident that you and I had the same dream. If there was a reason why Du Liniang should appear to us, it probably was so that an image of her likeness might be transmitted to the world. You have been a student of Li Xiaogu’s, and you have devoted yourself in particular to line drawings. Why don’t you recreate her in your mind and paint her portrait?”

I protested that I was afraid that I might not be able to capture her spirit, but my husband urged me to take up the brush. When the portrait was finished, I felt I had captured her inner harmony. To the painting I then appended a poem, which reads:

That I could glimpse your beauty for a moment cannot have been by chance:
I saturated my brush and sketched your portrait so as to preserve your beauty.
From now on everyone will recognize your spring breeze face,
Heart-broken for your lover after a dream at dawn.



A Peking barber, photographed in 1866

China 4.154 Excerpt from *Hong Xue Xuan Gao: Liu Juan*\fn{by Gao Jingfang (fl. late17th-early 18th century)} Shaanxi Province, China (F) 44

自敘
 芳本鈍人。幼耽古什。性天樸素。見地拘迂。纔知雜誦。早刪鄭衛之邪。初解微吟。便嗜韋陶之案。所以在笥在架。丹黃悉是雅音。因而隨筆隨心。揮灑無非妙景。奉北堂之慈誨。希渤海之令名。曷勉雖積十年。遵循不殊一日。爰逢齊體。即屬儲侯。望重五龍。族推四姓。茅分留邑。舊勲方及。夫文孫。桂發咸秦。新策已登。乎乙勝。不第瑟琴並鼓。抑亦研席同符。稱此而言。何求不獲。無如事櫻拂逆。境歷哀傷。屺岵之瞻。固皆淪喪。舅姑之戚。復就凋零。外內支吾。暮功衰謝。亦猶將軍故後。亭長夜訶。廷尉退閒。雀羅朝設。豈

紅雪軒稿

自敘
 寂寥之為患。兼隍杙之需扶。盡力牙籌。憂深食指。衛生藥草。禱切醫王。凡變故之紛乘。胥歌謠之所托。歲時既久。卷帙遂增。祇以寄此際之愁思。遑敢擬昔時之閨秀。倩較讐於仲弟。尚莫箎吹。付劑刷于良工。實慚紙費。率書數語。用識寸心。世有覽者。幸無筦爾。

五二一

清代詩文集彙編

紅雪軒稿卷一目錄

賦三十六首

百花賦 有序

梅花賦 有序

牡丹賦 有序

層樓晚霞賦

昇平烟火賦 有序

紅雪軒稿 卷一目錄

秋水芙蓉賦

登滕王閣賦

涉江賦

繡屏賦

乞巧賦

江帆賦

燈月交輝賦

五二二

美人臨鏡賦

孔雀開屏賦

雙彈賦 有序

蓮花賦

菊賦

遠山賦

慈訓苦辛賦

紅雪軒稿 卷一目錄

田家賦 有序

月華賦

萬光燈賦

紈扇賦

胡琴賦

碧梧棲鳳賦

在勞賦

二

報恩賦	彩雲聚散賦	解脫賦	剪彩供親賦	芭蕉夜雨賦	刺繡賦	手剪叢蘭賦	梧桐落葉賦	金魚賦	明河賦	文一首	祭母夫人文
-----	-------	-----	-------	-------	-----	-------	-------	-----	-----	-----	-------

紅雪軒稿

卷一目錄

三

紅雪軒稿

景芳高氏著

弟欽評輯

百花賦

有序

銘較閱

建武雄堂後有圃草木暢茂雖

氣候不同而敷英絡繹自開芳

紅雪軒稿

卷一

一

以至隆冬統舉其名約畧有百

因作百花賦

若乃嘉木久植名卉叢生得地斯長逢

時吐英菲菲郁郁遠近流芬旖旎旖旎

枝條發榮固天工之纖巧亦雨露之均

平或先花而後葉或葉盛而花明或霞

扞而錦簇或雲聚而綵呈鮮艷奪目紛

華稱情。要其品彙。百可統該。首春以發。連類而來。梅衝雪放。杏倚雲栽。非標香。於度嶺。即得種。於蓬萊。萬朵葦。綃仙姿。李綻一枝。綺樹露臉。桃開同類。異稱海棠。有垂絲西府。殊根並種。山茶則宮粉。茶梅紅淺紅深。薔薇上架。玉盃玉版。芍藥翻階。櫻桃之與郁李。花實相符。木蘭之與辛夷。香色全乖。柳絮池塘。每惹遊人之袖。梨花院落。時逢美女之腮。瑞香丁香之瑣屑。迎春剪春之徘徊。林檎致子。蒼筤清齋。瑤樹瓊林。山礬遜夫。玉藥青條。粉面木香。小於茶蘼。翠葉娟娟。水仙將鹿。慈難辨。芳馨馥馥。香萱與百合。齊猜。至於紫荆之本當護。杜鵑之血堪

紅靈軒稿

卷一

二

哀繡。毬如成團之蝶。翅木瓜引作隊之蜂。媒凡此衆卉。青陽所培。始由解凍。迄於恢台。時移節換。鳴禽亦變。麗春全舒。米囊甫綻。蜀葵展向日之忱。石榴絳絳。紗之片崇朝。以謝木槿。堪憐附高以升。凌霄足羨。洛陽之辨鮮妍。石竹之葩明艷。金錢金絲。黃勝蒸栗。山丹渥丹。紅於染茜。玉墀風過。紫薇自搖。海舶帆來。佛桑纔見。枝頭攀葢。菴之苞。盆裏觀雙華之倩。香風荏苒。江梅之紅白。連叢小兩。冥濛藥草之金銀。獨擅攬牆陰之白鶴。如玉參差。采窗下之珠蘭。金星耀眩。玫瑰徧於圃中。菱荇浮於水面。點點荷錢。亭亭菡萏。一池之葉高繁。十里之香自

紅靈軒稿

卷一

三

遠宜納涼乎靜夜。亦采芳而歡讌。諒夏
 日之舒長。藉清芬以消遣。俄而商節已
 至。金風送涼。雞冠頂秀。鳳仙翅揚。木樨
 之放。欣看帽脫。紅絲之草。花名斷腸。蒲
 共葦兮偕秀。蒹與葭兮並蒼。是藿藿。是。芸。
 石室石室。之香馥。郁非花。非萼。雁來之草。紅
 黃蘭青青兮茁芽。芝裊裊兮齊芳。夜來
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 四
 之藥。續芬。擷應。聯串。秋葵之英。綽約。看
 去無雙。米枯。米。便。是。可名。蘭種。來異地。桃稱。夾竹
 購自殊方。至於淵明籬畔。羅含宅傍。凌
 風獨秀。五色成章。倚南窗而賞菊。誰不
 愛。夫秋光。及夫氣漸嚴凝。水枯木落。庶
 草凋零。空庭寂寞。榮枯。寂。中。偏。寫。得。華。偏晚。歲喜。欵冬之
 耐寒。性可拒霜。曼芙蓉之舒萼。冰花鋪

澗水想。天。自獻其雕鏤。雪片飛揚。天亦供其
 笑樂。則有出自真臘。映於簾幙。檀香。碧
 口色。勝松脂。金蓓蜜脾。芳生粧閣。是為
 宮樣之黃。絕勝九英之薄。斯寔寒卉之
 寥寥。末垂之灼灼者。也是知衆芳。遍發
 各有其時。千紅萬紫。露浥風披。於維杜
 丹。國色天姿。產於西河。植於御墀。拂檻
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 五
 入清平之調。粧臺飲紫金之卮。固宜圍
 以寶欄。印以燕支。爰為百花之長。恒受
 東皇之私。他若蕉號美人。草矜月貴。麥
 與稻而宜民。夢偕天而異類。六朝音。神。流。玉樹
 誰紀。根株四季。芳華惟尊。蘭桂別有燕
 子龍骨。旌節鉢囊。提蘿指甲。鐵樹扶桑。
 優鉢曇與優鉢羅。滋生佛土。史君子與

僧鞋菊。均植磁缸。是皆天地之精英。要亦苑囿之嘉祥。爰作賦以紀名。敢或恃其鋪張。彼花神兮知感。播明諭兮群芳。咸吐芬兮發秀。庶歲歲兮彌昌。

梅花賦 有序

作百花賦後。因念梅為花中高士。不可不另開生面。而廣平擬

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六

以通德。未免唐突西子矣。乃更為之賦曰。

水部東閣處士西湖何公。是避林子名。逋愛茲清友。骨瘦神癯。冒雪而行。遇於邗溝之上。連枝而秀。住向孤山之坡。高寒可敬。冷淡難摹。弄兀虬姿。與烟嵐而並長。橫斜老幹。將苔蘚以重鋪。于是晨

霜未消。暮雪又起。宿葉盡脫。嫩蘂猶細。顆顆珠圓。累累椒紫。下潤土膏。上凝淑氣。倚風綴玉。想江路之清幽。映日零星。訝南枝之容易。冰心雅淡。不受塵侵。素影便娟。疑來帳裏。乍微舒乎幾點。旋敷英于到處。籠煙隔塢。共知春信無差。如雪成堆。咸仰清芬莫比。則有絳苞吐艷。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七

綠萼標清。重臺則為玉蝶。單瓣亦足傾城。盛參差而繞屋。低映竹以窺人。影照孤燈。茅店之短檠。移焰香飛。幾片高樓之玉笛。傳聲臥含章兮。春暖入羅浮兮。夜深高格。誰知霜禽漫下。芳華獨早。野鶴休尋。開白玉之堂。沉吟簾外。掛黃昏之月。惆悵參橫。爰啓松窗。爰捫蘿徑。柯

條欲迷。光芒未定。值瑤臺之仙子。咳唾
呼。吸。可。通。五。京。
 珠霏見姑射之神人。肌膚冰瑩。天寒地
非。遠。
 凍前邨之蓓蕾。漸粗。月曉星稀。枝上之
 啁啾可聽。不施薄粉。何用鉛華。相狎微
秀。美。不。凡。
 吟。解。添。詩。興。風。淡。淡。兮。相。吹。煙。濛。濛。兮。
以。下。仿。拂。如。柳。
 向。暝。婉。兮。變。兮。若。低。鬟。之。女。含。睇。以。迎。
 皎。兮。潔。兮。如。縞。袂。之。姝。頻。呼。不。應。洵。能
 魁乎衆芳。用擘牋而相贈。乃爲之歌曰。
 臘後兮春前。玉葩兮粉妍。惟梅有花兮
 得和氣之最先。是以冠群英而永傳。
 牡丹賦 有序
 嘗聞周濂溪云。牡丹花之富貴
 者也。作賦者。自當以莊重穠麗
 爲妙。而舒元與篇中。有所謂背

紅雪軒稿

紅雪軒稿

卷一

八

者如泣。含者如咽。俯者如愁。曲
 者如折。等句。分明正。論。復。侃。以衰頹之語
 寫繁艷之質。似與此花不相宜。
 故復賦此。
 若夫移春檻中。沉香亭畔。地側黃金天。
空。負。光。陰。離。
 垂碧幔。和風暖日。序當穀雨之時。綠葉
 錦苞。技值花師之善。爾其晨露乍零。曉
 光初旦。嫩藥漸舒。層樓並燦。名稱不一
 種類。變換則有姚黃魏紫。金帶晶毬。非
 河陽之所產。即壽安之購求。色染粉紅。
 重臺執並。姿呈潔素。標格誰儔。青霓綠
 邊。顏分深淺。海霞瓜瓢。紅異紺緞。倚面
可。喜。
 面之新粧。繽紛五綵。疊重重之羅綺。炫
 耀雙頭。於是院宇深沉。庭榭整潔。珠箔

紅雪軒稿

卷一

九

五一七

輕明雕闌曲折金鈴高綴綵索類掣懼
 蜂蝶之或欺謝燕鶯之相狎繡榻既設
 瓊筵芳潔玉笋瑤尊銀筆錦瑟嘉賓在
 坐泛漱灑之醪醴伎樂侍觴奏歡娛之
 音節俄而日色欲盡絳蠟高烧燈光璀璨
 舞袖招搖客影與花光互映芳氣偕
 蘇澤齊飄湖石玲瓏繞百葉仙人之座

紅雪軒稿 卷一 十

銅槃欹側近三雲樓子之嬌別有青號
 佛頭綠名蝴蝶閔氏朱紅歐家淺碧爛
 若彩霞濃如澄墨鶴翎鹿胎之各異其
 容露蟬駝褐之細分其色無不競發天
 香群標千葉是以富同崇愷貴並金張
 經營臺砌以奉花王爭奇鬪勝玉質金
 相既費珍錯復賚篇章亮韶華之莫能

強駐况貴種之迥異尋常既載培而載
 植亦永熾而永昌願年年之三月長相
 對以徜徉

層樓晚霞賦

若夫地連滄海山接九峯城名白苧江
 號青龍春水瀾淪咸稱三泖烟生灌莽
 亦曰五茸當東南之隙壤近高下之崇

紅雪軒稿 卷一 十一

塘長廊曲折邃宇春容飛翬聳碧霄之
 半華堂居紫府之中重簷相軋複道潛
 通清池匯夫潮汐巍岡植以楸桐花木
 叢萃禽魚勃充爰有層樓能開四面檻
 俯晴空窗迴掣電危欄杳杳疑升小有
 之天暗磴重重似躡清虛之殿得暇時
 遊凭高即見細林在北雲籠翠巘百重

申浦來南波。捲銀濤。一線巒著橫雲之妙。陸氏難尋軒存聽雪之基。龍門堪羨。崇陵堆阜。技逾千將。圓鏡抒明。湖澄薛。澗藹藹。遠人之邈。鱗鱗野。氓之甸。於是春日遲遲。和風裊絲。芳菲滿目。桃李盈枝。竹與樹兮。蒙密鶯共燕兮。差池乃攜。碧玉乃命紅兒。晚粧初歇。相隨至斯。鎖

紅雪軒稿

卷一

十一

啓葳蕤屏展。呆思乃眷西顧。霞彩霏微。金烏欲墜。光倒射乎。輕綃素練。斜鋪色深。暈夫臙脂。乍建標於赤城。亦返照於。崦嵫。覽鳳德之續紛。仰雲章之陸離。擗異錦于蜀江。光華遙燭。駕虹梁于銀漢。絳袖低披。爛兮如繡。被之橫陳。乎青翰。灼兮若電。旌之搖曳。夫天遠乍滅。乍明。

或濃或淡。郁郁烟霏。沉沉鏡閣。細簇赤鱗。大舒花毯。斜侵城角。同蜃氣之難描。近隔水濱。類畫衣之堪攬。漸列宿兮。微露忽月痕之莫揜。霞欲消兮。樓昏樓益高兮。霞遠。緬人歸以樓空兮。况愁長而宵短。懷昔遊而不忘兮。濡生花之形管。賦層樓之晚霞兮。寫予衷之繾綣。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

十三

昇平烟火賦

有序

君舅開閭雲間。兵民咸遂。每遇萬壽聖節。必建清醮。上祝無疆。圓滿之夕。大放烟火。以慶昇平。爰作賦以紀其盛。

原夫聖德溥被。臣職克修。文和武輯。海澨山陬。農嬉以安。兵逸而休。矧三吳之

奧區據九峯之名丘。鼓角鳴而鯨波靜。戈戟耀而蜃氣收。十有三載風熙俗柔。每當姑洗之月適晉。

天王之籌乃潔行宮。乃延羽流青詞籲尊。

綠章迓麻對黼座之焜煌。申華封之吟謳斯時也。商賈盈市桑麻徧野。到處鶯花成羣車馬齋醮之忱既抒愉樂之情。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

十四

堪寫壇宇廣濶城闈高下。經化谷為以外內之繩有條不紊。照以遠近之燭燈光相亞。布置攸宜點綴閒雅。速若星移艷如花。謝於是走線電飛火樹行齊千聲萬聲之雷震十丈五丈之旗靡攢攢簇簇狂蜂亂舞于簷牙轟轟烈烈大砲猛發於衝梯掛着地如珠簾紅光閃爍聳凌空。

之寶塔字影迷離景千變而不窮。倏一響而靡遺乃知人心最巧用其就燥掣以金蛇藏以花炮火發而城忽頽煙騰而路俱杳。天筆可傾地扛龍共工怒觸夫不周河竭山移巨靈力擘乎華少衆籟既息萬有齊掃吾。

皇至治合於天道豐功偉烈照耀寰中端

紅雪軒稿

卷一

十五

委垂裳超軼象表是以觀茲昇平之盛事益知

帝德之難名吐止擬火吞精確刀未足擬其異水嬉龍幻烏能較其神迹其自有而無之僥譎殆亦類于角觝之雜陳乃為之歌曰火萬變而益奇疇九錫以咸宜瞻異景于斯時兮於以見地二之張弛願吾

皇。之。壽。算。兮。與。燧。人。兮。無。殊。

秋水芙蓉賦

波。塘。寂。歷。蒲。葦。蕭。疎。長。天。一。碧。微。風。不。
波。空。潭。澄。明。如。鏡。新。磨。寒。葩。鮮。艷。如。鬢。
乍。梳。水。弗。嫌。淺。花。偏。愛。多。環。岸。而。植。其。
卉。伊。何。高。株。挺。直。細。于。白。苧。巨。葉。紛。披。
軟。於。青。梧。苞。若。蜀。葵。而。差。小。華。同。木。槿。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

十六

而。朝。敷。沿。堤。誰。種。映。水。堪。賞。一。枝。一。影。
千。朶。千。樣。或。垂。頭。以。含。羞。或。擁。髻。而。相。
向。或。露。文。君。之。臉。紅。暈。墟。邊。或。照。西。子。
之。容。紗。留。溪。上。或。煙。凝。雨。濕。觀。洛。浦。之。
光。儀。或。風。曉。霜。清。聽。湘。靈。之。逸。響。凡。茲。
品。目。難。以。名。狀。秋。水。自。明。芙。蓉。自。生。霜。
降。而。花。乃。放。潦。收。而。水。益。清。花。倚。水。以。

紅雪軒稿

娟。潔。水。搖。花。以。縱。橫。於。是。荷。蓀。丈。人。鼓。

兼。收。晉。罍。攜。持。甕。裏。之。醪。搖。曳。煙。中。之。
勝。盈。盈。隔。浦。采。以。貽。誰。燦。燦。非。霞。緋。裳。
無。數。爰。維。艇。以。愛。竹。亦。傾。尊。而。列。俎。樂。
且。有。儀。醉。而。起。舞。緬。人。影。與。花。光。共。遲。
徊。於。清。溪。之。澗。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

十七

登滕王閣賦

若。乃。有。唐。高。祖。盛。莫。與。京。分。封。帶。礪。幼。
子。元。嬰。名。同。叔。繡。之。國。地。實。豫。章。之。城。
時。物。咸。豐。游。觀。聿。興。庀。材。構。閣。俯。臨。門。
闈。雉。堞。嵯。峨。近。繞。高。低。之。檻。江。光。浩。渺。
遙。浮。丹。雘。之。楹。爰。有。子。安。曾。來。作。序。豈。
無。伯。嶼。重。與。落。成。緬。四。韻。之。高。唱。垂。百。

五二一

世之令名。無如歲月變遷。山川常在。民
 物屢更。井邑不改。飛臺威。觀。畫棟係。之。猶存。帝子
 之遺。染翰揮毫。非復才人之代。鄱湖滉
 漾。長涵萬頃。洪波廬阜參差。高聳五峯
 螺黛。景雖聚於目前。興自超乎塵外。由
 唐迄今。千有餘載。道南昌者。當必覽乎
 遺踪。弔古蹟者。尤欲探其勝槩。珠簾暮
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 十八

帆移影望。遠樹於前途。故址蒼涼。昌邑
 城當其北面。遺基寥落。物華樓宛在東
 湖。岫懸石鏡。峯峙香爐。生米名潭。天寶
 洞之異境。投書野渚。殷洪喬之舊區。凡
 曠觀之奇特。悉萃集於郊郭。心不及識。
 手弗能摹。從茲一別。人事蹉跎。及乎親
 隔人天。况分幽顯。骨肉既割。興致亦淺。
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 十九

兩西望。溟濛極浦。朝雲孤飛。拚霽蓋高。低
 徊喝。入。雲。無限寸心。懷今古之牢愁。濃淡不常。
 四面皆煙霞之變態。憶方弱歲。隨任洪
 都。兄乘繡鞅。親綰銅符。畫船晚泊。赤棒
 傳呼。覩茲高閣。巍煥城隅。乃停桂棹。乃
 戒筍輿。逮升階級。遂屏車徒。櫺開朱榻
 門啓金鋪。綵袖憑欄。指長江於足下。布

憂懷惻愴。病軀輾轉。悵望章江。波深道
 遠。青雀之舫不來。白鷺之洲中斷。荏苒
 年華。悲涼地面。欲重到兮無因。即夢游
 兮恨短。吟成長句。恐彤管兮不文。寫入
 生綃。懼并刀之難剪。慨風景兮驚心。悼
 隙駒兮過眼。聊作賦以寄懷。抒愁思兮
 自遣。

涉江賦

原夫江自岷山。迄於海門。垠岸曲折。日月吐吞。萬里而遠。百川是奔。帆檣之所出。沒魚龍之所聚。屯南北既分。天塹難越。洲渚斷續。波濤間濶。有客欲渡。非舟莫達。罟師榜人。揚於擊汰。既挂席以共進。亦盪槳而徐發。於是蘭橈挂楫。畫鷁舳艫。或資商賈。或載士夫。啓水窗而凝睇。叩船舷以相呼。倘共鄂君。應施繡被。設過湘沅。悵望凌波。汀有蘭兮香采。岸有荻兮花敷。此來彼往。帆飽棹孤。行行似雁。泛泛如鳧。苟非艤待。亦復叩須。則有峩峩大舸。飄飄五兩。巨艦小舳。莫可殫狀。貯之萬斛。而不重乘。以長風而逾。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十

紅雪軒稿

王舟師接柁。可以通神。客子懷鄉。毋勞遠望。午夢驚欵。乃之聲出。浦駕澎湃之浪。自解維以至於遠岸。蓋瞬息而濟。夫滄溟於時澄流。若練水平。天曠寥落。煙村嗟峨。青嶂指出海之月光。聞隔洲之漁唱。莫不鄉心酸楚。羈懷悲壯。爰泊舟于江干。沽壚頭之薄釀。聊取醉以散憂。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十一

寄哀吟於淒愴

繡屏賦

若夫高堂之上。邃閣之中。簾用金押。欄將玉鑿。博山之煙。細裊香焚。百和龍鬚之簾。乍展。褥壘三重。髹几光滑。上陳圖籍。古彛班駁。側鑄夔龍。位置咸宜。器用具備。爰有屏風。以隔外內。六曲勾連。八

五二三

字相對。毋煩雕鏤。不施藻績。金針巧度。
 吳綾細配。布局既妙。肖形惟類。山水高
 下。竹樹叢萃。人物生細心體貼態固自得。其芳妍
 花鳥。弄姿亦復分。其向背。近必停勻。遠
 弗蒙昧。目營手刺。銖積寸累。於是一心
 量度。五采相宣。巧思屢運。慧想彌專。虛
 眉此細而當孃之妙技。別有靈奇。薛夜來之神工。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十三

寧無貫穿點點吐絨紗。窗乍見絲絲入
 扣線帖。初拈自分幅。以較遲速。迤合璧
 而列後先。乃命匠氏。乃飾崇觀。琢木為
 架。截錦作邊。連綿開展。璀璨華鮮。光增
 金谷。輝映瓊筵。則有的的麗句組織天孫袖破瓜之年。盈
 盈手記豆之屬。嫩臉凝紅。羞蛾顰綠。舞倦
 袖長。歌闌音促。或徙倚而整鈿。亦低徊

以顏玉。莫不隱現半身。迷離滿目。遂濡
 夢花之管。試作繡屏之曲。歌曰。玳梁兮
 金屋。屏圍兮六六。鍼微茫兮絲軟。燕羨
 女紅兮富足。比丹青而加縵兮。夫固仰
 閨中之芳躅。

乞巧賦

若乃炎氛乍退。銀河漸明。天高氣肅。露

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十三

下風清。貫聘黃姑。盼望下方之鵲。乘時
 白帝招搖。西吳之旌。則有瓊樓麗人。金
 閨才女。陳設宴會。相邀伴侶。五色之衣。
 宜曝九孔之針。共取曬者珠。圓。玉。紫。諿然。妾御效
 其走趨。穿之未達。姊妹紛其笑語。几筵
 爰備。桂魄初升。鮮菓羅列。明水泓澄。薦
 以中國之桃。采其下澤之菱。梨來張谷。

瓜。覓。東。陵。情。脉。脉。以。私。禱。香。霏。霏。以。霧。
凝。願。以。愚。誠。上。乞。智。巧。繡。茵。再。拜。青。詞。
具。表。既。希。明。慧。亦。祈。壽。考。扞。微。意。於。壺。
中。藉。天。孫。之。垂。照。於。是。星。光。爛。焉。靈。期。
炳。然。驗。蛛。絲。于。盤。盞。綴。玉。露。以。涓。涓。洵。
得。巧。於。茲。夕。欣。獲。福。於。百。年。諒。纂。組。之。
末。技。自。秀。媚。以。便。娟。之。時。也。王。謝。名。姝。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十四

金。張。戚。晚。膚。若。冰。雪。品。同。琰。琬。並。曳。霞。
裾。徐。搖。紈。扇。尊。傾。仙。露。酌。雲。際。之。天。漿。
樂。奏。新。聲。聆。堦。前。之。瑤。管。莫。不。率。爾。相。
慶。群。焉。稱。善。既。受。貺。於。碧。霄。聊。摘。詞。于。
黃。絹。

江帆賦

瀾。瀾。江。流。滔。滔。萬。里。百。川。爭。赴。一。望。無。

際。跨。越。吳。楚。綿。亘。洲。渚。南。風。北。風。驗。五。
兩。以。分。明。大。舸。小。舸。盈。萬。斛。而。俱。濟。舟。
航。不。一。器。用。實。宏。或。柁。或。槳。為。纜。為。坪。
就。其。中。之。最。妙。惟。帆。檣。為。至。精。檣。則。一。
木。帆。兼。衆。名。篋。重。若。厚。布。薄。蒲。輕。高。則。
十。丈。五。丈。遠。亦。千。程。百。程。則。有。賈。客。浮。
湘。漁。師。入。浦。樓。船。泛。泛。奉。冠。蓋。以。往。還。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十五

巨。編。峩。峩。載。商。人。於。道。路。每。風。正。而。高。
懸。亦。半。欹。而。斜。渡。煙。開。水。面。渺。天。末。以。
孤。飛。兩。滴。篷。間。悵。春。流。之。無。數。不。藉。輕。
篙。毋。煩。柔。艣。千。邨。萬。山。瞬。息。而。過。於。是。
危。樓。思。婦。異。地。羈。人。恨。行。人。之。未。返。傷。
歸。計。之。無。因。心。旌。搖。曳。魂。夢。忡。怔。徒。倚。
檻。以。延。佇。或。臨。流。以。愴。神。緬。茲。江。滸。訝。

波聲之震蕩。觀此帆影。慨離緒之縱橫。
 蒹葭斷續。鷗鷺繽紛。乍奮迅以遠邁。忽
 遲徊而緩行。飄飄不定。葉葉長征。濶狹
 遙度。高下相形。既掛之而莫阻。亦收之
 以遽停。遂使望之者情傷。見之者愁絕。
 葉砧兮未來。桑梓兮久別。布帆無恙。清
 江不竭。歎危橋之如林。驚浪花之若雪。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十六

燈月交輝賦

若夫獻節方新。孟春敷令。海晏河清。民
 安歲稔。玉燭恒調。金吾不禁。燈光炯若。
 類點點之星。懸月色皎兮。宜厭厭之夜。

飲。兔魄團圓。鰲山高峻。則有許史貴族。
 邢尹名姬。畫堂屏張。銀蠟照遠。碧霄雲
 淨。寶鏡升遲。輝上騰於廣寒。桂香蟾影。
 鏡下照夫。華屋九光。百枝於是。駿馬乍
 乘。香車初駕。遨遊闌闌。招邀臺榭。盈
 月底。紫鸞簫畔。之秦灼灼。燈前青粉。牆
 邊之謝。既覓星期。亦傳酒竿。際此佳辰。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十七

慶茲良夜。曲奏紅牙。詩題羅帕。路拾翠
 鈿。囊分蘭麝。已而明燈欲地。皓月將斜。
 燭跋屢見。簾衣半遮。樂盡闌而未歇。人
 倚醉而頻詳。絕纓之火。不明催花之鼓。
 停撻陽陶。臍栗懷智。琵琶調雖新。而倦
 聽漏漸深。以無差爰作歌。夫燈月聊以
 志夫繁華。歌曰。天有情兮。月初盈。人有

情兮燈共明。合上下而交輝。維此元宵。為不夜之城。士與女以偕樂兮。頌皇王之太平。

美人臨鏡賦

若夫金屋深沉。綺窗閒雅。香燼鴨爐。霜銷鴛瓦。繡帳低垂。簾衣密下。夢迷離而半醒。燈明滅以將熄。曉鐘已停。玉漏罷

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十八

瀉於是繡被不溫。晨光漸曠。星星倦眼。渺渺春魂。衣將披而未起。聲欲發而還吞。架上裙拖。命雙鬟之徐整。枕函釵墜。令小玉以潛捫。髮啼膏沐。臉餘睡痕。眉山蹙翠。鞋弓褪跟。爰奉幃以下牀。亦擁髻而臨軒。則有青衣捧盃。綠珠執悅。口脂面藥。以供澡瀡。理玉進金。以獻環珮。

紅雪軒稿

粧閣既啓。侍御成隊。乃奉簪珥。乃陳粉黛。擾擾綠雲。煌煌珠翠。匣鏡初開。月光露。朏清輝。忽滿魄。圓水滙有美一人。儼然相對。爰見眸澄。點漆腕現。凝酥青絲

理髮。白雪呈膚。先之以犀篦。繼之以牙梳。載掠載刷。不疾不徐。妝成迴顧。容華燦如芳心。未慊引鏡。蹀躞乍窺。鬢影旋

紅雪軒稿

卷一

二十九

拭脣朱。既上整乎花鈿。復中飾其衣襦。背照纔明。鑑看雙舉。肩斜似。臛袖或單。舒夷光之坐映。耶溪未歸。吳國甄后之行來。洛浦獨愴。陳思藉不律之采藻。為臨鏡之瑰詞。乃為之歌曰。鏡中人兮。臺畔。姝外與內兮。無殊形對影而欲呼兮。口將言而囁嚅。恐無情之不我應兮。終

五二七

以禮而自持

孔雀開屏賦

若夫炎微氣暖。珍禽充盈。連、類、而、及、
 以冠名素鵲。曳練公鳳。蜚聲緬深林之
 棲息。得孔雀之文明。翻張奇羽。首戴翠
 旌。觀長尾之陸離。共春卉以敷英。漸
 參以散彩。亦燦燦以舒榮。縷金錯綵。暈

紅雪軒稿

卷一

三十

碧攢青借。百花而秀發。迎初日以晶瑩。
 離離展勢。濯濯分莖。形狀不凡。羅致匪
 輕。來經萬里。路繞百城。縱於園囿。飼之
 稻秭。乃蓄歲月。乃馴性情。於是藥欄名
 花。金谷芳樹。丹藥霞鮮。錦苞珠聚。翩如
 五色之雲。穠若千重之綺。弄晴艷冶。舞
 風容與。香籠縹緲之煙。潤泥廉纖之雨。

廣庭相對。群芳互倚。瞳瞳曉光。霏霏露
 氣。景物咸佳。風日和美。杼足伸頸。奮迅
 而起。雌則展其舞翅。雄獨翹其翠尾。若
 其疎密間道。歷歷如星。光華銜耀。層層
 類屏。退後趨前。似將若迎。乍開未合。欲
 去還停。文彩之照耀。不一其色。毛羽之
 森豎。各殊其形。向背無偏。骨節有聲。正

紅雪軒稿

卷一

三十一

立凝視矜才華之烜赫。舒脰張喙。妬麗
 服之娉婷。倘並列於畫堂。恍開兩扇。或
 偶逢夫唐帝。懼中雙睛之時也。亭峙八
 角。闌圍六曲。流鶯間關。衆芳馥郁。邀春
 郊之士女。寶馬香車。坐瓊筵之賓客。錦
 茵繡褥。珊瑚出海。徐陵之筆架。堪陳珠
 玉。隨風李白之文詞。不俗當斯勝地。適

志怡情。玩此雀屏。賞心悅目。莫不江管
在握。麗藻盈幅。詠寄托高雅金翠於名園。比佳人
之倚竹。同灼灼於花前。願年年之多福。

雙彈賦 有序

吳門女周姬幼替而慧。能以兩
手並撥琵琶絃子。指不錯。揮聲
不相混。名為雙彈。蓋絕技云。余

紅雪軒稿

卷一

三三

曾贈之以詩。惜未詳盡。復廣其
意而成賦。

蓋聞巧匠製器。工精式奇。面背相稱。輕
重合宜。選材於文梓良楨。取料于白檀
紫榆。腹大頭昂。仿佛螳螂之象。盤圓柄
直。依稀琴瑟之遺。節分三調。絃應四時。
是名琵琶。樂出龜茲。別有三絃。非箏非

紅雪軒稿

阮洗發無遺蛇皮。鞞其下鼓。花梨琢其直幹。絃馬
橫支。發其音聲。牙軫斜插。程其緊緩。是
名絃子。近代始見。二器雖陳。能兼者罕。
既異祝敵。亦殊笙管。手並操以難和。技
獨成而斯善。則有吳趨妙倡。茂苑姣人。
觀風雅絕倫貌為奏工之高弟。問姓則顧曲之後
身。白傅篇中。未作商人之婦。雪兒隊裏。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

三三

曾居矇史之倫。憶昔君姑。隨任八閩。道
由平江。悅其雋聲。挈至官署。以娛昏晨。
爾年方少。爾藝已精。調絲應律。歌曲遏
雲。復經廿載。重來建業。余眼頓青。爾鬢
將白。留於壺中。俾侑筵席。竹肉清婉。絃
索明劃。再呈其伎。了無痕跡。上裁容宛則斜抱
下在則橫膝。右手頻挑。左指細擘。一聲兩

五二九

殺。褒。似。裂。帛。三。轉。四。轉。文。姬。按。拍。乍。飄。過。雲。
 搖。以。輕。颺。柳。陌。鶯。花。忽。瑋。鏃。而。急。促。沙。之。伎。數。揚。高。盡。
 場。戈。戟。似。分。似。合。不。疾。不。徐。敲。金。戛。玉。
 類。瑟。非。竽。抑。揚。中。節。斷。續。如。絲。珠。歷。落。
 于。盤。中。濤。震。撼。於。江。壖。子。然。以。止。月。明。
 窗。虛。四。座。寂。寥。餘。音。清。淒。俾。伶。倫。之。高。
 手。咸。傾。耳。以。如。癡。謂。並。奏。之。難。工。矧。雙。
 紅。雪。軒。稿。卷。一。三十四

之。鋪。揚。留。微。名。於。後。襍。
 蓮。花。賦。
 乃。若。零。雨。乍。過。銀。塘。水。漲。密。藻。浮。沉。閒。六。朝。道。學。
 鷗。蕩。漾。蒲。笋。初。抽。荻。芽。新。長。緬。芷。盛。而。
 蘭。稠。邈。洲。邊。兮。汀。上。波。暖。泥。融。煙。消。岸。
 廣。爰。有。田。田。嫩。葉。裊。裊。柔。莖。小。如。錢。貼。和。光。景。壯。
 大。若。傘。擎。東。西。有。魚。戲。之。樂。陂。澤。吐。烏。
 紅。雪。軒。稿。卷。一。三十五

殺。之。可。娛。共。望。風。而。遙。謝。愧。所。習。之。粗。
 疎。倘。獲。授。於。善。才。詎。自。委。夫。端。愚。於。是。
 收。絃。不。彈。袖。手。無。語。置。器。于。案。整。袂。而。
 起。掩。抑。若。思。便。娟。欲。去。目。俛。俛。以。自。憐。曲。終。奏。雅。
 歲。匆。匆。其。易。逝。悼。藁。砧。之。淪。亾。感。芻。豢。較。雅。門。更。削。淒。絕。
 之。芳。旨。庇。棲。息。於。萬。間。悟。明。闇。之。一。致。
 抱。絕。技。以。不。傳。侍。深。閨。而。畢。世。藉。彤。管。

羽。之。英。根。抵。旣。茂。茁。茁。漸。生。出。水。亭。亭。
 宛。文。人。之。筆。禿。數。華。片。片。疑。酒。客。之。飄。
 傾。於。是。翠。蓋。續。紛。紅。粧。高。下。泥。露。獨。舒。
 隨。風。相。亞。粉。容。遙。隔。似。扇。裏。之。行。來。暈。竟。體。芳。華。
 臉。低。垂。若。鏡。中。之。窺。罷。體。潔。清。以。無。滓。
 香。淡。遠。而。嫌。麝。散。彩。若。霞。含。芳。宜。夜。則。
 有。織。腰。楚。女。素。手。吳。姬。同。攜。蘭。漿。相。邀。

水嬉棠舟進兮橫浦近桂棹滯兮花港
 迷展臂欲采臨流弄姿奪並頭之雙藥
 憐空房之莫知亮雲萼其易謝結珠寶
 以何時共盪槳而濺裙獨迴櫂以沉思
 風微水逆道遠行遲勿歌採蓮之曲且
 吟君子之詞詞曰煌煌兮水芝夜斂兮
 晨舒容的礫兮露滋中縈繞兮多絲性
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 三六
 不蔓而不褻兮固皎潔兮如斯重為之
 亂曰藕有節兮節有枝葉挺直兮花參
 差紛繞閣而香瀾兮羨芙蕖之絕翕於
 方池雖多寡之不侔兮亦聊以志其風
 儀
 菊賦
 若夫蔣家之徑陶氏之籬秋光獨秀晚

紅雪軒稿

景最宜是以衆草凋瘁菊始蕃滋惟此
 嘉卉植於春時細雨清明乞根芟於鄰
 圃薰風長夏勤培養于芳畦甘澤愆期
 酌瓢灌溉柔條散漫揮竹扶持則有如
 蚓如蠶暗中作慝為虎為牛公然戕賊
 盲風怪雨之凌虐酷日炎威之欺逼害
 之者不一其物護之者弗遺餘力日月
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 三七
 既久精神堅實一尺二尺羅羅之葉清
 疎三極四極濯濯之姿條直繁枝盡去
 幹吐奇葩異種悉收花分五色若乃金
 風起玉露零盆推磁白移帶苔青置於
 座隅光映珊瑚之架列諸窗下影搖玳
 瑁之屏貯以綺戶而弗加貴圍以錦幄
 而弗加馨委諸榛莽而不減色混之塵

五三一

濁而不減。清高。傲之質。寧甘澹泊。孤介之性。亦自娉婷。與名士而作伴。為逸客以延齡。爰有柴桑主人。吳淞貞士。開軒面場。左圖右史。采之兮。盈把迎之兮。倒屣紛如。日華之五彩。莫辨丹黃。燦若天孫之七襄。不分紅紫。觴中酒竭。籬邊之使者。何來燭下影。重壁上之畫工。誰氏

紅雪軒稿

卷一

三十八

醉以佳茗。陳之素几。刻簾既設。援毫而起。乃為之歌曰。菊兮秋英。遲遲有成。惟其不早榮。是以既晚而獲芳名。亂曰。葉扶花兮。花映葉。風不墜兮。霜不怯。保寒香而慎所接兮。遑顧此飛飛之秋蝶。

遠山賦

若乃。何。吳。鮑。屈。戌樓獨上。粧閣遙窺。橋頭人別。渡

口煙披緬。嗟峨於江表。亦重疊於邊陲。一髮青浮。洞庭之波浩渺。雙蛾對聳。蠶叢之路崎嶇。別有上參碧霄。下繞赤岬。層層似分。綿綿不斷。蠹孤嶼於水心。抹黛痕於天半。銜日吐雲。煙霏霞燦。綠螺描處。淡濃之色。自殊翠浪。涌來起伏之形。已判於是。閨中殘夢。江上愁心。暗縈

紅雪軒稿

卷一

三十九

離思遙隔。孤岑程迢迢。以難往。目怔營以微吟。少遮。百里重阻。千林高嶺。現存恨。行人之更在嶺外。孤峯不見。悵綺閣之尚闕。峯陰徒使雲山滿目。遊子之清淚沾衣。煙巒亘空。孤客之迴腸百結。聳者如削。卑者如埤。連者如帶。缺者如珞。藹若藍染。屹同刀截。倘來鏡裏。應居着

譜之先。若入畫中。定在碧城之列。水窮水窮。霞盡霞盡。僅露其三峯。兩峯海角。天涯想見。夫千疊萬疊。凡山光之映照。與山勢之欹側。莫不以道遠而模糊。路長而明滅。試凝睇於遠山。寫胸中之鬱悒。

慈訓苦辛賦

緬昔嬌小。依於慈親。言動必誨。告誡維

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四十

勤。御下以簡。事上宜誠。行偕保傅。而深自歛。藏止須閨房而起。居有恒授古橫。以詩書詔之。誦習教以鍼黹。命之組紉。外內之別。尤肅嫺戚之誼。應敦蓋朝。勗而夕勉。亦冬課而春程。時雖弱齡。頗知遵守。習勞機杼。循禮趨走。執管淵源有自。臨書拈針。學繡。歷暑與寒。月將日就。既翰墨之稍諳。

紅雪軒稿

踐素娛心。復刀尺之俱嫻。女紅在手。烹飪兼工。範模咸受。每懷慈訓之周詳。靡歎我生之多疾。逮夫髫年。識見漸專。提命傾耳。定省隨肩。却珠玉而弗御。性甘樸素。對梨棗而必讓。分喜和謙。賦詠篇章。窗下之文房。晨列剪裁花卉。釵頭之綵勝。春懸藝蘭樹蕙。娛椿奉萱。姊與妹

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四十一

兮。雁列兄及弟。兮。鵠原凡閨幃之承順。悉柔婉之宜然。爰當及笄。良姻早締。謹設鼓鐘。肅陳璧幣。值吉時以啓行。遂辭家而從壻。舟楫逢迎。江山迢遞。自臨川而達於泖水。離雄堂以至於軍署。悵父母之隔面。瞻舅姑而是倚。敬脩榛栗。恭施巾悅。溫清弗懈。勞瘁遑計。雖有妾侍大家氣。

五三三

洽○弗○及○昵○即○對○婢○僕○威○不○如○惠○諒○滲○髓○
 之○必○親○庶○甘○旨○之○可○繼○匪○獨○竭○力○於○事○
 奉○亦○且○盡○心○於○交○際○親○志○允○安○婦○道○斯○
 殫○身○處○貴○盛○跡○類○單○寒○門○施○祭○戟○樂○非○
 綺○紈○其○間○往○事○之○堪○憶○固○已○荼○苦○之○萬○
 端○矧○姑○逝○而○翁○殂○恨○剗○肺○以○摧○肝○憂○瀕○
 洞○而○莫○解○淚○淋○浪○而○未○乾○念○吾○父○之○既○
 歿○於○王○事○痛○吾○母○之○復○罹○乎○終○天○生○愧○
 不○克○致○其○養○死○又○不○能○憑○其○棺○徒○兀○兀○
 以○自○傷○祇○淒○淒○而○歎○歡○偶○由○今○以○邇○昔○
 愁○與○愁○兮○相○接○憶○待○字○於○紅○閨○暨○作○嬪○
 於○侯○嫡○意○慘○慘○而○不○舒○衷○鬱○鬱○兮○莫○釋○
 食○當○案○以○咨○嗟○病○需○人○而○扶○掖○苟○念○及○
 於○平○時○何○此○軀○之○多○厄○聊○作○賦○以○自○寬○

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四三

緊何人之能述

田家賦 有序

已丑冬良人偕余自吳扶

翁姑二柩歸秦營葬時歲向暮農

事俱竣襁褓未耜槩無所見明

春三月余先南還出潼關由豫

達吳親覩耕種之勞霑塗之苦

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四三

感而賦此

原夫青陽載道土膏初動民生在勤粒

食為重提壺勸飲布穀催種東畦南畝

知地利之乘時于耜荷鋤賴農器之適

用井里雖分溝塍亦共時雨潤物東風

解凍負短鍾以適郊駕黃犢而自控招

邀儔侶勸勉徒眾藝此種稔資其職貢

各欣喜而致力。咸輯睦以無闕。則有關
中歸客。驅車遠行。命僕夫而戒途。率童
奴而去。秦隊列有序。從騎肅清。資裝弗
擾。弓矢不驚。凡循河而涉江。蓋匝月之
行程。其間疆宇之綿遠。民物之豐盈。經
歷既久。所見益明。從陝至洛。土厚水深。
平原大陸。一望青青。沙坡高壘。粃細犁

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四十四

輕一夫而耕數十畝。一畝而種六七升。
稷二。務。說。盡。中。州。地。利。固易收穫。亦平藝。惟黍稷。雖旱有
成。間以麥苽。夏租並徵。雜糧磨麵。葱蒜
作羹。食既粗糲。衣復結鶉。婦蓬髮以饑
餉。夫鵠面而躬。畊越阡度陌。兒童奔走
而莽莽。茅房土窰。老稚出入以欣欣。自
譙之毫。平衍寬綽。水田近陂。膠泥陷脚。

紅雪軒稿

或用桔槔。或恃錢。縛秧馬。紛馳磬鼓。間
作農歌。盈耳桑麻。遠郭民食稍饒。風俗
逸樂。樹饒楊柳。花多芍藥。役夫况瘁。渺
別路之攀援。士女幽閒。異鄭風之相諶。
悠悠行邁。疎疎村落。值農務之方殷。觀
田家之勤恪。則有土銜烟低。葍簷日西。
墻依豚柵。屋接雞棲。犬驚客過。獨逞吠

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四十五

乎籬根。鴉駭驢鳴。共高飛於大堤。野叟
荷蓑而望天。童豎驅牛而渡溪。桃花滿
髻。邛姑亦恃新粧。竹葉盈盆。田畯方誇
禮儀。衣沾社雨。酒挈偏提。閱徧地之綠
禾。聽坐樹之黃鸝。復有藜藿不克。鳩鵲
堪憫。歷旱澇而無告。受飢寒而難忍。窮
突不熟。荒野無困。聞啼號之悲慘。每潛

五三五

然。而。淚。墮。傷。榮。獨。之。孔。多。亦。何。由。而。遍。
賑。念。耕。九。以。餘。三。胡。聖。謨。之。詳。盡。厘。予。
懷。而。寡。策。紀。田。家。之。疾。疢。

月華賦

若。夫。炎。氛。已。澄。炎。威。漸。息。秋。雲。輕。明。秋。
空。高。潔。雁。噤。噤。以。成。行。蛩。悽。悽。而。催。織。
宵。漏。冬。丁。天。河。斜。撒。兔。兔。東。升。桂。影。清。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四十六

澈。團。圓。端。正。之。時。三。五。二。八。之。夕。坐。久。
涼。添。夜。深。人。寂。於。是。微。颺。不。起。澹。雲。忽。
生。遠。如。鶴。翅。近。若。魚。鱗。綴。木。綿。於。碧。霄。
颺。兜。羅。于。玉。京。飄。飄。渺。渺。續。續。紛。紛。環。
月。而。觀。其。華。更。精。或。黃。如。珠。或。赤。如。瑛。
紅。綠。相。間。端。竦。繞。乎。四。面。濃。淡。不。定。烟。
霞。籠。夫。一。輪。彩。層。層。而。不。着。大。似。雜。組。

之。繡。光。煜。煜。以。未。定。渾。如。在。爐。之。銀。則。
有。姸。人。倚。欄。才。女。憑。牖。凝。眸。天。半。駐。目。
良。久。初。沉。思。以。低。眉。復。欣。然。而。翹。首。對。
奇。瑞。以。快。心。禁。不。語。而。搖。手。相。看。未。厭。
俄。驚。烏。有。類。霞。消。而。霧。散。亦。虹。霏。而。電。
走。訝。變。化。之。須。臾。悵。繁。華。之。難。守。爰。各。
微。異。以。恣。討。究。有。云。月。乃。太。陰。之。精。秋。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四十七

則。揚。輝。之。辰。矧。當。盈。滿。之。佳。候。固。宜。光。
華。之。最。明。夫。是。以。由。乎。中。而。溢。乎。外。斯。
何。異。眸。于。面。者。根。於。心。又。謂。蟾。光。下。燭。
瀛。海。多。珍。龍。虛。雲。氣。蟻。孕。珠。英。蜃。腹。吐。
幻。鯨。目。運。睛。當。茲。皎。潔。之。際。各。逞。靈。奇。
之。能。聚。為。五。色。乘。風。上。昇。與。月。關。綵。信。
而。可。徵。二。說。胥。稱。有。據。誰。則。為。之。剖。分。

獨是姮娥乃廣寒之主。西昊尊白帝之
子。流素影於太虛。絢華彩於空際。觀之
者。福壽綿延。賦之者。才藻綺麗。何訝乎
八萬戶之修合。吾見其永照耀於塵世。

萬光燈賦

若夫雲屏邃閣。玳梁桂堂。沉沉漏永。杳
杳宵長。張筵得暇。爲樂多方。舞袖展兮

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四六

歌喉動。芳樽列。兮甲煎香。沈水之木。爲
山。火城不夜。巨鰲之脊。冠嶽蓬島。堪方
於是。燦若星聚。朗同珠跳。百枝高檠。九
光炳耀。金缸既盈。蘭膏欲燎。堆紗剔墨
之奇。魚鮑料絲之妙。紙細入微。角明有
耀。屏開六曲。千花之簇。分行珠綴。重簾
十幅之垂。遠照廊廡。並掛軒楹。爭巧別

紅雪軒稿

有寰中絕。少海外遙。尋離朱用目。工倕
費心琢。彼玻璃飾以黃金。圓轉八面。厚
薄千層。面面殊影。層層異形。一燭之光
數百。數燭之光萬。燈如月麗。天普印於
江湖。溪澗如鏡。出匣遍照。夫草木蟲禽
自一以化。萬萬猶不足。由萬以歸一。一
豈疆名之時。蠟炬旣明。寶燈共仰。賓主
情洽。歌舞酣暢。緬當筵以昭灼。亦倚柱
而凝望。漸零亂而弗齊。倏搖曳以彌旺。
星稀兔沉。更殘雞唱。爰吹燈而息光。日
曛曛兮東上。

紈扇賦

若夫齊地宜桑。蠶月載績。作繭盈筐。綠
絲滿室。旣上機以入扣。敢偷安而自佚。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

四六

五三七

軋軋梭鳴。燦燦光溢。銖積寸累。經稠緯
 密。纜看半段。忽已成匹。從晨達宵。工夫
 專壹。於是巧匠製器。良工取材。長短合
 度。潔素堪裁。抽藤後入以束。削竹為胎。團圓
 樣。蹙光圓柄。措揀輕紈。而膠合。屈湘筠
 以璧借飾。以錦邊嵌。以瓊瑰。昔歡重結。
 新式偏佳。乘時將用在匣。初開嬋娟就
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 五十

雪兒捧巾。拂拭象牀。陳設玉琴。欲祛暑
 而靡由。藉紈扇以舒情。掩抑增態。動搖
 有聲。覺涼颺之透體。俾煩敵之遽清。亮
 任小盛衰轉瞬今昔同施而功大。自寵多而報深。胡天運之
 忽秋。慨人情之見輕。炎涼頓易。棄捐俄
 頃。塵生篋笥。感深宮闈。緬懷袖之永隔。
 傷屏帷之俱冷。類故交之寂寥。同去婦
 紅雪軒稿 卷一 五十一

列。婕妤咸來。攬持玉手。還往瑤階。乍粘
 蝶粉。復映桃腮。雲鬢半遮。喜清風之拂
 面。錦詞斜掩。訝明月之投懷。則有簾滑
 琉璃。簾垂翡翠。公子納涼。佳人薄醉。珠
 將滴而汗融。金不寒而釧墜。池靜無波。
 燈殘未晦。悵流螢之孤飛。懼聚蚊之成
 隊。坐久易慵。倦來難睡。乃使紅兒持悅
 托興於扇。寄幽怨。願君寒暖。心弗變。
 明棄予不復留餘情。所以班妃懷繡。卷

胡琴賦

乃若邊風安。然。而。起。不。滅。文。道。早寒邊草易枯邊雲多陰邊
月常孤景蕭蕭而可傷氣肅肅以難和
笳音焦殺角聲呶鳴緬椎髻以辨髮亦
羶裘而罟姑情欲展而語咽恨將杼而
調粗於是斲匏為底插竹為柱綳絃最
緊轉軫不滯彎湘筠以象弓繫繁絲而

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五十二

巧試以絃軋絃音嬌韵清一按一鬆有
條有理鶯間關於漢苑燕呢喃於北里
轉動皆脆合律齊止錫以佳名協以宮
徵胡本無琴得非蔡琰之傳心琴非胡
樂母乃明妃之所作絲與竹而離揉摩
與鋸而無錯雙清遲緩久遜其真四絃
啁嘈不如其確逐笙管於雲霄瀉珠璣

紅雪軒稿

於叢薄彈箏瑣屑摘阮古樸惟此妙音

迥超絃索則有紫貂圍炕白雪露肌懷

抱仙樂身曳錦衣進乳酪以銀甌炙鹿

酥以翠綺侑歌悠揚起調依稀吐音欺

鸚鵡之舌合曲奏鳳皇之詞或拍掌以

相和亦擊節以自私爰擘篋以獻言乃

著為胡琴之詩詩曰古琴之音雅而正

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五十三

吟猱綽注皆有定流入胡中誰肯信胡
音不與古音同細絲瘦竹軋以弓淒淒
哀怨鳴霜風一曲新聲月滿空

碧梧棲鳳賦

乃若巍巍大山鬱鬱崇岡土石豐厚氣
脉靈長上有碧樹根深葉昌其名為梧
花繁子香植之多載飽歷風霜棲止何

五三九

禽。厥。惟。鳳。凰。枝。秀。挺。而。不。曲。性。孤。高。以。自。昂。方。春。和。暖。嫩。芽。初。吐。其。色。淺。絳。濯。濯。沾。露。漸。放。而。綠。膏。雨。新。沐。大。不。盈。掌。刻。畫。如。玉。既。展。而。青。森。森。成。陰。穠。郁。滿。枝。疎。密。停。勻。四。月。花。敷。絮。飄。雪。零。五。月。乳。垂。珠。圓。殼。輕。時。序。易。改。柯。條。擢。英。長。夏。日。赤。孟。秋。風。清。搖。烟。曳。月。洗。雨。撐。雲。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

辛酉

禽。之。外。飾。鳳。非。梧。而。不。棲。梧。非。鳳。而。無。色。於。是。高。枝。拂。雲。靈。羽。超。羣。倚。翠。葉。而。作。蓋。振。彩。翮。以。舒。袵。邀。四。海。以。求。鳳。爰。尋。其。侶。煥。九。苞。而。育。子。亦。篤。其。倫。衆。鳥。拱。衛。千。禽。繞。身。之。時。也。朱。鷺。徐。至。紫。燕。遙。臨。黃。栗。留。歌。求。友。之。什。白。頭。公。作。文。君。之。吟。綠。衣。倒。挂。而。呈。技。青。鳥。通。信。以。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五十五

在勞賦

原夫書稱無逸。禮訓克勤。黽勉素勵。靜好風聞。非躬績之敬。姜即挽車之少君。與古為伴樂羊以斷機而力學。伯鸞以助春而垂芬。乃知作勞為起家之本。陰教實治內之勲。苟言聽而計從。自意愜而情親。胡信邪以悅諛。遂墮聰而黜明。爰邇在昔。齊牢共命。有憂相寬。有樂斯並。非惟縫紉之益力。亦且旨蓄之是任。出風入雅燭前裁剪。寒夜獨支。厨下脆甘。高堂偕進。猶謂謙抑之常。肯矜嬌貴之性。錦綺不御。錢刀遑靳。同儒素之儉約。循詩書之本分。福未及迓。灾反相仍。姑方見背。舅又病增。風木哀痛。陵谷騫崩。事變之末。風起水湧既眾。衆之交。作復百川之沸騰。支吾拮据。敢告弗能。調劑

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五十六

補苴徘徊。寢興爰扶。視以歸陝。右卜高。原而就吉。徵衝風雪之載。塗望桑梓。以拊膺。松楸是植。堂斧是憑。荷恩綸於九天。錫葬祭以嘗蒸。樹棹楔於隧道。以上埋秘器。以碑緼而升喪事。既竣。行裝乃亟。流言孔布。讒夫罔極。謂挾貲以遠行。懼窺伺之不測。欲恫喝以稽留。紅家司一禮將操戈而入室。眾口囂囂。余心默默。內志既定。毅然不惑。驅車就道。選徒命役。歷四千里。以南還。鮮有絲毫之蹉跌。爰居爰止。不震不迫。既宜室家。旋念嗣息。弘膠木之化。妾媵旁求。獲螽斯之慶。子女連得。圖裕後以承先。務稽出而量入。較簿書以目眩。籌多寡而心結。任此際

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五十七

之揮霍畏他時之蕭瑟垂堂之評全弗
 寘懷逆耳之告徒煩饒舌固鉅細之身
 親且酬應之力竭精神易憊疾病遂成
 沉綿林褥依賴參苓解信之早已往之勿庸慶
 將來之更生蓋勞而有功乃聽納之明
 勞而無益孤諫阻之誠念終不能採葑
 菲於末路夫又何必獻芻蕘以博名獨

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五八

予懷之於邑不覺發為歌聲歌曰勞既
 以身兼以心枉弗在昔而在今亮世路
 之艱識亦安知余之苦吟聊寄意於短
 章庶後嗣之知音

報恩賦

原夫親養夫身身本乎親感茲一氣懷
 於二人出入保抱哺食平均詩教禮儀

遵六經之矩矱推乾就濕念三年之苦
 辛母兮育我爰憶夫萱父兮鞠我聿傷
 乎椿寸草春暉既不能盡寸心之報効將何以酬
 昊天之至仁兒身空長親未及養時序
 代謝霜露淒愴籩豆陳列蒸嘗惆悵魂
 夢不來風木徒仰思母神通親歸冥漠終難竭其
 孝思身處繁華豈可陷於塵網效昔賢

紅雪軒稿

卷一

五九

之撤環畏世相譏學古德之清修存神
 注想恭聞海藏傳有哲嗣親歿追慕受
 命導師迴光返照翻新出奇異想天不識聖容
 以親開顏為佛日欲求證果悟至孝即大
 慈朝參夕禮止觀修持懇勤一念瞻仰
 六時誠感格忽毫光之照灼現接引之威儀垂
 手低眉雖具梵天異相耳提面命居然

堂上尊慈公案不遠。余因設願。子女具足。塵勞頓判。愛河易竭。情緣早斷。棲形壺闕。遊神汗漫。蓮座皈依。雙親乃過去。世尊蘭闥。立志四大。即真阿羅漢。檀香三炷。心印常拈。玉磬數聲。金經默轉。趨承圓覺之庭。跋涉慈悲之岸。知佛心之不異。親心瞻佛面之即同。親面仗此虔

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十

衷達於鷲峯。亮神爽之自超。生化域以重逢。縱罔極之難報。希洪願之或從。祝天界之早昇。甘畢世之潔躬。苟清修之上格。錫不昧之真空。庶逍遙於須彌。奉庭幃以無窮。

彩雲聚散賦

若乃山川之氣蒸而上浮。輕即易動。去

亦難留。初英英以軒舉。漸綿綿而緒抽。暎日精與月華。若翠集而黃流。魚鱗巧砌。鶴翅偏修。撐雉扇於高穹。輝煌五色。仰龍文於碧落。照耀九州。於是左迴右展。或舒或卷。渡水輕明。隨風漫衍。霓裳霞帔。迎靈芸以香車。霧縠綃衣。載瑤姬於雕輦。膚寸而合。氤氳成片。乍層層而

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十一

碧重旋霏霏兮。絳淺紫烟白。蛻鮮妍並呈。綠字赤文。昭垂丕顯。既繽紛以相宣。自聯翩兮莫辨。觀瞻胥覩。華彩彌遠。類門戶之光榮。獻篚筐之綢絹。文茵繡褥。錦麗藻於閨幃。錦障翠襦。締芳情乎歡。譙謂穠艷之常新。詎時世之多變。纔看璀璨。忽復微茫。轉瞬不同。斯須欲翔。渙

兮若春冰之釋凍。頽乎似垂虹之斂芒。
波靡鳥逝石破天荒。驚過眼之榮華。忽
消歸於烏有。嘆薰心之羅綺。遽轉換兮
摧藏聚也。何因散於何方。殊鍊士之五

烝。非天孫之七襄。昔名為慶。固彰聖世
之異。今揚夫彩。尤為下土之祥。當其絢
爛晴空。攢簇昊蒼。屯為甘露。其珠瀼瀼。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十三

捧彼景星其光煌煌。形與形兮相凝瑞。
偕瑞兮俱昌。胡吳二之煽禍。誘封姨以
披猖。情一垂而永離。意不洽而彌狂。各
背馳兮弗顧。隔河山兮堵牆。慨雲容之
幻態。等塵事之匪臧。乃為之歌曰。雲何
自興。煥其彩。聚於中天。光靄靄。霞標霧
合。不常在。賦性輕。忽喜更。改吁嗟乎。其

易散兮。望長空而有待。重為之亂曰。聚
兮散兮。樂憂相半兮。緣有限兮。美不能
長燦兮。世與世而迭換兮。吾將並彩雲
而齊觀兮。

解脫賦

若夫理有相因。性有各足。日朧月削。內
桎外桔。拘困既久。靈明難復。貪多務得

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十三

祇自昧其真。如從欲恣情。亦不計其僂。
辱五官為一身之累。萬物憾兩間之感。
人已之見。固役於生。初好惡之機。復迷
於世局。倘隨流而不返。懼塵海之茫茫。
設蔽障之莫祛。訝天君之碌碌。則有游
心淡漠。寄跡閨房。手披貝葉。身曳霞裳。
誦不二之經文。禮真空之法王。非無非

有識妙義之超卓如露如電悟幻相之
荒唐亦依眷屬覺愛水之自具津梁弗
狗嗔癡俾毒龍之永絕猖狂置榮枯于
度外辨邪正于毫芒雖御錦綺布素勿
忘雖列珍錯蔬水時嘗妾侍慵惰最之
有方嫺威疎密接之以常即有犯而不
較使能助而必償服習多時參求不易

紅雪軒稿 卷一 六十四

智析慧通事突緣起得掃除法明清靜
理塵與塵兮互積空與空兮無際乘分
大小種種潛修法造淵深言言實諦緬
惟樂土類蓮花之化生觀此色身如大
火之圍聚三車既駕境地清涼五部咸
繙貫融肯趣處濁世而不染儼碧荷之
獨立池中歷陰霾而更明若白月之初

紅雪軒稿

升海底於是妄念俱息神理自標衆累
悉捐百慮齊消如魚出網如鳥歸巢不
為憂侵不受歡招等滄海於一勺藐秦
岱於鴻毛巨細泯乎其界重輕隨其所
遭金高北斗揮來易盡位躋上台數至
難逃凡眼前之繫戀胥域內之塵勞身
不為其所縛意不為其所撓既無拘束

紅雪軒稿 卷一 六十五

亦鮮喧囂譬舟航之濟夫巨川能渡人
而先渡已若珉玉之出於大璞火不焚
而水不漂心安夢穩性逸神超荷慈悲
之佛力拯沉淪於沸濤亮諸苦之永離
依淨土而逍遙

剪綵供親賦

蓋聞事親為大聖有垂戒存固竭力歿

五四五

亦無改矧菽水之莫供痛雞豚之未逮
想音容於杳冥致敬恭於匪懈觀杯棬
而手澤依然瞻几筵而靈爽如在能勿
展其依戀之忱將其奉事之槩爰開一
室祀我先人掃地布席焚香展茵既潔
院宇亦遠氛塵朝夕參禮類比丘之皈
心佛祖朔望叩拜如羽士之昭事仙真

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十六

設卣陳籩庶幾用享春華秋實遍薦時
新非敢云孝思不匱亦藉以誠意微伸
顧園囿之開謝賴雨露之均勻縱艷冶
而堪愛奈零落以無存容華易凋歲月
難駐勺水徒滋飄香何處欲顏色之常
鮮遂仿摹而親製乃擇綾絹燦焉五綵
復理絲絨紛然十指娟娟紅白隨金剪

以賦形灼灼芳菲運繡針而綴樹鬚依
蒂而初長辨圍鬚以團聚朶分枝比疎
密有情葉碧葩殷參差可喜心之所觸
信手為之拈來興有所會緣想自此而
起勞雙腕於燈前窺百花於鏡裏豈繡
譜之能描詎像生之堪擬姿態各別名
目不同梅柳綽約牡丹玲瓏池荷之苞

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十七

均瓌籬菊之綻茸蒙色有淺深天桃之
與文杏枝分軟勁山茶之共芙蓉依稀
造化彷彿天工夫固扞一誠而自効遂
可歷四時而上供憶昔吾父五馬勸農
盱江遺愛棠蔭猶濃繫惟吾母四德從
容渤海薇音花誥膺封愧弱女之不才
風霑榮乎

九重念春暉之莫報慚小草之彌縫時焚
香而獻花事吾親於無窮倘萱椿而下
格享永遠之春風

芭蕉夜雨賦

若乃閒堦樹少廣砌草深闌中大本簾
外濃陰經霜隕色得煖抽心幹森沉而
盈拱葉輾轉以經尋春杪夏初露浥風

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十八

吟抒輕薄之羅影能障日搖連卷之扇
聚即成林是以種每依簷根偏得地漸
迷離而隔紗亦翩翩以映几或摘之而
鋪簟或蓄之而代紙涼生座上滑勝琉
璃字滿行間光浮側理層層施展大十
倍於貝多卷卷歛藏等一束之圖史散
漫庭前招搖窓際忽冉冉以雲凝復蕭

紅雪軒稿

蕭兮風起空閣燈青帷垂窓閉枕欲倚
而更推夢將來而復去丁丁聒耳颯颯
驚魂乍斜飛而滴瀝亦直注兮悽清葉
長易破絲軟莫禁反側無聊恨纏綿於
肌骨瑈淙不定歎霑灑乎堦庭則有身
因病瘦鬢為愁侵班姬之辭御輦陳后
之處長門境當岑寂跡類飄零中宵默

紅雪軒稿

卷一

六十九

坐徹曉縈情獨挑蘭焰雙垂淚痕聞茲
蕉雨俯首歎吞原夫秋夜偏長寒雨恒
有已怯更闌况聞簷溜值敗葉之離披
助愁霖之擊掣沉沉響重疑漏水之未
停點點韻孤覺哀音之迭奏雨得蕉而
滋橫蕉帶雨而彌久兩相遭以弗稍止
兮亦何恤聽者之難受乃為之歌曰空

五四七

房獨處秋氣涼。芭蕉葉暗橫瑣窗。更堪
夜雨聲淋浪。誰能聞此不心傷。天弗肯
明兮。人胡可當重為亂。曰葉如綠羅兮。
受風獨多兮。雨入夜而滂沱兮。蕉與人
而作魔兮。淚涓涓而常墮兮。似與葉上
之音相和兮。吁嗟太苛兮。願濕雲之早
過兮。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十一

刺繡賦

爾其紅閨暇日。青瑣晴窗。香浮獸鼎。茵
施象牀。中陳獨坐。旁列明璫。進妾御而
程工。頌絨線以盈筐。羅輕綾滑。針細綳
方。剪欲下而還停。尺已度而重量。較花
樣之深淺。計衣裳之短長。分析既定。督
率有常。研粉調朱。或飛或翔。魚躍于沼。

獸走在崗。連林獨樹。杏茂桃芳。花花相
間。葉葉相當。畫描摹之能事。窺生動於
毫芒。或用舊式。或逞新粧。纏枝貴乎蔓
衍。界劃宜乎端莊。龍跳虎卧。精神發揚。
鶯梭燕剪。姿態迴徨。各依次而來。呈漸
披圖而審詳。於是獎其巧妙。責其散漫。
若者可取。若者當換。指點分明。條約不

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十一

亂就坐。整衣低頭。運腕初絲。絲以積累。
旋層層而璀璨。即葉觀花。由枝生幹。目
流波以神凝。風行水而文渙。疎疎密密。
畧致用其心思。白白紅紅。早已成夫片
段。當面寫鴛鴦之浴。壓線沉吟。隔窗聞
鸚鵡之聲。停鍼相喚。不須陳稿。自出新
裁。恐污翠鈿。頻將手盥。以青妃紫。淡濃

自有幹全錯彩鏤金彼此亦須交翫妍
媼以是而別工拙于焉以判當其春光
澹蕩旭日融和蝶飛飛而尋香蜂紛紛
以出窩百卉舒其錦繡群峯聳其黛螺
對韶華而寫照覺景物之駢羅紅稀綠
暗木茂草多粉粘徑竹香起池荷鷓鴣
戲於斷岸翡翠點夫晴波維茲盛夏長

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十三

日難過藉斯針黹聊以消磨及乎秋清
天爽桂影婆娑梧驚墜葉蛩鳴淺莎雁
唳唳以群遊菊淒淒而芳孤燈昏夜永
月小星塵及夫嚴冬氣凜木落水枯青
蒼松柏幽深澗阿水雪凝結貂錦疊鋪
袖手不溫呵凍攢蛾線迎長至笛和短
歌嫁衣代作傷心如何別有寒女房中

紅雪軒稿

吳姬樓上盈盈碧玉之年灼灼綠珠之
樣凭繡榻以吐絨費慧心而馳想絲絲
接續儼夜來之指揮物物精奇得化工
之情狀裙拖六幅蛺蝶雙雙袂曳五銖
蜻蜒兩兩既攢簇以告成共傳觀而欣
賞亮女紅兮最重惟繡裳兮堪仰尚勤
敏兮自勗庶補衮兮指掌

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十三

手剪叢蘭賦

若夫天中已過地臘方新蒲抽青劍榴
擘絳巾仙艾之符懸戶五彩之囊佩身
包黍芬芳鬪草逡巡香羅稱體疊雪初
裁紈扇出篋明月乍陳旋離粧閣復捲
湘筠長廊風透曲榭雨湮霉水清冷已
屆浴蘭之節蘭絲纏繞方當繫臂之辰

五四九

緬彼王香。生於楚粵。峻嶺漫延。芳叢勃發。養。真。銜。茅。下。紛披隨風。瀟灑得月。根蟠玉條。葉森翠髮。棲形岩阿。養真石窟。隱士之所徘徊。仙靈之所出沒。誤標令名。遂受唐突。商人遠購。山農遍掘。持鏟荷筐。衝寒冒暘。分種以栽。列價而揭。渡嶺涉江。盈車連筏。類君子之出山。望高門而欲歇。則

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十四

有邃閣賢媛名家女。宗寄情哢晦適興。簾櫳市蕘缸於吳下。擔赤土於巖中。缸宜堅厚。土忌浮鬆。樹藝有方。根深墜厚。灌溉得法。露浥苔封。芽初萌而綠迸。筍將出而紫茸。生意可嘉。培植之功誠妙。病葉須去。芟刈之力是庸。蓋蘭之秀固在。花而蘭之命則在。葉菁蔥乃其榮。威

萎黃亦其虛怯。或枯瘁以害蟻。或斑點而生。蝨使命婢子。必多鹵莽之愆。倘界園丁。恐造欺凌之孽。爰啓香奩。載舒繡帖。既揜綵袖。復整衣摺。瓊珮微搖。文履輕躡。金剪自拈。玉指親捻。鉸而去者。焦落枯枝。理而存者。鮮妍茂安。既去媼而留美。且新生而舊除。雨潤風梳。盡是沈

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十五

湘之種燈。明月淡無非。入畫之時。膏沐之澤。頻沾芳華。竟體脂粉之痕。常近蒼翠不移。貯之几案。伴以詩書。聞馥郁於瑣窗。欣照耀於墨池。綠葩微吐。勁葉濃擘。恍知思而効命。遂潔清而自持。願相依兮百年。望裁翦兮無私。洎畢生之榮寵。長藉庇於堦墀。

梧桐落葉賦

若夫白帝初駕。炎氛退舍。池荷香銷。江
葦枝亞。露英英其濡茅。風颯颯兮穿罅。
名園虛敞。高崗橫跨。上有梧桐。伶俜堪
詫。踞石根危。感時葉下。舞空欲墜。作清
響於銀牀。離幹猶飄。聽秋鼓於廣榭。則
有江干別墅。楚水通津。林泉疎爽。木石

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十六

嶙峋望靈風兮不來。撫喬柯兮傷神將
攀條兮采實。懼琅玕之悞陳。欲斷材兮
為器。恐枯焦而溷薪。哀搖搖兮莫必。眉
戚戚以常顰。自初凋而遞落。顏日改以
非新。類盛年之易去。等韶華之惜春。枝
兀兀以撐空。葉蕭蕭而墮塵。非委棄於
墻下。即飄流乎水濱。諒辭樹以弗回。徒

紅雪軒稿

帳隔兮苦辛。於是綠皮雨濕。枯幹風擺。
廊寂寂兮無人。子珊珊兮誰採。每堆積
乎槿籬。亦覆蔽乎荃蒞。伴砌蛩之悲涼。
助征夫之慷慨。或敲窗以颼颼。或打簷
兮浙灑。寒煙夕濛。薄霧晨靄。悼將飛而
梗懸。哀欲凋而色改。歎集卑之速朽。畏
居高之易殆。徒使朱樓淑媛。璇闈麗娟。

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十七

坐傷紈扇。粧掩翠鈿。黼帳夢回。憐碧樹
之零落。繡簾朝捲。望黃葉以翩躚。緬茲
棲鳳之條。遽翻飛於目前。凋傷幾樹。愁
緒千端。書妙句以乘風。未必遇有心之
客。蔭怒螳之短臂。何以庇見捕之蟬。似
添薪之古槐。元稹追憶。泛出溝之宮水。
顧况親傳。小風曾來。舊種阿房之地。阿

五五一

環不見曾傷秋雨之天他如益州之絲
可以為布東廂之生兆應用賢龍門之
高百尺嶧陽之材中絃莫不枝枝摧抑
葉葉連蜷聞於風裏隕在霜先驚薄寒
兮有準悲落木兮無邊聊拈韻以寫憂
遂斐然兮成篇

金魚賦

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十八

若夫春光駘蕩春日熙和芳庭花發綺
樹鶯歌池開龍首之名色澄碧玉簾映
蝦鬚之影光湛綠羅藻疎密以分歧荇
小大而浮波則有文鱗往來其色非一
吹沫擁花乘流映日紅若丹染黃如金
溢白類琢晶黑同點漆濃淡相間鱗鬣
各別或頭重而倒垂或腹圓而橫逸三

尾四尾搖曳分明有髻無髻貴賤懸絕
乍跳躍以分行亦悠然而若失方其濕
生之時子綴水草之端累累成顆微細
可觀曬於暖日浮似針尖凝而不動其
化也天飼以蛋黃渾渾相全從纖毫而
至盈寸方游泳以樂無邊啖食既久錦
鱗乃鮮其類不齊秀色燦然爰有佳名

紅雪軒稿

卷一

七十九

稱謂風傳白圍玉帶紫跨金鞍唇吐楊
妃之舌珠看佛頂之圓片片作紅雲之
覆星星為灑金之牋彙茲各種貯之清
瀾漾以翠藻圍以朱闌方晨光之初照
共啁啾而啞水雜花片以同浮啖細沫
而成隊遇微風之相吹每洋洋而徙彼
乍旁見於池邊旋下沉於淵底既逢驚

而忽散亦得食以恒聚紛紛紜紜來往
成群紅紅白白間雜如雲躍春波以自
嬉樂秋水而曾聞豈徒寫織鱗之形狀
且將契惠施之性情彼鰲擲與鯨吐徒
震撼於滄溟焉能如小沼之金魚永托
庇於清冷

明河賦

紅雪軒稿

卷一

八十

若乃白藏應序金天爽朗珠斗乍斜明
河初上橫空而截其影搖漾如雲不飛
若水無浪中含星座外無依傍云是天
漢之津每至秋而彌亮南箕偕尾宿齊
輝織女與牽牛相向時當綺節織月光
新雲輶欲動鳥鵲成群橋將駕而甫畢
梭猶擲而未停則有漢使迂誕仙槎誤

紅雪軒稿

乘海波浩渺涯岸無垠衝風直上凌虛
以行傍徨乎六合之表仿洋于析木之
濱瑤宮之帝子方軋軋以織作瓊田之
丈夫復踽踽以耕耘既飲牛於水渚復
弄杼於軒楹爰贈異物五色如珉歸而
往蜀以問君平始知下土曾占客星支
機片石犯斗有人歷千秋而不改望雲

紅雪軒稿

卷一

八十一

漢以心傾至於詞人小慧女主放宕托
典風詩貽譏天壤迄今覽明河之短篇
猶足慨君臣之道喪聊寄意於弱毫賦
天潢之高曠

五五三

祭母夫人文

日○月○奄○忽○霜○露○悽○清○音○容○不○覩○寒○暑○再○
起○如○悲○風○撲○面○心○骨○皆○寒○
 更○離○裏○之○痛○母○女○之○情○纏○綿○心○髓○割○裂○
 死○生○違○此○凶○喪○弗○躬○弗○親○天○乎○何○辜○不○
 恤○鮮○民○哀○哀○刺○促○一○一○瑣○陳○於○惟○我○
 母○渤海○太○君○處○家○以○禮○逮○下○以○仁○鞠○育○
 子○女○懿○德○真○純○女○惟○余○長○子○則○兄○鈴○其○
 紅○雪○軒○稿
 卷一
八十一
 餘○弟○妹○教○養○平○均○推○乾○就○濕○提○攜○撫○循○
幸○苦○莫○測○
 王○程○官○署○蘭○柁○朱○輪○訓○以○書○史○誨○之○組○
 紉○始○自○孩○幼○迄○於○成○人○何○莫○非○我○母○氏○
 思○勤○憶○庚○寅○冬○板○輿○奉○迎○綵○服○承○歡○養○
 志○鼎○烹○晨○省○昏○定○趨○走○萱○庭○聚○順○之○樂○
 其○喜○盈○盈○曾○不○載○蒼○余○疾○驟○櫻○風○朝○雨○
驟○然○傷○
 夕○藥○白○茶○鐺○手○摩○口○煦○母○實○諄○諄○經○年○

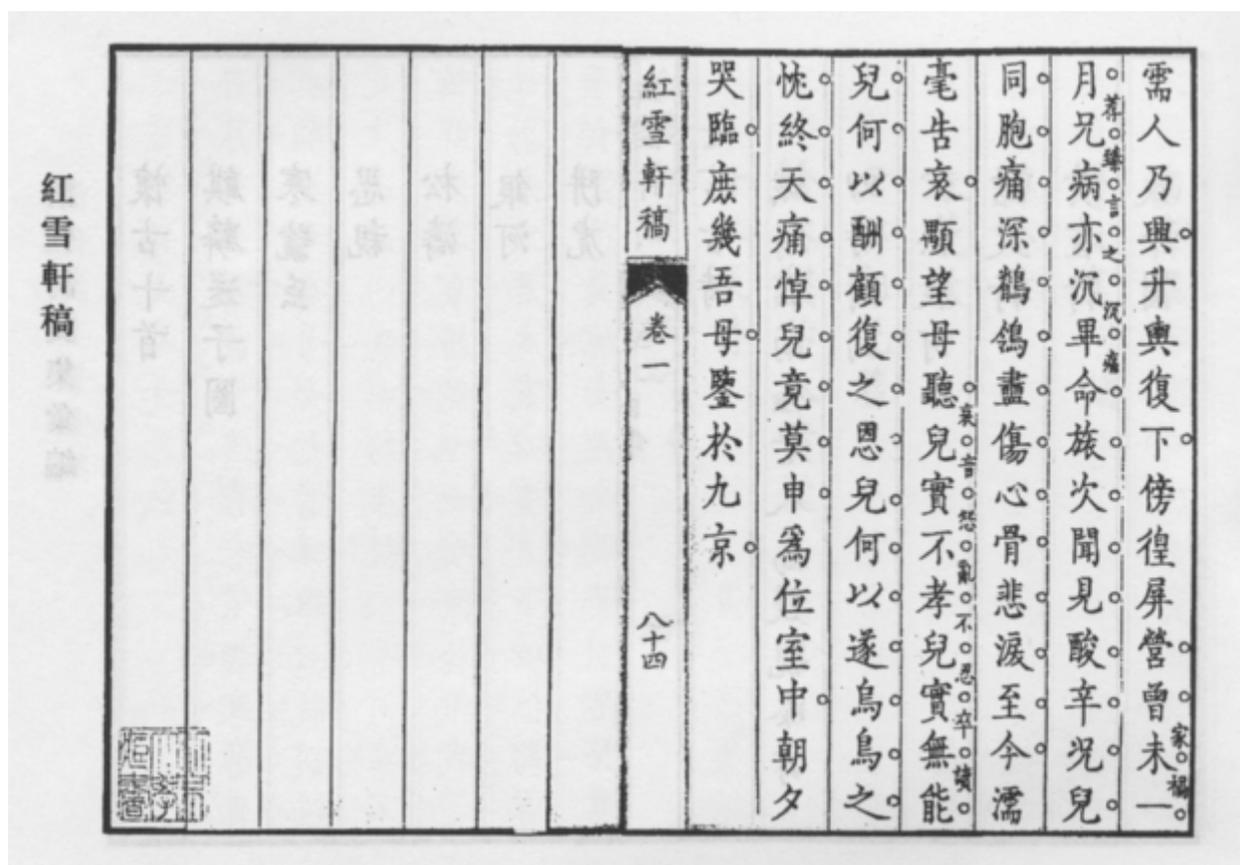
弗○愈○伏○枕○吟○呻○展○轉○牀○褥○大○傷○母○心○及○
 母○北○還○余○疾○未○屏○魚○鮒○將○發○言○隨○涕○零○
 扶○病○送○母○相○對○吞○聲○自○春○徂○夏○余○兄○宦○
 成○驅○車○守○詔○將○母○來○寧○骨○肉○再○見○愉○快○
 難○名○聚○惟○匝○月○別○遂○經○春○念○我○老○母○觸○
 暑○遙○征○所○可○慮○者○衰○年○暮○齡○所○可○恃○者○
愛○日○之○誠○
 其○精○與○神○吳○粵○雖○遠○舟○楫○通○行○謂○須○恭○

紅雪軒稿

卷一

八十一

迺○溫○清○載○敦○未○及○二○年○凶○問○忽○聞○摧○我○
 肺○腸○損○我○性○靈○失○我○慈○母○風○木○悲○深○女○
 不○出○閨○况○復○遠○征○舍○不○得○視○殮○不○得○憑○
 罔○極○莫○報○愧○此○一○身○庾○嶺○嗟○峨○彭○蠡○杳○
 冥○悵○望○靈○輦○躑○躑○哀○吟○丙○申○季○夏○烈○火○
 柔○金○兄○扶○母○柩○底○於○石○城○分○當○奔○赴○泣○
 血○盡○誠○何○期○病○軀○孱○弱○伶○仃○跬○步○之○地○



AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED DURING—OR WERE BORN BEFORE OR AFTER—SOME SPECIFIC 18TH CENTURY DATE

266.167 Lady Yu \fn{by Wu Yonghe (fl. 1700)} China (F) -1

King Xiang was truly a hero;
 his lady, too, was a rare woman.
 What a pity the Grand Historian
 said nothing for the record
 of that beautiful person's death.

269.113c 1. Excerpt from **Looking At A Dropped Hairpin Reflected In The River's Flow** 2. My Morning Makeup \fn{by Gao Jingfang (fl.1718)} China (F) -1

1

Coming out from behind the bamboo screen, her appearance glistens;
 Hand gliding over railings, her pace is elegantly slow.
 Straight, she crosses under the trellis of white blossoms
 And turns to pass by the Purple-Bamboo Hut.
 To play, she stops at the patterned rock bank,
 The joint-love pleats of her skirt slightly swaying.
 Dew moist, she is worried about slippery lichens
 Waves clear, she is happy that railings are open.
 Her reflection sways with the water weeds;
 Her lovely face is next to a lotus.
 Exchanging glances as they idly face each other,

Lowering and turning her head, she marvels at their likeness.
 Arranging her lapel, she finds her gold bracelets too heavy;
 Touching up her coiffure, she regrets that her hairpin has dropped.
 Fallen in the water, the gold still tglitters;
 Facing the depths, she is afraid to stretch out her jade arms.
 Hairdo bare, she's embarrassed to look again at her reflection;
 Hair flattened—she intends to have it redone.
 Sorrowful, returning late,
 Leaning against the pavilion, her manner is more than charming.

2

I open up my dressing room in the clear dawn
 Morning sunshine lights up the painted railings.
 As my *chignon* isn't done up yet,
 I dare not pay respects to my parents.
 I properly add a phoenix hairpin;
 Lowering my head, I pin on an orchid blossom.
 Behind the bamboo blind, I call the maid
 To take a second look from the back.

267.97 1. Sending Off My Younger Brother Yunting To Qinshong 2. Sent To Madame Yunqing 3. Inscribed On A Painting 4. Double Seventh Eve 5. The Day After New Year's: **Five Poems** \fn{ by Xu Yingyu aka Ruobing (c.1720-1750) }
 China (F) 1

1

Look, look—how far it is, Qin Pass!
 I know you will miss our parents.
 A thousand mountains ring the Purple Pass
 As with a single horse you enter red dust.
 Trees of Gansu keep their leaves in the cold,
 Sand of the borders is warm without spring.
 Bitter and hard are the chants of the hills,
 No comfort to those left behind.

2

You would not stay your rippling steps to write a poem on my lapels—
 The sail of the boat flapped desolately.
 By the snow-fishing riverbank,
 Beside the path at Hanging Rainbow Bridge:
 All lovely scenes had entered your pure chanting.

*

How will I see again your wavy cloud tresses, your dark and curving brows?
 Thinking of you sets my heart at ease.
 When persimmon leaves brighten or plum trees flower,
 I'll seek you again in dreams.

3

Oh, to live in the halls and towers of the immortals' hills!
 If we can't ride cloud-carts,
 Then we'll ascend a spirit raft

Or mount a dark roc to play with colored mists.

*

Moss on white stone: the grotto door undisturbed.

Waters and mist spring from the brinks,
Moon and wind, the glories of the season,
Beloved companions forming pairs
To sweep up the falling flowers

4

The Silver River hangs aslant, the water clock presses;
Needles are threaded on a single strand, fruits offered on the table—
In one night they must recount a whole year apart
What time do they have to send us skill?

5

As I huddle near the clothes warmer,
Who among my old friends is thinking of me now?
Clear frost, the moon high in the sky,
Snow-fragrance on a lonely hill road.

*

Spring came to Wuchang but the East Wind delayed it.
The gauze window darkens.
In the courtyards, the lamps are dying out;
I wrap my hair against the driving rain.

267.98 1. Untitled couplet 2. *Yijan mei* 3. Venting Feelings 4. *Dao lianzi* 5. *Dao lian zi* 6. *Xi jiang yue* 7. *Xi jiang yue* 7. *Yu meiren*: **Seven Poems** {by Hou Cheng'en aka Xiaoyi (fl.c.1722)} Jiading, nr. Shanghai, China (F) 1

1

Sadness swells in the moonlit night
One wastes away in the blossom-dripping days.

2

In no mood to make up, I linger in my room alone,
Sadness in my heart,
Sadness on my brow.
Smartweed breezes blow cold and sere.
About to drop the curtain hook, Too tired to drop the curtain hook.

*

The mixed scent of flowers drifts quietly:
Too lazy to play the *qin*,
Too lazy to wield the brush.
Sun sets west, river flows east,
I fear hearing the clock
But keep nearing the clock.

3

I would now consign ten thousand things to Emptiness,
But when would I tell about the things I love and cherish?

This spring's flower-messages will soon be gone,
Half my life over and never rid of ill-health.
I don't like all this blossoming—
Stay out of my dreams!
In purity and silence only,
I spread out my books.
My family's very style is in their green cases.
When I am with the relics of their hands,
Happiness overflows of itself.

4

Spring dreams far,
Late fall cold,
Drooping lotus flowers still smell good.
He is away at the sky's very edge:
The sun is closer,
So sadly I stand wordless in its setting light.

5

Love pulsing,
Thoughts roaming,
Petals whirl down as water rushes on.
Spring birds never came,
And now the spring is gone.
I stay quietly despairing in my room.

6

Innumerable stars fill the sky above,
While in the human world, ten thousand pipings are stilled.
Suddenly I hear the clear clapper of the third watch.
Moonlight calms and cools through the gauze screen.

*

Feelings are as deep as the sea
And I lament my fate, thin as ice.
Alas! When will I fly up to blue clouds?
Grief! I wake from a dream in guttering lamplight

7

The New Year passed three months ago, leaving fragrant grasses.
The gate is shut, passersby few.
Elusive fragrance is fading from my berry trellis.
But in this seclusion butterflies still grace the breezes.

*

I've thrown down my poems to cherish the passing spring,
One can't buy a stop for time.
Up the tower I go, feeling cold and alone,
And see only pairs of mandarin ducks happily splashing in a lotus pool.

281.42 Twelve Song Lyrics, Ten Poems And Two Letters \fn{by Shuangqing (before 1733-)} Xiaoshan District,
Hangzhou City, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 7

1\fn{To the melody of "Sands of Washing Brook"}

The warm rain, which has no feelings, comes down in threads,
The herdboys have stuck a tender flowering branch aslant in his hair:
This is when the new wheat is brought in from the small fields.

*

Planting melons and drawing water, I am blamed for being too early,
Boiling the millet despite the morning mist, then they call me lazy!
While all thorough the long, long day my tender back aches in pain.

2\fn{To the melody of "Gazing to Jiangnan"}

Spring has disappeared,
Searching for it, you came to the west of the bridge.
The pale red that entices dreams fools the powdered butterflies,
The dark green that locks up sorrow deceives the yellow oriole:
Don't speak again of this hidden pain!

*

All the people are gone—
Is a meeting such as this good or is it wrong?
Praying to the moon, the incense teases my sleeves in vain,
Pitying the flowers, my tears are gone but my gown is soaked,
As the evening sun sets behind the distant hills.

3\fn{To the melody of "Soaked Gauze Gown"}

Most difficult to express in this world are one's deepest feelings,
I swallow all my tears, but then they gather again.
Between my fingers, I press a wilting flower,
And silently lean against a screen.

*

I gaze at myself in the mirror,
And am startled by how skinny I've become.
A spring portrait—oh no!
An autumn portrait—oh no!
But it is me, Shuangqing!

4\fn{To the melody of "Jade Metropolis Autumn"}

Brows half in a frown,
The springtime red already fully faded,
The old sorrow still not paid off:
The skinny image in this painting—
I'm so ashamed I want to run away!
Not yet fully recovered from my recent illness,
Some simple make-up
Lightly applied but all in vain.
Coolness gives rise to a night moon, bright as if just washed—
A white beauty without blemish!

*

The traces of tears on emerald sleeves are proof
That by the side of the crab apple
I've wept tens of thousands of them.

But more recently, alas,
I pay no attention to my appearance,
And care nothing for salty or sour.
Perspiration congeals my fragrance,
And soaked in darkest green water
My gauze handkerchief time and again wipes my icy mat.
Who is there to care
That I'm a flower goddess, temporarily banished?

5\fn{To the melody of "The God Erlang" }

The tender branches of willow
Still continue to sway, curving through the light mist.
In the setting sun,
In the shade of the autumn hills

*

These flowers to my joy have not yet grown skinny.
They have managed to survive Double Nine with its dreary rains,
And have been able to endure up until this Indian summer.
Who knows if tonight
They'll be covered by frost,
And, abandoned by the butterflies, droop their heads?

*

What cruel suffering—
The new cold pierces my bones,
As my illness acts up again.
But would I, Shuangqing, be so fickle in my affections
As to discard you after dusk has fallen?
Under the cold moon, I lean sleepless on the balustrade.
It's been several nights
Since I've untied my gown.
It is to no avail
That you flower in this poor household:
To my sorrow I have no wine to offer you in libation.

6\fn{To the melody of "Lonely Phoenix" }

The noontime shivers right on schedule:
As soon as I feel the attack coming on,
I put on an extra green blouse.
Too listless to comb yesterday's *chignon*,
I hastily wrap my head in a gauze scarf.
I've been too busy to wash my white skirt,
And along the seams
Broken threads unravel on either side.
These days my jade-white arms are as coarse as silkworm cocoons,
But my fragrant cheeks still feel soft.

*

I am ready to endure a lifetime of misery,
And even to be turned into dust and ash.
Be careful before you get married:
That brocade-like longing, that flower-like passion,
Will all be blackened by the smoke of the stove.
In the eastern field he blames me for bringing his meal too late—

A cold tide returns,
No one cares if it was hot when it went out.
Back home I air out the cotton in the sun,
And soon it's time to cook the evening meal.

7/fn{To the melody of the long version of "Cherishing the Chrysanthemums" }

The distant sky a pure azure,
Evening colors scattering their gauzes:
Torn and cut bits of brightest red.
When you hear her, her sorrow is close by,
When you see her, you fear she is too far.
The lonely goose, a solitary bird,
To whom does she yearn to go?
The white frost has already frozen over the reed-clad banks,
So don't hope for
The sympathy of gull and crane,
Silently you sleep all alone.
Even though to be a phoenix may be fine,
It is far better to be married.

*

Sad and forlorn—I beg you to be silent,
Find a small beach and half a stream,
Where you can live out your fleeting years.
The rice and corn have just been brought in.
And net and cage are oh-so-cruel.
The dreaming soul is easily startled
By the cold mist in different places.
Your broken heart resembles the emotions of this charmer:
How many entanglements
Can be contained in such a tiny heart?
Not even at night do you feel at ease
Flying on, tired as you are, you mistakenly rest in the open field.

8/fn{To the melody of "Groping for Fish" }

To our joy the sky has cleared,
And evening colors appear in the wet,
While the cold hills beyond the mist are a light green.
The dry spots on the patterned moss support your fragrant shoes,
Which leave pointed imprints on the purple loam that is still soft.
Hearing the clamor of voices,
I quickly come to the unpainted door.
To no avail I have betrayed your deepest, deepest wish!
The single thread of mutual love—
By the light of the new moon I roll a sharp tip,
And threading together sorrows and regrets,
I turn all my tears into a string of pearls.

*

Once darkness has settled in,
Who will pity me as I lay panting after a bout of fever?
The wind pierces the small window like an arrow,
The spring flowers and autumn dew are oh-so-dazzling,
But a flower like me is never chosen.

It'll be a while before I see you again,
As I am told
That you have already, to my grief, held your farewell party.
The setting sun stabs my eyes,
So let me gaze no longer at the horizon,
A horizon that shows nothing more
Than a few shreds of cold clouds.

9/fn{To the melody of "Remembering the Flute Player on the Phoenix Terrace" }

Inch after inch of the palest of clouds,
Thread upon thread of fading sunlight,
Now here, now there, now bright, now dull, still not dissolved.
This breaks the heart—a broken heart,
Glittering, glowing, swaying, and waning.
I gaze and gaze at hills and hills and streams and streams,
As you go on and on,
Disappearing, disappearing, farther and farther away.
From this day on
The painful pain and grievous grief
Will always remain as it is this night.

*

Spring has gone away—
I ask Heaven about it but Heaven is deaf.
Look at this frail, oh-so-frail Shuangqing,
Tossed about by the winds, without support:
Who will I see, who will be seen,
Who will be wounded by tender flowers?
Who hopes for happy joy or joyous happiness?
Using white powder I secretly
Write and scribble, draw and paint.
Who care about
Life after life, age after age,
Night after night, day after day?

10/fn{To the melody of "Spring Descends from Heaven" }

I smile at my own listlessness—
After spending so much time on springtime chores,
I go and inspect the tips of the branches:
The wasted jade-white faces—
On whose account have they been multiplied?
Ever since I fell ill, my fate is to despise blossoms.
In the First Month and the Last clothes have to be washed,
But spring's waves are so cold—
I dread them splashing my white arms!
In the hard easterly breeze
These blossoms spread their cold fragrance to no avail—
The new moon but a narrow sickle.

*

Overcome by passion, the whole sky filled with falling powder:
Only another burden for me, Shuangqing,
As in my dreams, I pluck them in vain.
I recall the souls of dead butterflies,

Wipe away the tears of orioles,
And late at night secretly recite the *Surangama*.
I write the finest lines of springtime grief,
Its pain and suffering—life and death equally sweet.
I pray for a year of flowers,
Bow my head before Guanyin,
And pull out ever one of the divination slips.

11\fn{To the melody of “Spring Descends from Heaven” }

Springtime sun on purple paths—
A springtime scarf around my head,
As I take food to the springtime plowman.
The small plum trees are springtime skinny,
The fine grasses are springtime brilliant,
As spring bursts out at every step on the springtime fields.
I remember that year when the fine spring taught springtime passion
To the springtime swallows,
But now this year
Springtime letters and springtime tears
Have all turned into springtime ice.

*

I love spring, I hate spring, all these many springs!
The endless expanse of springtime mist
Has locked in the springtime oriole.
What was given to springtime me
I now pass on to springtime you,
So is it me or is it you, that radiance of spring?
I count the heads of spring, the tails of spring,
But cannot count the springtime dreams and springtime awakenings.
Because of some spring demon
I suffer springtime illness all through spring:
Spring’s ruining me, Shuangqing!

12\fn{A lyric written on her fading lamp }

Although she’s already fading, I forget to blow,
Who’ll trim her when she wants to brighten?
She shows no flame, looks just like a firefly.
I hear the cold rain on the earthen steps,
Dripping, dripping, on into the third watch.
Completely alone I am restless and sad,
Unable to free myself
From all these many feelings
The fragrant oil is used up,
But her pure heart is not yet cold,
And she accompanies me, Shuangqing!

*

Like a tiny star,
Slowly waning, it doesn’t move:
Still I hope you will continue to burn,
And perhaps give off some sparks.
You are much better than that wildly swaying
Fisherman’s lamp tossed by the winds.

Alas, since the autumn moths have flown away,
My illness has returned—
When will it ever recede?
For a long time we gaze at each other,
Until I finally doze off,
Doze off, only to be startled awake.

13fn{A poem written on white silk}

There actually exists a naïve and passion-filled immortal like me,
Who has now managed to leave this student guessing for a while!

14fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

I've not yet been allowed to cultivate myself in a secluded little cloister,
My even and untroubled heart of ice resembles a transparent pool.
Don't blame the hungry swallow for being late with loam for the nest,
Who will pity the sickly silkworm for spinning such a thin cocoon?

15fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

This year no fattening rain fell from the autumn clouds,
So I again pawned my skirt in order to pay the new rent.
As long as there is protective warm padding for my man,
My heart is as sweet as honey—would I dare hate you?

16fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

I closely stitch his hemp sandals—how often I double the thread!
Tomorrow morning he will climb the western peaks to cut firewood.
Suddenly it began to freeze and last night the wind became fierce—
Don't blow on my husband, direct all your wrath toward me!

17fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

The cold kitchen, a low and separate shed, is filled with chilly smoke,
I have to apologize to the phoenix-pair for burning up the *wutong*-wood.
I myself fetch the vegetables from the fields, wash them in freezing water—
Even though the chrysanthemum suffers pain, she can still endure the frost.

18fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

My fate like the wing of a cricket is thinner than the lightest silk,
But once upon a time I was as pretty as the neighbors' daughter.
Would my own mother still recognize her child if she saw her?
My face is gaunt with suffering and the joyous bloom is gone.

19fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

My little speck of a heart is soaked through with springtime grief,
The occasional dreams I had when I was ill have quickly faded away.
My mirror and hairpins I've sold to pay for the medicine prescribed,
Looking at myself in the stream, I stick willow branches in my hair.

20fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

The distant shade of Four Screen Mountain looks like a terrace,
My husband descends it again and again with loads of firewood.
When he returns home I tell him to sleep late in the morning,
And when the sun is high, secretly keep others from waking him.

21\fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

The hen and rooster, resting together, poke fun at the phoenix,
Roosting side by side, wing to wing, purple combs touching.
When the lamp gives out and starts to sputter with a greenish glare,
I'd rather lean against the stove than lonely on some balustrade.

22\fn{A poem from her *Scattered Records*}

I live in a humble cottage, but next to a painted tower;
Fragrant night breezes waft down the inner chamber sorrows.
From open sleeves drop down the lines on autumn leaves
About wilting grasses, setting sun, dreams of distant journeys.

23\fn{A letter to her uncle}

Although everyone thinks of me as poorly fated, my fate is not so poor. In this world there are quite a few pure maidens in red towers and graceful women by green windows who are lost without a trace in the deep inner quarters. Remembering their joyless nights, in spring they cannot weep.

It is the red peach blossom that dies prematurely, while the poor green bamboo endures forever. Of course, they hope that others will sing of them and cry for them, but as their life is surrounded by taboos and prohibitions, they are rarely lauded and praised, and brilliant as their bright pearls may be, they are locked away in the sunless depths of the sea.

Now, when a resentful bird calls out its notes and a desiccated tumble weed displays its colors, they find themselves on the eloquent tongues of great poets, and are engraved on the jade tablets of banished immortals. How much more should this apply to someone, who by nature is as noble as pepper and orchid, but who has been brought as low as dirt and dust!

Those who recite my lyrics on the chrysanthemum and on the lonely goose all claim that I, Shuangqing, am filled with resentment.

As I am lacking in virtue, I cannot but feel resentment. But even though I feel resentment, I will never go so far as to hate my husband. Of that I am confident.

Long ago, Xiaoqing wanted to not be reborn in Heaven, but instead to be reborn as a double lotus. I want in my next life to be reborn in the body of a man, in order that I may practice the Chan of a broken heart and recite *gathas* that dissolve the soul.

That would be enough for me.

24\fn{A letter to the poet Shi Zhenlin (1693-1781)}

When I was fifteen, my uncle once said:

“The *Zhounan* and *Shaonan*\fn{Sections of the *Book of Odes*} contain many romantic works, while the *Zheng* and *Weì*\fn{Sections} are filled with erotic poems. When Confucius did not throw them out, none of his seventy disciples protested. If only I had been a pupil of Confucius!” I then said:

“You would only have been a student of Zai Yu, and study with him how to sleep during the daytime!”\fn{One of Confucius' students, he was once found napping during the daytime} He also said:

“The story of the man\fn{In the *Mencius*} who begged at the graves\fn{But bragged to his wife and concubine about his high connections} is much too painful a case, and the fable of the man stealing a chicken\fn{Also in the *Mencius*} is a tale of fantasy. If I had been Mencius' pupil, I would have demanded that he throw them out.” I then said:

“Even if you'd been the pupil of Chen Zhongzi, I'm afraid you would've been unable to even learn to crawl! And

you would like to have been a fellow student of Wan Zhang and Gongsun Chou?!"\fn{Mencius' best-known disciples}

The Great Way has no directions and the great teaching knows no limits. When this kind of village schoolteacher expounds the *True Mean*, he does nothing but shower the page with his spittle, the foam from his mouth soaking his beard. He considers himself to be Zi Si's most meritorious servant and Zhu Xi's most authoritative friend, but the eyes of his eight or nine ignorant pupils just glaze over and they fall asleep. Whenever I would see this, I would feel scorn for how he deceived the deaf and dazzled the blind.

The Immortal Lad Who Enjoys the Moon\fn{Yuhan} would purportedly see ghosts in broad daylight. It is not my way of acting to be pure in words but sinful in behavior, to be negligent in my language and like a windlass in my actions. If this book would be better consigned to flames, then I, Shuangqing, should never have opened my mouth. A butterfly does not speak and yet desires the flowers, a maggot does not speak and yet is addicted to dung.

Those who in this world deceive others by not speaking are butterflies when they encounter fragrance but turn to maggots as soon as they encounter dung. Whenever I, Shuangqing, see these people, my malaria flares up!

267.99 1. Ballad Of The Water Wheel 2. On A Painting Of A Fisherman 3. Autumn Of The Yimao Year, A Poem To Console My Husband On Not Passing The Examination At Nanjing: Three Poems\fn{by Mao Xiuhui aka Shanhui (fl.1735)} Taicang, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

The green willows droop low, the water in the pond is shallow;
The din of water wheels fills the paddy fields.
A stream is forced upwards, splashing onto the path:
The suspended buckets, hanging from their perches, go round and round.
This summer drought has long worn down the farmers' hearts;
The west wind scrapes the earth, yellow dust is swirled high.
The ground splits and cracks like an oracle shell;
To water here is like trying to soak Mount Wojiao.
The feet of men and women alike are callused to the point of bleeding;
Oxen are whipped day and night until their hooves break.
The yellowed seedlings in the field are hard pressed to live.
In village after village all cry they have no strength left.

2

A bamboo pole slowly wavers in the gentle breeze;
Neither sad to lose a fish nor thrilled to catch one.
Line gathered in, boat sets out from the dense-grown reeds;
A white egret bursts up into flight across the sky.
At water's edge sets the sun, the water is pure and clean;
So clear one can no longer see where the fish have gone.
There is a road to Peach Blossom Spring too indistinct to find;
Clouds and water in vast expanse stir boundless feelings.

3

Newly made up and carefully arranged, she strives for delicacy and grace;
But another girl, the gaudily painted one, always catches everyone's eye.
Who notices the one leaning by the tall bamboo in the cold,
Elegantly standing in the dusk, most solitary and pure?
The poor girl toils on her brocade year after year
Lonely and neglected behind the gynacaeum's closed doors.
But, alas, the evil *then* bird serves as go-between;
Without prospects, she arranges a trousseau facing the autumn wind.
Double Ninth storms keep him in the hermit's studio.

The dejected one cannot let go of his sorrow.
But the mums by the fence are open, let's drink to them.
I'll pawn my gold hairpin to buy the wine.

197.99 The Doctor Monk Of Jinshan Temple {by Wu Xiangju (after 1740-)} China (M) 2

A scholar of the second degree from Zhejiang, who had arranged to sit the metropolitan examination with some companions, had travelled by boat as far as Gusu when he fell ill. His companions called for a carriage and sent him for consultation and treatment to the well-known doctor Ye Tianshi.

"You have caught a chill from the cold weather," said Ye after a lengthy consultation. "A simple draught will take care of that. Might I just ask though, where you are going?" The scholar replied that he was bound for the Board of Rites.

"I should not continue on, if I were you, sir," said Ye. "The journey requires a change in transport from water to land, which will bring on a wasting thirst. No drug can cure it, and you will not live above a month, as your pulse already shows. Return home quickly."

He then wrote him a prescription and told his pupil to enter it in his records. The scholar went back to the boat weeping with fright and told his companions that unfortunately he must go home.

"These doctors are adept at making money by scaring people," they told him. "Doctor Ye is only human; he is not a god. Why be bound by his suspicions?"

Next day the scholar took the medicine and did in fact recover. Persuaded by his companions' renewed exhortations, he continued north with them, though with a heavy heart.

When they reached the Yangtze, they were temporarily prevented from crossing by a contrary wind and decided on an excursion to Jinshan Temple. There, at the entrance was the name-board of a monastic doctor. The scholar went to visit him in his cell.

"Where are you travelling to, my son?" asked the monk when he had examined him. The scholar answered that he was to sit the metropolitan examination.

"I doubt if you have time," said the monk with a frown. "You will develop a wasting thirst on the land voyage and not live over a month. Is there any point in making such a long journey?"

"Then it is true what Ye Tianshi said!" wept the scholar.

"What did he tell you?"

"That no drug can cure it."

"Oh, but he is wrong. Saints would not have handed down medical skills if there were no drugs to cure disease, would they?"

Hearing this, the patient fell on both knees and begged to be cured. Assisting him to his feet, the monk said,

"For your land journey there are autumn pears from Wangjiaying. When you get there, fill a cartful. Take one instead of tea when you are thirsty and have them steamed for meals when you are hungry. You will be in perfect health after consuming about a hundred and thirty pounds of them. No drug for it, indeed! Dicing with death!" The scholar bowed again and withdrew.

The friends began their journey by land at Qinghe, where the scholar indeed fell seriously ill with the thirst. As the monk had instructed, he took only pears to sustain him, and by the time they reached the capital he was restored to his usual health. The Board failed him, but in gratitude to the monk for saving his life, he returned to Jinshan to repay him with twenty *taels* and some produce from the capital. The monk accepted the produce but would not take the money.

"It would be more than kind of you, my son," he said, "to revisit Doctor Ye when you pass through Gusu and have him look you over. If he pronounces you fit, remind him of his previous opinion and, should he want to know who cured you, mention my name." The scholar did as he was asked and went to visit Tianshi to have him take another look at him.

"What do you want cured?" he asked. "There is nothing wrong with you." The scholar reminded him of his previous opinion, and Tianshi sent his pupil to check the records, which tallied with what he said.

"How strange!" the doctor exclaimed. "Have you met an immortal?"

"Not an immortal," said the scholar, "a Buddha." And he told him about the old monk.

"I have heard of him," said Tianshi. "Be on your way, sir. I shall close my practice and seek improvement from him."

*

Accordingly he took down his sign, dismissed his pupils, and then dressed as a hired labourer, went off by ordinary boat under an assumed name to seek out the old monk and ask if he would take him into his household, to be permitted to serve him and study medicine. The monk agreed. During daily attendance, he saw the monk effect over a hundred cures, none of them spectacular.

“Now that I am beginning to grasp it,” he said to the monk, “may I venture to make out a prescription?”

“Please do.” When he had finished, Tianshi submitted it to him for scrutiny.

“You have learned about as much as Ye Tianshi of Gusu already,” said the monk. “Why don’t you set up your own practice instead of joining me?”

“Not if it means dicing with death like Ye,” said Tianshi. “I must improve my skills first and only offer cures when I am sure I make no mistakes.”

“Quite right!” said the monk. “Doctor Ye would never have said that.”

One day a man was hauled in on the verge of death with what looked like an advanced pregnancy.

“His belly has been swelling for years,” said the people who brought him, “and now it has become serious.”

The monk made a thorough examination and then told Tianshi to examine the patient himself and prescribe. His first suggestion was one and a half grams of arsenic.

“Very clever!” said the monk. “But you are much more cautious than I would have been myself. The indication in this case is five grams in order to revive the patient and eradicate the trouble once and for all.”

“This man has a worm,” said Tianshi, startled. “Surely one and a half is enough to kill a worm. Would not more endanger the patient?”

“A worm, I agree. But how big a worm? Tell me that. One and a half grams for a worm over twenty inches long like this will bring only temporary relief and lead to a relapse. It will reject a further dose, and the patient will be beyond help. Would it not be even cleverer to kill the worm with five grams so that it is passed out of the body in the stool, thus avoiding any recurrence?”

To Tianshi’s consternation, the monk immediately ordered his pupil to fetch the arsenic, which he administered orally with water.

“Take him back quickly to where he lives,” he told the people who had brought him. “The worm will be passed this evening along with the stool. Then let my assistant observe it.”

They assented and hauled the patient off. That night, just as the monk had said, a worm over two feet long was retrieved. The patient had recovered and was asking for food. The monk ordered him to be served gruel made with ginseng and hibiscus, and in ten days he had made a satisfactory recovery.

Delighted and convinced, Tianshi revealed his name and asked to be initiated further. The monk considered his modesty and aspirations and sent him away with a book, and from that time on Tianshi’s knowledge increased steadily until no sickness was beyond his powers.

197.101 1. The Elegant Dupe 2. The Leper Girl Qiu Lieu Two Short Stories \fn{by Xian Ding (after 1740-)} China (M) 8

1

Zheng Banqiao is known as a brilliant artist whose calligraphic style was a combination of seal and official script, reinterpreting the work of Zhong You and Wang Xizhi, and overlaid with that of Mi Fu and Cai Xiang. His painting combined a style rivalling that of Zheng Suonan’s later years, with a dash of the consummate bravura of old Xu Qingteng.

Zheng Banqiao had been to Hanjiang three times since acquiring his first degree. But, obscurity having wretchedly frustrated the sale of his work, he had returned home to take his second. Now he was back, with the highest academic honours.

With his now formidable reputation and the constant stream of visitors vying to secure his masterpieces, success had given this erstwhile poor scholar an increased sense of his own worth, and no piece was to be secured for anything less than a considerable price. His fellow artist Shell Fanmin had carved for him a small seal reading “The old Banqiao of twenty years ago” as a token of his indignation.

It was during this time that a Taoist Master, returning home from court, broke his journey in Hanjiang. In competing for the master’s favour, the local officials desired Zheng Banqiao write a couplet which they could

present to him. They commissioned unique paper from Jiangxi, ten feet long by six feet wide, and sent to ask Zheng Banqiao if he would compose something himself.

The messenger asked the price and, on being told one thousand *taels* of silver, replied that he was only authorised to pay five hundred. Zheng Banqiao acquiesced and with vigorous sweeps of his brush dashed off the single line

“The courtier adept is in the Dragon Tiger Hills”. When asked for the second line, he laughed:

“I clearly said a thousand taels. Since you give me only half, you shall get no more than half from me.”

The man reported back to the merchants, who had no course but to put up a like sum, whereupon Zheng Banqiao completed the couplet with: “In Unicorn Pavilion high lives an undying god”, and all marvelled at the surpassing artistry.

Zheng Banqiao subsequently became popular with the Salt Commissioners and their Metropolitan Supply Officials and was besieged with requests from merchants for couplets, scrolls, fans and squares both written and painted. The only one to be disappointed was merchant A, to whose unprepossessing person and lowly demeanour Zheng Banqiao took exception, swearing he would refuse him whatever price he offered. The merchant felt humiliated whenever he surveyed his own living room, which had not a single piece of the famed artist’s work and he tried a hundred different ploys to acquire some, all to no avail.

Being fond of walking, Zheng Banqiao one day passed confidently out of the eastern suburbs, his page at his side and his poetry bag on his back, and by and by came to a desolate place where, between ruined clusters of tombs and graves, he spied the tip of a roof with a faintly smoking chimney, neatly planted around with flowers and willows.

“Hah!” he laughed, “can some gentleman really have retired to these parts?”

As he crested the ridge, the number of tombs increased and the path narrowed, until another glance revealed a small settlement of exquisite thatched cottages with no neighbouring houses round about and no wall. Only a small bridge over a stream lead up to the main gate, where a white board read:

From the Liu Ling’s dissipation
To seek contentment far away I flew
And dwell in abnegation
Within the bosom of the bearded Su.

Above this was a plate announcing:

The Eccentric Ancient’s Nonce Lair

Inside, a second gate bore the verse:

The moon is white, the wind is clear;
Dim flames like phosphors appear.
There is room here, yet who will here abide
With ghosts for neighbours, though he had not died?

A notice read:

Sons of the wealthy go no farther.

The courtyard contained cages of birds and tubs of fish, the water reflecting the flowers and herbs that covered them, newly planted bananas the size of a hand and poplars and willows only recently planted and scarcely taller than a man. The two south-facing rooms, sprinkled and swept clean of the minutest dust, were furnished with, a table, a desk, four chairs and two benches, plus a wooden couch, a rattan headrest, a bookshelf and also a zither, a sword and a bamboo rack. The desk was laid with brushes, ink stone, paper, ink, a ruler and a water pot, and on a wall hung Xu Qingteng’s *The Repair of the Sky*, with Nüwa, her hair wound above her high brow, looking up at the steam from the heated cauldron rising lazily into the air, a most vital work and palpably an original. Nothing whatsoever hung on the silvery white plaster of the two other walls.

Such was Zheng Banqiao’s delight that, without asking who was the owner, he went straight over and sat Buddha-like on the couch, whereupon a lad with a shaved head rushed out from an inner room, regarded him for some time and then turned to announce in a loud voice:

“A visitor!”

The owner could be heard within asking questions and giving orders for him to be turned away forthwith, and only when the page who had accompanied Zheng Banqiao had sedulously informed him of his master’s name did the owner appear.

Clad in a square cap like that of Su Dongpo, a crane-feather robe like that of Wang Gong, a loose belt like that of Yang Hu and flying cloud shoes like those of Bai Juyi, the old man came forth with a sprightly step holding a deer’s tail in one hand. After brief explanations they fell into cordial conversation. Zheng Banqiao asked the old man his name.

“My name is Zhen,” he replied, “and I moved here from Sichuan. I am called the Eccentric Ancient because I am thought exceedingly strange.”

“What do the words ‘Sons of the wealthy go no farther’ mean?”

“Such people have rather taken to refinement of late in Yangcheng, and hearing that my abode had a modicum of flowers and other plants, they made it a game to spy on me. But young people nowadays exude money and naturally derive little benefit from trips into the wilderness. They lose their footing and fall into streams, tear their clothes on crooked thorns, have their legs bitten by the gatekeeper’s spotted dog or their pretty faces fouled by the birds on the branches of trees.

“On one particularly memorable day, a young man was just settling himself down when a rat scuttled through the accumulated dust, and down fell a broken tile, hitting him squarely on the forehead and causing him to retire weak from loss of blood. It has been a warning to them not to venture into my home, and the notice attests to the truth of it. It is well, sir, you are free of the trammels of wealth, or I dare say you would come to no good here either.”

“Ah! Sir,” sighed Zheng Banqiao, “I too nurse a lifelong distaste for the times. Luckily a kind fate has kept me a stranger to riches. What greater fortune is there than the security of a dignified seclusion wherein to appreciate the lessons of refinement?”

At this point the boy brought in a light tea, while the old man took his zither and gave an austere rendition of some tune Zheng Banqiao could not place, though he was captivated by its gradual shift in tone; from the intense to the genial and its abrupt, sonorous finish.

“Do you drink?”

“Yes.”

“I fear no market near elaborates my fare.” Then, as if thinking aloud:

“The dog meat in the pot is cooked tender, but hardly the thing with which to regale a noble mind.” Zheng Banqiao’s mouth watered at the mention of one of his favourite foods.

“I adore dog,” he said. “I only wish they had eight legs.”

“Good.”

The meal was served under the flowers. They ate and drank, the dog meat accompanied by equally choice vegetables from the wild hills. When he had had enough to drink, the old man drew the sword and got up to dance. It was impossible to tell whether or not the flashes of light were real, but to Zheng Banqiao’s eye the changes of rhythm and crouched coils were at least worthy of a pupil of Gongsun Daniang. When the old man was nothing but a ball of white vapour, he leapt abruptly out of its circle and returned to his seat, his expression unchanged.

“So eminent a gentleman,” said Zheng Banqiao, rising respectfully, “must drain a bumper with me. It pains me to see the lateness of the hour.” And with a glance at the already westering sun he took his leave and departed, ushered solicitously across the bridge by the old man.

“We were born out of our time, you and I,” said the latter. “Do make the effort to visit me if you can find the time.”

“For an unbidden guest,” replied Zheng Banqiao, “it will be no burden to come often.”

*

Thereafter, he visited the old man daily, returning home after a refreshing conversation and a drink. During an acquaintance of a month or so their talk had turned to poetry, to whose subtleties both were sensitive, but all discussion of calligraphy and painting had been met with silence. One day Zheng Banqiao could contain himself no longer.

“Did you know, by the bye, that I am a fair calligrapher and painter?”

“I did not.”

"I may lay claim to a certain versatility in my indulgence, and a number of gentlemen have condescended to take an interest in my efforts, no mean feat in this day and age. Might I not exercise this gift to repay your generous hospitality by gracing your bare white walls with white paper?"

"Do have another drink. I will have the boy grind ink. The gentle paper has not been brought out for some time, for really one does not meet men of the arts such as yourself every day. So my white walls remain bare. I must grasp the opportunity, must I not, albeit on so short an acquaintance?"

Zheng Banqiao rose, shooting his cuffs, and seeing that brush, ink and inks tone had been laid out in the study, set to work at once and soon had covered ten sheets, which he made speed to dedicate one by one.

"My name is Xiaoquan," said the old man. "I wonder if you would be so good? It would be a great honour."

"What!" exclaimed Zheng Banqiao. "One of your refinement surely can not share a name with a lowly merchant like A?"

"A coincidence, no more," said the old man. "What is wrong with having the same name? There were two Zeng Shens in Lu. It all comes down to a simple question of quality."

Zheng Banqiao took this at face value, wrote "Xiaoquan" and gave them to him.

"These gems of the calligraphic art," said the old man, "shall henceforth lend splendour to a rustic cottage. They are not to be squandered on merchants, who with the superficiality of the age have no eye for true worth. It would simply be casting away an untarnished name."

Zheng Banqiao concurred, and they returned to their drinking with no further interruption.

It was ten o'clock at night by the time he arrived home, answering his associates' inquiries as to where he had been with eulogies of the old man.

"There has never been any such person in Hanjiang,," they all said. "Might not what you saw have been an evil spirit? Certainly no one has ever lived in that place. There are only clusters of tombs and clumps of hazel. You had better dispel any doubts by paying another visit tomorrow."

*

The next morning they accompanied him and there were no cottages to be seen anywhere, just a curve in the stream where the ground was strewn with leftovers from a repast. Zheng Banqiao was shocked, imagining that he had encountered a ghost, but in an instant the realisation dawned on him.

"The sly trickster of a merchant!" he cried. "Trust him to dupe me out of my work by imitating Xiao Yi!"

On his return he sent someone to spy out merchant A's house surreptitiously. The walls were hung everywhere with works the ink of which was still not dry.

2

The serene wooded vales of the Yuji hills in Huainan contain the lairs of divine dragons, but they were uninhabited by man until settlements gradually grew up in the late Ming Dynasty. In one such settlement in the foothills lived a man named Chen Qi, whose style name was Luqin. He was the son of Chen Mao and his wife, the former Miss Huang, who kept themselves in tolerable shape by farming and trade. Chen Qi was an intelligent boy and could read well by the time he was fifteen.

His mother had one younger brother named Haike, whose travels took him to a prefecture in Guangdong, where he prospered in business and lost contact with his family. It was at this point that she fell gravely ill.

"Qi," she said to her son when they were alone, tearfully taking his wrist, "your father will remarry when I die, and it will be hard for you, stepmothers being what they are. Take yourself off to Guangdong and see if your uncle can do anything for you. It would be for the best."

And she secretly gave him several dozen *taels* that she had saved, to pay for the journey. Chen Qi took it weeping.

Miss Huang died, and his father married a Miss Wu, who proved as cruel as his mother had said, giving him no peace from morning till night. So, after weeping bitterly at his mother's grave and leaving a letter beside his father's pillow, Chen Qi left home.

*

The trek took him almost half a year and used up all his money, but his uncle had vanished. He inquired at all the shops, but there was no such person. Destitute, he gradually learned to beg for a living in the surrounding villages, deeply regretting his impetuosity and often wishing he could hurry home.

One day, in the shade of a betel palm by a rustic gate just east of the town, Chen Qi paused to sing a beggar's ballad at the top of his lungs. A grizzled old man with short whiskers and a ruddy face came out and eyed him askance.

"Beggar-lad," he said in astonishment, "how is it that you look like a gentleman and sound so sad?"

"Education, dejection and desperation have that effect," replied Chen Qi.

"And how did you come to this?"

Chen Qi explained where he was from and that he was looking for his uncle. All the while the old man watched him silently.

"Would your uncle be a pale man with pockmarks called Huang Haike?"

"Yes, he would."

"He died here some time ago. He was the chief accountant to a very prominent family and a good businessman, but he married a lady of the half-world who took his money when he passed away and ran off with the servant. We used to have a few drinks together, and I bought him a small coffin and buried him under the trees beside the convent\fn{The Buddhist convent} to the east of town. It's the grave with the short headstone."

Kowtowing his thanks, Chen Qi went directly to the place that the old man had indicated, where he indeed found his uncle's grave. When he made further enquiries at the convent events proved just as the old man had said.

"Uncle!" he prayed, sobbing with grief, if you have a soul, help me to return home and I will carry your bones back to the family graveyard." The nuns took pity on him, fed him bean gruel and tried to comfort him.

"The old man you met is called Sikong Hun, and he and your uncle were very close. All you need do is go and beg his assistance, but be sure not to say that our tongues have been wagging." The next day he called on the old man.

"Uncle Sikong!" he blurted out, much to the other's astonishment.

"My child," said the other, "how do you come to know my name, and how do you know to call me uncle?"

"I spent last night at the grave," he lied. "My uncle told me everything in a dream and instructed me to beg your assistance." The old man was, thunder-struck.

"He and I were never bosom companions," he said. "We merely knew each other. Still, I will see if I can't do something for you for his sake."

Three days later he presented Qi with a padded gown with an air of kind generosity.

"I am not a wealthy man," he explained, "and you must forgive me if I make you no expensive presents. However, I do happen to be distantly related to a rich family, the Qius, who live in the next prefecture up in the hills. They have a charming daughter called Yuanmei, known as Liyu, who is about your age and quite a beauty. She is unspoken for, as they have high hopes for a husband. At present, with your culture and manners, you would have no rival, despite your poverty. I will write a letter pressing your suit to see if they will take you into their home. The rewards would be substantial, knowing old Mr. Qiu, and would go a long way to helping you to take your uncle's remains home."

Chen Qi asked if he could think over what he had heard. Sikong Hun wanted to know why.

"I doubt if a wild hillsman such as myself," he said, "brought up in shabby clothes and on plain fare, would be suited to a young lady from a wealthy family. How could they suffer an urchin to marry into their family for all to see?"

"How old fashioned you are! It is simply a question, my dear bookworm, of relieving them of money. How in the whole wide world would they track down a run-away son-in-law?"

*

Qi decided he had no choice and went off with the letter to see what events may unfold. He arrived at a magnificent mansion with bolted gates only to be rebuked by the gatekeeper and told to stand away in view of his poverty-stricken appearance. But when the letter had been received within, two youths appeared and bowed to him hospitably.

"This is indeed an honour," they told him. "Won't you step inside? We are entirely at your disposal."

He followed them in, taking them to be the sons of the house. At the top of the steps in the front courtyard, with its buildings typical of the homes of older established families, stood a well-built man with a beard so long that it covered his stomach. Qi hurried over to pay his respects. They had not been seated long, Qi answering inquiries about Sikong Hun's affairs, when the mistress was announced and a beautiful woman in her forties appeared attended by two maids.

“Allow me to introduce my wife,” said the older man. “One so intimate with the Sikongs is of course a welcome friend in this house and must meet my family. Let there be no doubt about that.”

Qi bowed low once more as the lady cast an appraising eye, over him.

“What an agreeable young man, my dear,” she said to her husband. “Sikong Hun’s eyesight is as keen as ever.”

Dinner was served without further ado, and Qi was most attentively plied with wine. During the meal they asked him general questions about his background and a discussion commenced.

“I wonder if our friend told you? My daughter Liyu is very dear to us, and we should not like her to live far away when she marries, but it’s as hard to find a son-in-law as it is to catch an immortal. Still, such devotion and erudition as we have witnessed today promise a lifelong commitment, and I would be happy to clear the matter up with you this very day.” Qi rose from his seat and assented with solemn thanks.

“I would be truly delighted,” he began tactfully, “though you do me more honour than I deserve in proffering your support. However, I must mention before we proceed further that I came here in search of my uncle and would think of returning for a short while to my village three or four days after the wedding, returning here when I have put everything in order.”

“Why be in such a rush?” asked the lady with a smile.

“It is his duty to his family, my dear,” her husband interrupted, “and it would be wrong of us to stand in his way. Let me advance you five hundred *taels* for travelling expenses.”

Qi agreed to this with respectful glee. Soon musicians struck up and lamps were lit everywhere. A servant led Qi to a private apartment where he changed into a brand-new set of clothes and walked out towards a carpet on which a comely young woman of sixteen wearing pearls and silk was seated, attended by three or four little serving maids.

She exchanged bows with Qi and then accompanied him to their wedding chamber. Qi saw that she was more gorgeous than a bedewed lotus or a dawn-lit peach, and as his heart soared he regretted what now seemed his impetuosity in having said so quickly that he would have to go away for a time: perhaps it would have been better if he had been more devious and thought to stay longer.

The wine was finished, the lamps guttered, the clock struck midnight and the maids withdrew. Qi sat hunched over the table lost in thought, while Liyu kept pulling aside the embroidered bed-curtains to peep at him, a shade pallid under her paint and powder. Unsure whether to enter or not, he pressed closer and murmured that he would help her remove her make-up, but she pushed him away with a slender wrist and shed tears when he came nearer. Slowly she got up to trim the candle, and making sure no one was outside the door, she bolted it.

“I suppose you know,” she said softly, “that death is not far away.”

“No?”

“Why don’t you explain to me where you are from and where you are going?”

When he had told her everything she was sobbing and kept trying to say something but stopped herself each time. Seeing this change in her, he begged her to take pity on him.

“I can see you are a nice gentleman,” she said, “and it is truly more than I can bear, so I will tell you my secret. I am a leper. The western borders of Guangdong where we live have always produced pretty girl children, and they are all tainted with this peculiar disease. Rich families spend a thousand *taels* luring men from far away when the girl is fifteen. Once the infection is passed over they can begin to find a real match. If the girl is not bestowed on someone in time, the disease breaks out, her skin becomes parched and twisted, and no one will ever ask for her hand. Should one of the strangers make the mistake of accepting her from greed, in three to four days pink marks appear on his neck, and in seven or eight days he itches all over. After a year or more his body will be twisted out of shape. His pain may have eased but he won’t live long.” These words brought home to Qi the plight he was in.

“I have no one within a thousand miles of here,” he wept. “This is a bitter blow indeed. I beg you, my lady, have mercy! Perhaps I could flee secretly?”

“Not now. Men are hard to find in these parts. When you came in through the gate stout fellows with knives and staves were set in ambush all around.”

“I do not care for my own life,” wept Qi. “My only grief is for my father at home.”

“I understand integrity quite well for a girl. I deplore the lack of chaste women in these remote regions, so sleep with me fully clothed for three nights, then, take your money and return home. This disease will run its course and I shall not be long in this world. But please, when you arrive back home, make for me a memorial tablet saying “to the memory of my wedded wife Qiu Liyu.” Then I can rest in peace.” When she had finished speaking she embraced him to hide her tears.

“Alas!” said Qi, saddened and resentful. “If we marry I die and if not you die. Why do we not end our lives together by drinking poison?”

“No. Just write down your address for me and I will sew it into the seam of my clothes, so that later as a ghost I can cross the mountain passes to seek out your family and receive a bowl of porridge from you.”

He wrote it out keeping his tear-stained face lowered, then got into bed with her, and when he desired her, which was often, she urged him to desist.

The next day they sat at table without touching their food and seemed as doleful as a couple with atrophied hearts. The following day her parents suddenly cut him dead, so that evening she put out her sweet tongue and sucked on his neck, leaving three or four red marks.

“That will do,” she said, and privately gave him two bracelets, one of gold and one of white jade. He fixed a date for his return, but she said sadly,

“I fear that when you come here again the trees will have joined hands over the door of my tomb.”

The next day her father gave him what he had promised and saw him off with a wave of his hand.

*

He went again to the convent, but when they saw the marks on his neck the nuns barred the door and would not admit him, so he made haste to hire a great barge, dug up his uncle’s coffin and set off back home. The boatman, surprised at the way Qi wept that night in the boat and surmising how close uncle and nephew had been, was moved to great respect.

When he arrived home he discovered that his step-mother had died, and his father, who had taken a maid as a concubine, was greatly consoled to see him. Chen Mao noticed his son’s money belt but did not press him closely about it, taking it to be an inheritance from his first wife’s brother. They buried the coffin on a hillside, and old Mr. Chen, who was a good brewer, planted some sorghum and opened an inn, which made a great profit, allowing Qi to immerse himself in books and enter the local college.

With Qi’s departure old Mr. Qiu, imagining that his daughter’s infection was gone beyond a doubt, had properly instructed a match-maker to find her a husband when she suddenly fell ill, and he saw that it was leprosy. To his searching questions she replied only with stifled sobs. Her mother found upon feeling her that the girl was still a virgin.

“Have you made up your mind to die rather than get on in the world, you little slut?” she railed at her.

Over a month went by and Liyu became still more wasted, so they sent her to the leper house that had been set up by one of the better officials, for the disease was infectious, one case affecting a whole family, and kindness and justice have their limits for the most beloved of daughters. No one cared to look after her.

Several times after entering the leper house Liyu tried to hang herself, but was saved each time by a pockmarked old man with a southern accent, who when she finally decided to run away instead, offered to be her guide.

“I am Huang from Huainan,” he said. “Would you by any chance be looking for Chen Qi? I used to know him quite well. Perhaps we could travel together, as I happen to be thinking of going east myself.”

She assented to this gladly, in view of her serious condition and the old man’s age. All the doors and gates opened of their own accord as the old man approached, and when they were out of the town he smeared spittle over her bound feet, muttering what sounded like a spell, and all at once she was striding along as sturdily as could be. She was so grateful that she began to look upon him as a father and after a while drew off her silver bracelets and changed them into money for travelling expenses. This lasted them as far as Hunan, where they took to begging from door to door, he playing a pipe and she singing a song she had made up called *The Wintergreen Tree*, which went like this:

I’m the wintetgreen tree with branches so green.
More chaste am I now than ever have I been.
I was born long ago and a dutiless wife,
In the south’s distant wastes to return to this life.

And the seed whence I grew bore leprosy’s blight,
And leprous my sores when I came to full height.
'Tis a bitter injustice I bear as I may,
For none cares for my cares, and none soothes them away.

In the candlelight’s glare on the night we were wed
I spied you through tears as I hid low my head.

Oh my Chen, you were handsome. How graceful the sight
When you lighted a candle and gazed with delight!

But the thing that you married, the bride that you got,
Was leprous, my love, and her husband was not,
And she could live on by the strength of your life,
For then you'd be leper and die for your wife.

Die for your wife! In that ignorant hour
You pledged me in wine in our curtain-hung bower.
No peacock there danced, and no cuckoo there sung,
And the parrot was mute, though her heart it was wrong.

And she stayed where she was, though she could have flown free
When you fell in the net, for—do you not see?—
There's no pillion placed on the swiftest of steeds,
So I braved rather death for my family deeds,

That you might ride onward, and godlike your gait,
Though papery-thin as my pitiful fate.
For sore was my skin, and my flesh it was spare.
Curled, yellow and thin the clouds of my hair.

And I dwelt in a leper house, closeted in,
Lest I pass on my taint and be bane to my kin.
What once was their joy was but meat on a frame;
Who once lived in silks, to a hovel I came.

From a beam in the moonlight I hung me a noose,
But my ropes were not fast and my sweet soul not loose.
Yet for all I must live, it shall not be at home.
Since I live, then to seek out my husband I roam.

'Tis as wretched as dying while still I draw breath,
And what's to become of no life and no death?
Be the wintergreen's branches as thick as you wish,
They may harbour the birds, but they shade not the fish.

The lovebirds above they are paired as they go,
But both eyes of the flatfish stare up from below.
One bed and one grave are a life-and-death boon,
But a bed's not a grave, and my heart's like the moon

That stains the peach blossom delectably red,
While the worm-eaten plum withers up in its stead.
On the wintergreen's branches a redness there lies:
It is just that a leper has blood in her eyes.

So heart-rending was her song, and so mournful his piping, that all who heard wept and vied with one another to offer them food, nor was this churlishly given.

*

It took them six months to reach Huainan. As they approached the hill village, she saw a host of old houses and an inn sign in a tree.

"It's to the south of here," said the old man, waving a finger, "the one with the gate of piled yellow stones. You will have to go alone, for this is where I must leave you. Just tell Qi and his father from me, if you would, that Haike sends his thanks." And with that he vanished.

Astonished, Liyu went towards the door of the inn, where an old gentleman was seated whom from the facial resemblance she took to be Qi's father. She sang her song once, and he tossed her a penny; she sang it again, and he tossed her another. Then she began to weep.

"The worthy Chen Qi," she said, "borrowed from me in Guangdong something he has not paid back. A penny will not compensate me for the long journey I have made to collect what I am owed." Surprised, the old man asked her what she meant, so she told him all.

“Chen Qi is my son,” he said. “What you say takes some believing, and he is away at the autumn examinations in Nanjing. However, he should be back up here any day, and then we shall know the truth of it from him.”

Liyu kowtowed to him in gratitude for these words, and he installed her in the convent and sent village women to attend to her needs. The task fell to a kindly old nun. A month had gone by before Qi returned, to be questioned by his father about the woman. He was so confused that he did not know what to say.

“You can not shrug it off,” said his father. “There is plenty of food going to waste in this house. Even if she has to sleep in another bed, we have to keep her until she dies.” Qi prostrated himself in thanks and hurried off to visit Liyu.

“I have come all this way,” she told him between sobs, clutching at his clothes, “not to be a wife to you—I can not aspire to that—but in the simple hope of laying my bones beside those of your ancestors, no more.” Moved to tears himself, Qi consoled her.

“How were you able to come by yourself?” he asked, and she described old Mr. Huang to him in detail.

“That is my uncle!” he exclaimed. “Can it be that he has become a ghost?”

And taking her by the hand he led her home, where he looked out an empty space in the store room and made a bed for her among the wine jars. All of the serving women held back, not daring to go near her, except for a young girl called Ganjiao who cleaned her pot for her and attended to her toilet all by herself, while Qi prepared her food and drink, her medicine and sweetmeats with his own hands. For a long time, changing bedding and clothes often, he and Ganjiao slept beside her, neither coming to any harm.

The examination results were posted, and Qi passed. He was besieged with proposals of marriage from the village, all of which he strenuously rejected, weeping when his father quietly urged him to accept.

“I am only twenty-one,” he said, “and a leper can not live long, I imagine. I think I will wait until she dies and then marry. It will not be too late then.” He even put off the Imperial Examination, pleading sickness, for fear that no one would look after Liyu while he was away.

“It is all my fault,” she moaned, dashing her head against a jar. “He is putting off having children and I am standing in the way of his career. How shall I face my ancestors in the afterworld? Truly, death would be the best thing for me!” And she dashed her head against the jar again until Ganjiao stopped her.

*

One night when Qi had been prevented by rain from returning from a relative’s house where he had gone on a visit and Ganjiao was sleeping in the house indisposed, Liyu had trimmed the lamp to listen to the rain, when she suddenly heard a rustling in the rafters, and a great black snake as thick as a child’s arm and about seven or eight feet long came hissing towards her through the air. Her initial shock gave way to the thought that it would be far better to end up in a snake’s belly than to do away with herself, and she waited for it to strike.

The snake coiled its body around a rafter, let down its head and knocked the wooden top off a wine jar, then threw itself to the floor and began lapping and slurping at the wine in the jar. It soon drank its fill and braced itself to slide back up to the ceiling. But it was now as numb as a dried-up vine and fell straight down into the jar, where it squirmed and thrashed until it had exhausted itself and finally became silent. Lighting the lamp, Liyu forced herself to her feet to look. It was dead.

Snake venom, she reflected, would do just as well as poison, and she scooped up wine in both hands until she had drunk almost a quart, whereupon her head quickly cleared and a peculiar itching broke out on her skin. Scooping up more, she washed herself with the wine, and the itching soon stopped.

Next day she again drank deeply of the wine and once more washed herself all over with it, and the sickness seemed to be leaving her. Her parched skin became as lustrous as jade, her crinkled hair fell like clouds, and her cracked, ulcered face, hands and feet became like the tenderest of buds.

Ganjiao told Qi in delighted amazement. He asked her what had happened, she told him about the snake and the wine, and he rushed to see. Its body was covered with black patterns like clouds or seals, and on its head were horns of a dark red colour. It was in fact the king of the hill snakes, and is called Black Wind.

Qi brought Liyu a brocade gown with a silk skirt, flowered hairpins, pearls and jewels, and when he had decked her out took her to see his father and relatives, who were amazed at the sight of this divine being.

“I was told when I was small,” said his father, “that the snake king had lived in these hills for a thousand years. Monks would come from far and wide to seek scales to cure skin complaints, but they never found one. Who would have thought that Heaven was keeping it specially to make you whole?”

That very day was appointed for the wedding ceremony, with music and feasting. People came from ten leagues around, men and women alike, for a glimpse of her face and went home thinking her glorious.

*

Three years later Liyu bore a beautiful baby boy, and in gratitude to Ganjiao asked Qi to take her as a concubine. He would not hear of it, but she insisted. That spring he sat the examination at the Ministry of Rites, was elevated to the Imperial Academy and sent out as a governor. His special solicitude for the destitute, the poor and the sick who had no one to turn to earned him the name of Protector of the People, and he was promoted to military governor of Guarigdong and Guangxi. He sent an officer of the guard to summon old Mr. Qiu, to whom he directed urgent enquiries about Liyu.

“The poor, frail child!” said the old man, feigning tears. “I am sorry to say she died long ago. Your Excellency perhaps still hankers after her?”

Qi asked for her remains to take home for proper burial, and this so scared the old man that he offered Qi a present of a thousand *taels*, which Qi refused. He sent straightaway for the local police officer.

“Such a tragedy!” said the latter. “She fell into a remote gully and was killed.”

“What a fool they take me for!” laughed Qi and ordered a maid to fetch her mistress, who was escorted in dressed as a court lady of the highest rank, her face radiant and her hair a gleam.

The old gentleman nearly collapsed from shock. He looked at her: it was indeed his daughter Liyu, who asked after her parents with tears in her eyes. Speechless, Old Mr. Qiu wished himself dead.

Still, Liyu made frequent visits to her old home. She took the snake wine with her, made up medicines and established a leper house where she tended and cured countless lepers from the whole region.

*

When he was more than forty, though still in rude health, Qi retired to look after his aged father. Returning home, he repaired his uncle’s tomb and the convent, and built a monument to Lady Qiu recording the salient points of her story.

To this day the tonic wine of those hills still enjoys quite a reputation, I am told.

*

**197.73 1. Mr. Lu’s Adventure 2. Sister Zhi The Fox Fairy 3. Tan The Ninth 4. Two Wrongly-matched Couples:
Three Short Stories And One Short Tale** \fn{by He Bang’er (after 1741-)} China (M) 10

1

Zhou Nanxi often used to tell the story of his late friend Lu Gongrong, an official at the Water Conservancy Department of the Board of Works, who offended the court and was sent to serve in the army that garrisoned Chahar.

After travelling to the city of Guihua on horseback, he decided to hire a camel. \fn{Chahar is now an undifferentiated region of Inner Mongolia, some distance from Peking and the Forbidden City, and very arid} A man by the name of Zhao promptly came to offer two of his camels, one for riding and the other for carrying baggage. Zhao then asked,

“Since, sir, you seem to have no servant with you, why not pay the cost of a third camel and take me as well?”

Lu readily agreed, signed a contract and paid the money. But just as they were about to set off, Zhao changed one of the camels for a horse, saying,

“It’s difficult to mount and dismount a camel, a horse will be much easier for you.” Lu knew that he was being cheated, for renting a camel was four times as expensive as renting a horse, but he thought to himself,

“So he’s making a little profit. I just want to get on with my trip and it doesn’t matter to me whether I take a camel or a horse.”

Thus they set out on their journey. The following day, Zhao said to Lu,

“I can’t manage to do two jobs by myself. Would you be good enough to help out with either feeding the animals or cooking the food?”

Lu decided on the former. A few days later, Zhao declared that he was ill and Lu had to attend to both jobs while his servant sat waiting for his meals. It so happened that all they had were some leftovers, half of which was to be eaten cold, the other half warm. Zhao took the warm food, declaring,

“I’m not used to eating cold food.” Lu laughed,

“You’re a northerner. How can you not be used to eating cold food?”

All the same, he took the cold portion for himself. Two months on, when they had no more meat for their meals, the man started to become foul-mouthed. Lu pretended not to hear at first, but when the man continued to pour out abuse and even went so far as to curse Lu’s parents, he replied sternly,

“Although I’m a man of few talents, I was once a court official. In any case, I’m twice your age, how dare you treat me this way?”

“Humph! A dismissed official’s no different from anybody else,” Zhao retorted. “You may be older than I am, but you’ll die sooner and be crawling with mole crickets and ants. What have you got to feel superior about?” And he cursed him even more.

Plugging his ears, Lu headed to the stable and sat down on a pile of hay. Outside it was snowing hard. Thinking back, he remembered how he had attended banquets at the palace, had audiences at court, how he’d enjoyed his home life with his wife and children, and been accompanied by several retainers wherever he went. But now, wearing a torn hat and a ragged gown, he travelled by day and fed the animals by night, was forced to scoop up drinking water from hoofprints and collect dung to make fires. He had become emaciated and rough-skinned and his hands and feet were chapped. Even worse, he had to swallow the insults of this vile character. He couldn’t stop the tears rolling down his cheeks and burst into a bitter wail.

“Good Heavens! I would never have thought I’d find myself in such a wretched plight!” He drew out his sword intending to cut his throat, but then gave up the idea.

“I have been ordered to serve in the army. This is not the place for me to end my life.”

*

While he was turning everything over in his mind, he suddenly saw an old man of about seventy ahead of him, dressed in an ancient hat and gown, and leaning on a bamboo cane as he walked over to greet Lu with a bow.

“Alas! How distressing to see a noble man in such dire straits! My humble home is nearby and I have an abundance of food and fodder to offer you.”

Lu was extremely grateful, but confused by the man’s outdated dress, he felt a little hesitant. The old man laughed.

“You are fortunate in having a host such as myself in this barren northern land. Why should you be suspicious of me simply because of my clothing?”

This dispelled Lu’s misgivings. When asked his name, the latter replied that he was known as Old Man Li.

After they had walked for several *li* and had climbed a small hill, they reached a huge mansion. Surrounded by green pine trees and enclosed in whitewashed walls, the house was elegant and serene, vastly different from other places he had seen. The moment they entered the gate, more than a dozen comely servants exclaimed,

“The master had invited Mr. Lu!”

Two sumptuously dressed young men appeared and greeted them respectfully. When they reached the main hall, Lu made a deep bow to the host which the latter returned. Then the two young men exchanged bows with Lu. The old man chastised him saying,

”They are my sons. You are deserving of their respect.

Candles were soon lit and a table laden with all manner of delicacies. After several rounds of drinks, Lu apologised but said that he had to leave.

“Do you want to go back and suffer the curses of that camel driver?” asked the old man. “I may not be that wealthy but all the same I have several dozen horses in my stable, more than enough to supply you for the journey. Why don’t we just drop the matter?”

Lu agreed and stayed on. Then the old man told him,

“I’m a native of Shenyang and my family moved here nearly fifty years ago. I have been fortunate enough to lead a happy life with my wife and four sons and three daughters. My eldest son, whose name is Blue, is currently visiting relatives in Shaanxi and the youngest, named Sapphire, is still an infant. The two boys you’ve just seen are my second and third sons, Gray and White. Red, my eldest daughter, is married and living in Datong while the second, Yellow, is in Hangzhou. Now there is only my youngest daughter, Purple, at home.” He turned to his sons.

“Go and ask your mother to come out with Purple to be introduced to our guest.” When Lu declined politely, the old man said,

“We are good friends now, they needn’t hide from you.”

The two young men hurried out. After a long while they returned with the message,

“Mother has prepared a feast in the inner room. She said it was cold out here in the main hall and asks you to invite the guest in. She wishes to propose a toast to him.” The old man smiled.

“My wife is extremely considerate. You should congratulate me on possessing such a virtuous woman.”

Then he ushered Lu inside. The room was illuminated by decorative candles and furnished with brocade screens, exquisite curtains and woolen carpets. Surrounded by a group of pretty maids, the resplendently dressed

old lady appeared to be about the same age as her husband. Lu bowed repeatedly to his hostess, who returned the courtesy. The old man asked,

“Where is Purple?”

“I think she is feeling a little too shy to come out right away,” replied the mother. The old man laughed.

“Girls always pretend to be coy. If she had been married for half a year, she would behave just like her two sisters, with a skin as thick as the city walls.”

The whole household burst out laughing at this remark and the old lady sent somebody to hurry her daughter up. Thereupon two servant girls appeared, lifted the curtain and announced,

“Miss Purple’s coming!” Then, casting smiles at Lu, they withdrew.

The girl arrived followed by a host of young maids and the room was filled with a delicate fragrance. She appeared to be about eighteen and was dazzlingly beautiful. Standing by a table, her head bent low, she fiddled anxiously with her sleeves.

“Don’t be so shy, child! Mr Lu is not a stranger,” the old couple declared in unison.

The young girl was compelled to bow twice to Lu before everybody finally took their seats. Wine and food were laid out while musicians struck up a tune. It was almost midnight when Lu said,

“May we stop for a moment! Our gathering tonight is a genuinely festive occasion and a poem should be composed to commemorate it.”

“Well said!” the host agreed and dismissed the musicians. Thereupon maidservants brought out writing materials. One held an ink slab, others spread out a sheet of paper and moistened a writing brush which they handed to Lu. Flushed with drink, he wrote a classical-style poem with seven characters to each line. Two of the lines read:

Sacrifice and loyalty bring the exile regret,
His affections remain with his wife far back home.

Upon reading the poem the old man smiled.

“Your poem suggests you are not indifferent to my daughter.” Lu rose from the table and said haltingly,

“I would not be so presumptuous as to entertain wild ideas. I only wanted to say what was on my mind in order to console myself. Please accept my apologies.”

“It must be fate,” replied the host. “It would seem that my young daughter and you are predestined to be joined in wedlock and that this is no chance occurrence. We will choose an auspicious date for the two of you to marry.”

That night they enjoyed themselves to the full and Lu got so drunk that his vision became blurred and he was unable to speak. The two young masters accompanied him to the study where he was to spend the night.

The next morning Lu asked to leave, but the two young men took away his whip and stirrups and pressed him to stay, leaving him no option but to comply. A few days later a scholar by the name of Hu, a nephew of Old Man Li, called on Mr Lu and told him,

“My uncle holds your scholarship in high regard and wants to betroth my younger cousin to you. I hope you will not refuse.”

“But I am only a lowly nobody from western Guangdong who has committed a monstrous crime. Besides, I am almost fifty and am going to serve in a poor border region. It will be difficult for me to make ends meet, how dare I take someone’s beloved daughter to such a life? Please explain this to your uncle for me and let us settle the matter—”

“You are mistaken,” Hu went on, “judging from your appearance, you have not more than two years to live at the outside. My uncle has mastered the Way for many years now and if you agree to this you’ll certainly be able to ward off such a calamity. Besides, my cousin is by no means ugly and she is virtuous and refined. In ancient times there was a man who won the post of governor of Liangzhou prefecture with a *dou* of wine. Here you have an opportunity to acquire a spouse without spending a single penny. You should not let this good fortune slip by. Otherwise, I’m afraid, you will have nobody to save you when disaster strikes.”

Won over, Lu produced a jade toad and handed it to Hu as a betrothal gift. He then presented two bunches of medicinal cassia branches to Hu to express his thanks, saying,

“I’m very grateful to you for your advice, which is like a good medicine that cures illness. I’d like to repay your kindness with this.” The latter accepted the gift with a bow and then left.

Two days before the wedding, Hu and Li's two sons came to the study with some wine and started to drink together. When they were half-drunk, the topic of conversation turned to the marriage. Hu praised Purple's grace and beauty and Lu felt very pleased with himself. Slightly tipsy, he boasted,

"As for her graceful bearing, I noticed it the moment I saw her. What seems so ridiculous is that the old man must be ignorant, naming his daughter Purple. Do you know what Purple means? It's a name for a fox or a loose woman. How could he choose such a name for his daughter?"

He had hardly finished speaking when Hu turned pale with fright. The two young men flushed crimson and left in a huff. Stamping his foot, Hu sighed,

"What an indiscreet remark! My efforts as a matchmaker have now come to nothing. Oh, what a pity!"

Lu looked puzzled, unable to understand what he meant. Before long the old host arrived with his two sons. They stood by the curtain and the old man pointed at Lu with his cane.

"What a pedant you are! How dare you be so frivolous! I'm not at all sorry that you've failed to live up to my expectations. What annoys me is that it will make my daughter lose her appetite for several days. You seem to be destined for bad luck and that's no concern of mine. Off with you! Leave immediately!"

Extracting an ingot of silver from his sleeve, he threw it to the floor and left without once looking back. Hu followed with a deep sigh.

Overcome with shame and remorse, Lu immediately sobered up. He stretched out across a low table and fell into a slumber.

*

It was not until early the next morning that he woke to find himself sitting by a huge stone. There were no houses in sight, only a vast stretch of deserted land. Astonished, he picked up the ingot and discovered that it was a piece of real silver. He began to pace up and down sadly, unable to stop the tears from streaming down his cheeks.

Zhao could not be found anywhere. He made his way to the stable and saw that the camels and horse were also gone whereupon he wandered about dejected for a whole day until he ran into Zhou Nanxi who was passing by with a camel and two horses.

The two men struck up a friendship in the snow-covered wilds. While they were travelling Lu told Zhou what had happened to him. The latter concluded that his friend must have fallen a prey to fox fairies and then recalled in surprise,

"Yesterday I saw a man weeping by the roadside. When I asked who he was, he told me he was named Zhao, that he was from Shanxi, and that his camels and horse had been stolen by some ruffians. It was most probably the same fellow who gave you such a hard time."

After listening to a description of the man, Lu realized that it had to be Zhao. Both of them gave long sighs, convinced that Heaven also took its revenge.

When he reached the barracks, Lu had run out of money completely, and had to eke out a living by practicing medicine. Headstrong and outspoken, he was ultimately executed for slandering the government.

Zhou had his body collected and cremated. It was only then that it dawned on him that the scholar Hu had been right when he said that he could predict an ominous fate just by looking at Mr. Lu.

2

In a certain village in Xungou Gully, \fn{ On the outskirts of Peking } there lived two brothers who frequently went out together to collect firewood. One day, the younger of the two went deep into the distant mountains and disappeared. The elder brother failed to find him after searching high and low. When he returned home and told their father, the old man was shocked at the news and became very angry.

"How could you neglect your duty as a brother? You well know that your brother is too young to look after himself, yet you still allowed him to go alone. Now he will have been killed by wolves and tigers or have fallen over a cliff. You were only concerned that you couldn't have these few *mu* of land all to yourself after my death, so that you delighted in his misfortune and came home alone."

Unable to prove his story, the young man could only swear his innocence and follow his father to the mountains. The two searched everywhere but failed to find the missing boy, and eventually they had no alternative but to give up.

One day two years later, when it came time for autumn harvest, the old man went to the fields. Hands folded behind his back, he strolled to and fro watching the harvesting. A hunter happened to pass by carrying a few pheasants and hares in his left hand and leading a black fox with his right. The animal's coat was sleek and dark,

its eyes dazzlingly bright, and it stared at the old man with a mixture of respect and anxiety, reluctant to continue on. Moved, the old man finally bought the fox for two thousand cash. Just as he was about to let it go, the hunter stopped him,

“You can’t do that. It’s a monstrous creature and can change itself into a fairy.”

“If it can really turn itself into a fairy,” the old man said, “it will repay my kindness and will be to your credit.”

He let the fox go and it scampered off and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. As he watched it run away, the old man laughed.

“It’s so clumsy looking I’m sure it won’t get up to any more tricks. A fox fairy wouldn’t behave like that.” The hunter laughed too and then went on his way.

One day, the old man was travelling to the capital on a business matter and was caught in a snowstorm. The mountain path became slippery and difficult to follow. As he was trudging along, an old woman suddenly emerged from a side path, and greeted him.

“You must have had an arduous journey. It’s snowing hard and it’s late. The village is still a long way ahead. I am worried about you. Why not put up at my place for the night?”

Deeply touched by her concern, the old man accepted the invitation. The woman turned round to lead the way. After crossing a gully they reached the house. When the old woman knocked at the door, a pretty, gorgeously dressed servant girl opened it, and addressed her as “madam”.

“Our guest has arrived,” the old lady declared. Go and make dinner, and ask Third Sister to come out!”

When the servant had left, the old woman invited the man in and they sat down, taking their respective places as host and guest. Looking around, the old man saw that the house was high-ceilinged and spacious. The room was furnished with objects so precious and exotic he did not even know what they were. This was obviously a wealthy family. He began to feel inferior because he was a mountain villager and became rather ill at ease. Suddenly he heard giggling and voices coming from behind a screen and then a young girl emerged surrounded by four or five maids.

The girl was about seventeen years old. Beautiful and refined, she was gorgeously dressed in an embroidered jacket and patterned skirt which made her look like a celestial beauty in a painting. As soon as the girl saw him, however, she looked pleasantly surprised and went over to whisper to her mother at length. Clapping her hands, the mother chuckled,

“What a strange coincidence! Since he is your benefactor, you must extend your thanks to him.”

The girl prostrated herself before the old man and kowtowed to him as reverently as if she were worshipping a god. When the latter was going to kneel down to return the kowtow, two maids took him by the arm to prevent him. Then the mother fell to her knees, saying,

“Heaven had bestowed upon me the opportunity of meeting you. Your kindness to us is so great that we can not repay it by merely kowtowing. Please allow us to pay our debt of gratitude at a later point.” Puzzled, the old man asked,

“What have I done for you? Perhaps you have made some mistake.”

“Your age must have made you a little forgetful, so you no longer remember,” the mother replied. “Don’t worry, I shall tell you later.”

The table was quickly set. The old man was given the seat of honour while the mother and daughter sat on either side of him. Fine wines and delicacies from far and wide were served. The old man did not have any idea what they were, but found them all delicious. As he ate and drank, he admired the appearance of each course and tried to distinguish the different flavours.

After two rounds of wine had been drunk, the girl rose from her seat to wash the drinking vessels and then knelt down to propose a toast to the guest. The latter quickly positioned himself behind his chair and repeatedly declined.

“I really don’t deserve this—”

“It is merely a token of her gratitude,” the mother said. “Please don’t refuse.”

The old man gulped down three cups of wine one after the other before resuming his seat. Then the hostess asked him about his home and his family name. On hearing his reply, she turned to her daughter,

“He is from the same village as your cousin’s husband and has the same surname. Could it be that he is one of his uncles from the same clan?” Then she turned to the old man again and asked,

“How old is your wife? And how many children do you have?”

“My wife is fifty-five now and we had two sons but no daughter. The elder son is twenty and a farmer; if the younger one were still alive, he would be seventeen by now. He disappeared two years ago while gathering firewood in the mountains. He has most likely gone to the next world.”

“Aha!” The old lady’s face shone in happy astonishment.

“Is your younger son a thin boy with a mole between his eyebrows?”

“Yes,” the old man suddenly cheered up. “How do you know that?”

“Isn’t that strange?” the old woman turned to ask her daughter. “His description sounds exactly like Qu. Why, Qu is most likely our benefactor’s son.”

“Qu speaks with a slight stutter and likes to eat unripe peaches,” the girl said. “You should ask him about that, mother. If he knows that, then there is no doubt that Qu is his missing son.” Tears filling his eyes, the old man exclaimed,

“Yes, that sounds like him. He is most certainly my son.”

“I have been concerned about being unable to find a way to repay your kindness,” the old woman said. “Now I can reunite father and son. What a happy event!”

She beckoned to the pretty maid by the door and whispered to her at length. The girl nodded and then went out. In a few moments the girl returned.

“He’s coming!”

In walked a sumptuously dressed young man accompanied by a beautiful girl. Pointing to the visitor, the old woman asked him,

“Do you recognize this man?”

The youth burst into tears as soon as he saw the old man and hurried forward to throw himself at his feet. The visitor gave his hostess a puzzled look and was told,

“Please don’t be too upset. Just look and see if this is the son you lost two years ago.”

Cupping his hand round the candle flame, the old man carefully scrutinised the youngster. Having confirmed that it really was his son, he couldn’t help sobbing bitterly. Both father and son cried uncontrollably, while the old woman and her daughter tried hard to console them. Then the young woman stepped forward and kowtowed to the guest. When the old man asked who she was, the hostess explained:

“This is my niece Chu. She has been your daughter-in-law for some time. When your young son was collecting firewood, he had an accident and fell from a cliff. It just so happened that my niece was there and rescued him. She was very young and still not engaged, so I made a decision and arranged for them to marry. It never occurred to me that he was the son of our benefactor, otherwise I would have sent him back to you long ago. Your reunion today must be preordained. I will send my niece home with you to wait upon her parents-in-law.”

“It is I who should be in your debt and I will remember your immense kindness for the rest of my life,” the old man said gratefully. “But my family is very poor and I can not bear to put your niece to such inconvenience. I’m going to the capital on business. May we leave a decision on this matter for the time being?”

“You don’t need to say anything,” replied the old woman. “Since my niece has married your son, it is her duty to share your hardships and to lead a thrifty and simple life. As for your journey to the capital, I presume it is to do with financial affairs. My niece’s dowry may not be very generous, but neither is it meagre and I can guarantee that you won’t go short of anything for the rest of your life.”

The old man was overjoyed on hearing this. Then all present ate and drank merrily and the party continued late into the night. Qu finally retired to the west chamber together with his father. When both were in bed, the old man asked the son in detail about what had happened. They talked and talked and only fell asleep when the cocks started crowing.

*

The following day, the old woman asked her niece to get her things ready and prepare to leave with her father-in-law. The day before their departure, the old lady gave a farewell dinner. After two rounds of wine had been drunk, the hostess stood up and said to the old man,

“We have spent several days together, now do you know who I am?” Flushed with shame, the old man stuttered an apology.

“I’m sorry for being such an old fool, indulging in a happy reunion with my son and forgetting everything else. May I ask where your ancestral home is and your family name?”

“My family name is Yao and I’m a native of Shaanxi,” answered the old woman. “My niece is from the Ge family which lives there too. I have been widowed for many years and have no sons, only this daughter. She is the third child in our clan and is named Zhi. She is greatly indebted to you for having saved her life and has been

worried day and night that she would not get a chance to repay this debt. Since your elder son is not married, I would like to wed my daughter to him. I hope you will not turn down my proposal.”

“Given the status of our family, it is already much too presumptuous of us to have your niece as a daughter-in-law,” the old man declined modestly, “how could we ask your daughter to marry into our poor family?”

“I’m not an educated person, and all I know is that what has been said can not be unsaid,” the old woman said categorically. “Please return home first. I have a dowry for my daughter and I shall escort her to your place as soon as her dowry is ready. You need not come yourself to fetch her.”

Finding it difficult to refuse any further, the old man took a carved ivory ball from his son, which he gave to the old woman as a betrothal gift. When her mother pinned the ball on her daughter’s bosom, the girl hung her head bashfully.

*

The next day, as the father and son took their leave of the family, everybody shed tears, urging one another again and again to take care. There were three ox carts at the gate, one for the father and son, one for Chu and her two maids, the other for their belongings. They set out with a rumbling sound.

The rugged mountain path seemed too narrow for carts to pass, but they managed easily and did not scrape and bump at all. The old man, too simple and honest to know what had actually happened, praised the ingenious construction of the carts and the strength of the oxen. Early that afternoon, he found that they had already reached his house and was astonished at their amazing speed.

When the elder son came out and saw his father, he asked in surprise why he had returned so quickly and where he had come by so much luggage. When he saw his brother and the three pretty girls, however, he was agape and tongue-tied. Not wishing to tell the elder son everything on the spot, the old man turned to his younger son first and asked him to conduct his wife inside and introduce her to her mother-in-law.

Once the carts were unloaded, the old man invited the drivers into the house. He gave them a handsome reward and a big dinner, which they accepted gratefully and then made to leave. The old man tried his best to persuade them to stay the night because it was getting late and they had a long way to go, but they were already on their way. While the old man was wondering to himself why they insisted on travelling by night, he suddenly noticed that one of the carts had tumbled over a tree root a few dozen paces away and had fallen sideways into a field. When he hurried over to help, everything had changed and all he found was a figure made of hay, a grass ox and a straw cart. Profoundly shocked, he rushed home and told his sons. However his daughter-in-law calmly commented,

“My aunt knows the art of magic and likes to play tricks once in a while. It doesn’t surprise me at all.”

Then she asked her husband to go and pick up the straw images and keep them in a chest. The old man then went in to see his wife and told her the story of how their younger son had married and how he had had the elder son engaged to another girl. The old woman was overjoyed at the unexpected news.

As the news spread, the neighbours all came to express their congratulations. When they saw Chu, all the men were infatuated with her beauty and all the girls envied her. People harboured vague misgivings about the whole business, however, opinions varied. One day shortly thereafter, Chu said to her husband,

“Please go and tell your father to have a banquet prepared as soon as possible. My aunt is sending Third Sister here.” When the young man went to tell his father, the latter was skeptical.

“Bah! Your wife only dreamed that up. How could you be so silly as to believe her?”

The young man retreated shamefaced. But after a short while, a babble of voices was heard from outside the gate and then came the sound of several people knocking at the door. When the old man rushed out to look, he found that the old lady had emerged from her carriage. Zhi, the bride, was wearing a brocade tunic and an embroidered skirt with a red veil over her head. Half a dozen or so maids helped her to walk quickly into the house. Then the trousseau was carried in, filling the thatched cottage with splendour.

With a wave of the old lady’s hand, the entourage and the horses and carriages disappeared. She turned to the old man and said,

“Don’t you worry. I’m sure that my niece has prepared everything. It is not necessary for us to choose an auspicious date. Today is just fine for a wedding. Please call your elder son out so that we can begin the ceremony.”

The elder son walked out hesitantly. He looked bashful and embarrassed and was unable to act in accordance with required etiquette, making all the maids laugh. Then the new couple were sent into the nuptial chamber and the ceremony ended.

Under Chu's direction, over a dozen tables were quickly set, laden with delicacies from far and wide. The old man and his wife were quite astonished, not having the slightest idea when these had been prepared and by whom. Everybody was then duly seated and they began to drink. When they had finished dinner, the old man was worried that his house was not big enough to hold all of the bride's trousseau, which were piled in every corner.

"Don't worry about that," the old lady assured him. "Even if there were several times this amount, it could still fit into the house."

She ordered the maids to take everything into the bridal chamber. The room did not expand, but things were appropriately laid out and it still seemed spacious. The old man reflected,

"Rich people really know how to manage a household and adapt to existing conditions. In poor families such as ours, the house is usually very crowded and there isn't even room to stand up when they bring in several bushels more wheat or acquire another vat of pickles. It seems that the rich are a hundred times more careful and efficient in these matters."

Three days later, when the old lady left, she ordered two servant girls to stay behind as chambermaids. As she was about to set out, the old man confided to his wife,

"When I first met her, she said that I had saved her daughter's life and that is why she decided to marry the girl to our son. It was not right to pursue the matter then. You'd better go and ask her in private now. We shouldn't be left in the dark anymore." When the wife did as she was asked, the old lady replied,

"My daughter lives with you now. You may ask her later." With this she entered her carriage and started off on her journey.

The old man then asked his eldest son to find a chance to ask his wife. However Zhi only replied,

"Your father should remember what he has done. Why ask me?" When the son reported back to his father, the latter still couldn't recall what it was that he had done for the girl, so he had no option but to leave the matter as it stood.

*

After the two girls joined the family, they showed filial respect for their parents-in-law and got on well with their husbands, and nobody had any complaints about them. The family was comfortably well-off. Whenever money was needed, the two daughters-in-law would use a portion of their dowry so that they never went short of anything. Although the family still looked like an ordinary peasant family, it was actually very rich. The neighbours all envied the beauty of the two daughters-in-law and the family's wealth, and some villainous characters even slipped into the household to steal things. Fortunately, however, these attempts were always detected by the two young women, who played tricks on the pilferers. The old man, however, was greatly worried about this.

One day when he was out for a walk, he once again saw the hunter, who was sitting in the village playing with a dog. Walking over, he saw that the dog had very long fur and green eyes and looked extremely ferocious. He asked in admiration,

"Is this what you call a pug dog?"

"Definitely not! It's a hound that can kill tigers. With a dog like this in the house, burglars will be terrified no matter how clever they are. I bought it for eight thousand *cash* from a Muslim sheep trader. It's just as good as those famous hunting dogs you read about in history books."

"Eight thousand doesn't sound a lot to me," he thought to himself. "If I had this fierce dog at home, I wouldn't have to worry about thieves any more." When he produced ten thousand *cash* to buy the hound, the hunter warned him,

"You shouldn't do that, you know. Anybody bitten by this dog will die at once."

"That's just what I want," came the reply.

He bought the dog, led it home and released it in the courtyard. Just then, the two daughters-in-law emerged, chattering and giggling. Suddenly they saw the dog and broke off abruptly. Turning pale with fright they took to their heels, but the hound barked furiously and pounced on them. The old man cried out in alarm and rushed to help, but Zhi had already fallen dead, her throat ripped open by the dog. Then the hound turned to chase Chu and bit her on the heel. She fell to the ground a dozen paces away.

Startled by the noise, the two sons rushed out and helped their father to beat the dog back. But when they went to pick the two women up, they were already dead and had turned into two black foxes, their dresses, shoes and stockings lying loose like moulted cicada skins.

The two sons sobbed bitterly. Stunned for a long while, the old man then suddenly remembered how he had bought a fox and set it free. He realized at last why the old lady had said that her daughter had been greatly

indebted to him for saving her life. Tortured by a mixture of sorrow and remorse and deeply moved by the way in which the foxes had returned his kindness, he decided with his sons to buy two good coffins and bury the two foxes with the requisite dignity and grace.

Just at that moment, the old lady rushed crying. She sat on the floor and embraced the two corpses wailing,

“My poor girls! Who would have expected you would meet such a miserable fate! You had such a meagre knowledge of the world and knew so little about magic so you couldn’t prevent this tragedy. Alas! How true it is that a favour is not always duly repaid.”

Surrounding the old lady, the whole family joined her in bitter crying which would be heard throughout the whole neighborhood. However, placing a hand on the chests of dead girls, the old lady exclaimed,

“Fortunately, they can still be brought back to life. I’ll take them home and revive them with some medicine.”

The father and sons trussed up the hound and then beat it to death. Grateful, the old lady said,

“What you have done is enough to prove your innocence and sinerity.”

Then she untied a white cloth bag from around her waist, wrapped up the two corpses and carried them out of the house. When the old man and his sons went out to see her off, she was already far, far away in the distance.

3

Tan the Ninth was the son of a family which sold flowers in the capital. One day his parents sent him to visit a relative in the eastern suburbs. It was already late in the afternoon when, riding a donkey, he passed through the city gate. On the way, he met an old woman who was dressed in rags but was riding a fine horse with a splendid saddle and bridle. They rode together for a while and she asked where he was heading. When Tan told her his destination, she said with concern,

“You still have several *li* to go and it will be a difficult trip because there is a lot of marshy ground along the way. Are you aware, young man, that it is already quite late now? In such a desolate place as this, how can you be sure you won’t run into ruffians? My thatched hut is nearby, why don’t you stay there for the night? You can resume your journey tomorrow morning and arrive in good time.”

Tan was feeling somewhat ill at ease, and was grateful to the woman for her kind offer. She whipped her horse ahead to lead the way and moving along a secluded path, they travelled about two *li* before they saw lights glimmering dimly in the forest. The old lady pointed to the place with her whip.

“We’re almost there.”

They urged their animals forward and soon arrived. The hut was small and low with a shoulder-high earthen wall. The woman dismounted, opened the door and ushered the young man inside. The room was practically empty except for a paper lantern hanging from the wall and a young woman lying on an earthen bed nursing a baby.

“We have a guest, daughter-in-law,” the old lady called out. “Get up and be quick about it.”

The young woman rose slowly from the bed and brushed back the loose tufts of hair at her temples. When her baby burst out crying, the old woman took a cake from her sleeve and gave it to the child. Now the guest was able to have a better look at the young woman. She seemed to be about twenty and wore a very sad expression, her eyes moist with tears.

“Boil some water and make tea,” said the old lady. “I’m going to return the horse and will be right back.” And with this she went out and led the horse away.

The young woman snapped off some sorghum stalks to kindle a fire from the lantern. She was wearing a red cotton tunic, green trousers, blue socks and a pair of high-heeled red shoes, all of which were tattered, so worn out that one of her elbows, one of her calves and both of her heels were exposed. Tan, who was young and awkward, didn’t quite know how to ask about her life but felt great sympathy for her. Presently the old woman returned.

“I hope you didn’t feel neglected because I had to take the horse back,” she said to Tan. “When my daughter-in-law’s master heard that we had a guest, he said he’d like to invite you over and treat you to a meal. I declined on your behalf since it’s so late, so he asked me to convey his best wishes to you.”

At this Tan only nodded. Then she went on,

“After almost half a day’s ride, you must be very hungry.” She turned to her daughter-in-law.

“Prepare some food and I’ll go out and feed the donkey.”

“I’m awfully sorry to put you to so much trouble,” apologized the young man. “I’d like to pay you properly for my animal’s feed before I leave.” The old woman waved her hand,

“Please don’t bother about it. It’s really not much!”

When the old lady came back, her daughter-in-law began to lay the table. The crockery was of a very coarse quality, with the chopsticks made from reed stalks and the wine held in an earthen basin instead of a pot. The dishes all contained fish or meat, but were too cold to eat. The old woman moved the lantern over and urged the guest to drink. When Tan told them he did not drink, they offered him some rice. It too was cold, but he did manage to finish one bowl. After the daughter-in-law had cleared the table, she began to remove lice from the baby while her mother-in-law sat chatting with the guest.

“From your accent, I would guess that you are not from the capital,” Tan said. “But your daughter-in-law is wearing Manchu clothing. May I ask where you come from?”

“You’re right. I’m from a family named Hou in Fengyang County, Anhui and I went to the capital to escape from famine. I managed to eke out a living by sewing and mending for others. Nearly thirty years ago I married a local villager called Hao the Fourth, who is quite old now. We have a daughter and a son. My daughter is married and my son is a bricklayer in the city. Since my husband is quite senile now, he works as a hired hand doing odd jobs in the country market. You’ll go by there on your way tomorrow. If you see a wrinkled old man with a white moustache and a tumour about the size of an egg behind his ear, that’s him. My daughter-in-law’s surname is Yu and she is a maid at this mansion. Ba, her master, used to be a *canling* {A high officer in the Manchu banner system} but he retired a long time ago and the young master inherited the title. The horse I was riding I borrowed from the mansion.”

“Your family seems to be rather hard up,” Tan said. “You shouldn’t have given me such a lavish feast.”

“I really didn’t expect to be entertaining guests here and a poor mistress of a thatched hut like this could never have prepared such food in a hurry,” the old lady explained with a smile. “But Zhongyuan Festival {Held on the fifteenth day of the seventh lunar month, it is also known as the Ghost Festival, a time when, people used to offer sacrifices to the dead} is just past and we’ve got a share of the leftovers from the mansion as is the usual custom. I was feeling rather ashamed that I had affronted our guest with such food, so you really shouldn’t think of it as a feast.”

Tan was tired after sitting for so long, but felt a little embarrassed at the thought of retiring. He took out a pipe and began to smoke by the lantern. The young woman cast a sidelong glance at the guest from time to time and seemed keen to smoke herself. Observing this, the old lady gently clapped her hands together.

“My daughter-in-law is dying to smoke. Would you be good enough to give her some tobacco?” When Tan gave her the pouch, the old woman said,

“We have been very hard up recently and haven’t had any tobacco for half a year. She doesn’t even own a pipe.”

So the young man handed over his own pipe. As she inhaled, the young woman appeared happy and content, and her furrowed brows became smooth again. Seeing this, the old lady nodded.

“I’ve lived in this world for sixty years but I’ve never had a taste for that. I really can’t understand why smokers get so addicted to it.”

“It’s hard to explain,” said Tan. “And hard to understand if you don’t smoke. But, once you develop the habit, you can’t do without it even for a moment. A smoker would rather go hungry than live without smoking.”

The old woman burst out laughing. Then Tan went on,

“Since the young lady is a smoker, I will give her a pipe and some tobacco as a small gift.”

The old woman responded with an appreciative nod. When Tan went out to relieve himself, the Milky Way had already moved to the west and the moon was hanging low above the forest. It was already approaching the fourth watch. In the hut he heard the old woman declaring,

“Our guest has been yawning and stretching. We should let him go to bed now.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Tan responded when he returned. “We can still sit and chat for a while.”

“You needn’t be so polite. You have to get on with your journey tomorrow,” said the old woman, “Besides, I want to ask a favour of you which I hope you’ll bear in mind.” When Tan asked what it was, the old lady became rather glum.

“If you see my husband when you pass the market tomorrow, please ask him to send us a few strings of *cash* right away. Tell him that we need to buy food and clothing.”

“Of course I will,” the young man assured her.

“We are so poor that we don’t even have any bedding,” the old woman apologised, her cheeks flushing red, “I’m afraid you’ll just have to make do tonight, sir.”

“I’m very grateful to you for your kindness in offering me shelter for the night,” Tan replied. “How could I ask any more than that?”

Everyone retired, Exhausted, Tan fell asleep the moment his head touched the pillow.

Waking from a dream, he thought he heard insects chirping next to his ears and saw fireflies dancing before his eyes. Startled, he jumped up and found that he had been lying in a grove of pine and cypress trees, and his clothes were soaked by the autumn dew. There was a distinct chill in the air. The donkey was tethered to a tree stump eating grass. The thatched hut, the old lady and her daughter-in-law had all vanished without trace and there were only a few dilapidated graves half covered by wormwood and brambles.

Terrified, he grabbed the donkey, mounted it and urged it on with a “giddyup.”

After he had covered a few *li* day began to break and he felt calmer. When he had finished his business, he took the same route home. Stopping to rest in the market town, he saw an old labourer who looked very like the man the old lady had described. Upon enquiring, he learnt that this was none other than Hao the Fourth.

This struck him as very strange. He invited the old man to a quiet spot and told him what had happened the previous night. Tears trickling down his cheeks, the old man replied,

“From what you said, sir, you must have met my dead wife, daughter-in-law and grandson. My wife passed away two years ago; my daughter-in-law had a difficult labour last year and mother and son died that very same night. I hardly expected that they would be reunited in the next world!” Tan, saddened at the news, asked,

“Who was that Lord Ba?”

“He was the father of a *zuoling* {An officer equal to a captain in the eight-banner system of the Manchus} in one of the banners,” answered Hao the Fourth. “He’s been dead more than ten years and his grave is in the arbour due north of that place. My daughter-in-law was originally a maid in the Ba mansion while my wife and I used to guard their graves. Last year the house collapsed because of the rainfall and the young master could not afford to repair it. There was nowhere for me to stay, so I came here to earn a living as a hired hand. On Zhongyuan Festival a couple of days ago, when the young master went to offer sacrifices at his father’s tomb, he had several paper boats and horses burnt for him. {It was believed that the dead were able to receive and use paper articles and paper money burnt for them} I don’t know why my dead wife borrowed the horse.”

Sighing repeatedly, Tan gave Hao the Fourth five hundred copper coins so that he could buy some paper money to burn for his wife in order that the dead would not go hungry. The old man bowed in gratitude, tears in his eyes.

When Tan reached home, he felt obliged to carry out his promise to the ghosts. He immediately brought two paper pipes and a packet of tobacco and went back to the graves where he said prayers and burnt the offerings. Then he paid a visit to the graveyard of Lord Ba, which was a short walk due north.

It was surrounded by dense and luxuriant pine and cypress trees and the inscription on the newly erected tombstone was clearly visible.

During the reign {1661-1722} of Emperor Kangxi, Wang Fuchen, the garrison commander of Shaanxi Province, rose in rebellion against the court. His troops pillaged far and wide and whenever they seized women, they would tie them up in cloth sacks and, irrespective of whether they were old or young, beautiful or ugly, would put them up for sale at a price of four *taels* of silver each.

One Mi Xianglao, a native of Sanyuan, twenty and unmarried, paid a visit to their barracks with five *taels* of silver. The extra *tael* he gave to the officer in charge as a bribe, hoping to acquire a beautiful girl. The officer conducted him inside and asked him to select one of the sacks. Mi felt the bags one by one, picked one whose occupant seemed to have a small waist and feet, and took it away. When he stopped at an inn for the night and opened the sack, he was surprised to find an old woman of almost seventy whose face was covered with spots. Overcome with regret, Mi sat listlessly on the edge of the bed, his face ashen.

Before long, a grizzled old man arrived leading a black donkey with a pretty girl on its back. He helped the girl dismount, tethered the animal to the trough and then went to settle into a room to the west of Mi’s. Meeting each other, the two men bowed in greeting and politely exchanged names and addresses. The old man said his surname was Liu, that he lived in Frog Flat Village and that he was sixty-seven years old. He told Mi that the previous day he had spent four *taels* of silver on a woman in a sack at the barracks. Unexpectedly she had turned out to be a young girl and luckily she was very pretty, so he was going to take her back to his humble home to amuse himself in his remaining years.

Hearing this Mi’s heart burned with envy and remorse and he felt doubly sorry for himself. Liu, however, was enormously pleased with his good luck and invited Mi to go and have a drink with him in the market. Thinking

that it wouldn't hurt to alleviate his depression with some wine, the young man readily agreed and went off with him.

When the two men were at a safe distance, the old woman hobbled to the west room, lifted the curtain and entered. The girl, who had been quietly waiting, saw her and rose to greet her with a bow. With tears welling in her eyes, the girl looked like a rain-drenched peach blossom. When asked where she was from, she replied,

"My family name is Ge, I am from Pingliang, and I'm seventeen years old. My parents and brothers were all killed by rebels. Then they caught me and tried to rape me. When I wailed and cursed, they became so angry that they sold me to the old man. When I think of my fate, I feel I would be better off dead. That is why I weep with grief."

"It is abominable how the Heavenly Emperor has turned things upside down for ordinary mortals!" the old woman sighed. "I am old and have survived the chaos of war. I am sad at the thought of embarrassing a young lad. I have just seen your old man and he is as senile as I am. A doddering husband and a young wife may have difficulties in getting along with one another. Our two men, one delighted and the other depressed, won't return until they are good and drunk. Why don't we switch places! You and my young man can get up at the fifth watch tomorrow morning and leave quickly. I'll deal with the old fellow as best I can. Now you needn't be so unhappy."

The girl hesitated, unwilling to agree immediately. The old woman continued earnestly,

"It's the only way out and it will suit both of us. You'd better go to my room at once, otherwise you'll lose the opportunity."

She removed her clothes and exchanged them for the girl's; the latter bowed in deep gratitude. The old woman led the girl to Mi's room, covered her with the quilt and told her to keep silent. Then she returned to the west room and lay down, hiding under a quilt. Just after the second watch the old man and Mi arrived back drunk. Exhausted from the day's journey, they parted company and retired for the night.

After the third watch was struck, Mi was awakened by a knock at the door. Throwing on some clothing, he opened it and saw the old woman standing there.

"Where have you been?" he asked in surprise.

She gestured to him to keep quiet, entered the room and closed the door behind her before telling him the whole story. Delighted, the young man declared,

"I am greatly indebted to you for your kindness. But how could I possibly harm others in order to benefit myself?"

"If you don't listen to my advice, then you will be forsaking a young girl and ruining an old man," the old woman chided. "What good would that do? It will only make you suffer even more."

When Mi finally nodded in agreement, she lifted the quilt and urged the girl to get up. Their eyes filled with tears, the young couple knelt down and kowtowed, but the old woman motioned them to stop and told them to leave as quickly as possible.

"I must say goodbye and get back before the old man wakes up." With this she left the room.

Mi hurriedly packed his belongings and the girl covered her face with a black gauze veil. As the two were leaving, Mi supporting the girl on his arm, the innkeeper asked,

"Why are you setting off so early?"

"So that we can avoid the scorching heat," Mi replied casually and the two hurried off.

*

When the old man woke up the following morning, he was astonished to see the old woman. On finding out what had happened, he became furious and started a fight. The woman, however, was hale and hearty in spite of her age and both warded off and returned the blows without giving ground. Everyone in the inn circled around to watch. When the old man indignantly poured out his grievances and said he would get on his donkey and chase after the runaways, all the onlookers burst out laughing. The innkeeper observed,

"The fellow has fled with a pretty young girl. Do you think he's going to take the main road and wait for you to catch up? In any case, they set off at the fourth watch and will have covered several dozen *li* by now. Men always suffer from a lack of self-knowledge. If you are aware of your own limitations and can be content with things as they are, then you'd better take this old lady home and live a peaceful life. Don't let yourself be haunted by ridiculous ideas."

The old man stood speechless for a long time and then gradually calmed down. Realizing that there was reason in what the innkeeper had said, he finally took the old woman home.

People in Shaanxi and Gansu remember this story to this very day.

266.167a *Sitting At Ease Among The Pines* \fn{by Cai Wan (before c.1750)} China (F) -1

In the leisure of old age, indolence from opium
has made me even more muddled;
new chessboard or old music score, I have
trouble figuring it out.
For nourishing life, at last I know
an idled heart is best;
withdrawing from the workaday world
is good for aches and pains.
On a small path in the breeze of evening
I return walking slowly;
by the sand dike a bright moon
gradually rises.
Completely rinsed clean of longings
for worldly life,
I've nothing to do but lean on a solitary pine
singing a poem.

197.85 1. The Mynah 2. Black Eyebrows 3. Fallen Flower Island 4. Fake Ghost 5. Green-Apparel Kingdom: **Five Short Tales** \fn{by Hao Gezi (after 1752-)} China (M) 14

1

A comely, wily serving wench, doted upon by the master of a great house in Jiannan, in which she was kept, had entrusted to her sole care the watering and feeding of an exceptionally intelligent mynah bird that had been presented to her master by the governor on the eve of his leaving office. One day as she was feeding it, it burst out,

“You’ll get a good husband, my dear, by feeding me!”

She poked it bashfully with her fan, which failed to startle it, and from then on she became so accustomed to answering it back with a quip or a taunt that she thought nothing of it, for her room was her own, and she and the bird could converse companionably where it hung by the little window of her wicket door without any of the others being any the wiser. One day she was bathing in her room when she heard the bird call out,

“You’ve a fine body, my dear, to be sure. If I were a man I’d swoon at the sight.”

Outraged, she came out and poked the bird, naked as she was. It so happened that it too had just had a bath, and the cage not having been shut owing to the docility of its occupant, it promptly winged its way out and flew around the room, more than matched in alacrity by its pursuer. Then without warning it holed the window paper, soared away and was gone.

Aghast though she was, the dreadful thought of her master’s reproaches soon brought a ruse to her mind, and the minute she was dressed, she moved the cage under the eaves and went across to call on that gentleman, to whom she addressed these tearful words:

“I never thought they would go so far as to let the bird out, sir, while I was having a bath with the door closed. It’s my own fault, I admit it, and I deserve to die.”

Her master, who had always had a soft spot for her, was aware of the envy she inspired in the others and thus sought culprits where no blame lay. But since no mastermind could be found, the matter was deferred.

*

It was ten days later that she received orders from her mistress to attend Lady Liang, a lady in their town. Lady Liang had a son by the name of Xu, who being unmarried had taken to reading in his study by day. One day, a bird flew in, perched on his desk and spoke to him saying,

“I’ve just the wife for you. Why don’t you come and see?”

The astonished Xu, noting on closer scrutiny that this was a mynah bird, laid down his volume and followed. The mynah flew very slowly, and just as they passed through the courtyard gate he saw, languidly entering, a ravishing damsel of some sixteen years in a green jacket and a red skirt. The bird was suddenly no longer to be seen. Xu took in the girl’s exceptional beauty out of the corner of his eye and found an excuse to follow her as far

as the parlour, where it became apparent from her confabulation with his mother that these elegant features and deportment belonged to a serving wench at the great house.

She for her part noticed the youth too and glanced not infrequently at him, though for all their fellow-feeling there was no question of any word passing between them. After a goodly space of time she went home by herself. Having reported on her mission, she retired to her room, where atop the empty cage by the bed she spied the bird just as before, its eyes dimmed and its foot clenched in repose. No treasure trove could have delighted her more, and she was about to pick it up and put it back behind bars when it shrieked,

“You won’t inflict that on me again, will you, when I’ve dashed back and forth to get you a good match?”

Puzzled, she inquired as to what the mynah meant, and it recounted everything in exhaustive detail. Realization swiftly stayed her hand; and the bird instead of flying stopped on the couch.

“I may not be able to help you pass through walls,” it said, “yet who do you have but me to tell your troubles to? Do you want him or not?” The bashful wench made no reply.

“Young people!” chuckled the bird, “they’re all the same. I’d better be off in case someone comes.” With this it shook its quills and soared out of sight.

The girl had indeed been taken with Xu’s manner, and she tossed and turned into the small hours unable to settle her mind, for she was ashamed of being a rich man’s plaything. The mynah stopped by again next day when it espied no one around and came straight down when the girl beckoned it.

“My master is too fond of me to throw me away for scant return,” she told it, “and besides, a fine young gentleman like Mr. Liang, who could have his pick of all the sweet young things, will surely scorn a serving wench as an ideal match. I suspect you’re wasting your time, and what will I do if you fail?”

The mynah took her words to heart, flew away and did not return until evening, when under cover of nightfall it brought her an answer.

“This poem that I heard Mr. Liang chanting will show you how he feels,” it said. And it recited the piece, which went:

What though round fan was ne’er so white,
If pleasing pink be visage fair?
Who mount the phoenix would and might
Should never ride alone, I swear!

She was happy at this and dispatched the mynah again before dawn with a message. Xu, who had stayed up thinking about her in his bleak study, rose in the morning and looking up saw a bird in the air very like the one he had seen before.

“Can you take word to my sweetheart, my good fellow?” he quipped. “If so I will write a note so that you can post the news along with Su Wu’s wildgoose.”^{fn{}[The Han Dynasty envoy Su Wu \(1st century BC\), who was detained by Huns, got a letter home by attaching it to a migrating goose](#)[}] Before the words were out, the mynah had folded its wings, perched down on the white wall and begun to tell him of the girl’s tender concern, which thrilled the young man so, he demanded to know whether she could read.

“Quite well,” said the bird.

Xu dashed off a couple of lines on the spot associating the repletion of his yearning to the undying name of his love, which note he sealed and placed on the ground. The mynah swooped down, took it in its beak and flew off, leaving Xu more astounded than ever. Days then passed with no further sign of the bird, and there was a lull in his news of her.

Word broke in upon his gloomy vigil that a serving wench had died at the great house and been interred without ceremony. Apprehensive, Xu inquired, and the confirmation of his suspicion so racked him that he was almost beside himself, and he still could not understand how it had happened. But then, he was quite ignorant of the following facts.

The mynah took the note in its beak to the girl, who when she saw it became ashamed of not being able to write. Removing a piece of jewellery, she gave it to the mynah bird for the young man and at the same time asked it to seek out her parents (whose whereabouts she told it) and get from them a large sum of money as an inducement towards the redemption of her beauty, that her love might prosper. To this the mynah assented readily and flew off with the piece in its beak, but halfway there a mischievous youth took aim with a sling shot and hit the bird on the cheek, killing it and ending its mission with its life; it did not take long for the girl’s fate to be sealed. Her face had been her fortune at the great house. She had been reluctant to become one of the master’s

concubines and had grumbled behind her master's back. The loss of the bird she had blamed on others, and whereas she would never have incurred a flogging, she had attracted the spite of the maids, who mounted a concerted campaign against her being favoured lest her tongue be their ruin.

Hearing her talking to the bird in the middle of the night, they sowed in the master's ear the fabrication that she was conducting a liaison. Consumed with jealousy, he searched her room and found Xu's letter, which inflamed him to the point of putting her to interrogation locked in fetters. Distraught beyond any capacity to defend herself and covered in sores, she waited with bated breath for the end.

But the master did not wait for her to die. He had her laid in a coffin alive and ordered a servant to bury her out in the country .

This then was the sum of her fate. Xu, without knowing the details, was inconsolable at the death of his beloved and sat heart-broken until in spite of himself he fell asleep over his desk and found himself dreaming of a girl holding in a swirling feather tunic before her and saying,

"I am the mynah bird. Miss and I were two of a kind until she, for her good deeds was given human form. Chance threw us together once more, and I thought to honour her by taking her part before a noble spirit, humbled as she was by meagre minds. Alas! My wings failed me, and she succumbed to malicious tongues, which then were able to drag her down with the weight of their iniquities. Happily she may yet be saved, and by no aid but yours."

Xu dreamt that joyfully he began to question her, but she only pointed a finger and said, "A hundred yards beyond the walls is her tomb," then fell prone, turned into a solitary crane and rose into the air.

Xu woke with a start and sent mounted servants out of town to make inquiries. He happened to recall a village called Beipu, which seemed to tally with the cryptic words, and making straight for it did in fact find her burial place, though he balked at actually opening the grave then and there. Instead he took a place to sleep in the village and come nightfall made it worth the servant's while to go with him and dig.

The grave was not a deep one, and when they reached the coffin he listened silently and seemed to catch the sound of breathing. Quickly he broke it open, and there was the girl restored to life. Fairly distracted with wonder and joy, Xu made humble entreaty at a nearby nunnery, where he related the matter from its inception, and the nun, only too pleased to do good, complied with alacrity.

Together they lifted the girl from the hole, and Xu carried her on his back to the nunnery, where he left her in the care of the nun and then went, home after paying for her keep. When a month had passed and she was as blooming as she had ever been, Xu asked the nun to be his matchmaker and say that the girl was the daughter of a poor family. She urged his case to his mother, who came to see the girl and recognised her easily from their previous meeting. The girl told her tearfully what had happened to her, and the mother, who dearly loved her son and would not flout his wishes, welcomed her directly into the bosom of the family.

For the girl's sake the master of the great house was not informed. Xu cut his ties with the house, so that her tracks were covered, though in memory of the mynah bird he purchased and released any that he found in captivity, much to everyone's astonishment. The facts of the matter were divulged by the nun after the great house declined, which is how the author came into possession of the bare bones here recounted.

2

Zhu, a nineteen-year-old cobbler, was an uneducated young fellow who was as pretty as a girl. Although he lived in a busy city, there wasn't a youth around that outshone him in looks and he was known far and wide for his fine features. He was married to a woman named Black Eyebrows who was also extremely beautiful, and looked as though she had just stepped out of a painting. When I first asked where she was from, Zhu refused to answer in any way. Only later did he reveal that she was a fox fairy from the northern hills.

At the age of sixteen Zhu had become apprenticed to a shoemaker in a small town. The master liked a drink and would often stay out on the town all night long. Zhu would stay alone in the shop where he would always work very late before going to bed, and he became accustomed to this daily routine.

One night after the master had gone out, just as he began his work, he heard a tapping at the door. Assuming it was one of the neighbours come to fetch his shoes, the boy asked who was calling.

"It's me," answered a sweet voice.

Taken aback, Zhu was afraid that it might be some young thug from the market who was seizing the opportunity of his master's absence to come and assault him. Frightened, he bluffed,

"I'm in bed now. Please come back; tomorrow."

“I’m not a troublemaker, I’m one of the neighbourhood girls,” the voice explained. “Please open up, I just want to have a word with you.”

The boy couldn’t resist peeping through a crack in the door and he discovered that the figure standing beneath the eaves was a girl with her hair wound in a diagonal bun. When he opened the door she walked straight in and shut it behind her. Zhu saw that she was dazzlingly beautiful. Though he was still very young, he was instantly smitten by her and fanciful ideas sprang to his mind. He shyly asked the girl where she was from, to which she replied,

“My home is not far away. My lamp was blown out by the wind while I was twisting thread and I came to ask for a light.”

Honest and trusting by nature, the young apprentice readily gave the girl a light and dared not say anything more. She took the torch and left immediately.

Though Zhu was hardly even conscious of love, he realized he felt an affection for the girl as he hoped that she would come again. The master returned but the girl did not reappear. Day and night Zhu waited in the shop. Before long the old shoemaker went out again and this time the girl did return to ask for a light. Since they were now a little more familiar with one another, Zhu invited her to sit down and talk. When the girl asked how old he was, Zhu replied,

“Sixteen.” The girl smiled,

“I’m the same age.” When he again asked where she lived, she answered evasively,

“You’ll find out sooner or later.”

They chatted for a long time, and the girl showed no inclination to leave. Zhu was so infatuated with her beauty that he couldn’t stop looking at her. When their passionate eyes met, they seemed to lock together, unwilling to part again. The girl looked around at the bed and teased,

“Is that your bed? I’m afraid it doesn’t seem wide enough for two.” The boy responded to the hint,

“Why don’t you lie down first and see whether or not there is room.” The girl stood up and smiled before leaving,

“No, not now, I’ll come and see tomorrow night.”

Zhu was basically very shy and couldn’t think of a way of persuading the girl to stay. However, he was head over heels in love with her. The following morning he couldn’t keep his mind on his work, and prayed that his master wouldn’t return so that he and the girl could keep their tryst. It so happened that his master did stay out drinking and by late that afternoon had still not come back.

The apprentice was overjoyed. When night fell, he lit the lamp and sat bolt upright as if in a trance, no longer even going through the motions of working on shoes. At the second watch, \fn{One of the five two-hour periods into which the night was divided} the girl knocked at the door as expected. When Zhu opened it, he saw that she was beautifully made up and sumptuously dressed, and her clothes were quite unlike the simple garments she’d worn the previous evening. When he asked her why she’d changed, she just smiled and said nothing. She then went straight to the bed and lay down on it, her face to the wall. Seeing how shy she was, Zhu undressed and put out the lamp before joining her in bed.

*

They woke when day was dawning. The young man couldn’t bear to let the girl go, but she rose and dressed quickly, saying,

“We have only just begun to taste such pleasures. There will be ample time in future. We must be careful not to betray our secret to others.”

And she left immediately. Zhu got up and his master returned. The girl stopped coming, which Zhu did not find odd at all. A few days later when the old shoemaker was out again, she reappeared to renew their pleasure and both felt twice as enraptured as before. Afterwards the girl rose and said,

“I was enchanted by you the moment I saw you. I found it so hard to control my passions that I stayed with you the other night. Fortunately now we are deeply in love with one another and have pledged to be true till death. Should we not marry?” Zhu hesitated a while before answering,

“Of course, that’s what I wish to do. But I was orphaned when I was a little boy and was brought up by my elder brother and sister-in-law. Now I am here learning this humble trade and I have no idea what will happen to me in the future. Where on earth could I find the money to get married? Besides, I am still very young and I dare not bring such a matter up so rashly.”

"If you take my advice, you'd be better off leaving your master and going elsewhere," countered the girl. "I can certainly help you establish your career. How could we ruin our marriage plans just because we have to depend on others?" Something suddenly dawned on the young man and he asked,

"But you said you have a family, how can you act on your own without consulting your parents?"

"I fooled you when we first met. How is it that you have only just realized it? My name is Black Eyebrows and I live in the northern hills. I am in reality a fox. Because I admired your good looks, I came to offer myself to you. So how could I have parents to restrain me?" Zhu was too young and too intoxicated by the pleasures of love to feel in the least alarmed, and just asked,

"I have heard it said that foxes always hurt people, is that true?"

"Yes, some of them do, but I am not of that kind," she reassured him. "Even if I didn't love you, I still could not bring myself to do such a thing. If I loved you and then killed you, how could I escape the retribution of heaven and earth?"

She then pledged her true love again, thus dispelling the boy's misgivings. Before leaving, she told Zhu of her plan. Zhu went to talk to his master as instructed.

"Yesterday a fellow villager told me that my sister-in-law was critically ill. Since she brought me up, I beg of you to grant me leave so I may go home to see her."

Tears began streaming down his cheeks before he'd even finished speaking. The master had already heard something of the sister-in-law's illness and seeing that the boy was laden with sorrow, felt sorry for him. He decided he could run the shop by himself and sent the apprentice off. Zhu was hardly a *li* from the shop, when he saw the girl waiting by the roadside.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm going home," came the reply.

"You're making a mistake," the girl laughed. "If we go to your home, do you think your brother and sister-in-law would agree to our marriage?"

"Well, what can we do?" asked the youth.

"As I see it, though you are not yet an accomplished shoemaker, you are capable of perfecting your skills." The girl went on. "Fortunately, I have some money. Let's go to some other prefecture and you can set up your own business. That would be much better than working for someone else. How does that sound?"

Since he had no definite ideas of his own, Zhu willingly agreed. The girl produced a silver ingot, and with this they hired a boat to sail south. Thoroughly contented with the pleasures of the girl's company; Zhu no longer thought of his home and his relatives.

*

When they arrived in Changshu, the girl wanted to travel still further, but Zhu objected, so they rented a house by the city's north gate and settled down. She produced twenty-five taels of silver with which to buy tools and materials and they opened a cobbler's shop, using the rooms behind the shop as their living quarters. Deciding that Zhu was too young and inexperienced, the girl did not let him deal with customers and whenever he found it difficult to complete a job, she would do it for him. Her unusual shoes became quite popular, and soon everyone in the city came to order a pair. Apart from doing household chores and cooking meals, the girl also helped her husband to weave sandals. All of this she did happily, without showing the least trace of resentment, and Zhu greatly admired her virtues.

By the following year, when Zhu was seventeen and they were leading a comparatively well-off life, Zhu began to slacken in his work and often went out to loaf about with bad characters. The girl tried to dissuade him from this, but he just turned a deaf ear.

It so happened that the son of one of the rich families in Changshu was frivolous and especially fond of young boys. He often went to the shop to buy shoes and became greatly infatuated with the handsome cobbler. He encouraged the boy to become friendly with some bad types, bribing the latter with a large sum of money. One night, when the full moon was bright in the sky, this rich wastrel gave a feast in Cijue Monastery and invited Zhu to spend the whole night drinking. Zhu made up a story to fool his wife and went along to the monastery with his dubious companions.

When he arrived, he was greeted by the rich son who went out of his way to curry favour with the boy. Zhu had no head for liquor and by halfway through the feast was already tipsy. The others helped him to a side chamber to lie down for a while, but in fact this was part of the conspiracy to seduce him. When Zhu turned over and tried to sleep, he heard someone whispering to him,

"How can you leave your wife at home alone and enjoy yourself lying here like this?"

Opening his eyes immediately, he found Black Eyebrows standing beside the bed. When he asked why she was there, Black Eyebrows retorted,

“Can’t you see that you are treading on a tiger’s tail? You’d better come home with me and quickly.”

Ashamed of himself, Zhu declined on the pretext of being drunk. The girl blew on his face and her breath was as cold as a chill wind sobering Zhu up, so he reluctantly rose and made to leave with her.

“You haven’t seen through their tricks yet; you might bear a grudge against me for this when you get home,” said the girl. “Wait just a minute. I’ll show you something amusing.”

Then she placed a low stool on the bed, which with a wave of her hand immediately turned into a man who bore a striking resemblance to Zhu, both in physique and dress. Not knowing what she was up to, all Zhu could do was stand there and wait. A moment later the son of the wealthy family and the ruffians came in chuckling and indulged themselves in obscene behaviour beyond description. Flushed, Zhu broke into a cold sweat realizing the trap he’d fallen into. The girl seized his arm with her delicate hand and whispered,

“Let’s go.”

They slipped out of the temple. Zhu felt as though the whole thing had been a dream and then found they were already back home. The girl made him sit down, knelt before him and said,

“I have taken you far from your native place. Though I do not expect you to become a great man, I do want you to have some self-respect. You have been out carousing many, many times and what’s more, you were nearly caught in a trap and seduced like a woman. Had their plot succeeded, not only would I be ashamed to be the wife of a person like Mi Zi Xia, \fn{He was said to have been a male concubine of Duke Ling of Wei during the so-called “Spring and Autumn Period” of Chinese history (770-476BC)} but how could you fare returning to your home?”

The girl sobbed bitterly, and feeling great remorse, Zhu hung his head not knowing what to say. Afraid he would become too miserable and embarrassed, the girl stood up and comforted him tenderly.

“It’ll be all right as long as you don’t do it again in the future. If you make a mistake, the most important thing is to mend your ways.” They dropped the matter then and there and mended their quarrel.

*

The son of the rich family was thoroughly astonished when he discovered that Zhu had disappeared without trace. Thinking that Zhu must be a sorcerer, he and the ruffians went to the county magistrate to lodge an accusation against the young cobbler. The magistrate’s name was Su Jinchen and he was a native of Baling, \fn{Present-day Yueyang, Hunan Province} He had been assigned to the post after passing the highest level imperial examinations. He intended to ignore the charge since he had long known about the dishonourable behaviour of the wealthy family’s son. However, it happened that at that time, following the famous case of Ma Chaozhu \fn{In 1752, Ma Chaozhu, a native of Luotian County, Hubei Province, used a spell to start an uprising in Yingshan County, Hubei. The revolt was suppressed by the Qing government and the magistrate of Luotian County was executed for exonerating Ma from guilt. Many officials in Sichuan, Anhui and Henan Provinces were involved in the case} the court desperately wanted all sorcerers and sorceresses arrested. Because of this Su sent a bailiff to bring Zhu to the *yamen*. Seeing that the cobbler was extremely young and that the case involved something quite unsavoury, all he did was ask a few questions and reproach the young man slightly before releasing him with a smile. When Zhu returned to the shop, his wife declared,

“We can’t live here any longer, for we will surely suffer.”

Therefore they sold the shoemaker’s tools and their other possessions and travelled north with just a few simple things. When they arrived in the Guabu Mountain region, they settled down by the southern city wall of Shanyang County. Since Zhu was still very young and inexperienced and had been undisciplined with their former large investment, the girl decided not to open a cobbler’s shop again. She made Zhu carry his cobblers’ tools on a pole to the market every day, and from this they eked out a meagre living. The girl herself stayed at home in their thatched cottage spinning cotton or twisting hemp thread in order to make a little money to help out. They could barely make ends meet and had nothing saved at all.

Gradually, Zhu felt he could no longer endure the hardship and whenever he went out, he would stealthily gamble with the local layabouts. At first he was lucky. He made a little money and was very pleased with himself. The girl asked no questions about his behaviour although she knew what he was up to.

One day when she was out fetching water, she came across a man who lived in the same lane. Catching a glimpse of the girl, the man was astonished at her ethereal beauty. Also a gambler, he had once offended a powerful local despot during a game and was extremely worried about the consequences. When he saw the girl, he thought he’d found a rare commodity which he could use to pacify the despot and dispel the man’s grudge against him. He found an opportunity to sound Zhu out.

“I believe you earn hardly enough to feed the two of you with your present trade. Since you are a long way from home, you should try your best to establish a career, so you can go back in future and be reunited with your relatives. If you are content with just earning a pittance every day, you will never get anywhere. Not only will you be unable to return home, but even if you did manage to get back you’d be too ashamed to face your fellow villagers.” This was exactly what Zhu had been worrying about, and he sighed,

“What you say is quite true, but I have no way of raising any money, so how can I set myself on a better path?” The neighbour pretended to hesitate for a minute and then said slowly,

“It’s not that difficult. A friend of mine and I have both made a fortune at gambling. I’ve heard that you were a lucky gambler and used to win a lot. Why don’t you take it up? It’s a business where you can make big profits without investing any capital and can become a wealthy *mati*. It would be much better than racking your brains doing business.”

Over-confident from his initial successes, Zhu couldn’t help wanting to give it a try. Rolling up one of his sleeves, he said eagerly,

“If you can lend me ten strings of *cash*,^{fn{An old frm of currency; each string consisted of 1,000 *cash*}} I’d like to have a go. I don’t think the dice will let me down!”

The neighbour readily agreed. He returned at dusk with another man, and explained to Zhu,

“It just so happens that I’m short of *cash* at the moment. I asked for a loan from this good friend and you are fortunate that he has that much at hand. Now, please sign this IOU.”

Zhu was totally illiterate and dared not ask his wife for help though she knew how to read and write. He therefore found someone else to help him to sign the receipt, and hadn’t the slightest idea that the creditor was in fact the wealthy local despot. The man gave him the money and left immediately before Zhu had time to ask any questions.

Zhu took the *cash* and went off to gamble at the neighbour’s house. At first he won a little money but then he began losing heavily. By cockcrow he found he had lost almost everything. The other gamblers broke up noisily, but he returned home with his head hung low and collapsed into bed. Though the girl knew very well what he had done, she did not ask a single question.

The following day he called on the neighbour several times to try and find some way of getting another chance but didn’t manage to see him.

A month and more quickly passed. Then one day the neighbour came to see Zhu accompanied by several expensively dressed men. Among them was the man who had granted the loan.

“If you’re unable to pay back the principal right away,” the neighbour told Zhu, “you can pay off the interest.” Having secretly saved one string of *cash* for the loan, Zhu asked,

“How much is the interest?”

“Fifty strings of *cash*,” was the answer. Zhu was shocked.

“But I only borrowed ten strings of *cash*. Why is the interest several times the loan?” The men became incensed.

“What sort of nonsense are you talking?”

The bondholder produced the IOU and asked Zhu look for himself, so he could see the amount was one thousand strings of *cash*. Furious, Zhu argued with the neighbour, but the man refused to give way and fighting broke out. The others flared up and shouted,

“You are a debtor, how dare you cause such a fuss!”

They joined in and beat the cobbler black and blue before leaving. One of the neighbours took pity on Zhu and helped him back inside. His wife soothed his bruises and did not reproach him at all, which made people respect her even more. The next morning the money lender’s retainer came again to press for payment of the debt, and revealed his master’s evil intention.

“If you pay the debt off with your wife, we will credit you with one hundred strings of *cash*.”

Zhu cursed and told him to get out, but the man soon returned together with the thugs who had beaten him. They pounded at the door pouring out a stream of abuse, so vicious that all the neighbours covered their ears. Then, without her husband knowing, Black Eyebrows came out, and stopped the clamour by saying,

“Don’t make such a commotion. I know your boss wants me not the money. However, Zhu is my husband and he has been badly beaten up. As his wife I certainly can not abandon him at this moment. Go back and tell your master: if he really wants me, he may send people to fetch me after Zhu recovers, then I will give myself to him.”

The servants were pleased on hearing this, and duly left. Everyone in the neighbourhood who'd overheard her remarks thought she was just stalling for time and even Zhu didn't in the least suspect that she really intended to leave him.

Ten days later, Zhu had fully recovered, but was worried that the moneylender might send people to press for payment. The servant did come again. Black Eyebrows went out to meet the man but Zhu didn't know what passed between them.

That evening the fox fairy prepared a lavish meal to celebrate Zhu's recovery. When they were slightly flushed with wine, the girl rose to her feet, refilled their cups and said,

"I've been your wife for three years. Not only have I failed to help you, I've also made you leave your home and lose touch with your relatives. Now I feel terribly ashamed that you have been insulted and beaten up by those thugs because of my humble looks. We can not pay off the debt and are now caught in a dilemma. What are you going to do about it?" After a moment's silence he said with a sigh,

"I'm really an unworthy husband and have let you down. As for this despot, I'm prepared to fight a lawsuit against him. There is no alternative."

"Why are you so stubborn?" Tears began to stream down the girl's cheeks.

"As a stranger here, you are bound to find yourself in a precarious situation immediately if you try to argue with a local tyrant. It would be better for you to pack up and return to your hometown right away, so that you can carry on the family line and also recompense the kindness of your brother- and sister-in-law. I think that is the best way out." Zhu realized what she was implying and asked,

"If I go home, what will you do?"

"What the moneylender desires is my beauty. I have served you, I can do the same for him. Then I am certain he will not send men after you."

"What are you talking about?" Zhu raged. "I'd rather die than pay off the debt with my wife!"

The girl was silent for the moment but when they were both in bed, she tried to talk Zhu round by weighing the advantages and disadvantages of her proposal. Only then did he finally agree. The girl immediately got up, packed his things and then urged him to set off.

"You must leave without delay, otherwise you will meet with disaster."

*

Zhu tried to linger, hating to part with his wife, but the girl forced him to go with a wave of her hand. Zhu raced off, unable to stop or slow down until he was a hundred *li* away, at which point he resumed a normal pace. At dusk he put up at an inn for the night, and found out that he had already covered two days' journey. Worried about his wife, he decided to stay and wait for news of her.

Five days later Zhu encountered an acquaintance from Shanyang County.

"You really are a heartless fellow!", he reproached Zhu. "You gave up your wife and ran away, and she died at the hands of those brutal thugs. Don't you have a guilty conscience?"

Zhu had thought that this might happen and burst into tears. When he asked for more information, the newcomer told him,

"When your wife was taken to that man's house, she kept weeping and refused to eat. That same night she slipped out and hung herself at the door. Her corpse was so heavy that they could hardly take it down. When this was reported to the magistrate and the corpse was examined, a plaint written in blood was discovered in her bosom which gave a detailed account of her grievances. The magistrate wanted you to be arrested, but nobody knew where you were. That despot was punished and the neighbour who had lured you into gambling was also taken to court. The whole neighbourhood thought it a fair result. The case was about to be closed when I left."

Slightly consoled, Zhu bought some paper money and offered a sacrifice to Black Eyebrows. He sobbed bitterly until he spat blood. Then he fell ill in bed at the inn, and became delirious. Still in a daze, he suddenly saw Black Eyebrows come in. She caressed him gently and asked with a smile,

"I've managed to get here alive, why are you trying to kill yourself like this?"

"I heard that you had committed suicide to preserve your chastity. Are you here to demand my life like Guiying did of Wang Kui?"^{ According to a Song-dynasty legend, Guiying was a courtesan who fell in love with the poor scholar Wang Kui and subsidised him in his studies. But later, when the scholar came first in the highest imperial examinations, he broke his promise and married the daughter of a powerful and influential family. The courtesan committed suicide out of despair and eventually her spirit took revenge on the heartless scholar. Librettos adapted from this story appeared in the Song Dynasty and have been performed ever since } asked Zhu in astonishment. I really am an ungrateful husband. I am ready to die without regret."

"You're an adult now. Why are you still unable to tell beans from wheat, crying like a child?" The girl laughed.

“I am a fox fairy, did you think I didn’t have a way of saving myself? I tell you, that corpse was only a stone from the river. How could I have been so silly as to hang myself?”

Zhu had long known that his wife had extraordinary talents and abilities, and he was overjoyed. Since he was weakened by his illness, the girl gave him some medicine and his health was immediately restored. Then she said,

“I shouldn’t let people see me here, otherwise they will become suspicious. I’ll go ahead and wait for you along the way as we did before. Now please hurry up and don’t delay.” Then she left.

Zhu resumed his journey the following day and re-joined his wife on the road that evening. When he suggested going somewhere else, the girl disagreed, saying,

“We’ve suffered repeated setbacks because of our bad judgment and rash decisions. Now I see there is no better place than home. Let’s go back together and stop this endless travelling.”

She produced some silver to have clothes and shoes made for her husband and to buy ornaments for herself before they set off for Zhu’s home.

*

When Zhu’s elder brother discovered Zhu was missing, he wanted to bring a charge against the veteran shoemaker, but a fellow villager who had seen Zhu somewhere far away from their home managed to dissuade him. However, he and his wife couldn’t help missing the boy a great deal. When they saw him return with a beautiful wife, they were surprised and overjoyed. Zhu lied and said he had married the girl in some other city, and everyone believed him. The girl gave Zhu some money to re-open a shoemaker’s shop in the market and then invited the brother and sister-in-law to live with them.

“Please help me keep my unruly husband under control,” she said, “a wife always finds it hard to restrain her husband no matter how intelligent she is.”

After that Zhu and his wife worked hard and the family prospered. When I first saw Black Eyebrows, I was firmly convinced that she was no ordinary woman. Only after I had made repeated enquiries did Zhu agree to tell me the story. He said afterwards,

“If you record what I have told you, then my wife’s virtues will not be lost to oblivion.”

I was impressed by the fox fairy’s cleverness in helping her husband and her determination to preserve her chastity, and I therefore record the story here.

3

Shen Wujiang, alias Zhongxi, took a large sum of money and went to live in Yangzhou where he remained into his old age. One day he met a merchant seaman on the street, and after talking with him, discovered that business at sea was very profitable. This prompted him to give several thousand *taels* of silver to his son and nephew so that they could start up a business together. His son Yi was a tall, fair-skinned youth of twenty-three, who liked singing and whose songs very quickly became popular with the sailors. ~

Not far from port, as their ship sailed out onto the ocean, it was tossed about on the choppy waters like a tiny leaf. Young and unaccustomed to the billowing waves, Yi was frightened and soon felt terribly seasick. He laid his head on a pillow, moaning. In his trance-like state, he seemed to slip into a dream in which he heard someone say,

“Flowers fall profusely on Fallen Flower Island.”

Yi hadn’t had much schooling and didn’t understand what it meant. When he awoke, he told the other passengers what he had heard. Though some of them knew the sea well, no one knew of a place called Fallen Flower Island. One passenger, well-versed in poetry, laughed and said,

“Why didn’t you reply, ‘Willows weep downward on Weeping Willow Dyke’? The line is rhythmically correct and there’s the other half of your couplet.” Yi and all the other passengers praised his wit.

Yi tacitly kept it in mind. Unfortunately, with each passing day the young man became more and more ill and he died before the ship could reach land. His cousin who had accompanied him on the journey was deeply grieved. He hastily laid Yi in a coffin and took it with him as he continued on his journey.

*

However, Yi himself did not realize that he was dead. He just felt his body suddenly becoming light and insubstantial, and like Lie Zi, { A philosopher of the Warring States Period (475-221BC) who, according to legend, could fly } he began to fly above the surface of the vast ocean. Not a drop of water from the huge surging waves dampened his clothes. In the midst of his delight, he suddenly remembered the name Fallen Flower Island and, deciding it must indeed be a beautiful place, he made it his intention to journey there.

In no time at all he came upon a mountain, which hung like an inverted vase over the billowing sea. It was as multicoloured as Sichuan brocade, and a strong sweet scent wafting from it could be smelt several miles away. Delighted, Yi steered himself down towards the land, thus leaving the water behind him.

After walking westward for about half a mile, he entered a mountain pass which was traversed by a broad pathway with no precipitous cliffs along it. The path was covered by a layer of fallen flowers, about an inch thick. Not a patch of earth was left uncovered and Yi literally had to plough his way through the fallen petals although they were as soft as a brocade mattress. The fragrance of the flowers assailed his nostrils, reviving his spirits. He raised his eyes and found that all around were tall trees, so huge that he could only just get his arms around the trunk, and each tree was laden with exquisite blooms.

Mesmerised, he observed them carefully: the flowers were a riot of colour; some rich and gaudy, others pale and delicate—all gave off a perfume even richer than the plum blossoms in Yuling Mountain. \fn{ In present-day Dayu County, Jiangxi Province, which is famous for its plum blossoms } The many blossoms still clinging to the trees weighed down the branches; some in full bloom and on the brink of falling; others were still in bud. These trees seemed to bloom the whole year round.

Yi walked on in elation. A short distance further along, he found that the flowers on the trees were flourishing in even greater profusion, and that the layer of petals on the ground had grown even thicker. Looking around, he could see no sign of any inhabitants in the vicinity. Even the undulating mountain peaks in the distance were half-hidden amongst the flowers, unable to reveal their true features.

Ecstatic at the vision before his eyes, Yi stopped to rest under a plum tree and started to sing. The flowers fell from the trees like a shower of rain. All of a sudden, he heard a delicate voice:

“Who dares to trespass here? This is the Land of the Immortals. How dare you make merry here?”

This startled Yi, who turned to look round and saw a beautiful young girl emerging from behind a tree. She was covered with fallen flowers as though she were draped in a garment of silk. The basket she carried was filled with fallen flowers too. Yi quickly stood up, bowed with hands clasped together, and explained why he was there.

“You’re only a base merchant,” said the young girl with a smile. “Yet you’ve had the good luck to come here. It seems it was not without reason. I have a line to which no one can supply the matching phrase. If you can supply one, you may stay here and will be given a comfortable place to sojourn. Otherwise, you must leave immediately and not sully this fairyland a moment longer.”

Entranced by the fairyland and moreover by the beauty of the immortal before him, Yi completely forgot the fact that he was so lacking in culture and asked her to recite her line of verse. What he heard next was the very line that had come to him in his dream. He spontaneously repeated the line his fellow traveller had supplied, winning the girl’s praise. After a long silence, she said with deep feeling,

“Your ability must have been bestowed upon you by Heaven. I can’t ignore that.” With a smile she stepped forward and pulled up her sleeves.

“Please come with me. My home is amongst the dense flowers.”

Yi complied with pleasure. They soon neared a fence which from a distance looked as if it was made from matted pieces of brocade. Closer observation revealed it was built entirely of petals. Yi followed the girl and soon reached a majestic gate, formed by two giant trees with branches interlocked at their tops. The girl politely invited Yi to enter.

The house had neither eaves nor roof. It was furnished with tables and beds made of coloured stone, and the floor was covered by a layer of fallen petals. Yi looked upward, the sky hung overhead like a curtain; luxuriant branches and foliage formed a canopy—it was Nature itself. The girl did not allow herself the time to sit and rest but set to preparing cooking utensils.

“You must be hungry. You should have told me.”

She emptied her round bamboo basket and began to cook. Soon, when the food was ready, Yi discovered it was entirely made from flowers. Filled with suspicion, he almost dare not eat. The girl laughed at him:

“This is the food of the Immortals. It won’t do you any harm.”

Yi tasted it; it was sweet and refreshing. Compared to this, the rice and meat of the world of men were like soil. Then the girl served him with Hundred Flower Wine which was as fragrant and sweet as the finest cream. When he drank it, he felt instantly refreshed, light as a fairy floating on air. Not aware that he had already become a ghost, Yi secretly rejoiced at his fortune, to be turned so young into an immortal. After the two had eaten their fill, they began to converse in an amiable way, and then to become more intimate with each other.

Finally, unable to restrain her emotions any longer, the girl shook off all the flowers clothing her body, revealing a skin smooth and pale as jade. The couple, now head over heels in love and deeply attracted to each

other, made love on the stone bed. As they did so, the girl became aware that Yi lacked a human body. In great surprise, she asked,

“Why is it that you have the appearance of a body but no substance? I beg you to tell me the truth, so that you will come to no harm.” Yi also began to wonder:

“How could I have come here? How could I have floated over the sea?” He pounded his chest and started to wail.

“Don’t upset yourself too much,” the girl said, trying to comfort him. “A ghost can become a celestial being just as a human can become a ghost. What is more, I have magic powers. You don’t have to worry.” She produced a pottery jar filled with spring water which she sprinkled over him.

“This is the distillation of a hundred kinds of flowers which I collect every morning. It is something like an elixir from Heaven. Bathing in it, human beings can become celestial and ghosts may acquire form. Drinking it has a more immediate effect. For you, I’m now using up what I’ve accumulated over several hundred years.”

As she said this, Yi felt his muscles and bones become firm as they regained the substance that had been lost to them. Greatly relieved, he looked for his clothes but could not find them. The girl clad him in a dazzling suit of flowers and together they looked like a pretty mandarin drake and his mate.

During the day the couple went out with Yi to collect flowers for food and in the evening they returned home and slept upon the bed of coloured stone, shaking off the flowers from their bodies as if shedding clothes. The next morning, they simply walked slowly among trees to find themselves clothed again. There was no summer or winter in this place, nor was there day or night. When the flowers bloomed it was morning; when the flowers withered it was evening. The place could well be compared to the fairylands of Fangihang and Penghu.

*

Several years passed by quickly, and then one day Yi said to the girl:

“You’re my great benefactress and I could live together harmoniously with you forever, but I have an aged father and a younger brother at home. I would like to go back to visit them. Would you let me go home to see them?”

“It’s your filial duty,” the girl said earnestly. “How dare I discourage you from realizing your wish? But you came here as a ghost and you will return in the form of a human being. The coffin in your tomb has already become warped. Who will believe you?”

“Nevertheless I should try,” Yi said. “I won’t stay there long.”

The girl consented. Taking some flowers and leaves she began to make clothes for him, and soon a gorgeous suit was completed. As he left she gave him a jar of wine and said,

“Drink this when you are hungry. Remember, don’t eat any food cooked by fire. If you do so, your vigour will be gone, and you will die. You must return immediately the wine is finished.”

Yi told her he would be back in a month and then left. When he reached the sea, he walked on the water as if walking on land. He took neither boat nor ship and proceeded directly to the province of Yue\fn{Present-day Zhejiang Province} and then to Yangzhou. By this time, his father, Zhongxi, was already very old, and his younger brother had grown up.

Yi’s sudden appearance greatly astounded all the family members, who took him for a ghost and tried to hide from him. Only his father embraced him and said between sobs,

“It was my mistake to have sent you away. Now you are back. Tell me you forgive me?” Yi told them the whole story, which astonished all who heard it.

In the prefecture there was an old man who had heard the name Fallen Flower Island while sailing the seas when young.

“There is indeed such an island,” he said suddenly remembering. “It is beyond the East Sea and few people can reach it. Once the ship I was on sailed past it and I was told it was a place inhabited by celestial beings. There was no way to reach it. To this day I can still clearly remember what it looked like.” His explanation gave the listeners some faith in Yi’s story, reducing their bewilderment.

Yi remained in Yangzhou, obediently waiting upon his father for several days during which time he neither drank a drop of water nor ate a mouthful of food. Ten days later he suddenly disappeared.

My tutor, Ma Peichen, often came up from the south. At one particular place along the way, the name of which was unknown to him, his carriage driver would make a detour but he had never bothered to ask why. On his return

to the capital from Luoding County, Guangdong, in the late spring of 1779, Ma passed the place again, but this time the driver did not make a detour. Puzzled, Ma then asked him why. The driver laughed.

“It was said that a female ghost used to haunt this spot so I always avoided it. Recently she married and moved away so now there’s no harm in passing right by.”

Still puzzled, my tutor inquired further. The driver pointed to an ancient tomb at the roadside.

“That’s where the ghost used to live. She was clad all in red. Dishevelled hair framed a bloodless face from which protruded a long tongue. She would appear only when one or two passers-by approached, frightening them so that they would flee, dropping their valuables in their panic. This went on for years. No one knew what kind of monster the ghost was.

“Not long ago there came a man, middle-aged and unmarried, from no one knew where. This man had been to visit relatives in Huaibei, who had given him a few gifts and some money. Happy, the man hastened home, alone, completely forgetting that this place was haunted. He was almost upon it when he suddenly remembered. His legs started shaking and he could go no further; nevertheless he decided to try his luck and quietly passed before the ghost could become aware of his presence.

“All of a sudden a sound came from the ancient tomb, followed by a long cry. Scared out of his wits, the man looked and saw the ghost emerging from the tomb, looking just as I’ve described. Panic-stricken, he tried to flee, but the ghost hurtled towards him like a thunderstorm. The man’s instinct told him to drop his bags and run, but on second thoughts he said to himself:

“‘I travelled miles to get these things; I’m not throwing them away now. Besides, the ghost is after me, not my belongings.’

“At that moment the ghost was upon him, roaring and howling, and setting the man’s hair on end. Holding his bags tight, the man staggered along in an effort to get away. Although the ghost was right behind him, it made no attempt to spring upon him. This made the man bold:

“‘Why don’t I fight it?’ he asked himself, deciding he would rather die than give up his belongings. The ghost was taken by complete surprise when he suddenly dashed forward and hit it. It fell to the ground without any resistance. He raised his fist to strike again, but before he could bring it down, the ghost began to beg for mercy in a most delicate voice.

“Astonished, the man took a closer look. The ghost’s protruding tongue was a piece of red paper several inches long, and the dishevelled hair was but green grass. Amazed, the man lowered his fist, and asked what kind of devil this was. Between sobs, the ghost told him:

“‘I am a poor woman who lives a mile from here. I have an old mother but no brothers, so have been forced to take up this charade to eke out a living. I can’t deny I have done well out of it. but I am still unmarried. I have vowed to marry the one who sees through me, and give up this embarrassing trade. Fate has brought us together today.’

“Hearing this; the man was both surprised and pleased, but still dubious. He tore open her clothes and to his delight saw two tender breasts. He released his hold on her and helped her to her feet. The woman bashfully adjusted her clothes and then led the man to her home. It was not long before they arrived at a prosperous-looking, low, thatched cottage surrounded by sturdily built fences. When he entered, the man was greeted by an old, disabled woman. The daughter hastily introduced the two. The old woman said with a smile:

“‘I tried to stop you from going out again. Now see what you found this time. This gentleman must be bold indeed.’ She then turned to the man:

“‘I’ve been a widow for a long time and I depend entirely on this daughter of mine. Our family was poor, so my daughter was forced to involve herself in such a business, making use of the ancient tomb. She’s been doing it for ten years now and she still isn’t married. Perhaps if you don’t have a wife at home you would consent to be my son-in-law. My daughter will be too ashamed to do such work any more.’

“The man agreed to the proposal and married the daughter that very night. Discovering the family was quite rich, the man felt highly satisfied. After a fortnight they all moved away; no one knew where.”

A fleeing army suspects danger at the slightest sound. To the soldiers, every bush and tree appears like the enemy. People’s eyes are sometimes confused by their own thoughts. Are there such things as ghosts? Vicious people often play tricks or do evil things to scare the coward. How real ghosts must laugh at them. I once heard a similar story.

In a certain lane in the capital, there was a ghost that would appear in the dead of night. Whenever people came across it they would run away, dropping their things in their flight. One night whilst on leave, a patrolman named Wang who had drunk himself into a stupor, saw the ghost. It had a head like a wicker basket with paper strips

attached to it that rustled as it moved, a body covered with long white hair, a pair of red eyes and a red mouth. Indeed a terrifying sight! However, as Wang was dead drunk he felt not the least bit afraid.

“A ghost?” he swore. “Ghosts avoid people. How come you run after people?”

Hearing itself addressed in this manner, the ghost turned to flee. Patrolman Wang thought it strange, gave chase and threw the ghost to the ground. Taking a closer look at his captive, he found that sure enough it was a human being. He stripped off the ghost’s mask and costume and took them home to study them under the lamplight. The costume was but a sheepskin, the fur of which stuck out like a hedgehog’s spines, and the mask was made out of a water jug painted red and black and pasted over with strips of torn paper.

The next day he showed these objects to his neighbours, and all who saw them had a good laugh. Patrolman Wang still wears the sheepskin overcoat to this day, but the gender of the ghost is still not known.

5

Parrots once abounded in Sichuan and Gansu provinces, and were often taken as pets by the local people. For years, one particularly excellent specimen had been in the possession of Jiang Shisan, a native of Chengdu. One day, this parrot was visited by a mynah bird that perched on a branch of the tree outside the window and, addressing it as “Duke Eloquence”, began a conversation through the bars of the cage.

“How long have you been away from Green-Apparel Kingdom?” the mynah asked.

“I left in the year Bing and was caught in the year Ding. With the three years I’ve been imprisoned here, that makes five years altogether.”

“I assume you wish to go back?”

“Who wouldn’t? I was not born a parrot. I was a successful merchant who travelled around Hubei and Hunan. My eloquence never failed to resolve problems for others. Late one spring, in order to conclude an extremely profitable transaction I set sail with a number of other merchants. One islet particularly impressed us with its screen-like mountains rising up out of the vast azure sea. We disembarked, and the further we ventured inland the more fascinated we were by what we saw, until we had completely lost our way.

“The isle was uninhabited except for millions of mynah birds flitting around, chattering all the while. We sat down by a boulder because we were exhausted. We had no nets to capture the birds for food and were almost starved to death. I do not know what was the experience of the others present, but my soul seemed to float to a place filled with magnificent palaces and buildings. All the folks there, rich and poor alike, were clad in green. On inquiry I learned that it was the seventh islet of the sea, named Green-Apparel Kingdom.

“I paid homage to the king and asked for his assistance in my return home. The king was over fifty and clad in a magnificent garb of green. He was extremely knowledgeable about everything, even *yin* and *yang*. Every official of high rank was accomplished in poetry, those of middle rank well versed in music, and those of low rank all eloquent. As they laid much store on the power of speech, everyone was well-educated..

“I was made a visiting official and later honoured by the princess, who decided to marry me. She was a real beauty and an accomplished singer. We enjoyed conjugal love. The following year she made me an apparel of feathers so that we could fly together and enjoy ourselves in the shady boughs of the luxuriant trees.

“It was my misfortune, however, to attempt to fly home. While I stopped over on a mountain in search of food a birdcatcher caught me in his net. Now I am caged. My heart bleeds at the thought of my princess’ love. If you could carry her a message I would be relieved.”

“Indeed I can, even if it is a thousand miles away.” Then the parrot chanted in a gentle voice:

When can we fly again above the sunny shore?
And when can I preen your feathers once more?
I constantly call your name through the bars of my cage,
Unconcerned that my tongue be worn out.

Then the parrot hung its head and balled its claws in extreme sadness. Before taking wing, the mynah comforted it saying,

“Please rest assured, and do not be too sad.”

During this conversation Jiang Shisan was resting by the window. As nobody was around, he heard the conversation quite distinctly. Saddened at the story, he rose to his feet, unfastened the cage and said,

“It is a long way to Green-Apparel Kingdom. Make sure you watch out for birdcatchers.”

The parrot warbled its thanks, then flew slowly up, until it disappeared in the clouds. When Jiang told his family what had occurred, they were both amazed and incredulous, suspecting that he had purposely released the bird. Jiang had no way to prove that he had heard the birds speak.

*

The next year Jiang fell ill. In his stupor as he lay upon his deathbed, he saw a beaked person clad in black approach him and say,

“His Majesty of the Green-Apparel Kingdom has been informed about you by your former prisoner, and has sent me to summon you. Come with me now.”

Dazed and bewildered, Jiang followed him without thinking. At the beck and call of the messenger, over ten people in green appeared. They seated Jiang in a sedan chair and set off. In an instant they were over sea. The towering waves were terrifying, but the swiftly moving sedan chair hovered several yards above the water light as a leaf and was kept quite dry. Before long they reached an islet which looked just as the parrot had described. As the sedan chair approached the city, a person prostrated himself by the road and said in a loud voice,

“How noble and chivalrous was your deed, to forgo your own pleasure and release the parrot! Your grace has enabled the injured bird to be reunited with his wife and continue the family line. My gratitude moves me to tears, and I wish to reward your kindness, to sweep the ground at your feet as the ancients did.”

He remained in this position, completely overwhelmed by gratitude. Jiang peeped out from inside the sedan and found the speaker in green to be about twenty years old, with gracious manners and escorted by many followers. Both his apparel and his sedan chair were dazzlingly decorated. Jiang guessed that the speaker was the parrot he had released and he descended to greet him. Then, side by side, the two sedan chairs entered the city. All the people inside were clad in green and spoke with a warbling accent. At the inner gate to the palace the king stepped forward to greet them. He bowed and said very modestly,

“I was too self-indulgent, slackened my rule and my dear son-in-law fell prey to a birdcatcher. Thanks to your grace he has been returned to us, otherwise my daughter would still be a widow and I would have no son-in-law to assist me.”

The king had a dignified manner and unworldly looks, and his robe was extremely luxurious. Jiang bowed in return. Then the king ushered him into the palace, placed him in the seat of honour and was about to kneel to him, when he was stopped by Jiang, who insisted on being treated just as an ordinary guest. After both had seated themselves, the king said,

“Thank you for a noble deed that reunited my son-in-law and my daughter. We will never forget your kindness. I heard of your sickness and sent Lord Mynah to summon you; we are fortunate that you have come.”

Then he sent someone to advise the princess of Jiang’s arrival. Before long a red carpet was laid, and the young princess, a true beauty, sailed out from behind the screen, escorted by adoring servant girls. She was clad in green and her jewellery and jade ornaments tinkled as she moved. Then she and her husband faced south and knelt shoulder to shoulder. Unable to refuse their homage, Jiang backed down a step to accept their respects.

When the princess had retreated, the king commanded a banquet to be held inside the Mi Heng Pavilion in Jiang’s honour. While they were drinking merrily, the king said,

“This is the pavilion I built for Mi Heng, and I often stand here waiting for his arrival. Now I have another bosom friend.”

To add to the joy of the occasion, the officials present sang and composed so much poetry that Jiang could not take in all of what he heard. Remembering Jiang’s illness, the king sent for some sea elixir and told Jiang to take it with wine. It was extremely refreshing, and Jiang instantly recovered. When the banquet was over, the king offered apologies, saying,

“My kingdom is poor and infertile. and I wish I could present you with more valuable things to repay your noble deed. Please don’t refuse my humble gifts.”

At this a servant came forward and presented him with ten huge pearls and two purple jade ornaments, worth a fortune. Then a servant girl brought in the queen’s present: a mirror, a symbol of the reunion of separated couples and a tree of coral one foot high, which, claimed the queen; were to thank him for reuniting the young couple. After this came gifts from the princess and her husband.

The king ordered all the gifts to be sent to a store by the sea and handed Jiang the tally slip to claim them himself. Then he and his son-in-law held a farewell dinner outside the city and clasped hands time and again with Jiang before the latter took leave in the sedan chair escorted by Lord Mynah.

When he returned home Jiang found his family crying bitterly, as they believed he had died two days before. They were about to lay his body in a coffin when Jiang lifted the quilt and stood up, frightening everybody. They immediately asked him what had happened and Jiang related his curious story. Then he stepped outside and found a mynah perched on a branch.

He realized it was Lord Mynah himself. He offered it some food, but the bird just sniffed at it before taking wing. When Jiang was completely recovered, he decided to make a trip to claim the gifts from the store by the sea but was stopped by his family, who believed it was only a fantasy.

“Duke Eloquence”, as a term of endearment for a parrot, is still used in Sichuan to this day.

267.100 1. Sending Off Spring 2. A Farewell For Mr. Liu Chunqing, Leaving For The North 3. An Inscription For Magistrate Tang Taoshan’s Painting “Aged Friends Find Tranquility On A Zen Mat” 4. Mourning The Death of My Fourth Daughter 5. On The Night Of The Sixteenth, While Listening To Rain, I Duplicate The Rhyme Of Young Sister Guizhai’s “Spring Moon” 6. Fragment of “Endorsing Zaisheng yuan”: **Six Poems** by Gui Maoyi aka Peishan (c.1762-c.1832) Changshu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 2

1

Oriole cries slowly grow old;
Light, sated tipsiness adds to my woes.
The traveler’s grass is green till heaven’s edge.
Butterflies flag and bees tire
By beautiful spring’s early leave.

*

A court filled with dense shades, the people mute;
A few fallen reds weaving in the wind.
Half a window’s sparse rain and the dream awakes:
Romance or heroics,
Each will wound alike the heart.

2

A slip of sail in misty rain:
I send you off and spring, too, to go back.
We speak in haste a few words on the waves.
Fisher fires twinkling,
We turn to face the river’s night.

*

I’ve heard your talents match those of “Seven Steps” Gao.
Your steed will tread again the lucent way.
A god still should live in heaven above.
Through miles of forts and mountains
Don’t grow weary with wind and fog.

3

One stroke of inspiration;
The wise karma of three lives.
From bamboo-urn smoke faintly rises.
Beyond the willows a few dying reds fly to the mat of Zen.
Now noble writings of statecraft are mostly traded for tasty tea and fragrant blooms.
Leave your office early to flee all stifling tedium and enjoy this pure coolness.

*

The river home: vast, misty Lake Tai.
Rejoice that the Buddha-like magistrate (his hairs have frosted for the people)

Has planted also ten thousand peaches to direct the hues of spring.
Sleep gladly in light breeze and quiet day or sit on the prayer mat
To let mind beget pure coolness;
Or listen to a gurgling stream beneath the pines and its finely wrought song.

4

A cut lotus is still thread-joined;
Pick a melon and you injure the stalk—
I ponder without any choice.
I grieve at such unreason, bring forth tears to hang on the lids.
Startled, I'm wide awake as pain invades my heart;
I keep rubbing my palms or searching in my breast
And wonder whether I'll see her now.
In this fierce grief, reckon that love harasses me while poor fate befriends her.

*

O Heaven, whose habit is to scourge us!
There's no way, I suspect, to flee from the river of love.
I regret that my care for her in normal times was filled with a few mistakes,
And recipes for her illness most probably had been all wrong.
Pinning flowers on hair-tufts, holding the bed to seek a sister—
Like shadows and bubbles they're gone at once.
To sing is to weep,
For the heart is wholly broken and nopt many tears remain.

5

As twilight descends the west,
The moon hangs high before the rails.
A haze of fragrant mist and dreaming flowers evoke\
This scene fit for painting and verse.
A strand of light chill cuts through the room;
In deep night lign-aloes are added to the fire.
Last evening, bright candles and clear flasks;
This night, a glimmering lamp and cold rain.

*

Below the glass windows
My mind dwells often on the one who left.
I fear most light rain and slicing wind might cause
A measure of parting grief finely painted.
I hate swallows scanning the room.
In spring chill we still burn charcoals.
On the racks a few tattered-books
Will while away bright noons and clear nights.

6

The karmic connections for the next lives are finally resolved in this life.
So as to form the metal and stone troth of three generations.

269.121b Excerpts from **A Cautionary Ode To Her Son On His First Governorship, In Shaanxi Province** {by Zhang Zao (d.1780)} China (F) -1

A cornice, cut too small, may be worthless;

A laden carriage, without a driver, may stumble to a halt ...

*

Discipline yourself and strive for purity and integrity;
Temper your virtues to influence those below you. ...

*

The people of the west are pure by nature;
Their character is simple and few are given to extravagance.
The sounds of the ancient Zhou capitals still echo;
Arts and learning flourish there and thrive.

269.122 1. Seventh Night 2. A Record Of Light Refreshment Taken In The Moon Tower On Seventh Night \fn{ by **Zhang Yuzhen (before 1782-)** } China (F) -1

1

On the green gleaming mossy steps the rain has spun silk,
Insects cry *jiji* announcing the approach of autumn,
We humans are the one burdened by the passions and feelings of the sensual world;
How could heavenly creatures be moved by the sorrow of parting?
In my empty pavilion I roll up the blinds, the moon is like a fishhook.
On the flowery wall pure fragrance; the dark of the night is deep;
A new poem wants to sing forth.
But my husband's younger sister calls me upstairs to my needlework.

2

The tower is high, the shadows of the trees are deep green.
The bamboo leaves unroll as the heat of the day recedes.
The moon also envies the peace of this quiet night,
As a faint trace of movement reflects across jade-screened windows.

266.170 Written On A Cold Night Waiting For Zhushi, Who Does Not Return \fn{ by **Jin Yi (d.1794)** } China (F) -1

Cloudiness pervades the snow with a
penetrating chill.
Twisting and turning incense disappears on
an agate plate.
I wait for you who've not yet returned, then
abandoning my daydream, I get up.
Might as well borrow a book to read.
*
Their feelings run extraordinarily deep.
Their souls can hardly stand such exertion;
they risk their lives.
Even the toll of tears seems not quite enough.
On second thought, what has this to do with me?

269.122b & 267.114 1. On Giving Birth To Another Girl Just As The Soul Of My Second Daughter, Dead Of Smallpox, Returned **2.** Weeping For My Elder Daughter **3.** To Thank Uncle Zicai, Who Sent A Poem As An Inscription For The Painting Entitled "Giving My Son Lessons By An Autumn Lamp" **4.** Spring Miscellanies \fn{ by **Dai Lanying aka Yaozhen (before 1796)** } China (F) 2

1

I summoned her soul and she happened to come
 Just as my new daughter was born.
 From this I know that life returns from the dead,
 That reincarnation is possible.
 She could see my old gold bracelets and recognize her mother.
 As the jade swallow settled in my breast,
 I thought still more of my dead child.
 Your coming again confirms the dream
 That your former life seemed to be.
 I called you back as if you were still
 In that liminal state from which the dead may return.
 I strained to hear the baby's cries,
 And see the handkerchief hung to the right of the door,
 Half to console myself, half to cherish my grief.

2

 A death notice comes; sudden shock.
 I fight to hold back the flood of tears.
 What use is it to take up official seals
 If in the end you will leave this ephemeral life?
 News from afar might be mistaken—
 I still remember your face so clearly—
 But now comes a letter from Dalei,
 As I reach into the bamboo satchel, the sharp pain doubles.

3

Though your art's great flume has long filled the world,
 You cherish others' talent like priceless gold.
 When in late spring I heard you were to set sail,
 I told a skilled master to start painting at once.
 Since you had noble guests both night and day,
 I had no time to seek an apposite verse.
 Still your staff my painting with favor received;
 I was made free from all my former fears—
 Now admiring you, now flaunting my luck:
 Three visits from you in the year's fifth month!
 Just ten days after you from Baimen returned,
 Your brush leapt up from its coral stand.
 I opened and read those flowing lines you sent.
 The fine script, the advanced years both amazed—
 Like Ninth Heaven's clouds plunging suddenly,
 Like a thousand mile river's startled surge.
 You wrongly compared me with Wuyan of Qi,
 But I'm ashamed that I'm not the gifted Xie.
 My nine-year-old's lessons are not yet done,
 I can't shirk the duties of one autumn lamp.
 To have a long poem from your wondrous brush
 Is like Lotus Peak presiding over Mount Hua.
 To be among your thirteen rows of students
 I have more cause than those women of fame.
 My husband came from your old learned house,
 Our line of teachers not from outside lent.

Though Mount Cang's hues grow greener when it's late,
 Far Maple River has kept us apart.
 But on reading your writings, ten thousand scrolls,
 Even a weak plant is transformed by seasonal rain.
 Poetic art is scarce in deep boudoirs:
 Just idle chants, I once thought, would suffice.
 I'll thread in secret my gold needle henceforth
 To ply my thoughts from day into the night.
 My ditty's no exchange for the fields of Xu;
 Your lofty verse commands the price of jade.
 I dare approach that Han Lanying of Qi,
 Though still an unworthy pupil in your gates.

2

When mosses I see first display their green,
 I teach my maid to water orchid buds.
 I jot down verse fragments for fear of loss;
 My sole pastime is to copy texts.
 Begonias, rain-soaked, shed coral tears;
 Young swallows find mud to mend their nests.
 A sudden faint noise disturbs the dream of spring:
 Outside the windows horses lightly tap

204.49 Excerpt from Letters From The Snow-Swan Studio: A Letter To Sun Weisan (fn{ **by Gong Weizhai (active 1796-1820)** } Kuaiji, Zhejiang Province, China (M) 2

Much indebted am I for your personal letter of condolence. My tears poured down like rain. Your profoundly moving words, my dear friend, were prompted by feelings no less genuine than those of a blood relative.

Tian was but a concubine, whose relationship with me was not that of a formal wife. Yet, there were things she did in her life which touched me so that I am now stricken by uncontrollable grief.

When Tian first became mine, she was just seventeen. I was then very poor, without the means to provide even the bare necessities for my mother. It was also at this time that I was about to journey northward. But with my mother living at home and my wife fallen ill, I was in a quandary and could not decide whether I should leave or not. Tian said:

“Weak as I am, I am still capable of preparing the best food for your mother and doing the household chores. I beg you not to worry.”

Later on, from my mother's letters, I learned that she was quite pleased with Tian as she had a knack for anticipating exactly what mother wanted her to do.

I stayed in the north for seven years before returning, but in less than a year I left home again. Two years later, my mother fell gravely ill. Tian took care of her day and night, to such an extent that she hardly had a chance to change her clothes for two months. In the middle of the night, often would she pray to the gods, kowtowing and shedding tears of blood, pleading to suffer in my mother's stead.

Alas, my old mother died nevertheless. Overwhelmed by grief, Tian cried so vehemently that she fainted away. Someone exhorted her:

“Your master is not home, your mistress is sick. Should you die, who would be there to shoulder the responsibilities of the house?”

So Tian began to contain the aching pain of her sadness and prepared the body for burial. Together with my wife, she observed every last detail of the funeral rites with the utmost piety and conscientiousness. Naturally, this won the general praise of both relatives and neighbours.

After I returned home for the burial I took the family to settle in Baoyang. My wife fell ill again and died. Tian then began to take charge of the affairs of the family, and brought harmony among my other concubines. Early to rise and late to bed, never did she shun her duties, however taxing they were. The annual offerings she prepared

for my ancestors were always generous and everything was kept spotlessly clean. And, upon each anniversary of my mother's death, she was overcome with grief.

Knowing my old mother had not lived to see her grandchildren, Tian would kneel down before her portrait, holding the children in her arms, to pay their respects; she would then have them do a little dance in order to please my mother in Heaven.

Tian's pregnancies were never carried to term, but she treated the children of my other concubines even better than if they were her own. Whenever they were sick, she would spend the whole night without sleeping, holding and cuddling them. She took care of them in every possible way. Upon birthdays, weddings, and funerals, her gifts were without exception sensible and proper. When someone was in financial straits, she always tried her best to assist. When neighbours came to tell of any emergency, she would offer them her jewelled hairclaspers and earrings to tide them over. Once she told the other concubines:

"Our master is respectful and loving towards all, kind and generous by nature. I am simply trying to do what he wants. I would not dare act just to curry favour with others. As for our own daily living, frugality and diligence are foremost."

Tian had always been frail, but she would not take medicine unless she was seriously ill. When she was advised to take ginseng and cinnamon to ensure the birth of a son, she wept and responded,

"My master's sons are the same as my own." With such ease did she accept poverty and her own fate as well.

Tian served me for more than thirty years with the selfsame respect and care as when she first arrived. Never did she entrust the preparation of my food and drink to others, nor did she ever let others pack my clothes for me. Whenever any seasonal delicacies arrived from my home town, she would never indulge herself before first sending some on to me. When I was invited out, she would always tell the servant boys to bring along my jerkin, carry a lantern, and make sure to escort me home safely. And if I asked friends to stay for a drink and she heard us having fun, she would make some dishes to top off our pleasure. She would thus keep herself busy until midnight without showing any signs of fatigue, for she knew her master was hospitable by nature.

Every time I went on a trip, she always sobbed in secret, but forced a smile to her face. On one such occasion, I caught her crying and asked her why. She replied:

"You, my master, are approaching sixty. Yet for the sake of us concubines and children, you still have to journey far from home by yourself and work all year round without any rest. How is it possible for anybody with a modicum of conscience not to feel sad? And how is it possible not to feel pain when I have to let my master go? From the time you leave the house until the day you return, not one moment goes by without my worrying about you, whether I am eating or drinking, asleep or awake."

The day before she died, I asked her what she wished. She simply waved her hand without saying anything. Only when I persisted did she take my hand and weep:

"To be able to see my master one last time before death comes is this concubine's good fortune. What else would I wish for? What I regret most, however, is that although I toiled all my life, I was still unable to join my master at his mother's grave to pay my respects. Besides, my master is old and frail now. When I die, who will be there to understand my master's mind? This is why your concubine cannot close her eyes in peace."

I was choked with grief. She then tried to help me contain myself and said,

"My words are simply the private and petty feelings of a woman; they should not be the concern of a great man. Should you be preoccupied by my death, it would double my guilt."

Thereupon, I kept silent. It turned out as she said; vigilant to the end, her eyes remained open even in death. Among the womenfolk of relatives and neighbours who came to mourn for her, there was not one who left without bitterly lamenting and sadly sighing over such a loss.

Ah me! Wasn't it to Tian's credit that I was able to leave my mother at home while on distant journeys without being unduly concerned that she might not be taken care of while alive and properly buried when she passed away? Or the fact that I could stay on in Baoyang as a home away from home in domestic harmony, and still have children to continue the line, and be spared the pain of seeing family members scattered—isn't all this due to Tian?

Yet, despite her virtues and filial qualities, her gentleness and discretion, as well as her diligence and frugality, Tian was blessed with neither health nor children and died at the early age of fifty. Alas and alack! I owe her so much!

I often said to friends that in two or three years when I had saved enough for food and clothing, I would leave Baoyang and return home with Tian. But now, alas, it is all over. I am sixty-one this year, so frail and sickly that I don't expect to live long. I had however hoped that, through Tian, my children would still grow up in a well-

ordered family and be properly brought up. Thus, they could be established in society without disgracing the family name. Where are all these hopes and expectations now? My mourning for Tian is, in fact, a mourning for myself.

Fengqian\fn{Fengqian is the style name of Xun Can, a famous conversationalist of the early third century. He was extremely devoted to his beautiful wife. When she became feverishly ill during the winter months, Feng went out into the bitter cold. After staying outdoors for a period, he returned and pressed himself against her to lower her body temperature. Following his wife's death, he became so despondent that he himself died shortly after} became dispirited after his wife's death and Anren\fn{Anren is the style name of the famous poet, Pan Yue (247-300), noted for his good looks as well as his melancholic poetry. Of his poems, the best known are the three elegies written on the occasion of his wife's death. The allusion in the text is based upon one of the elegies where he talks about his plentiful tears responding to the depth of his sadness} shed copious tears for his deceased spouse. Occasioned by emotions alone, their distress was extreme enough. My grief over Tian's death, however, is not confined to mere affection between a man and a woman. Li Hou Zhu\fn{Li Hou Zhu, whose name was Li Yu (937-978), was the last Emperor of Southern Tang. An important poet of his period, he was taken prisoner in 975, and wrote to his former palace ladies that he washed his face with his tears day and night} once said that he used his tears to wash his face, whereas now my tears so wet my whole body that, at a touch, a rivulet trickles down. How can I stop feeling so sad?

Yet how do I dare risk ruining my health over a mere concubine and incurring the ridicule of respectable people? I am, nevertheless, writing to tell you about all this because you, my dear friend, know me so well. I pray that you will not distress yourself on my behalf.

204.51 Two Letters From The Autumn Floods Studio\fn{by Xu Jiacun (active 1796-1820)} Shanyin, Zhejiang Province, China (M) 1

1

Sir,\fn{One Magistrate Zhang, of Miyun County} you know my character, I am a man of principle; I seldom accept favours from people and I do not much like to rely on others. The world being what it is, kindness and generosity are as sparse as clouds in the autumn sky and one does not seek help from mere acquaintances.

But you are my senior, that is why I confided my troubles to you in my last letter rather than seeking charity from a stranger. Besides, I remember how generously you pledged me your support not so long ago and I am sure it was no empty promise.

Only when I read your reply did I realize you are not too well off yourself and cannot afford to be bountiful. But the loan I mentioned is only for a small sum and surely not too excessive for a high government official like you to handle. You must be familiar with the story of Ji Bu,\fn{A native of Chu (i.e. the region covering Hunan and Hubei, especially Hubei), Ji Bu made his name as a general after the fall of the Qin Dynasty. He was also renowned for being a man who would always honour his promise. During his lifetime, "people in Chu have a saying that 100 catties of pure gold are not as good as one of Ji Bu's promises."} who regarded his promise as a solemn oath, weightier than a hundred catties of pure gold.

Follow his example, sir. Do not let the ancients look down on you.

2

I love wine and since I was born in a place where they make good wine, it is just as well I have an affinity for the stuff. But since I came north to make a living, I have found it hard to get good wine. Of course, you\fn{One Chou Bishan} can still get wine in big cities, but it's incredibly expensive, several times what I paid at home. Peking is no better, maybe even worse.

Wine is a rare commodity. Not only does it cost the earth, it's so hard to come by it's like looking for nectar in the wilderness, like you're begging from a miser. The occasional cup I've had was such a disappointment my heart now falls even before I take a sip.

Not so long ago, I heard about how you returned to the wineshop owner the vinegary wine he sold you and even made him drink it himself, every drop of it. A harsh punishment indeed, though it serves him right! And now my servant, whom I sent to Tianjin for some wine from the south, is back.

He's brought good stuff—full-bodied, lovely colour, wonderful bouquet. Now that autumn is here, the chrysanthemums are about to bloom and the crabs are in season, I thought you could do with some good wine when you entertain your poet friends. I bet it'll put you all in the right mood after a few cups.

The price is eight pieces of silver a jug. If you or your friends fancy some, come and fetch it from my place. So give yourself a treat, for the moment, drinking wine, and get thoroughly drunk! How does that sound to you?

269.114 Sent To My Husband \fn{by Zhou Yao (fl.1799)} China (F) (MMMCCCL)

Stirring the incense in a cold gilt lion censer,
Spring is deep at midnight.
A lapel full of moonlight through willow boughs
Brushing the hair on my temples, an apricot-blossom breeze.
Too tired at this moment to embroider mandarin ducks;
For several days I've been writing letters to him.
Our lovely child having just fallen soundly asleep,
Sealing my thoughts, I entrust them to the flying geese.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE GENERALLY CONNECTED WITH THE 18TH CENTURY

266.54 A Courtesan Laments Her Fate \fn{by Gao Zhixian (18th century?)} China (F) -1

The moon is old, my sorrow is new,
The night is long, my rest is short,
How can I fall asleep tonight?
The lamp appears haloed through tears;
The wine is bitter as my sadness;
Both give a taste of my broken heart.
Alone with my back to the window
I count the hours all the cold night long,
Not even caring to seek out the double quilt.
And now horses chomp at their empty troughs;
The remove post stirs with voices;
The din soon fills your ears.

*

I sigh in vain,
Falling willow catkins soak in the mud
And floating flowers sink into the pigsty,
But I cannot bear to rehash the past.
The beautiful maiden Hongfu,
And the yellow-robed knight-errant;
I doubt it ever happened that way.
But I would like to ask Heaven so vast:
Could it happen this year
That a knight-errant with a precious sword
Might call on me in the flower lane?

269.71 Discussing Poetry With My Female Disciple Sufang \fn{by Duomin (18th century?)} China (F) -1

What need is there to discuss Tang and Song?
Poetry is meant to inscribe nature and feeling
Banishing thoughts, be as bright as the moon,
Write with a brush more brilliant than the stars.
Words should take the green color of a thousand hills,
Thoughts by lamplight a stream of blue water.
Nowadays who can be an author
If one merely remembers the old rules and patterns?

266.166b A Dream Of Heaven \fn{by Xu Quan aka Yiyi (fl. 18th century)} Jiujiang City, Jiangxi Province, China (F) 1

Summoned, I go
 to a hideaway of immortals,
 remote, among islands.
 I am carried off
 in a car pulled by Cinnabar Phoenix,
 a carriage drawn by Red Dragon.
 Below we pass over the five sacred mountains
 and bow to pure emptiness;
 above we touch the sun and moon,
 coursing the highways of heaven.
 I turn, look back at the human world—
 it is utterly lost in the distance;
 on level terrain, all is effaced,
 shrouded in haze and dim.
 Cloudy mountains make several dots
 like islands in a sea.
 I want to leave it all behind,
 to freely soar on high.
 Suddenly I hear, out of the void,
 music of flutes and drums;
 beautiful women, reserved and modest,
 come riding the cloudy ethers.
 It seems as though we've met before
 somewhere in a far blue sky;
 I go with them to Jasper Pool
 as one of the immortal pages.
 Star maidens, moon sisters,
 rank after rank they come,
 while here I see no spirits
 with tiger tails and leopard teeth.
 My only care is to eat delicacies,
 drink wine of liquid colored clouds;
 with a single cup my heart feels clean,
 my bones are light and tingling.
 But soaked with sweat, the covers grow cold
 and soon I wake from my dream.
 Lonely lamp, lonely pillow—
 what a dull place!
 The west wind sighs and whistles
 through the plane tree in the court.

269.67 Remembering My Younger Sister^{\fn{by Ou Long (fl. 18th century)}} Nanjing, Jiangxi Province, China (F) -1

A night of souging wind and rain,
 In the distant sky the sound of a wild goose descending.
 With longing I wonder where you have landed—
 In Stone City, I have a little sister.

*

When we parted, you were still small and charming,
 In the years since, you must have grown up.
 The former carriage could certainly be a lesson—
 A distant marriage hurts the feelings most.

267.102 1. A Spring Day 2. *Huan xi sha* 3. Spring Scenery 4. *Sheng zhazi* 5. Willow Floss 6. Night Rain 7.
Chanting In My Chamber: **Seven Poems** {by Zhang Xueya aka Gushi (18th century)} Taiyuan, Shanxi Province, China
(F) 2

1

Idle in the quiet yard, not even opening door leaves;
Hope chest fragrant, accumulating old silk clothes, in vain.
The greens deepen, the reds fade, regrets linger on.
Arising from sleep, the fragrant crab apple dream completed;
Beyond the curtain, peonies in a faint haze obscured.
Spring arrives, spring departs; eternally elusive.

2

Toward evening, make-up completed, too languid to emerge from the curtain;
Listlessly pacing, facing the mirror, knitting worried brows.
Self-pity—joys are few; what's plentiful is sorrow.
When flowers sported with shadows in the courtyard, it was noontime;
Where there were startling cries of birds, the sun sank in the west.
Upon awakening, I found dreams already hard to trace.

3

A high tower room surrounded by mist,
The light of dawn begins to shine on the courtyard of weeping willows.
Powder-white butterflies and yellow bees pass beneath the flowers —
A glorious moment in which to revel.
While fledgling swallows learn to fly, orioles grow old;
Flowers and grasses without end—my heart, vainly, breaks.
On red paper, I write of resentment,
In tiny script, speak of sorrows,
Wielding a sandalwood brush.
At the gauze-covered window I keep silence;
Books are my companions.
Beyond my balustrade
The red dust is in chaos.
There at the pond, the grass is long;
Mist and waves merge at its banks.
Idly I sit in my orchid chamber behind embroidered hangings;
Beyond the wall I only hear the cries of hidden birds.
They say that often parts of spring scenery, nine parts have vanished,
Which only adds to my longing.

4

Waking from a dream, the candle askew;
Why this incessant renewal of tears?
The clear night just goes on and on;
The green flame burns the candle's heart till it breaks.
Behind embroidered bed curtains, a cold incense burner;
Fragrant and smooth, the mandarin duck quilt.
Too listless to remove my jade hair ornaments,
I curl up and sleep in my clothes.

5

Flying cotton is strewn on the roads, but no news.
Riding the wind, floss covers all the southeast paths.
Here, inside this small pavilion, I've nothing to do;
It fills the sky like snow blown about in the wind.
Sorrow leaves me too listless to roll up the pearl-sewn curtain.
Adrift without direction, their floating tracks remote.
Timidly dancing, they dot the little pond,
Like duckweeds' floating green, as far as the eye can see.

6

Gate covered with green moss, a spring full of loneliness;
Nightfall's rain blows desolate,
Curtaining the window with drops.
In the small courtyard at dusk, someone stands alone;
A pair of flying birds hurry back to their nest.
For ten thousand miles the Xiao and Xiang are soaked with clouds and mist;
Beyond the curtain, sounds of the wind—
It must be blowing through reeds.
My heart breaks and the plum blossoms accompany my weeping,
Then I'm startled at midnight by a flute from the high tower.

7

Bamboo courtyard, the wind's sighing, empty of human words;
Last night's wind and rain came with harsh urgency.
At dawn I lean alone against the balustrade,
Idly counting what red lotus blossoms remain on the pond.

267.104 1. Feelings About My Late Sister's Former Abode **2.** Hearing Geese From My Autumn Chambers **3.** On The Autumn Magnolias, In Reply To My Husband **4.** Two Song-Lyrics Written In Fun About Sixth Sister Flying A Butterfly Kite **5.** *Pusa man* **6.** Sending A Letter: **Seven Poems** \fn{by Zhang Xuedian aka Guzheng (18th century)} Taiyuan, Shanxi Province, China (F) 2

1

Embroidered web, a spider's thread, mirror filled with dust;
Idle flower in disarray, oblivious of the spring.
Renewed grief; afraid to see the swallows in the eaves;
Yet still there's chirping as they seek the mistress of the house.

2

In the courtyard, spread about, bushels of fallen leaves;
Calling repeatedly, winter geese rise up from river sandbars,
Shattering my butterfly dream of wandering back home.

*

This green willow withered and spare—such a pity;
The yellow flower worn and haggard—it can't endure the autumn.
I stare upward—paired shadows fill my gaze.

Tenderness unfolds into red;
 Light, the clean-cut green.
 Brushing on new make-up;
 A kind of natural allure.
 Faint mist of rouge gives shape to a night's intoxication.
 Strength sapped, leaning upon the railing;
 From fragrant dreams, just now startled awake.

*

Reflecting faint rose-colored clouds
 Surrounded by morning mist
 Delicate form, harboring love-thoughts
 Wanting to speak, yet too shy to voice them—
 Indeed, she's a match for the cinnabar cassia-tree in the moon!
 A night of autumn wind
 Is blowing toward and building up upon the jasper steps.

i

With sleeves drawn back, slender jade fingers grasp a thread.
 A newly made garment of cloud
 Oh-so-slowly rises, stretches into space.
 I seem to see the return of Consort Zhao's fragrant soul—
 Demoted by the Eastern Lord to a Flower-Seeker's post.

*

Obliquely chasing the wandering bee, it traverses the willow courtyard;
 Weary, the embroidered beauty
 Mistakenly strikes a light silk fan,
 Floats off by herself, fluttering; the spring pays no heed.
 Uselessly, the passionate one blames the eastern wind.

ii

Lacking in strength, yet deftly grasping the delicate thread,
 On powdered wings it flies with swiftness and ease.
 I'm afraid it will follow where the eastern wind leads.
 A beginner at chasing fragrance, it passes the flowers by;
 As if deceiving those jade beauties' gentle trust.

*

Light and flimsy, dancing like a willow catkin,
 It appeared so suddenly, I doubted it was real.
 Then struck, into branch-tips falling:
 Ah, now indeed Zhuangzi's mystic dream is broken.
 The soul melts away, not knowing the road of spring's return.

Distant smoke encompassing green, unfurling new willows;
 Spring light muted, lingering in the tower.
 Don't push the embroidered curtains open;
 The east wind lets sorrow in.

*

Converging with mountains, a sheet of clouds;
But he is beyond those clouds and mountains.
Fragrant grasses like parting emotions
Converging with spring, rising up all around.

6

Wanting to send a letter,
I hesitate, staring at my brush's tip.
Afraid to add to the sorrow of parting,
I'm hard put to release what's pent up inside.
The words in Su Hui's loom,
The phoenix in Qin Jia's mirror—
All this to send so far, and yet on a single sheet of paper.
How to bring comfort and say: "eat more"?

267.106 1. Winter In The Boudoir 2. Spring Mood 3. Spring Regrets 4. Boudoir Thoughts 5. The End Of Spring:
Five Poems\fn{by Xu Yuanduan aka Yanxiang (18th century)} Ganchuan, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

I get up, lean on the dressing table languidly,
And fix my luxuriant hair up carelessly.
He promised to return when willows turn green—
Listless all day, I resent the late arrival of spring.
Last night the west wind howled in the garden
Bringing snow from the sky.
The maid feigns a smile as she rolls up the window screen,
Telling me the white plums are in bloom.

2

Sitting alone, I count the days till his return.
In the depth of flowering shrubs, sun's shadow is low.
I pace back and forth, searching for a good line,
My chin in my hand—
There is no other topic than spring melancholy.

*

I lean on the railing in the west of the adorned boudoir.
Sweet green grass covers the old riverbank.
I still remember when he left
We couldn't part —
A wine shop's banner flapped by red apricot flowers.

3

Waking up to broad daylight, I sit with the bed curtain down,
Writing new poems—alas, no one matches them.
Lowering my head, I complain to the Lord of Heaven—
Why did he give me such an unhappy fate?
I ask Heaven, but Heaven does not reply.
I frown; there is so much grief in my heart.
With tears in my eyes, I stroke the zither strings—

At the end of a tune, only the sound of a sigh is heard.

4

At the beckoning of the flower season,
Blooming peaches and plums compete in beauty.
Hesitant to lean on the carved rail,
I dare not look at springtime.
I pick up an embroidering needle,
But already I've lost heart.
I call the maid to roll up the kingfisher curtain,
Only to reveal a pair of swallows.

5

Counting the days, I fear spring is gone
And I frown.
Willow branches can't bind the setting sun—
Night is falling again,
Misty like a dream.
*
The chamber door closed, the curtains drawn.
I sit by the west window.
The heartless lamp always deludes me—
*
Night after night it lights up a blossom in vain,
Leading me to think that spring has returned.

269.68 Joy At My Younger Brother's Arrival \fn{by Wang Yuru (18th century)} Yunnan Province, China (F) -1

Seeing you, I begin to wonder if it's some mistake,
Our doubting eyes examine each other closely.
Nine years now the cloud has left the mountain peak,
This evening the wild geese again form into a row.
Since parting, so much has changed,
Months and years are long on the road.
I am shocked at how your face has changed,
And sigh that I have forgotten all our home dialect.
Facing the moon in autumn I shed tears,
Listening to the gibbons at night breaks my heart.
I would ask for news whenever I met someone,
Seeking opportunities to send home clothing.
Trimming the candlewick my heart just consoled,
But turning my head feelings of hurt again.
Since the time I left my homeland,
I relied on you to take care of our parents.
Affected by time passing, they must be eating less,
I fear their hair may have turned white for thinking of me.
Little brother can provide them with basic fare,
Little sister can look after their comfort.
They hear that my marriage is harmonious,
But there is still no sign of a boy or girl.
Where you parted from me that year
Is where I meet you again today.

You and I are both like a dream—
Unwilling to part, feeling equally lost.

269.130 Excerpt from an untitled poem \fn{by Song Jingwei (18th century)} China (F) -1

When the four ethical foundations—propriety, honor-bound duty, integrity, and a sense of shame—are established,
Human bonds and moral principles stand forever.
Do not disgrace yourself by your words; do not disgrace yourself with your body.
More important, never disgrace yourself with your body.
A remarried woman is known to have polluted her body,
As to how to [judge] a faithful maiden, people are often confused.
[But consider this]: How could one body hold two hearts?
And who can say that a failing of the heart is not also a failing of the body? ...

*

[It must be noted that] her act follows the principle of yi, and it is not an indulgence of qing.
Her body is pure, her heart is settled, and moral principles are upheld.
Growing up, she obeyed her parents' original instruction?
Following their original instruction, she guarded against her own feelings.
“Not violating [parents' wishes]” means not breaching moral principles,
The words of her betrothal came from her parents.
Bringing no blemish to her body and no disgrace to her parents,
The key to upholding her will is determination.
She would die if her will was taken away; if it prevailed, she would live.
Because her will could not be taken away, she took her life.

269.120c Spring Mood \fn{by Hsü Yüan-tuan (18th century)} Kiangsu Province, China (F) (MMMCCCLII)

Sitting alone, I count the days till his return.
In the depth of flowering shrubs, sun's shadow is low.
I pace back and forth, searching for a good line,
My chin in my hand—
There is no other topic than spring melancholy.

*

I lean on the railing in the west of the adorned boudoir.
Sweet green grass covers the old riverbank.
I still remember when he left,
We couldn't part—
A wine shop's banner flapped by [fluttering] red-apricot flowers

274.85 Recalling History On My Way To Jingzhou \fn{by Wang Danyin (18th century)} China (F) -1 (MMMD)

A host of mountains stand tall with the Yangzi River flowing along;
The sublime views have been spreading among the Nine Divisions
Writings with eternal value started with Qu Yuan and Song Yu;
Political tripartition was initiated by Sun Quan and Liu Bei.

*

Hearing apes' howling at Gorge Ba, I passed the plank road in mid-air.
Seeing the wild geese flying past Hengyang, I neared a shoal of reeds.
Where can I commemorate the two virtuous consorts?
The Xiao and Xiang are nearby along with the autumn Dongting.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY 18TH CENTURY

1

Living quietly, little to do
with the busy world,
it is my nature
to forget elaborate hairpins.
Green waters brim
in flower scented pools,
cool winds are stored
in leafy woods.
Minnows play
in wavelets and ripples,
wild birds sing out
their pleasing notes.
At evening comes
a timely rain,
white clouds deepen
on the highest peaks.
Plants in the yard are bathed
in nourishing moisture,
above mountain meadows
clouds send showers flying down.
Completely relaxed
I give thoughts free rein
to range far, far—
and when I like
pour for myself
some homemade wine.

2

Moonlight illumines an empty court,
half the double door is shut.
A sweet aroma emanates
from silk bedcurtains—
you've just awakened from dreams.
Petals from the trees
have finished falling.
restless birds have settled.
Not raising pearl blinds
you chant sutras in the night.

3

Closing the gate,
I am free to do as I please;
my humble lane
is overgrown with vines.
The color of willows
excites birds' noisy chatter;
the glitter of waves

makes shades of evening calm.
 Quietly, falling petals
 blanket the ground;
 clouds in the void, serene,
 lean upon forest.
 You ask why I roost here,
 hidden away—
 beside my bed I have
 a stringless zither.

266.173b Excerpt from the Preface to “Poems By Notable Ladies”\fn{by Zha Changyuan (early 18th century?)} China
 (F) -1

Starting from the time my hair was tied in tufts, I was ordered by my mother to accompany my elder brother, Jieyan, in receiving instruction. First studying the *Shi jing*, the *Classic of Filial Piety for Girls* and the two works *Guidelines for The Inner Chambers* and *Instructions for Women*, I completed my basic studies with the works of the four masters: *Analects*, *Great Learning*, *Doctrine of the Mean*, and *Mencius*.\fn{All Confucian works}

Next I went on to learn to recite several hundred Tang poems, chanting them under my breath but not having time to learn how to explicate them. From the time that I put up my hair with a hairpin, I stopped my reciting and studying and took up women’s work.

In leisure time left from needlework, I took the poems I had previously learned to recite and carefully studied them on my own, coming to understand the general meaning of most of them. Sometimes I went to my elder brother in Shimen to ask about points I was not sure of.

As for the study of tonal prosody\fn{Learning to compose tonally regulated verse} it was always a case of “I see the hunt and my heart feels glad.” However, since I was not very bright, I had never been able to compose poetry; moreover, because it is not the business of women, I did not dare presume to do it. If, inadvertently, there was a small song, I would promptly destroy it by burning it, not even keeping a draft.

Then when I married my husband, Jingxuan, we enjoyed the rare [achievements in poetry] and resolved the doubtful behind the doors of our own apartment. I sang along with my husband for sixteen years before, unluckily, I was suddenly designated a widow. ...

I hid it away in a bamboo case so that I have had easy access to it for chanting the poems, and by this means I have been able to allay that “I see the hunt and my heart feels glad” sickness of my youth. If the gifted ladies of the land would send me some of their precious writings to supplement this compilation with what has not yet been collected in order to make it a more comprehensive work, it would indeed be my great good fortune!

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH THE MID-18TH CENTURY

269.50a 1. Ten Verses Presented On The Occasion Of A Gathering In The Capital Of My Disciples To See Me Off 2. Traveling 3. Traveling In The Mountains: **Three Poems**\fn{by Ziyong (fl.mid-18th century?)} Liaodong Province, China (F) 1

Yesterday I gathered my disciples and spoke of the pain of separation
 As, heart filled with fathomless sorrow, I head out to the beyond.
 I’ve ordered the flowers in the courtyard not to be overly anxious,
 Fearful that the pearly drops of dew mean that autumn has come.

*

Having purchased a little boat, I am ready to head southward,
 The bright moon fills my breast, my empty heart is a bit giddy!
 In front of the cliffs, hidden birds sing out with great urgency,

Saying, “When you reach the south, consult the fifty-three!”\fn{An allusion to the pilgrimage of one of the main protagonists in the *Flower Garden Sutra*, during which journey he visits and studies with 53 accomplished spiritual teachers}

*

Last night the numinous flower opened up in my dreams,
 But upon waking everything was vast and unscarred as before.

A heavenful of luminous moon, as clear as if it had just bathed,
The jade-like waters and hills of Yan\fn{A name for the area around Peking} all lift the traveler's spirits.

*

Do not slight the lazy and foolish for having "no mind,"
Clouds emerge from no mind, just like songs do from birds.
When wind pierces the flowers' brightness, their scent sings,
What need to seek for anything more than beyond all of this?

*

It is just that I love the hills of Yan and their jade-like waters,
Where clear breezes and bright moon complement each other.
The forest birds are smart enough to know what is going on,
Flying near the traveler's cart, they make a far-reaching pact.

*

A skiff of boat floats in the vastness under the bright moon,
Whether in the north or in the south, the moon is one and the same.

My disciples, do not say that you are overcome by emotion,
When fall comes, you will once again see the returning goose.\fn{Note: Here, Ziyong seems to be promising her disciples that, with the migrating geese, she will return to them in the autumn}

*

Two sleevefuls of springtime light as I leave the Forbidden City,
One breastful of anxious thoughts as I head toward the south.
The hills of Yan are on my mind as the grieving clouds thicken,
Only at the peak of autumn will their colors naturally become clear.

*

The lightweight sail hangs high among the five-colored clouds,
A thousand miles of road to travel, as far as the eye can see.
The river lined with reed flowers extends beyond the edge of the sky,
The sun's glow rises above us at the gateway to the eastern sea.

*

Willow colors suffuse my robes, intimating the coldness of the year,
Peach russets can still recall the sorrowful feelings of separation.
The void's bright moon is completely encircled by waters of jade,
Causing one to linger on at Golden Terrace\fn{Another name for Peking} and take it all in.

*

The Chan mind is not solitary as the wilderness clouds know,
Reed moon and plum blossom, to whom can I send them?
The sorrow of parting is real and difficult to leave behind,
But if the journey is in tune with no-mind, all will be well.

3

I still recall how, with my bag on a pole, I forgot my yesterdays,
Wandered the hills, played in the waters, went to the land of the clouds.
The lift of an eyebrow, the blink of an eye—all of it is *samadhi*;\fn{That abiding in which the mind becomes very still but does not merge with the object of attention, and is thus able to observe and gain insight into the changing flow of experience}
In this great world there is nowhere that is not a wisdom hall.

4

My bramblewood stick cuts through the woods, stirs up the fallen reds,
Suddenly I hear the clean sound of chimes carried by the autumn breeze.
I'm just worried that if I come again, I won't know how to find this place,
So I try to fix in my mind that solitary old pine hanging from the cliff.

269.51a 1. Untitled Poem 2. On Eating Bamboo Shoots: **Two Poems**\fn{by Yinhui (fl.mid-18th century?)} Jiangsu Province?, China (F) -1

1

The activity-consciousness of over forty years tossed away,
As suddenly I raise the jeweled sword as if I were a hero.
My shouts cause the three thousand buddhas to topple over
And the great universe to be contained in a single hair!

2

Hidden away in the deep mountains it guarded its sagely embryo
Until a crash of thunder impelled it to finally stick out its head.
Layer after layer must be peeled away, then it is boiled and eaten:
I am not going to miss the opportunity of having had a taste myself.

(16) 266.168 **Hardships Of The Road**\fn{by Zhuang Tao (fl. mid-18th century)} China (F) 1

Haven't you noticed
how hard traveling on the road of life
has nothing to do with distance
(hundreds of thousands of miles)
or with number (how many times
you leave or enter your gate)?
Oh, it's the danger!
Where every step is a stumble!
Where thorns spring up!
Don't call Taihang dangerous,
don't call Meng Pass trail steep.
Doesn't anyone realize, within courtyard and door
how traps and snares oppress us every day?

*

Eat a plum, you'll know for yourself
how sour it is;
taste malt, you'll know for yourself
it is bitter.
To the left there are wild dogs!
To the right, leopards and tigers!
In front, they draw longbows!
Behind, mighty crossbows!
I want to keep going
but I make no headway—
where to find help for this woe?
The mountain demon's grotesque antics!
The raging of dark winds!

*

I look up and envy the lone swan
coming over the sea,
It flies with the wind
far off and high—
who will dare to insult it?

266.173 Excerpt from **Respectfully Presented After Reading Lady Ren of Songling's Poem "A Spring Day Spent Quietly At Home," Matching The Original Rhymes**\fn{by Jiang Zhu (fl.mid-18th century)} China (F) -1

Flowering trees deeply shade the "three paths".
When one's spirit is reclusive, the place is empty too.
Studying classics, you pursue ultimate principles;
Researching antiquities, you love the rarest books.

266.173c Excerpt from **In The Manner Of Shaoling's 'Seven Songs'**\fn{by Shen Huiyu (fl. mid-18th century)} China (F) 1

There's a mother, a mother,
living in the mountains;
red maples and bitter bamboo
mesh across her gate.
Gibbons cry out in the mist,
mountain bogeys howl;
She sends me letters year after year
telling of all her hardships.
I want to go to care for her
but obstacles block the road,
winds blow apart cloud chariots.

*

Woe ah, woe! my third song, oh—
a song to break the heart!
Better if you bear a girl
to abandon her by the road.

*

There's a little sister, a little sister,
I grieve that she's fallen to ruin;
her years are not yet thirty
and long has she gone astray.
Orphans play around the bed
asking for chestnuts and pears;
winds blow hard through thin curtains,
lamplight flickers and gutters.
Her white-haired mother worries,
wondering when she'll return;
on the overgrown stream that small boat
has never come back again.

*

Woe! ah, woe! my fourth song, oh—
a song to redouble one's fears.
Gaze out to the west, along the stream,
see the sinister look of the waves.

269.50 **To Lady Scholar Zifan**\fn{by Jizhu (fl.mid-18th century)} Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

Flowery filigree and kingfisher sleeves, I've discarded long ago,
With *sutra* table and corded chair, my thoughts wander unhindered.
Despite my laziness, I've forgotten my old arrogant habits,
Despite my poverty, I still long for my old library of books,
For discussing emptiness, I have you who understand Chan principles,
When in the mood, I study like a bookworm with those close to me.

I take delight in this solitary life in which worldly concerns are few,
Grass for clothes, roughage for food: with this one can live content.

269.51b Inscribed Upon A Portrait Of Ziwu \fn{by Wuwo (fl. mid-18th century?)} Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous
Region, China (F) -1

Once the six senses are purified, the dust and dirt disappear.
Then even in chewing wax one can find the sweetest flavor.
Do not laugh at the emerald sky for displaying form and substance.
Which one of us humans did not come pink-skinned into the world?

**267.112 1. Thinking Of My Younger Cousin Chen Yuhuan 2. Seeing Off The Spring 3. Flower Festival 4. Seeing Off
Spring 5. On An Autumn Day Sojourning In Qiantang** \fn{by Xu Feiyun (mid-18th century)} Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

Willow catkins, the little pond swelling with green;
Swallows, and the fragrant mud fermenting with red.
Rising at dawn, examining the scenery;
Spring's appearance has certainly changed.
Into the distance, gazing, gazing;
Praying that your traveling coach is safe.

2

Spring departs,
Spring departs;
The whole garden is falling flowers and flying catkins.
Sentimental swallows snatch them up,
Prompting this estranged lover's heart to break.
Heartbroken,
Heartbroken;
Green trees chaotically merge with heaven's edge.

3

Spring brilliance splendid;
The whole courtyard is filled with apricot flowers, fully in bloom.
Still, I think of the few trees winding along the river;
Leaning against the railing, I lightly paint my brows.

*

Rueful: emerald mountain clouds are fragrant;
Hopes dashed: the person in the mirror grows old.
A single pair of swallows—how early they've returned!
On the painted eaves it's dusk, and then, again, it's dawn.

4

Spring retreats to the edge of the sky, but who is its master?
And when it leaves, to where will it return?
Forsaken, this jade tower person
Seeks drunkenness before the flowers.

*

The ground covered with flying red rain;

Butterflies busy, bees in a frenzy, while mine is talk of intimate grief.
 From this, I see that my emotions will find no sympathy in them.
 What of you, beautiful oriole,
 With your cry “come back, come back”?
 When will we meet with the east wind again?

5

Wild geese fly in a slanting line;
 Autumn’s complexion muted.
 Tears dye the maples red
 By the banks of Wuling Stream,
 The immortal’s boat urges men to depart.
 I see the snow billow into silver heaps;
 The western wind whips at my upswept hair.
 Heartrending emotions of parting;
 I chant harbored thoughts, but softly.

*

Swallow Mountain Road
 Years ago I traveled;
 And now once more I journey to heaven's edge
 Learning to write with duckling yellow,
 Often beset with shame and envy.
 The hills of Wu and the waters of Yue bring tangled grief;
 This cannot be good for the literary mind—
 How could I come up with “Sunny Springtime” sentences?

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE LATE 18TH CENTURY

266.169 Song Of Mulan \fn{by Wang Caiwei (fl. late 18th century)} China (F) 1

When a boy is born, don’t feel such joy!
 When a girl is born, don’t be so annoyed!
 When a girl is born, just “hang a bow” \fn{Hanging a bow on the door was the ancient way to announce the birth of a son}
 and don’t use cloth strips to bind girls’ feet.

*

Haven’t you heard of Mulan?
 She stood in for her father
 and campaigned for the Khan.
 ... \fn{A note reads: describes Mulan leaving home}

*

In the women’s rooms, how can we be noble?
 Armor, brocade caparisons, saddles of gold
 are beyond our reach.
 In the women’s rooms, how can we be heroic?
 We don’t get to “Forge through frost, over snow,
 and hear the raging waters.”
 ... \fn{Describes Mulan in the north desert, her audience with the Khan after victory, her return to her parents, and her changing back
 into women’s clothes}

*

Now the east neighbor’s daughter
 is a good-looking girl;
 poor in the morning, she plies her needle,
 poor in the evening, she weaves.

The west neighbor's daughter
has trunks full of clothes;
she brags that she'll marry
a lad with the golden tortoise.\fn{A Han Dynasty insignia of rank worn by the marquis; in the Tang by all officials of the third rank
and above}

*

A man is enfeoffed as a marquis,
but what does a woman have?
If she wants to get the yellow gold
she must wrack her brains for a plan!

267.115 1. A portrait Of A Beauty Enjoying The Cool Air 2. *Yu meiren ying* 3. A folding Fan Of Pear Blossoms And
Twin Swallows 4. The Fifth Watch 5. Candles: **Five Poems**\fn{by Qu Bingyun aka Wanxian (fl. late 18th century)} Changshu,
Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

Cool clouds pass mutely, floral shades are dark.
The crescent snares a night of longing thoughts.
Roll up that water-bright screen
To rouse a slight butterfly dream.

*

Standing idly by the jade steps—
Her bowlike shoes yet to feel cold—
She only fears a nice breeze
May pry open her gown of silk.

2

The blossoms' message bears a thousand dreams:
I have not a moment's free time.
An early rise before the screen's hooked up:
Already the birds trill their notes.

*

Open the windows and I feel my brows weighed down;
Even all that brushing is no use.
A few petals seem unable to fall—
They love spring that's dying for good.

3

The east wind blows to age the cloud-white pears:
A few feet of moss will soon inter their scent.
Vanish the butterflies' dream;
Fading hues can never revive.

*

Look at those two small swallows
That show such pity as this:
They pick up speck after speck
Of naught but fine blooms of spring.

4

One lamp, its glow down to a dying wick;

Below the drapes severe cold attacks.
On the pillows I hear the hourly sounds:
When the clock's done striking,
And the cock's done crowing,
The windows are still dark.

*

A small dream at this time has just wound up,
But what idle woes accumulate
To make one toss and turn in silk coverlets!
Mourning and moping,
Thinking and brooding,
I miss the east turning white.

5

They mock the moon's pure cold
And aid the people's glamor.
It's fit—in painted rooms, in nights of love—
That they be veiled by blue sleeves afraid of wind.
Flame-sparing gold scissors should not lightly trim.

*

Carved for the poetry contest
And lit for the drinking club,
Their flickereing red first dies behind the screens.
I hate their two rows of tears facing me:
Who would in pity borrow their lingering gleam?

267.117 1. *Die lian hua* 2. Late Autumn 3. In Mid-Summer When It Gets Warmere, Someone Asks Me To Paint Plum Blossoms On a Fan; So I Inscribe The Following Verse On It 4. *Langtao sha* 5. *Yuzhong hua*: **Five Poems** \fn{by Shen Ke aka Yunpu (fl. late 18th century)} Jiangyin, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

Late in the flower season, spring draws to an end.
Half my time as a traveler
Is spent in melancholy.
Twilight in the deep yard, I sit quietly.
With nothing to do, I light a heart-shaped incense cake.

*

Birds cry on and on, urging me to go home.
Gazing sadly at the cloudy mountains,
I can't see the roads in the Southland.
To whom can I tell my grievance?
Countless tears drop on my lapel.

2

Autumn scenes are sad to begin with.
How much more so at the end of autumn!
Outside my window autumn insects chirp now and then,
As if trying to keep autumn here.

*

Startled from my dream, I resent the autumn sounds.
Leaning on my pillow, I listen to the autumn rain.

This forlorn heart as cold as autumn,
I sing a sad autumn song.

3

Jade flutes play here and there in the river city;
It's the time of ripening plums again.
On the fin ink flowers bloom—
Their subtle fragrance seems to fill the sleeves.
Do you know,
Do you know,
As it sways, a spring breeze like the old days?

4

Rolling up the curtain,
I smell the fragrance of a hundred flowers.
Willow threads flutter,
Orioles and scissor-tailed swallows dart here and there.
Twenty-four flower periods—
How much youth has passed?
I chant a poem and drink from the goblet—
The wine cleanses my heart of poesy.
I caress the flowers and play with grass—see how they compete in sweetness.
Flowing rivers, falling petals, and dancing willow catkins—
All make fine writings.

5

Throughout the night, wind and rain howl outside my windows;
They have no pity for the lush leaves and slender flowers.
Willow catkins caught on the curtains and the door,
Fallen petals in the courtyard—
These are times when the heart breaks.

*

Nibbling on a plum blossom, I make a secret plan:
To keep spring longer, I will use a piece of cool silk—
On it I'll draw the outstanding form of plum blossoms,
Paint them in the boneless style—
The beauty of spring is still here.

267.118 1. Talking At Night With My Elder Sister 2. Composed In Grief As I Sorted Out My Sister 3. Inscribed On My Own Portrait 4. Thoughts On A Cold Night 5. *Wu jiaqi*: **Five Poems** \fn {by [Tan Yinmei aka Xiangqing \(fl. late 18th century\)](#)}
Huzhou, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 2

1

Autumn hides us behind double gates.
Sitting on linked beds by the west window, we trim the candle.
How many fine nights can there be?
Days hurry by, the passing clouds an illusion.
I've tasted all the flavors of sorrow
And regret there's nowhere to bury my worries within these walls.
Suddenly I think of that awful day when we shall part:

Then I'll be anxious to see you return for a home visit.
Once we separate
It will be hundreds of miles.

*

What's the point of writing about famous mountains?
I sigh that this year I've scribbled off and on,
Half treating it as a game.
I am associated with not a few women friends,
Before my eyes, their silk gauze robes displayed in multitude.
On whom can I count to be my companion in these chambers?
I have been unable to abandon my poetic nature.
Still more I'm sorry your features have all grown plain.
When the one lamp flickers out,
We lift up our voices in song.

2

It happens when I read the pieces she left behind:
I can feel a chill, clear wind rising, filling the paper,
Its sorrowful sound cracking the bamboos.
In looks she compared with Zuo Fen, only more precocious;
What's more, her talent surpassed Xu Shu's.
She was ready to enjoy the full measure of this world of dust.
Let me ask then: where would be a good place to bury her fragrance?
Even the green hills would gain by her perfection.
Down the road to the Yellow Springs Ghosts, too, must cry.

*

Every morning, every evening, we pursued each other's company.
Why now have the clouds disappeared and the rain dispersed?
And my form is single, my shadow alone.
Of course we'll meet again in worlds to come:
Who says that future lives have not yet been divined?
You can invite me to join you on the list of immortals.
I was startled when you came into my dream so clearly last night.
I admired your appearance, warm as jade as in old times.
So I held your hand
And told you my heart's worries.

3

Where did you come from?
What year will you depart?
Alone without any companion.
For a short while you stand among the flowers
So thin your bones are showing.
We sit intimately by the lamp,
Friends who have cast off formalities.
You by nature sad
And I still spiritless,
Both are unfortunates at the edge of the world.
I unroll the picture:
Only you can know me
And I cherish you too.

*

Why not vanish through the Gate of Emptiness?
 Early on I threw away the red dust for white clouds.
 It's just that in wailing and weeping tears
 I cannot avoid the common lot.
 Trials and tribulations
 Cannot compare with release from the cycle of rebirths.
 The lilies for curing sorrow have dried up forever,
 The light of spring grew old long ago,
 Never again will the parents call for their daughter.
 How is it that you too
 Have a heart like a game board,
 Uneven from holding resentment?

4

Lonely solitude, deep in the boudoir:
 As I face the window, moonlight feels cool as water.
 Late at night, sleepless:
 Soaking wet from flood upon flood of tears.
 *
 Toss and turn on the bed
 With only the orchid-oil lamp for company.
 In the quiet courtyard
 Insects chirp and a crane cries
 Shattering my heart to pieces.

5

After parting, the carriage wheels roll on forever,
 Yet after death, the silkworm's threads are hard to break.
 A hundred kinds of teasing, a thousand sorts of coyness:
 Loving you never became mere habit.
 *
 At its peak, love turns and breeds hate.
 So long together, who cares if we part?
 Well aware that news of your return is still unsure,
 I first count the miles of your journey home.

267.120 1. Seeing Spring Off 2. Hearing Cicadas Droning As I Returned In A Boat: **Two Poems** \fn{ by Shen Xoiangyun aka
 Quiqin (fl. late 18th century) } Jiangyin, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

1

Orioles sing sweetly,
 Swallows twitter,
 Begging the East Lord of Spring to stay.
 Beyond the roseleaf raspberry trellis, grass is tender,
 Green shade like a tent covers the ground.
 *
 I awake from a dream
 To find the sun setting.
 I take the narrow path to see it off.
 Along the murmuring stream with flower petals—
 Who knows if this is the path by which spring returns?

The cold cicada drone is low.
 By the bridge the orchid boat moors.
 In the river village a lingering rain stopped,
 I listen till it's almost dawn—
 The pale moon betokens autumn.

*

At a time like this,
 How can I sleep and dream?
 The rowing oar sounds forlorn
 As it paddles hurriedly.
 I remember the willows in Dark-Robe Lane
 When I hoist the lone sail.
 Things of the distant past—
 An unfeeling tree still stands green.

267.121 1. In Late Spring Matching The Rhymes Of My Friend Lu Suchuang 2. Spring's End 3. Thinking Of My Friend Jiang Bicen On A Spring Night 4. Composed With Qingxi As Spring Departs 5. Sending Spring Off, I Match The Rhymes Of Suchuang 6. *Huan xi sha* 7. Spring Day 8. *Fenghuangtai shang yi chuixiao*: **Eight Poems** \fn{ by Shen Xiang aka Huisun (fl. late 18th century) } Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 2

1

At the end of the day, curtains are let down.
 Petals are scattered all over the grounds, the orioles silent.
 A sorrow-filled heart such as mine
 Will not leave with the spring.

*

I stare at the sky's edge
 A sash of clouds joined to the trees.
 Where is she?
 Wishing to convey my longing thoughts,
 I call on the catkins in the wind.

2

What remains of the hundred and five days of beautiful spring?
 A slight warmth and a slight chill.
 Slowly I realize the coming dusk of the fragrant season.
 The peach blossoms have all fallen, the catkins all flown away
 As I lean against the railing in ennui.
 Listen to the pair of swallow up in the rafters,
 How could they understand my grief for the spring?
 Yet their twitter—grief for the spring.
 Inside, my sorrow folds up in a thousand, ten thousand strands,
 When night comes, how to bear more wind and rain?

3

Door screen a warm kingfisher-green
 As the candle light wavers slightly.
 A hundred and five beautiful spring days.

The returning swallows come in the wake of people:
They fly through milky mists and scented air.
We've passed the lingering chill, the weeping willows are thick with shade,
I wonder which bend of the railings their green will reach.
Leaning there at leisure,
I look at the evening scene, so full of feeling,
Thinking of you has touched off my mood.

*

In the past, I felt that precious essays were sent in vain.
I am dismayed at distance—you being so close
And yet far away as the clouds in the sky.
You are peerless among those within the boudoir.
Laughing I cover up my mouth, how can I compare you?
Slowly I turn my head, toward the dressing chamber at the sky's edge.
I imagine that you must be sitting near the silver screen.
Beyond the curtain
The moon is pale through the wide latticed window,
And the night so cool.

4

Alone I go up to my dressing chamber and stand leaning out;
All I see at my eyes' limit
Is the sky to the north and south.
I truly dislike the east wind for being so hurried
Pear blossoms, ah,
Blown like snow,
Willow catkins, ah,
Blown like snow.

*

The whole day long, to whom can I speak about my boredom?
I could only secretly
Tap the railing,
Sighing that the gentle light of spring cannot be detained.
The cuckoos' cries, ah,
Red as blood,
People's cries, ah,
Red as blood.

5

In one night I've slept through spring's three months—
Butterflies in my dream are still afraid of the cold.
At dawn I was startled by the wind scattering the flowers,
Disappointed that fragrant plants so easily disappear.

*

The Lord of the East again made his soul-searing departure.
In scented lanes I idly seek fruit among the dense greens.
Wordless the cuckoo perches at the tip of a branch,
It should be ashamed of its voice, too eager to hurry spring away.

6

The east wind brushing my face, I began to sober up.

I might go toward the pearl curtain to pluck my zither.
Too lazy to fix my green-black hair, it's too light and soft.

*

Flowing waters do not carry the flute's sorrow,
Scattered flowers vainly join with feelings in dreams.
Making one feel helpless, as the moon hangs brightly aslant.

7

The painted pavilion in sunset is so difficult to depict:
Willows locked in light mist by the little bridge.
As swallows chatter outside the window, the musk scent dissipates.

*

The small courtyard deep in spring, one lonely person inside it,
Blossoms scatter on an emerald pond, the water far, far away.
The orioles' cries pierce the dawn, a day for cherishing flowers.

8

With incense heavy after all-night rain,
And curtains rolled up in the peaceful shade,
I happened to compose a music score by the flowers.
At that moment facing the green peaks,
My deep thoughts were hard to express.
The spring chill here and there by the high loft
Was blown below with the sound of the jade flute.
Memories of those years
In the Qin pavilion, distant and dim,
Linger like gossamer.

*

How enjoyable—
Moonlit nights and mornings in bloom.
I imagined my lyrical companions of the thatched hut
Were playing refined music,
Surprised by the few lone pear blossoms,
And the brimming stream's waters.
Their feelings and regrets of parting
Were all inscribed in
The emerald clouds' pure playing.
Then I was able
To relax and compose a new score,
Leaning on the inviting balcony rail.

267.123 1. Awakening In The Morning 2. *Shiliuzi ling* 3. Autumn Night 4. Young Willows 5. Remembering My
Mother: **Five Poems** \fn{by Yang Jidua aka Guxue (fl. late 18th century)} Suining, Sichuan Province, China (F) 1

1

The crying oriole heeds not her parting sorrow,
But implores her to stand by the eastern gate awhile.
Fallen petals fly, mingling with rain,
Red against the bamboo screen.

*

Tasting the dregs of wine,

She fears the mirror's gaze.
Her longing found voice in last night's dream.
Now the murmurs remain.

2

Spring is the season
When she, deep in her gloomy chamber, is a traveler.
This melancholy stays.
Falling willow floss is like the sad one.

3

Night silent, courtyard empty, the moon turns.
She leans on winding rails,
Touched by silent thoughts.
Geese fill the sky, bent on their way.
Still the broken dream of today carries no news of the traveler.
With so many clouds and rivers to course, she holds, unsend, her own letter.
Her fine garments wet with tears,
Cold on her face, the western wind.

4

Tender feelings never broken, from year to year,
By the pond, over the rails.
Who is it that spins out these green silken threads and fashions you into such perfect canopy?
The shadows meander by the Six Bridges,
Ever enhanced by rain or even trailing mist.

*

Slender-waisted dancers that you are, you can vie with any fair maid.
Off you send your fragrant floss, to the sky of separation,
Thrice up and thrice down leaving behind the pendulum of sorrow.
Not just the sole love of the spring wind,
Truly you are graceful, inviting all to admire.

5

Two long years separate me from my mother's northern chamber.
But in my dream, our laughter rings together as though it were yesterday.
Sad was the day when my dear father passed away,
When the ranges of Shu and Wu split us apart.
The cuckoo, cry after cry, beckons me home.
But I am not a son, so far away I had to go.
See the loving crow,
Too late trying to feed her fledgling.
When is the day
That I may serve you, day and night?

*

I am like the water lily, rootless, floating,
Following him, one outpost to another, to the edge of the earth.
Travelers we must be.
Already, half of your daughter's life gone by in sorrow and sickness.
How yet to bear the thought of your whitening hair?

All I can do is to pray silently: let there be good health let there be good fortune.
By the time I am home again even the gates and lanes will have been changed.
Blessed am I, that my lovely daughter-in-law is always before me.
As I recall the days gone by,
Tears soak my sleeves.

267.114 1. To Thank Uncle Zicai, Who Sent A Poem As An Inscription For The Painting Entitled “Giving My Son Lessons By An Autumn Lamp” 2. Spring Miscellanies: **Two Poems** \fn{by Dai Lanying aka Yaozhen (fl. late 18th century)}
China (F) 1

1

Though your art's great flume has long filled the world,
You cherish others' talent like priceless gold.
When in late spring I heard you were to set sail,
I told a skilled master to start painting at once.
Since you had noble guests both night and day,
I had no time to seek an apposite verse.
Still your staff my painting with favor received;
I was made free from all my former fears—
Now admiring you, now flaunting my luck:
Three visits from you in the year's fifth month!
Just ten days after you from Baimen returned,
Your brush leapt up from its coral stand.
I opened and read those flowing lines you sent.
The fine script, the advanced years both amazed—
Like Ninth Heaven's clouds plunging suddenly,
Like a thousand mile river's startled surge.
You wrongly compared me with Wuyan of Qi,
But I'm ashamed that I'm not the gifted Xie.
My nine-year-old's lessons are not yet done,
I can't shirk the duties of one autumn lamp.
To have a long poem from your wondrous brush
Is like Lotus Peak presiding over Mount Hua.
To be among your thirteen rows of students
I have more cause than those women of fame.
My husband came from your old learned house,
Our line of teachers not from outside lent.
Though Mount Cang's hues grow greener when it's late,
Far Maple River has kept us apart.
But on reading your writings, ten thousand scrolls,
Even a weak plant is transformed by seasonal rain.
Poetic art is scarce in deep boudoirs:
Just idle chants, I once thought, would suffice.
I'll thread in secret my gold needle henceforth
To ply my thoughts from day into the night.
My ditty's no exchange for the fields of Xu;
Your lofty verse commands the price of jade.
I dare approach that Han Lanying of Qi,
Though still an unworthy pupil in your gates.

2

When mosses I see first display their green,

I teach my maid to water orchid buds.
 I jot down verse fragments for fear of loss;
 My sole pastime is to copy texts.
 Begonias, rain-soaked, shed coral tears;
 Young swallows find mud to mend their nests.
 A sudden faint noise disturbs the dream of spring:
 Outside the windows horses lightly tap

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN DURING THE LATE 18TH CENTURY

267.113 1. Cooling Off 2. *Liu shao qing* 3. Sitting In The Night 4. The Uncle Of My Friend Yan Passes By My House And Shows Me His Recent Works; Humbly I Present The Following Verse 5. *Sheng zhazi*: **Five Poems**\fn{by Zhang Yuzhen aka Lansheng, Yunshan (late 18th century)} Huating, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

A game of chess just over,
 The zither idly playing.
 A fresh coolness rises in the courtyard,
 Below the steps jasmines newly in bloom —
 I pluck one to pin in my hair with a delicate scent.

*

The wind teases my gauze gown,
 The moon keeping my white fan company.
 Does Chang E know the depth of sorrow?
 Leaning on the railing, I'm wordless as I gaze at the bright Milky Way.
 Above blue clouds, behind a heavy locked door, the goddess is hard to see.

2

Watching spring leave—
 These melancholy thoughts of parting,
 With whom can I share?
 A path lined with young bamboos,
 Half a plot of sweet green
 Reaching the thatched gate.

*

Traces of sorrow where I lean on the railing,
 The cuckoo's cry breaks my heart.
 Letters written on brocade,
 Spilled ink like clouds—
 It's hard to bear from morning to evening.

3

Pale moon outside the curtain projects sparse shadows.
 I sit till the night is deep,
 Dejected till the night is deep.
 How many candles by the window have I idly burnt?

*

Lately, letters from Mount Yan have ceased.
 The road is distant, so are dreams.
 Telling fortune with gold coins only makes me lonelier.

4

It is sad to be kept apart by a slender river.
Holding each other's sleeves, we are happy to meet again.
We sit till the night is old and
The pale crescent moon
Clings to the tips of pine trees.
To your brocade pouch you have added new lyrics
Resembling dazzling dragons on the move.
Tonight let's chant them,
For tomorrow we'll part reluctantly—
I will gaze at the path by the riverbank to no end.

5

I remember when we parted,
We thought meeting again would be easy.
No means to relax my knitted brows –
It's been three springs and autumns.
The setting moon and the fading sound of a laundering block
Are both heartrending.
Even if I had seven resplendent carriages,
They could not carry my sorrow for a thousand miles.

267.125 1. *Chang xiang si* 2. *Fengguang hao* 3. *Pusa man 1* 4. *Pusa man 2* 5. *Haitang chun*: **Five Poems** \fn{by Wang
Yuzhen aka Yiqiu (late 18th century)} Wujiang, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

The night grows cool;
My dreams are startled.
Half-spent orchid incense glimmers in the wall lantern.
A hungry rat scurries by the bed.
*
Counting the late night watches
Gives rise to longing.
Lying on the pillow to write songs, not a verse finished,
I weigh my words until dawn comes.

2

Tightly closed flower buds, flowers in full bloom.
I've seen all of spring's colors,
But spring once more fades away,
Stirring deep sadness.
In the empty courtyard, rain left traces of green moss.
The sky is empty and vast,
A short corridor, a winding railing;
I'll linger a while.

3

In melancholy, I found one verse, but could not write another.
Sleepless at midnight, I lit the lamp.

The wind brought in dew, a fine mist.
It oppresses me, the autumn air so cold.
To the incense brazier I add animal coals.
The molded incense block gently disperses.
What thing might help me to express my feelings?
An insect beneath the stairs sings.

4

The west wind in the courtyard, I am utterly desolate.
The *wutong*'s last few withered autumn leaves
Knock on the paper window's carved screen.
Alone beneath the coverlet, I listen through my dream.
Long night watches are accompanied by sharp clarions,
Urging the lamp petals to fall.
Everything I see consumes my soul.
Lowering my head, I see traces of tears.

5

For no reason one night the east wind suddenly raged,
Storming so the apricot flowers grew wasted and thin.
Wait until the little peaches are red.
That's late spring.

*

My pity for the flowers: do they know of it?
Look at my knit brows and deep wrinkles in the mirror.
News of the flowers' arrival comes over and over again,
But fragrant years cannot be relived.

267.126 1. *Jiang shen zi* I 2. *Jiang shen zi* II 3. *Jiang shen zi* III 4. *Jiang shen zi* IV 5. *Jiang shen zi* V 6. *Jiang shen zi* VI 7. *Jiang shen zi* VII 8. *Jiang shen zi* VIII 9. *Jiang shen zi* IX: **Nine Poems** \fn{ by Pu Mengzhu aka Heshuang (late 18th century) } China (F) 2

1

I remember when I first learned how to embroider in my spring chamber:
The stand was as tall as I
And handling the golden needle was quite a task.
Unable to tell the four corners of the floral design,
I could not figure out how to get to the center.

*

Emerald green and bright red I sorted with my own hands,
Bits of yarns stuck on the vermilion windows.
Innocent and naïve, I did not recognize mandarin ducks
And wondered why the other girls
Never tired of embroidering them in pairs.

2

I remember when silken bangs first covered my forehead
Like glossy dark clouds lowering to touch my eyebrows.
People praised me for being clever and smart—
I won throwing coins with Sister Wisdom

And beat Aunt Orchid in grass-blade jousts.
When the moon shadow filled the courtyard, I asked the maid
To play hide-and-seek in the west boudoir.
We shuttled among flower shadows—
Afraid that our clogs might be heard,
We climbed up the stairs in our stockings.

3

I remember the cool ripples standing still
And a skyful of clouds reflected between fish fins.
We were about to board a carved boat but hesitated.
Our gauze gowns were light as leaves,
With scents borrowed from the lotus flowers.

*

All of a sudden a gust arose from white duckweed.
Our orchid boat was blown to the lakeside.
I cared not to pick any purple water caltrops,
For I resented their endless silken fibers—
Their nature is to entangle you.

4

I remember on Double-Seventh Eve I secretly prayed to the Lover Stars.
Gently I opened the latticed door, incense smoke entwining,
No one around in the silent deep yard.
Who would have expected a gust of wind
To flutter my lotus-colored skirt?

*

Rattan bed six feet long, red jade pillow,
Cool traces on the bamboo mat.
I awoke from a dream and turned around abruptly—
Who would fix my undone hair
Resembling a fluffy cloud?

5

I remember the path by Soul-Dissolving Bridge—
For no reason a lean horse carried me home.
Weeds climbed all over my old boudoir,
When I opened the gold-trimmed trunk
I saw my dust-covered light gown.

*

They say traces of red tears were seen on the rhino curtain,
And the handsome one's waist became trimmer.
The red wall cannot stop swallows from flying in pairs,
But I regret that they can't convey my sorrow—
They only know how to peck mud to build their nests.

6

I remember lamenting spring while recovering from an illness.
The day was long; languidly I came down the boudoir stairs.
I fear I can attain Enlightenment only in my next life.

When it comes to herbs, I plant only Live-Alone,
As to flowers, I don't pluck Forget-Your-Sorrow.

*

On the piece of silk unfolding by the window
I paint a portrait in the double-contour manner.
But I won't send it to the Herd Boy,
For it cannot
Trace the autumn in my heart.

7

I remember getting up at dawn to fix my hair with two bamboo pins.
For the first time I painted my eyebrows with snail dye
Like faint spring traces on spring hills.
I was surprised to see the new look—

*

Reminding me of last night's crescent moon.
As usual, I applied some almond face powder—
How strange that it would not go on smoothly that time.
They said the man had the beauty of fine jade.
After finishing my make-up, I was too shy to rise
As I stole a look at myself in the mirror.

8

I remember when the inauspicious matchmaker came for my horoscope.
With back to the door, I sat quietly in my chamber
And eavesdropped on every word:
“A portent in a dream commended the green phoenix.
Because of his birthday, red rams are to be avoided.”

*

She said the moon must be accompanied by two stars—
How was I to refute such nonsense?
Born an immortal, I cannot follow just any man;
How can they mistake me for Emerald Liu,
Longing to be some Prince Runan's concubine?

9

I remember the oars on Lonesome River
Which I mistook for peach roots.
Instead of drifting to a grassy lawn, I fell into a muddy puddle.
Not even the hundred-foot walls of the City of Ladies
Could keep vibrant spring out.

*

I was assigned an empty chamber to inhabit by myself.
Its carpet of green moss reminded me of the Long Gate Palace.
My name was changed; each time I heard it I frowned—
There is no evening rain,
So why the name Morning Clouds?

267.128 1. Written In Fun For Li, The Old Mountain Man **2.** My Great-Uncle Fan, Passing Through Jinling, Composed A Poem Upon The Grave Of Mr. Fang Zhengxue. I Followed His Rhymes. **3.** Remembering My Mother **4.** My Fourth Brother Kenzi Wanted To Change His Name And Style Name. Selecting Words From “Wen Wang Shi Zi,” I renamed

1

Li, old mountain man, years adding up
Hair gone white, but face still rosy
Shrubby mallows your palace, black stick for a son
Heart full of mist, asleep in a ditch
Nighttime groaning your bones are sore, morning groaning with hunger
One foot steps forward, the other holds back
You are graced by heaven, so don't complain
Think of the famed and the fortunate: never satisfied

2

The Northern Army at the Jinchuan Gate—
Concerning uncles, you cited Zhou Gong: loyalty till death
Jade blood: this one district saw your tenfold clan buried
Only the green mountains watch over their graves
Honoring the dead is our common will, our fate
But moss crawls over these unread inscriptions
What can the shepherds and woodsmen know of history?
Through this way again, in grief in the slanting setting sun

3

Wide river that won't let me cross
Not even knowing how you're getting on
In the dark, minutes drop, tears drop
Worrying you're thinking of me, weeping more

4

Respect, virtue, worth: a man's life is not in his name
Anyone can call himself Li Bo or Bo Juyi
And what good is that, repetition by empty rote?
You're a smart, happy kid, good to be around
A decent job in Xiang, born to an old family
Too soon our father left us to wander here
House in ruins, no way to go back, washed out and poor
Writing letters, mother's family helping out a little
But you found a teacher, worked hard, won first place early
Talented and able, your reputation grew
You'd had your name for many years
But suddenly grew sick of it, would't even answer to it
So you asked me to change it and I couldn't refuse
We found the words in the *Record of Ritual*
In the Sung they turned the swamps into school
Filled with the fragrance of learning
A new name is like a new house
Fix it up well, and the beams won't collapse
Don't be like one of those Jiangnan oranges
Transplanted north of the Huai: all skin and no juice.

267.129 1. Sunset 2. Pear Blossoms In The Next Yard 3. Spring Sacrifice: **Three Poems**\fn{by Bao Zhilan aka Wanfang (late 18th century)} Dantu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

1

Distant peaks fixed in the cloud-streaked dusk sky,
Cooling trees catch the slanting sunlight.
The piping of a reed whistle from the garrison tower,
The faint sound of bells from a nearby temple.
The last leaves rustle as they fall,
A racket of crows flashes in flight.
I sigh as dusk draws near.
Few know this state of mind.

2

Spring is more lovely over the wall,
Cool moonlight covers half the yard at dusk.
In the night stillness I seem to hear someone sigh,
The swing is motionless in the cold dark.

3

I run into the old man next door and we talk nonstop.
He wears a tall cap and common cotton clothes,
Falling-down-drunk on a cup of spring sacrifice wine.
At sunset his children come to take him home.

267.130 1. Sleepless 2. Sitting Up At Night 3. Thoughts On A Rainy Day 4. Going By The Old House: **Four Poems**\fn{by Bao Zhihui aka Chaixiang (late 18th century)} Dantu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

Sick so long I can't sleep,
My shoulders draped as night drags on.
The lamp is frozen, its orchid flame low,
In heavy frost, the cotton quilt is cold.
I hear the watchman's rattle faint from the street
And wait for the morning light to wander in.
I so love this halt to all activity,
I open a book— reading really hits the spot.

2

A half moon rises through the *wutong* leaves,
A clear night scene in the still and empty yard.
Autumn air steals into a smattering of stars,
The coldness of the dew starts up the crickets.
Through time's slow passage, I am a candle in the wind,
This fleeting life of mine, a watch hastening toward dawn.
In the capital a thousand miles away it's this same moon.
Geese in line—that wayward one—always make me think of you.

3

Day by day light dust scatters through the sky.
I keep the curtains closed up tight, even in broad daylight.
The past comes back like waking from a spring dream,
And idle sorrows are just made more pressing by the sound of rain.
When will we echo each other's rhymes again at Selection Gallery?
Your letter still hasn't come.
How time lapses—I totally forgot—it's the end of the third month.
Suddenly, outside the gate: roses for sale!

4

We moved out when we were small
And haven't been back for forty years.
If you're looking for flowers, the paths are still here,
But ask about names, and the old neighbors are gone.
The trees are so old it must be early spring,
The rafters are bare, but the swallows still come back.
In this unbounded desolation,
I face the setting sun in silence.

267.131 1. Getting Through The Summer 2. Out On A Boat, Facing The Moon, Thinking Of My Brother And Sister-in-Law In The Capital 3. On Hearing A Flute: **Three Poems**{by Bao Zhifen aka Huanyun (late 18th century)}
Dantu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

1

Deep in the courtyard, the dirt and noise die down,
Sunlight slants itself on the buffeted curtain.
Sounds of a chess match: clicks of jade.
The scent of ink infuses bright gauze.
Gardenias tie a love knot,
Two lotus blossoms share a single stern.
I love those new young swallows,
Two by two, off to some other home.

2

It was constant spring rain when I left the capital,
Each day of clouds and hills took me farther and farther away.
I remember spring winds on the banks green with willows then,
Now all that's left are desolate reeds making sounds of autumn.

3

On drafts through the bamboo curtain, dew comes in.
Blue clouds cover the ground: the scattered shadows of *wutong* trees.
A tall tower leans into the moon. Who is playing the flute?
In the inn tonight autumn strikes my heart.
The frontier geese should listen to these clear tones with me,
But I can't bear to follow that old river plum tree tune.
Craning my neck at midnight, I can't sleep
Pressing close, the thuds and slaps of pounding laundry from ten thousand coves.

267.132 1. *Cai sang zi* 2. *Qingyu'an*: **Two Poems**\fn{by Wu Guichen (late 18th century)} Jintan, Jiangsu Province, China (F)

-1

1

Last night the stars and moon, tonight the rain,
My head is like springtime-tangled vines,
Heart like autumn insects.
My feelings, after all, are like that.

*

Shut away deep in a small chamber, sad but what can I do?
Just heard a few scattered bells,
Now I hear geese on the move.
Don't say that nothing gets us Wu folks down.

2

Traces of mist hasten the dusk, threads of wind are cold;
Only my heart feels it.
Years go by like flowing water,
in truth the twinkling of an eye.
With spring blossoms, more smiles,
Autumn flowers, more illness;
All are scenes for sorrow.

*

In the lofty edifice all day, not a soul in sight,
I stand a little, then cast off the light-clear tea.
When thick heavy wine flows down inside, my heart's alerted.
At joyful times I'm soon drunk,
But when sad, sober to the end —
How to make it come out right?

267.132a 1. The Double Seventh, Written To My Husband 2. Written In Fun For The Daughter Of Heaven On The Seventh Day Of The Intercalary Sixth Month 3. Emotions Aroused On The Double Seventh 4. Relating Harbored Thoughts While Ill 5. On A Spring Evening During My Illness: **Five Poems**\fn{by Jiang Renlan aka Qiupai (late 18th century)} Jiaxing Prefecture, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 1

1

In the heavens, there's a meeting,
But on earth they miss the joyous date.
Standing for long, watching the emerald green trees,
I gradually sense the slanting sun disappear.
Brushing against a vermilion rail,
My silk sleeves have grown moist with jade-like dew.
Distressing, this secret desire—
Someone's lost the way to the ferry;
The road so near, and yet as far away as heaven's edge.

2

Boundless are the joys of this night!
Standing for long in anticipation, they gaze and gaze—

Yet the Silver River's the same as always; there is no Magpie Bridge;
Secretly, she throws her golden hairpin.

*

Softly she asks the Herd Boy:
What is it that keeps us apart?
The happy occasion so near at hand, and yet it's come to naught.
She counts on her fingers and is muddled as before.

3

A pure white moon begins to shine, Light clouds move in clever play;
The Star Couple stubbornly shine on separated lovers.
Last year was lonely, the Silver River brought woe;
Tonight the Daughter of Heaven laughs above the waves.

*

River pavilions, flower-filled yards;
The visage of autumn all around;
Hengyang wild geese cut off; correspondence quiet.
Insular chambers, sleeping alone, my grief is deep;
Under a thin silk quilt I toss and turn as dawn takes forever to break.

4

Thoughts far-reaching,
Hope far-reaching;
You've gone to heaven's edge;
I want to meet you, but it's hard.
Of news there is no trace.

*

Worries troublesome,
Illness troublesome;
Worries and ills consign a jade-like face to the grave.
I ask you— Do you pity me at all?

5

The curtain rolls back in the eastern wind;
Flowers fly down southern paths.
Behind the green window illness and grief make me weary;
My precious jewelry box is filled with dust.
Listless, I do up cloud-like tresses;
The passion-filled mandarin duck pillow accompanies me.
Year after year, spring scenery brings me ill luck;
My heart is about to break.
Glow of my countenance faded away;
Drawn, disappointed by the distant peaks.

*

The deep night's rain; it seems to go on for a year;
Where raindrops fall on empty stairs,
Disturbing my lonely sleep.
I let faded blossoms scatter and fall,
And the wind disperse the frail smoke.
In an instant aromas dissipate, and the red fades away;
Spring takes its departure.

It could grieve the cying cuckoo to death,
But who would attend to its corpse?
On the courtyard pavilion's stone stairway
Fragrant grasses, green, merge with the sky.

267.134 1. *Man yuan hua* 2. Plum Blossoms 3. Some Thoughts At Spring's End 4. Thoughts On A Rainy Night 5.
Again Following The Rhymes Of Heart Studio 6. Peony Matches Heart Studio 7. A Reply Offered To Heart Studio In
Lieu Of A Letter: **Seven Poems** \fn{ by Jiang Zhu aka Bicen (late 18th century) } China (F) 2

1

Hard to stop chanting great lines—
Imperceptibly one's soul melts away.
When, when will you form an Incense Holder Society?
My thoughts, longing for it, dream it is done.
I venture to tell of my hut,
Deftly built of seamed bamboo near cloudy crags,
Its rocks elegant yet unworked,
And in their midst, a lute and books, stylish, dashing.

*

Spring waters like unstrained wine,
Spring mountains like a painting,
Waiting for the peonies to flower—yes,
These befit a scene from a visit home.
If that painted boat would come—
Grasping a goblet of wine amidst flowers,
With unworldly talk,
I would wait to receive an assigned theme and, competing for victory,
Willingly concede my lesser place.

2

The wind light and chill;
A cold quietness lingering in the thin woods;
Then came lovely lines from you.
Ah, you, truly, your heart is firm and strong,
The clouds press down, one branch lies horizontal.

*

Clusters of powdery catkins;
Their fragrance envelops the one in mourning clothes.
I remember parting at Ba Bridge in a time of wind and snow,
Flowers against the faint moon, moon against the clouds
Amidst the shadow of poetry, the essence of plum blossoms.

3

Leaves lush, petals frail, lazy butterflies and bees
Chase flowers and linger by catkins, hating to hurry.
All seem to invite a curtain of lovely rain.
Curls of steam from the tea fend off the east wind.

*

To have unsettled feelings is to be like a pitiable insect,
To vanquish intelligence, become as the idiot and the deaf.
Get drunk from wine and full from food

The better to find one's muddled way back to sweet sleep.

4

Night rain gusting hard,
The last of the lamp drips on, its light small as a bean.
In literature, who grieves over the west wind
In which one cannot bear to look back
And remember the times of evening moons and dawn flowers?
Then, dripping wet and splattering,
Ink sticking to gown and sleeves,
Tipsy talk of swordsmanship
And gossipy chat,
We quibbled over nothing and made it something.

*

These things are no more.
Recklessly I think of grinding fine and immersing myself in the new,
Where one need not write of resentments or cares.
Fate—who still can know it?
Release that furrowed frown from your brows,
Shake off attachment to this dusty world,
On a prayer mat, meditate collectedly—
A thousand voices before the venerable Buddha.
A single stick of pure incense
To prepare the way for the eradication of perception.

5

Stanza upon stanza in esteemed missives,
Line upon line of dragon droplets
Cause one to write in the air: "Tsk! Tsk!"
Having read the new poems through,
I wish to match their intricate skill.
Trimming close the last of the lamp, listening to rain,
Truly I undertake to be a responsive spirit
As drop by drop
The sound follows my breaking heart
And tears wet the raw silk's red.

*

In a reverie I rub my tired eyes,
All colors appear as in a haze,
My head is awirl.
In every poem the Dao is revealed;
What can be added to these ladies' writings?
It gave me a spell of anxious dreams—
He who thinks to evaluate them vainly studies the art of butchering dragons.
Uselessly I toil
Year after year in my den of paper, painstakingly carving insects.

6

Rain in strands blown east and west
Slowly washes away the make-up.
Tenderly sad, the expanse of red,

Frail, spent branches.

*

Golden threads raised,
Heavenly incense emitted
To test the clearing of night rains.
Just now the immortal of Boyu Hall
Sends a new poem.

7

An esteemed missive infused with spices –
I split it open, read “Wind and Rain Throughout Jiangnan,”
Read and circled the wonderful phrases.
Your words ended, where else may one seek to feel alive?
A shift in key and a change in mode,
The effect new, the principle old,
Your compositions are truly most unusual,
Three stanzas of lovely lyrics—
Taking up the flute, I try to express them.

*

For a theme, I received “A courtyard of dense shade.”
The cries of shrikes sound again,
In a twinkling, the spring light changes.
At day's end, the medicinal burner remains my companion,
On the inkstone, light dust gathers,
Not many exercises are completed.
The sprite of poetry addiction, the screen of wine,
These are the hardest to overcome.
Talking of Zen and chatting of doctrines,
I'm ashamed to earn merit by words.

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN DURING THE LATE 18TH – EARLY 19TH CENTURY

266.170b 1. On Reading *Shitou ji*, I Praise The Lady Of The Xiao And Xiang Rivers 2. A Prefatory Poem
To Li Shaozi's *chuanqi Jinghua yuan* \fn{by Qian Shoupu (late 18th-early 19th century)} China (F) 1

1

A fairy form, an immortal banished to an earthly
home of wealth.
With poor fate and great talent, it is difficult to
protect oneself.
A flower endowed with feeling, she often provokes
resentment.
Women find literacy is the root of their undoing.
*
In vain did the Lady of the Xiang's tears speckle
the bamboo.
Who will cherish her delicate soul?
When she returns to the Land of Illusion, she will
surely reach enlightenment.
There, the spells of passion and intelligence will
prevail no more.

Romantric poems are composed in the World of Beauties.
They are all equally talented but endowed with
different feeling.

You name and tell of those women in the Pavilion
of Mourning Beauty.
They are often ill-fated because of their great intelligence.

*

The young women's writings are freshly transmitted
on yellow silk.
These women are lucky to live in an auspicious time.
I laugh that they have not yet awakened from the
Red Chamber Dream.
They are still bound by the passions of ordinary youngsters.

*

How could there be a little Fairyland on this earth?
Bright thoughts, strange ruminations, are brought to
life by their pens.
108 fates are drawn together by a thread of Nirvana.
Not a word is tainted by dust.

*

Now let me honor you, as a banished immortal, with
incense and a solemn salute.
In my last life I too was an autumn lotus.
I'd like to borrow your brush to convey my story.
Please enter me into the flower roster of *Jinghua yuan*.

269.52 Feelings\fn{by Wuqing (late 18th-early 19th century)} Yangzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

Cleansed and purified now are all of the six senses,
Burning incense, I am fortunate to be one of those before the Buddha.
I already know one must reach the shores of the Ocean of Suchness,
And so facing the Ganges, I inquire where it is one can cross.
The oral scripture: who transmits the Way of Maitreya Buddha?
The mind-lamp automatically illuminates this woman's body.
The last drop of attachment is difficult to completely eradicate,
But reciting poems can help one forget all of the bitterness.

*

Looking around at the vast expanse, the myriad conditions are empty,
So do not speak about a lifetime of obstructions and opportunities.
With my own eyes I've seen dukes and lords rise and fall in succession,
And for this ill-fated younger sister, life and death are one and the same.
All that is left today are these dark-colored monastic's robes,
The brocades and embroideries of yesterday are nowhere to be seen.
I sit on the mat till it wears through and the mind-waves are stilled,
As the grabbing mind settles and crosses over like a sail in the wind.

267.144 1. Weed Lake 2. The "Precious Sword" Poem 3. Grasses: **Three Poems**\fn{by Sun Yunhe aka Lanyou, Xianpin (late 18th-early 19th centuries)} Hangzhou, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

Riverside villages as far as one can see; lonely is the traveler's heart.

Again, a spring breeze brings the cry of the partridge.
Just now, in this glorious season of orioles and flowers,
A single sail crosses Weed Lake in mist and rain.

2

“Precious Sword,” handed down to the present:
Trim the lamp and chant its song to a steady beat.
Favors, wrongs, its concerns for a thousand ages;
And thus, a life spent wandering amid lake and sea.
Its aura is colder than autumnal frosts;
Its radiance causes the moon at night to sink from sight.
Following the military life is its chosen desire;
Heroism, its reply to “one who knows himself.”

3

The glossy rain falling steadily,
Everywhere in Jiangnan the grass is luxuriant.
Gentle is the apricot blossom breeze,
Silently mixing with blue smoke.

*

When the swallows return,
Don't lean against the tall tower.
In the setting sun,
In this limitless world,
There are the pains of parting, year after year.

267.144a Untitled poem\fn{by Zhu Mei aka Zixiang (late 18th-early 19th century)} Yuanyang, nr. Jiaxing, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

It must be that your family boasts of many banished immortals;
Otherwise how could a such a composition be found in the mortal world?
For ten years you did not awaken from the *Red Chamber Dream*
And found a *karmic* bond in the mirror of falling flowers.

267.144b Untitled poem\fn{by Xu Yuru aka Yeuxian (late 18th-early 19th century)} Yanshan, nr. Tianjin, China (F) -1

One hundred flowers are all opened by your pen.
Who knew of your talent?
Separating mortal and immortal realms, a thousand-foot waterfall,
Those who have been through it all emerge at Little Penglai.

*

In your grand words you have managed to speak of loyalty and filial piety.
And now in this lesser art, you tell of remarkable abilities.
With unremitting labor you managed to come up with this unusual tune
For ten years of autumn rain you burned the midnight oil.

*

The white monkey has already gone back to his white cloud.
The cold rays of a flash of lightning cover the embroidered curtain.
I especially love the wonder of your invented landscapes
And the cart flying off in the boundless sea and sky.

*

At Weeping Red Pavilion, I too wept profusely,

At the Cliff of Ill Fate, I sighed in vain at how bygone matters endure.
I most enjoy trimming the wick and reading into the night
And standing face to face with the spirits of beautiful women.

269.100c Lamentation \fn{by Wang Yun (late 18th -early 19th century)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCXLIX)

That painted beauties should fade and drift
Is a past and present regret.
That great talents grow old
Is cause for a myriad autumns' resentment.
I query heaven and earth:
Whom may I ask to hone my heart's sword and stem this sorrow?

267.152 1. Willow Catkins **2.** Listening To A Flute On A Spring Evening **3.** An Autumn Evening **4.** Presented In Reply To A Poem Elder Brother Sent To Express His Feelings While Pondering Antiquity At Jingkou **5.** Faded Chrysanthemums **6.** The Cricket **7.** A Little Song-Lyric Written To Record My Feelings After The Cherry Apple Trees Burst Into Bloom Beside Twin Peak Studio **8.** Sent To My Husband **9.** The Qingming Festival **10.** Rising From A Sickbed: **Ten Poems** \fn{by Zhuang Panzhu aka Zhuang Lianpei (fl. early 19th century)} Changzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 3

1

Branches first stretched forth,
Then catkins took shape.
Having failed to see the blossoms open,
Now I can only watch the petals scattering on the wind:
Swirling about steps, curling around curtains, and when about to settle
They're snatched up by a sudden eddy
And blown away upon the wind.

*

In rural villages,
At overgrown fords,
Travelers discard the willow branch,
For this has always been heartbreak road.
Though they cling to the last vestiges of spring, spring pays the catkins no heed;
Now buried in the empty pond,
Ruefully they become duckweed beyond number.

2

Like rushing, rippling water:
The pure sounds of a solitary flute on a clear night.
Blowing out the lamp, I again ascend the small tower;
Melancholy is the moon in the willow branches.

*

Startled from their places on the rafters, swallows
Are compelled to accompany me as I pace back and forth.
I'll fail to listen, how can I fall asleep?
But if I do, spring sorrows will surely arise.

3

Who knows whence these echoes of the laundry stone!
To my heart,

They are of rare purity.
A lone goose calls down the stars from heaven.
Clouds lower darkly, Rain obscures the view.

*

I ask autumn if it is willing to pause awhile
And allow the golden willow to flourish anew.
Instead, the west wind simply blows all the harder;
So all is for naught,
Save for a touch of sentiment.

4

The midday sun hastened westward,
The great river eastward flowed.
Day after day, night after night, we gathered there.
From ancient times, green hills have sat on its flanks—
Unworried, unsmiling, sentinels to the passing years.
At ferry crossings, masts and sails;
On the waves, the tolling of matin bells:
Those following behind press forward on those in front.
Don't toss the words of your poem on the cold waves,
Lest their profound feelings incite the flood dragons to anger.

5

How like a beautiful lady ground down by disease,
Or a poor scholar,
Shivering in his coarse and tattered clothing,
Fearing the thick frost of dawn, the moon at night,
And, following Double Nine, painfully taking his leave.
Reed flowers and paper walls alone separate the pure and impure.
Monopolizing the autumn scene,
They are heroines among the flowers.
Not yet rid of worldly cares, I find suffering still persists,
For lo, these many seasons, I've worried about the flowers.

6

News of cold weather it brings
To the foot of the wall with the morning dew,
Or to a crevice in the evening mist.
Just as a dream of brocade coverlets is broken,
The flowering beans are agitated by the wind.
A candle guttering in the window, light fades into darkness;
Beyond the windowpane, the white moon shines.
Startled all of a sudden: is it on West Street or North Lane
That someone spins by night?

*

When will the task be complete?
Strange sounds bring forth long strands;
Slow is the pace, for the silk is rough.
In the silent night, in cold boudoirs,
Faint sounds mix with those of the tailor's ruler and knife.
Who possesses a myriad of strands of entangled sorrow?

Or strives to fashion a grieving heart?
Even if one lacks regrets,
One cannot bear to listen to its song.

7

In a small boudoir, dreams lie broken
As last night's rains taper off.
The storm passing, bees and butterflies gather at the curtain;
Spring ignores the cherry apple trees in the garden,
But I grieve for their blossoms.
Reading my poems, I recall past experiences,
But in the wink of an eye, everything vanishes.
Ill and facing great odds, I struggle to lift my head;
Next year, I know, whether I'm here or not,
The blossoms will grieve for me!

8

Last night I imagined tonight would bring some rain;
Instead, tonight the haloed moon is perversely bright.
White frost startles the insects,
Wild geese echo the careless breeze,
Too soon rousing personal concerns.
For whom should I feel remorse?
Were I to ask why I'm so thin,
Even Heaven could not reply.
How I wish there was a potion
To cure forever this illness of mine!
Melancholy, I lie down fully clothed;
Head on pillow and just about to doze off,
Suddenly I'm startled into wakefulness.
Dry lotus flowers rustle on the pond,
By the gate, remnant leaves rattle:
How numerous are the sounds of autumn!
With difficulty I repress a smile.
Why this sudden fear that fall has come,
Then rue that it is leaving?
Illness causes time to pass,
And it also tosses people aside.

9

The wind and birds cry out.
On taking ill this time,
How unlike last spring.
Too lazy to ply the needle,
I lie down, but it is hard to fall asleep.
Sorrow alone remains.

*

Happily, beyond the curtains days of dark clouds
Give way to patches of clear blue sky.
Ill-fated are the peach blossoms,
Laden with emotion are the golden willows,

Just as before at Qingming time.

10

Most dreadful are the dregs of spring,
When fallen petals cluster along pathways.
This year I fell ill before the flowers bloomed.
Don't let fine rains oppress them any more;
Detain spring even a day and the flowers will be pleased.

*

The breeze stills, the drapes hang motionless,
Swallows nap, and silence pervades the rafters.
The Qingming festival nears, but a chill still persists.
Rising from a sickbed on the veranda, I find the flowers are gone,
And the setting sun illuminating only floating gossamer images.



Yixin, aka Prince Kung (1833-1898), best remembered for having established (1861) the Zongli Yamen (the Qing government's *de facto* Foreign Affairs Ministry) and for advocating greater constructive engagement between the Qing Empire and the great powers of that era, as well as for his attempts to modernise China in the late 19th century. At one time an ally of Cixi, the Empress Dowager, he fell out of favor with her conservative supporters. She, however, visited him three times during his final illness; and the Guangxu Emperor personally attended his funeral; as a sign of mourning, cancelled imperial court sessions for five days and ordered mourning attire to be worn for 15 days; granted him the posthumous name Zhong ("loyal"), gave him a place in the Imperial Ancestral Temple, and issued an edict honouring him as a role model of loyalty that all Qing subjects should learn from.

China 4.114 *Qui Shui Xuan Shi Xuan Yi Juan, Ci Yi Juan* \fn{by Zhuang Panzhu (fl. late 18th-early 19th century)}
Yanghu, Jiangsu Province, (F) 25

秋水軒詩選

毗陵女史桂盤撰選

小住青霄里 浹月得詩四首

倚棹隨波去 人煙出郭稀
水連平野闊 路入遠村微
父老論新社 鷄豚聚落暉
此來秋未老 正值蟹螯肥
啼鳥催人起 天西曉月斜
吟蛩依亂草 寒蝶戀疏花
網集魚爭市 鶉香稻滿家
扶筇白頭叟 對坐話桑麻
柴門臨落日 風起稻花香
秋老汀蘆白 霜繁野菊黃
歸人喧晚渡 暝鳥宿寒塘
浹月閒無事 新詩欲滿囊

把酒別籬菊言歸泛小溪殘鐘松徑裏落日板橋西漸
覺人煙集遙看城堞低渡頭喧傍晚歸鳥揀枝棲

夜坐

香氣暗籠衣空庭桂花發溼螢墜微風栖鳥驚落葉疏
窗鎖苦霧空簾搖病月人影淡秋光吟蛩坐來歇

卽事

庭院霜濃菊瘦時雙禽弄影下寒墀半簾淡日西風冷
一枕輕寒曉夢遲淺碧煙痕如蟻子嫵黃酒色似鵝兒
一杯茗香盈袖落葉聲中坐詠詩

新春郊行和六外叔祖

梅花開徧綺窗前約略郊原景物妍
雨意暗滋三徑草鳥聲啼破一溪煙
村因歲稔能賒酒麥爲春遲未滿田
樹裏柴門聞剝啄誰家野老賀新年

呈蟾姊

世事怱怱又一年新愁赳赳隔重泉
西山月缺難相擬還有圓時在後邊

一樹梅花小院東捲簾驚見幾枝空
休言零落原關命自是經寒又遇風

烏喚提壺花壓枝一番風景豔陽時
玩花鬪酒人何處
空贖班姬咏絮詩

夜蟬

銀河耿耿夜無聲尚有寒蟬抱葉鳴
高樹露濃應斂翼
故宮月冷未忘情
為催殘漏吟逾急
縱雜幽蛩聽轉明
喚醒綠窗無限夢
纖塵蛻後一身輕

春出曲

吹斷錫簫寒食近
花慵柳困春扶病
梨雲不散溟濛天
簾痕貼地流素煙
簷鈴琤琮敲碎玉
帳底人驚睡初足

寶奩香溼曉不乾
吳棉欲卸愁薄寒
小院沈沈畫屏做
玉釵低叩雙環響
探春有約怕春歸
一徑尋香趁蝶飛
驚醒流鶯花影動
綠蕪冷漬殘春夢

雪夜讀書歌

春倚頽牆邊病梅
一花古重陰向夕
濃天凍不成雨朝
風吹雲雲欲晴
溟濛細雪浮空生
暝入庭軒忽改色
瑤花蕩影江城明
伏几哦吟入幽想
掩卷忽然驚月朗
小樓夢靜人不知
一片松梢墮清響

病起

新詩反向病中添，依窗蕉葉能分月。入檻花枝礙捲簾。
一任東風自爽，去閒愁吹不到眉尖。

南樓對月

斷雲捲雨去無蹤，人倚南樓數過鴻。畫角吹低殘夜月，
明星搖動一天風。寒生城郭千門靜，秋落關山萬木空。
自笑閒愁如舞雪，片時消盡酒杯中。

秋燕

借得盧家白玉堂，秋來依舊費商量。不知風雪征途裏，

可也回頭望故鄉

低垂倦翅影遲遲
幾日新涼怨別離
莫道土人恩意重
西風畱戀不多時

半簾霜色映樓臺
客燕驚寒去復回
窗底有人還羨汝
明年重入舊巢來

五日白雲溪卽景

雲溪水榭俯清波
載酒年年此地過
綠樹半遮蓬戶小
珠簾深隱玉人多
空濛香氣凝成霧
來往扁舟疾似梭
歌管聲中歸傍晚
新涼一縷著輕羅

久雨喜晴

黏梅惹柳雨絲絲
乍喜新晴二月時
綺閣寒多人對酒
綠窗晝靜鳥催詩
泥融竹笋穿籬易
風送爐煙出戶遲
隱隱畫欄聞笑語
小鬟爭折海棠枝

初夏

課婢分菊畦
因之翻菊譜
雷聲送輕陰
日暝不知午
濃雲雜沓來
涼氣先在戶
拂面楊柳風
穿窗梅子雨
一樹碧籠煙
黃鶯坐無語

卽事

幾處疏砧動暮愁
亂煙將暝上簾鉤
疏花力弱難經雨
斷雁聲悲易感秋
續命有方聞石笈
求仙無路到瀛洲
茶根滋味鄉園好
莫爲浮名更遠遊

悼蟾姊

朝陽淡蕩上簾鉤
往事多成今日愁
小院盆荷初放日
一奩鸞鏡共梳頭

愁多生怕近黃昏
未到黃昏先掩門
細雨寒煙芳草路
戀香小蝶獨尋魂

一點寒燈小院幽
筆尖和淚寫新愁
紅榴落盡無人迹

冷雨淒風似暮秋

泛舟至四河口

曙星光裏出東郊已有炊煙上樹梢
曉露響傳叢竹底薺花開徧土牆
坳通潮斷港舟能到近水柴門各自敲
行入輞川圖畫裏閑愁如夢暫時拋

江村卽事

班笋初恬燕子飛春寒日日掩柴扉
山童不怕村泥滑冒雨爭挑薺菜歸

十分春色賸三分小住江干又淡旬
孤店一旗寒食路

雨餘垂柳礙行人

春曉曲

琤琮鐵馬東風冷
亂落櫻桃糝幽徑
夢裏黃鶯聽未真
綠霧如煙隔花影
美人日午戀紅衾
綠雲香滑墮瑤簪
海棠夜雨愁春老
喚婢鉤簾看淺深

春日卽事

翠溼新苔影半扉
陰晴無定恐春歸
名花著雨低頭放
雛燕迎風側翅飛
常恨病多妨小課
偶緣地僻得靈機
陌頭處處蠶齊箔
剝得新絲欲製衣

春晚曲

垂柳隄春風短遊絲十丈牽難轉落花委地愁紅淺燕
尾分香畱一翦細雨拖寒散滿城冷煙膩樹鶯無聲細
草得意嬌暮春橫階當路歷亂生

夜坐

庭樹經霜綠痕淺菱荷衣薄風如翦幽蟲催響近房櫳
暝色已上窗燈紅浮雲散盡天凝碧露下寒空一城白
碧蘿門巷急秋砧敲落樓頭半輪月貪涼坐盡漏迢迢
聽徹鄰家碧玉簫喚婢起來添寶獸紫煙篆冷水沈消

晚眺

日落暮煙濃
青山似夢中
水寒魚窟靜
葉脫鶴巢空
臥菊香依砌
孤雲晚映松
涼生衣袂覺
入夜起微風

病中偶成

如水涼生雨
過時小齋燈
暗夜遲遲霜
華欲下秋蟲覺
節序將來病
骨知初戒酒杯
同辟穀新開
醫案忌題詩
近來倍覺腰
支瘦小步還
須倚侍兒

對月次六外叔祖韻

雲勢如山變
態奇玉輪碾
破碧玻璃葉
聲滿院秋扶病

花影半欄人。諫詩霜冷雁傳千里信。節遲菊過去年期。
小樓涼夜清光裏。對影閒斟酒一卮。

待月

虛檐貯秋光。商飈催急景。秋高天宇空。琴停夜窗靜。浮
雲一片來庭樹。忽無影。水紋搖翠簾。碁聲落金井。向曉
眠未成。羅衣五更冷。

秋夜

明月舒波天。撲水風冷雁啼秋。萬里寒煙積地流。素光
露零桂樹吹。古香簾影如塵人影小。風擺竹枝自梳掃。

美人衣薄嫌藕絲
銀河西注明星稀
蜀桐絃澀慵更撫
聽斷蟲聲聞鳥語

清溪曲

皎皎澄潭月痕印
風靜波寒水紋定
煙迷古寺不聞鐘
雲外初傳一聲磬
尋詩攜酒過小橋
落葉聲乾行仄徑
蘭渚秋深人影稀
淡煙疏柳天初暝

牧牛詞

北風獵獵草短短
天寒古道行人斲
村童作隊牧牛歸
積雨荒隄蒺藜滿
牛饑牛勞人未知
隄長莫怪牛行遲

赤日耕田苦復苦種成盡數輸官府但願租清免吏瞋
年年燒紙祭牛神敢望收成飽梁肉不賣我牛萬事足

春雲

採藥仙童曉未還瓊雲幾葉出仙關初離遠浦如煙薄
靜貼晴空似我閒漠漠釀成連夜雨溶溶澹盡隔江山
草曛風暖春三月深護桃花水一灣

養蠶詞

春初桑芽短春盡桑枝碧人家桑裏門晝關舊例年年
忌生客山鳩亂鳴風雨多野塘淺水生微波三眠四眠

蠶待簇但願十日天溫和少婦然燈夜相守帕裏青絲
不梳久盈筐葉盡天苦寒飢蠶作繭愁難厚

採茶詞

九曲溪山煙雨足嬾芽半展旗槍綠採茶婦女拏柔條
濃染幽香手如玉筠籃露重唱歌歸竹鑪火暖焙初熟
今年山外茶價低販茶無客到茅屋籠盛自賣向揚城
換得錢歸糴新穀

賽神詞

東村里長諏良辰青旛飄搖陌上春兒童欣欣手擊鼓

禾乃車言
更邀老巫來降神缸面新篳爲神供燭花垂垂紅影重
酒醺香暖神顏飽陰風來去靈旗動翁媪跪拜前致辭
今年村落無是非但祝秋收更豐足醵錢酬願修神祠
社散西山欲沈日破廟無僧反闕出羣鴉啞啞爭祭餘
暝雲到樹殿深黑

打麥詞

麥秀平田千里綠野雉雙飛聲角角四月初頭早麥黃
鄉村婦女忙復忙青天不雨夏風暖廣場乾燥黃雲滿
力衰柳板聲漸低赤日炙背人忍飢盡數輸租敢言苦

但免進城見官府

隨侍祖母舟至永甯寺

蜂蝶散香天氣暖沿隄新種垂楊短古橋百尺當寺橫
門前車馬紅塵滿浮雲散盡白日長古松搖影青覆廊
深堂鐙火晝耿耿橫空霧氣焚檀香粉垣曲折通幽處
砌草初生雜禾黍山齋寂靜聞鳥聲梵磬敲來帶人語
迴舟忽覺風滿衣喧中得靜真禪機溪心春老波紋綠
數點閒鷗定不飛

夏日田園雜興次六外叔祖原韻

嫵苗翦翦綠初齊
漸續田歌略約西
水漫野塘羣鴨鬧
飯香村舍午鷄啼
我疑陶令新開徑
客認嚴陵舊釣溪
牛背牧童含笑指
隔林落日比人低

陰雨涼甚次六外叔祖韻

槐夏簾櫳欲借秋水雲
滿徑暝難收銀釭焰短知晴少
玉翦聲清覺夜幽
壞壁黏光螢避溼虛堂貯冷燕銜愁
溟濛雨壓苔花重香篆巡檐更小畱

漠漠輕陰柰晚何
低田新漲水齊禾
舞風弱蔓欺楊柳
鬧雨叢蕉勝芰荷
書近黃梅生蠹易
榻當北牖受涼多

香清几潤天初霽
手把離騷對酒歌

新夏吟

池臺煙雨足滿徑流新綠
日月不我畱春風去何速
花殘蝶到稀窗虛燕來熟
暝色動微涼簾櫳倚修竹
我愛泉明詩挑鐙夜深讀

雨霽

深沈院落雨初晴
萬木溶溶入夜清
鐙下涼生書有味
竹間風定鳥無聲
溼螢貼地飛難起
殘月衝雲暗復明
藤簾紗廚清似水
臥聽蓮漏近三更

題梨花夜月便面

梨花夜月疑寒色月壓花魂倦無力花慵月醉呼不得
遮莫韶光近寒食憶昔東風破素顏千枝如雪正堪攀
幽禽踏枝清夜閑朝飛暮宿花影閒花光月光那可拾
興發秋毫似風急冷露濃煙盡收入至今枝榦香猶溼
紅塵掃盡墨迹蒼天機活潑生趣長禽眠悄悄花揚揚
筆力妙絕追徐黃攜來爽氣盈襟抱花鳥隨春同不老
莫怨秋來晴日少手中明月終宵好

病起

病起驚看節序流
晚涼人上小紅樓
硯封蛛網經旬在
簾隔爐香盡日留
深巷鴉啼衰柳月
疏籬蟲報晚花秋
閒持貝葉當庭讀
又被碁聲動暮愁

早起

曙色已上牆
寒蟲忽無語
倦枕夢驚回
殘鐘在何處
開窗葉滿庭
始知夜來雨
清風動我衣
秋色淡如許
然葉煮新泉
茶煙滿庭戶

螢

簾前風不定
螢影度無聊
溼燄生虛壁
孤光閃綠蕉
秋

宋九車言
三
星明永巷花氣冷殘宵
留照遺經字幽窗伴寂寥

久雨喜晴

孤花雨中盡夏景歸羣葉夕陽入深林
眾禽一時集虛閣迴添明翠色捲簾入平
增半日功向晚重摹帖禪味茶中參詩情
霞際拾草影亂牆根暗蟲吟漸急涼露忽
沾衣空庭驚久立

采蓮曲

香溪草暖波溶溶水禽飛破斜陽紅
采蓮吳姬持短楫木蘭舟小愁迴風
荷氣薰人倦無力嬌面迎花紅一色

誰從葉底鬪歌來近訝相逢未相識晚晴江頭涼意多
鯉魚吹波花峩峩輕羅拂水秋欲動美人憨態低雙蛾
高低蕩子心頭苦欲摘還停嬌不語鄰娃未解惜花枝
昨夜橫塘載煙雨

蟬魚

儘許蟬魚汗漫遊碧雲香裏幾春秋勞勞學海多賴尾
淺淺文瀾未出頭密點乍逢疑唼雨殘圈半上似銜鉤
唾餘猶賸星星墨乙夜挑燈費校讐

274.88 Staying At The Little Tower At Duanqiao, Which Was Probably The Former Residence Of Huang Jieling, I Wrote A Poem To Record My Feelings \fn{by Wen Jiangu (fl. second half of the 18th century-first half of the 19th century)} China (F) -1

I am thinking of Huang Jieling
Who once stayed at this tower.
The window opened to the view of the bright mirror-like moon,
The door covered the autumn scene of the painted bridge.
*
Appreciating the flowers and the moon, she enjoyed an elegant stroll
And collected the mountain views in her painting manuscripts.
I remember she stayed here for a month,
And her fragrant shadow still lingers at my curtain hooks.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1800 AND 1804

266.168a Chaste Girl Yang \fn{by Fan Huzen (fl. 1800)} China (F) -1

Once the spring flows out,
water won't go back to the mountaintop:
once the bowstring's released,
no arrow returns to the bow.
On the day one's name is promised,
one's life is pledged as well.
Daughter Yang's unbending courage
was equal to this charge.
She studied, but not so much
as to learn too many words;
since ancient days, how many boys
have ever learned to read?
This girl lives, but is not alive—
she fills a five-foot coffin.
This girl died, but isn't dead—
her name is on everyone's lips.
We could say it's because she doesn't live
tht she hasn't really died.
Oh, woe and alas!
At her throat was a white silk sash
like a "white rainbow suspended";
it lifted up those "dark and mothlike brows"
onto the pages of history.

267.145 Untitled poem \fn{by Song Minggiong (d.1802)} Hunan Province, China (F) -1

Startled from a good dream to return to reality, a bad dream runs its course.
There is in all this the great feeling.
The high wind has no regard for the foolish passions of boys and girls,
And blows them to the edge of illusory flowers and the moon in the water.
*
With a sickly body, how can one be bothered about tears like pearls?
All day long, her brows knotted in pain, she is given to melancholy and sighs.
The spring soul of a thousand years has gone with karmic destruction.
There is no longer anyone who will seek a hoe for burying fallen blossoms.

*

I want to tell, yet keep back, regrets and pity.
With him who follows your person and chases your shadow, there are yet no karmic ties.
From the beginning of time a single tree cannot become one with entwined trunks.
Since when has sweet dew brought the bliss?

*

To the illusory realm, emptied of emptiness, is entrusted the illusory body.
Bewildered, wavering, he knows not how to cross the Ford of Delusion.
Cutting through it all, there is only the mandarin duck sword
For those thousands of threads of longing—a quest for one who understands.

183.189 Four Letters From A Chinese Merchant \fn{by Li Qingen (before 1803-)} Xiamen, Fujian Province, China
(M) 2

1

January 4, 1803 \fn{The text has: *Letter of Jiaqing Year 7, Tenth Day of the Twelfth Month*}

The Li Kunhe Ocean *Hang* of Xiamen respectfully addresses Your Royal Highness: \fn{The by now highly formalized style of address is as if the merchant Li Qingen is writing through his organization to a king; he is flattering the Governor General in normative terms for the day, knowing full well what his position really is }

We have the honour to inform You that this unskilled, humble merchant is fitting out ocean vessels to engage in trade. We have often benefited from Your great Benevolence and many times we have rejoiced in Your gracious Protection. Your Majesty is a scion of Ge-ia-ba's \fn{Batavia's} illustrious families. You are the Powerful Sovereign of the Sea. \fn{Customary oriental flattery, part of a long tradition in Chinese commercial correspondence }

Trade in the Eastern and Southern regions must be carried out in an honest and trustworthy manner! The hub of land and sea traffic is managed in perfect order. Even though we are far away and deprived of your Eminence and Instruction, we have in fact been the recipients of Your Benevolence over many generations. \fn{Where the Europeans went on and or sea, brigandage and piracy were generally curtailed, and consequently business prospered }

This year we have established the [Li] Kunhe Ocean *Hang* and specially fitted out a vessel, the *Rong Fa* to trade with Your Country. The shipmaster, Huang Jiguan, is not well acquainted with the people and local conditions there. He is not yet familiar with all matters of business. Nonetheless, we hope You will show solicitude to him so that the accounts can be settled promptly in order to allow for the speedy return of the vessel. If that is possible, the itinerant merchants of the coastal regions have received Your unbounded, beneficent Protection.

Because our vessel is bound for Ge-ia-ba we are sending a letter of exceptional respect and wish You happiness and peace. Furthermore, we have added local products, noted down on a separate list of commodities, to present to You.

Presents: two bolts of top quality white Chinese linen; two chests of top quality Xihe scented tea; two chests of top quality gold foil for gilding; two bolts of top quality black tribute satin.

The Li Kunhe Ocean *Hang* prostrates itself a hundred times.

2

January-February 1804 \fn{Letter of Jiaqing Year 8, Twelfth Month}

Your Majesty, great wise and able ruler of Ge-[la-ba]

Please permit me to state respectfully that Ge-la-ba is a prosperous place, renowned among maritime countries. In the northern islands and southern ports, ships through the navigation routes, merchants flock together like clouds knowing that You move and inspire the people by Your virtuous Conduct.

Your Fame is unique like that of the Great Wall. From afar, like sunflowers eagerly facing the sun, we look up to Your glorious radiance.

Last year [our] vessel, the *Rong Fa*, came to Ge-ia-ba. We entrusted the command of the ship to Huang Jiguan and were the recipients of Your Benevolence and Protection yet again, so that our people returned \fn{To Xiamen} singing and on time. Moreover, I have taken note of Your gracious gifts. I am ashamed of not possessing precious gems to repay you for them. This time I am sending the same ship again and the same people to cross the seas to

your Domain. We cannot guarantee the time of our arrival, but if we return home in time then the merchants, as well as our Ocean Trading Company, will rejoice.

The problem is that we had originally planned to send three ships to Ge-la-ba, but unexpectedly the ships bound for Melaka, Bing-lang,\fn{Penang} and Sulu were all lost at sea, and there are few ships from Xiamen that spent the winter in Luzon.\fn{In the Philippines; Chinese merchants also carried on a rich trade with Spanish possessions} Therefore I am sending only two ships to Ge-la-ba this time.

All the passengers arriving from several thousand miles away had been told that three ships would be sailing for Ge-la-ba. But they did not know that this year only two ships would sail. The passengers that were to be transported on three ships are now to be carried on two ships, and consequently the number of people [on each ship] is too high.

Our company knows that the [Dutch East India] Company regulates the number of migrants. The law is very severe on this point. Strictly speaking we should adhere exactly to the quota. Yet, we should allow for the fact that the passengers who have traveled from afar to Xiamen with slender purses have made a long and difficult journey. If we were not to respond leniently to their requests to be allowed to go aboard, then those from afar would run out of money and find themselves unable to return home.

The dilemma was whether to proceed or turn back. These were extremely distressing circumstances! They\fn{The passengers} earnestly implored us to take pity. We had to accede to their entreaties. In truth they were to be pitied. Our company had no choice but to let them embark. Consequently; there are more than one hundred excess passengers.

Naturally I had to write and explain this matter to You. We hope Your Excellency will grant us a favour and permit them to go ashore. Our company will be so moved by such a decision that it will be engraved on our hearts. It goes without saying.

Moreover, all our compatriots in China will be infinitely grateful. If You graciously deign to give my letter your full consideration, I would be most happy.

How my thoughts reach out to You who are so far way as I write this letter! The worthless items I am presenting to You are noted on a separate list. I hope You will accept them and I look forward to seeing You with eager anticipation.\fn{The immigration of Chinese settlers was a perpetual source of concern to the Dutch colonial authorities in Java, especially after the Chinese uprising of 1740. In order to avoid internecine strife between Chinese from different provinces, immigration was allowed from Xiamen only. According to the *plakaat* (edict) promulgated by Governor-General in Council on 31 March 1761, small junks were allowed to carry a total of 200 crew members and passengers, whereas large junks were allotted a quota of 250 people. As the *plakaat* of 10 July 1800 makes clear, there were administrative problems with the registration of Chinese immigrants. While generally some 1,500 *permissie-briefjes*, or licences to settle, were issued every year, only 185 people had applied for a licence in the first six months of 1800; but during the year, 1,338 newcomers had actually arrived in Batavia. On the other hand, Because the intake of Chinese immigrants was considered to be insufficient to supply labor to the sugar mills in the vicinity of Batavia, the Governor-General in Council decided in 1802 to increase quotas for junks from Xiamen to four hundred people for small junks and six hundred for large ones, with half of the passengers being granted a residence permit valid until further notice; while at the same time, junks from other Chinese ports were forbidden to bring in immigrants. In these circumstances, the decision of Li Kunhe to transport all those who were awaiting passage to Batavia on two junks could not have been a happier one }

3

January 1805\fn{Letter of Jiaqing Year 9, Twelfth Month}

The Li Kunhe Ocean Hang of Xiamen respectfully addresses itself to Your Majesty.

We have the honour to inform You that these humble merchants have with their meagre capital fitted out a ship to sail to Your country to engage in trade. Even with the rivers of ink and mountains of paper, Your Protection and great Benevolence towards us could not be adequately described.

Last winter when our vessel, thee *Rong Fa*, arrived in Ge-ia-ba with excess passengers on board, we were not fined, thanks to Your great Humanity. This adequately demonstrates that Your Generosity is as deep and wide as the ocean. You have treated the merchants from far away with Beneficence. We rest our brush for a while, as there is still so much that might be said.

Our ship returned with the precious presents You have again bestowed on us. As we note them down, we feel even more honoured.

This winter we have again fitted out the *Rong Fa* to sail to Your Territory. The shipmaster, Huang Jiguan has often been the recipient of Your vast Benevolence. The longer he is in receipt of it, the more profoundly he appreciates it. We would be grateful to Your boundless Benevolence in protecting him as before in all respects,

arranging for early clearance of payments to allow his prompt return.

We have a further request:

For several years, Chinese vessels have been few in number. For ports like Machen, \fn{Banjarmasin, on the south cast of Indonesian Borneo} Ruofu, \fn{Johore} and Lungya, \fn{Lingga Archipelago, just to the south of Singapore and east of Sumatra} for example, no ships have been fitted out for a long time. All those Chinese seeking to join their kinfolk and friends there must therefore go via Your Territory; the number of passengers consequently exceeds the normal quota. Out of Your kind Consideration You have magnanimously forgiven this. But this year the East India Company has informed us that, in addition to the two *wen*, three *chao* that have to be paid by each sailor and passenger according to the original regulation, all five hundred passengers who are allowed to enter each year will have to pay an additional fee of two *wen*, two *chao* according to the new regulations. But in the past there has never been a regulation such as this new one!

We beseech Your Majesty to bestow upon us your unchanging Benevolence and to apply Your Policy according to precedent, so that our ship will not incur a loss. If there has been an unexpected excess number of passengers, our ship had no choice, as more than half of the passengers are too poor to earn a living! They stole on board after our departure!

When we hoisted sail, availing ourselves of the tide, and passed [Da] an island, \fn{Near Xiamen} we had no time to check the passengers. Once at sea, on checking the list of names we discovered that there were more people on board. On the open sea there were no boats to take them back. We felt that they were most pitiful. We had to bow to circumstances and transport them.

We hope, moreover, that You will sympathize and show Your Magnanimity by forgiving us and then making an exception so that Your Great Virtue will draw praise not only from us but from all quarters.

On our ship we are respectfully sending You some presents unworthy of You to express our sentiments towards You. We wholeheartedly hope You will accept them and wish You peace and happiness.

Respectfully submitting this letter for Your perusal. \fn{Dutch officials recorded that in February 1804 the *Rong Fa* had indeed brought in 998 passengers, no less than 498 persons above the set quota. Clandestine boarding of Chinese junks after their departure from Xiamen had also been described in the *plakaat* of 31 March 1761 quoted above}

4

January 1808 \fn{Letter of Jiaqing Year 12, Twelfth Month}

The Li Kunhe Ocean *Hang* of Xiamen respectfully addresses a letter to Your Highness, the Vice-Roy of Ge-la-ba.

We are convinced respectfully that Ge-ia-ba is a prosperous country; famous among the maritime countries. Its scenery is extraordinarily beautiful. People from far and near look up to You with respect. Trading ships ply the waters of this hub of sea and land transport. You protect the countries of the southern seas; Your heroic vassals respect Your sovereign laws and regulations. Your Benevolence extends to the Orient. Those from afar are bathed in Your Kindness. We know that like the sun, which sheds its radiance everywhere over the three mountains Your Light leaves no place untouched.

Last year, our humble company fitted out two ships to trade with Your Country. This autumn one returned to Guangdong and the other to Xiamen. Because of the high prices being asked on merchandise, \fn{In Batavia} many business losses were incurred.

This winter we are once again sending the *Shi-san-wan-sheng* to Your Country. The ship's master, Ma Huaguan, has already benefited from Your great Kindness. We merely hope You will continue to favour him and allow him to trade promptly so that he can leave on schedule.

As regards to trade, we also hope that You will order Your subjects to trade fairly at reasonable prices, so that the goods brought home can reap a small profit when they are sold. When the merchants hear about this they will eagerly flock to You. It will be even proof of how great is Your Kindness in accommodating foreigners.

This year the person who issued the licence for Makassar told us that Your Country wants to use copper coinage. We had intended to send this to You, but this commodity is looked upon as a necessity in our country, and the authorities have always forbidden it to be exported. \fn{The export of copper was traditionally forbidden by Chinese law}

It is difficult to defy the law of the land. Our company has employed every possible means to try and purchase some, but if the custom officials were to hear about this, they would make serious efforts to prevent it. It is too difficult to export it; instead, in accordance with Your Order, we shall try to recruit craftsmen [to make copper

coins] and send them to Your country to enter Your service. We shall be grateful if You welcome them when they arrive.

We have received Your opulent Presents. We have recorded them all, one by one. Now, as this ship prepares to depart, we are sorry that we lack suitable gifts to reciprocate Your presents. We have prepared some trifling articles of four kinds. We offer them as a paltry expression of our respect. While writing this letter our thoughts reach out to you. We pray You will peruse this letter carefully and we hope it brings You joy.

2 rolls of tribute satin; 2 bolts of Chinese white linen; 2 chests of gold foil; 2 chests of Xihe scented tea.

269.123 A Letter From A Youthful Courtesan \fn{by Cui Xiuying (before 1803-)} Suzhou, China (F) -1

Your servant Xiuying offers this missive to her master.

I am a frail body facing the wind, scattered branches reflected in the water. Although I broke off the branch at Micheng, my heart remains alone here at Hufu. Year after year I play my flute for the evening moon; but how dare I long for the call of the imperial bird?

Each day I cover my mirror as the autumn insects sing, the better to suppress my earthly passions. I live alone, in isolation, aloof.

I long for a pure life. I abhor lewd behavior. My heart is like tender grass ruined by cold frost and withering dew. When by some good fortune I met you, I snatched at happiness, riding on the clouds and gazing up at the sun.

You scorn the sea of men, you look with contempt on this earthly world. You wrote of encounters with courtesans, but you never chose a favorite. For 30 years you never pledged your love.

On the day we met, I asked myself: Who am I that I should receive your special invitation? How dared I not, from such a lowly position, turn with my full trust to you, as a mallow turns toward the sun?

I vowed to return your kindness. Since that moment twenty days ago when I bowed before you, I have loved you constantly. If I could study with you for three years, I would be as good a poet as the courtesan Bei. ...

Because of this, I have painted you this lowly portrait. My only wish is to gaze forever at your face and never be cast aside. Your heart is strong like bronze and stone. I cling to you as mistletoe clings to a tree.

Pointing to the cave in the moon, I pledge our happiness. Facing the deep blue heavens and the jade ocean, may we rise up among the clouds and join our thoughts. My soul climbs the jade mountain peaks and the cinnabar steps, humbly hoping that you will look with favor on our union. I pray for our earliest fortunate meeting.

Pen in my mouth, I weep. I cannot put all my feelings into words. ...

269.123b To My Son Yongji On His Journey Far Away \fn{by Zhai Jingyi (before 1804-)} China (F) -1

My son, the grandson of a man honored by the emperor as a “pure official,”
Was very studious, but unable to support himself.

At the age of 30, fame still eluding him,
He returned to his old home, empty-handed.

Threats from the outside returned,
Distress within the land continued;
Suddenly he set off to join the army,
He threw on his clothes and rose at night.

The bright stars shone in the sky,
The river flowed to the top of its banks.
The moving clouds will always return,
But my traveling son stops for nothing.

Grasping at his streaming face,
He left his parents' home.
His long journey began here.

269.124 Fragment, Apparently From A Letter Of Another, But Anonymous, Courtesan Of Nanjing \fn{by an otherwise anonymous courtesan (before 1804-)} China (F) -1

... Just at the end of the year 1804, I was out in a craft with a lot of young, strong oarsmen. While the evening sun was still glowing red, they strung together about ten [boats] in a row and started off down the river.

At first they rowed slowly as they churned along, but gradually they picked up speed, and we got going faster and faster, so the boats were cutting through the waves leaving a great wake and the sharp slap of the water sounded *pengpai* against the sides. None of the guests on board could make them stop, and they ignored the people shouting at them from the bank.

Just when our hearts were beating wildly and our eyes were glazed with fear, they all reversed their oars and came to a stop, as if someone had given an order. They all kept looking at each other without saying a word, and they avoided looking at our clothes, which by then were soaked with water.

They call this “fighting the current” or “reining in the river”. People brag about how many times they’ve done it.

If you’ve never done it, you’re really behind the times. People who make a habit of it end up with a heart attack. ...

AN AUTHOR WHOSE CAREER FLOURISHED AROUND 1814

266.166a Early Summer Night\fn{by Tang Qingyun (fl.1814)} China (F) -1

I sit at night outside my room,
thoughts very calm;
the seasonal weather is clear and mild,
it's a late-evening sky.
The breeze through shoots
of young bamboo is supple;
a rising moon beneath new leaves
on the plane tree is round.
I search for a good line of poetry,
pick one out and write it down;
when eyes get tired from reading,
I fall asleep embracing the book.
Suddenly a complete dream, somewhere,
that's like a realm of immortals;
after I wake, the scent of incense
still clings to the hem of my sleeve.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1820 AND 1825

208.196 A Mother's Letter To Taiping Commanders Requesting Their Co-operation With Her Son\fn{by T'an San-mei (before 1820?-)} Kwangsi Province?, China (F) -1

I, T'an San-mei, write in reply to Your Excellencies, my virtuous nephews, the *Hui-t'ien-yü*, Ts'ao, the *Mu-t'ien-yü*, Li, and the military assistant in charge of military affairs, Kao:

As the spring is almost half over and the shade of the sun lingers on, I wish you nephews and your families felicity and peace and all success in your martial careers. I am a woman of low quality, unfamiliar with worldly affairs, but by virtue of my association with the Great Union, I have had the good fortune to receive your precious letter; I have read it, and it amply proves that you virtuous nephews are extremely conscientious.

However, my son Ch'ing-yüan, being young and incompetent, is still unfamiliar with the military tactics of the five colors and eight gates; and having no knowledge of the classics, he is also devoid of the six stratagems and the three plans. Blessed by His Highness, who does not discard men of mediocre talent, my son has undeservingly been entrusted with heavy responsibilities.

Hence, in all matters concerning the management of military weapons he will depend completely upon the co-operation and assistance of you virtuous nephews, so that he may be spared from the humiliation of negligence of duty and inability in office. Should my son commit mistakes, I hope you will kindly excuse him.

269.51 1. Convent Life 2. Untitled: **Two Poems**\fn{by Daoqian (-1820)} Jiahe, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

1

You've been earnestly studying the Way year after year
And now no longer cling to either existence or nonexistence.
But having come home, you should not just sit around
But instead go out and till the fields of merit for others.

2

Eighty years and eight,
No raving, no attachment.
Let's go on back home,
When the water clears, the moon appears.

266.166 1. The Lone Wild Goose 2. The Withered Tree: **Two Poems**\fn{by Zhang Wanyu (before 1821-)} China (F)

-1

1

It resolves not to fly with the flock in formation,
soaring aloft alone and apart in integrity.
In the reed-grown river, its shadow is an illusory mate,
in rushes on the bank, it is used to having no companion.
Through endless night, it shares solitude with the moon,
until with dawn it breaks through clouds, alone.
Calling, calling, its voice is choked with sorrow,
if there is a widow, just don't let her hear.

2

Long has it stood alone by the empty hall;
morning after morning it looks toward the sun.
Who will be able, with his own hands,
to transplant it, making it into
the "fragrance in the back courtyard"?

204.120 Excerpts from **An Ordeal Under The Barbarians**\fn{by Cao Sheng (active 1821-1861)} Shanghai, Jiangshi Province, China (M) 2

When I arrived back at my doorstep, a few foreigners, weapons in hand, had already broken my door open. I thought that since my wife and family were all in the house, I'd rather die in the same place with them, so I stepped up to the foreigners and blocked their way. They took me captive and marched me into the house. All our boxes and suitcases were emptied out, and any money, jewellery and valuable items, however small, were swept up by them. After they had robbed us, they held a sword to my neck, demanding any money we had hidden, shouting:

"Foreign coins, foreign coins!"\fn{While Mexican silver coins were first introduced through trade to China around 1560, the circulation of foreign coins was restricted to the trading ports of Fujian and Guangdong until the first quarter of the 19th century. Thereafter they spread to the interior of China and became the preferred currency because of their higher silver content }

This lasted quite a while, as I tried to explain to them that we were in stricken circumstances, gesticulating to make myself understood. They then let me go.

After that they went on to my nephew's house, and I was the one who opened the door. They looked into several rooms and, finding nothing but books, left. Then they went to my uncle Shaoyuan's house, and I was there

to open the door as well. They ransacked the house in the same way. Then they knocked on the door of my cousin Shayu, and I was again the one who came out to open the door.

The bandits all laughed, pointing at me, and left without entering the house. \fn{ This is among the earliest detailed civilian observations of the British invasion and occupation of Shanghai on September 12, 1842, three days after they had attacked the port city of Wusong }

On that day we were visited by several gangs like them, all behaving in a similar manner. Fortunately, none of them discovered the place where my wife was hiding. Heaven was indeed merciful to us!

When it was almost noon, our neighbour Mr. Wang came over stealthily to tell me that just now he had seen several notices which the foreigners had posted in the vicinity of the village temple. The notices were all very short, and were written in Chinese—no doubt the work of traitors. He also told me in great detail about other things he saw.

In the afternoon our neighbour Mr. Zhang came over to say that the foreigners were issuing British passports at the village temple. Anyone who wanted a passport had to bring in a chicken. If you did not have a chicken, then other foodstuffs might also do the trick. I had heard of similar happenings in Zhejiang province, and thought I would look into the matter the next day.

Towards evening I heard someone knocking at my door. When I opened the door, I saw a black ghost \fn{ Cao's name for the Indian troops with which the British overcame the defenses both Shanghai and of Wusong } standing there, carrying a chicken and a huge bundle. I asked him what he wanted, and he replied in the Zhejiang-Shaoxing dialect that he would like to spend the night in my house. I denied his request, but he had already walked into the house so there was nothing I could do. When he got to the main hall, he saw that our floor was so wet it looked greased. He said repeatedly, "No good! No good!" and packed up and left.

That night, as I was whispering with my wife and children, we heard someone walking on the roof and feared that it might be the foreigners out on a night raid. I hurried out to have a look, and saw two thieves making their way down. I shouted at them and they left. After this, I did not dare to go to sleep. On this day a large number of robbers turned up, for the foreigners had broken down doors and windows, paving the way for this lot.

On the 13th day, fierce knocking at the door came before dawn. I opened the door to find the foreigners standing there. They went through the same ransacking routine, this time also demanding crickets. They went into Shayu's house as well. Just after they had left, Mr Pan, a neighbour of uncle Shaoyuan's who was hiding in his house, spotted the foreigners coming, opened a side gate and escaped over my garden fence. The foreigners who followed his trail broke down my front door, tied me up and threatened to kill me. After a long while, they untied me and searched the house again. But they found nothing, and left.

It so happened that my neighbours Zhang, Yang, Wang, Wang, and Yao all came to talk about this matter of the passport. I told them that I did not have a chicken, and Wang, who had four, kindly offered to give me one. Then it occurred to me that besides my wife, who was hiding in the house, I also had to take care of the two widows and an orphan girl in my neighbour's house. If anything should happen to me, what would become of them?

I told my neighbours of my worry and declined to go with them. They all said,

"If we can get it done on your behalf, we'll definitely do it for you." I thanked them over and over again. ,

After an interval of the time it take to finish a meal, they did come back with the so-called passport and had it posted on my front door. A short while later, my uncle Shaoyuan, my older brother Chongfu and younger brother Wen, together with my nephew Jin all turned up—they took the risk to sneak back from Nanfen in order to get some news. It was like meeting them after I had died.

By then my wife hadn't had any food for three days. Since I had the passport, I figured out a way to get her out of town. I gave her two silver dollars to hire two coolies who would carry food and clothing to Nanfen, where she would hide, while I remained behind to guard the four houses.

*

After the peace negotiation was completed, all the Chinese representatives who had visited their ships were invited to a banquet that was their most sumptuous. After the hosts and their guests had taken their places at the table, four cooked dishes were delivered, consisting of mutton, duck, fish and eggs, all boiled and served without salt or sauces. When these were finished, all manners of fruits and vegetables were brought in. When the fruits and vegetables were finished, roast meat was set on the table, including beef, chicken, ham from the Chinese interior, and goose. These were again served without condiments or sauces. After the meat was finished, there were snacks which looked like our cakes and buns, all colourfully decorated and stuffed with plums and peaches, or delicacies from the sea. Neither rice nor soup was served. Also arrayed on the table were spring onions, ginger, rhubarb and betel-nuts.

The food all had a pungent rank smell and was quite inedible. The wine that was served was the foreigners' distilled wine, its colour as red as blood. A drop or two could knock you over. Though it has a good fragrance, one mustn't drink too much of it. After I had had a cup or so, their interpreter quietly warned me to stop.

I also observed that of the clocks on board, the largest was over twelve feet tall, while the largest of the music boxes was the size of a long table. I was told that when it was turned on, it could play music for a whole day. There were panes of glass over six inches thick, and people could walk on them without causing any damage. Some of their telescopes were as thick as two stone jars.

They went into long explanations. However, from these few items we can already see the foreigners' uncouthness in terms, of etiquette and their wastefulness in terms of technology.

*

Bandits used to break into people's homes and rob them. When this happened, the city folk all left their houses to make way for the bandits, while people in the country sought strength in numbers and fought against them. As a result the bandits had found little success in the villages.

After the invasion, the bandit gangs came up with an idea: they used red chair covers to make coats, black cardboard to make hats, and put on black pants, all in imitation of the dress style of foreigners. To disguise their faces they covered them in thin sheets of bean curd which they then coloured with dark ink. Several of them would form a band and, weapons in hand, break into people's homes at night.

Most of the villagers hadn't seen a foreigner before, and could not tell that these were imposters, so they fled their homes, leaving the bandits free to indulge themselves. Even after the foreign ships had departed, the bandits did not stop this practice. They had become so bold that even with only four or five of them they would go ahead with a robbery. This problem was especially prevalent around the small villages of Zhaobang.

One evening, the bandits broke into the house of a poor family, got hold of a woman and tried to rape her. The woman was quite strong and in the struggle against them happened to scratch their faces, causing the masks to fall off. Taken aback, she took a good look at them. As she recognized them for what they were, she lost all fear, grabbed a staff and fought against them, all the while shouting for help.

When those in her family who had hidden themselves heard her shout "these are fake foreigners", they all emerged to give her assistance. Two of the bandits were caught, while the rest ran away. In the morning, the family examined the captives and found that they were their neighbours living some distance away. The captives were burned to death, and from then on these villages were free from the problem of fake foreigners.

If in the future there should appear cases of a similar nature, we should bear in mind that thin sheets of bean curd can be used as masks. This knowledge is certainly useful in exposing wicked trickery.



A group of Manchu Women at the London Mission, Peking, probably taken in 1901

China 1.170 Excerpt from *Lie Nü Zhuan Jiao Zhu* (Collations And Annotations To "Biographies Of Women")\fn{by Liang Duan (-1825)} Qiantung, Zhejiang Province, China (F) 21

列女傳卷之五魯公孫氏錢塘梁端無非校注

節義傳

魯孝義保

孝義保者魯孝公稱之保母臧氏之寡也事見公羊傳大同小異初孝公父武

公與其二子長子括中子戲朝周宣王宣王立戲為魯太子武公薨

戲立是為懿公孝公時號公子稱最少義保與其子俱入宮養公子

稱括之子伯御與魯人作亂攻殺懿公而自立求公子稱於宮將殺

之義保聞伯御將殺稱乃衣其子以稱之衣臥於稱之處太平御覽

十三歲上伯御殺之義保遂抱稱以出遇稱舅魯大夫於外舅問稱

死乎義保曰不在此舅曰何以得免義保曰以吾子代之義保遂

以逃十一年史記魯世家伯御即位十一年魯大夫皆知稱之在保於是請周天子

殺伯御立稱是為孝公魯人高之論語曰可以託六尺之孤其義保

之謂也

頌曰伯御作亂由魯宮起孝公乳保臧氏之母逃匿孝公易以其子保母若斯亦誠足恃

楚成鄭督

鄭督者鄭女之嬴媵

二字未詳渚宮舊事一鄭子媵者成王夫人鄭姬之媵者楚成王之夫人也

初成王登臺臨後宮宮人皆傾觀

渚宮舊事作仰視

子督直行不顧徐步不

變王曰行者顧子督不顧王曰顧吾以女為夫人子督復不顧王曰

顧吾又與女千金而封若父兄子督遂行不顧

行字舊脫從文選謝玄暉和王主簿怨情

詩注引校增

於是王下臺而問曰夫人重位也封爵厚祿也壹顧可以得

之而遂不顧

而上舊有已得二字涉上誤衍從渚宮舊事校刪

何也子督曰妾聞婦人以端

正和顏為容今者大王在臺上而妾顧則是失儀節也不顧告以夫

人之尊示以封爵之重而後顧則是妾貪貴樂利以忘義理也苟忘

義理何事王王曰善遂立以為夫人處期年王將立公子商臣以

為太子王問之於令尹子上子上曰君之齒未也而又多寵子既置

而黜之必爲亂矣且其人蜂目而豺聲忍人也不可立也王退而問於夫人子釐曰令尹之言信可從也王不聽遂立之其後商臣以子上救蔡之事譖子上而殺之子釐謂其保曰吾聞婦人之事在於饋食之間而已雖然心之所見吾不能藏夫昔者子上言太子之不可立也太子怨之譖而殺之王不明察遂辜無罪是白黑顛倒上下錯謬也王多寵子皆欲得國太子貪忍恐失其所王又不明無以照之庶嫡分爭禍必興焉後王又欲立公子職諸宮舊事此下有子釐進曰夫嫡奸擾滑亂之所生庶嫡分爭禍必興焉後王又欲立公子職諸宮舊事此下有子釐進曰夫嫡奸擾滑亂之所生職古人有言持敵不強必爲所傷王必將易子不如亟先施太子王不聽四十字故下云王不吾應其以太子爲非吾子疑吾譖之者乎又云王聞吾死必寤太子之不可釋也蓋傳有脫文職商臣庶弟也子釐退而與其保言曰吾聞信不見疑今者王必將以職易太子吾懼禍亂之作也而言之於王王不吾應其以太子爲非吾子疑吾譖之者乎夫見疑而生衆人孰知其不然與其無義而生不如死以明之且王聞吾死必寤太子之不可釋也遂自殺保母以其言通於王是時太子知王之欲廢之

也遂興師作亂圍王宮王請食熊蹯而死不可得也遂自經君子曰非至仁孰能以身誠詩曰舍命不渝此之謂也

頌曰子晷先識執節有常興於不顧卒配成王知商臣亂言之甚強自嫌非子以殺身盟仁和陳氏善曰盟與明古通用

晉圍懷嬴

懷嬴者秦穆之女一本穆下有公字晉惠公太子之妃也太子下脫圍字圍質於秦

穆公以嬴妻之六年圍將逃歸謂嬴氏曰吾去國數年子父之接忘

而秦晉之友王安人曰當是交字之誤不加親也夫烏飛反鄉狐死首邱我其首

晉而死子其與我行乎嬴氏對曰子晉太子也辱於秦子之欲去不

亦宜乎雖然寡君使婢子侍執巾櫛以固子也今吾不足以結子是

吾不肖也從子而歸是棄君也言子之謀是負妻之義也三者無一

可行雖吾不從子也子行矣吾不敢泄言亦不敢從也子圍遂逃歸

君子謂懷嬴善處夫婦之間

頌曰晉圍質秦配以懷羸圍將與逃羸不肯聽亦不泄言操心甚平不告所從無所阿傾

楚昭越姬

楚昭越姬者越王句踐之女楚昭王之姬也昭王讌遊蔡姬在左越

姬參右

太平御覽人事部一百九載文類聚人部十二右作乘

王親乘駟以馳逐遂登附社之

臺

御覽社作莊

以望雲夢之囿觀士大夫逐者既驩乃顧謂二姬

曰樂乎蔡姬對曰樂王曰吾願與子生若此死又若此蔡姬曰昔弊

邑寡君固以其黎民之役事君王之馬足故以婢子之身為苞苴玩

好今乃比於妃嬪固願生俱樂死同時

諸宮舊事二下有豈敢有貳哉五字

王顧謂史

書之蔡姬許從孤死矣乃復謂越姬越姬對曰樂則樂矣然而不可

久也王曰吾願與子生若此死若此其不可得乎越姬對曰昔吾先

君莊王淫樂三年不聽政事終而能改卒霸天下妾以君王為能法

吾先君將改斯樂而勤於政也今則不然而要婢子以死其可得乎

且君王以東帛乘馬取婢子於弊邑寡君受之太廟也不約死妾聞之諸姑婦人以死彰君之善益君之寵不聞其以苟從其闇死為榮

妾不敢聞命於是王寤敬越姬之言而猶親嬖蔡姬也居二十五年

王救陳二姬從王病在軍中有赤雲夾日如飛為渚宮舊事同後漢書皇后紀上注引

及左傳說苑君道篇並作鳥王問周史說苑作太史州黎史曰是害王身然可以移於將

相將相聞之將請以身禱於神王曰將相之於孤猶股肱也今移禍

焉庸為去是身乎不聽渚宮舊事下有蔡姬曰人實欲之何為不使十一字越姬曰大哉君王

之德以是妾願從王矣昔日之遊淫樂也是以不敢許及君王復於

禮國人皆將為君王死而況於妾乎請願先驅狐狸於地下王曰昔

之遊樂吾戲耳若將必死是彰孤之不德也越姬曰昔日妾雖口不

言心既許之矣妾聞信者不負其心義者不虛設其事妾死王之義

不死王之好也渚宮舊事好下有內字遂自殺餘杭嚴氏杰曰左傳白公勝之亂劫惠王如高府圍公陽穴宮

負王以如昭夫人之宮社注云夫人王母越女據此不得云死於昭王之前矣王病甚讓位於三弟三弟不

聽王薨於軍中蔡姬竟不能死王弟子閻與子西子期謀曰母信者其子必仁乃伏師閉壁左傳史記作塗集解徐廣曰一作壁迎越姬之子熊章立是爲惠王然後罷兵歸葬昭王君子謂越姬信能死義詩曰德音莫違及爾同死越姬之謂也

頌曰楚昭遊樂要姬從死蔡姬許王越姬執禮終獨死節羣臣嘉美維斯兩姬其德不比

蓋將之妻

蓋之偏將邱子之妻也戎伐蓋殺其君竹書紀年周幽王六年西戎滅蓋令於蓋羣

臣曰敢有自殺者妻子盡誅邱子自殺人救之不得死既歸其妻謂之曰吾聞將節勇而不果生故士民盡力而不畏死是以戰勝攻取故能存國安君夫戰而忘勇非孝也君亡不死非忠也今軍敗君死子獨何生忠孝忘於身亡忘古字通何忍以歸邱子曰蓋小戎大吾力畢能盡君不幸而死吾固自殺也以救故不得死其妻曰曩日有救今

又何也邱子曰吾非愛身也戎令曰自殺者誅及妻子是以不死死
又何益於君其妻曰吾聞之主憂臣辱主辱臣死今君死而子不死
可謂義乎多殺士民不能存國而自活可謂仁乎憂妻子而忘仁義
背故君而事強暴可謂忠乎人無忠臣之道仁義之行可謂賢乎周
書曰先君而後臣先父母而後兄弟先兄弟而後交友先交友而後
妻子妻子私愛也事君公義也今子以妻子之故失人臣之節無事
君之禮棄忠臣之公道營妻子之私愛偷生苟活妾等恥之況於子
乎吾不能與子蒙恥而生焉遂自殺

孫氏志祖曰此
下疑有脫文

戎君賢之祠以

太牢而以將禮葬之賜其第金百鎰以為卿而使別治蓋君子謂蓋
將之妻潔而好義詩曰淑人君子其德不回此之謂也

頌曰蓋將之妻據節銳精戎既滅蓋邱子獨生妻恥不死陳設五榮

大父曰忠孝仁義
賢五者榮名也 為夫先死卒遺顯名

魯義姑姊

魯義姑姊者

據傳言兄之子姊當作妹武梁祠畫像亦作姊

魯野之婦人也齊攻魯至郊望

見一婦人抱一兒攜一兒而行軍且及之棄其所抱抱其所攜而走於山兒隨而啼婦人遂行不顧齊將問兒曰走者爾母耶曰是也母所抱者誰也曰不知也齊將乃追之軍士引弓將射之曰止不止吾將射爾婦人乃還齊將問所抱者誰也所棄者誰也對曰所抱者妾兄之子也所棄者妾之子也見軍之至力不能兩護故棄妾之子齊將曰子之於母其親愛也痛甚於心今釋之而反抱兄之子何也婦人曰己之子私愛也兄之子公義也夫背公義而嚮私愛亡兄子而存妾子幸而得幸溫公家範作免則魯君不吾畜大夫不吾養庶民國人不吾與也夫如是則脅肩無所容而累足無所履也子雖痛乎獨謂義何故忍棄子而行義不能無義而視魯國於是齊將按兵而止使人言於齊君曰魯未可伐也乃至於境山澤之婦人耳猶知持節行義不以私害公而況於朝臣士大夫乎請還齊君許之魯君聞之賜婦

人東帛百端號曰義姑姊公正誠信以他傳例之公正上當有君子

耳果於行義夫義其大哉雖在匹婦國猶賴之況以禮義治國乎

詩云有覺德行四國順之此之謂也

頌曰齊君攻魯義姑有節見軍走山棄子抱姪齊將問之賢其推理

一婦為義齊兵遂止

代趙夫人

代趙夫人者趙簡子之女襄子之姊代王之夫人也簡子既葬襄子

未除服地登夏屋地字誤史記趙世家作北集誘代王使廚人持斗

史記作銅料正義曰其以食代王及從者行斟陰令宰人各宰人名

形方有柄取斟水器以一斗擊殺代王及從者一字衍無因舉兵平代地而迎其姊趙

夫人夫人曰吾受先君之命事代之王一本無今十有餘年矣代無

大故而主君殘之周禮大司馬注殘殺也今代已亡吾將奚歸且吾

聞之婦人之義無二夫之舊誤執從太平御覽人事部十二校改吾豈有二夫哉欲迎我

何之以弟慢夫非義也

太平御覽引注云謂慢棄不為立節

以夫怨弟非仁也

史記正義同水

經澤水注引魏土地記所載義仁二字互易

吾不敢怨然亦不歸遂泣而呼天自殺於靡

笄之地

史記靡笄自殺代人憐之所死地名之為靡笄之山

代人皆懷之君子謂趙夫人善處

夫婦之間詩云不僭不賊鮮不為則此之謂也

頌曰惟趙襄子代夫人弟襲滅代王迎取其姊姊引義理稱引節禮

作引一本

不歸不怨遂留野死

齊義繼母

齊義繼母者齊二子之母也當宣王時有人鬪死於道者吏訊之被

一創二子兄弟立其傍吏問之兄曰我殺之弟曰非兄也乃我殺之

期年吏不能決言之於相相不能決言之於王王曰今皆赦之是縱

有罪也皆殺之是誅無辜也寡人度其母能知子善惡試問其母聽

其所欲殺活相召其母問之曰母之子殺人兄弟欲相代死吏不能

決言之於王王有仁惠故問母何所欲殺活其母泣而對曰殺其少

者相受其言因而問之曰夫少子者人之所愛也今欲殺之何也其
母對曰少者妾之子也長者前妻之子也其父疾且死之時屬之於
妾曰善養視之妾曰諾今既受人之託許人以諾豈可以忘人之託
而不信其諾邪且殺兄活弟是以私愛廢公義也背言忘信是欺死
者也夫言不約束已諾不分温公家範作失言何以居於世哉子雖
痛乎獨謂行何行義文類聚人部六十三作錢泣下沾襟相入言於王王
美其義高其行皆赦不殺而尊其母號曰義母君子謂義母信而好
義絜而有讓詩曰愷悌君子四方爲則此之謂也

頌曰義繼信誠公正知禮親假有罪相讓不已吏不能決王以問母
據信行義卒免二子不知誰不爲此之謂也

魯秋潔婦

潔婦者魯秋胡子妻也既納之五日文選秋胡詩注載文類聚人部
字上去而宦於陳宣舊誤官從文選注載文類聚太五年乃歸
字三胡字三

未至家見路旁婦人採桑秋胡子悅之下車謂曰若曝採桑吾行道

遠願託桑蔭下滄下齋休焉婦人採桑不輟秋胡子謂曰力田不如

逢豐年御覽兩引皆無豐字力桑不如見國卿太平御覽兩引皆

郎作吾有金願以與夫人婦人曰嘻夫採桑力作紡績織絰以供衣食

奉二親養夫子引下皆有而已矣三字吾不願金太平御覽兩引

之上皆有人所願卿無有外意妾亦無淫泆之志太平御覽兩引

家三字收子之齋與笥金有子去矣三字秋胡子遂去至家至上有

字歸奉金遺母使人喚婦至有母使人呼其婦至乃嚮採桑者也

秋胡子慚部文選注秋胡子見之而慚婦曰子束髮脩身二字舊脫從文

宗親部辭親往仕五年乃還當所悅馳驟揚塵疾至之誤文選注

當見親戚疑本有思見親戚一句今脫古者謂父母為親戚今也乃悅路傍婦

人下子之裝舊誤權從文選注以金子之是忘母也忘母不孝好

色淫泆是污行也污行不義夫事親不孝則事君不忠處家不義則

列女傳卷五 七 中華書局聚

治官不理孝義並亡

太平御覽宗親部下有於身二字

必不遂矣妾不忍見

太平御覽兩引

下皆有不孝不義之人六字

子改娶矣妾亦不嫁遂去而東走投河而死

西京雜記赴沂

水而死

君子曰潔婦精於善夫不孝莫大於不愛其親而愛其人

孝經作他

秋胡子有之矣君子曰見善如不及見不善如探湯秋胡子婦之

謂也詩云惟是褊心惟毛詩是以爲刺此之謂也

頌曰秋胡西仕五年乃歸遇妻不識心有淫思妻執無二歸而相知

恥夫無義遂東赴河

段校曰河與知合韻支歌最近也案楚辭遠游歌與蛇韻漁父波與爾韻皆其證

周主忠妾

周主忠妾者周大夫妻之媵妾也大夫號主父自衛仕於周二年且

歸其妻淫於鄰人恐主父覺其淫者憂之妻曰無憂也吾爲毒酒封

以待之矣三日主父至其妻曰吾爲子勞封酒相待使媵婢取酒而

進之媵婢心知其毒酒也計念進之則殺主父不義言之又殺主母

不忠猶與

禮記曲禮定猶與釋文本亦作豫

因陽僵覆酒主父怒而笞之

父舊誤大從初學記

人部下載文類聚人部十九太平御覽人事部一百四十一校改既已妻恐媵婢言之因以他過答

欲殺之媵知將死終不言主父弟聞其事具以告主父主父驚乃免

媵婢而答殺其妻使人陰問媵婢曰汝知其事何以不言而反幾死

乎媵婢曰殺主以自生國語韋昭注曰大夫之妻稱主又有辱主之名吾死則死耳

豈言之哉主父高其義貴其意將納以為妻媵婢辭曰主辱而死而

妾獨生是無禮也代主之處是逆禮也無禮逆禮有一猶愈今盡有

之難以生矣欲自殺主聞之乃厚幣而嫁之太平御覽主下有四字父字無聞之二字

爭娶之君子謂忠妾為仁厚夫各無細而不聞行無隱而不彰詩云

無言不譁毛詩作讙無德不報此之謂也

頌曰周主忠妾慈惠有序主妻淫僻藥酒毒主使妾奉進僵以除賊

忠全其主終蒙其福古音方墨反

魏節乳母

魏節乳母者魏公子之乳母秦攻魏破之殺魏王瑕史記魏世家作假誅諸

列女傳卷五 八中華書局聚

阿者禮記內則作可者鄭注可者傳御之屬案齊孝孟姬傳楚平伯

阿假借字必求其寬仁慈惠温良恭敬校仁善誤然從別本慎而寡言

者使爲子師次爲慈母次爲保母皆居子室以養全之他人無事不

得往夫慈故能愛乳狗搏虎伏雞搏狸恩出於中心也詩云行有死

人尙或瑾之此之謂也

頌曰秦既滅魏購其子孫公子乳母與俱遁逃失韻疑當守節執事

不爲利違遂死不顧名號顯遺

梁節姑姊

梁節姑姊者左傳襄十二年正義二十一年釋文引並作節姑姊

之婦人也因失火蘇文類聚火部太平御覽人部六十兄子與己

子己上舊衍其事字從太平御覽校在內中古謂室爲內中欲取兄子

輒得其子獨不得兄子火感不得復入婦人將自趣火引並作赴火

其友止之太平御覽人部曰子本欲取兄之子惶恐卒誤得爾子卒與

列女傳卷五 九中華書局聚

中心謂何太平御覽宗親部三作何至自赴火婦人曰梁國豈可戶

告人曉也被不義之名何面目以見兄弟國人哉吾欲復投吾子為

失母之恩吾勢不可以生遂赴火而死君子謂節姑姊潔而不汚詩

曰彼其之子舍命不渝此之謂也

頌曰梁節姑姊據義執理子姪同內陳氏與曰左傳曰姪其從姑說文姪兄之女也火大發

起欲出其姪輒得厥子火威自投明不私己

珠崖二義

二義者珠崖令之後妻漢書武帝紀元鼎六年定越地為珠崖等郡元帝紀初元三年詔罷珠崖此事當在此六

十六年中及前妻之女也女名初年十三珠崖多珠繼母連大珠以為繫

臂及令死當送喪法內珠入於關者死繼母棄其繫臂珠其子男年

九歲好而取之置之母鏡奩中玉篇竹部引作箴皆莫之知遂奉喪歸至海

關關候士吏搜索得珠十枚於繼母鏡奩中吏曰嘻此值法無可柰

何誰當坐者初在左右顧心恐母去置鏡奩中去舊誤云從温公家範引校改案去與弄

同魏志華陀傳裴松之注云古語以藏爲去蓋去之爲藏猶廢之爲置也乃曰初當坐之吏曰其狀何如

對曰君不幸夫人解繫臂棄之初心惜之取而置夫人鏡奩中夫人

不知也繼母聞之遽疾行問初初曰夫人所棄珠初復取之置夫人

奩中初當坐之母意亦以初爲實然憐之乃因謂吏曰願且待幸無

劾兒兒誠不知也此珠妾之繫臂也君不幸妾解去之而置奩中迫

奉喪道遠與弱小俱忽然忘之妾當坐之初固曰實初取之繼母又

曰兒但讓耳實妾取之因涕泣不能自禁女亦曰夫人哀初之孤欲

強活初耳舊誤身從太平御覽珍寶部二校改夫人實不知也又因哭泣泣下交頸送

葬者盡哭哀動傍人動善誤勸從太平御覽人事部五十六校改莫不爲酸鼻揮涕關吏

執筆書劾不能就一字關候垂泣終日不能忍決太平御覽溫公家範引無忍字乃

曰母子有義如此吾寧坐之不忍加文且又相讓安知孰是遂棄珠

而遣之既去後乃知男獨取之也君子謂二義慈孝論語曰父爲子

隱子爲父隱直在其中矣若繼母與假女推讓爭死哀感傍人可謂

直耳

珍做宋版印

頌曰珠崖夫人甚有母恩假繼相讓維女亦賢納珠於關各自伏愆
二義如此爲世所傳

郟陽友娣

友娣者郟陽邑任延壽之妻也字季兒有二子季兒兄季宗與延壽
爭葬父事延壽與其友田建陰殺季宗建獨坐死延壽會赦乃以告
季兒季兒曰嘻獨今乃語我乎遂振衣欲去問曰所與共殺吾兄者
爲誰延壽曰田建田建已死獨我當坐之汝殺我而已季兒曰殺夫
不義事兄之讎亦不義延壽曰吾不敢留汝願以車馬及家中財物
盡以送汝聽汝所之季兒曰吾當安之兄死而讎不報與子同枕席
而使殺吾兄內不能和夫家又縱兄之仇何面目以生而戴天履地
乎延壽慚而去不敢見季兒季兒乃告其大女曰汝父殺吾兄義不
可以留又終不復嫁矣吾去汝而死善視汝兩弟遂以縊自經而死

馮翊王讓聞之

温公家範馮翊上有左字

大其義令縣復其三子而表其墓君子

謂友娣善復兄仇詩曰不僭不賊鮮不爲則季兒可以爲則矣

頌曰季兒樹義夫殺其兄欲復兄讎義不可行不留不去遂以自歿

馮翊表墓嘉其義明

京師節女

京師節女者長安大昌里人之妻也

三輔黃圖太平御覽人

其夫有

仇人

文類聚人部十七太平御覽人作仇家二字屬下爲句

欲報其夫而無道徑聞其妻之仁

孝有義乃劫其妻之父使要其女爲中譎

按譎乃詞之誤史記淮南王安傳爲中譎長安集解

徐廣曰詞伺候探察之名音空政反

父呼其女告之

而字下計字在女

上以而告

女計念不聽之則殺父

太平御覽重殺父

不孝聽之則殺

夫不義不孝不義雖生不可以行於世欲以身當之乃且許諾

作曰

曰旦日

文類聚夜

在樓上新沐

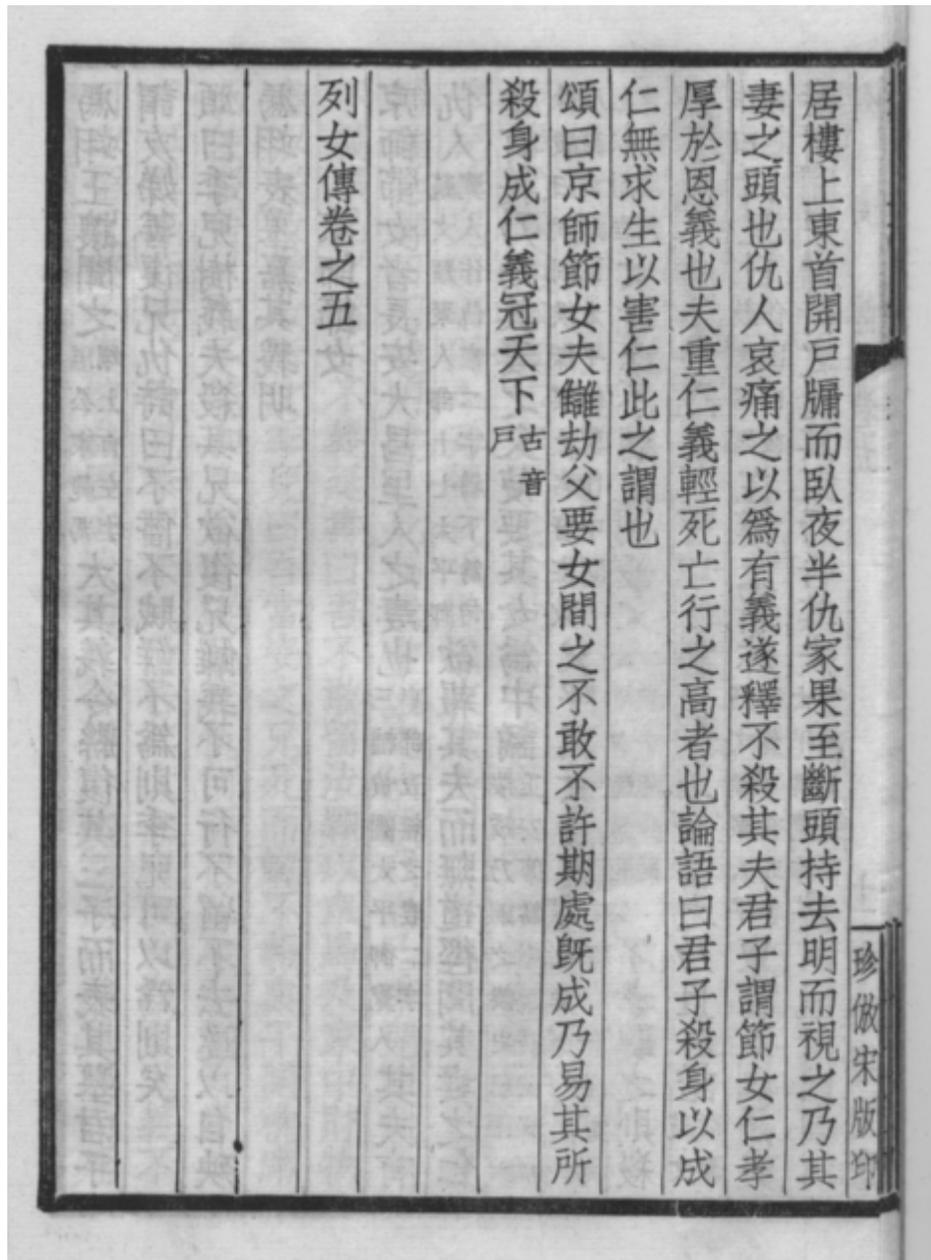
御覽下有頭字

東首臥則是矣

妾請開戶牖待之還其家乃告其夫

太平御覽作

使臥他所因自沐



AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH THE SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE OF 1830

208.117 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Chiang Ta-ch'eng (before 1830?-)} China (M)

1

The extermination of the violent and the salvation of the people depend exclusively upon the will of Heaven. In establishing the capital and founding the state, we all admire the majesty and awesomeness of God. Embodying the Heavenly Father's power, the true Sovereign emerged and the demons were exterminated; with the blessing and support of the Heavenly Elder Brother, the capital city was established and all evils eliminated. The empire is now brought under one supreme rule, the foundation of the Court has been laid, and the ten thousand states are earnest in their desire to come to pay homage. Under heaven all is created by God, the city has been firmly consolidated, and the masses shall forget their toil and labor.\fn{A couplet in the Chinese original} Upon the ascent to

the throne, the people's thoughts will all turn to the good, and with the state firmly established, the masses will all proclaim their allegiance. Within the four seas, all are brothers; hence those who live in the heavenly city must be industrious in performing heavenly duties. By erecting the national capital in the center of the empire, those who uphold Heaven's command will exert further efforts to glorify Heaven's work. Toil and work to build the Heavenly Capital in Chin-ling! As the city walls and moats are made firm, men's hearts will then be purified. How beautiful and how perfect! By erecting the Heavenly Capital in the Chung Mountains and completing the institutions, the national destiny will be long. Thus the Heavenly Kingdom's reputation will be spread afar and magnificent will be its splendor for millions of years. The awe-inspiring-dignity of Heaven being so near, none of the ten thousand states will fail to come to pay homage.

2

It has been a long time since the Tartar barbarians began to cause harm by deluding the living people and deluging this world. Now, owing to our Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother's assumption of control, our T'ien Wang has been commanded to save the people and to administer affairs in behalf of Heaven. It would be difficult to attribute this to human effort; how could it not be the will of Heaven? The Tartar demons, unable to understand, still call their region the correctly-attached province. They do not know that they are incorrect and criminal. Permit me to enumerate the worst of their crimes: failure, to worship God, the Great God, is their first crime; continued worship of evil idols is their second crime; continued practice of vicious things is their third crime. Aside from these, there are many other crimes which cannot be enumerated. Alas! This drives the people to perversion and causes all the people under heaven to turn into demons without their being conscious of it. This is indeed criminal; how can it be regarded as correct? Hence, in order to prevent the evil from being evil and the demons from being demons, it is imperative to denounce Chihli as the Tsui-li province, so as to comply with Heaven's will and be in harmony with Heaven's heart. The people are thus blessed, and from all lands and seas all shall come to share in the enjoyment of the blessings of God for myriads of years.

3

Heaven has given birth to the true Sovereign and has commanded him to be the monarch. The Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother protect him with immense grace. When the imperial proclamations are specially issued, men of the myriads of surnames will not forget, so brilliant is the golden seal which is used on proclamations sent to the ten thousand states. With utmost justice and utmost righteousness, happiness is provided in heaven. By various means proclamations are issued to admonish, warn, and encourage. Think deeply and read carefully in order to face the Heavenly Lord above; purify relentlessly and develop the spirit of self-denial; when the goals are achieved, peace shall be everlasting. In seeking the minutest meaning, never cease to ponder and elaborate. Heaven's power is manifest and all shall receive the glory. When the golden seal is affixed, the people shall become pure and good of themselves. The seal is cast, its brilliance is shining; with red coloring added, its appearance is golden and jade-like. Publicized throughout the world, Heaven's mercy is all the more conspicuous. The demons' roads are all blocked and all will return to the domain of God. Let all living beings and common people think this over: pursue what is good with true hearts and there will be great happiness and great prosperity.

208.125 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: Three Treatise\fn{by Chou Chi-ts'ang (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

Chin-ling is a place famous as the metropolis of the five directions, and a place blessed as the capital of the Heavenly State. Our Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother came down to earth to assume command, and ordered our T'ien Wang to establish his capital at Chin-ling. Subsequently, those near were at peace and those from afar came, with their offerings and came to seek acknowledgment. The myriad states under the blessed rule enjoy tranquillity. At the time when the various *wangs* entered the city, the people all looked up to them; presently banners and flags were seen in the fore and there was the sound of the bells, regular and near.\fn{there was the sound ... near is quoted from the Book of Odes} Following came several tens of carriages and several hundreds of followers.\fn

{The key words in this sentence are borrowed from Mencius} It was indeed magnificent and awe-inspiring without end. What made this possible? It is because our T'ien Wang embodies Heaven in practicing the Way and faithfully follows Heaven's will. He regards the people of the world as one family and the Chinese people as one person. Therefore he develops his great plan. Readying the spears, reviewing the shields, and sharpening the swords, he raises his humane and righteous army to attack the violent and save the people. Based on the principle of purifying the world by purifying one's self, he corrects himself in order to correct others, and as Chin-ling is permeated with the royal atmosphere, so the capital is founded there. As a result, the social order is affirmed and the one supreme power glorified. With one man occupying the throne above, the ten thousand people all come to follow below. From west to east, from south to north, no one is insubordinate, and seeing the Heavenly Capital magnificent and beautiful, august and glorious, all support and cherish our Heavenly Court's boundless mercy and blessings. Oh, how magnificent!

2

The Tartar barbarians have offended Heaven for a long time. They have led the people in turning into demons and revolting against Heaven. Placing the feet up and the heads down, they have reversed the positions of the high and the low. A pack of dogs and foxes, they have defiled morality and custom, and their greedy officials and filthy runners have deprived the people of their fat and flesh. Their crimes can hardly be counted on the fingers, so excessive is the calamity that the demons have brought about. However, that extreme adversity should bring good fortune is a common rule of the Way of Heaven; that extreme disorder should be followed by peace is also a common expression of human feelings. Moreover, the last dynasty has continued for over two hundred years; with the ending of the three-and-seven fate\fn{A prophet predicted that "at the time of three by seven" (three times seven decades, or 210 years) the Han dynasty would crumble, and his prediction proved correct. It was also 210 years from the beginning of the Manchu dynasty to the Hsien-feng reign} of the demons, there emerged the true Sovereign of five and nine.\fn{The numerals traditionally refer to a great ruler} However, the demons cannot be totally exterminated without denouncing their den, while their transgressions cannot be properly punished without charging them with crimes. The superior man says: In this there is the Way, and it is advisable to denounce them. Hence the demons' den has been denounced as the criminals' province, thereby to wipe out the demon remnants. By denouncing the demons' den as the criminals' province, China has been freed and purified. With combined hearts and concerted efforts, all are supporting the Heavenly Court in seeking revenge for God above against those who deceive Heaven and also in liberating the people below from their utmost misery. This is the good fortune of the people and is bestowed by the power of the Heavenly Father. All those who have courage and conscience should uphold Heaven and exterminate the demons so as to share the happiness of tranquillity.

3

The true Sovereign, in compliance with Heaven's command, has come out to rule and has issued orders and given commands. To exact obedience from all people in the world, he has placed the utmost emphasis on the imperial proclamations. In distributing the imperial proclamations among the ten thousand states so that every individual and every household shall know and understand them and so that the demons' schemes shall not work, it is then especially important to affix the imperial seal to manifest virtue and establish honor. These imperial proclamations must be affixed with the seal in order to manifest the supremacy of God and also to block the demons' road. Now our T'ien Wang has unified the mountains and rivers; by affixing the imperial proclamations with the golden seal and distributing them throughout the world, he is upholding our Heavenly Father's power and grace so as to attract the attention of the people and alert their minds. Therefore all his proclamations are proclamations ordering purification and cultivation, and all his books are books expressing compassion and protectiveness. If all men can obey them without neglect and can change their faces and cleanse their hearts, they shall never fall into the wily traps of the demons. Thus we know that the great institution of affixing the golden seal is a matter of great consequence. How great it is!

208.129 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Chung Hsiang-wen (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

While metropolises and great cities are all places of fame, the establishment of supremacy for a peaceful reign requires the selection of a place to erect the capital. Chin-ling's position as a famous place on earth has long been known. Now, by the blessing of the Heavenly Father and Great God, our Sovereign has been sent into the world to save the masses and bring peace to the people, to wipe out the demons and eliminate the harmful. Our advance from Kwangsi to Chin-ling was like the roaring waves and our power like the splitting of bamboo. Considering the ease with which Chin-ling was reached and the speed with which Chin-ling was captured, was it not the will of our Heavenly Father and our Heavenly Elder Brother that enabled our Sovereign to establish the Heavenly Capital in Chin-ling? In building its city walls and renewing its customs, we will soon see the various ministers offer their support in admiration of the majesty of the Heavenly Kingdom, and the people from all countries come to pay homage and together enjoy the happiness of Heaven.

China being a great nation, it became necessary that someone possessing correctness and dignity should be constituted the lord of all the people. All those, however, who worship corrupt spirits and engage in corrupt practices must be considered the greatest criminals under heaven; so that the bright sky and the renovating sun would certainly not injure them. Now the demons' den is fixed in the northern region where they do not know how to worship the Great God or to cultivate correct habits, so that their crimes are increased beyond computation; even the most stupid person would be fully aware of this fact. If, then, the region where such dwell should be denominated the correctly-attached region, it might be asked what correctness there is about criminals? Also if such a place were denominated correctly, there would be no method of displaying its criminality. Henceforth, since the appellation of correctly-attached region has been changed to criminals' region, perhaps the inhabitants of all lands will perceive that those who do not worship God are criminals and those who are fond of worshipping corrupt spirits are also criminals, while all those who perform, corrupt actions are also criminals.

The living people of the world have failed to worship the Heavenly Father, the Supreme Lord and Great God, for a long time. They worship evil spirits, do evil things, read evil books, and indeed deserve extermination as much as compassion. Now our Heavenly Father has graciously sent down to earth the true Sovereign, who has consolidated the empire and pacified the people, and so all the men throughout the world have turned their hearts and all have repented their sins. This has been due to the Heavenly Father's great power. Is it not especially clear and definite that the imperial proclamations have awakened the stupid and foolish and have saved the whole universe? Blessed by the grace of Heaven, the golden seal has been cast. It is indeed proper that the proclamations should be affixed with the seal and distributed throughout the world, so as to enable the small ones to know the laws of Heaven. With the [government] institutions constantly in force, the various officials will all be grateful to Heaven's mercy and be more resolute in expressing their loyalty.

208.130 A Reply To Harvey And Others Promising Protection And Trade by Fan Ju-tseng (before 1830?-)
China (M) 1

Fan, Commander-in-chief of the Forces, charged with the reduction of the disobedient, and a member of the Royal bodyguard in the capital of the Heavenly Dynasty, &c., in official reply to F. Harvey, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul; W. Breck, Esq., United States Consul; Lieutenant H. Huxham, R.N. Royal Navy; Captain L. Obry, His Imperial Majesty's Navy, requesting them to set their minds at rest.

The Almighty God, the Supreme Lord, the Heavenly Father, and Jesus the Heavenly Elder Brother, sent our true and holy Lord, the Heavenly King, down into the world, and ordained him to be Ruler over the Central Kingdom. To destroy the imps, to deliver the people, and to rescue the Central Empire: these are the chief objects of his desires.

The special task of chastising those without the palace doors, with a view to the establishment of the Dynasty, has now been conferred upon me by Royal Commission. My mission is simply to show compassion to the people, and to punish the crimes of their rulers.

The troops of my great army have now entered the department of Ningpo, and I fully purpose capturing the departmental city, and making it revert to the King to serve as a basis from which we may give peace to and console the four estates of the nation.\fn{By which are meant scholars, husbandmen, mechanics, and traders }

I have this day received your letter, and informed myself completely of its contents; all the requisitions therein contained I promise to comply with. I will, therefore, order my troops to frame their conduct after the Divine pattern, and to abstain from tumult and acts of aggression.

Wherefore I beg of you to set your minds at rest. Good faith, as a principle of action, being a most important *desideratum*, no retractation must be made in respect of the number of days conceded prior to our advance on the city.

With reference to the persons and property of your respective countrymen I will issue the strictest orders, forbidding either the one or the other to be injured in the very least degree. Trade shall be allowed to continue as usual, with the additional advantage of being conducted on a fairer footing. On no account will acts of violence or robbery be permitted.

One word from the superior man is sufficient to settle any affair; he is true, he is sincere, and hence no mistake or misunderstanding can arise.

Whilst forwarding this in reply, I beg to express my wishes for your happiness.

22nd day of the 10th month of the 11th *hsin-yu* year of the Heavenly Kingdom of Universal Peace\fn{ December 2, 1861 }

208.132 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{ by Hsü Yü-shu (before 1830?-) } China (M) 1

1

I have heard that a king in establishing a capital must first examine the topography of the land. At a location which is not situated in the center of the state a capital cannot be established; at a location that is not high and dominant a capital cannot be established; and likewise at a location lacking wealth and resources a capital certainly cannot be established. As for Chin-ling,\fn{ Another name for Nanking } it is a metropolis possessing the beauty of the southeast and it is a scenic region. Because its topography is so mountainous, the native people are all the more kindly. Within its reaches are many hills, and without are rivers and streams. This is indeed a place created by the Heavenly Father, God, for our T'ien Wang to establish the capital. Now a ten thousand years' task has been accomplished, and ten thousand states come to pay homage. It was only natural to take Chin-ling as the Heavenly Capital and establish the kingly city in the Chung Mountains. Presently we shall see glorious prosperity with all admiring the majesty of the Heavenly Court; coming to seek acknowledgment and coming with their offerings,\fn{ Both the phrases "glorious prosperity" and "coming to seek acknowledgement and coming with their offerings" are from the Book of Odes } all will witness the august dignity of the Heavenly State. Have we not already witnessed the peace and unity which will last eternally, generation after generation?

2

God is the common father of all men under heaven. All men are given birth and raised by him. If one does not recognize the Heavenly Father who gives us life and nourishment but instead worships evil idols and does evil things, then in spite of his being a man born and raised by Heaven, he is a demon and a criminal. How much more so are those who came originally from the land of the Tartars? For those who came from the land of the Tartars to seize China and make Chihli their den, the evidences of their transformation into demons and the proofs of their sinfulness could not even be numbered by counting hairs. What constitutes their most nefarious and conspicuous crimes is their failure to worship God and their disregard for the Heavenly Commandments; this cannot be tolerated by the ways of Heaven nor excused by the law of Heaven. Now, to denounce the demons' den as Tsui-li\fn{ Referring to Chihli, the word means "criminal" } is to enable men to support unanimously the true Sovereign in reverently carrying out Heaven's punishment. In manifesting the majesty of Heaven, we are indeed unashamed of being the sons and daughters of God.

3

In the rise of a true Sovereign, there must be books which teach the world and there must be a treasure for successive inheritance. Whatever the true Sovereign does is what Heaven does. His imperial proclamations are Heaven's books, and only the Heavenly Father can produce books. His state seal is Heaven's seal, and only the Heavenly Father can cast a seal. Hence, when imperial proclamations are issued to the empire, the state seal should be affixed to the proclamations, so that the readers of the proclamations shall know the instructions of the Heavenly Father and become more respectful, and so that they will see the Heavenly Father's power through the sight of the imperial seal and become more fearful. This will indeed be sufficient to manifest the magnificence of Heaven's words and to enhance the brilliance of Heaven's majesty. Thus the demons shall be exterminated forever and shall never stealthily rise again.

208.134 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: Three Treatise\fn{by Huang Chi-shih (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

Considering, while kneeling, the broad coverage of Heaven's mercy, it is clear that the empire has been consolidated in Chin-ling. At a time when the Heavenly Kingdom has just risen, the foundation must be especially firm. Only thus will its mercy reach the four seas and become known to millions of people. Now, our Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother have greatly displayed their vast mercy in enabling our true Sovereign to establish on Chung Mountain a capital, which has been renamed the Heavenly Capital. Consequently the various ministers present congratulatory poems on his\fn{The T'ien Wang's} birthday, and the Heavenly Kingdom enjoys God's blessings. The masses all vow their allegiance without hesitating; the T'ien Wang's travail and industry over the myriads of years to come shall be constant as in a single day. Admiring his magnanimity and virtue, all go to the hall to congratulate him and wish him long life, that he may live forever. Looking up to see his heavenly countenance, we, through the building of the Capital, witness felicity in his person.\fn{"Felicity in his person" is quoted from the Book of History} Opening up the gates of the nine heavens, dignitaries from the ten thousand states all gather together. We officials, though limited in our knowledge with respect to Heaven, are profoundly fond of the sun; hence, praying to high Heaven we respectfully wish him abundance in all three felicitations,\fn{Happiness, longevity, male heirs} and imitating the songs of worship, we must not forget the ancient practice of offering nine prayers. We sincerely wish that the T'ien Wang will obey Heaven and act with vigor, so that benefits will fill the world without end. Presently every region shall be content and grateful, and the Heavenly Kingdom shall thereby enjoy perpetual prosperity.

2

Evil does not triumph over correctness; hence what is not correct is evil. Crime does not correspond with righteousness; hence what is not righteous is criminal. Now the Tartar demons themselves call their den Chihli\fn{Correctly-attached} province. They do not know that their failure to worship the Great God, their persistent worship of evil idols, their practice of evil things, and their repeated violation of the Heavenly Commandments have made them the arch criminals of the world and the worst offenders against our Heavenly Father, the Great God. What is correct about them? The crimes of the demons, in exploiting the people's wealth and exhausting the people's energy, are indeed too numerous to count. But their most flagrant crime lies in their effort to transform mankind into demons, their worship of evil idols, and their revolt against the true God. By denouncing their den as Tsui-li\fn{Criminals} province, the ten thousand countries under heaven shall all know their crimes and none shall fail in the worship of our Great God.

3

I kneel and reflect that the power of God cannot be fully comprehended without the imperial proclamations. The publication of imperial proclamations cannot display God's majesty without the golden seal. In consequence of the Heavenly Father's vast mercy, our T'ien Wang has been ordered to become the true sovereign of T'ai-p'ing. All imperial proclamations issued by him are affixed with the golden seal. Henceforth the majesty of Heaven will

be greatly enhanced and all four directions will look up to the Sovereign's glory. The true Way will prevail and the ten thousand states will respect the Sovereign's august magnificence. Thus the readers of the imperial proclamations will cherish the will to purify and correct themselves, while the beholders of the golden seal will develop the determination to offer obedience and pledge allegiance. Thus the proclamations will be published within the state and abroad and will last eternally. Is it not indeed the way to stifle the demons' schemes and plots and to manifest the benevolence of our Heavenly Father?

208.136 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Huang Ts'ung-shan (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

I have heard that an emperor has the potentiality to bring about unification, but a grand scheme is necessary; the kingly one has the power, to control from afar, but a centrally located seat is desirable. In review, the Heavenly Father and Great God in the past created heaven and earth, mountains and seas, and men and things in six days; the vastness of the nine districts and the extensiveness of the four seas all depended upon the Great God's creativeness. Now Chin-ling, since ancient times, has always been famous as a land of happiness. Leaning on the mountains, it forms a city taking the river as its moat. Hence, the autumn currents in the dragon pool provide ten thousand *chang*\fn{1 *chang* = 10 *ch'ih*, with one *ch'ih* = anything from 11 to 16 inches} of pure water which surround the city; the peach ridges and cassia summits and the thousand-layered precipices are steep and rugged. This is the spectacular topography which makes it suitable as a great capital city. Now, fortunately, the T'ien Wang, in upholding Heaven, enforces punishments to eliminate the violent and to save the people. He founded the Heavenly Capital in order to establish an area of pre-eminent virtue and lay a foundation for ten thousand years to come. Presently we shall see that beginning with the ascendancy to the throne, all shall share in the unlimited blessings of the Heavenly Father; and with all nations coming to pay homage, all shall enjoy the boundless happiness of God.

2

The extermination of the wicked must be complete, while the denunciation of the evil must be severe. The Tartar demons, the Gioros,\fn{The Aisin Gioro clan, to which the royal house of the Ch'ing Dynasty belonged} since their seizure of China, have oppressed and harmed the good people and have made the ancient region of Yen their den; their filthy crimes have become known to the four seas and their stenching disrepute has spread to the five lakes. The Chinese have been subject to their inhuman persecution for over two hundred years. Now fortunately our Heavenly Father, the Great God, has graciously come down to assume control, and our Heavenly Elder Brother, the Saviour, has graciously come down to take up the responsibility; Heaven's majesty has been aroused and the true Way has become prevalent. With the fortunes of demons at an end, the rule of the true Sovereign shall be long. Consequently, brigades and divisions have been organized and deployed for attacks in the south and expeditions in the north. Wherever the banners have arrived, the people have all displayed their loyalty and offered their allegiance; in levying punishment upon the unpardonable, the generals and soldiers have all established their merit and accomplished success. However, as Hsien-feng\fn{The reigning Manchu emperor} is doomed to perish, his place must be degraded. To regard this place as a demons' den is to make it continue infamous for ten thousand years; to degrade it as the criminals' region is to warn and admonish the hundred generations to come. May all the people under heaven receive our Great God's mercy and compassion, preservation and protection, and may they be looked after all the time and never be permitted to suffer the demons' delusions.

3

When a leader of men emerges, he first emphasizes the perfection of literature; when the ten thousand states come to pay homage, it is especially necessary to standardize words. Now the true sovereign is ruling the world and the Heavenly Capital has been founded and established. With the old eliminated and the new established, none will fail to come to seek acknowledgment and come with offerings.\fn{"None will fail to come to seek

acknowledgment and come with offerings” is taken from the *Book of Odes*} In killing the evil and preserving the upright, all are united in will and in hearts. At this time it is indeed proper to make books and scrolls in order to hand down the literature to thousands of future years, and to compile volumes and chapters in order to present models for the ten thousand generations. With the historian on the left recording his words and the historian on the right recording his activities, the Sovereign’s daily actions and routine conduct shall become examples for the people. By making them known and glorifying them, people of all names will be held within bounds. Moreover, when [people] metamorphose their appearance and cleanse their hearts, every day is new and every month different. When the demons’ words are stopped, the true Way will naturally prevail. Thus the affixing of the imperial seal on the T’ien Wang’s proclamations and their dissemination throughout the world are indeed matters of urgency.

208.176 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons’ Den At The Criminals’ Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Lin I-huan (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

Up in Heaven, within God’s abode, the Heavenly Father rules supreme and the Heavenly Elder Brother lives in glory. The gates are made of precious stones and the palaces of yellow gold. Multitudinous are the manifestations of divine power; an enumeration would be difficult to complete. Our Sovereign comes forward and expresses his desire to reside in Heaven. The Heavenly Father replies,

“No, do not follow my footsteps. Chinling is beautiful and has access to Heaven. It has mountains and rivers, farms and fields, palaces and walls; material wealth is concentrated there, and it is always teeming with people. Moreover, the earth-pulse\fn{Signs in the earth, which, according to geomancers, indicate good fortune} is permeated with the royal atmosphere; it possesses natural defense barriers and enjoys a dominating position as a Heavenly city. Establish your Heavenly Capital there and the ten thousand nations all will come. Unity will prevail generation after generation, and the enjoyment of happiness will be endless.”

2

The kingly one, in founding a state and establishing a capital, is bound to worship the Great God and to refrain from employing men of wickedness and practicing evil, for only in this way can the place be auspicious and prosperous. Now Chihli Province in the north is a place where the demonic people are assembled; within its city all the inhabitants are Tartar barbarians, and outside the city everything belongs to the demonic people. All the vicious idols are worshipped as deities; all evil things are practiced without their being aware of them. Alas, how extreme is its incorrectness! Exhausting all the bamboo of the southern hill for writing-slips would not be sufficient to write down all the defilements of the land; and all the waves of the eastern sea shall not be enough to wash away cries which have risen to Heaven. Therefore, the present denouncement of the correctly-attached province as the criminals’ province is to enable the ten thousand countries under heaven to know that this place is where the sinners dwell, so that the wicked shall be reviled and the righteous upheld, and a perpetual lesson provided for those far and near, close and distant.

3

To make the imperial proclamations manifest is to indicate God’s power and to eliminate the lowly people’s evil and wickedness, so that they may all know how to worship the Heavenly Father and drive away the demons. However, if the proclamations are not publicized throughout the world and circulated to the four seas, how are the masses to know the renewal of culture and how is Heaven’s majesty to reach the remotest parts? Therefore, all imperial proclamations must be affixed with the seal of our T’ien Wang and then distributed everywhere within the four seas. Thus the Heavenly Father’s true Way shall prevail in all the ten thousand states and the demons’ conspiratory schemes shall never succeed. Is it not magnificent? Is it not magnificent?

208.178 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons’ Den At The Criminals’ Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Lo Ch’ang-ch’un (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

Chin'ling, permeated with the royal atmosphere, is a great metropolis. The Heavenly Kingdom, having created a state of peace, has laid an eternal foundation for the state.

Therefore, an examination of the topography shows that a great river borders the outskirts and a famous mountain guards the center. Investigation of local characteristics shows that material products are refined and exquisite, and the people simple and honest. This place was created by the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Elder Brother, and was passed on to our T'ien Wang for the establishment of his Heavenly Capital.

Now, with the golden city standing erect, the protection of the several tens of *li* within is secure; with heaven's gates opened wide, the million states come to pay homage, lest they be left behind. Since Heaven has given birth to the true Sovereign, so Heaven assigns to him the celebrated region. The earth has eternized the Heavenly Court, and the earth is now renewing its appearance. Presently we shall see its name spread abroad as the first city, overlooking the world and claiming superiority.

Its foundation is excellent and without compare, so firm that throughout ten thousand years it will not change. The heroic scheme has grandly begun, and the entire world is being renewed. Oh, how completely marvellous! how magnificent!

Under heaven all those who are not upright are men of sin. Of them, those who do not know the worship of the Great God are especially incorrect and especially sinful. Now the Tartar demons worship the evil idols and commit vicious acts; to call the province in which they dwell Chihli makes one wonder where the correctness lies. Henceforth, it shall be denounced as Tsui-li, so that under heaven the ten thousand countries will all know that those who do not worship the Great God are men of crime and that those who do not worship the evil idols can be called men who are free from crime. Will not the power of God become more manifest and conspicuous?

The hearts of the men of this world cannot be transformed by anyone other than the Great God; the power of the Great God cannot be made known by any other means than imperial proclamations. Since the demons began their poisonous activities, they have deluded and harmed the souls of men. They are fond of the worship of evil spirits and are exclusively engaged in evil practices. Their crimes deserve no toleration and their motives are inexcusable.

Fortunately our Heavenly Father has greatly displayed his vast grace by sending the true Sovereign down to earth. Men's culture has entered into a new phase; is it not a great blessing of our people? The printed imperial proclamations have been affixed with the golden seal which was bestowed by Heaven.

Therefore, it is only proper to distribute them throughout the four seas so that men under heaven and throughout the ten thousand states will worship in the mornings and praise in the evenings, and eulogize the virtues and sing of the accomplishments. They will not dare to lead men to transform themselves into demons, nor will they dare to disobey the true God and worship evil spirits. The demons shall henceforth forever be exterminated.

208.179 1. A Note In Reply To Shih Feng-K'uei's Request For Supplies **2.** A Reply To Sir Goerge Bonham Discussing An Exchange Of Fire **3.** A Letter To The English On Commercial Intercourse\fn{by Lo Ta-kang (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

Lo Ta-kang, chief chancellor of the Winter Department of the T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo, meritoriously promoted one rank, brings the following to the attention of my elder brother, Royal Kinsman Shih of the Heavenly Court:

On the twenty-third day of the ninth month\fn{October 28, 1854} I received your letter of the eighteenth day,\fn{October 23} by which I knew that you had retreated to the lower Yangtze and were stationed at T'ien-chia-chen, and that you were gathering the disbanded soldiers, planning to advance again.

But as victory and defeat are matters of common occurrence with military men, I hope that you, my elder brother, using the principles of the heavenly nature, will instruct your soldiers that they must be firm in self-preservation and that the Heavenly Father will surely take care of them. This state of affairs has occurred because the soldiers have been cultivating themselves improperly, which causes the Heavenly Father to be angered. Henceforth they must cultivate the good and practice the correct.

As for your request for the supplying of provisions, gunpowder, and other things, according to the report of younger brother Hsün Ping-hsien, the twenty-first senior secretary, who has just returned to the provincial capital from Kiukiang, the provisions in that place are very low in price at this time. The provisions of this Anhwei capital have already been delivered to the Heavenly Capital, and I hope that you will understand and excuse me. Gunpowder and other things have already been sent to Kiukiang, and the Anhwei capital also suffers a shortage.

With regard to the order for someone to come with troops to assist you, the Yen Wang has now gone in person to the area around Kiukiang to wipe out the demons. The elder brother can transmit a special message requesting the Yen Wang to consult about this. I specially send you this note.

2

Lo, first commander of the left of the court, and Wu, first *mu* corps commandant, both of the true Heavenly-ordained T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo, make this reply.

We have just received your note, and made ourselves acquainted with its contents. We have not seen any of the letters previously sent to us by you, nor have been aware that an officer of yours was in waiting at Shanghai; had such letters, however, come to hand, we should doubtless have concurred in all the views expressed therein.

As regards firing upon your vessel, we can only reply that as this is a time of war, and as the impish vessels of those false Tartars are constantly on the move to spy about, while it is currently reported that they are borrowing aid in troops from you, we are obliged to be on the alert, to watch against the slightest show of danger, and to prevent the possibility of its accumulating upon us. Further than this our officers and men were only aware that your vessel had passed up; they knew nothing of your having communicated with the Princes of our dynasty. The moment we heard the roar of cannon, we at once left the city to ascertain the cause, and we found that those who had opened fire upon you were fresh troops who had but yesterday been newly drafted to defend that spot; had they known the true state of the case, they certainly would not have fired as they did.

Now that there is a clear understanding between us, and our public officers in all directions have been made acquainted with the fact, is it probable that you will be fired upon again?

We would not trouble you with further explanation in the matter, but content ourselves with making you this reply as in duty bound, hoping that you will act as proposed in your letter under acknowledgment. A necessary communication.

Written on the ____ day of the third month of the year *kuei-hao*\fn{May 3, 1853} being the third year of the reign of Taeping, Sovereign of the Celestial dynasty.

3

Lo, the fifth senior secretary of the left of the court of the true Heavenly-ordained T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo, communicates the following information to all his English brethren:

On the first day of the fifth moon,\fn{June 5} a brother belonging to your honorable nation, named Charles Taylor, brought here a number of books, which have been received in order. Seeing that the above-named individual is a fellow worshipper of God, he is therefore acknowledged as a brother; also, the books which he has brought agree substantially with our own, so that it appears we follow one and the same road. Formerly, however, when a ship\fn{the *Hermes*} belonging to your honorable nation came here, she was followed by a fleet of demon vessels belonging to the Manchu usurper; now also, when a ship from your honorable nation comes among us, the demon vessels of the Manchus again follow in its wake.

Considering that your honorable nation is celebrated for its truth and fidelity, we, your younger brothers, do not harbor any suspicions. At present both Heaven and men favor our plans, and this is the time for the just to thrive and the Manchus to be annihilated. We suppose that you, gentlemen, are well acquainted with the signs of the times, so that we need not enlarge on that subject.

While we, on our part, do not prohibit commercial intercourse, we merely observe that since the two parties are now engaged in warfare, the going to and fro is accompanied with inconvenience. Judging from the present

aspect of affairs, we should deem it better to wait for two to three months, until we have thoroughly destroyed the demonic Manchus, after which the subjects of your honorable nation could go and come without being involved in the tricks of the Manchu usurper. Would it not, in your estimation, also be preferable?

We take advantage of the opportunity to send you this communication for your intelligent inspection, and hope that every blessing may attend you. We also send a number of our own books; please circulate them among your people.

208.197 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise\fn{by Sung Yung-sheng (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1**

1

Chin-ling, famous and scenic region, is permeated with the royal atmosphere. Leaning on Chung Mountain, looking down upon the Yangtze, stretching towards the gate of heaven and pillowed upon Lotus Lake; Chin-ling is like a coiling dragon and a crouching tiger, with its tail in Ch'u and its head in Wu. With population and material wealth so vastly abundant, with land and forests so richly exuberant, its beauty and wealth is indeed beyond description.

Now our true Son of Heaven in his awe-inspiring anger swept the barbarians into extinction and occupied Chin-ling, where he established the Heavenly Capital. The consolidation of Chin-ling with its moats and ponds has indeed made the people of the world happy and obedient, and myriads of people are thereto attracted. Hence, we know that when our Heavenly Father created heaven and earth, he predetermined this place where later our true Sovereign of the T'ai-p'ing was to establish a foundation that would not collapse after ten thousand years, and there create a timeless empire of ten thousand generations.

2

As of old, men and demons cannot stand together. Our T'ien Wang has received the commands of Heaven to set aside the oppressor and rescue the people, and to sweep away speedily the host of demons until the pestilential influence is altogether abolished. Still there remain some of the embers, which have been hidden away in the region of Yen; these fellows do not seem to know that it is their duty to take their desert region and immediately surrender it to our royal troops and to give that pestilential tract to the rule of the Heavenly Kingdom.

By persisting in their opposition, they have grievously offended against Heaven and shown themselves ignorant of Heaven's will. It is suitable, therefore, that our T'ien Wang, with authority received from Heaven above, should have denounced the den of the demonic Tartars as the criminals' province; so that all, whether Chinese or foreigners, may know that the demonic Tartars are the criminals of the ten thousand generations, and that all nations under heaven may look upon them as lowly slaves.

3

The imperial edicts have been circulating in the world for a long time. Soldiers, civilians, and others, kneeling and reading them, cannot but admire the power of the Heavenly Father and the will of Heaven. However, without having the golden seal affixed to the books circulating in the world, the authenticity or falsehood of the books may become difficult to distinguish. When the edicts reach the armies, it is feared that suspicion will be mixed with belief and that the demons might use tricks.

Hence, in his leisure moments after attending to ten thousand state affairs, [our Sovereign] has given orders to the ministers that when imperial proclamations are issued they should be affixed with the golden seal for distribution throughout the world, so that traces of authenticity and forgery may be easy to distinguish and suspicion will not arise, while the roads of the demons will all be blocked.

This is not merely for the purpose of enhancing the divine spirit of our Heavenly State but for manifesting the magnificence of the kingly regulations.

208.198 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For
Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Teng Fu-t'ing (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

Now our Heavenly Father, God, on the first occasion of discussing the matter,\fn{Of the establishment of the capital} pointed out to our Sovereign the location of the small Heaven. Not only did His great power exterminate the demon troops, permitting none to survive, but being God, he is absolutely truthful, and in establishing a capital, he is omnipotent.

Hence, our T'ien Wang, in compliance with God's command and using his bamboo-splitting power, has come straight to Chin-ling and ascended to the throne. Thus the name of the Heavenly Capital is established; since the place where the Heavenly Father occupies his throne is Heaven, the capital where the T'ien Wang, the true Sovereign, establishes his throne should of course be called the Heavenly Capital.

As we know that those who attend the Heavenly Father in Heaven are unsurpassably eminent, those who serve our T'ien Wang in the Heavenly Capital must be eminent beyond compare. This place, surrounded by water and encircled by mountains, has already seen the auspicious signs of flying female phoenixes and soaring male phoenixes. This is why the Heavenly Capital is established in Chin-ling.

You people within the four seas should all know of this, since not only has an unshakable foundation of ten thousand years been secured, but moreover, an era has begun in which the ten thousand states will come to pay homage.

2

In the northern lands, wind and sand are ceaseless while cold and heat are extremely severe; hence it is a place for the convicted prisoners of the Heavenly Court. It may be recalled that since the Tartar barbarians have sneaked into China, they have behaved like beasts and their character resembles that of the dog and goat. They have built their caves and dens in the region of Yu-chou,\fn{An ancient place-name which here refers to 19th century Chihli and Fengt'ien} which is not at all comparable to celebrated places in the Middle Land.

Surprisingly, they have, because of their ludicrous self-importance, called their region the Chihli province. They do not know that they, by bringing confusion to the Middle Land, have made themselves unpardonable in the eyes of the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Elder Brother. Their crimes are too flagrant to be tolerated, and their viciousness is so excessive as to make their extermination certain.

Hence this place of their congregation, the Tartars' den, is the prison erected by Heaven. As the reptiles have been imprisoned, the divine troops must extirpate the entire lot. Thus the place is denounced as the Tsui-li province, so as to make manifest forever the majesty of the military punishment. To exterminate the Tartar slaves is to ensure that no remnant of the demons is left behind.

3

Blessed by Heaven's mercy, the golden seal has been cast and finished. Its red characters being so distinct, it is the most valuable treasure of the Heavenly Court; its crimson ornaments being so brilliant, it is the Heavenly Kingdom's symbol of prosperity. If this seal is not stamped and used for circulation throughout the world, how can authenticity be established and an imposing appearance be created?

Moreover, in the imperial proclamations of the true Sovereign, the words are the words of the Heavenly Father, the acts are the acts of the Heavenly Father; they command special respect and must not be blasphemed. The imperial proclamations should first be affixed with the golden seal and then publicized in the ten thousand states and circulated in the nine districts.

Thus the golden characters, shining brilliantly, will embellish the red credentials and signify the investiture, while the purple designs, so bright and clear, will be in accord with the jade credentials and demonstrate the state of harmony. Thus the power of the Heavenly Father will last forever through ten thousand generations, while the grace of the Heavenly Elder Brother will perpetually cover the ten thousand countries.

208.199 1. A Proclamation Ordering The People to Be At Peace In Their Occupations 2. A Notification
Guaranteeing Protection To A wealthy Family\fn{by Teng Kuang-ming (before 1830?-)} China (M) 2

1

The imperial envoy, imperial guard of the Nine Gates of the Heavenly Court, serving the country with true loyalty, the *Liao-t'ien-yen*, Teng, instructs that the four classes of people turn towards reformation and that each be peaceful in his regular occupation in order to protect his livelihood:

It is known that for the prosperity of the state and army, it is imperative to pacify the people in order to consolidate the foundation of the state; and to bring peace to the good, first of all the people must be governed. At present our true sacred Sovereign, whose blessings and felicities reach up to Heaven, has had his capital established at Chin-ling for ten years; now this is the time when the ten thousand states come to pay homage and from all four directions people turn towards reformation. This is indeed what is called the restoration of the mandate of Heaven, and it is not the result of human effort.

I, the titled one, in carrying out Heaven's punishment, am determined to save the people; since the launching of military operations, those who resisted have invariably been exterminated, while those who surrendered have all been given security. At present, Su\fn{Soochow} Ch'ang,\fn{Ch'ang-chou} Chia,\fn{Chia-hsing} Hu,\fn{Hu-chou} and the surrounding areas have been brought into our territory. But in the remote countryside and distant villages there may still be some mouse-hearted ones\fn{An allusion to the mouse described in the biography of Kuan Fu in the *Shih-chi*; who, being of a suspicious nature, will stop at the mouth of his hole before coming out, hesitant to make the next move} who have not yet presented their pots of broth.\fn{I.e., welcomed the army}

Now I, the titled one, have under my command several thousand sacred troops, which are stationed at Wang-chiang-ching; I have forbidden plunder and lawlessness and have emphatically insisted upon rehabilitation. I am truly apprehensive that some ignorant and foolish people might spread rumors and start incidents; and by fighting against Heaven and resisting our officers and troops, bring punishment and perdition upon themselves.

You the common people are intelligent and know how to think for yourselves. You should know that those who obey Heaven will survive, while those who disobey Heaven will be killed. Consider how great is your strength and how great your intelligence. Even with the power of the demon marshal, Ho-ch'un, and the bravery of Chang Kuo-liang, they were still exterminated; the will of Heaven and the affairs of men can therefore be known without divination. I, the titled one, shall merely speak of Ch'ang, Chia, Wu,\fn{Wu-hsi} Tan,\fn{Tan-yang} and Chu\fn{Chu-yung} in the province of Su and of the siege of Chin-ling. The demon general, Chang Kuo-liang, and the demon marshal, Ho-ch'un, with their peerless civil and military achievements, had come to fight us in several battles. Their troops met defeat and their generals perished; they lost a great deal of land and could not find a place to retreat.

As a result, not only did they bring the disaster of execution upon themselves, rendering incomplete their loyalty and filial piety, but what was more pitiable, the good people in these various places also suffered the misfortunes of displacement, broken homes, and destitution. This was not the arbitrary work of men; rather, it was a predestined catastrophe.

Moreover, of the people in Chekiang, the majority are good and kind; those who rejoice in the misery and disaster of others number no more than a few in a countryside; to punish the innocent because of these few people would indeed not be the original intention of the Heavenly Court in bringing about pacification.

Now I, the titled one, would like to condescend to formulate a wise policy for you the common people: Those of you in the towns should pacify the neighborhood and select an honest and just gentry-manager as your head; those in the countryside should pacify the village and select an honest and just commoner as the head. Offer your allegiance and present tribute, check the households and prepare registers; I, the titled one, shall issue door registers to be posted on every house and shall strictly forbid the officers and soldiers to go to the countryside and give rise to disturbances, so that you the common people, with your fathers, mothers, wives, and sons, may return to your former occupations and pursue your livelihood. What other happiness can compare with this?

If you persist in your delusions and refuse to awaken, or procrastinate for fear of punishment, then I, the titled one, shall follow courtesy with military measures and shall most certainly find it difficult to be lenient. Once the great troops arrive, jade and rock alike shall be burned. This, then, is the intention with which I, the titled one, earnestly advise and warn you for your protection. You must promptly and strictly obey and not disregard this. By special order.

Proclaimed on the day, the tenth year, *keng-shen*, of the T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo\fn{1860}

Teng, second deputy commandant of the court, advises and instructs on the matter of the issuance of certificates of protection to prevent future disturbance and to keep people at peace in their occupations:

Since I, the commandant, first came to pacify your locality, already two years have passed. Not for one moment have I failed to cherish the thought of protecting the people, nor for one moment have I forgotten the eradication of perverse practices. In the prefectures, departments, and districts in the various provinces occupied by our Heavenly Dynasty, there are families that have wealth. They do not dare show themselves, but willingly suffer hardships, largely because people have resentment in their hearts and because they\fn{The rich} have been subjected to extortion and injury in a hundred ways. When I speak of this, I feel that it is both pitiable and detestable.

As I, the commandant, am here to pacify your locality, all matters of welfare, malpractice, or hidden evils are within my concern, and it is for me to bring reforms or eradicate them, in order to bring peace to both poor and rich. For this reason I have prepared this certificate of protection for Shen Ch'ing-yü to keep, which will serve forever as genuine credentials for the purpose of protecting his family.

Henceforth, if any unlawful rural administrators use force to try to borrow funds or collect heavy taxes from him at their will; or if there are local bullies or swindlers, or elder or younger brothers in the army, who extort and demand money from him because he possesses titles conferred by the demon dynasty,\fn{The Manchu} who deceitfully take money from him because he has contributed to the demon military provisions and rations, or who desire to take revenge for a previous resentment over having been insulted by him during former Ch'ing times; or if any officers and soldiers passing by set up quarters\fn{in his house} and make disturbances; or if there are unyielding farm tenants who protest the rate of rent collection and refuse to participate in tax payment, causing him to be unable to remain at peace in his occupation, even though he bears his suffering with patience and says nothing in spite of his anger—all these malpractices inflict harm of no small proportion.

From this day on, if there are still such incidents, it is expected that the said Shen Ch'ing-yü will gather his courage and, taking this certificate, go to the office of the corps superintendent to accuse.\fn{The offenders} If the corps superintendent should fail to take up the case, then he must come to the city and, at one of the four gates, beat the big drum put there by this commandant. I shall certainly look into the facts and make investigations, once and for all avenging the wrong. In the event that this commandant is carrying out campaigns elsewhere, the assistant general of the city will certainly substitute for me and take up the case. You will most certainly not have to bear your suffering endlessly without a chance to get yourself out of it.

Upon the arrival of these instructions, the said wealthy family should make a truthful effort to obey them and remain, as usual, peacefully at their occupations. Be warned not to flee to the east or the west, thereby making your family homeless and scattered. Whenever an incident occurs, do not retire and be suspicious or doubtful. These are this commandant's high expectations of you wealthy persons. Tremblingly obey and be prudent. Most certainly do not disobey. This is the certificate.

The above is issued for the wealthy household of Shen Ch'ing-yu to hold and keep.

Proclaimed in the ninth month, the twelfth year, *jen-hsü*,\fn{October, 1862} of the T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo of the Heavenly Father, the Heavenly Elder Brother, and the T'ien Wang.

208.201 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling 2. On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region 3. On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: Three Treatise\fn{by Wang Chih (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

A sovereign, in establishing a capital, must be careful in his considerations in order to attain perfection. Men of earlier times believed that Ch'in-ling was infused with the royal atmosphere and buried gold there to counteract it, not knowing that when the Heavenly Father created heaven and earth, he had prepared this land of happiness to await this day.

Now, because of our Heavenly Father's mercy, compassion, and protection and our Heavenly Elder Brother's achievement in the redemption of sin, our T'ien Wang has been commanded to establish a capital here; therefore, he changed the name of Nanking,\fn{Which means "Southern Capital"} to the Heavenly Capital\fn{Chin-ling} in order to

show that Heaven's mercy has not been forgotten. This indeed is a foundation for ten thousand generations and boundless fortune for the ten thousand states. Presently we shall see exultation and cheering along the roads, welcoming the heavenly troops, and all the people struggling to the fore to kill the demons.

Henceforth, the people, freed from imminent danger, will ascend to Heaven, all because of the immense blessings of our Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother, and the mercy of our T'ien Wang and the various other *wangs*.\fn{Kings:H}

2

In the past, the Heavenly Father, having compassion for the sins of men, sent our Heavenly Elder Brother, Jesus, down to earth to redeem the sins of men. All people, intelligent and foolish alike, had the sense to repent their sins, and consequently they received the care of our Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother and enjoyed the blessings of Heaven.

But those demonic men do not know the worship of Heaven and therefore cannot escape punishment. What they have done has offended Heaven and is therefore truly unforgivable. Those who act like demons have committed similar crimes.

Hence the demons' den has been denounced as the criminals' province in order that the demons will repent and will not end as demons.

3

As the true Sovereign ascends the throne, he must have a profound conviction which deserves publication throughout the world and for ten thousand generations to come. Because mankind in this world fails to understand the Heavenly Father's great mercy and virtue in creating and nourishing men, and also fails to understand the great act of Jesus in atoning for men's sins, the T'ien Wang has compiled the *Old Testament*, the *New Testament*, and all the imperial proclamations of the Heavenly Court for publication and distribution in the world.

As he fears that men in this world might still fail to believe reverently and obey perpetually, he has stamped the proclamations with the golden seal in order to demonstrate his serene majesty and in order that the world shall henceforth appreciate the absolute sincerity of the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Elder Brother in loving and saving the world, as well as the utter devotion of the T'ien Wang and the various *wangs* to the awakening and the salvation of the people.

Thus all will follow the right way to heaven and will not, in the end, fall into the traps of the demons. The publication of imperial proclamations with the golden seal is therefore a matter of profound significance.

208.205 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**\fn{by Wu Jung-k'uan (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

Chin-ling, the Heavenly Capital, is indeed the site of happiness. Our Heavenly Father, the Supreme Lord and Great God, in six days created heaven and earth, mountains and seas, men and all things. Although among his creations Chin-ling is not alone, yet Chin-ling certainly is supreme in the world amidst the vastness of the six combines\fn{Heaven, earth, east, west, north, south—i.e., the universe} and the broadness of the nine districts.\fn{Perhaps an allusion to Yü, founder of the Hsia Dynasty, who divided his empire into nine districts} It is the land of happiness on earth; it is, in this world, without equal or compare.

Why? Because Chin-ling's city walls are strong and thick; Chin-ling's granaries are full and sufficient; Chin-ling's topographical conditions are like a crouching tiger and a coiling dragon; and Chin-ling's customs are elegant, simple, and generous.

Hence, we know that when in the past our Heavenly Father, the Supreme Lord and Great God, created Chin-ling, he had long held the belief that Chin-ling should be permeated with the kingly atmosphere and should truly deserve to be the site of the Heavenly Capital of the future. Therefore, our Heavenly Sovereign, upholding Heaven, exterminated the demons; and embodying Heaven's will, established the throne; for God above he exterminated the demons who deceive Heaven and for people below he extricated them from the demon's

bondage, and he then established the capital here and named it the Heavenly Capital, upholding Heaven and embodying Heaven's will.

Consequently, the Heavenly Kingdom greatly prospered, and the Manchu barbarians were all exterminated. Chin-ling, having become a region to which support and allegiance pours from the five directions, is now the place to which the ten thousand countries come to pay homage. How fortunate! How fortunate!

2

Now the Tartar has disturbed China, taking possession of China's territories and injuring China's people, changing also the dress of the Chinese and altering the appearance of the Chinese. But the way in which he has most particularly injured China and induced men to assume the character of demons is by abandoning the true Spirit and worshipping corrupt spirits in very numerous instances, thus constituting himself the greatest offender of all people under heaven. Since he has thus constituted himself the greatest offender of all people under heaven, should not our Heavenly Father, the Supreme Lord and Great God, deeply abhor and resolve to destroy him as an offender too great to be forgiven, whose crimes are not to be atoned for even by death? But the Tartar continues with his disorderly and outrageous conduct and has no respect for China, considering the province of Chihli to be his own peculiar domain, without the slightest remorse.

Hence, our Heavenly Father has become exceedingly displeased and commanded our T'ien Wang to lead forward his troops and advance his armies in order to punish the oppressor and rescue the people, to plow up his courtyards and dig through to his den, and even to eat his flesh and flay his skin. He has therefore in the first instance changed the name of Chihli into Tsui-li, with the view of attaching something of the criminality of the individuals to the territory. Also, in this greatest offender of all under heaven, all people of the thousand states under heaven, should then see and denounce his criminality and beat the drum and assail him. \fn{ "Beat the drum and assail him" is a quotation from Mencius }

3

Now, the good people of China are all sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father. However, ever since the Tartar dogs took possession of China's territories, most of the good people of China have turned into demons or have assisted the demons in furthering oppression. Why? It is because the Tartar dogs have long used demonic language and barbarian words to delude the men and women of China. Therefore the men and women of China have been deluded by them and cannot awaken themselves.

Alas, for the past two hundred years, have not our good people of China fallen into their snare without realizing it; have they not been oppressed and controlled without feeling it? How can there be no one to enlighten them so that they can perceive things clearly and to broaden their minds so that they can understand?

Now the mouth of our T'ien Wang is the heavenly mouth, and his words are the heavenly words. When imperial declarations are proclaimed, all under heaven will know of it. As a result, none in the nine districts and the ten thousand countries will fail to realize their present correctness and past faults, and everyone will cleanse his heart and transform his face and join in praising the powers of the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Elder Brother. They will all sincerely repent their sins and will henceforth cultivate goodness and practice correctness, in order to be the children of the Heavenly Father.

Moreover, after the affixing of the golden imperial seal and the dissemination of the proclamations, the devils and demons will have their way cut off, and for ten thousand generations the ten thousand countries will forever walk together in the true Way of God. Then the ruler will be enlightening and his ministers virtuous. Hounds and pheasants will be sent as tribute, coming across the sea and over the mountains. None will dare not to come with their offerings; none will dare not to come to seek acknowledgment. \fn{ This last sentence is taken from the Book of Odes }

208.206 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise** \fn{ by Yeh Ch'un-shen (before 1830?-) } China (M) 1

1

A true sovereign must in his origin be heaven-born, and geographical advantages are especially important in the establishment of a capital. Therefore, he who possesses the geographical advantages prospers; this is the law of nature. Chin-ling is permeated with the royal atmosphere, girdled by the three rivers, and surrounded by the five lakes; it embraces eastern Wu and is linked with northern Yüeh. Once the right person assumes control, from there he can strike out and take the offensive, or remain to secure the defense.

Now Heaven has given birth to the true Sovereign, investing him with this strategic land on which an eternal and unshakable foundation has been erected and an everlastingly new task accomplished. Moreover, with millions of armed troops and a ten years' supply of grain, the state in an emergency can dispatch a great general on a suppression campaign. Linked with Ch'uan and Kwang to the west and Che and Min to the east, the virtuous army will have no rivals.

Presently the golden goblet{A traditional expression for "the empire"} will be eternally secure. When the state is at peace, over the famous mountains and great rivers the people will grow and multiply in abundance, and together enjoy the true blessings of God. This indeed is our Heavenly Capital's greatness.

2

Those whom Heaven loves to foster are men, and those whom Heaven resolves to exterminate are demons. Demons will be exterminated by Heaven; Heaven will certainly not allow them to remain to injure mankind. Also, human beings are fostered by Heaven; Heaven will certainly assist men to slaughter the demons. There is no occasion for a sage to come and tell us this.

Now the true Sovereign has already exterminated eight- or nine-tenths of these demons, and yet they do not seem inclined to retire from China. They still retain possession of Chihli, thinking to defend themselves against men, which is a most enormous offense against Heaven.

Hence the demons' den has been denounced as Tsui-li, so that all the people in the world may know that it is a most dishonorable thing to be a demon, also that the region inhabited by demons is a most ignoble place, which will not be tolerated in the universe any longer.

3

Be they foolish or intelligent, all men are awaiting instruction. Be it a strange land or a remote region, all territories are within the embrace. Some are still under delusions after instruction because the books have not been affixed with the golden seal; consequently they do not know the value of the true books, and the demons are still able to instill their wickedness and poison.

Now the golden seal has been made conspicuous and manifest and all books have been rendered magnificent and righteous. Hence, with the true books available to those below, all is clear and brilliant. The stupid, by reading these books, become intelligent; the disobedient, by reading these books, become good. How can those who live in this time of greatness not sing and praise the mercy and virtue of God?

208.207 1. On The Establishment of the Heavenly Capital In Chin-ling **2.** On The Denouncement Of The Demons' Den At The Criminals' Region **3.** On Affixing The Imperial Seal On Proclamations And Books For Publication: **Three Treatise**{by Yüan Ming-chieh (before 1830?-)} China (M) 1

1

In establishing a capital, a location must first of all be chosen; the location selected must be broad and vast. Chin-ling is one of the world's great metropolises. Although topographically it is relatively low, since the Tzu-chin mountain reaches high into the clouds and various hills inside the city are not low, it is the location predetermined by the Heavenly Father for our T'ien Wang to ascend to the throne. Other places such as Honan, though situated in the middle of the empire and accessible from the four directions, with rich soil and deep waters, still cannot compare with the Heavenly Capital which dominates the southeast, thus making possible the strengthening of Heaven's majesty and the accomplishment of the royal task. There we will soon see the ten thousand states come to pay their homage, and peace and unity will last myriads of generations without end.

2

The Great God.. our Heavenly Father, is the father of all nations under heaven; but the demons who have dwelt in the northern region for the last two hundred years have not worshipped him; hence their crimes are great. Seeing that these people do not worship God, if the province which they inhabit be denominated the correctly-attached province, it would be an instance of incorrectness of the most glaring character.

Moreover, they worship all sorts of corrupt spirits and practice all sorts of corrupt actions, thereby causing all the people in the empire to be incorrect. It is not necessary here to say anything more, about their criminality, but if we were to designate them as incorrect, they would not be able to repel the charge.

Now the true Sovereign, having come down into our world, has specially denounced their abode and has called it the criminals' province in order that all nations under heaven may know that the neglect of God's worship is highly criminal—that they may all awaken and reform, while they together praise the power and authority of God.

3

The directions of the T'ien Wang are publicized by imperial proclamations, and the majesty of the true Sovereign is manifested through the golden seal. What enlightens and awakens the world and what consolidates and pacifies the world shall be perpetual. Upon our Sovereign the Heavenly Father has graciously bestowed a golden seal. If it is not used for all publications, how is the world to be rid of its foolishness and filth, and how is it to look up to his\fn{The Sovereign's} renown and magnificence?

Therefore, all imperial proclamations should be affixed with the seal and distributed throughout the world, so that all will know that our Sovereign is ruling the people in compliance with Heaven's mandate. When all men under heaven refuse to worship the evil spirits or to do evil things, how can there be any demons or delusions?

\fn{The bibliography for this set dealing with the Taiping Rebellion, and alleged to have been written "before 1830?" [Michael, Franz. *The Taiping Rebellion: History And Documents: Volume II: Documents and Comments*. Seattle (Washington), University of Washington Press, 1971. (MMCCCLIX) [DS 759 .M62 v.2]] is source book of unquestioned merit. The treatises' themselves were written as learning exercises under standardized titles written in Taiping classrooms under the control of this (Christian) sect: the leader proclaimed himself Emperor (the Imperial Seal refers to his seal); their "Heavenly Capital" was the city of Chin-ling; the "Criminal's Region" was the territory under the control of the Manchu Empire:H}

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN SOME TIME BEFORE 1831

269.130b Untitled poem\fn{by **Ling Cunxun** (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Unable to repay the love of my parents,
I leave so many hopes unfulfilled.
I choose to join my *fiancé* in our shared tomb,
I will not allow the dry well to make a wave.

269.130c Untitled poem\fn{by **Zhang Duanxiu** (before 1831-)} (F) -1

Since ancient times, people have sacrificed their lives for a good name,
I have transcended wordly feelings; within me is an unchangeable heart.
Looking back is difficult because I have not yet repaid my parents' love.
For twenty years, they loved me as if holding a pearl in their palms.

269.130d Untitled poem\fn{by **Yuan Xhuxiu** (before 1831-)} Anshun, Guizhou Province, China (F) -1

[I die] in order to keep the promise of the golden ring.
How sad is my feeling toward the jade mirror!
Not ashamed, facing the ring and the mirror,
I only feel my body is light.

269.130e Untitled poem\fn{by **Liu Xiban** (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Great yi is weighty, and last forever,
While this floating is light, just like dust.
To keep my chastity and integrity,
It is better that I die than live.

269.130f Excerpt from **Lyrics Of Sorrow**\fn{by Xu Qibao (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Alone and drunk, I have not tuned the zither,
Who would compose for me the beautiful phoenix courtship song?
My boudoir is deserted in the reflections of the blue mirror,
On the terrace, at evening, I chant the Song of White Hair.
My fate is as thin as the moon eclipse,
My bygone dreams like clouds that nowhere can be traced.
Turning around, I see the slanting rays penetrate the pine trees that surround my room,
Leaving only shades of myriad verdant peaks.

269.131 **Thinking Of Bygone Days**\fn{by Xiong Lian (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Alas, my floating life goes on beyond my will;
Before I became accustomed to a pampered life, I learned the taste of sorrow.
Although young, I have already awakened from the dream of a flourishing life,
Because of my ill fate, my brother shares my misfortune.
My dear mother is aging and falls sick easily;
Our family's indigence is often heightened by a poor fall harvest.
Before my eyes, sorrow is everywhere;
Many times in the wind, I shed tears.

269.131b **Untitled poem**\fn{by Lady Shi (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Sister, my sister, vowed to follow one [husband] to the end,
Remaining home, still a virgin unwed.
With green lamp and red tear—forty years of her life,
Her only honor, the memorial arch, shining in the bright sun.
Teaching her adopted son diligently,
Someday, she will meet her fiancé in the afterworld, with no regret in her heart.

269.124b **Untitled poem**\fn{by Wang Ren (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Tired of hearing the noise of this troubled world
Fixing my gaze, I lean out from the high tower.
Clouds mass, concealing a thousand peaks;
Winds sweep, coloring ten thousand trees.
Our flock of geese has straightened its ragged lines.
The nomad flute sings “make your way home.”
Tears spilling, I think of my stern father,
On the cold frontier, traveling on his official duties, all alone.

269.124c **While Ill**\fn{by Hu Shenrong (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

My soul feels lost, uprooted.
I float, as in a dream.
When I walk, leaning for support, I fear the ground will give way.
Lying back down, my head feels empty.
When I open my eyes, everything turns misty.

When I hear a noise, it sounds like wind rushing.
How can I bear the rain beneath my window?
Solitary and alone, a single red lamp glows.

269.124d **Sitting In Silence** \fn{by Wang Feiqiong (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Sitting in silence, idly humming, I smile to myself.
Reaching the age of 69, I live in poverty.
From my tapestry loom pour elaborate new patterns,
From my giant inkstone roam tiny silverfish.
My family now has grandsons whom I teach to read.
Our house, though lacking food, still keeps a library.
To satisfy one's wishes in a lifetime is a beautiful thing.
The vain world around me is mere emptiness.

269.125 1. **Untitled poem 2. A letter to her husband 3. One of her remarks** \fn{by Jiang Lan (before 1831-)}
China (F) 1

1

I have heard it said that the Dao of learning
And spinning and weaving are the same kind of occupation.
You spin floss to make an inch of thread;
You accumulate inches of thread to make a foot.
Now that you have dropped the curtain of Dong,
How can I find words to express my delight?
I'll not say that you have learned well,
For the classics and the histories are truly worth endless contemplation.
I'll not say that your years are tender,
For one must make every second count.
I'll not say that your talent has reached a peak,
Because only when you focus your energy will you achieve your heart's ambition.
Here at home, your father and mother are still living,
But let them not disturb your thoughts.
Though family problems are overwhelming,
I'll not burden you with the plans for solving them.
You read your ten thousand books,
I'll weave my finest silk of the seventh.
If I fulfill my wifely duties in every way,
You should make your parents happy.
Let us both look forward to your return with autumn winds,
Certain to pluck the branch of the cassia tree this time.
The Moon Goddess has beguiling eyes,
Don't let her laugh at this woman.
Exert yourself, my husband!
Do not be burdened by your wife's complaints!

2

When a man leaves home and goes into the outside world, he should not be distracted by concerns about his domestic affairs.

So if you run short of money, my two elder brothers holding office in the capital will be glad to help you out.

If you grow depressed staying alone in your lodgings, by all means get out and enjoy yourself with the beautiful women in the pleasure quarters! My brothers won't begrudge you their money!

For myself, I long ago cast aside any dream of “growing old together,” that old mandarin duck fantasy. As for you, concentrate on this:

Serve wise men; befriend humane persons; succeed in your studies; conduct yourself in accordance with the Dao; spread your fame; bring glory to your ancestors!

These are your responsibilities. I cannot take them on for you. You are the one who must strive with all your might.

3

In those days the ladies from the great families, like the Lius, the Wus, the Jis, and the Wangs, all moved in the same circle and would visit back and forth, exchanging poems and matching rhymes. They had quite a reputation.

Among them, Lan stood apart in her goodness and purity. When her female companions complained, for example, that they resented being shut up in the women’s apartments where they knew nothing of government policy making, she would reply at once:

“In fact, women are by no means absent from court policy making. \fn{ This is a sarcastic reference to the influence of court ladies } But when we \fn{ We quixiu } refer to ‘the women’s quarters,’ we are talking about the place where filial respect and collegial relations begin, extending outward through those who rule. Since that is the case, what place would you say that women do not govern?”

269.126 Teaching My Daughter \fn{ by Liang Lan’e (before 1831-) } China (F) -1

My trifling, lowly little girl,
Reciting your lessons by the window.
Now warbling like an oriole,
Now mumbling like a parrot.
Copying calligraphy, your brush is still rough.
Seeing someone, you’re too embarrassed to speak.
Your mother’s fate in life has been cruel.
I appreciate fully the bitterness in history and poetry.
The four attributes and the three followings
I have taught you with scrupulous care.
Meekly obey and practice wifely conduct—
As for everything else—it’s beyond your reach.

269.126b Excerpt from For My Granddaughters Studying Poetry And Calligraphy \fn{ by Zhang Shulian (before 1831-) } China (F) -1

Long ago when I dwelt in the women's chambers,
My father loved to recite poetry. ...

*

Understanding that I was quite intelligent,
He taught his daughters as he taught his sons.
Brothers and sisters, elders and juniors, we all
recited for each other. ...

*

“Even if you girls are not Sons
Who must aim to make their name known,
You should preserve a pure and simple style,
Make fine poetry and calligraphy your calling,
Strive to make talent and virtue
Develop together, support and do not impede each other.”

269.126c Sitting At Night Discussing Poetry With My Brother \fn{ by Liu Wanhua (before 1831) } Yanghu, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

Writing a poem is like making a friend.
You want to see inside to the true liver and gall.
Why enlist ornament or decoration
When art and feeling will pour out spontaneously together?
A spiritual energy charges my brush;
An enlightened mind shuts out worldly cares.
Compare it to a silkworm spinning thread;
Likened it to a stone holding gems in a matrix.

269.127 Looking After My Orphaned Nephew \fn{by Zhu Wenyu (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Your mother is dead, and who will care for you?
As I lead you by the hand, my heart aches even more.
Sobbing, sobbing, your cries never cease,
As if they were my own elder sister's sounds.

269.127b To My Sisters, In Memory Of Times Past \fn{by Fang Jing (before 1831-)} Tongcheng, China (F) -1

As little girls, we matched shoulders to line up according to height,
How hard to forget those splendid days of our childhood!
By a window draped in blue gauze were crammed a thousand books,
Incense of aloeswood encaged a whole bed's quilt.
When spring reached the loft of our house, we embroidered there together.
We made linked verse beneath the flowers, our lines spreading fragrance of their own.
Laughing and chattering freely at our parents's side,
How could we know that the poem *Tao yao* threatened eternal sorrow?
The glow of companionship had not lasted long, when suddenly autumn grew dark,
Frosts and snows came out of season and took our father's life.
Like ranks of snowgeese disturbed by the wind, we grieved to lose our orderly formation,
Like swallows with mud in our beaks after the rain, we lamented the dying spring.
Once we enjoyed a happy meeting, but each of us had grown old.
Even if we could return to the old days, the path back is all worn away.
This white head cannot bear to dwell on what happened long ago,
My poem takes shape, each word a taste of bitter sorrow.

269.127c Written To Her Husband As She Saw Him Off To Sit For The Imperial Examinations \fn{by Zhang Yin (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Fallen leaves fill stone stairs,
West wind rattles paper windows.
I rose early to urge you on your journey;
We were both disoriented, lost.
Although we shall not be parted long,
My heart feels pain I cannot help.
Shall I be like the wife of Baili Xi,
So poor I must burn the doorbar to cook the rice?
The morning meal is not yet ready;
You sail away on an empty stomach.
Fine rain wets your travel clothes,
Cold gusts blow your short jacket. ...

*

Your travel bags are too thin,
How will they withstand the harsh frost?

Grasping your hand, here I must stand;
 I have tears, but my eyes are already full.
 My husband, you are rich in classical skills,
 You have endured distress day after day.
 Go, and do not look back;
 Give all your strength to success.
 May your worn brush exude rare talent,
 May your old ink give forth new fragrance.
 Don't depend on those study guides for answers;
 Rely on the learning stored in your mind.
 If you are fortunate enough to encounter ice,
 Make it a mirror for your virtue,
 And pray don't slight the art of writing.

269.128 Untitled poem of encouragement \fn{by Li Hanzhang (before 1831-)} Yunnan Province, China (F) -1

Success and failure pass like dew and lightning;
 This old person has paced the floor many times for you.
 Do not shrink if your wings are clipped in this once-in-three-years' flight;
 You may yet shed light to illumine ten carriages.
 Within these four seas, how can any man climb the road to a high position?
 Most, like fish, lie hidden at the muddy bottom.
 Years ago, with the bow and arrow hung outside my door,
 Was it for fame in the examinations that you first began to read?

269.128b Picking Tea \fn{by Wu Lan (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

The daughter of a hill family, her hair dressed in coils,
 Before the rain, and after the rain, is picking new tea.
 Backwater eddies of a mountain torrent are almost like a mirror,
 Across the ripples she sees her reflection, her face like a flower.
 The plucked leaves don't fill her basket, and she breathes a long sigh.
 After three spring seasons of endless bitter suffering,
 The tiny load she carries to a rich family has no value.
 In a single cup of spring snow, a thousand mountain tea leaves.

269.128c A solitary couplet from a poem of renunciation \fn{by Zhang Youxiang (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Not dying, my sincere heart has turned at last to stone;
 Still living, the black hair at my temples has all become frost.

269.129 Untitled poem \fn{by Chen Anzi (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

The substance of the *Diamond sutra* is without dust.
 The piles of silk are fragrant without heat.
 If one asks, "How does Nirvana look?"
 One answers, "It is the heart-mind, without a place, without extinction."

269.129b Comforting My Mother \fn{by an anonymous female suicide (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

Great principles are as weighty as a thousand years.
 This floating life is as light as a grain of rice.
 Your daughter leaves her purity and chastity to live on after her,
 Your daughter is better off dead than alive.

269.129c Parting From My Parents\fn{by an anonymous female suicide (before 1831-)} China (F) -1

It was hard to live alone after my husband died.
Your daughter is returning to the Yellow Earth.
Father and mother, you nurtured me with kindness.
Please wait for the next life, when I can repay you.

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN AT SOME TIME BEFORE 1836

269.129d Farewell, Mother\fn{by Ye Shi (before 1836-)} China (F) -1

Though your daughter's body is very weak,
Her spirit is strong as iron.
Though the books she has read are few,
She grasps their meaning with clarity and determination.
Before a woman is betrothed,
Her body is pure like snow.
After she is betrothed, her commitment cannot be scorned.
If she is lucky, she will sleep with her husband all her life,
In keeping with the proper roles for husband and wife.
If she is unlucky, her husband will die when he is young,
And she will vow to keep her chastity forever.
Sadder yet am I, who never saw her future husband!
His fate grieves me each time I see the waning moon.
I am still called "the person who has not yet died,"
But now I am as good as buried with him.
I do not die from the pain of grief;
For three years I have waited to lay aside mourning.
Once I stopped, I began to fast,
But emotions are strong and the rites are hard to violate.
To destroy my life will violate my mother's heart,
My heart too is pained beyond measure.
As I follow my betrothed to the Yellow Springs,
Human bonds, moral bonds, none will split apart.

269.114b Peach Blossoms In A Vase\fn{by Guo Jie (before 1836)} china (F) (MMMCCCL)

Under the shadow of crimson clouds and deep behind the painted blind,
She refuses the visits of wandering bees and wanton butterflies.
She does not complain to the east wind about scattering;
In light rouge, she accompanies me idly singing by the secluded window.

269.114c Writing About My Feelings\fn{by Tong Feng (before 1836-)} China (F) MMMCCCL)

To release my boredom, I push open my window screen:
The shadows of bamboo obscure the spring pavilion.
A thirsty bee is peeping at the water in the ink slab;
An idle butterfly rests on the flowers in the vase.
I try to play the flute, yet its trill is rather jarring,
I inscribe a poem on letter paper, but the characters fall aslant.
The girl next door just arrived at my invitation;
With a smile, we sip this year's new tea.

269.115 Poem On Making Up\fn{by Weng Guangzhu (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

When Meng Guang was married to Boluan,
They were banished because Boluan sang the “Five Sighs.”
Following laborers on the road,
She simply knotted her hair in a cone shape.
For the wife of a dignified scholar,
There are naturally fitting models for the boudoir.
If you don’t adorn yourself and beware of your manner,
Your venerable parents-in-law will criticize you.
Now I know if we want to learn from the ancients,
We should do so in a way suited to our times.
The girl next door competes to make herself pretty;
It’s like adopting Xu’s and Yu’s rhetoric.
What I would like to imitate is
The plain simplicity of Tao’s and Wei’s poetry.

269.115b Stirred By Feelings On A Spring Day\fn{by Qin Puzhen (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

I don’t complain about my husband’s seeking for noble rank;
Feelings are concentrated on our kind, yet we are too shy to express them.
But it is hard to forget matters in our destiny—
I await the one who harmonizes with my pure poems under the flowers.

269.115c Sent To My Husband\fn{by Chen Shulan (before 1836-)} China (F) (MMMCCCL)

In the small courtyard, pure fragrance blows on my face;
Several times I put aside my needlework and stand on green lichens.
The secluded orchid seems also to be thinking of someone;
Lightly holding in its white pistils, it would not bloom.

269.115e Untitled poem\fn{by Li Yingzhou (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

While enjoying the spring scene, I eat only vegetarian food;
A Lang and Xiaoruan are both doing fine.
At this moment of leisure after sorting out books,
I especially compose a poem to send news to Boluan

269.115f I Chatted With My Children On A Moonlit Night\fn{by Sheng Sheng (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

Over the frosty river geese announce the second watch;
Beside the window I talk about my life with my children.
Because the moon is bright, I order the servant boy to roll up the blind;
When the water boils in the pot, I watch the maid make tea.
My hair easily turns gray due to worries about poverty;
A poem is suddenly completed because I miss the one who is far away.
Living in the boudoir, I don’t know the way to the capital gate.
How did I arrive in the capital in my dreams last night?

269.116 A Night In Early Summer\fn{by Tang Qingyun (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

At night sitting in front of my tower, I meditate in silence;
It is a pure and peaceful time at the moment of the second watch.

Brushing over tender tips of bamboo, the wind becomes soft;
 Approaching new leaves of the wurong tree, the moon is round.
 My heart is at leisure in conceiving lines, writing them down as they come;
 As my eyes become tired from reading, I fall asleep holding a book.
 In a fleeting dream, it seems that I entered an immortal realm;
 Waking up, I find incense wafting next to my sleeves.

269.116b 1. Moved By Feelings In Late Spring, Using Lu Fangweng's Rhymes 2. Excerpt from My Humble Residence\fn{by Bing Yue (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

1

When spring is leaving, I don't know how to send away the long day;
 Several tattered scrolls keep me from my daily nap.
 Being indifferent to worldly affairs, my heart is like still water.
 Being at leisure, I begin to know a day is as long as a year.
 You may just say that I'm lazy, not composing fine lines,
 But I'm happy that my bag is short of official salary.
 Recently this flavor rather suits me;
 Sitting absorbed in the empty boudoir, my enjoyment is profound.

2

My humble residence is located at the end of the alley;
 Secluded it is suited to my taste.
 Uninhabitable, it is discarded by other people,
 But I take it as a place to lodge.
 The gate is unfrequented; only sparrows come to rest;
 The walls are as unstable as piled balls.
 Rickety windows are held up with ropes;
 Decayed pillars are buttressed with wooden sticks.
 Goose-teeth steps are hard to fix;
 Fish-scale tiles are incomplete.
 My bed has to be moved frequently to avoid wind;
 My books need to be aired because of bookworms.
 When guests come, I'm worried about the narrowness of the hall;
 Flowers in blossom, I like the breadth of my backyard.
 I plant wormwoods as if they were bamboo
 And grasses as orchids.
 At night, the moonlight brightens the threshold;
 In the morning, the sunshine reddens the eaves.
 This is my high studio,
 Why is it necessary to build carved rails?

269.117 Untitled poem\fn{by Yuan Hanhuang (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

To ease hunger, I certainly have a place to forget sorrow—
 I delight in the bay in front of Hengmen!
 Don't be surprised that my poor home lacks even four walls;
 Without walls, it is easier to appreciate the mountain view.

269.117b Excerpt from My Wall Was Damaged By A Storm\fn{by Mao Huifang (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

I'm originally a pure and poor person;
I have only three crooked rooms as a shelter.
Don't grieve that the wind and rain are too harsh;
There are plum blossoms to mend my broken wall.

269.117c Excerpt from an untitled poem\fn{by Wang Wei (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

I'm from the rank of women,
But I myself also like being broad-minded and carefree.
How can I be like Sir Tao
And enjoy the rest of my life in worry-free wandering?

269.117d A Poem Of Improvisation\fn{by Xu Zaipu (before 1836-)} China (F) -1 (MMMCCCL)

To protect and nourish my remaining life, I withdraw from external relations;
Shutting the door of my painted pavilion, I am naturally at peace.
I had wanted to build a hut far from the human world,
But in what place does a green mountain not charge you money?

AN AUTHOR WHO WAS BORN AT SOME TIME BEFORE 1839

266.171 1. The Preface To These Poems 2. Encomium About Shi Xiangyun 3. The Goddess Of Frost And The Lady Of The Moon: Li Wan Mourns Daiyu\fn{by Zhou Qi (before 1839)} China (F) 1

1

I happened to be beset by petty illnesses and was sitting in our small tower with time on my hands, when I spied my husband Xuexiang's critical edition of *Hong Lou meng*. I read through several *juan* and couldn't help being moved to laughter. Its comments put women's experiences at the center of human feeling. Compared to *Sijuihu* and *Xixiang*, it was much more satisfying. Had Cao Xueqin known Xuexiang's comments, he would have taken him for a like-minded friend.

Among the book's emotional subjects, many are discussed in detail, but there are still some whose implications have yet to be exhausted. I playfully composed ten *lüshi* poems to expand on these subtleties. This is like adding feet to a snake, but I don't think I have turned truth into falsehood.

When I finished these poems, my spirit was tired and I felt empty inside. Taking time out for a nap, I dreamed of a person wearing old-fashioned clothes and hat, who bowed to me and said,

"You are a woman. Writing poetry goes against what your governess taught you, all the more when you write poems on *Hong Lou meng*. Aren't you afraid my generation will make fun of you?" I answered him saying,

"Your point is well taken, but 'happiness without licentiousness' and 'sorrow without harm' were the incentive for the 'Guofeng' section of the *Classic of Poetry*. If you insist on taking issue with these poems, compare them with despicable actions that are covered up by refined speech. The difference between [my writing and false speech] is as great as that between Heaven and Earth."

I hadn't finished speaking when the person suddenly disappeared, and I woke up. But I could smell cassia fragrance through the curtains, and I heard *wulong* leaves blowing in the wind. Only the quiet moon atop the tower glanced down at my painted eyebrows.

2

Leaving the table, the lady is overcome by
drunkenness,
The power of wine is hard to overcome as
evening approaches.
She sleeps on in the endless spring breeze as
spring erupts around here.

Ceaselessly, falling blossoms cover the
beautiful face.

*

Were it not for her frail constitution, she would
be warm enough.
Fortunately her cold skin is not bothered by
the chill.
Her dedicated romanticism is perhaps more
like delicate shyness—
It takes great effort for a poet to capture this scene.

3

In the moonlight, in the frost, she planned to take
flight freely.
The outstanding sister took the lead in literary
talents.
She must have invited jealousy because of her
pure genius.
How is it right for a young girl's life to end
while she is young?

*

If there is a purpose for passion, let it be
profound.
When illness falls on the innocent, it is most
pathetic.
Bamboo welcomes people; she is gone and
quiet.
Alas, only I am filled with tears.

208.177 AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE
BETWEEN 1840 AND 1848

208.177 A Proclamation Urging The People To Disband Their Local Corps\fn{by Lin Ts'ai-hsin (before 1840?-)}
China (M) 2

Link imperial guard of the nine gates of the Heavenly Court, founder of the dynasty, meritorious official, and the loyal and sincere 162nd heavenly general before the court, proclaims in order that the four classes of people will hastily disband their local corps and give allegiance immediately, thereby making secure their families and themselves:

Be it known that the people think of peace in time of extreme disorder; those who are submissive are pacified, whereas those who rebel are executed: this is natural reasoning.

You, the people of Chekiang, inclined to us wholeheartedly and co-operated in establishing the territory, after our men, led by the Shih Wang, *hsiung-ch'ien-sui*, occupied your province last year. We have already sent our high officials into various prefectures and districts to garrison the troops and give protection. We have won over and pacified the region, and the people have all continued to practice farming and scholarship as usual. Together we have enjoyed the happiness of the days of Yao, and nowhere has even a hair been injured.

How can you people of the eastern district, a small district, mistakenly listen to the rumors and heed the temptations of the devils? You willingly leave the path of righteousness and follow that of evil. You dare to flee with your young and old and hide in the hills and forests. In various *tu* you train your young men and gather the masses to resist us. Could even a seven-foot body resist several hundred thousand of our righteous troops. You do not even think of the favor of your parents in feeding you, and you have not repaid them for bringing you up as their children.

Once you take up arms and banners, you will immediately be executed by our swords. Would not the disaster of losing your lives and causing the destruction of your families be only because you mistakenly believed the words of the devils? I, the heavenly general, led the soldiers in respectful accordance with the imperial edict from the capital with the original purpose of suppressing all the vile elements in the four quarters and pacifying the good people. Last spring my troops came to your province, and I was favored with orders from the courageous Shih Wang, *hsiung-ch'ien-sui*, to advance and attack, in an attempt to recover T'ai-chou and Wen-chou, in order to clear Ch'u-chou and Hsien-chu and take over Ningpo, for the purpose of pacifying the Chekiang area.

We know that in the small districts of Yun-ho and Chin-yun there were devilish hearts which were dissatisfied and dared ally themselves with the bandits in obstinate resistance to the righteous troops. I, the heavenly general, completely annihilated them at one stroke, which must have been witnessed by all of you. I now intend directly to take T'ai-chou and Wen-chou and thus attain benevolence and long life together with you.

The state's kindness is boundless, and the righteous troops are as welcome as the rain. Can you, the people of the small strongholds of Ch'ing-t'ien and Huang-yen, hope to resist the heavenly soldiers? I, the heavenly general, thinking in my heart that you have long been inclined toward the Heavenly Dynasty, since you have left your hair long for two years, am reluctant to bring serious harm to you. I have heard that there are among you some remaining devils who have eluded my net, and I have therefore ordered my troops to come forth to annihilate them in order to shoulder the worries of the people; this will not affect the people.

When the righteous army arrives at your place, I expect that the village officials, scholars, and common people shall greet them with jars of broth. If there are those who form into groups and hide themselves in the caves of Ch'ing-t'ien and Huang-yen, those who are strong and carry banners to resist us shall be decapitated before they have gone ten feet. Their corpses shall cover the wilderness and their blood shall form a river. The old and the weak who energetically shout them on shall be killed in one place; homes shall be empty and chickens and dogs shall be slaughtered.

Why do you not realize that while the local corps might protect the family, it is the local corps that will ruin the family? Coveting the sixth or seventh rank of military merit, you throw away millions of human lives. How pitiful it is that sons will be separated from their fathers, making it no longer possible to repay their kindness and labors. Even more, husbands and wives will be parted, and marital affection will immediately end.

I, the heavenly general, in accordance with the virtue of the Heavenly Father in the sparing of lives, with the compassion of the Heavenly Elder Brother in saving the world, with the thoughtfulness of the T'ien Wang in loving the people, and with the affection of the Shih Wang in bringing relief to the people, cannot bear to kill you without first instructing you. For this reason I specially advise and instruct.

I hope that you, the village officials, scholars, and common people, will know and comprehend this. You must immediately disband your local corps and drastically correct your former wrongdoings; do not consider it glorious to be devils, and do not make the local corps your business. I hope that in accordance with the old regulations you will request us to order the establishment of an office for pledging allegiance, making contributions of provisions, presenting tribute, and making contributions for military expenditures. Be content at your work as usual, and trade with, and rely on, each other. Those of you whose intelligence and bravery are above average, come to our camp, establish merit, and together with us, strive in the great task; your wives shall receive rank and your sons hereditary rights, and you shall be called heroes who discarded the darkness and entered into the light.

The rest of you people, return home and enjoy your work, and be content each with his own task. Pray in the spring and be repaid in the fall; thus you will protect yourselves and your families and forever enjoy the true blessings of prosperity and peace. If you still cling to delusions and do not wake up and willingly follow the devils, I, the heavenly general, shall again raise my great army and completely annihilate you; the jade and the stone will both be consumed by fire, and then it will be too late for regrets.

After this proclamation, on the day of pledging allegiance, if any lawless officers or soldiers should come down to the countryside and rape, pillage, or burn without reason, you the people shall be permitted to seize and deliver them to the sentry officers. According to the heavenly law, light punishment will be administered by the *cangue* and flogging, and heavy punishment by their being led around the camps and then beheaded.

When I, the heavenly general, have spoken, it becomes law. There will certainly be no leniency or pardon. You of the four classes of people, tremble and obey. All should be made to know and hear. Strictly heed this. It is proclaimed.

The T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo of the Heavenly Father, the Heavenly Elder Brother, and the T'ien Wang, eleventh month, twelfth year, *jen-hsüfn*{December, 1862}

269.117e 1. Excerpt from **Inscribed On The Painting Of Mme. Cheng Joining The Army** 2. **Examining My Sword** 3. Excerpt from **Recording The Events Of Destroying The Bandits At The Gates Of Tianjin** \fn{by Chen Yunlian (fl.1840)} China (F) -1

1

Men born into this world,
Their meritorious business is to pursue noble rank.
Women located in the inner chambers,
Their ambitions cannot be fulfilled.
Reading thousands of books in vain,
How can a woman ascend up to Yingzhou by her brush?
Full of knowledge and tactics, what is the use?
How can she enter the general's camp to give military advice? ...

*

In a thousand years, I only heard the story of Mulan,
Who threw away hairpins and earrings to join the army on behalf of her father. ...

*

Madam also has the same aspiration,
Painting a portrait carrying a sword to join the army.
Let's wish that our august dynasty has no war;
Don't lament the woman in this picture growing old.

2

Blow about, who cares about me? I shed tears secretly.
We left home hurriedly, how difficult it will be to return!
Deep in thenight, with heart beating I sit up and trim the lamp,
Only to examine carefully the sword of Wu.

3

Pressing on the city, the bandits are rampant;
In the inner chambers, I pity myself discussing military affairs in vain.
If the evil fog of Chi You extends to me,
Composing *Huai sha*, I plan to follow Qu Ping.

203.189 **The Story Of The Great Protector, The Dog King** \fn{by an otherwise unknown She tribesperson (before 1841-)} Xuantang *jilin*, China (M) 1

The Protector originally came into the world as the Azure Dragon of the Eastern Sea. He was born from the left ear of a large-eared woman. A surgeon who had been summoned removed from the woman's ear some sort of larva. This he placed in a corner of the Great Hall; whereupon hundreds of birds flocked round to pay their respects to the larva.

The surgeon then cut the larva open and brought forth a dog which, after eight months of care and nourishment, grew to be eight feet long and four feet tall. His body was covered with a coat of variegated colours and markings. Even in the concourse of the market-place he was a dog that stood out as quite extraordinary.

All this took place in the reign of Emperor Gaoxin.

It happened that at that time King Fangyi of the Maritime Regions had raised a rebellion in which many civilians were killed. As the imperial army failed to suppress it, the Emperor issued an edict announcing that whosoever should subdue the rebellious King might choose for his wife one of the three imperial princesses. But this offer met with no response.

When the Dragon Dog saw the edict, he volunteered his services. Thereupon the prime minister, Guo Ziyang, brought the Dog to the Emperor, who was greatly pleased. He asked in what ways the Dog was particularly gifted,

and the Dog replied, through the prime minister, that besides being brave in battle he could also assume an infinite number of forms. With the blessings of the Emperor the Dog departed, and crossed the seas to the Maritime Regions, where he sought and obtained an audience with Fangyi the barbarian king.

King Fangyi, greatly pleased by such an unusual visit, feasted the Dog on meat and wine, and assembled his soldiers to join in the drinking. Forgetting all caution, the King became tipsy, and at the third watch the Dragon Dog snapped off his head.

The soldiers immediately pursued the Dog, but the Dragon King of the sea, much stirred by the event, dispatched the River Duke and his entourage to escort the Dog safely back across the sea. The imperial troops were already watching for his return and the prime minister in person took him into the Emperor's presence at once.

However great was the Emperor's satisfaction on seeing the Dog and the head which had been brought back, he could not rest until proof was obtained that the head was indeed that of King Fangyi himself. When a countryman over ninety years old, who knew King Fangyi, was brought forward, he recognized the head as truly that of the King. Thereupon the Emperor commanded the appointment of the Dog to a position of great eminence. This, however, the Dog declined, insisting only on marrying the princess of his choice.

The Emperor, unwilling to withdraw a promise once given, asked the Dog if he had the ability to change himself into a man. The Dog replied that he was indeed able to do so, and seven days were granted within which the transformation was to take place.

On the fifth day the Emperor learnt that though a partial metamorphosis had taken place the head was still dog-like. Regardless of this, a day was chosen for the wedding.

*

Twenty years thereafter the couple had become the parents of three sons and a daughter, whom they brought to pay their respects to the Emperor. The Emperor bestowed on them the names of Pan, Lan, Lei and Zhong and commanded that henceforth they were to marry only among themselves. He divided land amongst them, and the Dog, true to his nature, chose land in the mountains, where his descendants could plough and harvest and were exempted from government taxes. Disputes between civilians and the military were forbidden, and the retainers of government officials were not permitted to interfere in public affairs. Offenders were liable to arrest.

The Dog declined to live in a luxurious mansion in the capital, and chose instead to live deep in the mountains. With the Emperor's permission, the Dog departed from the capital, escorted by an imperial guard.

Some time thereafter the Dog set out for Mt. Mao, intending to follow the Tao. On his way through the mountains, he suddenly slipped and fell to a tragic death in the valley below.

At the funeral the Dog received imperial honours. Thereafter, by imperial command, the families of his descendants dispersed, migrating to Fujian and Guangdong. During the Han, Tang, Song and Ming dynasties they were granted the title of Protector.

197.68c Excerpt from **A Divorce After Seventeen Years** \fn{by Wang Hsi-shen (before 1842-)} Kwangsi, China (M)

-1

... As a matter of fact, the word "divorce" has been quite a fad in society for some time now. And if one asks where in the world divorce is easiest and most common, one must, first and foremost, mention America. Although most politicians like to drone on about China and America clasping hands—these two great Republics, one in the East, one in the West—reflecting one another at a distance, actually there's no way to speak of them in the same breath—except for this matter of divorce. It's almost as if China has caught a contagious disease from America. For no good reason at all we're allowing the big lawyers who hang out their gold-lettered signs to bring in another special item of income. On one day there will be a report that Sir So-and-so and Lady Such-and-such are proceeding with their plan to live together, or that beginning on a certain month and day they will organize a new household. Everything is all spelled out in new-style terminology, and sounds extremely nice. Then before long there comes another public announcement saying that the two sides have agreed to seek a divorce. ...

274.82 From Her Poetry Collection **A Poetry Manuscript From The Studio Of One Zither And One Crane** \fn{by Gao Fengge (d. before 1844)} Southern China (F) 1 (MMMD)

1

Hemp Maiden, the youngest, is fond of roaming;
She travels through thousands of mountains, covering the Nine Regions.
Today, she pays respect to the Queen Mother at the Western Pond.
With a smile, she raises her cup of fine wine and lowers her head in respect.

2

With the moon-pendant, cloud-skirt and purple jade circlet,
Lady Miao carries wine and steps down from the immortals' world.
Wading through three thousand torrents, she takes it easy;
Moving on one petal of red lotus, she takes control.

3

The dancing and singing phoenixes have occupied the jade stairs,
Sisters of the Jade Pond are just returning.
Eight dragons are leading ahead to pierce the clouds,
Three thousand pearl-decorated gates are opening from all directions.

4

Hand in hand, female companions step out of the cool breeze,
Side by side, they travel to and return from the red-leaf mulberry tree by the sea.
They succeed in breeding silkworms glittering as jade,
The five-colored cocoons will be presented to the Queen Mother.

5

Last night, intoxicated, she returned late,
On the cloud path, she ran into E Lühua.
She set up an appointment with Consort Wen to appreciate the flowers:
When will the white dragon arrive for them to ride?

6

She opened the book case to examine the Daoist scriptures on the green jade stripes,
With her own hands, she copied all the Jade Pages and Gold Chapters.
Don't envy Wenji's skillful use of Brush and Ink,
This Bookkeeper's life is certainly closer to freedom from care.

203.28 Excerpts from **Journal Of A Voyage To England** \fn{by Liu Hsi-hung [Xihong] (before 1848-)} Panu,
Guangdong Province, China (M) 17

November 1876

The English Ambassador Wade, when we first met at the capital, often said that since the goal of government is to enrich the people; we ought to consider as our present, urgent business the opening of coal and iron mines and the building of railways. This time, when we came south from Tientsin, the foreigners on our boat put forward identical views.

I informed these people of the fact that we Chinese base our culture on the pursuit of righteousness rather than the pursuit of profit, preferring to suit the taste of the people rather than to disturb them. We never grew tired of debating the matter back and forth.

At first, I did not understand what satisfaction they could find in China's gaining wealth and power, that they should give us such earnest and intimate advice. After our arrival in Shanghai, on 10 November, we paid a visit to the School of Investigation and Application where Intendant Feng showed us a railway map presented to them by

the foreigners, displaying the proposed route from the Five Indies, which ran through our western provinces to reach the capital, so that one line stretched from north to south.

Then I realized that the foreigners' intention was not just to occupy the treaty ports and engage in commerce ... If we do not determine to refuse their plans firmly, the people working at the sea ports will be so delighted by novelties and pleased with exotic arts that they will fall into their dark designs without realizing it. (Merchants scheming for profit would support these schemes to deceive the officials, and officials who seek merit would exaggerate their advantages to tempt the Court, and the danger would become impossible to curb, although it is not yet sufficient to worry us. The methods of the market place cannot be used to govern the empire: crafts and tricks are not sufficient to be considered the best administration. How could things today be suddenly different from the past?)

Once the railroad is built, the security of the country might change in a minute. So this is not an unimportant matter. I think that we ought to hold to our opinions and say outright that the building of railways would not only be harmful to China but would also affect England, since the common people have not yet been appeased in their anger. If suddenly, in the construction of railways, we had to destroy their fields and houses and destroy the graves, their anger would grow, and the rebels in hiding in the wilderness would use the killing of the English as an excuse to incite the people's hearts to rebellion. Then, not only would the merchants' marts along the coast be overrun, but the very railway to India would be made use of by the rebels, and so be turned against them. When the people's hearts are thus united, their power would be as the waters of the Yangtze and the Yellow River. Even the best-made firearms would never be able to hold them back.

What happened long ago to Washington in America, \fn{A reference to the American Revolution} or what happened recently in San-yüan-li, Kwangtung, \fn{A reference to an incident in the Opium War, when local militia harassed the British as they withdrew—an act regarded as a victory for the Cantonese population} can all serve as a warning to the British. We must not try to start a fire and forget that the fire may turn with the wind and burn us. When the sun reaches its zenith, it begins to set; when the moon becomes full, it begins to wane; when we pull the bow too hard, it breaks easily; when the tree yields too many flowers, it easily withers.

All this shows that progress carried to excess becomes regression. The principle that every situation contains the seeds of its opposite can be discovered with a little thought. The sage kings and wise ministers of China's successive dynasties have not been inferior to those of the West in their talents and wisdom, but they never had the presumption to use clever tricks to scrape the heavens and dissect the earth, competing with Nature in order to attain wealth and strength. For they feared an extensive danger wherever they saw a deep principle of Nature. They were quite unlike the English who only calculate profits, rushing ahead without ever looking back. Since I have pointed this out to them fully, might they perhaps not learn to see their faults?

What the *Great Learning* said about investigation and application was meant to apply to the Way, not to manufactured goods. The body, the heart or mind, the family and country, and the universe have principles which may be independently correct or mutually related. If we did not investigate their inherent rightness in depth, we would not know how to pass these principles on and put them into practice; if we did not investigate their mutual relations, we would not know how to master their essential points. Without true knowledge, we cannot act properly and so our thoughts or intentions cannot be sincere. And if we do not make our thoughts sincere in our practice, then it will be impossible for us to rectify our minds: we shall have no way of rectifying ourselves, or of cultivating our persons. And so, the regulation of our families, the ruling of our country, and the pacification of the world will all lose their foundation.

That is why our holy *Classics* teach us, when we begin our studies, first to investigate clearly the inherent rightness and the mutual relations of principles, in order that, with understanding, we shall attain to the state of no longer entertaining doubts when we face confusing differences, of not being distracted by external business, and of not limiting ourselves to shallow tasting. Then we may really apply ourselves to the work of rectifying the heart, cultivating the self, ruling the country, and pacifying the world. The so-called "objects" or "things" are precisely the self: the heart, the family, the country, and the world.

This does not mean that we must first investigate the workings of machines and gadgets. How can machinery and technology be compared with rectifying the heart and cultivating the personality? That would only confuse meanings, so that the further we investigated, the worse matters would become. Since Western countries are known to be wealthy and strong, people who do not study the roots of their politics say that their wealth and strength actually come from manufacturing. Thus, the scholars who admire the West are like ants admiring the fat of mutton. They establish schools to house machines and call this "Investigation and Application", seeking to make use of this sentence in the *Great Learning* to lend lustre to the name, and so attract crowds to come to learn.

But how can something like that be made use of? After all, scholars are esteemed and placed above the common people because their ambitions and conduct are above the conventional ...

Today, those who study are like the common craftsmen who carve out and make clay bricks. Those who work as officials are like the merchants who seek new plans of making more profit. How can we hope to gain anything by picking from the ranks of craftsmen and merchants officials who must rule the people and govern the world? And so, if we wish to remedy our poverty and weakness, we ought to begin by reforming officialdom.

To begin this reform we ought to commence by the rectification of the scholars' habits, which in turn ought to begin with the study of righteousness and the understanding of the Way. If we still tell our students to apply their hearts to Western learning and to crafts and to learn from merchants, we shall only increase the ranks of the merchants. Then, when the ranks of the officials take in one more merchant, the country gets one more worm, the people one more thief. How can we allow the orders of the government to be set aside and the economic life of the people to be neglected, relying only on ships, cannons, and machines to rule the world?

On the other hand, does this mean Western learning ought not to be pursued? No! Western learning is no more than technology. We should change the name of the "School of Investigation and Application" to the "Hall of the Forest of Arts", and gather clever craftsmen to teach there, so that students may learn to manufacture instruments well, and take orders from officials, as ordinary craftsmen do. Then things would conform to righteousness. If scholars would only govern their own bodies and minds in order to be able to govern the world, even though weapons were lacking, they could still command artisans to make them, without having to do so themselves. So how can we consider this practical technology as investigation and application?

7 December 1876

Today was the first time that I saw a train. \fn{At Suez} The four wheels, both front and back, are covered on top by several rooms made of boards (when used to carry cargo, the rooms are opened to make up one space only); the machine is in front. (It can move backwards too.) The carriage is about six foot high, its depth and width being the same as those of the train. When one vehicle is not enough, several are joined together. Their length extends to a hundred steps and yet they can move without stopping. The rails are about four to five feet wide, the two sides jutting up as small paths in the fields do, in order to hold the wheels. Even travelling slowly, the train can still go over 100 leagues an hour, hence it can often cover a distance of 10,000 leagues in several days and nights. The wonder of such a trick surpasses the magic art of diminishing distances.

But if we apply it to China, then the people who bare their thighs and forearms, who hold to the whip and the cord, who row the boats, who pull the carriages, to carry people or cargo, would all lose their jobs. Dynasty after dynasty has always avoided disturbing the people. The work of digging into the mountains to open the mines is difficult to put in practice constantly; a myriad mouths are waiting to be fed, and what method have we to cure poverty? If we daily press more people into becoming bandits, commerce between China and the West will never become peaceful, and even the reliance on force and the use of soldiers cannot stop the flame of hunger.

Besides, China does not have as many travelling tourists and rich merchants as does Europe, nor does she reap as much profit from trade. The building of railways would require a great deal of capital, and unless we made the price of transport high, we should not get enough to repay the invested capital and the accumulated interest. But it is Chinese custom to practise economy in travelling and in the transport of goods back and forth, owing to economy in daily life. So there is really very little profit in this business. Now if for the transport of 100 bushels of rough goods over 10,000 leagues, several hundred or a thousand dollars would have to be paid, who would be willing to cut through his own flesh and blood to feed himself no matter how rapid the means of transport?

Hence, apart from a dozen rich merchants in different provinces, the tradesmen and passengers definitely would not take the train or transport their goods by it. Since our most holy Court does its best to keep the multitudes of the people in peace, to rejoice in our happy land together, the farmers, craftsmen, and workers are not very willing to leave their villages, while even the richer families which sometimes arrange with friends to visit different places together, go only to the neighbouring villages, and satisfy their desire to see and hear more by casting quick glances at the towns and cities.

They do not resemble the foreigners who want to go to distant places, and often cover several tens of thousands of leagues on one trip before they can satisfy their curiosity. That is why when the railway is first constructed, those who take pleasure at its wonderful efficacy will be in a hurry to try it, and go one after another to take the train. After less than half a year, however, there will be very few who will continue to take the train, so that it will not even be possible to get enough profit to pay back a day's use of coal and labour, not to say of the invested capital and the interest.

Besides, economy is a constant need in the governing of a country, and our Government therefore would certainly not wish to disturb hundreds of millions of living beings, to spend thousands of billions of silver dollars to begin such a work, which might seem able to bring us quick profit. Hence, the fact that trains cannot be used in China resembles the fact that a tranquil policy cannot work in Europe. We cannot force people to adopt the same methods.

As I was leaning against the railing on the boat, and staring ahead of me, the foreign interpreter, W. C. Hillier, came and stood next to me. So I looked at him and told him my opinions. This Hillier has been sent by Wade to travel with us. He has been with us since he boarded at Shanghai. Hearing my words, he nodded agreement. If, in future, there are Englishmen who advise us to construct railways, we ought to explain the matter to them in this way. Even if they exert pressure on us, we ought to tell them directly that this is a matter of domestic policy, and no outsider ought to intervene in the domestic policy of an independent country. Since this is clearly stated in international law, how can they exert pressure on us? Thus can we invoke their own laws to dissuade them and prevent them from pursuing such a policy.

In Japan, the government has ordered that the country change to the use of Western law and that the people must dress like Westerners and adopt their rules of etiquette. Westerners however, despise them for doing so, saying that such an imitation for the sake of conformity causes them to lose their original nature. The commander of the *Yang-wu*, Ts'ai Kuo-hsiang, said that, at parties, the foreigners should learn to use Chinese implements. When they remove their hats, we ought to join our hands in response. If we abandon our own customs to imitate them, they would only laugh at us. Jung Hung^{ 1828-1912 } is a Chinese mandarin in Western clothes. Macartney considers this disgraceful. Our Chinese officials who are concerned with international relations ought to learn from this.

25 January 1877

Wade came with his wife at the *hsü* watch.^{ 7-9 p.m. } We received a letter from the Foreign Ministry, asking us to give them our credentials for examination, for the Ministers from different countries always bear Instructions resembling the Imperial edicts from a Chinese court. But our Chinese Government did not know this, and so had not issued us with them when we were sent out. We must submit a special Memorial to ask for them.

26 January 1877

The next day, the Ambassador met Wade to discuss this matter with him. Wade said that he would inform the Ministry of the matter. That day, I was writing a letter home and so did not see him.

27 January 1877

Gordon visited us. Gordon is the brave general who helped Li Hung-chang when he was governor of Kiangsu. He is an Englishman by origin, with a brave expression on his face. Ten years ago, he left the south of the Yangtze to go and work as an official in the country of Egypt, governing its new territory. Now he has long been home on vacation, and is now going back to Egypt. He heard of the Chinese ambassadors and so came to call on us.

Between 3 and 5 p.m. Li Shu-ch'ang went to the Foreign Ministry to present to them a second copy of our Letter of State and of the words which we are to read aloud when we submit this Letter of State. This is also a Western custom. We also sent in a written request for an appointment for audience with the Queen. This was done several days ago, but we have not yet received any reply.

5 February 1877

London has no city wall, but the bridges over which the trains pass are strong as city walls. Since the population is so dense that the trains cannot pass through the streets, bridges are made from huge stones, high over the tops of thousands of houses and chimneys. On these iron plates are laid, and sand and earth piled between them, in order that the trains may travel to and fro. Even when sleeping in a building a hundred feet high, one can often hear the ceaseless thunder overhead made by passing trains. Sitting in the train and looking into the distance, you see from afar the pedestrians below moving about as though on a loom. The city streets and alleys seem small and abysmal, so that you almost begin to wonder whether you are looking into a pit dug into the earth, forgetting that you are up on a bridge.

You also pass high above the tops of towers and can almost bend down and touch the tops of the masts of boats. When I first came to this place, I was very frightened at heart by all that I saw, for everything was strange. People tell me that travelling southwards to the ports, and northwards to Scotland, is taken care of by several dozen railways, and for going 100 leagues one has only to pay one shilling, which is several times cheaper than it used to be before there were trains. That is why the trains for travelling merchants have rooms for groups and also other rooms, always furnished with soft, leather seats next to bright, glass windows, very comfortable for sitting or for lying down. The rich and noble ride in railway-carriages with gilded walls, embroidered curtains, couches,

and small tables provided with bottles of clean water and vases with flowers. Though the train goes quickly as the flying wind and thunder, the noise of which penetrates the ear, it makes no difference to the pleasant feeling of being in one's study where one can relax at leisure.

6 and 7 February 1877

During the *shen* watch a letter came from the Foreign Ministry arranging for us to go tomorrow at 2.45 p.m. to Buckingham Palace to submit our Letter of State. The Vice-Ambassador could go also. For the Sovereign has returned from Osborne. ... At 7 p.m. the Ambassador sent Te-ming and Macartney to see Wade, to ask him about the etiquette involved in audience with the Sovereign. He told them that he did not know. On the morning of the seventh, someone was sent again to ask the Master of Ceremonies, Sir Francis Seymour, who also answered very vaguely, for they wanted to test us. We looked up the *Hsing-yao chih-ch'ang* \fn{Handbook of Diplomatic Procedure} which clearly recorded three bows as being required. The three ambassadors, Chih Kang, Sun Chia-ku and Ch'ung Hou, who previously visited other countries, did no more than this when they had audience. If the English had said clearly that nothing else was required, would it not have been sincere?

Buckingham Palace has a gate made of white stone; it has an imposing appearance, being a palace gate. There are iron railings around the gate. Inside the gate is a big court, some several hundred paces broad, with buildings arrayed on both sides. After this is a garden, which stretches on for over a league. Then one comes to the inner Palace Gate. That day, at 2.15 p.m., the Ambassador and I went together to the gate of the inner palace, where we alighted from our carriage. Te-ming and Macartney followed us. The officers guarding the gate wore helmets and had on short, red uniforms with golden flowers on them. They directed us up three flights of steps to a hall so ornate that our eyes were dazzled. The Foreign Minister Derby, the Earl of Caernarvon, Seymour, Wade, Hillier, and Yu Ya-chih were all there.

At 2.45 p.m. the glass doors in front of the hall opened, and the three men, headed by Derby, went in first for a while and then came out to conduct the envoys in. We descended one flight and walked along a balustrade to a small room. The Sovereign, dressed in a black robe with a veil made of white cotton cloth on which there were flowery designs, stood there in the middle, facing the door; the Princess named Beatrice stood behind her, while the others stood on the sides. The Ambassador entered the door and bowed, the Sovereign also bowed; there were three bows all together till we arrived in front of her. Te-ming passed the Letter of State to the Ambassador, who held it respectfully in both hands and read aloud what he had written. After that, Macartney also read it aloud in English. Then the Ambassador submitted the Letter of State to the Sovereign, who took it and passed it on to Derby. She said to the Ambassadors:

“Your Excellencies have come from far away to establish good relations with us. From now on, let us live in peace and harmony together for ever.” We both replied,

“Yes!”

She then asked how the Emperor of China was. We replied that the Emperor was well. She also said that since she had received a letter from the Emperor, she would give us a letter in reply. We again said,

“Yes!” And then we bowed and left her, with Wade conducting us back to a large hall, where we sat for a while, looking at the objects of art placed there, before we went home.

The Queen is the niece of William IV. Her name is Victoria, and she has reigned thirty-nine years, being this year fifty-eight years old. Her face is plump but dignified and firm. As Westerners wear black for mourning, she wears black now, as a sign of perpetual mourning for her dead husband Albert. Albert \fn{1819-1861} was the son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in Germany. He died over ten years ago.

The Queen has built a terrace in the garden, where she has erected a bronze statue, facing the palace. Underneath the terrace, stone has been chiselled into statues of famous officials of this country. On the four corners around the terrace, stand four stone porches, representing the four great continents; the figures of men and animals are all life-size. We went to see them the other day.

The speech which Ambassador Kuo composed and read aloud said:

The Imperial Ambassador of the Great Ch'ing, Kuo Sung-t'ao, and the Vice-Envoy, Liu Hsi-hung, present a Letter of State to the Sovereign of Great Britain and the Empress of the Five Indies. Regarding the case which happened during a previous year, in the region of Manwyne on the border of Yunnan, of the murder of an official interpreter, Margary, we wish to inform Your Majesty that the governor of Yunnan was immediately ordered to investigate it and to send in his report. And then, under imperial order, the Governor-General of Hu-Kuang, Li Han-chang, was sent there to collaborate with him on the case, and the Nantin Commandant, Li Chen-kuo, was imprisoned and questioned. Furthermore, the Governor-General, Li Hung-chang, was also sent by imperial order to Chefoo, to discuss the affair with your honorable country's royal envoy, Sir Thomas Wade, who took as his principles of action the forgiveness of

past mishaps and concern for the future, and hence resolved to forget everything without discussion. However, the Emperor of China was greatly grieved, and has ordered us, his ambassadors, to come especially, to communicate his sentiments to your country, and has therefore made us his ambassadors in residence here in order to establish relations between our two countries and to express his wishes for an everlasting and peaceful friendship. Since we know how Your Imperial Majesty, the great Queen, enjoys a widespread reputation for generosity, forbearance, benevolence, and righteousness, we are sure that you will be able to appreciate the intentions of the Emperor of China, so that we may all hope for ten thousand years of harmony and everlasting joyous peace. We, the ambassadors, under orders, express our Emperor's sentiments of regret in this Letter of State, which we humbly offer to Your Majesty to read, and which also gives an account of the intentions of our coming here as proof that we wish to establish trust and harmony. [p. I69a-b]

10 February 1877

The harm done by opium is not limited to the annual expense of a few dozen millions. When our officials and gentlemen become morally corrupt, the foundation of the government becomes perverse; when our farmers, workers, and merchants neglect their work, the source of wealth and production is cut off; when generals and soldiers grow weak, our powers of defence are weakened. All this is brought about by opium. Hence we ought definitely to prohibit it. When our boat put into Hong Kong, I received from my fellow friend and fellow graduate, Kuei Hao-t'ing (personal name, Wen-ts'an), the petition for the prohibition of opium signed by our fellow townsman, T'ang Te-chün, and others, as well as the treatise on the prohibition of opium published by the English minister, F. S. Turner. He asked me to do something about it when we reached England. I have been so busy that I have not yet had time to think of it.

On New Year's Eve, \fn{ 12 February; the Chinese New Year, reckoned by their lunar calendar } Professor Legge of Oxford came to visit me, and spoke about opium. He said that England calls itself a nation of benevolence and justice and yet shows itself on this issue lacking in these two virtues. That is why the gentry have formed a Society to eliminate the evils of opium. If we, the ambassadors, speak eloquently in the Upper House and request the prohibition of opium we need have no fear, for the English themselves will help us as much as possible.

Legge has lived in Kwangtung for over thirty years and can speak Cantonese. His English translation of the Four Books and of the Book of Poetry has already been completed. He hopes to use them to change the customs of society.

We do not know whether they are free from mistakes. As to the opium, I have heard that the members of the Society have already drawn up a joint petition, and have elected a leader who is to make an appointment with us to come and discuss the matter.

13 February 1877, Chinese New Year's Day

Facing east, we did reverence to the Imperial Tablets by the usual prostrations, kneeling down three times and making each time a triple kowtow. In the afternoon I went with the Ambassador and the Attaches to visit the Museum of Wax Figures. \fm{ Madame Tussaud's, still extant:H } Inside the entrance, the first statue at the right is that of Lord Lin Wen-chung (Lin Tse-hsü). \fn{ The man first sent by the Emperor of his day to Canton to extirpate the opium trade, and whose actions ultimately resulted in the Opium War }

The Museum has three floors; the first two floors contain statues of the good kings of the successive dynasties and also of the famous men of various countries; the top floor contains statues of criminals. All are very life-like, and, when mixed with living men, cannot be told apart. In front of the statue of Lin is a small table with an opened book: it refers to the clauses prohibiting opium. The top lines are in Chinese, the bottom in English. By his prohibition of opium, Lin caused trouble several times to the English, but they still respect him for his loyalty, righteousness, courage, and determination, and for not being careless, lacking in foresight, or trying to gain a moment's respite. It shows they know whom to respect.

14 February 1877

Our Court always sends two ambassadors, one chief and one subordinate, who are appointed together in order to support and control each other. But in foreign countries, the vice-ambassador is called a counsellor, and must obey the orders of the chief ambassador. Since we left our capital, we have always followed the manners of the foreigners. According to Western custom, documents are addressed to the Chief Ambassador. Hence there is no occasion for me to discuss affairs with the Ambassador, so that all I do is receive my salary without doing any work. On this account, I have prepared a memorial, requesting that I be relieved of my office and allowed to return home. After finishing my draft, I told the Ambassador of it at once, and begged him to stamp it. On the morning of 15 February, this Memorial was sent out.

15 February 1877

An invitation came from the English Queen, inviting all foreign ambassadors to go with their subordinates to the Palace of St. James, where she had ordered her eldest son and heir, the Prince of Wales, to receive them in her name. St. James's Palace was built several hundred years ago. Its layout is simple. It stands very close to the markets and shops, so that it is not a convenient place for the royal carriages to go in and out of. That is why, during the Tao-kuang period\fn{1821-1851} Buckingham was built for royal use. However, big gatherings still take place in the old palace.

Outside this palace there is a gate made of white stone. Several hundred soldiers dressed in red and holding guns stand in a row inside. The guards at the gate are all officers clad in gilded armour. After entering the gate, we ascended two flights of steps, and reached a big hall, where someone held a pencil to note down the number of persons there. (When Westerners take notes, they all use pencils.) His name was the Marquis of Hertford. In another great hall all the ambassadors assembled in court robes. However, as this is a death anniversary for the Chinese Court, our envoys were merely dressed in ordinary clothes.

At two o'clock, the inner palace gate was opened, and those who are called their great officials and chief ministers first went in. Then followed the various ambassadors in rank, according to the time of their arrivals rather than the size of their countries, in order to avoid dispute.

The Prince of Wales had a pleasant, open countenance. He was dressed in a short, red costume with golden flowers, and stood at the foot of the throne. At his left was the German Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Also to his left stood the royal relative Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Next on the left stood the the Duke of Teck and the Marquis of Hertford, who stayed in front to receive the names and announce them aloud.

Every name was written in Western letters on a Western-style card, about three by two inches, which clearly stated the reason for the interview. Those who came for the first time had cards with red on two sides and on the back, while those who had come before used what were really ordinary Western visiting cards. (Even the Chinese ambassadors use Western visiting cards, since people here are not able to read Chinese characters, of which they are ignorant. So we have to follow their custom.) Our Ambassador only wrote:

"The Ambassador from such-and-such a country".

The Ambassador and I introduced Li Shu-ch'ang, Te-ming, Feng-yi, Liu Fou-yi and Chang Ssu-hsün in turn, and bowed to the Prince of Wales, who also bowed in reply. He told the Ambassador that he was happy to receive him. Then he stepped back. Other officials, both civil and military, came in after us. Some had met the Prince of Wales before, and shook his hand to show respect. The three halls which we passed through that day were all magnificent and gorgeous, so ablaze with gold they dazzled the eyes.

When we returned to the apartment, we were told of an invitation to a party by a Chamber of Commerce. English traders do business in many countries, and have a central trade association at their capital, which is run by some gentry elected from members of their Parliament. When the traders meet with problems, they inform the board, which confers with Parliament. After the matter has been discussed and considered by the Parliament, British ambassadors stationed in various countries are asked for their opinions. Hence the relationship between government and traders is always open, and is in no way impeded. As there are many English traders in China, they very much wished to invite us to dinner. When we found out that diplomats from other countries were not invited and Wade was not going, we turned the invitation down.

26 February 1877

We went to St. James's Palace again to see the Prince of Wales. Envoys and dignitaries from various countries were also assembled there. We made bows as before, but without exchanging words, or using visiting cards. (These cards are not used on a second visit.) Then we went home.

The master of the Bank of England A-la-po-ssu-na-te\fn{This is not his English name, and as is rather often the case, a note tells me that the editor of this diary was not able to ascertain the name. I have not bothered to record this information wherever it has occurred, but have merely reproduced the attempted Chinese pronunciation:H} and his employers Barnes and Wo-la-chin-se came to see us. Barnes helps with shipping business, and asked us personally to go to his works to see ship-building. We have not yet settled on the date. I asked A-la-po-ssu-na-te how much his bank has to pay each year in taxation. He answered that this is not a fixed sum, but depends on the profit made each year; for every golden sovereign, he pays three pence.

2 March 1877

We went to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen again. The ambassadors of various countries and their wives were all assembled there. All made a bow and then retired. Then came the local officials' wives. Beside the Queen sat the wife of the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Louise. All the women wore dresses which exposed their bodies, and did not mind being in a place crowded with men. They held garlands in their hands, and wore dresses

of different colours. Behind the dress was a train folded in several layers, looking like a beehive, which dragged for five or six Chinese feet on the floor. All the men and women who knew one another shook hands. Those who were going to see the Queen went up to her, and the attendants lifted their gowns a little, passing from one to another, holding on to them in this way to help the women walk and prevent them from falling through being stepped upon, which would cause embarrassment.

7-9 March 1877

At eight o'clock on the 7th Lord Derby gave a dinner to the Chinese envoys at the Foreign Ministry. At ten o'clock his wife also gave us a tea-party. According to English custom, the husband and wife must personally be present at the parties. Those who attend also bring their wives. The seats for hosts and guests are all fixed in advance and well marked, so there is no need to stand on ceremony. The hostess does not sit with the husband, but with the most honoured of the gentlemen. The others follow in rank, flanking the wives of the guests.

In honour of the host the ladies wear clothes which expose their bodies. Near the end of the party, the ladies rise first, while the gentlemen sit drinking for a little while longer before dispersing. As to the tea-party, it consists of offering coffee and tea, with white sugar and cow's milk, as well as biscuits. These are placed near the side of the hall, awaiting the coming of the guests. When the guests are numerous, they all stand and talk. That night, the wife of Lord Derby had invited over 200 guests. The women all wore elaborate clothes and jewels. They displayed half of their upper body, bosom and back, and rubbed shoulders and feet in the hall with the men, with whom they often shook hands.

Since coming to London, we have visited Buckingham Palace twice: for the English were afraid that we were in a hurry to see the Queen and so had not seen much of the beauty of this palace.

On 8 March, the Chamberlain Earl of Bradford came for a visit, and arranged to go there with us the next day, saying that he himself had no time that day, but would order his assistant Ponsonby-Fane to act as our guide.

On 9 March, at the *wei* watch, we went to the palace. We saw about six or seven of the halls, as well as the guest-rooms, the rooms where the Sovereign gave private audience to her officials, the rooms where she ate, and the rooms where the princesses lived. Only the bedroom of the Sovereign herself was barred to us. Guests who had stayed in the palace included the Kings of Russia and Turkey, who came personally and who once slept here for two nights only a few feet away from the Sovereign's bedroom.

In the halls and rooms all the walls are full of gilded, flowery paintings, in four colours: red, green, yellow, and blue. The tables, beds, and beddings and cushions match the walls. The floors are covered with various carpets with inlaid designs, also in different colours. On the walls hang Western paintings with glass over them and gilded frames; some are square, some rectangular—the more there are the better they like them. They all portray rulers and officials of the past and present, and the various sovereigns—their faces, figures, and episodes relating to their command of the army and their enjoyment of leisure. In the front court is a painting of Victoria herself (the name of the English Sovereign), lying down quite naked. There is also a beautiful glass mirror, over ten Chinese feet high, in a gilt frame. On the ceilings are more gilded, flowery designs, from them different kinds of chandeliers big and small hang down. The tables and couches are all gilded; there are more than ten objects made of ivory. Even the fireplace is gilded.

For ornaments, there are many porcelain jars and urns with gilded mouths. There are also carved, gilded seats along the corridors, on both sides. Here and there are articles of old bronze and porcelain, and three ivory ships resembling the flower boats of Kiangsu and Kuangtung, with carved human figures and oars. There are also several pagodas of nine floors, over ten Chinese feet high, beautifully carved, in bronze or ivory. There are also flowers and plants made of various gems, covered in glass, and also white stone statues of nude women, lying or standing, in places where all eyes could see. (In every palace and wealthy home there are statues of nude women carved in white stone, standing in the front court; some are even on the side of the streets. I think this practice must be encouraged by the Queen.) There are also many other objects and small tables in jade or stone; we cannot give the names of all. When standing in the midst of all these, we feel the dazzling light of gold, which reaches the limit of human luxury, and pomp.

After our visit, the Chief Groom, Norton, was told to conduct us to see the Royal Stables and Mews, where eight horses are kept in each stable. These horses are all of good breed, beautiful and strong, with different colours of hair—red, yellow, black, and white—which distinguish them. The saddles and bridles are all in different colours: the red and yellow ones are given gold, and the black and white ones given silver, so that there can be no confusion. The royal carriages are big and high as in China; the wheels, the top and the columns are all gilded; at front and back stand two golden sea-gods, with scales, holding weapons like guards. Yet during a reign of forty years, the Queen has not once ridden in it. On grand occasions, she rides in a high carriage, the top of which is

gilded in the centre, with four golden “paws” stretching out, holding the four corners. The other eight carriages are all ordinary official carriages, only slightly higher.

16 March 1877

The railway architect, Stephenson, is over seventy years old. On 16 March 1877, he came to visit us, and said that he had built railways in both England and India. The English railway system extends over 51,000 leagues, and cost £630 million. Every year they carry 507 million passengers and 200 million tons of goods. For such transport, 62 million in gold money has been received, and, except for 33 million in gold money paid out to cover the cost of coal and labour, they have gained a profit of £29 million ...

Now considering the great population of China, and the wealth of our products, if we build a railway from Canton to Swatow, Ch’ang-sha, Yüeh-chou, and Hankow, all along the Yangtze River, and turn east to Nanking and then north to Chen-chiang, Yang-chou, Huai-an, Lin-ch[’ing, Ching-chou, Tientsin, and up to the capital, it would involve a distance of 6,000 leagues at the cost of only 20 million in gold. (In Chinese silver money, approximately 60 million *taels*.) We are sure to gain much profit from it. When this railway line works well, we can go on to open branch routes to reach every town and city, and so change the face of China.

He then displayed to us a very workaday map. The Ambassador asked him whether, at his advanced age, he could still build railways. He answered that he could not do the work himself, but could direct others and plan such a project. After giving us the map, he took his leave.

17 March 1877

The fifty-nine members of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade came to see us. Two days before coming to see us, their chief, J. F. Talbot and his friend F. S. Turner wrote to ask for an appointment and also sent us the manuscript copy of the Petition they intended to submit. Macartney told us that such a task could not easily be carried out by Chinese officials. We were only to thank the members with vague words, and give them no firm promises.

My opinion is that it all depends on the English. If the English really want to prohibit opium, it will certainly be prohibited. But since several millions in taxes are at stake, the English will not be willing to give this trade up simply in order to enrich their neighbours. They ought therefore to inform the other countries of this, and make a treaty with them stipulating that the whole world ought to attack and punish any country which still lets its people plant and sell opium. After such a treaty, the prohibition can then be announced, and men be sent to keep watch over the coasts, and to make investigations among the Chinese people so that this evil may really be completely eradicated ...

Undated

We have been in London for two months. When we observe their politics and customs carefully, we notice that nobles and humble people alike do not make much of the relationship between father and son and the difference between man and woman. Yet there are no idle officials, no unemployed subjects, no barrier between the high and the low, no cruel or inhumane politics, no use of empty words to deceive. From the prime minister down, every office has one chief, four assistants, and several other clerks. Every day, from 12 o’clock on, they all work hard at their job, leaving at 6 p.m. to return home. Not only are the common officials very busy in their work, but even the Prime Minister and other high officials devote themselves whole-heartedly to their tasks and yet appear never to be able to come to the end of their labours.

That is why I say how there are no idle officials. Scholars, farmers, artisans, and traders all devote their minds and their energies to their tasks; poor and unemployed persons are taken off to do manual labour. Throughout the whole country, there are no gambling houses and no opium dens. In their free time, the people hold boat races, horse races, and boxing and high jumping contests, all to foster military training. That is why I say there are no idle subjects. Every city, village, town and district elects one or two representatives to Parliament, who can, at any time, communicate the wishes of the people to the officials. Even merchants trading abroad have a central trade association in London, which is also under the charge of a member of Parliament, to act as a mediator between the government and the people. When the wishes of the people are considered inopportune by the officials, they must be interrogated on the facts of the case until agreement is reached; then the necessary measures are taken. That is why I say there is no barrier between them.

The penal system is very lenient; there is no capital punishment by beheading, nor flogging. Criminals are put in prison and well fed. Even cattle and horses are not beaten overmuch. The poor and lonely, the disabled and sick, as well as refugees from different places are placed in houses of charity, where the sovereign frequently sends people to inspect their conditions of living. Every few leagues one finds big buildings for the cure of the sick, to which the sovereign also sends the royal physician on visits. During battles, there is slaughter only at the

front, but it is forbidden to wound captives and to imprison and harm civilians. That is why I say there is no cruel government.

Those who are employed are busy all their lives and very law-abiding. In cases of deceit or unfaithfulness, the whole affair, with all its rights and wrongs, advantages and disadvantages, is very thoroughly debated, in order that everyone may understand the matter clearly and precisely. In taking and receiving, people also behave straightforwardly, without deceit, not pretending to be solicitous, nor affecting false modesty. All men and women act alike in this. That is why I say there is no use of empty words in human relations.

During our two months here, when we have visited others or gone to parties we have often passed through the streets, but never have we heard people shouting or quarrelling, nor have we seen anyone looking sad or worried. When we observe the fact that, from Gibraltar eastwards, going south to Malta, India, Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong and Australia, the English can travel for thousands of leagues over the sea and have taken over those important places where they can stop their ships and establish cities, but have not gone inland to occupy any territory, it is clear that their intention is only to trade.

Undated

According to Western custom, all nations who join the comity of nations cannot be attacked without cause by their allies. Russia once tried to occupy Turkey in order to have access to the sea, using the confusion of Turkish politics as an excuse. But the English notified other nations of their opposition to this, so that Russia did not dare to use its military might openly.

On the seventh day of the second month, \fn{21 March 1877} I wrote letters to various important officials in the capital and to the Governor of Chihli, Li Hung-chang, about the things that I have observed since I came abroad.

Confucius said that in government, it is essential to be frugal. If we are not frugal, even the resources of the entire world will not be enough for our use. This applies to England. While in matters of government the English try very hard to do everything, sparing no money especially in everything that pertains to education, to enriching the people, and to the armed forces, still they often spend money when they need not and ought not to spend it. For example, this year, on the occasion of the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, the English government ordered a general amnesty, and the Sovereign paid the debts of all those imprisoned for debt, freeing more than 10,000 people. This is an example of unnecessary expenditure. Again, they use ships and trains to transport rare objects and precious articles, plants and stones, over thousands of leagues. This is an example of unjustifiable expenditure. Since the accession of Victoria, there have been many military victories and the country has grown stronger and stronger. Yet till now, every year expenditure has exceeded income, so that the national debt has attained 800 million pounds, that is, in Chinese silver, more than 2,672,400,000 *taels*. On the seventh of this month, Chang Ssu-hsün and Yao Yüeh-wang went to the Li-ju Bank, and were given this information by the treasurer. For every *tael* an interest of 0.3% is charged. Hence, there is a yearly interest of over 80,170,000 *taels*.

29 March 1877

The Japanese, Inoue Kaoru, came to London at the age of fourteen to learn crafts, and returned to his own country ten years later. He told his countrymen of the British use of boats, cannons, and trains, but they hated what he told them, and ostracized him. Some even accused him of improper relations with the West, and induced others to beat him up. This happened before the British invasion of Japan, at which time, the Japanese, not being strong enough to resist, begged Inoue Kaoru to make peace for them, and promoted him to the office of Minister of Finance. He then proposed a reform of the principles of government, bringing them into conformity with those of the West.

He has now returned to England to study the policy of taxation. On the 29th, the Ambassador and I paid him a visit on our way back from the Bank of England. He told us that the British tax regulations require only the taxation of imported goods, never taxing their exports, since exports are products of the country, which, if taxed, would discourage the people from selling them abroad. And yet, when sold in the country, very little profit can be made on such goods, so that there would be no way of encouraging the people to apply their craftsmanship to work in order to enrich the population. Hence, exports are not taxed. Instead, the government waits until the trade brings in a profit, and then asks for three pence in every pound. Since the people can make a profit, they do not find taxes difficult to pay, and are therefore happy to sell their goods to distant places. With the increase in exports, commerce and industry are encouraged and prosper, and the farmers and workers need no pressure to work hard to provide industry with what it needs.

This is how the British make their people wealthy. He also said that when the construction of railways began in London, the people of England criticized the move, saying that it would throw the carriage-drivers out of work. Many, indeed, rose up to hinder the construction of railways. However, with the use of trains, the carriage-drivers

became even more prosperous. For, before the use of trains, the volume of travel and transport was very small, but, with the coming of trains, merchants and travellers are always on the road. Wherever the railway cannot penetrate, ordinary horse-drawn vehicles must be used, so that this business has in fact prospered.

The Ambassador asked him which book to read, in order to study the British system of taxation. He recommended *The Wealth of Nations*. This book was written by Adam Smith, and is very hard to translate, so that only those who learn English can read it. According to Macartney, it would be easier to read a translation of *Political Economy*, written by James Mill.

30 March-1 April 1877

The Tower of London is an ancient royal palace, built in A.D. 1078. The stone walls are fifteen Chinese feet thick. Around the palace a moat filled with water was dug while forts were built for defence. After three hundred years it ceased to be a palace, but became a prison for officials who committed crimes. Now it has been changed into an armoury, with 2,000 soldiers stationed there. In the Tower are several dozen iron statues of kings, nobles, and generals, some standing, others riding. There are also over 100 boxes of gunpowder, 60,000 modern guns, and countless weapons and armour of past and present.

In another place the ceremonial crown of the present sovereign is kept. This crown is as big as a winter melon. It is made of purple satin. There are huge pearls basted on it. Four rows of thread divide it into four petals. On the top is set a diamond, as large as a pigeon's egg. Its sides are thickly ornamented with glistening diamonds.

On 1 April 1877 I visited the Tower and then went to the Thames to see the railway underneath the river. One goes underground, down some eighty-seven stone steps to reach it. The walls on the left and right are made of huge rocks, and iron pieces are used on the top to keep away the river water, so that it resembles the courtyard between the inner and outer gates of a city. Trains run underneath the river, with coal-gas lamps illuminating the whole place. This is certainly a clever construction, but far from indispensable.

10 April 1877

Inoue Kaoru visited us. The Ambassador and I spoke with him.

He said that China has rich natural resources, and ought not to let them lie in the earth. Why did we not imitate Western methods and make use of them? Before the Ambassador had time to answer, I asked whether, as Minister of Finance, he had reformed the abuses in his own department.

He answered that he had very much wanted to do so, but could not get the others to follow his wishes.

I said that this was not due to the others wanting to present obstacles. Rather, the systems and regulations laid down by our ancestors contain deep meaning, and, although with the passage of years, abuses inevitably set in, these are the work of men who try to draw private profit from the system. If only officials could seek the true meaning of the old systems, and try their best to put it into practice, eliminating all that did not exist in the past and restoring all that used to exist in the past, it would be then possible to have good government. If we tried to change systems and develop resources, we would disturb and shock too many people, and so provoke rebellions. Our Imperial Chinese Government should learn a lesson from his country, Japan. While gold, silver, coal, and iron mines are profitable, they also give rise to great harm. Such things are not what a sage Emperor would covet.

He listened acquiescently, and after some more friendly talk about poetry took his leave ...

Concerning the case of the murder of a foreign interpreter in Yunnan, Secretary T. G. Grosvenor returned to England about a month ago, after having gone there to investigate the matter. When it was asked why the real facts had not been published in the newspapers, the Foreign Ministry replied that it was due to the fact that Wade has not yet given his report. I do not know whether there are not other complications. The official is called Frederick, his surname is Bourne.

Macartney often says that China prefers deceit, and does not tell the truth and act honestly, but at every negotiation dissimulates (approving by word of mouth externally what the heart does not really approve) and then does not carry out her promises. Foreigners especially are angered by this attitude. After all, he argued, people all have their real thoughts, as events all have their real meanings. When we ourselves are wrong and others right, we cannot change the situation by force of argument. If we really find that what others say is wrong, why do we not plainly tell them their errors so that they may clearly know and really see our points? If, when we have had our say, the other party is still not convinced, we can always find other explanations and continue the argument. We can either think harder, and continue the debate at once, or else arrange to discuss it later on, so that the foreigners might become thoroughly conversant with our way of looking at things. Since foreigners are not wild beasts or tigers, and will not swallow us savagely, why should we put things so vaguely?

I answered that this method was superior, but that debates may easily lead to anger, and perhaps even become occasion for a war, so that we practise patience and keep a gentle expression in order to stop disputes and pacify the world.

Macartney said that dissimulation itself, as well as our not keeping promises, would be enough to cause disputes. If we speak reasonably, even when others do not agree with us, they will be sure to behave reasonably. While, during debates, we may appear to be arguing and competing, actually, we are being frank, and our hearts will stay in peace, without fear of provoking any quarrel.

I listened and showed approval. Now, I have observed their parliamentary debates, and have seen how each side was eager not to let the other win, until the whole business was settled, lowering their heads without holding any prejudice on account of victory or defeat in the debate ...

Such scientific subjects as electricity, heat, astronomy, air, light, dynamics, and chemistry are what the English call real knowledge, while they consider the teaching of our Chinese sages as empty and useless talk. Chinese officials who are deceived by their words often agree with them.

I argue against these beliefs, saying that their real knowledge consists only of petty, miscellaneous tricks, which can be used to make "a utensil" of but limited capacity ...

They concentrate on such miscellaneous tricks, using boats and vehicles made to bring in profit, and firearms made for killing, trying to produce more and more of such things to become wealthy and strong. How can we call all this useful, real knowledge? Since the beginning of history, China has endured longer than any other civilization, and has produced a hundred and several dozen sages one after another, daily refilling and completing their social and moral institutions. The depth of our philosophical discussions greedily exceeds those of the West.

Foreigners consider material wealth as true wealth: China takes temperance as true wealth; Western nations think brute force is strength: China takes deference as strength. This is the real truth. It cannot be explained in a few hurried words.

May 1877

During my sickness, some London gentlemen wrote a Petition about the six ways in which the English have bullied China: (1) They have poisoned the people with opium; (2) They have propagated their religion unnecessarily, since China already enjoys the finest teaching of the sages; (3) Their merchants are not controlled by local officials, but by their own consuls, which causes partiality and makes for injustice; (4) They took upon themselves the construction of the Wu-sung railway, and then asked for compensation for their expenses; (5) The Margary case in Yunnan was not settled as a case in itself, but used as an excuse for opening other ports; (6) They have shown lack of courtesy in the reception of our ambassadors.

These gentlemen said that if the Chinese Ambassador would allow them to finish what they have to say, they would gather their friends together to debate the matter in Parliament, and so on. The Ambassador turned them down very kindly, which was the right thing to do, since, as ambassadors in this country, we ought not to listen imprudently to what the people and gentry say, and so cause trouble to their Sovereign and country.

But the English really love and respect China in their hearts. Every day, we are invited out to tea-parties in several places. We have more invitations than we can cope with. Whenever we meet their officials and gentry, we hear them earnestly counselling us to strengthen ourselves and keep peace for ever with England.

Sometimes they even say that what their countrymen have done in China makes them feel ashamed.

June 1877

A telegram from Hart informed me that I have been transferred as Imperial envoy to Germany ...

10 June 1877

A letter from the capital informed me that the German Ambassador von Brandt, during the amendment of the treaty this year, caused extra trouble by insisting that the former treaty only had clauses concerning separate taxation at the various treaty ports, meaning that foreign goods to be transported to the interior need only to be taxed at the ports, and ought not to be required to pay *likin* again. Since foreign goods coming from different countries are already being taxed at the ports both for customs duties and for transit dues, when they pass the *likin* stations they ought only to have to show the bills of lading, and then be free to move on without having to pay any heavy *likin*. However, by the time the goods have passed into the hands of Chinese, what happens is that the Chinese officials, in order to raise military funds for China, tax the Chinese people themselves.

Why should this be of any concern to the foreign merchants? Not only need this regulation not be applied to foreigners, but other countries should not intervene in such an affair. We have our own sovereignty and this *likin* is being collected from among our own people. It is therefore our own business, and is no concern of foreigners.

Undated

At balls, the man and the woman face each other and hold on to each other. The man holds on to the waist of the woman with one hand, while the woman holds on to the man's shoulder with one hand. They dance this way in the middle of the hall. Usually there are four or five pairs who dance at the same time, going several times around the hall before stopping. The women expose much of their bodies while the men are neatly dressed. But in this country, the men wear formal suits with pants of flesh colour, tightly fitted to their legs, so that, when looked at from afar, they seem to expose the lower parts of their bodies, which is not at all nice to see. They say that this custom has come down from very ancient times, and that the whole Western world follows it.

In various Ministries of this country, there are always ballrooms for solemn gatherings, as if they consider dancing an essential part of their official business. Since the fourth lunar month, more than ten English families have invited us over to attend such balls.

On account of my illness, I have not gone to any of them. On the evening of 22 June, the Queen invited us to a tea-party, so I went to attend it at Buckingham Palace. That night, the ambassadors from various countries all gathered there; high-ranking men and women were all assembled together. Music was played in the front of the hall to accompany the dancing. Even the Crown Prince and his wife took part in the dance. The Prince took another woman as his partner while his wife danced with another man, for husbands and wives are not supposed to be each other's partners.

During the last two months, we have been receiving several invitations every day to go to tea-parties. At each tea-party there are long tables provided with tea, wine, fruit, and cakes for the guests to take and drink, and the whole room as well as the doors are delightfully decorated with fresh, fragrant flowers ...

At parties at night many lamps and candles burn. Men and women mingle together, rubbing elbows and shoulders. Sometimes actors and singers are called in to perform plays, to sing and to play music to amuse the guests. (Some people sing and play themselves. European ladies play the piano to amuse the guests. No one finds this strange.)^{fn}{Chinese ladies never took part in social occasions, let alone entertained guests with musical performances; for in China, such entertainers were always attached to houses of prostitution} Each party costs over £100.

When there are five or six hundred guests at a party all stand round the tables to drink. However, the host personally offered the Chinese envoys tea and wine with his own hands. The English are very hospitable and quite used to spending money. Furthermore, when they know some tricks, they always perform these in public to show their abilities. When they have collections of precious objects, tapestries and the like, they exhibit everything in the room, showing every piece to the guest, fearing only that he has not seen everything.

The Chinese prefer to hide their abilities and their wealth and never let them be seen; the English like to show everything to the outside world, without hiding a fraction of an inch.

When we Chinese see talented people and wealth often, we get used to such things and are heedless of their attractions. But when an Englishman suddenly possesses talents and wealth, he finds it very unusual and keeps boasting about them to others. When we consider these attitudes, we realize it is difficult to urge people to change their pettifogging manners. Every year, the tea-party season lasts from the third month to the middle of the sixth month.

27 June 1877

On the night of 26 June we attended a ball at the Scottish Association. The Emperor of Brazil and wife were there. (Brazil is in South America.) He wore an ordinary Western suit, for his is a democratic country where it is the custom to do so. The Emperor has visited Africa and Europe, having gone through Egypt, Germany, Austria, France, and other countries before reaching England. He and his wife go together to see every beautiful place and every party. They are almost like strolling Immortals roaming round the world.

That night the dance music was even noisier than at Buckingham Palace. The Scottish costume is different from that of London. Both men and women wear red checkered woollen pieces on their left shoulders, and use the rest to bind their waists. Men do not wear trousers, but have long boots on. Some bind up their lower legs from the knees down with red bands, right down to their feet, a practice like our "leg binding". (That night, there were women dressed in the Greek national costumes, in long tunic-like robes with big outer garments rather like the Chinese robe. That is because Greece was the first country to be sinicized.)^{fn}{The Chinese firmly believed that every civilization had its origin in their own} Women bare the upper parts of their bodies and men expose their lower parts; they cling tightly to one another as they dance, their heads and bodies glued to each other.

Undated

The people of London love to practise charity. They build large houses for the old, the infants, the orphans, the poor, the handicapped, and refugees from different places, who are well provided for. There is a so-called Old Scholars Society which gives meals to poor students, and, in case they may regard it as a disgrace to accept food,

sends grain and meat to their residences. There is a so-called Embroidery Office, composed of noble women, who can no longer support themselves on account of family misfortunes and who are gathered in large houses, where they are provided with meals and servants. They are made to weave and to embroider, and their products are sold. But men are still forbidden entry to prevent any scandal.

When I was sick, the Ambassador and others went there on a visit. There is also a hospital, which I already described on 16 February. But London has other institutions besides these. Every few leagues there are big buildings where the poor are kept and cured of their sicknesses. Other cities and villages have similar places too. For such purposes, the funds are collected from among officials and by the rich. To make up any deficiencies, grounds are cultivated, flowers are planted, and fish are kept, or else plays are performed and other games enacted to attract spectators who pay to gain admission and to have a seat, the money then being used for charity.

On 26, 27, and 28 June, at South Kensington, noble ladies and gentlemen are exhibiting miscellaneous goods and have invited the Queen, the royal family, hereditary nobles, high officials, ambassadors, and rich men to go there. Pretty girls have been chosen to take charge of sales. The prices have all been raised to a hundred times the original. All the visitors buy a few things before coming out. Such income goes to the care of the sick. On 26 June, they collected two thousand and several hundred *taels*. On 27 June, Liu Fou-yi, Chang Ssu-hsün, and Macartney went there with me. We also contributed about sixteen golden sovereigns.

That night the Queen invited us to a tea-party with music and singing. The Emperor of Brazil and his wife were there. In the main hall were high officials and wives; on the right were ambassadors and their wives; on the left were hereditary nobles and their wives. (Western custom regards the right as the honoured place.) The Prince and his wife entertained the guests in place of the Queen. The party finished at 1 a.m.

28 June 1877

Bourne, our interpreter, came. I asked him about things in England. He said that English customs entail too much luxury, pomp, and enjoyment, and cannot go on very long this way. Women especially waste a lot of money, a thing that does not happen in China. An evening gown often costs over 100 *taels* in silver. After wearing it twice, a woman no longer considers it fresh, and must change into a new dress. Every day, visiting and entertainments require much money for carriages, horses, wine, and food. Unless one spends 300 or 400 gold sovereigns every month, one cannot get along.

So in choosing a husband, a woman must hope for a man from a rich family. But men suffer from having to support them, and dare betroth only women of wealth who can afford such luxuries. That is why there are men and women who never marry all their lives.

The Chinese rejoice in having many sons, the English suffer from having many sons. Recently, many more baby girls than baby boys have been born. (This is quite true. Every time we go to a party given by gentry or merchants, we find families with three or four daughters, but seldom a family with two sons.) Such customs are very annoying. One does not know how to correct them.

England now relies on trade to make her wealthy, and her commerce extends to the four seas. But in future, if the routes are obstructed and the goods can no longer circulate, the country could easily find itself in trouble. I agreed with him heartily. Then we discussed trains. I said that there are fewer travellers in China so that the building of railways and the making of trains will definitely cause us to lose money, and ought not to be done. He did not agree.

He argued that the advantage of having trains lay in transporting goods, not in transporting people. China had the most goods and the greatest amount of trade so that if railways were constructed interest would surely double, and taxes increase. This would certainly be a means of enriching the country and the people.

Besides, it could help us to spare our armed forces. Wherever there were rebellions in the provinces, the government, on hearing of these, could send soldiers there within a few days, and then, as quickly as the wind sweeping away leaves, defeat the rebels. Therefore we would only need to keep 100,000 soldiers in the capital, and choose able generals to lead them, while the Son of Heaven himself could review them, and have them ready for any emergency, without having to station many armed forces outside in the provinces. We could save in this way, every year, over 10,000,000 *taels* of silver. ...

But everything in this world has advantages and disadvantages. The West considers the building of steamships and trains as progress. But I dare not say whether this is real progress or retrogression. When one country constructs such a thing, other countries will gradually follow suit. If this comes from the Will of Heaven however, man can do nothing about it. For example, with steamboats, we Chinese did not at first want to imitate the foreigners, but now we have about twenty or thirty boats. Now we have steamboats, we must use more coal. To make more iron cannons we must have more iron. Having to use more iron and coal, and not being able to ask for

them from Western countries, the question of opening mines arises. But then, what will be needed for the transport of coal and iron? What about the cost of labour, and the difficulty of the roads? We must naturally then discuss the construction of railways.

This shows how things are mutually related. One thing will lead to another, and we will not be able to refuse them. I asked what we ought to do if bandits take the trains to invade us.

Bourne answered that these things ought to be controlled by the officials; while the bandits can take the trains, they cannot occupy the whole railway. If the railway is cut, the train cannot run.

I said that a railway would cost sixty or seventy million silver dollars. If we must pull it up completely to defend ourselves against bandits, it would not be easy later on to repair. If we only remove a hundred rails or so, the bandits could easily fix things up to transport their own soldiers.

This shows there are both advantages and disadvantages to having a railway. Besides, where could China find enough money to enable her to start construction?

Bourne said we could borrow from other countries. Since other countries all borrow money, why should China fear to do so? If we borrowed a lot, the creditors would try to protect China and not want to resort to arms against us, since this would make them lose both capital and interest. So this would also be a way of keeping one's friends.

I asked what we should do if we could not pay back the capital and interest, and others used force to oblige us to pay?

He said that Western nations never used force to recover their debts. Turkey owed most to other countries, but her creditors kept postponing the date of repayment, and helped her to plan ways of raising money for the country, which shows how such matters are arranged.

I said that this was not the right way to rule a country, and was not to be relied on. When foreigners treat a diseased foot, they often cut through the tendons and replace the foot with an artificial one. But how can this rude method of treatment produce lasting results?

23 July 1877

Westminster Abbey ... was built 900 years ago. St. Paul's was built over 200 years ago. These are all Protestant churches. From top to bottom they are made of carved, polished white stone. These buildings are very imposing. Many meritorious officials and famous men of different dynasties are buried here. Their statues are carved in stone, in a sitting or sleeping posture, to show their virtue and ability. Along the London streets there are many iron statues of meritorious officials, which serve the same purpose. Westminster Abbey preserves the country's ancient writings, paintings, coins and other relics. St. Paul's has a big clock and a tall tower from which one can see the whole of London. On 23 July we went to visit it.

On our way back Bourne and Liu Fou-yi talked about the rigour of Chinese traditional teaching concerning women. Bourne said that women are also human beings, and ought not to be left alone shut up in rooms and forbidden to come out. Liu could say nothing in reply.

I told Liu that he could have said that both the chest and the back are parts of one's body. Why is the chest in front and the back behind? For the chest is *yang* and the back is *yin*. The head is part of my skin, so is the part underneath my belly. Why do I show the skin of my head and cover the other part? For the head is *yang* and the other is *yin*.

Later, Liu used this argument, and Bourne could say nothing in reply. (On account of the Westerners' temperament, when we can find reasons to debate with them, the clearer we are, the more they respect us. Otherwise, they think they are right and their pride increases.) ...

Undated

Westerners do not consider descendants important. Millionaires often give up everything on their death-beds in order to build charity schools or homes for the aged and the poor, saying that with such arrangements, they can die without regret. When asked who will offer sacrifices to them, they say that since they have given their wealth to charity, their memory will be cherished even after a thousand years. So why should this business of sacrifice worry them? When asked about offering food to their ancestors, they say:

"It is a Chinese superstition to say that ghosts still need food. When a man dies, his vital spirits disperse into heaven and earth. The spirits will soon be gathered to produce another body. Ghosts do not exist. Since our grandfathers or fathers died several decades ago, their vital spirits dispersed long ago, and do not require food. Besides, our grandfathers only begat us as individuals and then brought us up. Now we are using their wealth to help millions of people to live, which is a great act of filial piety."

This way of thinking approaches that of Mo-tzu.\fn{ Mo-ti (470-391BC), generally known as Mo-tzu, taught the doctrine of universal love, enjoining his followers to love their fellow men and not limit their affection to the family. Confucians criticized his doctrines for their neglect of the special claims of parents and offspring }

6-8 August 1877

Macartney came to tell me that Westerners are asking for a discussion of the *likin* on Western goods, not in order to harm China but to profit both China and the foreign merchants. For if there are goods sent from England, through Shanghai to Szechwan, then besides paying the two taxes—regular duty and transit duty—the traders still have to pay so much *likin* in Hupei and so much in Szechwan. Even if this should cause them to pay three to five times more than they should they must still pay a fixed sum. If this fixed sum is paid in Shanghai, and a paper is given them with the provinces of destination marked on it, then when the goods pass through the Customs bureaus in the provinces, the Inspectors will not tax them further. A fine could be imposed on goods sent to places outside those marked, and the goods confiscated. If we did this, we would not change the principle of imposing *likin*. Western traders would have first to estimate the original cost of their goods to establish the price and then entrust them to others in the transport trade. This would be much more convenient for commerce, and would take away the fear of embezzlement of revenue needed for paying the army in China. Hence it would be beneficial to both sides. If there is no fixed rate of *likin*, it is impossible to estimate the price of goods in advance.

People often think they can sell a certain amount of goods at such and such a price, but, after transport, find out that on account of the unexpected *likin* they have lost their capital. One does not know whether the Customs took too much or whether the Chinese agents who transported the goods on their behalf gave a false account. No wonder the Western traders criticize such a system!

Now the English Trade Association also wishes to ask for a fixed sum for *likin*. In fact, this cannot harm China. So it seems we ought to approve of it. If we consider *likin* as funds which the provinces provide out of their own budget, and which ought not to be assigned only to Shanghai, we can order the Customs at Shanghai, in imposing *likin*, to put aside the amounts that ought to go to the provinces in order to transfer them there later. This would be easy too.

I remarked that his idea was a sensible one but that we had to study the matter further.

Men and women here all select their own partners in marriage. When a woman likes a man, she invites him to her house to entertain him. (It seems to me that women here are encouraged to be unchaste, while men are not. When a woman likes a man, she often asks whether he already has a wife. If not, she brazenly arranges a rendezvous. The man does not dare to make the first move.)

They often talk intimately together, away from others, and go out together. Their parents do not forbid them. After a long period of acquaintance, if the two like each other, they tell their parents. Then they investigate each other's financial situation. If they are unequally matched, they do not marry. (When incorrect reports are made and someone is cheated, then even after marriage, the woman still does not consider the man as her husband, nor does the man consider the woman as his wife. Instead, one will treat the other as no more than a servant.)

If they are well matched financially, then they are informed of this and allowed to decide whether or not to marry. After their engagement (a ring is used for engagement to control the other party, so that he or she will not look for someone else), they have even greater freedom to go out together.

At marriage (men marry at thirty) the family of the bride go to a Christian Church and ask a clergyman to chant prayers. Many guests are assembled. A crucifix is placed on the table. The bride and groom enter and kneel in front of it. The bridesmaids also kneel. (Their number is not fixed. The Mayor's daughter had sixteen of them.) The clergyman also kneels down, and then gets up to perform the marriage ceremony for the bride and groom, after which he blesses them, and conducts them to a room at the rear, where they write their names in the registry. Then they go together to the official registry of that district where they write down all their particulars. Later, they often travel several hundred leagues to consummate the marriage in an hotel. Those who see them would at first not know they were newly-weds.

The bride wears white, with a white veil on the head. (When going out, women often wear a black or white veil to cover their heads, in order to avoid the dust. This is not unique to the bride.) The groom wears everyday clothes. Often when people marry off their daughters, they give them as dowry good thick clothes, useful articles, and all kinds of other necessities. The groom's family and friends also contribute to the bride's dowry, but give nothing towards the groom's wedding expenses. On 8 August, I went to the house of the Mayor of London to see this ceremony for myself.

According to English customs, the daughter-in-law does not live with the father and mother-in-law. Even old people of seventy or eighty are often without children to serve them food and drink, and do their laundry. How to

behave as a daughter-in-law should, and understand the virtue of feminine obedience is not known here at all. According to Hillier, after her engagement, the woman often visits the house of her future parents-in-law. But no other formalities are observed as part of the wedding ceremony. As Tai Sheng remarked, when the difference between man and woman is observed, the affection between father and son is established; when the father and son have mutual affection, then comes righteousness; when there is righteousness, there will be ritual propriety; when there is ritual propriety, all things will be in harmony.

These few words clearly express all there is to say about the propriety and order that govern heaven and earth. It is very clear and very deep. Westerners do not understand what it means to have parents. Some say that the religion of Jesus considers Heaven as Ancestor, and does away with everything else. When their sons grow up, they each seek their own livelihood, without asking their parents. Some who serve as officials leave their parents for more than ten years, and do not even go to visit them on their return to their home town.

4 September 1877

When I first went from Tientsin to Shanghai, there was an Englishman on the same boat, over seventy years old, who was speaking with his fellow countrymen. He said that in the West people do not care a rap for their ruler. Now I see that in this country, before playing music and chanting prayers, or having parties and games, the people always first wish the Sovereign well.

In theatres, the Queen's picture is displayed at the beginning and that of the Prince shown at the conclusion. Even a firework display concludes with the picture of the Queen. I also heard that when the Prince was sick over ten years ago, the whole country prayed to Heaven for him. When he was cured, the whole country thanked Heaven. Even in outlying cities, they all love the Royal family, so that one cannot say the Queen is considered unimportant.

We have asked about the reasons for this. It could be because during the reign of Victoria, the English have won every war, and the country has grown stronger day by day, so that although there is no question of her having wrought all this good by herself, she has never gone against public opinion, therefore everyone wishes her good fortune. England is actually a democratic country, and needs no sovereign to rule it. If successive monarchs would only be content to enjoy themselves, and not cause trouble to the Upper and Lower Houses they would be doing all that their people pray them to do.

4 September 1877

Everything in England is the opposite of China. In politics, things move from the people to the Sovereign; in family regulations, the wife is honoured and the husband has a lower position. (Family decisions are always proposed by the wife and followed by the husband. The wife sits in the position of honour, the husband in a humble position. The same happens when they go out to parties. Ordinarily, the husband serves his wife much as the filial son in China serves his parents. Otherwise everyone would criticize him.) At births, girls are esteemed and not boys; at parties, the host is honoured and the guest humbled. (The host sits in the middle, flanked by his guests.) In writing, they begin from right to left. (Words and writings are all reversed; for example, London's Tower is called the "Tower's London"; \fn{The Tower of London} Father's garden is called the "garden's father". \fn{The garden of father} That is why it is difficult to translate.) With books they begin from the back and work up to the front. (Every book begins with the last page.) \fn{I.e., the front page of a Chinese book looks like the last page of a European book, and vice versa} In eating and drinking, they first take their main meal and then wine.

This is because their country is situated below the centre of the earth. Over them hangs the sky above the far side of the earth. That is why their customs and systems are all topsy-turvy. Even the day and the night are reversed. The time in London is eight hours later than that in China, and in Ireland it is twenty-five minutes later than in London. Their evening is our noon in China. Their dawn is our evening in China. The English often rest in the daytime and work hard at night. Perhaps it is with nighttime that the principle of *yang* becomes dominant here! \fn{In China, the yang element was associated with day, and the yin with night}

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1853 AND 1858

269.118 1. Escaping From The Red Turbans 2. In The Boudoir: A Miscellaneous Poem \fn{by Dong Baohong (fl.1853)} Yizheng, Jiangsu Province, China (F) -1

Looking around, beacon smoke all around, like a palm closing up.
 To escape misfortune and seek luck, where should I go?
 Turning around, I can only weep for Zhenzhou;
 From now on, I will be haunted by dreams about my homeland.
 I remember I lodged beside a chill creek when I had just left home—
 An uninhabited inn in a deserted village with a low gate.
 The second night, I was surprised to come to a small market;
 Both people and places are strange; I am afraid to take a close look.
 How pitiful—this body that used to belong to the inner chambers!
 How pitiful—her bitterness of chaotic times!
 If Luofu had a husband, that husband could be relied on.
 Luofu without a husband, on whom can she count?

2

Serenely, I dwell in the secluded boudoir,
 Entrusting my idle feelings to poetry.
 Beside the emerald window, volumes of books are spread out;
 A silver brush is hung on a flowering branch.
 Only the spring breeze is aware of my embroidering;
 Only the moon knows when I compose poetry.
 I cherish the red flowers that dot the path;
 I love the green willow strands hanging.
 Coming up with poetic lines, I hope my brother will harmonize with them;
 Adding incense late, I complain to the maid.
 Living in seclusion, it tends to be solitary;
 As for ordinary matters, I can manage them.
 Drawing phoenixes is not my original intent;
 I can paint, but I do not wear rouge.
 Father's books pile up on my desk;
 I step back to reflect often on mother's instruction.
 Meditating on the past, I admire heroic women;
 Living at the present time, I value filial piety and compassion.
 In my powder case, I store inkstones;
 On my dressing table, my writings are folded.
 In affairs of our time, I might follow custom as well;
 That's why my new makeup is slightly fashionable.
 Turning round, I let out a smile,
 As I rinse my ink-slab "facing the pond."

269.119 1. The Lament Of A Longing Wife 2. Wandering In The Fields After The Clear-Bright Day 3. Excerpt
 from Four Poems: Boldly Expressing My Opinion 4. Poem Presented To My Husband \fn{ by He Huisheng (d.1858) }
 China (F) 1

1

Bright, bright the cool moon; a cool wind sighs,
 Tapping the window, ceaseless the sound of falling leaves.
 On the front steps crickets chirr and pause,
 Gilded scissors generating chill, dewy air spreads.
 Sewing a robe for you, my tears shed in vain.
 How can I become a wild goose in the vast sky
 Flying southwest to follow you ten thousand *li* away?

After the Clear-Bright Day, spring grows old;
 Idly, I roam in the outskirts of the city.
 Grasses growing in the race course,
 Flowers falling, beating on fishing boats.
 The newly risen river broadens out, reaching the level of the dike;
 A long bridge links a temple in wilderness.
 Sighing over myself trapped in the camp of women,
 Living year after year in vain.

The world is disturbed, completely filled with wind and dust;
 Wanting to requite the emperor's favor, I'm ashamed of this body.
 If the court could have used womankind,
 There would definitely have been a Mme. Xian in Gaoliang.
 *
 How I wish I could go to the battlefield ten thousand *li* away!
 Would I have refused to join the army on horseback?
 Laughing at those mediocre ones calling themselves men,
 Did they throw aside brushes for our sacred emperor?

Recalling the old days scribbling in the embroidered boudoir,
 Among fresh green willows, it is the home of the Xie daughter.
 If it is not migrating orioles who pass on news,
 Who will convey the spring message to Qin Jia?
 All over the world is smoke and dust,
 Who has the mood to talk about love?
 Trapped in the camp of women, I'm without talent,
 But I hope that your meritorious efforts continue to build on Wencheng's.

**AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1860
 AND 1868**

267.176 Fragment of the opening of **Dream Affinities** \fn {by Zheng Danru (d.1860)} China (F) -1

Plays for the most part are written by famous male writers,
 It is impossible to compete with them and become the best.
 Novels too are written by men of talent during days of leisure,
 How could I take up my brush and try to equal their talent?
 A chicken's bill or a buffalo's tail: this takes some thought,
 But in the end I'd better
 Sweep clean the field of plucking rhymes if I want to express myself!

274.87 To The Melody *Song Of The Cave Immortals: "Peach Blossom Spring"* \fn {by Chen Jia (c. -1861)} China (F) -1

Over the Qiantang River to the east,
 Rowing by oar,
 We will soon see beautiful rivers and mountains.
 Counting all family members, together we boarded the rented boat.

I gazed at
 Numerous green peaks across the river.
 *

The Peach Blossom spring is still here:
 Little children with yellowish hair
 Have no idea of wartime bitterness in a mundane world.
 This is the immortals' hometown,
 And for hundreds of thousands of years,
 Chickens, dogs, and leftover hemp have remained the same.
 If someone asks: "When can we return by boat?"
 The answer will be: "Wait until we sweep away the evil to sail across the River again."

269.120 Two poems inscribed on a picture of the Pavilion of Autumn Sash \fn{by Yu Menghua (fl.1864)} China (F)

-1

I still hear people talking about your old boudoir, Autumn Sash;
 Wearing orchids may help us to forget sorrow.
 Now you have been away from your homeland for a year;
 I paint this picture for you to visit in Spring.
 *

Both are flying geese landing on snowy mud,
 Let's borrow a branch at the Peach Blossom Spring on which to perch.
 Our hometown is still on alert with beacon smoke;
 On my sad pillow in the isolated city I listen to battle drums.

204.81 Excerpt from Diary Of Travels In America \fn{by Qui Xhaoxi (before 1865-1892)} Shanghai, Jiangsu Province, China (M) 2

4th day, \fn{12 November 1874} **Thursday**

Got up at 6.30 a.m. At 8.00 a.m. went by carriage and then train with Zeng Lansheng to visit the home of Zuyi's teacher, a distance of fifteen miles. Zuyi and Zhu Baokui were very glad to see us. His teacher has apple trees, and for several days they had been enjoying eating the apples. The house is on a hill, and has eight rooms on two storeys. There are four people in this family, namely the lady teacher and her two sisters, and their old mother of around sixty. There are no houses nearby, and there is a wooded garden at the back: nestled in the hills by a river, it is very elegantly situated. Zuyi and Zhu Baokui said to me,

"Since we started school, we have barely seen twenty people." I said,
 "A place for study ought to be as quiet and secluded as this."

When they first arrived, the lady teacher arranged wardrobes and desks with big drawers for them. The two of them shared one big bed, and covers and blankets were all provided. When they go to bed at night the teacher puts the lamps out.

I saw the teacher hemming the cotton hand towels to make a bag, and telling the two to get some apples for me and Lansheng. They were able to understand and answer in English throughout this exchange. Their practice now is that in their daily routine the teacher teaches them a sentence for whatever they are doing and they write it down. In this way, they learn to read and write whenever and wherever they are. They have classes from nine to four.

In the West there are state-supported free schools. Both men and women are literate. The majority of teachers in the universities are women: because women generally stay at home they are less excitable, and most of them are better educated than men.

*

Now American gun factories, as for instance the one in the Springfield area—they are accustomed to make breech-loaders, and they have already produced 100,000 of them, and are still doing so. Their artillery includes large cannon, which use a 700-pound shell and 175 pounds of gunpowder. Even in times of peace they pay great attention to this. How can those of us Chinese who are involved with foreign affairs not be equally on guard at all times?

In warfare, the psychological advantage is primary, and if we are prepared we will have no cause to be worried: this is widely known, but I fear that although we know this, we do not act on it.

In this world for every advantage there must be a disadvantage, and if there is creation there must be a reciprocal destruction. Take the total power of a paddle steamer: apart from the engine it all depends on its two paddle-wheels, and if you destroy the wheels it cannot then move. Why is this? The boat's paddle-wheels are like the feet of geese or ducks in the water: if they have no feet, how can they move? Further, the biggest fear for such boats is the outbreak of fire, for if a fire once gets started, not one in a hundred will be saved.

A big American company had a boat called the *Milligan*, worth a million, which was destroyed two years ago in Yokohama. Another, called the *Nippon*, was destroyed last year in the area of Shantou.

When I was commissioned to go to America, I changed to the *Nippon* at Yokohama: the workmanship and the materials were solid and strong to an extent not yet seen in China. One hundred and forty-two yards long, the ship's tonnage was 4,900—one ton is equivalent to sixteen *piculs* and eighty *jin*. It was superbly equipped. Two hoses were installed on deck, and weekly fire drills were compulsory. At 11:00 each evening all lights were extinguished in the cabins, and precautions against fire strictly enforced.

When I was returning to China I intended to travel on this boat, but it had sailed a week before I arrived in town. Who would have thought that on arrival at Shantou there would be a great fire, and not a timber of it would survive? Indeed, what is an advantage in water must be a disadvantage in fire. The two methods of destroying a paddle steamer are breaking its wheels and setting it alight.

Trains travel like the wind, but their secret lies in the track. What we call the track is a pair of inch-thick iron rails: the train wheels run along fitted on to the rails. If either the wheels or rails are slightly damaged, then the train cannot go. The wheel rims are cast from iron and are strong but brittle, so each time the train stops a workman must minutely inspect them, tapping them with a hammer, and if he hears the sound of the slightest defect, they are replaced. If you attack and break a train's wheels, the train is useless. I would compare it to the battle formation where horses are chained together: if you disable one in ten, you defeat the whole formation.

During the Franco-Prussian War rails were broken on strategically important railway lines: this is one method of destroying a train. But telegraph lines run alongside the rails, so first cut the telegraph lines, and then break the rails. If you secretly dig a hole underneath, then the train will fall into the hole. Since the rails very often run through the backwoods, if you place your trap in a tunnel, the enemy will never know about it.

*

Westerners have devised a system of letters for sending messages by telegraph, whereby a letter in a sequence means such and such, like a code: if you know one letter you will understand what follows. If China were to institute this, then the character *jia* could represent military intelligence, and *yi* could represent the deployment of troops, for example: *jiayi* would then mean “deployment of troops tomorrow”. The system could be extended and developed so the enemy would never crack the code.

*

Upon close examination, it can be seen that the secret of machinery is entirely in the firebox and the boiler: when fire and water are combined, it is like *qi* operating in the human body, giving life to every vital part. Everything else can be inferred from this, through endless variations. If you only look at the surface gadgets on machines, and try to study each of them in isolation, you'll never learn what makes them work in a hundred years.

267.151 & China 3.67 A 1. *Qingping yue* 2. *Pusa man* 3. Spring Grasses 4. *Yi Qin e* 5. *Bu suanzi*: **Five Poems B**.
Excerpt from *Bitao Xianguan Ci* (Lyrics From Bitao Xianguan) \fn{by Zhao Wopei aka Zhunlan (-1867)} Hangzhou,
Zhejiang Province, China (F) 42

A

1

I told grief to leave, but it wouldn't go,
And now there's no place to hide it.
Tiny, curving eyebrows like mine can't bear this burden,
So now I display all this bitter loneliness!

*

Morning after morning, flowers fade in rain and cold,

While the west wind brings sickness to winding corridors.
Already I've grieved over autumn and grieved at parting;
How can I endure another Double Ninth Festival?

2

Last night autumn filtering through gauze curtains
Caused the red flowers to wilt, the solitary lamp to go cold.
As I listlessly wipe away the last traces of make-up,
Shadows of the *wutong* tree follow the moon around the porch.

*

With worries aplenty, it is easy to get tipsy;
Sadly I wrap a fragrant coverlet about me to sleep.
Who'd have thought that a dream would be hard to gain?
I sober up and again my grief returns.

3

Lichen flowers lining the path,
Willow catkins blowing about the garden,
Lonely is the pond in the Qingming rain.
In the west garden, butterflies are loath to part,
As an east wind blows a dream here from who knows where.

*

Spellbound on another shore,
Waiting in a painted tower,
Three months since our painful parting on the post road.
For years everything was verdant along the old city wall;
Again it is lush and green as we send a prince on his way.

4

Anxious is the east wind;
Fading crab apple blossoms the color of rouge.
The color of rouge
Are the fallen petals, all in disarray
Beneath the swing beyond the veranda.

*

Who, dressed in evening attire, plays the flute in the tower?
Blue and sad at heart; a solitary weeping willow.
Blue and sad at heart am I,
But where's the beautiful one?
Detained far away in the imperial city.

5

Inner feelings as chaotic as strands of silk;
Tears at parting thicker than wine.
Eyebrows once like vernal hills, cheeks a sunset hue,
Are now wasted away with the spring.

*

I recall your words at parting:
You'd return after the plum trees bloomed.
Now the winds have changed and the crab apple season is gone;

And so, will you come back or not?

B

靈山會傳奇卷上

幻園居士填詞

提綱

三字集括
全部大旨

漁家傲末上編閱傳奇堪一笑。洞房金榜都成套。按譜依腔。窠臼掃無他。妙當場不過維交道。妄聽妄言君莫惱。神仙謫世原非少。借為才人來寫照。抒懷抱。知音遇我應頌倒。

沁園春天上人間一輩才人。交能始終。每文章結社。雅懷投契。濟施設局。善念流通。入寺題詩。登樓對酒。白眼遭瞋。命太窮。歡場聚。忽兵戈驚散。哭倒西風。別來磨難重重。雖境地相殊。若趣同。賴羣仙救護。起身劫外功。臣奏凱薦士朝中。翰苑聯登。靈山重會。指示機關。萬法空。知音者。聽滿堂

只恐知音
難得耳

絲竹點點晨鐘。

六才子謫下藥珠宮

三仙人護入閻浮界

老李張薦列翰林班

大菩薩召赴靈山會

第一齣

謫凡

場上挂靈山區額設公案放一架插紅黑小旗案後設法座旁豎一白
幡二旦善才龍女侍老旦大士上

北仙點絳脣劫數難逃慈悲獨抱迷津導苦海滔滔普救何時了

坐介佛法無邊四大空蓮臺九品擁玲瓏願將一滴楊枝水洒掃三千
世界中俺乃觀音大士是也非領仙赴靈山會有藥珠宮仙子同了
五位侍者語言戲謔不覺失儀上天知之立要將他吹入地獄虧得

代乞如來薄加譴罰使他謫生人世備受聚散之苦以贖前愆若得靈
心不昧善念無虧一待魔劫全消便可仙班復列但此中磨難多端必
得有人保護方好俺記得往年靈山會上有位張仙和金童玉女亦皆
謫世今張仙與玉女已相繼歸天仍為父女惟金童尚在人間但他壽
限已盡數合歸真不免度他到來暗露機關便了金甲神何在末金甲
神上菩薩有何法旨老旦取幡付介你將此幡到南瞻部洲江南平江
府洞庭山上度祝慶齡靈魂復位末領法旨接幡下

南黃鐘出隊子末持幡引小生上摧戕年少人世因緣短夢拋香幡接引
復仙曹此去靈山儔侶可邀

作行到介末你在此畧等我去覆過音再來相召作進見繼幡介奏上

菩薩祝慶齡靈魂度到〔老旦〕宣他進來〔末應作宣〕小生進見〔介〕菩薩在上弟子祝慶齡參見〔老旦〕祝慶齡你本是桂宮侍書金童與藥珠宮仙子有八拜之交今你謫世二十年前因果可能了然〔小生〕弟子還省得〔老旦〕今日召你一則你塵緣已滿二則靈山公案日後卻有用你之處待我處置了當送你桂宮復職便了〔小生〕不知是那件公案〔老旦〕少停發落自然明白〔作望介〕你看說話之間張仙領了玉女遠遠的來也

〔降黃龍〕小旦玉女隨外張仙上女兒我想起謫世的時節管領風騷落魄江湖梗泊蓬飄怎反得今日呵人天供奉化育生機隻手權操〔小旦〕便女兒呵也是煎熬香肩上擔愁多少難得今日裏侍親行瑤宮金闕細祭元

妙

〔作行到介〕外女兒你看菩薩正升法座不免上去參見〔作入見介〕菩薩
在上小仙女稽首拜介兩天神各戴黑白假臉暗上老旦不消了仙
官我正待將靈山公案發落你來得恰好值日吉曜過來〔白〕神應上有
〔老旦取紅旗付介〕將此旗到紫珠宮召探花仙子和五位侍者到來〔白〕
神持旗應下引生探花仙子末小生官生正生付小生五侍者立介
〔神纓旗應下〕老旦指生介仙子聽者

〔前腔〕頭換今朝墮下胎胞一箇皮囊釀成愁料免不得天涯地角受盡悽惶
耐盡腥臊指末衆介便是那侍者可空勞斯文投契也不過相憐同調怎
能殼愁遁恨債一筆勾消

〔生衆〕小仙等獲譴被謫夫復何辭只是此去不知降生誰氏苦樂因緣

作何了結。尚求菩薩指示。老旦此中因果難以明言。惟願你們呵。

〔黃龍哀〕情堅似漆膠。情堅似漆膠。善行修持早。待到伏羣魔。那時跳出愁
圈套。一座靈山重尋歡。好夙世因。今生果休忘了。

吩咐已畢。仙官可引他們受生去罷。〔外引生眾下〕老旦金童玉女與他

有香火因緣。可去相送一程者。〔小生小旦應下〕老旦取黑旗介。值日凶

煞過來。你將此旗到混沌天宮。召那一班妖魔到來。〔黑神持旗下〕引淨

魔王丑妖道。四雜小妖。隨上。〔神綴旗下〕老旦此乃中原羣盜。磨難仙

子之輩。金甲神可押他各各受生去。〔末押淨眾下〕老旦歎介。咳。那班妖

魔呵。

〔前腔〕人間走一遭。人間走一遭。滿地干戈鬧。錦繡美江山。幾為戰馬冲撞。

全勇

雖則註定大數難以挽回究竟苦了衆生也幸虧有位將星早已下降
他是像配麒麟韜烟虎豹運心兵提慧劍將魔掃

處置已畢不免回南海去者繞場行介

勸世

尾聲天公佈置非顛倒作善者收場終好要曉得邪正分途兩不消

二旦隨下

第二齣

仙錢

北中粉蝶兒小生金童上風駕雲軒判仙凡斷腸人遠證相思碧海青天

小旦玉女上海茫茫天渺渺不抵離情一片合好風光此刻留連苦生涯

他時磨鍊

合童姐姐我與你去送紫珠宮仙子你看前面行的就是了不免和你

苦生涯
伏一半奇

走上前去者虛下

南泣顏回外張仙引生木小生官生正生付小

同列大羅天可惜

輪迴一轉生塵寰渾濁其中怎着神仙末衆靈心慧業問天公何忍輕加
貶合為當初偶涉微愆到如今都遭嚴譴

金童玉女上見介張仙你們何來

仙如此甚好末金甲神押淨衆妖魔上撲生衆介生衆

遮攔介神押魔下金童玉女招生衆各出介生衆噯唷好怕人也請問

仙師此輩何物張仙也是下凡的且勿問他此間離我洞天不遠請去

坐坐再行生衆領命行下旦貼扮二仙童上松下問童子言師衆藥去

只在此山中雲深不知處我乃蓬萊宮中兩箇童子是也今日師父到

靈山去好一回了。此時敢待來也。張仙金童玉女引生眾上。兩童作迎
進介。張仙列位請坐。生眾仙師在上弟子怎敢坐。張仙既到此間豈有
不坐之理。生眾如此告聖了。各坐介童下捧茶上。張仙列位請茶。生眾
請。各飲介。張仙童兒備酒童童下。玉女爹爹待女兒到山中去采
些果品來為各位仙哥解醒。張仙這倒使得。生眾
酒肴已備請到裡面坐席去。各起立介。張仙老夫薄治水酒一杯為諸
君餞行。生眾蒙此厚意何以克當。張仙好說請。生眾還是仙師先請。張
仙既如此老夫引道了。引生眾金童下。場上設三席。張仙金童引生眾
上。內吹打定席介。中席生正坐金童左。張仙右陪介。一席東向末正坐
小生官生旁坐介。一席西向正生付小生並坐介。內吹打作樂介。二童

上行酒介各飲介生敬張仙酒介仙師弟子借花獻佛奉敬一杯願仙

師念弟子此去呵

〔正石榴花〕隔仙凡載酒恐無年請飲一杯全張仙乾介生敬金童酒介凡

弟我與你呵金蘭結契在生前常選花下飲輒伴甕頭眠怎奈今相逢

作者于此
感慨不淺

又別教人何以為情此後你居天上我在人間要一樽話舊了不可得須

索乾此酒者金童乾介童再行酒介童向東西兩席介請諸君多

飲一杯都是箇謫仙人都是箇謫仙人飛觴似啓春園宴餘歡要盡大家

酣醺各飲介生衆各謝設醴誼殷勤謝設醴誼殷勤特地把行人餞但只

是情懷難遣在離筵
〔玉女提花籃上〕勸君更盡一杯酒別有天地非人間〔作見介〕諸位仙哥

小妹采些粗果在此聊表敬意。取籃獻介。生衆多謝姐姐。玉女請再飲一杯。生衆當得遵命。各飲介。童再斟介。生衆起立介。仙師弟子酒實飲了。張仙既如此。恕不多敬了。金童仙師花園最勝。弟子欲陪列位弟兄散步一回。未識可否。張仙使得你們先往我父女少停進來。分下場上撤去酒席。擺書桌兩一設。文房四寶一放。棋枰柱上挂琴。生衆隨金童上。你看到得園來。琪花滿樹。翠鳥成羣。好一派仙景也。金童向官生介。聞得吾兄丹青極妙。乞賜一觀。官生只恐有污尊目。金童休得過謙。官生如此獻醜了。入坐提筆想介。打箇什麼稿子。方好。頃有了。就將本地風光畫一橫卷罷。作畫筆出座介。金童接看介。呀。果然妙畫。你看他呵。

〔南泣顏回〕雲山點染極鮮妍。花鳥都開生面。但卷首須寫幾箇大字。方好。

〔將卷送小生介〕請教了〔小生〕所恐塗鴉之筆不足當大雅觀耳〔金童〕好說
〔小生入座書畢起立介〕金童接着念介〔靈山餞別圖這五字委實書得好
也看他筆走龍蛇紙落雲煙書畫既備不可無詩敢煩哥哥一題〕〔將卷送
生生推辭介〕轉送末介〔末〕只恐蛙鳴蚓竅貽笑大方還是藏拙的好〔金童〕
說那里話來一定要賜教的〔末〕入座作想題畢送介〔金童作看點頭做款
賞勢介〕吟來秀句齒生香好似梅花嘖如此詩才與那書畫可稱三絕怎
不教人拜倒也〔向正生付小生介〕兩兄素稱善弈何不手談一回〔正生付
小生〕使得〔入座對弈金童旁看介〕你看不分高下真棋逢敵手也一箇是
運靈機勝算爭先一箇是搗偏師銳氣無前

〔正長歎介〕金童哥哥為何呻吟長歎你看有琴在此爾我各操一曲以

四字中有
血淚三升

相逢蘇別
借離為際
說江樓

遭悶懷何如。〔生〕這倒使得。〔金童〕取琴送生。生欲彈。又住介。〔金童〕哥哥為

何又不彈了。〔生〕咳。兄弟你見世上有幾箇知音的來。我與你彈。他則甚

〔金童〕倒也不差。〔張仙玉女上〕既延久了。請列位就此啓行者。〔繞場行介〕

〔金童〕哥哥。我今日纔得歸真。又與你匆匆話別。但你此去之後。不知幾

時再得相叙。我好恨也。〔生〕此恨同之。〔握手泣介〕〔金童〕

〔北小上樓〕合就了蓬山上神仙傳。結下了榮宮中翰墨緣。赤緊的小別如

年好夢如秋下界如煙。仙師他們此去。還該託生儒素人家。使他做箇讀

書種子。才是〔張仙〕這箇自然。〔金童〕可憐他石火光中。可憐他石火光中。仙

魂一縷。隨風流轉。須落在書香庭院。

〔生〕兄弟。自你謫世之後。我思念欲絕。難得今日。馬見故人。不意我又撒

因此嘆

為至此幾不知
定是甚麼是
又是甚麼

了你去也。
〔張仙〕不要苦了但願你此去不昧前因少不得有重逢的日子。
〔生〕眾與金童玉女揖別介。
〔生〕同顧金童介。
〔兄弟〕就是這等眼睜睜看着愚兄下去也。
〔淚介〕金童。
須索珍重。
〔向末眾介〕列位也。

要努力則個。

〔南撲燈蛾〕甚根由成仙有別離猛思量為人忘消遣。修磕磕等閒相拋撇。怯生生紅塵一旋虛飄飄輕雲莫挽。急攘攘頃刻判人天。閃搖搖來踪去跡渺茫茫靈光飄墮在誰邊。

〔張仙向金童介〕請了引生眾下。
〔金童〕姐姐看你爹爹引着他們竟自去了。想他們此去呵。

〔尾聲〕端不免塵韉束縛如蠶繭。
〔玉女〕還則怕若趣都教嘗徧。
〔合〕問何日靈。

山才復面。

我們到菩薩跟前覆首去罷同下

第三齣

催試

仙品慢調疎簾淡月生中服上功名敝屣數倍大乾坤此身如寄滿眼悠悠能得幾人知己飄飄筆有凌雲氣夢兒中洞天福地生成仙骨上清淪謫下方游戲

暗裏機關莫浪猜不招物忌豈奇才有情只合生天上無命何須墜地
來小生姓余名言表字夢仙平江人也西山舊族東海名家椿萱交蔭於堂前花萼聯輝於樓上荆妻汪氏勤能佐讀儉克持家雖非名教完人頗盡天倫樂事只是生不逢辰世無知己學雕龍而莫薦才繡虎而

無聞依人白屋。未免窮鬼揶揄。困我青衿。甘讓好官笑罵。數介咳。方今世風不古。交道日非。但知錦上添花。那肯雪中送炭。你看縉紳門下。呼朋引類。無非勢利交遊。市井場中。逐隊成羣。盡是酒肉朋友。是以小生杜門謝客。不合時宜。閉戶著書。獨行吾素。平日母親常對我說。降生之夕。夢見一位張仙。送我到來。後邊跟了五箇人。說是一同謫降。皆我日後的好友。因此小生取字夢仙。這也不在話下。只有堂弟星蟾。與我情投意合。宛若同胞。他年方弱冠。體不勝衣。但常多病多愁。恐被道旁人看殺。今因考試日期已近。他進城合伴去了。此時最待回也。

醉落魄正生巾服上。髻年早失靈椿庇。蕭然生計。紅閨菽水。慈顏喜利鎖。名韉擺脫。恐無期。

小生余云表字星蟾。嚴親早故。慈母是依。身世伶仃。天真爛漫。勉行善事。常時捨藥施衣。獨具熱腸。慣會解紛排難。素與夢仙哥哥學同筆硯。契若漆膠。今因城中回來。特去相訪。來此已是不免遲入。見介哥哥拜揖。生兄弟回來了。考友可曾合成。正生現已合定兩人。哥哥何不一同前往。生愚兄早與家中諸位叔父約定。同伴卻不便更改了。正生這也難怪。但小弟有句話。免要與哥哥一商。生願聞。正生念小弟呵。

仙呂 過曲 桂枝香家貧如洗。又自愧文章無濟。想自古太白仙才。尚未高登科第。何況我輩寒士。呢料知音已矣。知音已矣。良材終棄。毛錐堪廢。須索要另思維。若不是去逐牽車賈。且暫把長鋤手自攜。

生兄弟話雖有理。但我想你呵。

題眼

〔前腔〕寒儒門第合享這青燈滋味說甚隴上耕耘更覓蠅頭微利那農夫
胼胝辛苦賣人緡算煩勞你身子單薄怎生禁受得起况你少年英俊志
氣不凡若做了這些勾當可惡幡然變計幡然變計傷勞尊體消磨英氣
雖則功名可以淡忘然而文字不容棄置你說才如李白尚難及第此言
極是但自古那有不好讀書的神仙來况我輩之別於流俗者正為胸中
有此點墨耳我勸你再思維須要想筆墨能醫俗休但說文章不療飢

〔正生〕哥哥金玉良言小弟最不銘諸肺腑〔副淨扮學更上〕點名冊子勾
魂簿傳考文書催命符〔見介〕主試大人即日公坐相公們作速動身應
試我還要到別處去傳哩〔下生〕兄弟考期既促我去收拾行李隨即起
程你也作速合伴前來〔正生〕曉得兄弟就此告別了〔生〕改日寫中再會

詞侃不少

罷各下付小生巾服上位置琴書拓一邱其人其地兩風流好山入戶
青如畫香草環階綠到秋小生紀永清表字徽之襤襟卽喪嚴父撫養
幸賴慈親居近溪山性耽詩酒薄田數頃那可贍家老屋幾間頗能避
俗無如懷才未遇常是與世不諧只有余星塘兄與我氣誼相投形踪
最密今聞他將要赴試不免往送一程者行介

不是路步出荆扉一路榆陰綠滿谿尋知己到門前凡鳥敢輕題作到介
說話之間不覺到了向內介開門正生應上作開門見介原來是紀兄正
思伊辭行要到尊齋裏多謝你玉趾先從草舍移付小生星塘兄我看你
呵行裝理勿勿諒要登程矣幾時歸里正生卽時歸里

徽之兄我想你倚歲英才也該去求一試何以如此高尚付小生念小

弟呵

〔前腔〕學淺才微尚之南車為指迷〔正生〕休得太謙你若論明師呵小弟有
 位哥哥高風義才華不愧擁皋比若講益友呵小弟有兩三相好盡英奇
 斯文骨肉深投契好與論交編紉貽〔付小生〕既如此待凡場後歸家引去
 拜訪便了〔丑扮船家上〕相公時候不早還要下去兩位相公來快些下船
 罷〔正生〕如此就行〔付小生〕待弟相送登舟〔正生〕不消了〔丑挑行李各行介〕
 〔付小生〕星蟾凡你此去呵程迢遞風塵攝衛宜加意切須牢記〔正生〕果須
 牢記

〔丑〕相公船在此〔正生〕紀兄請同步罷〔丑〕隨下〔付小生〕你看他船已去遠了
 〔尾聲〕趁長風揚風起只覺得良朋小別也依依我且歸侍慈闈舞綠衣下

倚聲千秋
一酒淡
鈞伏下詩眼

古今同歎

第四齣

別師

〔高調〕鳳凰閣。小生中服。上生為情種。千古謫仙供奉。男兒那作可憐蟲。才
大自難為用。知我者詩中酒中。

蒼范獨立奈愁何。醉向尊前發浩歌。畢竟神仙清福好。喜無塵事到巖阿。小生。姬心香表字情生。家住吳門。年逾弱冠。能讀五典三墳。解賦九歌。七發。若論我。干霄意氣。何難冀北羣。空比方我。如月才華。不愧江東獨秀。爭奈錢神有力。文鬼無權。年年遭白眼之暝。歲歲下青衫之泣。雖則功名夢幻。原可淡然處之。但是弱弟無知。慈親垂老。為人子者。猶然顯揚未遂。祿養無期。怎生是好。小生素寡聲氣。只有兩箇人為文字深交。一位是我同門余滙川。兄與他晨夕一堂。頗緝莫逆。一位就是他的

從弟叫做星蟾，雖則住居稍遠，卻也意氣相投。今日場期在即，已約定他們同伴想星蟾早晚要來。小生理應至業師處拜別，不免去選了滙川兄一同前往。則箇下。

〔遠池揚〕官生中服上。思親繫夢菽水支清俸，艷才華銜官屈宋一燈相伴。百城高擁盼青眼，今邀鉅公。

小生余華孫，表字滙川。父親現官安撫使之職。小生因祖慈年老奉母家居，所喜一切家政可不分心，故得努力下帷以圖進取。今因考試有期，已約定情生兀與星蟾弟同往。怎麼吾弟還不到來，且去和了姪兄往平先生處辭行，有何不可。〔下〕末中服上。太息光陰駿馬催，客中懷抱幾時開。食爭雞鶩光爭魅，悔向人間走一回。小生平德馨，表字幼韓，世

居茂苑幼號神童出口無不成章過目皆能成誦無奈才豐命嗇樂少
愁多志氣雖則不凡功名尚然未顯幸得兩位學弟情文並茂風義相
高今他將去赴試想早晚要到此間也〔生介〕小生官生上〔一〕路行來喜
得已到師門了〔作進見介〕先生在上弟子拜揖〔末〕請二位賢契少坐談
談再去〔各生介〕末向小生介〔姪生〕我想你呵

〔高調〕金絡索縱橫筆陣衝浩瀚詞源湧但願今番拔幟登壇勇奇愁一掃
〔小生〕先生你莫說窮通人若通時一定窮青錢選入方高中鐵硯磨穿
枉用功多謝先生呵殷勤頌還愁孤負此深哀雖有那小技雕蟲大筆雕

龍此日都無用

〔末向官生介〕余生你可

是科生應
試今錄結語
已與幟矣

〔前腔〕高文氣吐虹彩筆鳴諧鳳杞梓梗楠定作天家貢聲名自此隆〔官生〕坐我春風十載寒窓硯席同但是弟子呵投時未必才起衆應世還嫌學未工誠惶恐先生獎勵到愚蒙已不得文運亨通真賞遭逢報答師恩重

〔兩生起立介〕弟子告辭了〔末〕你們今日呵

〔黃鶯兒〕行色太匆匆指長途挂短篷兩三人恰扁舟共雲山幾重晉書幾封吟身第一須珍重望諸公文章知己此去合雲龍

〔兩生〕先生請回弟子就此拜別〔末〕如此恕不遠送了〔下〕

〔尾聲〕小生詩文未覆誰家甕〔官生〕問才名一人知重〔合〕可知道得失還須

問塞翁

〔同下〕

第五齣 嘯聚

〔丑〕點絳脣。四雜紅巾引淨戎裝上。地煽妖氛。天開殺運。長驅進。搶箇乾坤唾手成功穩。

落草山中各寨連長鎗大劍倚南天。英雄要算紅巾賊。倒官軍不敢前。俺乃混世天王牛猛是也。原是關中百姓。只因年運飢荒。貪官污吏厚斂淫刑。民不聊生。人心思亂。因此在這山中聚徒。亡命。又得一位仙師。聘為謀主。他法號鬼谷道人。自幼遇異人傳授。善能剪草為馬。撒豆成兵。神通莫測。不若請他出來商議進兵之計。〔雜〕軍師有請。

〔前腔〕丑扮軍師道裝上。役鬼驅神。衝營掠陣。陰兵逞。左道旁門。挂箇軍師印。

皓首秋風

〔見介〕大王在上貧道稽首〔淨〕軍師少禮〔分〕正旁坐介〔淨〕軍師俺如今午下有十萬人馬正宜長驅直入以成大事但不知從那一省進發才好
〔丑〕啓上大王江南乃沃饒之地子女玉帛甲於天下大王可統領人馬
順流而下包管取勝〔淨〕正合俺意相煩軍師謹守山寨待俺得勝後請
見便了〔丑〕貧道相送下山〔淨〕眾兒郎今乃黃道吉日就此起兵眾應合

唱行介

〔南山〕〔甘州歌〕〔八聲〕黃中白刃聽一聲號砲馬首揚塵彌天煙焰山寨頓
時難認喧聲闕如注上市殺氣高於嶺上雲旌旗擁隊伍陳天魔十萬下
神軍當關將守王臣威風恐遜賊三分

〔往介〕〔丑〕此處離山已遠貧道就此告辭〔淨〕軍師請回〔丑〕別下〔淨〕眾又合

唱介

〔前腔〕頭換風雲際會新，做草頭皇帝，讓我為尊，真同兒戲。今去一場廝混快，心殺人如刈草。放胆戕官當砍薪，誅貪暴辱士紳。沿途還搶俏紅裙，開官庫，劫餉銀，城門張榜諭安民。

〔尾聲〕搗江山如齏粉，徒今攪做麩餲盆，須識我混世魔王是化身。

兩喊下

第六齣 詩緣

〔仙呂入雙〕雙勸酒，小生上，青山抱樓綠，陰環牖，客齋逗遛，幸聯佳友，好似調過曲。竹中開徑，清風款接羊求。

小生：姬心香和余家昆弟到此候試，旅邸無聊，且將詩稿取出一觀，有

何不可作看詩數介咳天下有一人知己可以不恨我姬心香曲高和寡才大知希就是流傳後世誰復子雲但供俗人覆醬甌耳看了一回不覺煩惱起來不如出門散步片時再作道理下

〔南呂〕一江風正生病容上擁衾裯病骨驚消瘦怪二豎來何驟小生余云

赴試到此忽染一病今早勉強起床聽得姬凡在外房咄嗟獨語不知為何因此小生走來問他却又出去了且在此少坐則箇坐介官生上小生余華探荷學師見召回寓換件衣中你看星蟾賢弟坐在這邊見介賢弟你怎不臥床頭卻強起披衣小坐窓前只恐風寒受正生這卻不妨今日小弟氣稍舒省得臥在床褥反覺昏悶官生話雖如此還該小心我願你尊軀病早瘳尊軀病早瘳看花結伴遊況且場期在即你還要養精神

好橐筆向名場走

〔生上〕為問眠餐尋舊侶。誰知詩酒得真交。小生余言來問星塔兄弟之病。此間是他寓軒。了不免還入。〔作見介〕兄弟。你今日身子若何。〔正生〕累覺好些。〔生向官生介〕滙川弟久達了。難得也到此間。〔官生〕不瞞大兄說。我兩人是同伴來的。〔生〕嗟。原來如此。這是妙極了。請問吾弟伯父大人近來官况如何。〔官生〕昨有家報到來。說邊關無事。諸凡順平。〔生〕今日難得我弟兄相叙。大可多談片時。〔官生〕但是小弟要到學中。只好明日再叙。有負盛情。多多得罪。〔生〕自家弟兄。何必說此客話。〔官生〕如此。小弟失陪了。〔生請便〕官生下。〔生〕兄弟。你病體未愈。不宜久坐。且到內房少臥片時。不必在此陪我。我還要坐坐再去。〔正生〕承哥哥體恤。敢不遵命。但怎

好讓哥哥獨坐在此(生)這倒不妨(正生)下生入座取詩看念(介)情生詩稿吳門姬心香著嘖這是什麼人且看他所作如何(翻閱點頭介)倒也可以(再閱擊節介)益發妙了(作閱畢拍案起介)呀好一箇奇才也你看

他

(仙呂入雙)宰地錦襦(驚)人好句足千秋三峽江聲筆底流想見他胸次呵

(調過曲)青蓮豪邁沉花愁俯視分明隘九州

但姬君不知何時何物想此卷來歷兄弟必知問他便明白了(兄弟快來)(正生)上哥哥方纔拍案驚奇為著何事(生)兄弟我且問你這卷詩那裏來的(正生)就是小弟同伴姬情生所作(生)脊(介)呀這也奇了難道這時還有這樣才子(轉向正生介)既你同伴何不早向我說(正生)小弟因

西詩有格
夢仙一生
性情意氣
而語括之

題眼

哥哥從不妄交一人。故未敢多言。生理怨介兄弟。你恁然拘泥也。豈不知疾俗如仇者。未有不愛才若命乎。但如今他往何處去了。正生頃問哥哥來時。他恰恰出去。生頓足歎介。咳。好不湊巧也。偏偏兄弟有病。否則與你出門一尋。豈不是好。正生哥哥且請寬坐。想他就要回來的。各坐介。小生上。你聽房中有什麼人講話。進去看看來。作進見介。正生哥哥。這就是誰兄了。生起立背介。呀。倒像從那裏會過的。小生向生介。這但是誰。正生就是我夢仙哥哥。小生背介。好像面熟得極。揖生介。素聞大名。神交已久。生揖介。頃見尊作。心折實深。小生先生吳下詞宗。得御李君欣幸倍至。生足下江東才子。如見叔度。鄙吝頓消。小生請坐。生有各坐介。生小生正生合唱介。

〔六么令〕天緣相湊，逆旅相逢，同調相投，論交傾蓋，話綢繆，歎滿眼盡悠悠。
從今得箇知心友，從今得箇知心友。

〔正生〕兄等在此談，小弟要到內房畧臥片刻。〔生小生〕請便。〔正生下〕小
生常聞得星塘說吾兄才情冠代，著作等身，可肯請教一二。〔生〕此番未
曾帶來，後日自當呈政。〔小生〕拙作並無謝眺驚人之句，何以吾兄謬譽
若此。〔生〕自是君身有仙骨，世人那得知其故。〔小生〕拙稿欲求吾兄帶回
細勘，肯賜教否。〔生〕所恐強作解事，為大雅所哂耳。〔小生〕說那里話來。〔起
取詩送生，生神詩介〕小生仍坐介。〔生〕我二人文章同調，今日難得相逢，
以後欲詩筒唱和，效元白故事，兄以為何如。〔小生〕弟所願也。此間逼近
星塘臥室，我輩談論，恐他怕煩，與兄到酒家暢叙，可使得否。〔生〕當得從

命小生如此就行，各起立行介。

尾聲：我們此後呵，須索要酒壚詩社同攜手，可知道前生香火因緣久。卻把這一卷新詩當畫修。

同下

第七齣

接詔

正官：破齊陣，雜扮旗牌官引外冠帶上。一曲承平待奏，半主艱鉅頻投。許國孤身擎天隻手，坐鎮關河隘口。代整朝冠，呼翠袖芙蓉，斑衣戀白頭咳。親恩何日酬。

廿年宦海未抽帆，志切匡時自不凡。但願時清無一事，陳情歸養脫朝衫。下官余勇表字再陸，平江人也。蒙聖恩除授荆襄安撫使之職，到任

以來興利除害境內肅然前年得一侍姬羅氏名喚如娘真箇燕婉同居溫柔共命只是故鄉遠隔老母年高好不教人繫念也〔付淨持書上〕特將鄉國事報與主人知老爺小的叩頭有家報呈覽〔甲頭呈書介外〕中軍迴避〔雜下外拆書看介〕來人路上辛苦外廂酒飯〔付淨〕多謝老爺

〔下〕

〔子〕新荷葉正旦上碧玉芳年體態柔作幕府添香紅袖英雄本色是風流
還愁艷福難消受

〔見介〕老爺閱得首家書到來想太夫人和夫人小姐們都各安好〔外〕原是〔正旦〕公子讀書想必竿頭日進〔外〕他的信上說今歲考列優等又與
親眼那同窓朋友近房弟兄為文酒之會彼此往來十分款洽〔正旦〕這也可

敬內傳鼓介雜上稟大人詔到正旦避下末捧詔劔勅印上聖旨下跪
聽宣讀詔曰帝圖廣大允賴屏藩國步艱難實資幹濟積茲西賊窺我
南河天地不容神人共憤咨爾余勇公忠自矢智勇兼全特拜招討大
元帥并賜劔勅將威執法先斬後聞尚其挺身設賊戮力勤王勉策勲
名勿吝爵賞欽哉謝恩外謝恩介萬歲萬萬歲末恭喜老夫人請過勅
印上方劔外接介末朝中膺使命天上下將軍下外呵呀不料賊兵已
渡黃河我余勇手握虎符志存馬革敢不努力圖功以酬聖眷也中軍
吩咐五營四哨人馬齊集轅門聽令一面傳諭總管速備船隻派家丁
四名護送二夫人到平江府去不得有虞籀得令下外

過玉芙蓉轅門擁戟牙幕府喧刁斗看男兒意氣笑指吳鉤場間萬馬爭

馳驟聞外三軍莫逗遛黃河口正狼烽未收奮王師要人人義憤切同仇
〔回雜扮隊子隨旗牌官上大小三軍都已齊集請元帥祭旗外更戎裝
祭旗介〕就此起馬星夜趕赴南河遠者軍法從事〔眾得令合唱行介〕
〔末奴剔銀燈〕知韜畧胸中素優更何慮么麼小醜披星戴月銜枚走急忙
向鄰疆援救饒歌奏仗元戎老謀笑談間卜凌煙畫像爵封侯

〔下〕

第八齣 負笈

〔南呂〕挂真兒貼紫峯冠侍外花鬚便服上近市家居塵撲面縑衣詠幸降
高賢花下彈棋竹中開墅閒把老懷消遣

晚境含飴喜弄孫幸教立雪到程門主人愛客攀風雅四座狂傾北海

樽老夫馮翊表字子祥衣冠望族詩禮舊家早年失偶義守曾參晚歲
哭光悲逾東野小孫立元年甫成童性頗長厚素延里中余夢仙先生
誨讀今乃開塾永期不免將他勸勉一番有何不可孫光聽者

〔南呂〕 繡太平〔兒〕 繡帶可曉得先賢訓辭文旨遠要甚密細探精研倘胸懷稍
涉輕浮便難窺秘笈真詮所望你呵〔醉太〕 他年青雲有路著先鞭方不負
夜檠朝硯使有時悶來思遣也只合花陰小步暫拋書卷

〔貼〕 公公訓諭敢不謹遵各坐介

〔宜春樂〕〔合〕 宜春〔主〕 上依劉表學仲宣冷生涯區區硯田主人堪戀似春風奇
跡雕梁燕感留賓講席招延憐作客青袍邀賤〔作〕 望介〔天勝〕 行來未遠忽
見那馮家莊子已在當前

〔作見介〕太翁久違了。〔外〕貼起立介。先生請坐。來〔生〕太翁也請坐。〔各坐介〕〔外〕聞先生新交一位姓姬的才子，可惜小孫年幼，不獲追隨，幸虧紀薇之，即日要到此攻書，小孫得與同窓，可也受益不淺了。〔生〕好說。〔雜家人上〕員外莊上有人要會，就請一行。〔外〕如此，請先生書房裏坐，老夫暫且失陪。〔下〕〔生〕賢契隨我進來。〔貼〕是。〔同下〕

醉太師〔平〕太末上。淒然江湖蓬轉，說甚麼作元瑜書記，意氣翩翩。小生紀釗，表字潔生，向與夢仙兄同學，訂為歲寒之交，朝夕相叙，自從遊幕以後，可多時未面，憶良朋別緒纏綿，堪憐。〔太師〕比東飛伯勞，西紫燕，空帳望，渺渺雲天。今日難得同里，正好相訪，但聞薇之兄弟要去從遊，不若喚他出來，一同前往。兄弟那裡。〔付〕小生上。哥哥見喚，有何吩咐。〔末〕我待欲乘君便。

同尋夢仙快負笈前行執贄相見

〔付〕小生但是小弟還要去選星塘兄哥哥先行何如〔末〕這也使得〔下〕〔付〕
〔小生〕哥哥已往載不若就去合星塘兄罷〔下〕〔生上〕文章有幾堪同調叨
好無多况索居小生進館以來纔逾一日今早馮生他出獨坐無聊不
如將情生詩稿做一序文有何不可〔入〕座寫介序雖製就所恐佛頭著
糞如之奈何〔末上〕此間已是馮家莊了門兒直開不免逕入叫介仁兄
〔生〕賢弟各揖坐介〔末〕久別台顏時深渴想〔生〕彼此同之請問賢弟何日
回府的想再要盤桓幾天〔末〕小弟前晚返舍明日即便出門〔生〕怎如此
匆促也〔末〕聞得吾兄新交一位姓姬的才子他的本領畢竟如何〔生〕現
有詩稿在此請觀〔取詩送末末閱介〕

〔學士解醒〕三學看他氣體高華才力健更驚人好句如仙推敲律細同抽
繭錘鍊功深欲補天便是吾兄的序文呵〔解三〕斧薄羣言堪弁冕足抵那
皇甫三都序一篇我見此甘焚硯讓你們一時瑜亮璧合珠聯

我想姬君為人不但翰苑之才并有神仙之氣可惜小弟行色匆匆不
能勾就與一面意欲將他詩稿帶去細讀未識可否〔生〕這卻不妨〔末〕如
此小弟告辭了〔生〕再請寬坐〔末〕小弟還要到別處去改日再會罷〔下〕丑
背書箱隨正生付小生上〔正生〕徽之兄在此少待我去說知〔見生介〕哥
哥紀兄來拜〔生〕請進來相見〔正生〕引付小生進見〔介〕先生請升客弟子
叩見〔拜介〕生旁立還揖〔介〕付小生童兒取那贄儀名帖過來〔丑〕開箱取
送付小生〔介〕付小生轉送生〔介〕先生請收了念弟子呵

〔大節高〕大勝只為家門內俗累牽纏讀詩書難自專因此上文場不敢來
 鏖戰久慕先生大名如雷灌耳為此特託星蟠兄介紹求列門下高節都
 為你才華絢玉比堅金同鍊鄰枝詞賦人人羨殘膏剩馥沾濡徧今朝容
 我廁門牆前生香火緣非淺

〔生〕承君下問敢不盡心所恐醜顏為師有負雅意耳〔付小生〕先生太言
 重了星蟠兄我今日得與先生遊都虧了你也

〔潑帽落東甌〕劉潑從來說無針怎度長條線敢忘情暗裏相牽但是名師
 既得益友亦不可無况聽得姬生才望超羣彦東甌願嚶鳴伐木詠詩篇
 還仗爾成全

〔正生〕這個自然〔貼上〕公公說薄治小的請先生同兩位世兄外廳坐席

204.64 Excerpt from Record Of The First Diplomatic Mission\fn{by Zhigang (before 1868-)} China (M) 2

Before taking to the high seas, I reckoned that in the Western countries I was bound to meet missionaries who would try to persuade me to convert to their way. If, by way of exchange, I cited from the *Book of Songs* or the

Analects, not only would such discussions come to naught, but they could lead to conflict, and result in the loss of amity between China and the West. So I obtained their Old and New Testaments to get a gist of their teachings.

As a result I came to know that the essence of the Way of Jesus was the cultivation of oneself in righteousness, which is similar to the Buddhists' arriving at wisdom through meditation, and that the practice of the Way of Jesus was in extending the love for God to all humanity, similar to the Buddhists' compassion. In short, these are equivalent to Chinese concepts of "wisdom" and "benevolence". The intelligent can intuit and grasp the principles of Heaven and earth, which is nothing out of the ordinary.

If we all followed Jesus's teaching, there would be no evil in the world. But the reason he was sentenced to death by crucifixion, the severest punishment in Western countries, was that he went everywhere preaching, making prophecies, and healing the sick until his followers numbered in the thousands. Moreover he created the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven and said his followers would all ascend to the heavenly kingdom and enjoy its blessings. An ordinary person, he arrogated to himself the title of the Son of Heaven and the Son of Man, gathered together crowds in their thousands who brought support for him from far and wide.

It is therefore not surprising that the rulers of every nation looked upon him as a menace, and had him hunted down and sentenced to death. From this one can see that Jesus was an intelligent and upright person. But he failed to understand that the rise and decline of the Way is conditioned by the times and that one must be judicious in deciding when to attract attention to oneself. In vain he showed off his powers, which greatly offended against the taboos of the age and led him rapidly to a calamitous end. His disciples euphemized his death by claiming that he had risen from the dead after seven days, but there was no evidence for this.

Having acquired a general idea of the purport of Jesus's teaching, I felt that I was in a position to converse with any missionary about it, and to make him reconsider the matter for his own enlightenment.

After arriving in England, sure enough a missionary came to the embassy to visit me. I invited him to take the seat of honour and questioned him:

"Did Jesus teach that one should cultivate righteousness?"

"Yes."

"And that as one loves God so should one love others?"

"That is so."

"Then to practise Christianity, one ought to follow his teachings and cultivate righteousness. Why is it, then, that Christians assiduously strive for profit and go everywhere seducing people? And if one is to love others as one loves God, why is it that year after year they send formidable gunboats and fierce cannon to wage war and kill people?" The missionary answered,

"He who does not love others cannot love God." I followed this up by saying,

"Those who practise this religion are Westerners and those who propagate it are priests. Since the priests are there to teach the people, how is it that they do not teach them to love others but instead allow them to take delight in killing and striving for profit? What is the basis for the esteem in which priests are held?"

The missionary was rendered speechless and left.

After we arrived in the French capital, at the beginning of the second month, another missionary announced his visit. Enquiries revealed that he was an erudite Englishman who had long worked in China preaching and translating foreign books. Our meeting revealed him to be a vigorous old gentleman. There were several missionaries present, among them also the one who had paid me a visit in England. An idea came to me. I said,

"Why don't you, sir, as a skilled debater, join me in battle?" After a few pleasantries, the visitor said,

"Confucius once said 'I gave up praying long ago.'^{fn}{ *Analects* 7.35. Confucius means that he is not interested in prayer.

The context for the statement is as follows: Once when Confucius was ill, Zilu asked him if he would like the ritual of prayer to be performed for him. After first confirming that there was an ancient precedent for such a thing, Confucius uttered the statement given in the text, signifying that his source of well-being depends on his inner moral resources, not on any external forces to which one might pray } I am afraid people may use this as an excuse to give up prayer, but without it goodness will have no means to come into being. The ritual of praying to God cannot be discarded." I said,

"The idea of praying for blessings can only be propagated among barbaric, benighted savage people living at the ends of the earth, like the American Redskins, the Australasian aborigines and others who live by the law of the jungle. They do not know remorse or fear, so if you tell them that the disasters and blessings of life are controlled by God and that if they don't start praying in time their sorrows will multiply and they will never know happiness, this brings them to a slight understanding of remorse and they will temporarily desist from thinking about fighting and killing.

“This is the use and application of prayer. If you insist that people like you and me, who have long observed proper conduct and morality, must pray on the seventh day, that would be insisting that some evil has taken place. If there had been no evil act, what would our prayer be to avoid? Isn’t it true that whether or not there is evil conduct during the other six days depends on our confidence in ourselves to do the right thing?” The missionary immediately clasped his hands together and took his leave saying,

“We are just humble men who, having heard that your excellency had travelled thousands of miles to get here, decided to come and pay our respects. We had no other intention.” To his followers he said,

“Let’s be off!” And they hurried away.

After that no one tried to put me in a tight spot.

*

A Parisian came to visit. He asked me why in China children were so cruelly harmed. Not only are they denied an upbringing but they are given to pigs and dogs to gnaw on. I asked,

“Where does this rumour come from?” The Parisian said,

“It has been spread by French missionaries who have been to China. Consequently large numbers of Parisian residents and merchants have given money for missionaries to take to China to open orphanages to bring up the children and save them.” I said,

“This is odd indeed! From these shores to China is a distance of tens of thousands of miles, and yet you have been able to hear of these things. How is it that I, who am myself Chinese, have not come to hear of them? If you think about it, the Chinese population is the largest of all the nations. If the Chinese did not bring up children how could it be that, from olden times to the present, the country has had a population of three to four hundred million? In China there are only a few counties in Jiangxi province where bringing up daughters is a great hardship because of the need for a dowry—besides, daughters can’t be relied upon to support a family and continue the ancestral line. The poorest people there often drown their baby girls rather than raising them, but this practice is officially prohibited.

“As to boys, there is certainly not one who is abandoned. Though these stories spread by missionaries may not be completely baseless, their intention is wicked indeed. The missionaries in China seduce people to accept their teaching, gathering a large following among the local riff-raff and relying on their power to get their way by force. In the name of winning people over to be good, they are in fact representing them in lawsuits, resisting debt repayment, encroaching on other people’s property, bullying the law-abiding people and defying the authorities. They even go so far as to foment hatreds and anger the populace to such an extent that the local people resort to arson, murder and vandalism against them. In this way the missionaries risked their own lives to gain millions in indemnity payments from China.

“For the foreign missionaries to cause trouble in China, it could be argued that China is to blame for failing to protect her people. But how could they make up stories about China to cajole their own people into giving them money? China’s decision to ban or allow the spread of Western religion is based on reason. The Western countries are known for their emphasis on the truth. Why have they failed to see through the missionaries and instead have submitted themselves to their manipulations?”

When the Parisian heard this, he seemed to hover between belief and disbelief.

*

A visitor asked me what were the benefits of railways. I replied,

“They are a convenience of boundless benefit for public and private life. As far as public affairs are concerned, suppose disorder were unexpectedly to erupt in a particular place. Even if it were many hundreds of miles away, troops, weapons and fodder dispatched in the morning could reach that place by nightfall, in time to quell the disturbance and prevent the scourge of its spreading. In case of serious floods and droughts, this means of transport allows relief supplies to be sent promptly so that people can be saved in time and avoid the distress of fleeing as refugees. As for taxes, not a penny of revenue would be lost; merchants would have no fear of late delivery of goods; travellers would be spared the toil of riding on horseback and could avoid the depredations of bandits. The benefits of locomotives are many indeed!” The visitor said,

“Then why doesn’t China act more pressingly to set up railways?” I replied,

“If trains are to run in China, where is she to put the railways? Towns and houses can all be moved, but when it comes to graves, each family selects its own burial ground, unlike in Europe where graves are grouped together in one place. New graves can be moved, but not those which go back hundreds of years. Each family regards its forefathers who are buried in these graves with even more affection than the Catholic Church in the West regards its Heavenly Father.

“Even supposing one were allowed to destroy Catholic churches to make way for railways, one must never be allowed to destroy the graves of one’s ancestors at will. Even if the power of the court were invoked to suppress the innate Chinese qualities of filial respect on the grounds that this would bring future profit, I am afraid the Chinese nature would not be so easily eradicated.”

The visitor could not refute this. He said,

“China has official highways where certainly no graves are to be found. It would not be impossible to build railways there.” I said,

“The official highways are used by travellers throughout the entire year. If we build railways there, where are we going to build other highways for them to use until the railways are completed? Perhaps we ought to postpone discussions on this matter until the proper opportunity arises.”

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1870 AND 1879

113.67 & 127.95 Excerpt from **Stones In The Sea** \fn{by Fu Lin (fl.c.1870?)} China (M) 18

1

Reader, let me be frank with you. I am ill, and so serious is my illness that I have adopted a cynical view of the world and no longer wish to live. An image flashes before my mind, and I see her standing in front of me, my nearest, my dearest love—the perfect oval of her face, the high arch of her brows, the limpid gaze, the rosebud mouth, the childhood dimples, her mood now cross, now gay, now laughing, now weeping—and I am driven out of my mind by the sight and left mesmerized, as if in a drunken stupor. Oh, if only we had been destined to spend one night together, a single night, my nearest, my dearest love and I, if only I could have seen her one more time, I would never have been reduced to such a state. Nor would I be in this state if she had loved someone else besides me, even if I could never have seen her again—or if I had loved someone else besides her.

Reader, who do you imagine was responsible for doing us such grievous harm? None other, I regret to say, than the philosopher Mencius of the Zhou dynasty. \fn{Fourth century BC.}

Now, Mencius lived well over two thousand years ago, so how could he possibly do us harm? Strangely enough, he once made a preposterous assertion that has been passed down to the present day. Marriage, he declared, should take place only by the parents’ command and through the good offices of a go-between; otherwise the young couple would earn the contempt of their parents as well as of the general public. \fn{“But those who bore hoes in the wall to peep at one another and climb over it to meet illicitly, waiting for neither the command of parents nor the good offices of a go-between, are despised by parents and fellow-countrymen alike.”} It never occurred to him that marriage might be a matter that the young couple had a right to decide for themselves, that it was not something for parents and go-betweens to meddle in. So long as the young couple abide by the rules and wish to marry, and so long as they separately inform their parents in advance and do not engage in any illicit activity, how can those parents go making arbitrary decisions about them?

I simply do not understand how a man like Mencius, who made a point of advocating equal rights and freedom, could lapse into such stupidity and say such a preposterous thing! Ever since he said it, however, perfectly decent young men and women the world over have been crushed by the weight of parental despotism in regard to marriage, with the result that ninety-nine out of a hundred married couples are at loggerheads. Those men and women who, over the course of the last two thousand and more years, have lost their lives and ended up in the City of Wrongful Death \fn{The limbo in Hades containing those who have died unjustly, particularly by those driven to suicide.} far outnumber the grains of sand of the River Ganges! Some of those whose love was thwarted by their parents’ overwhelming power died of frustration; others had to resort to illicit affairs and died of shame; while yet others were forced into marriage with partners who did not appeal to them—only to die afterwards of melancholia. From ancient times to the present day, how many men and women, millions upon millions, have been destroyed! Even my love and I are among those ruined by Mencius.

Oh, if only we knew freedom of marriage as it is practiced in civilized countries, we would never have suffered from Mencius’ stupidity and been so badly hurt. I myself by this stage in my life have tasted all the sweetness and bitterness that love between the sexes has to offer. My only regret is that in this vast world of ours there is no Heaven of Parting Sorrow, \fn{Situated in the highest heaven.} no All-Scents Kingdom, \fn{A Buddhist paradise.} where my beloved might attain *nirvana*. Were there such a place, my soul, now barely clinging to life, would long ago

have abandoned its mortal shell and flown I know not where.

Reader, I may have been so badly harmed by Mencius as to turn into a world-weary cynic, but what business do I have to go rattling on like this to other people? I do so precisely because I was the one who harmed my nearest, my dearest love. Were I to die now without setting down in writing the whole course of our love and separation with all its ecstasies and alarms, its triumphs and tragedies, and leaving it to the world in her memory, I should have betrayed her love. That is why, even in my present enfeebled state, I must delay my death awhile and allow myself time to tell this story from start to finish so that others may learn.

“By the silkworm’s death all of its silk is wound | The candle is ashes before its tears dry.”^{\fn{From a poem by Li Shangyin (c.858AD).}}

Well, who *am* I, to be telling you all these things? My family name is Qin, and we come from the city of Hangzhou in the province of Zhejiang. My father’s name is Qin Yuan, and his courtesy name Maozhai. As a boy he accompanied his father to his official post in Hubei, and then, after his father’s death, he stayed on in Hubei and made a living there by opening a silk shop on Dajia Street in Hankou with the several thousand in savings that had been left to him. However, there was a long tradition of education in our family, and Father had read widely all his life and was an accomplished writer in both verse and prose. He regularly returned to Hangzhou for the examinations and just as regularly topped the list of successful candidates. But success beyond that point came too late in life for him, and it was not until he was forty that he passed the national examinations, by which time I was thirteen.

My mother was from a Hubei gentry family whose name was Li. She had only two children, both boys. My elder brother’s personal name was Ruyu and his courtesy name Placidus. When he was fourteen, Father took him away to Hangzhou and enrolled him in a school there. My own personal name is Ruhua and my courtesy name Mirus. I remember Mother telling me that at the time I was born Father was about to set off for the provincial examinations, and that in choosing my name he had in mind the quotation “examination success beneath the hibiscus mirror.”^{\fn{A prophecy of success in the examinations. The anecdote on which it is based is found in the 7th century work entitled *Youyang Zazu*.}}

As a child I was taught by Father himself, but on reaching the age of ten I was sent to a private school in the Hu family compound next door, where the teacher was said to be a noted writer of examination essays, a genuine expert. As soon as I entered his classroom, I noticed that one of the pupils there was a girl, dainty and petite. I was only a little boy at the time and knew nothing whatever of love, but although I could not have told you why, I adored that little girl with all my heart. Whenever I was punished by the teacher for something she had done, I bore her not the slightest grudge, but when she was punished for something I had done, I felt terribly upset and only wished I could have taken some of the pain in her stead. There were eight or nine of us in the class altogether, but she and I formed the closest friendship and got up to all kinds of mischief that we kept from our classmates as well as from the teacher.

I remember one occasion that winter when I pinned her against the flowering plum tree outside the classroom window and ran my hands all over her body, squeezing and fondling her at will, and she just smiled up at me and made no attempt to resist. Eventually I reached a spot where she was ticklish, and she laughed and laughed until she was out of breath. All that time my face was directly opposite hers, and she looked so enchanting that my heart overflowed with love and tenderness and, cupping her face in my hands, I planted a whole series of kisses on that rosebud mouth before letting her go.

This loving relationship of ours continued for a full three years, during which “one day apart seemed like three autumns.” It was solely for her sake that I never cut class unless I was actually unwell. Often she would say,

“Wouldn’t it be wonderful if we could go on studying together in this classroom for the rest of our lives!”

And whenever I heard her say it, I found myself sharing her wish. Unfortunately Heaven pays no heed to human desires. I was twelve that year, as was she.

For some reason, at the beginning of the eighth month her father suddenly took her out of school and moved his family across the river to Wuchang. I couldn’t bear to part from her, but there was nothing I could do about it. Afterwards I felt bereft and no longer had any desire to study—or even to eat. Mother assumed I had come down with an illness and twice called in a doctor to examine me. The most ridiculous aspect of all this—I was really childish in those days—was that in three years of studying beside this girl I had never once asked her about her family. I didn’t know what position her father held, merely that her surname was Gu and her personal name Aren, and so after the family’s departure I couldn’t even find out her address—a fact that did not deter me from fantasizing about secret trips to Wuchang in search of her.

Eventually, because of the tight rein Father kept me on, I had to put the fantasies aside. Oddly enough, if I had

really never met her again, I am sure I could have put an end to my desire once and for all. But the intentions of the Creator, confound him, are impossible to guess. The Buddhists talk about the seed and the fruit of an action, and Aren's and my coming together on this occasion was merely the planting of the seed. If you wish to know what fruit our actions bore—well, I will come to that in due course.

Reader, you should note that Aren was the one great love of whom I have spoken.

After parting from her, I put in another year in that classroom, at the end of which I was thirteen. Unfortunately, in the summer of that year, while Father, following his success in the national examinations, was away in the capital attending the palace review, Mother came down with cholera and in less than three days had succumbed. At her death I did nothing but weep and wail, and it was left to my uncle, Li Junshi, to take care of all the funeral arrangements, even to the extent of sending Father the telegram informing him of Mother's death. Eventually, early in the seventh month, Father returned and was heartbroken at the sight that met his eyes. He took Mother's coffin to Hangzhou and buried it beside our ancestors' graves, then came back to Hubei, put his affairs in order, and turned the family business over to my uncle to run. Because my brother was about to finish school, Father let him stay on in Hangzhou while he took me with him to Shanghai. From there we changed to an ocean-going ship as far as Tianjin and then went on by train to the capital, all so that Father could offer his services.

What do I mean by "offer his services?" After the palace review, he had been given the rank of assistant and assigned to the Ministry of Punishments, and he had come to the capital to report for duty. As we set off from Hankou, I can still remember passing by the Gu compound and being reminded of my old friendship with Aren. I was so overcome by the thought that I almost broke down and cried. After I got to the capital, however, her memory gradually receded from my mind.

The compound Father had rented for us was in Mutton Alley off Fruit Lane, which itself is off Horse Market High Street beyond the city wall. It faced south and consisted of two houses and three smaller buildings. On entering, you came first to the gatekeeper's lodge, to the left of which was a large reception room. Across from it was a moon gate and behind that a chief minister's screen wall. Making your way around the wall, you came to one of the houses, with its rooms set about a courtyard. On the left side was the kitchen, on the right side the servants' quarters. There was a gate in the wall on the left side, and if you went in, you found the path dividing into two. One path went north and, if followed all the way, brought you to another courtyard with a southern exposure. In front of it was a winding passageway, the south end of which led through a small gate back to the first house. The other path ran eastward, meandering over a miniature bridge and around an ornamental rock until it brought you to a good-sized study.

The study faced north, with tall *sophoras* and willows in front and flowering plum and apple trees behind. It was well adapted to both summer and winter use and finished in exquisite taste. The previous occupant of the compound was a rich metropolitan official who had served in the provinces as commissioner of examinations. On the strength of family ties Father had borrowed the study as temporary quarters when he first arrived in the capital. Within two months, however, the official had received a new appointment in the provinces. Partly because the rent was low, partly because the houses had been newly redecorated and were set in elegant surroundings, and partly because he couldn't find anything else to suit him, Father rejected the idea of leaving and simply moved from the study into the main house. Except for the lodge, which was occupied by our steward, Wang Sheng, who served as gatekeeper, the other buildings were all vacant, and so a "For Rent" sign was posted on the gate to attract tenants.

But six months went by, and all the people who came to look at the house found fault with it in one way or another—the rent was too high, the courtyard too large, and so on and so forth. Finally, early in the third month of the new year a party of people came along who did take a fancy to it. The first to move in were the stewards, whose master, it was said, held a post in the capital comparable to Father's. Then came the family, seven or eight in all, of both sexes and a variety of ages. I was at school when they moved in and never saw who they were. Early the next morning, when a few maidservants emerged from the side gate and walked past my window, I still didn't check to find out. Not until that evening, as I returned from school and was standing in the courtyard, did I suddenly hear the sound of girlish laughter from behind the side gate.

I turned to look and, sure enough, there underneath the willows behind the ornamental rock I caught a glimpse of several women talking together. But my view was obstructed by the flowers and shrubs growing out of the rock, and for the moment I couldn't make out what the women looked like, so I stepped inside the gate and, standing on the miniature bridge, peered over at them.

There were two girls, both in thin bluish-gray crepe silk jackets, one with her back to the rock, the other

leaning against a willow tree, while a handsome, middle-aged woman sat on the stone steps beside them. I couldn't see the face of the girl with her back to the rock, but I had a clear view of the one leaning against the willow, of the perfectly proportioned oval of her face, the high arch of her brows, the limpid gaze, the rosebud mouth, the childhood dimples—oh, who could it be but Aren, my nearest, dearest love?

At the sight of her I let out an involuntary “*Aiya!*” I was standing on the bridge at the time, and none of the three had noticed me; not until they heard my cry did they turn their heads and look, dumbfounded. The girl leaning against the tree fixed her eyes on me and looked me up and down, examining me for some time. It seemed as if she was about to ask me something but then thought better of it. At length the older woman grew a little embarrassed and stood up.

“And who are you?” she asked. The girl and I were so preoccupied with gazing into each other's eyes that I didn't hear her. Concluding I was deaf, the older woman raised her voice and asked again:

“Who are you?” I was so flustered that I couldn't think how to reply, except to say, in a trembling voice, “It's me.”

At which she burst into laughter.

Reader, when I think back on that reply of mine, I agree it was absurd. How were they to know who “me” was? What do you think of my response? Was I stupid or what?

*

I was rescued from my predicament by the girl with her back to the rock. She broke in and asked,

“Are you Master Qin, by any chance?” Her question brought me to my senses.

“Yes—yes, I am,” I replied. At this the older woman smiled.

“Oh, so you're Master Qin.” Now that I had been brought into the conversation and had a chance to speak, I couldn't resist pointing at the girl by the tree and asking,

“And is this young lady Aren?” My question startled the woman.

“How did you know?” she asked. The girl turned to face her.

“Mother, he's the Master Mirus Qin who used to go to school with me when we lived in Hankou.”

Before the words were out of her mouth, I realized that she really was Aren and felt as thrilled as if some priceless gem had dropped down from the skies at my feet. I seized my chance to go up to the woman and bow, addressing her as “Aunt.”

“Aunt, that was very rude of me just now, I'm afraid.”

“Oh, not at all,” she said, returning my greeting. I turned and bowed to Aren, at the same time asking,

“And who is this young lady?” Aren flushed with embarrassment, fell back a step or two, and replied,

“She's my elder sister.”

I bowed to the sister, who returned my greeting with a notably casual air. When I straightened up and looked more closely at her, I saw something about the eyes that reminded me of Aren, but she lacked Aren's dimples and was also somewhat thinner. Now that I had exchanged greetings with everyone, Aren's mother invited me to join them and proceeded to ask how old I was, what I was studying, and whether I had any brothers or sisters. As I replied to one question after another, I kept stealing glances at Aren. Her face was even more radiant than it had been, like a peony just in bloom, and she also seemed more vivacious. Aware that I was looking at her, she hung her head and appeared ill at ease. Her mother and I went on talking until it began to grow dark—sunset streaks in the sky, the trees hooded in mist—and suddenly I heard Aren's sister saying,

“Mother, let's go in.”

“Master Qin,” said her mother, turning to me, “whenever you have nothing better to do, you're very welcome to come over and spend some time with us.” Then, taking the two girls with her, she went off to the back, past the flowers and trees.

I remained at the foot of the rock and watched until all three had reached the gate and disappeared into the rear court, when I slowly and dejectedly made my way to my bedroom in our courtyard. My feelings were in turmoil—I felt joy as well as despair—and I had no idea what to do about it.

Still at a loss, I realized that Father had come home and that our steward, Wang Sheng, was serving supper in the living room. I left my bedroom and joined them.

“As I daresay you know, we've rented out the rear court,” said Father. “Our tenant's name is Gu Qingbo, and he comes from Haining in Zhejiang. He graduated in the same class as I did, so you should address him as uncle. \fn{ Graduates of the same year in the national examinations were nominally brothers.} He has a wife and two daughters, whom you should also address as family friends.”

“Yes, yes,” I replied, and quickly asked what post Uncle Gu held.

“He’s a new member of the Academy,” he said. “A most distinguished man.”

Supper was soon over, and after returning to my room and getting Wang Sheng to light the lamp, I sat there and retraced every detail of my meeting with Aren, including the questions her mother had asked me. I wondered how happy Aren had felt on meeting me again. Had it not been for the presence of her mother and sister, which stopped us from opening our hearts, we would have told each other all the things we had been longing to tell, right there beside the ornamental rock. It also occurred to me that her mother, by asking me at our first meeting how old I was and what I was studying, must surely be thinking of marriage for Aren and me. Otherwise, why question me in such detail? Father was a ministry official, I reflected, while her father was a member of the Academy, so our two families were on an equal footing. What’s more, both men came from the same part of the country and had graduated in the same year—there was *nothing* to stand in the way of a union! This thought sent my spirits soaring.

Then it occurred to me that Aren was now two years older. Moreover, she lived with her parents and sister, and eyes and ears would be everywhere. Since she wasn’t able to go off to school, how was I going to get in there and court her? Even if her mother had me in mind for a son-in-law, as a woman she couldn’t very well raise the matter, any more than I could with Father. Even supposing I found someone to talk Father into agreeing, I still couldn’t be sure *when* he would actually send the go-between.

Since I couldn’t see Aren regularly and couldn’t wait for Father to send a go-between, I found myself in a situation so tantalizing, with Aren so near and yet so far, that it was almost guaranteed to drive me to my death from sheer frustration! This thought brought all my previous anxieties back again.

A moment later I was struck by yet another thought: if Father were to send over a go-between now, it would still be like trying to put out a fire by fetching water from a mile away, to quote the old proverb. The essential thing at this point was to find some means of bringing us together every day. Back and forth I went in my mind, trying to think of a solution, when suddenly, at the brink of despair, two ideas suggested themselves.

The first was to point out to Father that the study was a quiet, elegant place and to ask his permission to install a desk so that I could work there in the evenings. Aren adored flowers and moonlight, and on moonlit evenings and crisp, clear mornings she was bound to be out in the courtyard, and I would be able to invite her in.

My second thought was that in Hangzhou families the sexes were not as strictly segregated as they were elsewhere. With Aren living in our rear court, there was nothing to prevent me from going over and joining her every day. Provided I could wheedle myself into the family’s good graces and remembered to dole out a few tips to their servants, I would hardly be shown the door!

This thought sent my spirits soaring again. But then it occurred to me that these ideas were all very well, but what if Father refused to let me install a desk in the study? And what if Uncle Gu happened to run a strict regime and refused to let me drop in all the time? Such questions brought my anxieties back again. I was in a truly pathetic state, as these chaotic thoughts whirled through my brain, and it was not until the fourth watch that I undressed and went to bed.

The next morning I arose early and went out to ask Father about the desk, but he had left to pay a social call without waiting for breakfast. Since I had no Father to talk to, I thought of going over to the rear court to see Aren. But then it occurred to me that it was too early in the morning and she wouldn’t be up yet, so my visit would be pointless. There was nothing else for it; I would just have to fall back on my old routine of breakfast followed by school.

On this particular day, because I had Aren on my mind, I returned from school early, before five o’clock. On entering the courtyard I came upon Father chatting with Uncle Gu under the trees, and I went over and bowed deeply, addressing him as uncle. He was quick to return my greeting.

“This is your younger boy?” he asked Father. “What a handsome lad! You mustn’t let him go gallivanting around town, or he’ll be corrupted by those young hooligans out there.”

I couldn’t help smiling to myself at this advice; with Aren installed in the house, there was no chance of my gallivanting anywhere. I took the opportunity to put my idea about the desk to Father, but before he could respond, Uncle Gu, standing beside him, endorsed it enthusiastically.

“Capital idea! If you want to move into the study and work there, why not just go and get it ready? No need to ask your father.” In the wake of Uncle Gu’s endorsement, Father simply nodded.

“If you want to work there, go ahead.”

Delighted to have permission, I gave Wang Sheng orders to clean the study and move in some furniture from the house. He was to put the desk squarely in front of the window, which was exquisitely finished and fitted with glass panes that faced directly onto the ornamental rock, so that nobody coming from the rear court could escape

the gaze of anyone inside. I also sought out several really fine scrolls and hung them up. On the desk itself nothing was neglected—incense burner, tea things, and so on. Beside it I had two stands placed with pink flowering peaches. When Wang Sheng had arranged everything to my satisfaction, I sat down at the desk and began to polish my writing instruments. I was calculating that, if Aren really did pay me a visit, she might be persuaded to sit for a while amid such spotless surroundings.

Polishing away, I caught a glimpse of someone passing by and assumed it was Aren out for a walk. I looked again and saw it was a woman all right, but not one that I had seen before. She appeared to be about thirty, with a round face, a prominent nose with pockmarks on either side of it, and a stocky figure, and she was dressed all in white. She certainly didn't belong to Uncle Gu's family, and yet she didn't appear to be a servant either. From her position beside the ornamental rock she was craning her neck and peeping at something or other beyond the side gate, but when I saw she wasn't Aren, I lost any interest in what she was doing. After watching for some time, she turned and went back to the rear court.

That evening, reciting texts in the study, I saw to it that my voice was loud enough to reach Aren's ears and let her know I was there.

Reader, I went to endless lengths for Aren's sake. I doubt that anyone in the world has ever gone so far to impress a girl.

Next day I attended school as usual, but a little after four o'clock, on the strength of a fib told to the teacher, I came racing home again. In my bedroom I changed into a new suit of clothes and headed straight for the rear court. Then, as I entered the living room, I came upon the woman I had seen the day before, chatting with Aren's mother. When they saw me, they broke into smiles, got to their feet, and asked me to join them. This time I used a new form of address with Aren's mother, calling her Aunt. { I.e., as his examination "brother's" wife. In calling her "Aunt" before, he was using a less specific term. Chinese is a very sophisticated language. }

"Do sit down, Aunt," I said. "You've been living in our compound for several days now, and I haven't been over to pay my respects, which is really very remiss of me. Is Uncle at home, by any chance?"

"The master hasn't come back yet," said Aren's mother. "But you're welcome to stay and amuse yourself." I asked who her companion was.

"This is my younger sister," said Aren's mother.

It came to my mind, once I realized she was Aren's aunt, that it was the custom in Hangzhou to address a woman of the older generation as "foster mother," so I presented myself before her, bowed, and addressed her in that fashion. She laughed as she returned my greeting: I then joined them, but although I kept a close watch all around, I saw no sign of Aren.

Soon a maidservant brought in some tea. After I had had a long chat with Aren's mother and there was still no sign of Aren, I lost patience.

"My two cousins—why haven't *they* appeared?" I asked.

"They're in their room doing their needlework," said Aren's mother.

I didn't care to pursue the matter and, after sitting a while longer, took my leave. On my way back to my room I kept thinking: I may not have managed to see Aren today, but the good news is that I now have a regular means of access and will always be able to visit her. That evening I again recited my texts in a voice loud enough for her to hear.

On the afternoon of the following day I made another surprise visit to the rear court in hopes of seeing Aren but instead found only her sister, with whom I exchanged a few pleasantries. I was put off by the sister's coolness toward me and ended up making small talk with her mother. We chatted until evening and then, when Aren had still not appeared, I took a rather awkward departure.

I was surprised at missing Aren two days in a row. Was she sick, perhaps? Or was Uncle Gu's regime so strict that, except under extraordinary circumstances, she was not allowed to see any visitors? Otherwise, well, our relationship was exceptionally close—as close as if, in Lady Guan's words, "you smashed up two clay figures, mixed the clay together, and then molded it into two new figures" { From a song allegedly written by Zhao Mengu (1254-1322), but certainly much later. }—and she knew perfectly well that I was there in the living room chatting with her mother, so why on earth didn't she come out and see me? I racked my brains for a long time without coming up with an answer. Then the thought struck me that my evening performances were a kind of incantation designed to lure her forth and that I ought to keep them up, even if she had failed to appear so far. That evening I again recited my texts in a loud voice, and I also went on longer than before. . On the third day I returned to the rear court, but this time I was really out of luck, for Uncle Gu happened to be in, and I was forced to observe a nephew's protocol and respectfully exchange a few highly reactionary sentiments with him before I could decently take my leave.

The fourth day I went over even earlier. I greeted Aren's mother, her sister, and her aunt, and chatted with them for some time, but Aren still did not appear.

Back to my study I went in a blind fury. I felt sure she had jilted me, that she was no longer the Aren I had known. We had been apart almost two years now, and so clever and beautiful a girl must surely have had other young men pursuing her. If one of them had managed to seduce her and she had fallen in love with him, or if she was engaged to be married, of *course* she'd be ashamed to meet me! That would explain why she flushed with embarrassment the first time we met and why she had been hiding in her room ever since. *Yes, that was it!* The facts clearly showed that there was no longer any bond between us and that it was no use cherishing any foolish hopes about her.

And yet, I thought, addressing her in my mind, although I can't blame you for falling in love with someone else, or for being engaged for that matter, you really ought to meet me and tell me so to my face, not shilly-shally and keep me in suspense. At this thought I began grinding my teeth in fury. I felt as if my heart had been deluged with icy water and my limbs had begun to freeze.

It was the tenth of the third month. The moonlight projected the shadows of the flowering branches onto my whitened wall. Wang Sheng came in to call me for supper, but I excused myself on the grounds that I wasn't feeling very well and just sat there on my own in the gathering darkness. The longer I thought, the more likely my fears seemed and the more furious I became. After Wang Sheng had called in to light my lamp, I no longer recited my texts, or rather my incantations, but lay brooding on the couch instead. Before long the moonlight outside my window was flooding half the garden.

Suddenly my ears picked up a sound—it seemed like a girl's faint cough—from the stone path beside the ornamental rock. I assumed it was Aren's maidservant going by and thought nothing of it, but then after a pause I heard a faint tapping on my study door. I got up from the couch, walked over to the door, and slowly opened it. On looking up I received such a shock that I let out a cry:

“Aiya!”

*

Reader, who do you suppose it was? None other than the *bodhisattva* Guanyin, \fn{The Goddess of Mercy.} savior of those in distress—my nearest, dearest Aren! The moment I saw her all the suspicion and fury I had felt were banished to the ends of the earth. I grasped one of her hands in mine and, putting my other arm around her shoulders, pulled her toward me and hugged her tightly, intending to kiss her, but she became agitated and pushed me away with all her might.

“You're fourteen and *still* behaving so badly! No wonder everyone in my family calls you an idiot!”

At once I let her go and invited her into the study, where I showed her to a seat on the couch and sat beside her. I felt as if there were a million things I wanted to say and didn't know where to begin, but Aren couldn't wait to tell me what was on her mind.

“I imagine that after missing me several days in a row you must be blaming me for not coming over before,” she whispered, “but you don't understand how things are in our family. My aunt was recently widowed and now makes her home with us. She loves nothing better than gossip, and my mother believes every word she says. If you cross my aunt in any way, she'll make life extremely unpleasant for you. My sister Asou serves as a personal secretary to my father. She received an education at home and writes beautifully; all my father's letters to his friends are written by her. He thinks the world of her, and she sets very high standards for everybody she comes in contact with.

At that first meeting, when she saw how tongue-tied you were, she formed a low opinion of you and told us you were an idiot and we should have nothing more to do with you. I've been longing to tell you what has happened to me since we parted, but because of these two menaces in the household I've had to keep my distance. Now that I'm living in your compound, I don't doubt that we shall meet, but I'm afraid it will not be very often.”

I became terribly upset.

“Are you trying to tell me it will be almost impossible for us to meet?” I demanded.

“No, I don't mean that at all. Let me tell you something. My sister never gets up before eleven, and my aunt is a rather grasping woman with a passion for wine. If you can win those two over to your side, we should have no trouble in meeting regularly.”

She stood up to go, but I held fast to her hand and begged her to stay.

“Look, I came here today behind my mother's back,” she protested. “If you're going to be so pushy, I won't dare come again.”

There was nothing I could do but show her out of the study. Peering into her face, I found that in the moonlight

her beauty was more dazzling than ever. As I walked along, I plucked a rose from her hairpin and slipped it into my pocket. She didn't object, but after I had escorted her over the miniature bridge, she broke away from me.

"Don't forget what I said," she added. "Think it over." Then she dashed back to the rear court.

After she had gone, I stood by myself beneath the blossom. Moonlight flooded the courtyard, and the scent from the blossom was overpowering. I lingered a while, in the spirit of the lines

The song has ended, the singer gone;
Above the river the peaks stand green. {From a poem by Qian Qi (722-c.780AD).}

Still musing, I heard Father calling from the other side of the gate. Because I hadn't eaten any supper, he had given Wang Sheng special instructions to make me a bowl of Shandong noodles and had brought them along to my room. I raced frantically back.

"What's the matter with you?" Father asked.

"I feel all right now," I said. After gulping down the noodles, I undressed and went to bed.

The West Chamber puts it well:

Sleep denied
Cheek in palm
Pursuing languid thoughts. {From a play written toward the end of the 13th century.}

Although I did get some sleep, I kept thinking of Aren and carefully analyzed what she had said, which made a great deal of sense to me. Her aunt's acquisitiveness and fondness for wine, like her sister's arrogance and inability to get up in the morning—these were two themes, and now that they had been set, I could begin to write my essays. But what approach should I adopt in my writing?

I pondered the question for a long time, and then, Eureka! The first essay would be simplicity itself to organize. I would start the next day by snapping up my chances wherever I found them, and eventually I'd get that essay done.

After school the following day I told Father I needed some more winter clothes and asked him for a few *taels* to buy them with. Then I went off to an imported goods store on Oashalar, where I bought fourteen yards of dark green foreign silk in a fashionable design and had a tailor whom I had dealt with before cut it in two and make one part into a padded gown for my own use. The other half I brought home and stowed away in my book chest. With the few coins I had left over, I sent Wang Sheng to the Guangyi dried fruit store on the west side of Horse Market High Street to get two bottles of premium Wujiapi, which I also put away in the study. Mindful of what Aren had told me, I did not venture into the rear court that day.

Two days later, in the morning, I sent Wang Sheng back to the tailor's, and rather to my surprise the gown was ready. I was thrilled with it, and slipping it on went gaily off to the rear court in hopes of finding Aren's aunt. Instead I found only Aren and her mother in the living room. Aren hadn't done her hair, and when she saw me come in, she got up, gave me a broad wink, and went back to her room. I had to exchange a little chit-chat with Aren's mother before I could escape. It was generally in the afternoons that I ran into the aunt, I reflected, so I decided to drop by after school that day.

I had guessed right. This time I had no sooner reached the passageway than I came upon her, playing with a baby in her arms. She had been widowed not long before, and the baby was her late husband's posthumous son. The moment she saw me, she proceeded to scrutinize my new clothes.

"Oh, Master Qin!" she exclaimed. "That gown of yours—it's a brand new design and in the *loveliest* shade! Where did you get it?"

I told her I had made it up from some material of my own.

"Baby would look so *cute* in a little outfit made out of that! But where did you buy the material?" Confident that I had her in my trap, I gave a calculated answer.

"I doubt that you can get this in the capital. I had a friend pick it up for me in Shanghai. But I do have another seven yards left over, and I'll gladly make you a present of it."

At this offer her face broke into a broad smile. Although she protested that she couldn't possibly accept the silk as a gift, needless to say she was really only too eager to do so. Smiling to myself, I returned to the study, took the rest of the material from the chest, and brought it back and presented it to her with both hands. As she took it, she beamed with delight and couldn't thank me enough. Privately I was just as elated as she was—the first essay Aren had assigned me was already half written.

From that time on, whenever I got up early in the morning I would go over to the rear court and look for Aren. Sometimes I saw her, sometimes I didn't, but even when I did see her we couldn't really talk, and I was far from satisfied. When I was free in the afternoon I would stroll over there, and if I had any candy or fruit, I would give some to the aunt's baby. Within a matter of ten days or so, I had the aunt securely locked in my Eight Trigrams Furnace\fn{The device used by to trap Monkey in the 16th century work entitled *Journey to the West* (chapter 7).} and could do whatever I liked with her. One morning I happened upon Aren, who remarked with a grin,

"The lad is showing promise."

I reflected that on my daily visits to the rear court I could never get farther than the living room; I didn't dare venture into her room. The sage Confucius spoke of "ascending the hall" and "entering the inner room." \fn{Some-where in *The Anelects*.} Well, I could ascend the hall, all right, but I could not enter the inner room, so that even if I did manage to see Aren it was to very little purpose. The trouble was that Aren's sister was one of those superior creatures who could be neither bullied nor bribed into compliance, and if I wanted to get into that inner room, I'd have to curry favor with her. Reader, I ask you, how do you imagine I was going to curry favor with someone as high and mighty as the sister? How should I set about writing my second essay?

Where there's a will, there's away, of course, but in this second essay I had help straight from Heaven and did not need to lift a finger. Now, women in the capital like nothing better than visiting temples to burn incense and pray to Buddha, and when it came to that kind of superstition, Aren's sister was no exception. It was the sixth of the fourth month, just two days before what is known as the Buddha Bathing Festival. The steward of Aren's family, Li Gui, who shared the lodge with Wang Sheng, happened to have some business in the city that day and had entrusted his duties to Wang Sheng. I had just run home from school and was feeling rather hungry, so I asked Wang to go out and get me a snack.

"The men on the gate are all off," he said. "Would you mind staying here a moment yourself, sir? Don't go away, now."

I nodded and stood outside the gate as Wang Sheng went off. Before long an eleven- or twelve-year-old boy approached the gate with a letter.

"Is this Mr. Gu's residence?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Please take delivery of this," he said, and walked off. I picked up the letter. On the outside it read

"For Young Master Guo from Sick Butterfly." I called after the boy:

"The name here is Gu, not Guo. You've brought this to the wrong house."

To my surprise he continued to stride away as if he hadn't heard a word I said. Then I looked at the letter again and became a little suspicious. I felt the envelope between thumb and forefinger; there was something stiff inside, like a piece of cardboard. My suspicions grew until finally I picked it up and slipped it into my breast pocket.

Before long Wang Sheng returned with my snack, which I took with me to the study. Munching as I walked along, I brought out the letter and slowly and carefully opened it. How odd! There was nothing inside but two snapshots, one of a young man, the other of a group of buildings, and I was utterly baffled. Then I looked at the back of the first photograph and found what appeared to be a few penciled characters. I tried to decipher them; they *seemed* to read "noon on the eighth." But I had no idea who the person in the first photograph was or where the buildings in the second were located. Even if such a person and place existed, why send the photographs here?

I pondered this question for some time before suddenly spotting the answer. The letter *had* to be intended for either Aren or her sister, and the handsome young man *had* to be the lover of one or other of them! But since the letter was addressed to "Young Master," Asou was the more likely recipient. As for the buildings, they must be the site of the rendezvous, while "noon on the eighth" would be the date and the time.

I had better keep this information to myself for the time being, I thought, and simply seal the letter up again and have it delivered to Asou, then wait and see what transpired. With this idea in mind I sealed up the letter and told Wang Sheng to take it over to the rear court. Unfortunately he handed it to a maid, who disappeared inside with it, and I never did learn which of the sisters took delivery. Still, from the fact that someone had accepted it, I felt that my suspicions had been more or less confirmed.

On the morning of the eighth I got up early and went over to the rear court to find out what the sisters were doing. I had hardly reached the passageway when I ran into Asou and asked her why she was up so early.

"Aren't I *allowed* to get up early?" she asked with a smile. I smiled, too, and left it at that.

However at noon, as I came by the lodge on my way home from school, I heard one of the maids from the Gu household telling Li Gui to order a rickshaw for the elder young lady, who wanted to give thanks at Lotus Flower Temple. My ears buzzing with this piece of news, I skipped lunch and went straight out again to lie in wait for the

lovers at the temple in Westbrick Alley.

No sooner had I entered the gate than among the crowd I came upon a handsome, young man who on closer inspection proved to be identical with the one in the photograph! It dawned on me then that the buildings in the other photograph must be those of this Lotus Flower Temple. I kept an eye on him as he emerged from the temple gate, took out his pocketbook and removed a note from it that he gave to a rickshaw man, then turned and went inside again. I waited until he was some way off before approaching the rickshaw man.

“Excuse me, but who was that gentleman you brought here just now?” I asked.

“He’s the son of Mr. Lu in the Ministry of Punishments. Why do you want to know?”

“You mean Mr. Lu of Nanheng Street?”

“That’s right.”

The handsome young man was the son of Lu Xiaocang from Haining, who was an acquaintance of Father’s and had actually visited our house. Just as I was about to ask more questions, I saw Asou and a maidservant arriving in another rickshaw. I caught a glimpse of them in the distance, then spotted an opening in the crowd and slipped through it into the temple, where I waited for them on the steps of the Hall of the Great Hero. I was not disappointed. In a matter of moments I saw Asou emerging from the hall with the handsome young man in tow. (I have no idea what became of the maid.) As I watched, they walked a dozen yards along the west side of the passageway, taking care to keep their heads down, then looked up, noticed a certain room, and ducked inside. Lest Asou recognize me, I had to watch from a distance, not follow them in. After I had waited a considerable time and they still had not come out, I slowly approached the room, peered inside—and found that it had a back door! Asou and the young man had left, and I didn’t even know when. Cursing myself for a fool, I made a thorough search of the temple before returning home, where I took Wang Sheng aside and asked him:

“The elder Miss Gu, is she back yet?”

“Yes,” he replied.

A sigh escaped me. Those two had arranged to meet for a *tête-à-tête* at the temple, I thought, where they could unburden themselves to each other far more freely than Aren and I ever could, even though we met practically every day. She and I might just as well have been living at opposite ends of the earth for all the good our meetings did us! But then I was struck by another thought, one that lifted my spirits again.

All the evidence I needed against Asou was now in my hands, and no matter how arrogant she was, from now on she’d have to knuckle under. The period of *my* own freedom was about to begin. Oh, Master Lu, Master Lu, what a savior you have been! But for the help you gave me today, instead of finishing my essay, I might have had to hand in a blank sheet of paper. ...

2

Reader, let me be frank with you. I am ill, and so serious is my illness that I have adopted a cynical view of the world and no longer wish to live. An image flashes before my mind, and I see her standing in front of me, my nearest, my dearest love—the perfect oval of her face, the high arch of her brows, the limpid gaze, the rosebud mouth, the childhood dimples, her mood now cross, now gay, now laughing, now weeping—and I am driven out of my mind by the sight and left mesmerized, as if in a drunken stupor. Oh, if only we had been destined to spend one night together, a single night, my nearest, my dearest love and I, if only I could have seen her one more time, I would never have been reduced to such a state. Nor would I be in this state if she had loved someone else besides me, even if I could never have seen her again—or if I had loved someone else besides her.

Reader, who do you imagine was responsible for doing us such grievous harm? None other, I regret to say, than the philosopher Mencius\fn{A Confucian philosopher of the 4th century BC.} of the Zhou dynasty. Now, Mencius lived well over two thousand years ago, so how could he possibly do us harm? Strangely enough, he once made a preposterous assertion that has been passed down to the present day. Marriage, he declared, should take place only by the parents’ command and through the good offices of a go-between; otherwise the young couple would earn the contempt of their parents as well as of the general public.\fn{The actual quotation is: “But those who bore holes in the wall to peep at one another and climb over it to meet illicitly, waiting for neither the command of parents nor the good offices of a go-between, are despised by parents and fellow-countrymen alike.”} It never occurred to him that marriage might be a matter that the young couple had a right to decide for themselves, that it was not something for parents and go-betweens to meddle in.

So long as the young couple abide by the rules and wish to marry, and so long as they separately inform their parents in advance and do not engage in any illicit activity, how can those parents go making arbitrary decisions

about them? I simply do not understand how a man like Mencius, who made a point of advocating equal rights and freedom, could lapse into such stupidity and say such a preposterous thing! Ever since he said it, however, perfectly decent young men and women the world over have been crushed by the weight of parental despotism in regard to marriage, with the result that ninety-nine out of a hundred married couples are at loggerheads. Those men and women who, over the course of the last two thousand and more years, have lost their lives and ended up in the City of Wrongful Death\fn{I.e., a limbo in Hades which contains those who have died unjustly, particularly those driven to suicide.} far outnumber the grains of sand of the River Ganges! Some of those whose love was thwarted by their parents' overwhelming power died of frustration; others had to resort to illicit affairs and died of shame; while yet others were forced into marriage with partners who did not appeal to them—only to die afterwards of melancholia. From ancient times to the present day, how many men and women, millions upon millions, have been destroyed! Even my love and I are among those ruined by Mencius.

Oh, if only we knew freedom of marriage as it is practiced in civilized countries, we would never have suffered from Mencius' stupidity and been so badly hurt. I myself by this stage in my life have tasted all the sweetness and bitterness that love between the sexes has to offer. My only regret is that in this vast world of ours there is no Heaven of Parting Sorrow,\fn{Situating in the highest heaven.} no All-Scents Kingdom,\fn{A Buddhist paradise.} where my beloved might attain *nirvana*. Were there such a place, my soul, now barely clinging to life, would long ago have abandoned its mortal shell and flown I know not where.

Reader, I may have been so badly harmed by Mencius as to turn into a world-weary cynic, but what business do I have to go rattling on like this to other people? I do so precisely because I was the one who harmed my nearest, my dearest love. Were I to die now without setting down in writing the whole course of our love and separation with all its ecstasies and alarms, its triumphs and tragedies, and leaving it to the world in her memory, I should have betrayed her love. That is why, even in my present enfeebled state, I must delay my death awhile and allow myself time to tell this story from start to finish so that others may learn. “By the silkworm's death all of its silk is wound | The candle is ashes before its tears dry.”\fn{From the poetry of Li Shangyin (d.858AD).}

Well, who *am* I, to be telling you all these things?

My family name is Qin, and we come from the city of Hangzhou in the province of Zhejiang. My father's name is Qin Yuan, and his courtesy name Maozhai. As a boy he accompanied his father to his official post in Hubei, and then, after his father's death, he stayed on in Hubei and made a living there by opening a silk shop on Dajia Street in Hankou with the several thousand in savings that had been left to him. However, there was a long tradition of education in our family, and Father had read widely all his life and was an accomplished writer in both verse and prose. He regularly returned to Hangzhou for the examinations and just as regularly topped the list of successful candidates. But success beyond that point came too late in life for him, and it was not until he was forty that he passed the national examinations, by which time I was thirteen.

My mother was from a Hubei gentry family whose name was Li. She had only two children, both boys. My elder brother's personal name was Ruyu and his courtesy name Placidus. When he was fourteen, Father took him away to Hangzhou and enrolled him in a school there. My own personal name is Ruhua and my courtesy name Mirus. I remember Mother telling me that at the time I was born Father was about to set off for the provincial examinations, and that in choosing my name he had in mind the quotation “examination success beneath the hibiscus mirror.”\fn{A prophecy for success in the Imperial Examinations.}

As a child I was taught by Father himself, but on reaching the age of ten I was sent to a private school in the Hu family compound next door, where the teacher was said to be a noted writer of examination essays, a genuine expert. As soon as I entered his classroom, I noticed that one of the pupils there was a girl, dainty and petite. I was only a little boy at the time and knew nothing whatever of love, but although I could not have told you why, I adored that little girl with all my heart. Whenever I was punished by the teacher for something she had done, I bore her not the slightest grudge, but when she was punished for something I had done, I felt terribly upset and only wished I could have taken some of the pain in her stead. There were eight or nine of us in the class altogether, but she and I formed the closest friendship and got up to all kinds of mischief that we kept from our classmates as well as from the teacher.

I remember one occasion that winter when I pinned her against the flowering plum tree outside the classroom window and ran my hands all over her body, squeezing and fondling her at will, and she just smiled up at me and made no attempt to resist. Eventually I reached a spot where she was ticklish, and she laughed and laughed until she was out of breath. All that time my face was directly opposite hers, and she looked so enchanting that my heart overflowed with love and tenderness and, cupping her face in my hands, I planted a whole series of kisses on that rosebud mouth before letting her go.

This loving relationship of ours continued for a full three years, during which “one day apart seemed like three autumns.” It was solely for her sake that I never cut class unless I was actually unwell. Often she would say:

“Wouldn’t it be wonderful if we could go on studying together in this classroom for the rest of our lives!” And whenever I heard her say it, I found myself sharing her wish.

Unfortunately Heaven pays no heed to human desires. I was twelve that year, as was she. For some reason, at the beginning of the eighth month her father suddenly took her out of school and moved his family across the river to Wuchang. I couldn’t bear to part from her, but there was nothing I could do about it. Afterwards I felt bereft and no longer had any desire to study—or even to eat.

Mother assumed I had come down with an illness and twice called in a doctor to examine me. The most ridiculous aspect of all this—I was really childish in those days—was that in three years of studying beside this girl I had never once asked her about her family. I didn’t know what position her father held, merely that her surname was Gu and her personal name Aren, and so after the family’s departure I couldn’t even find out her address—a fact that did not deter me from fantasizing about secret trips to Wuchang in search of her.

Eventually, because of the tight rein Father kept me on, I had to put the fantasies aside. Oddly enough, if I had really never met her again, I am sure I could have put an end to my desire once and for all. But the intentions of the Creator, confound him, are impossible to guess. The Buddhists talk about the seed and the fruit of an action, and Aren’s and my coming together on this occasion was merely the planting of the seed. If you wish to know what fruit our actions bore—well, I will come to that in due course.

Reader, you should note that Aren was the one great love of whom I have spoken. After parting from her, I put in another year in that classroom, at the end of which I was thirteen. Unfortunately, in the summer of that year, while Father, following his success in the national examinations, was away in the capital attending the palace review, Mother came down with cholera and in less than three days had succumbed. At her death I did nothing but weep and wail, and it was left to my uncle, Li Junshi, to take care of all the funeral arrangements, even to the extent of sending Father the telegram informing him of Mother’s death.

Eventually, early in the seventh month, Father returned and was heartbroken at the sight that met his eyes. He took Mother’s coffin to Hangzhou and buried it beside our ancestors’ graves, then came back to Hubei, put his affairs in order, and turned the family business over to my uncle to run. Because my brother was about to finish school, Father let him stay on in Hangzhou while he took me with him to Shanghai. From there we changed to an ocean-going ship as far as Tianjin and then went on by train to the capital, all so that Father could offer his services.

What do I mean by “offer his services”? After the palace review, he had been given the rank of assistant and assigned to the Ministry of Punishments, and he had come to the capital to report for duty. As we set off from Hankou, I can still remember passing by the Gu compound and being reminded of my old friendship with Aren. I was so overcome by the thought that I almost broke down and cried. After I got to the capital, however, her memory gradually receded from my mind.

The compound Father had rented for us was in Mutton Alley off Fruit Lane, which itself is off Horse Market High Street beyond the city wall. It faced south and consisted of two houses and three smaller buildings. On entering, you came first to the gatekeeper’s lodge, to the left of which was a large reception room. Across from it was a moon gate and behind that a chief minister’s screen wall. Making your way around the wall, you came to one of the houses, with its rooms set about a courtyard. On the left side was the kitchen, on the right side the servants’ quarters. There was a gate in the wall on the left side, and if you went in, you found the path dividing into two. One path went north and, if followed all the way, brought you to another courtyard with a southern exposure. In front of it was a winding passageway, the south end of which led through a small gate back to the first house.

The other path ran eastward, meandering over a miniature bridge and around an ornamental rock until it brought you to a good-sized study. The study faced north, with tall sophoras and willows in front and flowering plum and apple trees behind. It was well adapted to both summer and winter use and finished in exquisite taste. The previous occupant of the compound was a rich metropolitan official who had served in the provinces as commissioner of examinations. On the strength of family ties Father had borrowed the study as temporary quarters when he first arrived in the capital. Within two months, however, the official had received a new appointment in the provinces. Partly because the rent was low, partly because the houses had been newly redecorated and were set in elegant surroundings, and partly because he couldn’t find anything else to suit him, Father rejected the idea of leaving and simply moved from the study into the main house. Except for the lodge, which was occupied by our steward. Wang Sheng, who served as gatekeeper, the other buildings were all vacant,

and so a “For Rent” sign was posted on the gate to attract tenants.

But six months went by, and all the people who came to look at the house found fault with it in one way or another—the rent was too high, the courtyard too large, and so on and so forth. Finally, early in the third month of the new year a party of people came along who did take a fancy to it. The first to move in were the stewards, whose master, it was said, held a post in the capital comparable to Father’s. Then came the family, seven or eight in all, of both sexes and a variety of ages. I was at school when they moved in and never saw who they were. Early the next morning, when a few maidservants emerged from the side gate and walked past my window, I still didn’t check to find out.

Not until that evening, as I returned from school and was standing in the courtyard, did I suddenly hear the sound of girlish laughter from behind the side gate. I turned to look and, sure enough, there underneath the willows behind the ornamental rock I caught a glimpse of several women talking together. But my view was obstructed by the flowers and shrubs growing out of the rock, and for the moment I couldn’t make out what the women looked like, so I stepped inside the gate and, standing on the miniature bridge, peered over at them.

There were two girls, both in thin bluish-gray crepe silk jackets, one with her back to the rock, the other leaning against a willow tree, while a handsome, middle-aged woman sat on the stone steps beside them. I couldn’t see the face of the girl with her back to the rock, but I had a clear view of the one leaning against the willow, of the perfectly proportioned oval of her face, the high arch of her brows, the limpid gaze, the rosebud mouth, the childhood dimples ...

Oh, who could it be but Aren, my nearest, dearest love? At the sight of her I let out an involuntary “*Aiya!*” I was standing on the bridge at the time, and none of the three had noticed me; not until they heard my cry did they turn their heads and look, dumbfounded. The girl leaning against the tree fixed her eyes on me and looked me up and down, examining me for some time. It seemed as if she was about to ask me something but then thought better of it. At length the older woman grew a little embarrassed and stood up.

“And who are you?” she asked.

The girl and I were so preoccupied with gazing into each other’s eyes that I didn’t hear her. Concluding I was deaf, the older woman raised her voice and asked again:

“*Who are you?*”

I was so flustered that I couldn’t think how to reply, except to say, in a trembling voice:

“It’s me.”

At which she burst into laughter.

Reader, when I think back on that reply of mine, I agree it was absurd. How were they to know who “me” was? What do you think of my response? Was I stupid or what?

*

I was rescued from my predicament by the girl with her back to the rock. She broke in and asked:

“Are you Master Qin, by any chance?” Her question brought me to my senses.

“Yes—yes, I am,” I replied. At this the older woman smiled.

“Oh, so you’re Master Qin.” Now that I had been brought into the conversation and had a chance to speak, I couldn’t resist pointing at the girl by the tree and asking:

“And is this young lady Aren?” My question startled the woman.

“How did you know?” she asked. The girl turned to face her.

“Mother, he’s the Master Mirus Qin who used to go to school with me when we lived in Hankou ...”

Before the words were out of her mouth, I realized that she really was Aren and felt as thrilled as if some priceless gem had dropped down from the skies at my feet. I seized my chance to go up to the woman and bow, addressing her as “Aunt.”

“Aunt, that was very rude of me just now, I’m afraid.”

“Oh, not at all,” she said, returning my greeting. I turned and bowed to Aren, at the same time asking:

“And who is this young lady?”

Aren flushed with embarrassment, fell back a step or two, and replied:

“She’s my elder sister.”

I bowed to the sister, who returned my greeting with a notably casual air. When I straightened up and looked more closely at her, I saw something about the eyes that reminded me of Aren, but she lacked Aren’s dimples and was also somewhat thinner. Now that I had exchanged greetings with everyone, Aren’s mother invited me to join them and proceeded to ask how old I was, what I was studying, and whether I had any brothers or sisters. As I replied to one question after another, I kept stealing glances at Aren. Her face was even more radiant than it had

been, like a peony just in bloom, and she also seemed more vivacious. Aware that I was looking at her, she hung her head and appeared ill at ease. Her mother and I went on talking until it began to grow dark—sunset streaks in the sky, the trees hooded in mist—and suddenly I heard Aren’s sister saying:

“Mother, let’s go in.”

“Master Qin,” said her mother, turning to me, “whenever you have nothing better to do, you’re very welcome to come over and spend some time with us.”

Then, taking the two girls with her, she went off to the back, past the flowers and trees. I remained at the foot of the rock and watched until all three had reached the gate and disappeared into the rear court, when I slowly and dejectedly made my way to my bedroom in our courtyard. My feelings were in turmoil—I felt joy as well as despair—and I had no idea what to do about it. Still at a loss, I realized that Father had come home and that our steward, Wang Sheng, was serving supper in the living room. I left my bedroom and joined them.

“As I dare say you know, we’ve rented out the rear court,” said Father. “Our tenant’s name is Gu Qingbo, and he comes from Haining in Zhejiang. He graduated in the same class as I did, so you should address him as uncle. Graduates of the same year in the national examinations were nominally brothers. He has a wife and two daughters, whom you should also address as family friends.”

“Yes, yes,” I replied, and quickly asked what post Uncle Gu held.

“He’s a new member of the Academy,” he said. “A most distinguished man.”

Supper was soon over, and after returning to my room and getting Wang Sheng to light the lamp, I sat there and retraced every detail of my meeting with Aren, including the questions her mother had asked me. I wondered how happy Aren had felt on meeting me again. Had it not been for the presence of her mother and sister, which stopped us from opening our hearts, we would have told each other all the things we had been longing to tell, right there beside the ornamental rock. It also occurred to me that her mother, by asking me at our first meeting how old I was and what I was studying, must surely be thinking of marriage for Aren and me. Otherwise, why question me in such detail? Father was a ministry official, I reflected, while her father was a member of the Academy, so our two families were on an equal footing. What’s more, both men came from the same part of the country and had graduated in the same year—there was *nothing* to stand in the way of a union! This thought sent my spirits soaring.

Then it occurred to me that Aren was now two years older. Moreover, she lived with her parents and sister, and eyes and ears would be everywhere. Since she wasn’t able to go off to school, how was I going to get in there and court her? Even if her mother had me in mind for a son-in-law, as a woman she couldn’t very well raise the matter, any more than I could with Father. Even supposing I found someone to talk Father into agreeing, I still couldn’t be sure *when* he would actually send the go-between. Since I couldn’t see Aren regularly and couldn’t wait for Father to send a go-between, I found myself in a situation so tantalizing, with Aren so near and yet so far, that it was almost guaranteed to drive me to my death from sheer frustration! This thought brought all my previous anxieties back again.

A moment later I was struck by yet another thought: if Father were to send over a go-between now, it would still be like trying to put out a fire by fetching water from a mile away, to quote the old proverb. The essential thing at this point was to find some means of bringing us together every day. Back and forth I went in my mind, trying to think of a solution, when suddenly, at the brink of despair, two ideas suggested themselves.

The first was to point out to Father that the study was a quiet, elegant place and to ask his permission to install a desk so that I could work there in the evenings. Aren adored flowers and moonlight, and on moonlit evenings and crisp, clear mornings she was bound to be out in the courtyard, and I would be able to invite her in.

My second thought was that in Hangzhou families the sexes were not as strictly segregated as they were elsewhere. With Aren living in our rear court, there was nothing to prevent me from going over and joining her every day. Provided I could wheedle myself into the family’s good graces and remembered to dole out a few tips to their servants, I would hardly be shown the door!

This thought sent my spirits soaring again. But then it occurred to me that these ideas were all very well, but what if Father refused to let me install a desk in the study? And what if Uncle Gu happened to run a strict regime and refused to let me drop in all the time? Such questions brought my anxieties back again. I was in a truly pathetic state, as these chaotic thoughts whirled through my brain, and it was not until the fourth watch that I undressed and went to bed.

The next morning I arose early and went out to ask Father about the desk, but he had left to pay a social call without waiting for breakfast. Since I had no Father to talk to, I thought of going over to the rear court to see Aren. But then it occurred to me that it was too early in the morning and she wouldn’t be up yet, so my visit

would be pointless. There was nothing else for it; I would just have to fall back on my old routine of breakfast followed by school.

On this particular day, because I had Aren on my mind, I returned from school early, before five o'clock. On entering the courtyard I came upon Father chatting with Uncle Gu under the trees, and I went over and bowed deeply, addressing him as uncle. He was quick to return my greeting.

"This is your younger boy?" he asked Father. "What a handsome lad! You mustn't let him go gallivanting around town, or he'll be corrupted by those young hooligans out there."

I couldn't help smiling to myself at this advice; with Aren installed in the house, there was no chance of my gallivanting anywhere. I took the opportunity to put my idea about the desk to Father, but before he could respond, Uncle Gu, standing beside him, endorsed it enthusiastically:

"Capital idea! If you want to move into the study and work there, why not just go and get it ready? No need to ask your father." In the wake of Uncle Gu's endorsement, Father simply nodded.

"If you want to work there, go ahead."

Delighted to have permission, I gave Wang Sheng orders to clean the study and move in some furniture from the house. He was to put the desk squarely in front of the window, which was exquisitely finished and fitted with glass panes that faced directly onto the ornamental rock, so that nobody coming from the rear court could escape the gaze of anyone inside. I also sought out several really fine scrolls and hung them up. On the desk itself nothing was neglected—incense burner, tea things, and so on. Beside it I had two stands placed with pink flowering peaches.

When Wang Sheng had arranged everything to my satisfaction, I sat down at the desk and began to polish my writing instruments. I was calculating that, if Aren really did pay me a visit, she might be persuaded to sit for a while amid such spotless surroundings. Polishing away, I caught a glimpse of someone passing by and assumed it was Aren out for a walk. I looked again and saw it was a woman all right, but not one that I had seen before. She appeared to be about thirty, with a round face, a prominent nose with pockmarks on either side of it, and a stocky figure, and she was dressed all in white. She certainly didn't belong to Uncle Gu's family, and yet she didn't appear to be a servant either. From her position beside the ornamental rock she was craning her neck and peeping at something or other beyond the side gate, but when I saw she wasn't Aren, I lost any interest in what she was doing. After watching for some time, she turned and went back to the rear court.

That evening, reciting texts in the study, I saw to it that my voice was loud enough to reach Aren's ears and let her know I was there. Reader, I went to endless lengths for Aren's sake. I doubt that anyone in the world has ever gone so far to impress a girl.

Next day I attended school as usual, but a little after four o'clock, on the strength of a fib told to the teacher, I came racing home again. In my bedroom I changed into a new suit of clothes and headed straight for the rear court. Then, as I entered the living room, I came upon the woman I had seen the day before, chatting with Aren's mother. When they saw me, they broke into smiles, got to their feet, and asked me to join them. This time I used a new form of address with Aren's mother, calling her Aunt. I.e., as his examination "brother's" wife. In calling her "Aunt" before, he was using a less specific term.

"Do sit down, Aunt," I said. "You've been living in our compound for several days now, and I haven't been over to pay my respects, which is really very remiss of me. Is Uncle at home, by any chance?"

"The master hasn't come back yet," said Aren's mother. "But you're welcome to stay and amuse yourself."

I asked who her companion was.

"This is my younger sister," said Aren's mother.

It came to my mind, once I realized she was Aren's aunt, that it was the custom in Hangzhou to address a woman of the older generation as "foster mother," so I presented myself before her, bowed, and addressed her in that fashion. She laughed as she returned my greeting; I then joined them, but although I kept a close watch all around, I saw no sign of Aren. Soon a maidservant brought in some tea. After I had had a long chat with Aren's mother and there was still no sign of Aren, I lost patience.

"My two cousins—why haven't *they* appeared?" I asked.

"They're in their room doing their needlework," said Aren's mother.

I didn't care to pursue the matter and, after sitting a while longer, took my leave. On my way back to my room I kept thinking: I may not have managed to see Aren today, but the good news is that I now have a regular means of access and will always be able to visit her. That evening I again recited my texts in a voice loud enough for her to hear.

On the afternoon of the following day I made another surprise visit to the rear court in hopes of seeing Aren

but instead found only her sister, with whom I exchanged a few pleasantries. I was put off by the sister's coolness toward me and ended up making small talk with her mother. We chatted until evening and then, when Aren had still not appeared, I took a rather awkward departure.

I was surprised at missing Aren two days in a row. Was she sick, perhaps? Or was Uncle Gu's regime so strict that, except under extraordinary circumstances, she was not allowed to see any visitors? Otherwise, well, our relationship was exceptionally close—as close as if, in Lady Guan's words, “you smashed up two clay figures, mixed the clay together, and then molded it into two new figures”^{fn{ Taken from the reply of the wife of the artist Zhao Mengfu (1254-1322), when informed by him of his desire to take a concubine. }}—and she knew perfectly well that I was there in the living room chatting with her mother, so why on earth didn't she come out and see me? I racked my brains for a long time without coming up with an answer.

Then the thought struck me that my evening performances were a kind of incantation designed to lure her forth and that I ought to keep them up, even if she had failed to appear so far. That evening I again recited my texts in a loud voice, and I also went on longer than before.

On the third day I returned to the rear court, but this time I was really out of luck, for Uncle Gu happened to be in, and I was forced to observe a nephew's protocol and respectfully exchange a few highly reactionary sentiments with him before I could decently take my leave. The fourth day I went over even earlier.

I greeted Aren's mother, her sister, and her aunt, and chatted with them for some time, but Aren still did not appear. Back to my study I went in a blind fury. I felt sure she had jilted me, that she was no longer the Aren I had known. We had been apart almost two years now, and so clever and beautiful a girl must surely have had other young men pursuing her. If one of them had managed to seduce her and she had fallen in love with him, or if she was engaged to be married, of *course* she'd be ashamed to meet me! That would explain why she flushed with embarrassment the first time we met and why she had been hiding in her room ever since.

Yes, that was it! The facts clearly showed that there was no longer any bond between us and that it was no use cherishing any foolish hopes about her.

And yet, I thought, addressing her in my mind, although I can't blame you for falling in love with someone else, or for being engaged for that matter, you really ought to meet me and tell me so to my face, not shilly-shally and keep me in suspense. At this thought I began grinding my teeth in fury. I felt as if my heart had been deluged with icy water and my limbs had begun to freeze.

It was the tenth of the third month. The moonlight projected the shadows of the flowering branches onto my whitened wall. Wang Sheng came in to call me for supper, but I excused myself on the grounds that I wasn't feeling very well and just sat there on my own in the gathering darkness. The longer I thought, the more likely my fears seemed and the more furious I became.

After Wang Sheng had called in to light my lamp, I no longer recited my texts, or rather my incantations, but lay brooding on the couch instead. Before long the moonlight outside my window was flooding half the garden.

Suddenly my ears picked up a sound—it seemed like a girl's faint cough—from the stone path beside the ornamental rock. I assumed it was Aren's maidservant going by and thought nothing of it, but then after a pause I heard a faint tapping on my study door. I got up from the couch, walked over to the door, and slowly opened it. On looking up I received such a shock that I let out a cry:

“*Aiya!*”

*

Reader, who do you suppose it was? None other than the *bodhisattva* Guanyin, savior of those in distress—my nearest, dearest Aren! The moment I saw her all the suspicion and fury I had felt were banished to the ends of the earth. I grasped one of her hands in mine and, putting my other arm around her shoulders, pulled her toward me and hugged her tightly, intending to kiss her, but she became agitated and pushed me away with all her might:

“You're fourteen and *still* behaving so badly! No wonder everyone in my family calls you an idiot!”

At once I let her go and invited her into the study, where I showed her to a seat on the couch and sat beside her. I felt as if there were a million things I wanted to say and didn't know where to begin, but Aren couldn't wait to tell me what was on her mind.

“I imagine that after missing me several days in a row you must be blaming me for not coming over before,” she whispered, “but you don't understand how things are in our family. My aunt was recently widowed and now makes her home with us. She loves nothing better than gossip, and my mother believes every word she says. If you cross my aunt in any way, she'll make life extremely unpleasant for you. My sister Asou serves as a personal secretary to my father. She received an education at home and writes beautifully; all my father's letters to his friends are written by her. He thinks the world of her, and she sets very high standards for everybody she comes in

contact with. At that first meeting, when she saw how tongue-tied you were, she formed a low opinion of you and told us you were an idiot and we should have nothing more to do with you. I've been longing to tell you what has happened to me since we parted, but because of these two menaces in the household I've had to keep my distance. Now that I'm living in your compound, I don't doubt that we shall meet, but I'm afraid it will not be very often."

I became terribly upset.

"Are you trying to tell me it will be almost impossible for us to meet?" I demanded.

"No, I don't mean that at all. Let me tell you something. My sister never gets up before eleven, and my aunt is a rather grasping woman with a passion for wine. If you can win those two over to your side, we should have no trouble in meeting regularly." She stood up to go, but I held fast to her hand and begged her to stay.

"Look, I came here today behind my mother's back," she protested. "If you're going to be so pushy, I won't dare come again."

There was nothing I could do but show her out of the study. Peering into her face, I found that in the moonlight her beauty was more dazzling than ever. As I walked along, I plucked a rose from her hairpin and slipped it into my pocket. She didn't object, but after I had escorted her over the miniature bridge, she broke away from me.

"Don't forget what I said," she added. "Think it over." Then she dashed back to the rear court.

After she had gone, I stood by myself beneath the blossom. Moonlight flooded the courtyard, and the scent from the blossom was overpowering. I lingered a while, in the spirit of the lines

The song has ended, the singer gone;

Above the river the peaks stand green. \fn{From *Examination Poem: Drum and Zither of the Xiang River Spirits*, by Qian qi (722-c.1780).}

Still musing, I heard Father calling from the other side of the gate. Because I hadn't eaten any supper, he had given Wang Sheng special instructions. to make me a bowl of Shandong noodles and had brought them along to my room. I raced frantically back.

"What's the matter with you?" Father asked.

"I feel all right now," I said. After gulping down the noodles, I undressed and went to bed.

The West Chamber puts it well:

Sleep denied

Cheek in palm

Pursuing languid thoughts. \fn{From a song by the hero of the Chinese play *The West Chamber*, by Xixiang-ji, written toward the end of the 13th century.}

Although I did get some sleep, I kept thinking of Aren and carefully analyzed what she had said, which made a great deal of sense to me. Her aunt's acquisitiveness and fondness for wine, like her sister's arrogance and inability to get up in the morning—these were two themes, and now that they had been set, I could begin to write my essays. But what approach should I adopt in my writing? I pondered the question for a long time, and then, eureka! The first essay would be simplicity itself to organize. I would start the next day by snapping up my chances wherever I found them, and eventually I'd get that essay done.

After school the following day I told Father I needed some more winter clothes and asked him for a few *taels* to buy them with. Then I went off to an imported goods store on Dashalar, where I bought fourteen yards of dark green foreign silk in a fashionable design and had a tailor whom I had dealt with before cut it in two and make one part into a padded gown for my own use. The other half I brought home and stowed away in my book chest. With the few coins I had left over, I sent Wang Sheng to the Guangyi dried fruit store on the west side of Horse Market High Street to get two bottles of premium Wujiapi, which I also put away in the study. Mindful of what Aren had told me, I did not venture into the rear court that day.

Two days later, in the morning, I sent Wang Sheng back to the tailor's, and rather to my surprise the gown was ready. I was thrilled with it, and slipping it on went gaily off to the rear court in hopes of finding Aren's aunt. Instead I found only Aren and her mother in the living room. Aren hadn't done her hair, and when she saw me come in, she got up, gave me a broad wink, and went back to her room. I had to exchange a little chit-chat with Aren's mother before I could escape. It was generally in the afternoons that I ran into the aunt, I reflected, so I decided to drop by after school that day.

I had guessed right. This time I had no sooner reached the passageway than I came upon her, playing with a baby in her arms. She had been widowed not long before, and the baby was her late husband's posthumous son. The moment she saw me, she proceeded to scrutinize my new clothes.

“Oh, Master Qin!” she exclaimed. “That gown of yours—it’s a brand new design and in the *loveliest* shade! Where did you get it?” I told her I had had it made up from some material of my own.

“Baby would look so *cute* in a little outfit made out of that! But where did you buy the material?” Confident that I had her in my trap, I gave a calculated answer:

“I doubt that you can get this in the capital. I had a friend pick it up for me in Shanghai. But I do have another seven yards left over, and I’ll gladly make you a present of it.”

At this offer her face broke into a broad smile. Although she protested that she couldn’t possibly accept the silk as a gift, needless to say she was really only too eager to do so. Smiling to myself, I returned to the study, took the rest of the material from the chest, and brought it back and presented it to her with both hands. As she took it, she beamed with delight and couldn’t thank me enough. Privately I was just as elated as she was—the first essay Aren had assigned me was already half written.

From that time on, whenever I got up early in the morning I would go over to the rear court and look for Aren. Sometimes I saw her, sometimes I didn’t, but even when I did see her we couldn’t really talk, and I was far from satisfied. When I was free in the afternoon I would stroll over there, and if I had any candy or fruit, I would give some to the aunt’s baby. Within a matter of ten days or so, I had the aunt securely locked in my Eight Trigrams Furnace ^{A reference to an incident in a Chinese novel, *Journey to the West* (published in 1570).} and could do whatever I liked with her.

One morning I happened upon Aren, who remarked with a grin:

“The lad is showing promise.” ^{A quote from *Historical Records* by Sima Qian (c.145-c.85BC).} I reflected that on my visits to the rear court I could never get farther than the living room; I didn’t dare venture into her room. The sage Confucius spoke of “ascending the hall” and “entering the inner room.” Well, I could ascend the hall, all right, but I could not enter the inner room, so that even if I did manage to see Aren it was to very little purpose.

The trouble was that Aren’s sister was one of those superior creatures who could be neither bullied nor bribed into compliance, and if I wanted to get into that inner room, I’d have to curry favor with her. Reader, I ask you, how do you imagine I was going to curry favor with someone as high and mighty as the sister? How should I set about writing my second essay?

Where there’s a will, there’s a way, of course, but in this second essay I had help straight from Heaven and did not need to lift a finger. Now, women in the capital like nothing better than visiting temples to burn incense and pray to Buddha, and when it came to that kind of superstition, Aren’s sister was no exception. It was the sixth of the fourth month, just two days before what is known as the Buddha Bathing Festival. The steward of Aren’s family, Li Gui, who shared the lodge with Wang Sheng, happened to have some business in the city that day and had entrusted his duties to Wang Sheng. I had just run home from school and was feeling rather hungry, so I asked Wang to go out and get me a snack.

“The men on the gate are all off,” he said. “Would you mind staying here a moment yourself, sir? Don’t go away, now.”

I nodded and stood outside the gate as Wang Sheng went off. Before long an eleven- or twelve-year-old boy approached the gate with a letter.

“Is this Mr. Gu’s residence?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Please take delivery of this,” he said, and walked off.

I picked up the letter. On the outside it read “For Young Master Guo from Sick Butterfly.” I called after the boy:

“The name here is Gu, not Guo. You’ve brought this to the wrong house.”

To my surprise he continued to stride away as if he hadn’t heard a word I said. Then I looked at the letter again and became a little suspicious. I felt the envelope between thumb and forefinger; there was something stiff inside, like a piece of cardboard. My suspicions grew until finally I picked it up and slipped it into my breast pocket.

Before long Wang Sheng returned with my snack, which I took with me to the study. Munching as I walked along, I brought out the letter and slowly and carefully opened it. How odd! There was nothing inside but two snapshots, one of a young man, the other of a group of buildings, and I was utterly baffled. Then I looked at the back of the first photograph and found what appeared to be a few penciled characters. I tried to decipher them; they *seemed* to read “noon on the eighth.” But I had no idea who the person in the first photograph was or where the buildings in the second were located. Even if such a person and place existed, why send the photographs here? I pondered this question for some time before suddenly spotting the answer.

The letter *had* to be intended for either Aren or her sister, and the handsome young man *had* to be the lover of

one or other of them! But since the letter was addressed to “Young Master,” Asou was the more likely recipient. As for the buildings, they must be the site of the rendezvous, while “noon on the eighth” would be the date and the time.

I had better keep this information to myself for the time being, I thought, and simply seal the letter up again and have it delivered to Asou, then wait and see what transpired. With this idea in mind I sealed up the letter and told Wang Sheng to take it over to the rear court. Unfortunately he handed it to a maid, who disappeared inside with it, and I never did learn which of the sisters took delivery. Still, from the fact that someone had accepted it, I felt that my suspicions had been more or less confirmed.

On the morning of the eighth I got up early and went over to the rear court to find out what the sisters were doing. I had hardly reached the passageway when I ran into Asou and asked her why she was up so early.

“Aren’t I *allowed* to get up early?” she asked with a smile.

I smiled, too, and left it at that. However at noon, as I came by the lodge on my way home from school, I heard one of the maids from the Gu household telling Li Gui to order a rickshaw for the elder young lady, who wanted to give thanks at Lotus Flower Temple. My ears buzzing with this piece of news, I skipped lunch and went straight out again to lie in wait for the lovers at the temple in Westbrick Alley.

No sooner had I entered the gate than among the crowd I came upon a handsome young man who on closer inspection proved to be identical with the one in the photograph! It dawned on me then that the buildings in the other photograph must be those of this Lotus Flower Temple. I kept an eye on him as he emerged from the temple gate, took out his pocketbook and removed a note from it that he gave to a rickshaw man, then turned and went inside again. I waited until he was some way off before approaching the rickshaw man.

“Excuse me, but who was that gentleman you brought here just now?” I asked.

“He’s the son of Mr. Lu in the Ministry of Punishments. Why do you want to know?”

“You mean Mr. Lu of Nanheng Street?”

“That’s right.”

The handsome young man was the son of Lu Xiaocang from Haining, who was an acquaintance of Father’s and had actually visited our house. Just as I was about to ask more questions, I saw Asou and a maidservant arriving in another rickshaw. I caught a glimpse of them in the distance, then spotted an opening in the crowd and slipped through it into the temple, where I waited for them on the steps of the Hall of the Great Hero.

I was not disappointed. In a matter of moments I saw Asou emerging from the hall with the handsome young man in tow. (I have no idea what became of the maid.) As I watched, they walked a dozen yards along the west side of the passageway, taking care to keep their heads down, then looked up, noticed a certain room, and ducked inside. Lest Asou recognize me, I had to watch from a distance, not follow them in. After I had waited a considerable time and they still had not come out, I slowly approached the room, peered inside—and found that it had a back door! Asou and the young man had left, and I didn’t even know when.

Cursing myself for a fool, I made a thorough search of the temple before returning home, where I took Wang Sheng aside and asked him:

“The elder Miss Gu, is she back yet?”

“Yes,” he replied.

A sigh escaped me. Those two had arranged to meet for a *tete-a-tete* at the temple, I thought, where they could unburden themselves to each other far more freely than Aren and I ever could, even though we met practically every day. She and I might just as well have been living at opposite ends of the earth for all the good our meetings did us!

But then I was struck by another thought, one that lifted my spirits again. All the evidence I needed against Asou was now in my hands, and no matter how arrogant she was, from now on she’d have to knuckle under. The period of *my* own freedom was about to begin. Oh, Master Lu, Master Lu, what a savior you have been! But for the help you gave me today, instead of finishing my essay, I might have had to hand in a blank sheet of paper. ...

204.73 Excerpts from **Diplomatic Mission To Nine Countries**\fn{by Dai Hongei (before 1870-1910)} Nanhai (Canton), Guangdong Province, China (M) 2

24th day\fn{18 January 1906}

Visited two prisons. The prisons here in Nebraska do not inflict pain and sufferings on the prisoners, instead they restrict the prisoners’ freedom and set them to work. That’s why prisons are also called “houses of correction” in the West.

The one I visited had 240 cells and cost 82,000 dollars to build. Each cell was fitted with beds, tables, a wash basin, and even an electric light. Each cell housed two inmates.

The canteen, like the cells, was clean and tidy; food rations included beef and mutton, bread and water.

I visited the workshop, where the male prisoners were all making brooms. Upon enquiry I was told that the upkeep of each inmate worked out to an average of seventy-three dollars per year; the brooms they made could be sold and fetched an average income of forty-five dollars per person, which meant the government still had to subsidize twenty-eight dollars per person.

I then visited a prison for women. It was even tidier, so tidy it could pass for an inn. The inmates were taught sewing and needlework. A high wall surrounded the prison, which the inmates could not climb. Four prison guards, armed with guns, patrolled the top of the wall and would shoot anyone who attempted to escape.

*

[13 March 1906]

Visited a prison. There are two prisons in Berlin. The one I went to was for the serious offenders. The prisoners were kept in separate cells and were not allowed to mix.

There was a work table in each cell and the inmates all worked in their own cells. The beds were fitted with a mechanism by which they could be folded into a table by day, therefore the cells didn't feel cramped even though they were small. An ingenious idea!

There was a chapel with a cross on the altar. A clergyman came here to give sermons. Each seat was boarded up on three sides so that the inmates' attention could not wander from the sermon.

Even on their way to and from the chapel, they had to wear a mask so they wouldn't see each other's faces. This served two purposes. First, this spared them from shame, and preserved their future reputation. Second, it prevented them from communicating with one another, and this reduced the risk of their conspiring to escape.

The inmates' work consisted mostly of weaving or carpentry, and the products were for government use and not for sale. The chairs and tables in the courtroom, for example, were the fruit of their labour.

Depending on their working skills, the prisoners were divided into categories A, B and C upon arrival at the prison. Indeed, it was their working skills rather than the nature of their crimes that the warden considered when assigning them to different types of cells.

The prisoners could earn wages for their labour, though the wages were not given to them right away but held on their behalf by the warden until they had served their sentences. Even then, there were set regulations for payment. One tenth of what was due to the prisoner would be returned to him so that he could make the trip home. The balance would be sent to the police officer of his district, who would then release the money to the ex-prisoner at regular intervals, lest he squander it away. If by the time a prisoner had served his sentence the wages he earned were still short of fifteen *deutschmarks*, the government would pay for the difference to enable the prisoner to go home. Repeat offenders would be given no wages for the first three months. Wages were determined by the type of work the prisoners did and ranged from one *pfennig* to thirty *pfennigs* a day.

I visited the classrooms while touring the prison. There were two classrooms in all, each with room for thirty-nine people. The seats were arranged in the same way as those in the chapel, so that no communication was possible among the prisoners. They spent three to four hours in the classroom every day and were taught subjects such as German, religion, singing, science, and occupational skills.

Every day, batches of prisoners, twenty per batch, would be taken through a tunnel to the open ground just outside the prison for exercise. Twice a day, thirty minutes each time. They still had to wear a mask. A wall enclosed the grounds and there was an iron fence surrounding the wall. There was also a tower where sentries kept watch to prevent escapes. Inmates who committed minor offences were punished by being locked up for a few days in a dark room with no light and just a bed of coarse timber.

I toured the kitchen as well. The prison had no canteen and the inmates took their meals in their cells. Once a week they were allowed to take a bath in the bathroom. The regimen was well planned and the security measures were tight.

I've heard medical experts say that prisoners held in solitary confinement for too long will be driven insane or become epileptic. But this view didn't seem to worry the administrators of the prison I visited today. I wonder why. Perhaps the routine of work and classes given to the inmates keep their thoughts under control, while the regular meetings they have with the clergyman, who acts as a kind of guardian to them, comfort their souls? Is that how the inmates there differ from prisoners serving a life sentence elsewhere?

*

21st day\fn{15 March 1906}

Sunny. At noon I paid a formal visit to Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, Secretary for the German Navy.

At 1 p.m. I visited a hospital and a medical school. I went first to the clinic. Anyone who was taken ill—whether a local resident or a traveller—could come to see the doctor, who decided which specialty the patient needed. After examination, the patient was taken to the hospital in an ambulance. A bronze statue of Althoff, founder of the hospital, stood outside the building. It was he who first advocated the setting up of the hospital.

I had a look at the lecture theatre, then a paediatrics convalescence ward. Infants under the age of one were admitted to this hospital for treatment and were well taken care of by the nurses. They slept in comfortable beds with springy mattresses. Depending on their conditions, they were sent to different wards. Each nurse was responsible for looking after four to five children. Every day, she would record in a chart and then report to the hospital superintendent the condition of her patients—the gravity of their illnesses, the characteristics and frequency of their bowel movements and urination, and their food intake for the day. Children with infectious disease were put in beds separated by glass partitions to prevent contact. The nurses kept the children happy with toys. There was also a playroom with tables and picture stories on the walls. What a thoughtful way of diverting the attention of the children from their illness!

I also visited the operation theatre of the medical school. At the back of the theatre there was a small room where an anaesthetic was administered to patients before they were taken to the operating table. Medical students stood around the table to observe the operation.

There were female and male wards for adult patients, with thirty in each ward. Inside, the windows were clean and the floor well-swept; vases of flowers stood on the bedside tables to freshen the air. Outside there were trees; they were luxuriant in growth but did not block out the light. A good arrangement.

I was told there were altogether sixteen such hospitals in the country, and numerous other smaller hospitals. Over 18,000 people are treated in this hospital every year. In addition to the students from the army medical school, there is a medical staff of 180.

Attached to the hospital is a museum. The exhibits include different types of gymnastic apparatus, X-ray machines, machines for the examination of internal organs, machines for ophthalmic examination, and microscopes. There is also a pharmacy with over a thousand types of medicine; a room with a human skeleton and other anatomic models; a library with ancient medical texts and anatomic diagrams, most of which are a few centuries old. Also on display are scalpels, retractors, and other such medical equipment. When my tour was over, I was shown X-ray films of various diseases of the internal organs.

*

26th day\fn{19 April 1906}

9.45 a.m., visited a hospital. It has developed a method for killing germs with light beams produced by electricity. Skin diseases caused by fungi infection can be cured with this method, and there is no need for medication. Even when ulceration has spread, the treatment still works.

Electricity is stored in a copper tube and a beam is emitted from the tube's glass nozzle. If one put a hand in front of the beam, it wouldn't be too long before one found the beam scorching hot. The patient lies on his side and the copper tube is directed at the troubled spot. To ensure treatment is painless, the beam is made to pass through a glass compartment filled with water. The light penetrates the skin and reaches the blood, gradually killing off the germs. Each treatment lasts about seventy minutes, then the patient is told to take a rest. The speed at which the treatment takes effect depends on the gravity of the patient's condition and the number of treatments he receives.

The equipment, invented only about eight years ago,\fn{This would refer to the discovery of radioactive rays by Röntgen in 1895} is operated entirely by women. They wear dark glasses to protect their eyes when treating the patients. Those afflicted with leprosy are blindfolded and the beam used on them is double the usual strength. But most of the patients are suffering from syphilis.

The superintendent took me to visit those who had been cured and showed me photos taken of them when first admitted to the hospital. On the whole, those who came for treatment at an early stage could gain a full recovery. Those with an advanced condition could take as long as three years, and there were a few who might never fully recover.

I also visited a room where patients were bathed in electric light. The patient lay naked in bed to receive total exposure to the electric light, so that the activities of the heart, the liver and other organs could be regulated to achieve internal balance. The superintendent said that if we sent our medical staff here to learn the technique, the training could be completed between three to six months.

204.96 Excerpts from Notes On A Journey To The Northern Borders \fn{by Song Xiaolian (before 1878-1926)} Jilian Province, China (M) –1

Russians live in the extreme north-western regions and their temperament is so strong and bold that even their women and the young girls as well have something masculine in their behaviour. Russian women are equal to men in the hard work of the fields and in the management of the household. The manliness of their character goes so far that whenever they have some business to take care of hundreds of miles away from home, they simply set off alone, never afraid nor shrinking from difficulties. And even when a man accompanies them, they are not dependent on him.

Russian husbands and wives show the deepest love towards each other. Every time the husband, whether government official or merchant, goes on a long journey, no matter how far, the wife unhesitatingly follows him — that explains why they have a large population.

As to the choice of one's spouse, Russian men and women make their own decision; the young do not heed parents' orders nor matchmakers' advice, nor do they observe the six matrimonial rites. Once the choice is made, they go together to the church, recite some verses from the Bible, and when they return home, they're husband and wife, just like that.

On Sundays and on every feast day of the year, the Russian custom is to sing and dance together. A dozen or more people, men and women, gather together and dance in a circle (this dance is called *chechetka*). As they move in harmony with the accordion music, men and women choose a person they particularly like and form a couple; they bow and move toward, then away from each other, all in step with the rhythm. When the dance reaches its climax, the men cup the faces of the ladies in their hands and kiss them, while a packed audience looks on.

Fathers, mothers and brothers roar with laughter at this and acclaim the couples. They do not seem to disapprove of their behaviour at all! Then, when the dance is over, the men sit on the women's laps, hang round their necks and embrace cheek to cheek in a very intimate way. It is said that in this moment the Russians choose their beloved one and receive a tacit consent.

On questioning those who know about barbarians' habits, I was told that all the Western countries are the same. Mencius said that the feelings of shame and disgust are innate in men. This indeed is true for China, but I don't know what kind of feeling is natural to the Westerners!

Russians hold women in higher regard than men. Any time that rich or poor have a dinner, they offer the best seats to the ladies. This mentality is so extreme that while the wife sometimes may have male friends out of the family, the husband can do nothing to prevent this situation. If a wife no longer loves her husband, once they have a quarrel she can apply to a government official for divorce, and then look for somewhere else where she can nest. On the other hand, the law does not permit husbands to have a concubine, nor can they repudiate their wife if they dislike her.

I heard that all the Western countries are the same: *yin* and *yang* are completely reversed, and there is no morality at all. When our forefathers said these barbarians were like jackals and wolves, they were certainly not deceiving us!

Russia people are not at all reserved about their sexual desires, neither men and women nor even young maidens. Those maidens just follow the impulses of their heart, befriending and often becoming improperly familiar with men. The parents of the girls let them have their own way. Even if a widow or a maiden gives birth to a child, families are not allowed to cast these women out. So Russian girls learn about these matters quite early, and the majority of them lose their virginity, while just a few keep this treasure intact.

204.20 The Evolution Of China's Secret Sects And Societies \fn{by T'ao Ch'eng-chang (before 1879-1912)} Shanhsing, Cheking Province, China (M) 10

In China two large secret societies oppose the government and exert influence throughout the whole country. What are they? One is called the Pai-lien chiao (White Lotus Sect), which is the Hung-chin (Red Turbans). The other is called the T'ien-ti hui (Heaven and Earth Society), or Hung-men (Hung-men Society or the Hung League).

In general, such organizations as the Wen-hsiang chiao (Incense-smelling Sect), Pa-kua chiao (Eight Trigrams Sect)—also known as T'ien-li chiao (Celestial Principle Sect)—Shen-ch'üan chiao (Boxers Sect), Tsai-li chiao (Observance Sect), and various other sects are all off-shoots of the White Lotus Sect.

Similarly, the San-ho hui (Three Convergence Society)—or San-tien hui (Three Dots Society or The Triads), Ko-lao hui (Elder-brother Society), and various other societies are ramifications of the Heaven and Earth Society.

China is a large country where the living conditions of the people and the customs of different places vary. The most notable examples are with the people of the Yangtze valley and those living along the Yellow River. Generally speaking, the areas south of the Yangtze River are called South China; the areas north of the Yellow River are called North China. The southerners are witty and clever, less superstitious, and more politically inclined. The northerners are straightforward, but slow; they admire physical strength and believe in divine power and superstition.

How do we know the difference? It is said that in the regions of Shantung, Shansi, and Honan, all people are fond of the novel *Feng-shen chuan* (Investiture of the Gods). In the territory of Kiangsu, Chekiang, Fukien, and Kwangtung, most people like to read the *Shui-hu chuan* (Tales of the Water Margin). Therefore, the White Lotus Sect (*chiao*) prevails in the North; the Hung-men Society (*hui*) is popular in the South. But both *chiao* and *hui* have followers in the area between the north bank of the Yangtze River (or northern part of Kiangsu) and the south bank of the Yellow River, where the customs of the North and the South are fused.

Some members of the White Lotus Sect are in the South, although their influence cannot be compared with that of the Hung-men Society. Some members of the Hung-men Society are found in the North, although their power does not match that of the White Lotus. This is probably because of the difference of customs and social conditions of the people. At any rate, since these two secret organizations have been influential throughout the country, it is obvious that we who hope to save the nation\fn{From the Manchu domination} must investigate their inner workings.

When I was in Burma\fn{Now Myanmar:H} I wrote a chapter on the history of the Hung-men Society. It was given to a member of the Hung organization (and was subsequently published in the Rangoon newspaper *Kuang-hua jih-pao* or “Glory to China Daily”. In February 1910, the article was reprinted under a different title in the *Chung-hsingjih-pao*, “China Revival Daily”, under the name Chih Ko, which was the pseudonym I used when I was in Rangoon.) I no longer like this article, which deals only with the historical side of the subject. I now rewrite it under the title “A Study of the Evolution of Sects and Societies” for the use of those who hope to save the country.

*

The ancestors of the Chinese migrated from the Western regions, struggled for survival among the various barbarians, and set up their own banner of independence. The idea of preserving our race and protecting ourselves has been firmly implanted in our minds. Among the ancient heroes whom we Chinese admire are such rulers as the San Huang (Three Sovereigns), Wu-ti (Five Lords), San Wang (Three Kings),\fn{These are legendary or semi-legendary rulers} and the Wu Pa (Five Hegemons),\fn{The famous rulers of the Seventh Century BC: Duke Hunan of Ch’i, Duke Wen of Chin, Duke Hsiang of Sung, Duke Mu of Ch’in, and Duke Chuang of Ch’u} and such generals as Ying Lung, Chu Jung,\fn{Both legendary figures} Kao Yao,\fn{Minister of Punishment to the Emperor Shun} Duke Chou, and Kuan Chung; all were great leaders who expelled alien invaders.

After a long period of peace between the end of the Eastern Han (220AD) and the beginning of the Western Chin (317), people forgot their ancestors’ warnings and instructions to guard China against foreign barbarians. Suddenly, they allowed the barbarians, who had surrendered to China, to move to the interior, causing the Rebellion of the Five Barbarians.\fn{The Hsiung-nu, Hsien-pi, Chieh, Ti, and Ch’iang tribes of Turbic, Mongolian and Tibetan stock appeared in 304 and 439AD in North China, where they set up Sixteen Kingdoms} Nevertheless, the Five Barbarians were conquered aliens who mixed with the Chinese in the interior and adopted Chinese culture. Even though they seized the opportunity to rebel, their habits and customs were the same as ours. Moreover, they were ashamed of their inferior stock, and so they took Chinese names to cover up their ugliness. Before long, they were completely absorbed by the Chinese with few of their original characteristics left for us to trace. Although they caused trouble for a while, they rose and fell like common rebels, and did not seriously injure the Chinese race.

The Chao Sung dynasty (960-1280) lacked wisdom. Instead of preventing foreign invasions, the rulers only guarded against domestic uprisings, leaving inadequate military forces at the national frontiers. Furthermore, they concentrated on improving the techniques of despotism. Military preparation was neglected; literature was cultivated in order to soften the fighting spirit of the people. Consequently, the power of China greatly declined. The invasions by the Khitans, the Jurchens, and the Mongols subdued China and the Chinese race entirely.

The Ming dynasty restored Chinese sovereignty for a time, but in less than three hundred years the Manchus invaded China and achieved the reconquest of our nation and subjugation of our people.

A race with several thousand years of civilization was suddenly controlled by these dogs and sheep. The desire for resistance and revolution would naturally be strong everywhere. Nevertheless, a revolution cannot be carried out single-handedly. Thus the situation gave rise to the organization of secret societies.

After the fall of the Sung dynasty, the White Lotus Sect arose. (Previously, near the end of the Han, Chang Chio\fn{of Hupeh Province} had led the Yellow Turban rebellion\fn{During the time of Han Ling-ti (168-188AD; so called because his followers wore yellow turbans} and Chang Lu\fn{Of Anhwei Province} the White Rice Party.\fn{So called because Chang charged a membership fee of five bushels of white rice} They used religious appeals to stir up the masses of the people in revolt against the government. Their means were the same as those of the White Lotus Sect, although the White Lotus, the Yellow Turban, and the White Rice differed in origins and were unrelated.)

The White Lotus borrowed some ideas from Buddhism because the Mongol emperors and ministers were devotees of this religion. No Buddhists, no matter how serious their offenses, would be subjected to thorough investigation. Therefore, ambitious men took advantage of this religious bias of the Mongols to organize the White Lotus Sect without the Mongol rulers and ministers being aware of their purposes.

Within a few decades the sect flourished greatly. Hence Han Shan-t'ung, Liu Fu-t'ung, Hsu Shou-hui, Chih-ma ("Sesame") Li, Kuo Tzu-hsing and others started military uprisings. Among these leaders Chang Shih-ch'eng was a salt smuggler; the others were all followers of the White Lotus Sect. Ch'en Yu-liang, Ming Yu-chen, and Chu Yuan-chang all followed suit, joining the so-called Red Turban Army, which consisted of members of the White Lotus Sect. Finally Chu Yuan-chang achieved the restoration of Chinese sovereignty and became Ming T'ai-tsu, the great founder of the Ming dynasty.

Ming T'ai-tsu was originally a minor chief of the Red Turban Army, and before the start of the revolution he had been a mendicant monk of the Huang-chueh monastery. Unfortunately, the Ming house again had domestic trouble after several generations. Taking this opportunity, the Manchus conquered China and once more the Chinese fell under alien rule. Patriots and idealists, who could no longer bear the miserable devastation of China, reorganized secret societies for the recovery of their fatherland, and thus the Hung League was formed.

*

What does Hung-men or Hung League mean? This name is taken from the title of Ming T'ai-tsu's reign, Hung-wu. It is also called the T'ien-ti hui (Heaven and Earth Society), because heaven was considered the father and earth the mother. Its founder was Cheng Ch'eng-kung (Koxinga); his successor and the modifier of the society was Ch'en Chin-nan. All people who belonged to the society were called Hung-men. *Men* means a doorway of a home, so the organization was also called the Hung Family (*Hung-chia*). Since they belonged to one family, they were brothers. All who joined the society addressed one another as brothers, regardless of their former official positions and seniority. The Chinese people suffered more under the Manchu yoke than under the Mongols. Accordingly they had a stronger desire to avenge their grievances than the Chinese had had near the end of the Sung dynasty.

In the initiation ceremony, the novice members had to unbraid their hair, because the queue was not indigenous to China, and then they pricked their fingers for blood to become sworn brothers before their ancestors, who would be loath to see the Manchu style of hairdress. By the same token, those who officiated at the ceremony traditionally put on ancient Chinese hats and costumes. Moreover, a neophyte must shoot three times at an effigy made of grass of the Manchu emperor, or a drawing of him, and swear that he would kill the Manchu emperor to show that he would not forget the enemy.

The great Ch'ing, the name of the Manchu kingdom, has no relation with the Chinese. The Manchu emperor is the head of our enemy, and should not be recognized as the emperor of China. For this reason, when the Hung League brothers write the character Ch'ing, they write it as X, signifying that the head of the Ch'ing should be taken off. Our enemy of course is not only the emperor alone; all Manchus are our enemies. Naturally, the Chinese and Manchu cannot live together; the Manchus must be exterminated.\fn{The author of these statements was himself shot to death in a hospital in 1912, just a year after he had published this essay} For this reason, the brothers of the Hung League write the character *Man* as X, indicating that all Manchus should be headless. Thus, our ancestors' strong hatred against the Manchu is well expressed. How can their descendants forget it?

*

In the declining period of the Sung dynasty the regions along the Yellow River and to the north of the Huai River and Anhwei were conquered first by the Jurchens and then by the Mongols, hence they suffered the most. The Chingchow and Hsiangyang area of Hupeh, the gateway to the upper valley of the Yangtze, was closely guarded after the Sung capital had been moved from Kaifeng to the south, and was repeatedly and severely attacked by the Mongols. The see-saw battles lasted for a few score years, and Hsiangyang was a bone of

contention. Finally the southern Sung fell to the Mongols, who wreaked havoc upon the area, as they had done along the two sides of the Yellow River and north of the Yangtze. Those who suffered the most had the strongest determination to revolt. (When aliens invaded China, the more the people suffered from the destruction and cruelty of the conquerors, the stronger was their desire for revenge. But after several abortive attempts at rebellion, the strongminded who could not bear the humiliation would be wiped out; only those who were cunning and cowardly survived.) This is, indeed, the logical consequence and natural outcome.

The White Lotus Sect probably first arose in the Chingchow and Hsiangyang area and gradually expanded its influence to Honan, which became the center of assemblies of its members. From Honan it spread to northern Anhwei, to north of the Huai River and to Shantung, and thence to Chihli and Shansi. How is this known? It is said that those who first started the patriotic movement near the end of the Mongol dynasty were Tsou P'u-sheng and Hsii Shou-hui. These two sect leaders were natives of Hupeh; however, Liu Fu-t'ung (some say with a few followers) was a native of Honan, and Han Shan-t'ung (also a sect chief), that of Chihli. Most of their uprisings took place in Honan, and from this evidence we conclude that Honan was the real base of the White Lotus Sect at that time.

Following the footsteps of Han, Hsü, Tsou, and Liu, were Kuo Tzu-hsing, Chih-ma Li and others, who were natives of northern Anhwei or Shantung. The rebels in Anhwei outnumbered those of Shantung. Ming T'ai-tsu, a subordinate of Kuo Tzu-hsing and a minor chief of the Red Turbans, seized the favorable opportunity and achieved the restoration of China to the Chinese. After he became emperor, he concealed the deeds of his earlier life. Nevertheless, because he started his career in the organization, he did not thoroughly investigate his erstwhile party members. Thus, the secret sects continued in existence.

Near the end of Ming, \fn{1622} Hsü Hung-ju led an ineffective uprising; not many people responded to his call. Yet many had joined the earlier revolt of Liu Fu-t'ung. What was the reason? The answer is to be found in the ethnic problem. The original objective of the White Lotus Sect was to expel the Mongols. Religion was used as an instrument to arouse the people, but at bottom the movement embraced the idea of nationalism. Liu Fu-t'ung revolted against an alien government, while Hsü Hung-ju rebelled against a government of his own race. Since the basic motives were different, the response differed accordingly.

For the same reason, after the Manchus entered the strategic gateway at Shan-hai-kuan, the influence of the White Lotus was stronger than it had been under the Ming. For instance, although the White Lotus rebellion in the seven provinces \fn{The provinces of Hupeh, Honan, Shansi, Shensi, Szechwan, Shantung and Chili were devastated for many years, for the first time uncovering the weakness of the Manchu dynasty} and the revolt of Wang Lun \fn{Wang Lun led his adherents of the Eight Trigrams to attack the city of Lin-ch'ing, Shantung Province, in October 1774, where he perished} and Lin Ch'ing \fn{Another leader of the Eight Trigrams sect, he plotted an abortive attack on the Peking palace, claiming to be the incarnation of the Maitreya Buddha, when he was in fact an unprincipled rogue} were unsuccessful, the number of people who joined these righteous uprisings was in each case several times greater than those who followed Hsü Hung-ju near the end of Ming.

As for the area where the White Lotus Sect flourished, the most popular places were Honan and North Anhwei, but less so in Hupeh, Chihli, and Shantung; still less in Shansi, Shensi, and Szechwan. Honan, North Anhwei, Hupeh, and Shantung were the original starting points of the White Lotus, while Shansi, Shensi, and Szechwan were organized by Liu Chili-hsieh and his disciples. In Chekiang there were also White Lotus adherents whose leader, Hsü, was a descendant of Hsü Hung-ju, who had migrated to Chekiang after Hung-ju's failure. Most of those who joined the sect were his relatives, who kept everything so secret that it is difficult to learn the details of their organization.

The White Lotus Sect was but the original name; as time went on, other appellations evolved, such as the Incense-smelling Sect, the Eight Trigrams Sect, the Boxers Sect, the Observance Sect, etc. The Incense-smelling Sect has now disappeared. The Eight Trigrams Sect was a branch of the White Lotus; the Boxers, also known as Harmonious Fists (I-ho-ch'üan), was a ramification of the Eight Trigrams Sect. The Tsai-li chiao (Observance Sect) was derived from the reformed faction of the White Lotus.

The various sects mentioned above were based on some tenets taken from Buddhism. After these groups became popular, the Taoists, hearing of them, also took some principles from the Observance Sect to form the Chai chiao (Vegetarian Sect), which was transformed into the An-ch'ing tao-yu (Taoist Friends for Peace and Prosperity). (In Kwangtung, An-ch'ing is wrongly understood as signifying that the sect was aiming at the protection of the Ch'ing dynasty. This is a great mistake.) But the latter two sects had only limited influence because more men and women have bowed down to Buddhism than those who believed in Taoism.

*

Now let us list in detail the present areas of distribution of the various sects:

(1) The White Lotus Sect is still popular in Hupeh, North Anhwei, and Honan, less so in Shantung and Chihli, and still less in Shansi, Shensi and Szechwan. Its influence in Chekiang, Kiangsi and Kiangsu is very weak.

(2) The Eight Trigrams Sect is still popular in Honan, next in Shantung and Chihli, and then in Hupeh and Szechwan; its influence in other places was very limited.

(3) The Boxers Sect-Shen-ch'üan chiao, also called I-ho-ch'üan, was very popular in Shantung and Chihli before 1900. Thereafter its influence in these areas waned, but it has become very strong in Szechwan, next in Shensi and Honan, and finally in Sansi and Manchuria. Occasionally its members can be found in Chekiang, Kiangsi, Anhwei, Hunan, and Kiangsu.

(4) The Observance Sect prevails in Shantung and Manchuria, with fewer members in North Anhwei, the northern region of River Huai and Chihli. Its influence in Honan and Shansi is very small. Among the various sects the Tsai-li chiao observes moral principles most strictly.

(5) The Vegetarian Sect is most numerous in Shantung, North Anhwei, and next in North Kiangsu, while south of the Yangtze it also has some members in Chekiang and Kiangsi.

(6) The An-ch'ing tao-chiao (Taoist Sect for Peace and Prosperity) has members in Shantung, North Anhwei, and North Kiangsu. This is the weakest of the various sects.

These sects are all derived from the White Lotus Sect. Their influence spread from the east to the west of China, and then from the north to the south.

Social conditions at the fall of the Ming dynasty were different from those of the Sung. Many people along the Yellow River had been slaughtered by the roving bandits (*liu-k'ou*), leaving a desolate land with little trace of human habitation. When the Manchus crossed the boundaries of China, few people in this area resisted them. Only people to the south of the Yangtze rallied to expel the Manchus. The hardest fighting was in Chekiang, Fukien, Kwangtung and Kwangsi, because the last southern Ming emperors stayed in the latter two provinces. Moreover, those who fought the enemy were remnants of the followings of the two rebel leaders Chang (Hsien-chung) and Li (Tzu-ch'eng); not all of them were the righteous army fighting to restore the dynasty.

In Chekiang and Fukien the situation was different. Those who resisted the Ch'ing were all local volunteers. The provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi had been lost to the Manchus during the 11th-12th year of the usurper Emperor Shun-chih.\fn{1654-55} The volunteer army of Chekiang was not wiped out until the 3rd year of the usurper Emperor K'ang-hsi,\fn{1664} and that of Fukien was driven to Taiwan. Taiwan fell to the Manchus in the 22nd year of K'ang-hsi.\fn{1683} Prior to that time the loyalist armies of Chekiang and Fukien protected each other as lips do the teeth. There was more fighting in Fukien than in Chekiang. Therefore, the Manchu government appointed a governor-general to control the two provinces. Since Chekiang had come to the rescue of Fukien, the governor-general residing at Foochow was also given command over Chekiang. Because Fukien had resisted the Manchus most strenuously, the people there had suffered the most ruthless slaughter, and the survivors hated the Manchus intensely. Consequently, in this area the secret organization of the Hung League took root, and the Heaven and Earth Society also appeared.

Near the end of the Ming dynasty the patriotic armies of Chekiang and Fukien were allies and the Hung League first spread from Fukien to Chekiang. The natives of Chekiang promulgated it widely in Kiangsu and Kiangsi. In the middle of the bogus reign of K'ang-hsi\fn{Ca. 1700} a Chang Nien-i (also known as Monk I-nien) led a rebellion using Ta-lan-shan, a mountain in eastern Chekiang, as his base. He formed an alliance with secret society members in the mountain, T'ien-mu-shan, in western Chekiang and in the lake region of T'ai-hu, as well as with the remnants of a certain Ko and Ch'en in Lake P'oyang. Unfortunately Chang's attempt was abortive, and he failed to achieve his purpose.

Thereupon K'ang-hsi applied all his despotic power to suppress the members of the Heaven and Earth Society, leaving hardly a trace of its members in Chekiang, Kiangsu and Kiangsi. Strangely enough, its adherents in Fukien were said to have been unknown to the Manchu government. The Hung League in Fukien then changed the direction of its development by fleeing to Kwangtung. In order to avoid the suspicion of the Manchus, the title Heaven and Earth Society was no longer used there. Instead they took the three dots from the character Hung and styled themselves the San-tien.\fn{I.e., the Triad} Some members disliked the onesidedness and incompleteness of the name, which suggested a bad omen. Therefore "San-tien" was changed to "San-ho".\fn{Literally the Three Convergence, or Three Unions; the title is based on the secret society verse *San-ho ho-shui wan-nien liu* (The water of the three rivers' convergence will flow ten thousand years.)} The Triad and San-ho movements spread from Kwangtung to Kiangsi and Kweichow, where they were very powerful.

Chu Chiu-t'ao, a leader of the San-ho hui, taught the principles of the Heaven and Earth Society to Hung Hsiu-ch'üan. Hung took some ideas from Catholicism and grafted them onto the tenets of the Triad. (He regarded Heaven as his Father and adopted the Heavenly Kingdom as the title of his dominions. He also used "heavenly" to precede official titles\fn{Such as "heavenly general"} Among themselves superiors and inferiors addressed one another as brothers. These practices were not entirely derived from Christianity, but were actually based on the old customs of the Hung League.)

When Hung Hsiu-ch'üan started his rebellion at Chin-t'ien,\fn{Kwangsi} all his generals were brothers of the Hung League, including such as Lin Feng-hsiang, Shih Ta-k'ai, Yang Hsiu-ch'ing, and Feng Yün-shan. After they took Nanking, the people of Hunan could not understand their purpose but considered them heretics. Thereupon, Tseng Kuo-fan, Tso Tsung-t'ang and others trained the Hunan Braves to fight against the Taipings. The fate of the Heavenly Kingdom was sealed; Li Hsiu-ch'eng, Li Shih-hsien, and other Taiping leaders realized that, although they had not yet avenged themselves on their great enemies,\fn{The Manchus are meant} they had lost control of the situation.

They felt sick at heart and disillusioned. They anticipated that the Manchu government would rely upon the Hunan Braves, who would undoubtedly be a powerful force in the future. Therefore, they secretly sent the Hungmen Society brothers of Fukien and Kiangsi to infiltrate the Hunan Army and to entice them into their secret organization. They avoided the use of the titles San-tien and San-ho, but instead adopted the name Ko-lao hui (Elder Brother Society), because the secret society leaders had been referred to as elder brothers.

The influence of the Ko-lao hui in the Hunan Army soon became predominant. Wherever the Hunan soldiers went, the Ko-lao hui was spread. From that time\fn{The 1850's} until now,\fn{1910} the Ko-lao hui has been a thorn in the side of the Manchu government.

To sum up, the San-tien hui, San-ho hui, and Ko-lao hui are all derived from the T'ien-ti hui, which had been called the Hung-men or Hung-chia. Later on the Hung-men was alternatively called the Hung-pang (commonly mistaken as the Red Gang).

After the appearance of the Ko-lao hui, a man by the name of P'an Ch'ing took some ideas from the Hungmen to form the P'an-men or P'an-chia, which is also referred to as Ch'ing-pang, meaning P'an Ch'ing's gang, but is usually mistakenly called Ch'ing-pang (the Blue Gang). The distinction between the two was caused by the fact that P'an Ch'ing was a chief of the salt smugglers, while the Ko-lao hui members were Hunan Braves, who were supposed to arrest salt smugglers. As they were on opposing sides, they operated under independent banners. Nevertheless, the Hunan soldiers arrested salt smugglers only *pro forma*; in reality they had secret connections with them. Therefore, although ostensibly they fought against each other, they were not really antagonists. Furthermore, both the Hung-pang and Ch'ing-pang were derived from the Hungmen Society, and the two organizations remembered their common origin. When the P'an and the Hung brothers met they usually began their conversation by saying that P'an and Hung belonged to one family.

Between the P'an and Hung families was another society called Chiang-hu t'uan (literally, River and Lake Wanderers Union). Its members were mostly itinerant entertainers, sometimes joined by roving beggars. There is no way to identify their founder. In order to make a living, these entertainers had to make friends with both the Hung and P'an gangs so that they could travel to and fro and put on their performances without interference. Thus the Chiang-hu t'uan formed a sort of bridge between the two gangs. The reason for this separate entity was to attract people with the same occupation to join it, that is all.

*

Now let us describe the present distribution of the societies' influence:

- (1) T'ien-ti hui. The name has been changed, except for its original headquarters in Fukien.
- (2) San-tien hui or the Triads. It is most popular in Kwangtung, next in Fukien and Kiangsi, and next in Kwangsi.
- (3) San-ho hui. Very popular in Kwangtung, less in Kwangsi, and still less in Fukien and Kiangsi. In the districts of Hunan adjacent to Kwangsi there are also some members.
- (4) Ko-lao hui. Most numerous in Hupeh and Hunan; less in Szechwan, Chekiang (mostly in the eastern part of the province); and less again in Yunnan, Anhwei, Kiangsu, Honan, and Shansi. The membership in the districts of Kiangsi near the Yangtze River is smaller still; and least in Shensi, Kansu, and Sinkiang. Occasionally we can find a few of its members in Shantung and Chihli.
- (5) Ch'ing-pang. Its members are mostly in the lower valley of the Yangtze River, in Soochow, Sungkiang, Ch'angchow, T'ai-ts'ang and Chenkiang of Kiangsu; in Ts'aohu, Wuhu, Ningkuo, Kwangteh and Hweichow of

Anhwei; in Hangchow, Kashing, Huchow, Yenchow, Ch'uchow of Chekiang; and in Kiukiang, Nanchang and Kwanghsin of Kiangsi.

(6) Chiang-hu t'uan. Mostly living on mendicancy\fn{Begging} in the upper and lower Yangtze valley, in Luchow and Fengyang of Anhwei; in Huai-an and Yangchow of Kiangsu; in Ch'u-chow and Ch'uchow of Chekiang. Each of these places has a large group of its members. Most of them are beggars, and not a few are petty thieves.

All the names in the list above belong to the Hung-men Society. They owe their beginnings to, and are branches of, the Heaven and Earth Society. They spread their influence from Fukien to Chekiang; then, after meeting some hindrance, they changed their direction from Fukien to Kwangtung, Kiangsi, Hunan and all over China. In the main, they have expanded from the south to the north.

Although members of the *chiao* and *hui* exist in both southern and northern China, there is a great difference between the two. Generally speaking, the *chiao* flourishes in the north, not in the south; the *hui* in the south, but not in the north. This situation may be explained by the disparate ways of thinking of the southerners and northerners, which make it impossible for the two to conform. The difference in mentality has created contrasting consequences and tendencies between *chiao* and *hui*. The evil practices of the various sects (*chiao*) are associated with their formation of sub-groups. The larger ones have drifted into mounted banditry (*ma-tsei*), while the smaller ones become muggers; all are essentially robbers. The evils of the secret societies (*hui*) also result from the formation of factions: the larger ones have degenerated into "iron abacus" (*t'ieh-suan*)—swindlers; the smaller ones pilferers or roving beggars; intrinsically these are but petty thieves.

*

During the Ming dynasty there was a Shao-lin monastery where the monks taught disciples the art of pugilism, and its reputation was spread throughout the country. The Shao-lin monks were known as the *wai-chia*, or "external experts". In Chekiang, Wang Cheng-nan had his own school of pugilism known as the *nei-chia*, "internal experts".

These pugilists fought against Li Tzu-ch'eng near the end of the Ming and later revolted against the Ch'ing dynasty. Although their followers were almost annihilated, the instruction in pugilism managed to survive. Their followers greatly increased in the middle of the reign of K'ang-hsi.\fn{1662-1722} Under the guise of teaching boxing, they actually spread the tenets of the White Lotus Sect. After the fall of Taiwan to the Manchus, most southern patriots fled to become monks. In this way they not only avoided the humiliation of wearing a queue, but also wandered as mendicants from place to place in order to carry out their plan of secretly uniting their comrades. The "Sea-bottom" (*Hai-ti*), containing the rules or regulations of the Hung-men Society, was thus brought to North China. Upon hearing the name of the Shao-lin monastery, the travelers produced their copies of the *Hai-ti* to show the monks. Thereupon the White Lotus Sect and the Hung-men Society were combined into one, leading to the emergence of *Wu-tsu*, the "Five Founding Ancestors".

The Five Ancestors were natives of Shantung but lived in the Shao-lin monastery of Honan. They were Buddhist abbots and skillful pugilists. Under the pretense of spreading Buddhism and teaching boxing, they covertly carried on the plot to restore the empire for the Chinese. Having obtained the *Hai-ti* or regulations of the Hung-men Society, they were so encouraged and hopeful in their efforts that they agreed to combine the forces of the south and north.

Unfortunately at that time the Manchus' power was at its height. Chang Nien-i of the Hung-men Society in southern China had just suffered a debacle in his attempted revolt, and for the time being they dared not start another righteous uprising. At this moment the false emperor Yung-cheng of the barbarous Manchu dynasty was engaged in military action in Tibet; the Five Ancestors thought to themselves that if they wished to overthrow the barbarous dynasty, there was no better way than to seize the military power of the Manchus, and utilize this force to overthrow the dynasty with one stroke.

But it would be impossible to grasp the military power unless they rendered some service first. Since the Tibetans were not of our race, there would be no harm in assisting the Manchus to vanquish them. Thus, they led their disciples to join the punitive expedition to Chinghai. There they achieved great merit before triumphantly returning to Peking. The Five Ancestors immediately attempted a revolt in the capital, but the plot was discovered by the barbarians; the Five Ancestors and their disciples were caught and executed after being tortured. The Shao-lin monastery was destroyed, and the disciples scattered in all directions.

Grieved by the merciless treatment of their teachers, the disciples honored them as the *Wu-tsu* (the Five Founding Ancestors) in order to further spread the White Lotus Sect. As a consequence, the influence of the White Lotus was vastly extended. The Hung-men brothers admired the contribution of the Five Ancestors to their society

and also worshipped them. Henceforth the White Lotus and the Hung League honored the Five Ancestors. (Until then the Hung-men Society had worshipped only Heaven and Earth.)

*

Although the White Lotus Sect and the Hung-men Society thus allied themselves for a while, they eventually split because of the difference in psychological makeup between the people in the south and those in the north. The White Lotus Sect remained independent and the Hung Society kept to its own standard; they developed in the north and the south, respectively.

In time other patriotic elements combined the essential principles of the two organizations and set up a separate one called Ta-tao hui (The Big Sword Society). (The various societies all had their origins in the south; the Big Sword Society is the only one that arose in the north.) The Big Sword Society, then, possessed characteristics of the other two. From the Ta-tao hui it later developed into the Hsiao-tao hui or the Small Sword Society, which wielded influence in some regions of the country. Below are listed the present locations of the two societies:

(1) The members of the Big Sword Society were most numerous in Ts'aowchow, Yenchow, and Ch'ingchow of Shantung; less numerous in Kaifeng, Kueiteh of Honan; less than that in Taming and Paoting of Chili; and still less in Ssuchow, Peichow of Anhwei, and in Hsuchow and Haichow of Kiangsu. There were also some members in Shansi and Manchuria.

(2) The members of the Small Sword Society were most numerous in Fengyang, Luchow, Shouchow of Anhwei; less so in Hsuchow, Haichow and Huaian of Kiangsu; and still less in Chinghua, Yenchow, T'aichow, Ch'uchow, and Wenchow of Chekiang. The branch of Chekiang came from Fengyang, Anhwei. As for the Hsiao-tao hui in Fukien, it is an offshoot of the San-tien or the San-ho hui, whose members admired and hence adopted the name of the Hsiao-tao hui; its origin was entirely different.

After the murders of the Five Ancestors, their disciples were found in various provinces of north China. The White Lotus Sect was prevailing, but for lack of ability its members were incapable of achieving much. Taking advantage of the decline of the Manchu power, they launched a rebellion that caused trouble in seven provinces for eleven years, \fn{1793-1804} but they were finally wiped out by the Manchu forces.

After this fiasco some of the more intelligent survivors improved the organization and called it the Pa-kua chiao or the Eight Trigrams Sect. Among its eight leaders the most important ones were Lin Ch'ing, who was the chief preacher of the K'an-kua, \fn{The second of the Eight trigrams} Li K'en-ch'eng, the chief preacher of the Li-kua \fn{The third trigram} and Niu Liang-ch'en, the chief preacher of the Ch'ien-kua \fn{The first trigram} and concurrently leader of the Big Sword Society. On the night of the fifteenth, intercalary eighth month of the eighteenth year of Chia-ch'ing, \fn{1813} Lin Ch'ing suddenly broke into the Peking palace. The imperial guards fled, and the Ch'ing court was almost taken.

Unluckily, the co-plotter, Li Wen-ch'eng, had been arrested on the eighth day of the eighth month, and his force could not come to the scene. Lin Ch'ing was also caught; later Li Wen-ch'eng's supporters freed him from jail, but he was recaptured and executed.

Niu Liang-ch'en's plot to interrupt the south-north canal transportation of provisions at Ts'aowchow also ended in failure.

Thereafter the power of the Pa-kua chiao dwindled, but that of the I-ho ch'üan (Harmonious Fists) increased. The Boxers, rustic, unlettered, and ignorant of any grand plan or of the current situation, erupted in the great rebellion of the year Keng-tzu \fn{1900}.

After the failure of the Pa-kua chiao, some of its patriotic leaders again reformed the organization of the White Lotus Sect and renewed it as the Tsai-li chiao. At present only this sect has maintained its integrity. The various White Lotus Sects were widespread in the north, the various Hung-men societies, in the south. Continuing Lin Ch'ing's attempt to topple the Ch'ing dynasty was Hung Hsiu-ch'üan of the Heaven and Earth Society. After Hung's forces were put down, the power of the San-tien and San-ho also waned, while the power of Ko-lao hui increased. During the Boxer uprising in North China, the Ko-lao hui led by T'ang Ts'ai-ch'ang also rioted at Hankow in South China. From that time on revolutionary riots occurred every year.

*

The White Lotus borrowed some religious ideas to assemble the masses using the burning of incense and the application of charms as the primary methods of attracting followers; another method was teaching pugilism. Those who joined the sect paid either grain or money. The sect chief granted the novice a certificate. It is said that lottery tickets were occasionally passed to attract the people, but this practice was rarely seen. The dogma of sect followers entirely depended upon their obstinate belief in the use of magic power to fool others; that was their first principle. The sectarian organizational scheme favored despotism.

The *ta chu-chiao* (great sect leader) was the most prestigious; next was the *chu-chiao* (sect chief), who was a leader of a subdivision. To facilitate control, the great sect leader sometimes divided his domain into five regions, or four directorates, or eight trigrams, or the Heaven and Earth. There was no definite division system; leaders were guided by the exigencies of circumstance.

Next in rank to the *chu-chiao* was the *chu-hsiang* (incense burner) and *ssu-lu* (clerk of charms). Ordinary sect members could not participate in the functions of the *ssu-lu*, the *ssu-lu* could not participate in the work of the *chu-chiao*, nor could the *chu-chiao* participate in the decision making of the *ta chu-chiao*.

The appointment of a successor to the great sect leader was a very strict procedure. The extension of power was accordingly slow and difficult, as was the promotion of officers. Consequently those who advanced to the position of sect chief (*chu-chiao*) were mostly senile and without aggressive spirit, but self-seeking. For this reason, it was hard for them to launch well-planned uprisings, although they did make some attempts.

In general, the great power of the sects was concentrated in one hand. Even though the members might be separated by a few thousand *li*, they could be controlled by a central authority. When the sect chief launched an uprising, many of his followers would respond, functioning as the body commands the arms, and the arms command the fingers. As they relied on superstitions, the belief of their members was firm, and most of them could keep secrecy, with few traitors.

Nevertheless, because they were superstitious, their ideas were restricted. Frequently they made senseless moves and lost lives, but they would not acknowledge their errors.

Within the sect the forms of address commonly used were *tzu shih-kung* (great ancestral teacher), denoting the *ta chu-chiao*; *ta shih-fu* (senior teacher), and *erh shih-fu* (junior teacher) both being titles for the sect chiefs; and *ta shih-hsiung* (senior brotherly teacher) and *erh shih-hsiung* (junior brotherly teacher), for the incense master and the clerk of charms. The rest were all called disciples.

The organization of the Hung-men Society was different, following the stories of Liu Pei, Chang Fei, and Kuan Yü. To consolidate their relationship, they imitated the three heroes and became sworn brothers, which they referred to as “the chivalrous spirit of the peach garden.” They utilized mountains for their rendezvous as bandits used to do in the den of Liang-shan-p’o. [As described in the Water Margin stories](#) They wished that a sage-emperor might appear to help them achieve the glory of expelling the Manchus, and so they claimed to possess the awe-inspiring “spirit of Wa-kang-chai”. [A famous bandit stronghold of the Sui dynasty, 589-617AD](#)

The society organizers used these allusions to suit the inclinations of the lower-class people of China. Their stories were taken mainly from the three novels *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, *Tales of the Water Margin*, and *Narratives of the T’ang Dynasty (Shuo T’ang)* to attract members from the lower strata of society. This policy was probably inspired by their need for rallying many people in order to achieve their goal of restoration. Moreover, the lowest stratum of the population was far removed from official circles. The higher and lower classes were so far separated that it was not easy for their secrets to leak out.

The first trick in recruiting members was distribution of lottery tickets. All who entered the society had to pay some money and buy some tickets. The ideal for membership was a heroic spirit, which was regarded as pre-eminent, and members patterned themselves after Liu, Kuan, and Chang. Practicing a form of chivalry, they treated each other on an equal basis and addressed each other as brothers. Their polity was democratic. Those who had sworn to the society were treated as equals, and most of them were privy to the society’s confidential matters. Therefore, it was very easy to extend the power of the society. The promotion of staff members to higher ranks and the establishment of lodges were also simple matters. For this reason, their uprisings continued with little cessation.

Nonetheless the various lodges (literally mountain-halls) stood separately; even though they communicated with each other, they lacked close connection and coordination, and so the response to revolutionary attempts was often tardy. This is because the society’s founders, who hoped for quick success, left such a loose organization.

The members honored the heroic fraternal spirit and considered themselves as belonging to the same family; even though a member traveled one thousand *li*, he would be given hospitality everywhere. Nevertheless, chivalry is a rather empty and ostentatious term. It could not ensure secrecy because the society did not use superstition as a cohesive force. Occasionally, they engaged in internecine struggles for power and personal interest. Furthermore, the various separated and independent branches lacked unified control, and frequently had armed skirmishes among themselves.

Notwithstanding, their members received universal military training, a very good system of organization which the White Lotus Sect could not hope to emulate. The Heaven and Earth, the San-tien, and the San-ho societies still followed the traditional policy, although their names had undergone great changes.

The Ko-lao hui still kept its old system and title. Its members were divided into nine grades, and the various units were uniformly organized. Two of the nine grades, four and seven, were eventually eliminated. In the San-tien and the San-ho societies, two assistants were sometimes established after the grades 1, 2, 3, and 4. This was a totally senseless change of the traditional system. The reason for the change was probably because these premier positions were filled by Sung Chiang, Lu Chün-i, Wu Yung, and Kung-sun Sheng. \fn{ All bandit chiefs vividly described in *Tales of the Water Margin* } The two assistants, for the left and right, were assigned to Lin Ch'ung and others.

The organizational system of the Ko-lao hui comprised first the *tu-li* (Commanding Director), seconded by a *tsung-li* (General Director). The *tsung-li* resembled the *ching-lüeh tsung-chih*, managing executive chief (a civil title), or the *ta chao-t'ao* great commanding general, and the *fu chao-t'ao*, deputy commanding general, (titles of military officers), used near the end of the Ming. *Tsung-li* was later called *yüan-shuai*, marshal. In the Ming dynasty there were only three noble ranks—duke, marquis, and earl. The “five *t'ang*” (lodges) did not exist in the early organization of the Hung-men Society; they began with the *Wu-tsu* (Five Founding Ancestors).

Henceforth, the noble ranks were divided into duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron. As time passed, the organization became more complicated, and the following symbols were used: *piao*, *shou*, *ho*, *ho*, *t'ung*, and *jen*, *I*, and *li*, *chih*, *hsin*. \fn{ All characters made with a tiger radical, probably signifying awe-inspiring force } A leader could receive any of these titles. Among the five *t'ang*, those who established headquarters on a hill-fort or a hall (*shan* means the hill-fort, *t'ang* means ancestral hall) were called *cheng-fu lung-t'ou* (regular and vice dragon-head). They thus regarded the *tu-li* and *tsung-li* as their rulers and the five *t'ang* chiefs as generals. (The nine traditional grades have now become ten grades.) What the Cantonese called the *hung-kun* (literally red-club) corresponded to *lung-t'ou* (dragon-head), which was also called Lao-ta-ko (Venerable Elder Brother). (Some people think that *hung-kun* is *hung-ch'i* (or red-flag). The five lodges were headed by elder brothers; the second in rank was the sage and wise man, or adjutant general (*ts'an-chiin*). Because he took charge of incense burning when an initiation meeting was held, he was also called *hsiang-chu* (incense-master). The Cantonese referred to him as *pai-hsien* (white fan), i.e., the “Lao-erh”, (Number 2). The third in rank was the *hsin-fu* (the new adjutant) or *hsün-fu t'u-yü-shih* (governor or chief censor). Formerly, there was a fourth rank, in charge of revenue and grain, corresponding to the function of the financial commissioner. It is said that once the holder of this position violated the law and was executed; thereafter, the position was abolished. The new adjutant then handled financial matters. The fifth, *hung-ch'i* (red-flag), corresponding to a provincial judge or military administrative *tao-t'ai* (in Cantonese it is called *ti-t'ou*, local chief), took charge of military affairs. After the abolition of the fourth rank, an associate red-flag was instituted. The sixth rank *lan-ch'i* (blue-flag) resembled the judicial commissioner or intendant of a circuit. This officer, investigating the internal and external affairs of the members, was called “Lao-liu” (No.6). The seventh-grade holder was also killed for committing a crime. Accordingly, the post was dispensed with, and an associate Blue-flag was specially installed to perform its duties as an adjunct to No.6. The eighth rank *hsun-feng*, inspector (called *ts'ao-hsieh*, grass sandal, by the Cantonese), spied on all matters. This was called “Lao-pa” (No.8). The ninth rank, consisting of the greater nine and smaller nine, referred to ordinary members.

When Ming T'ai-tsu came to power, he degraded the Chinese who had received official ranks and emoluments for meritorious service to the Mongol dynasty, confiscated their wives and maids as official prostitutes and placed them in brothels called “pleasure-seeking households” (*lo-hu*) or “training ward” (*chiao-fang*). \fn{ In music, dancing, etc. } He hated Ch'en Yu-liang, whose remnants refused to surrender to him (i.e., those descendants of a certain Ko, Ch'en, and others) and he decreed that they should not be regarded as equals of ordinary people. Organizers of the Hung League intended to abolish such unequal treatment, but they were hindered by the ancestral system of Ming T'ai-tsu. Nevertheless in ancient times there had been a clear instruction that a criminal's servants should not be punished; and moreover, during recruitment of members those who came forward to join the Hung-men Society should not be refused. Therefore, an additional rank was created under the ninth rank to accommodate the lowest class of people, under such names as *ta-mo*, *hsiao-mo*, *ta-yao*, *hsiao-yao*, *ch'i-p'ai* and *pa-p'ai* to accommodate the lowest members. Among them, anyone who rendered meritorious service to the society could be promoted to become the *tsung yao-mo* (chief of the *yao-mo*) and could enter one of the five lodges from the bottom. After entering that stage he could open his own lodge.

In ordinary address, the *Lung-t'ou* (dragon head) was called *Lao-ta-ko* (Venerable Elder Brother); the five lodge heads *hsiang-chu* (incense master) and the *hsin-fu* (new adjutant) were called *Ta-ko* (Elder Brother); the *hung-ch'i*, *lan-ch'i*, and the *hsun-feng* (inspector) were called the *Erh-ko* (Second Elder Brother); the rest were addressed as *San-ti* (Third Younger Brothers).

The Hung-men Society had ten rules and ten corollaries. Violators of these rules were sentenced to death. Brothers of the first three ranks in violation of the ten rules were expected to commit suicide. If one did not do so, he would be compelled by the members to take his own life. Hence the so-called proverb:

“When anyone of the first three rank brothers violated the law, he should dig his own grave and jump into it.”

If anyone from the fourth to the sixth ranks infringed the regulations, he would be compelled to commit suicide by the *Lao-ta-ko*. As the saying goes:

“When anyone of the middle three rank brothers violated the law, he should pick up a knife and kill himself.”

If anyone of those from the seventh to ninth rank broke the law, the “red-flag” would be ordered to execute him. The saying is:

“When the brothers in the lower three ranks violated the law, they would not be spared execution by three swords or five axes.”

Under this system, the purpose of the laws may be considered a salutary one.

*

Each of the *chiao* sects and the *hui* societies had branches. Some were established earlier, some later. Other clandestine associations comprised from several thousand to several tens of thousands. They included the *Tsu-shih chiao* (Ancestor-teacher Sect), *Lu-pan chiao* (Lu-pan or Carpenters Sect), \fn{Lu Pan was supposedly a contemporary of Confucius and the builder of a wooden kite which flew in the sky for three days. He was worshipped by the carpenters as their earliest teacher} *Wu-ku chiao* (The Five Grain Sect), *Kuan-yin chiao* (The Goddess of Mercy Sect), *Pai-pu hui* (The White Cloth Society), *Ch'ien-jen hui* (The One thousand-men Society), *Kuan-ti hui* (The God of War Society), *Yüeh-wang hui* (Prince Yüeh Fei's Association), \fn{Ch'en Tu-hsiu, one of the founders of the Chinese Communist Party, founded this sect in Anhwei Province in 1904. The Yüeh Fei referred to (1103-1141AD) was a national hero and patriot of the Sung Dynasty} *Hung-ch'i tang* (The Red-Flag Party), *Pai-ch'i tang* (The White-Flag Party), *Hei-ch'i tang* (The Black-Flag Party), and *Wu-tai tang* (The Black Ribbon Party). (Here the *tang* and *hui* can be used interchangeably.) All prospered for a while, but they lacked deep and lasting influence.

But all the *chiao* were essentially patterned after the White Lotus Sect, and all the *hui* and *tang* were branches of the Hung League; they did not all have independent and particular ideas. Other small groups or bodies are numerous beyond counting. In the movement to persuade them to join the revolution, it was difficult to convince the *chiao* to open up, but easy to make connections with the *hui*; it was easy to wield power in a *tang* or *hui*, just as it was hard to expand influence in a *chiao*. As for making use of these people, it was easy to control the *chiao* members but hard to control secret societies. Moreover, to induce the *chiao* members to fight to the death for your cause is easy, but to persuade the *hui* members to do the same is difficult.

As for the geographical factors, the *chiao* adherents being close to Peking have poor communications with the coastal cities. The Hung-men Society members have good communication facilities with the revolutionaries in the harbor towns, but they are far removed from the capital. At present, the revolutionary party has more contacts with the Hung League and fewer with the *chiao* followers. Nevertheless, the day of a reunion between the Sect and the Hung League should not be far away.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1882 AND 1885

181.43 A Letter From Lung On's Wife To Her Husband \fn{by his otherwise unknown wife (before 1882, when Lung On emigrated to the United States, leaving his wife and daughter behind-)} Xinhui County, Guangdong Province, where Lung On's family was established, and from whose equally well-to-do families his wife will presumably have been chosen, China (F) –1

I have received the two gold rings and ten dollars which you sent me via Mr. Wang.

According to Mr. Wang, you are indulging in sex, and have no desire to return home. On hearing this I am shocked and pained.

I have been expecting your return day after day. Your mother is completely blind. The housework is oppressing, and I have no one to give me a hand. If you have any conscience, please come back immediately.

If you return, all the hardships I have suffered would be nothing as compared to the rejoicing of seeing you on your return. But alas, I don't know what kind of substance your heart is made of ...

Your daughter is now at the age of betrothal and it is your responsibility to arrange her marriage ... \fn{The letter is addressed: "My Husband-lord:" As the dats indicates, it may have been slightly edited }

181.61 A Memorandum From Huang Zunxian to Zheng Zaoru, Envoy of the Manchu Empire to the United States (1881-1885) \fn{by Huang Zunxian (before 1882, the date of the report-)} Guangdong Province, China (M)

2

Your Excellency's letter No. 27 arrived on the ninth day of this month, followed by letters No. 28 and No. 29 on the twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh, respectively. I have studied each of them carefully and understood their contents. The following is my report, in which I have attempted to provide information and responses, per your instructions.

Regarding the matter of Chinese laborers borrowing passage [through the United States], a subject which your Excellency has repeatedly discussed with the State Department, I have just learned that the U.S. Attorney General has written to the State Department advising that, in view of the new Exclusion Act and treaty regulations, Chinese laborers in transit through the United States are considered to be different from those contracted to work here and this therefore does not infringe on the new Exclusion Act restricting entry of Chinese laborers. If this is the case, the right of passage is permitted and all Chinese laborers residing in South America and the West Indies will be grateful for this act of kindness and glad for the convenience they will enjoy in their travels. I wonder if your office has received any dispatch about this from the State Department. Please advise if there are additional stipulations.

As for new ordinances against laundry facilities, they were first challenged and refuted by our attorney. Then, in the middle of October, the regulatory board drafted a new ordinance with seven articles. The Chinese who have come to the U.S. to work are generally engaged in mining, road construction, and restaurant work. The only area where they can offer any kind of competition to Americans is the laundry business. Laundries can be found in numbers in cities everywhere. For example, just in the city of San Francisco, there are five to six thousand people engaged in laundry work. In the laundries, clothes are allowed to pile up, creating fire hazards. Water consumption is high and filthy conditions exist. Sometimes laundry workers carouse through the night, disturbing the neighbors, causing ill feelings, and attracting hostility. That is why laundries are often sued.

A new ordinance was passed last year stipulating that only brick buildings are allowed to house laundries. This year another ordinance passed that requires recommendations from twelve property owners in the vicinity before a laundry can commence operation. Both the above-mentioned laws were repealed.

This time, there is a new ordinance with seven articles. Article Five bans operation between ten o'clock in the evening and six in the morning. Article Six prohibits the sheltering of people with communicable diseases. In truth, both articles should be observed. The same also applies to the third and fourth articles about fire prevention and sewage construction, which are not unreasonable.

Yet I am genuinely concerned by the Board's requirement of a license. I'm afraid that the process is just an excuse to cavil and find faults so as to drive laundries out. I have no choice but to challenge them in court. At the present time I have instructed the laundries to continue operation under prior regulations and have also retained attorneys to represent us, since the new law is about to take effect and legal action should begin before long. In my opinion, even if we are fortunate enough in getting the new law repealed, we should still instruct the laundries to establish formal guidelines to regulate themselves so as not to cause trouble in the future. \fn{ Eventually, the U.S. Supreme court decided (*Yick Ho vs. Hopkins*, 1886) that the San Francisco ordinances discriminated against the Chinese and violated the 14th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution }

The Ma Din case was tried in a local court at the end of the tenth month of the lunar calendar. One man pushed a Chinese off a building. Another man assembled a crowd by beating a gong and encouraged them to use thick ropes to pull down the building. The Americans who witnessed what happened, who lent the gong and who supplied the ropes, all came forward to testify. Yet, despite the many reliable depositions, the presiding judge handed down the decision to acquit. (McAllister was assigned to handle this case, but he refused.) The attorney, [Thomas] Riordan, said he heard that the two men spent a huge sum of money to hire attorneys and to bribe all the investigating officers. That was why they were acquitted.

"Those characters paid a heavy price in this case, so that should serve as a warning against similar crimes," added Riordan. "But if one wants to get them convicted, it is close to impossible. It happened in a small community where honest men are few and the so-called officials are no better than the criminals."

Earlier, the foreman, Seeto, presented a list of damages totaling a little over a thousand dollars (not really a heavy loss in my estimation); nevertheless the official in charge rejected it for lack of proof. Riordan also said,

"If we want compensation, we need to have the case moved and tried at some other court. However, I'm afraid

it will cost too much and the loss will outweigh the gain.”

At present, the three other men arrested with the two culprits have not been tried yet; presumably they will also be acquitted. I have not decided whether further action should be taken to deal with Seeto’s loss. After the whole case is settled, I will have the attorney make a copy of the entire trial proceedings and forward it to Your Excellency.

It was recently reported in the newspapers that the Treasury Department⁴ dispatched an agent, Yu Sun, to Port Townsend, Washington, to investigate the case of a group of Chinese laborers and immoral Chinese women attempting to enter the United States in violation of the new law. Port Townsend borders Victoria, British Columbia. Recent reports revealed that a dozen or so Chinese women were shipped from Hong Kong to Victoria. Local Chinese businessmen brought charges before the British authorities that these women are prostitutes. An official investigation followed but no evidence was found. Nevertheless, the media reported that those prostitutes were in fact destined for the United States, so a Treasury agent was sent to look into the matter.

The new Exclusion Act restricts entry of Chinese laborers and is never meant to bar women. In a recent case in Portland, not only was a Chinese woman allowed entry, it was also ruled that a woman can enjoy the same rights as her husband; if a Chinese laborer is here, his wife and daughters are permitted to be here as well. { This would be reversed about two years later when federal courts decided in two separate cases that wives of Chinese laborers assumed their husband’s status as laborers and were therefore barred from entry } The only problem is that among the female population in San Francisco, there are more prostitutes than decent women. Every time a [Chinese] prostitute arrives, fighting would erupt among the Triad members { Triads were secret societies engaged in criminal activities such as gambling and prostitution } who battle each other for a share of the profits, even resorting to kidnapping. Because of the money that can be made, impoverished Tanka-people { A term loosely applied to people who live and make their living on boats in the South China coastal region } and unscrupulous merchants plot and scheme to get women to the United States. (A woman brought to San Francisco, for example, can fetch over a thousand dollars. Leung Tai Kee, a trading company in Hong Kong, is actually a trafficker in prostitutes, and responsible for shipping those prostitutes who came here in the second lunar month this year. It is said that the owner of that company came from a well-off family but suffered a financial setback this year due to a shipwreck, and now he will stop at nothing to make money.)

The issue is constantly on my mind. On one hand, I really don’t want the new Act to ban Chinese women as well; on the other hand, in light of what is happening in San Francisco, neither do I want prostitutes to come here under false pretenses to create trouble. In a previous report, I submitted a proposal to refute the new Exclusion Act. I suggested that before the Chinese authorities issue a passport, any woman who wants to come to the United States must first show proof of sponsorship from a business owner in San Francisco, subject to verification by the Consul General who will then issue a certificate. Only with this certificate in hand is the person eligible for a passport. In this way we can stop fraud and abduction and eliminate trouble. I await your decision on the feasibility of my proposal.

181.61b A Letter From Ing Du-hsieh to Ing Hay, His Son { by Ing Du-hsieh (before 1883, the year he emigrated to the United States with his son-) } Taishan District, Guangdong Province, China (M) –1

You have been away for more than a decade. Men go abroad in order to earn money to support their families, but you have not sent us money or letters since then. Everyone at home is anxious and worried, even in their dreams. I am disturbed and confused.

Are you intending to let us starve to death? If you had sent no money back because of your bad business then I would not blame you. But I have been told that your business is booming, and you have made much money. Why don’t you send some back? Even if you don’t think of your mother and me, you should think of your wife and son.

But you think only of yourself and enjoy your life alone without considering us. This is not suitable for a man of high character.

I remember what you had said when we were both in Gold Mountain. You said,
“Let the old go back home and rest. Let the young seek fortune abroad.”

You were exactly right when you made that remark. I have been back { Ing Du-hsieh returned to China in 1887 } and you have sent no money. Prices are sky-rocketing here, everything is expensive. I don’t have any income, since I am unemployed.

The small amount of money which I had brought back from Gold Mountain is gone. I am planning to borrow but there is no door to knock on. We are in a desperate situation.

We cannot get along any more. My grandson—your son—is growing up and needs schooling. The tuition fee is much more than living expenses. Your mother is approaching the age of sixty. Her birthday is in August. Of course you know the date. Are you going to express what a son should for his mother on that day?

Send some money immediately to meet the urgent need at home. Come back whenever you can get a little fortune so that would bring about your family's reunion.

181.51 A Letter to the American Missionary \fn{by Saum Song Bo (before 1885-)} China (M) -1

A paper was presented to me yesterday for inspection, and I found it to be specially drawn up for subscription among my countrymen toward the Pedestal Fund of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

Seeing that the heading is an appeal to American citizens, to their love of country and liberty, I feel that my countrymen and myself are honored in being thus appealed to as citizens in the cause of liberty. But the word liberty makes me think of the fact that this country is the land of liberty for men of all nations except the Chinese. I consider it as an insult to us Chinese to call on us to contribute toward building in this land a pedestal for a statue of Liberty.

That statue represents Liberty holding a torch which lights the passage of those of all nations who come into this country. But are the Chinese allowed to come?

As for the Chinese who are here, are they allowed to enjoy liberty as men of all other nationalities enjoy it?

Are they allowed to go about everywhere free from the insults, abuse, assaults, wrongs and injuries from which men of other nationalities are free?

If there be a Chinaman who came to this country when a lad, who has passed through an American institution of learning of the highest grade, who has so fallen in love with American manners and ideas that he desires to make his home in this land, and who, seeing that his countrymen demand one of their own number to be their legal adviser, representative, advocate and protector, desires to study law, can he be a lawyer?

By the law of this nation, he, being a Chinaman, cannot become a citizen, and consequently cannot be a lawyer. And this statue of Liberty is a gift to a people from another people who do not love or value liberty for the Chinese.

Are not the Annamese and Tonquinese Chinese, to whom liberty is as dear as to the French?

What right have the French to deprive them of their liberty?

Whether this statute against the Chinese or the statue to Liberty will be the more lasting monument to tell future ages of the liberty and greatness of this country, will be known only to future generations. Liberty, we Chinese do love and adore thee; but let not those who deny thee to us, make of thee a graven image and invite us to bow down to it.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME SPECIFIC 19TH CENTURY DATE BETWEEN 1892 AND 1899

181.79c An Autobiographical Statement \fn{by an otherwise unnamed slave-girl (before 1892, the date of the article in which her statement was recorded-)} Canton, Guangdong Province, China (F) -1

I was sold for \$2,970; was a slave in a place of ill-repute; never a wife.

I escaped by running to a more friendly Chinaman, who kept me till night, and then, disguised in his American clothes, I was taken to a hotel on Bush Street. My master traced me and sent a spy, who got me into a carriage; but when they tried to take me into a cellar on Pacific Street I screamed so that the police took me from them. \fn{ A note reads: When this slave was finally found by the Mission people she was in a cellar under the pavement, watched over by a Chinese master, who was keeping her under the influence of drugs }

115.2b A Folktale \fn{by an unnamed Chinese male (before 1893-)} Peking, China (M) -1

Once upon a time a magpie had made its nest in the branches of a tree, and was rearing its young, when a fox came along that way.

“Mrs. Magpie,” he cried out, “throw me down one of your little ones.”

“No, I won’t,” said she.

“Well,” returned the fox, “if you don’t, will climb up and take them all.”

This greatly frightened the magpie, which in Korea is a very foolish bird, so she threw down one of her young, which the fox devoured.

The next day he came again, and by means of the same threat, got another little bird.

Now a quail, having heard the talk between the fox and the magpie, went to her, and told her how silly she was, that a fox could not climb a tree, and that she must not be frightened by him. The next morning when the fox came to get his daily dish of magpie, the mother told him what the quail had said, and refused to let him have a nestling, so that he had to go away hungry. He then went to the quail, and said that it was a sorry trick to have played him, for now he had nothing to eat.

“Do not worry,” said the clever little quail (for I must tell you that in this country quails are very clever), “I will furnish you with a meal every day.”

The next day, the quail saw a woman coming out to the field, with a big bowl of rice on her head for the workmen’s dinner. The little bird lit just in front of her, and the woman tried to catch it; but just as she thought she was about to put her hands on it, the quail flew farther off, and she followed it. The woman finally got so excited by the chase, that she put down the bowl of food and ran after the quail, who enticed her a long way off.

Then the quail flew quickly to the fox, and told him where to find the rice left by the woman. The fox galloped away, found the bowl, and got a good meal.

The quail repeated this trick several days, but finally got tired of working so hard, and went to consult with a stork, a very wise bird, to see if he would be justified in trying to kill the fox; the stork said that he unquestionably had the right to do so, and the quail sought an occasion to get rid of its persecutor.

One day a man from a village near by came out to the fields to trap birds. The quail then said to the fox, “My friend, let me cover you up with grass, that this hunter may not see you.”

The fox consented, and the quail covered it in such a manner that it could not be distinguished from the surrounding grass. Then it flew off, and lit near the trap. It was so lame that the man thought he could kill it with a stick that he had in his hands, but when he tried he missed his aim, and striking his trap, broke it all to pieces. He then got very angry, and pursued the little bird with his stick, while it skipped along a little ahead of him.

Finally it hopped on the little mound of grass under which the fox lay concealed, and there awaited the approach of its pursuer. He aimed a great blow at the bird, who managed to evade it, so that it came down with all the force of the man’s arm on the head of the fox, and killed him on the spot.

203.138 1. The Flying Boat 2. Sampling A Rare Delicacy 3. Whoring With A Harlot 4. Nothing More Than A Natural Disaster 5. An Unexpected Calamity 6. Seeking A Perfect Resemblance 7. Inveigling a Harlot To Seek His Revenge 8. Preserving The Written Word For The Sake Of Filial Piety 9. The Price Of Vice 10. Interpreting The Language Of The Pigs 11. Would That He Be Faithful ... 12. The Ducks With The Golden Innards 13. The English On Ice 14. Suckling A Baby Corpse 15. Burying A Living Buddha 16. The Pump-snakes 17. How He Lost His Manhood One Morning 18. A Turn Of Events At The Telegraph Office 19. One-hundred-day Mugwort: Nineteen Selections From The *Dianshizhai Pictorial* {by Wu Youru (-1893)} Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (M) 10

A carriage is the ideal means of transportation on land; a boat is the ideal means of transportation on water. And the ingenious replacement of human muscle by engines has led to the invention of the train and the steamship.

When an engine is used to create electricity, which in turn is used to power an automobile, one obtains the advantage of great speed without the danger of fire or explosions. While electric automobiles are now quite common in cities abroad, steamships remain dependent on coal, which presents the danger of fire.

Men in the West have invented a flying boat based on the principle of the balloon. This device allows them to travel through the sky anywhere in the world for hours on end, just like the clouds hovering over Mt. Tai. An illustration of this invention was produced and distributed to the public several years ago, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy. Recently I learned that a number of British and American businessmen have invested some twenty million dollars and established the Flying Boat Company, and that the company plans to begin production in the near future. They predict that it will take sixty days to complete one boat. Once airborne the flying boat can be navigated in any direction, and is designed to withstand even the most violent air turbulence

without incident. It will be able to travel over all the five continents within a period of five days. Divine are the works of man!

I would be very pleased to be able to view this grand achievement in person. In the meantime, however, I have drawn this picture of the flying ship based on my recollection of the illustration I saw several years ago. { A note explains that the *Dianshizhai Pictorial* was very much like *Life Magazine*; the author of this text illustrated his text with line drawings which he himself drew:H }

2

A man named Xie lived in Jinnxu Village of Gaoyao Prefecture with his son and daughter. Xie's son was engaged to a young woman named Li, who lived in a neighbouring village, but as was the custom, young Xie had never so much as set eyes on his prospective bride.

During the winter the residents of the district sponsored an opera performance to show their gratitude to the gods for having extended their good blessings throughout the previous year, and Xie's daughter attended the performance along with some of her friends. Suddenly a fire broke out. Mr. Xie, who was also attending the opera, ordered his son to carry his sister home on his back. Young Xie was in a panic, and seeing a girl who strongly resembled his sister, lifted her onto his back and carried her home. When he got there, he discovered to his surprise that this person was not his sister at all. And when he asked her, she replied that her name was Li and that she came from a neighbouring village.

It was young Xie's *fiancée*! But this meant that young Xie's sister was now missing, and Mr. Xie became very upset.

The next morning, just as Mr. Xie was about to have Mr. Li's daughter escorted back home and make the necessary enquiries about his own daughter's whereabouts, one of Mr. Li's servants arrived with Mr. Xie's daughter in tow. It was then learned that Mr. Li's daughter had also attended the opera performance the day before, and when Mr. Li heard the hue and cry being raised on account of the fire, he had ordered his servant to carry his daughter home, but the man had, mistakenly picked up Miss Xie instead of Miss Li.

Mr. Xie was overjoyed at his daughter's return and sent a message to Mr. Li informing him that he would immediately have someone escort his daughter home. But since Miss Li had already made an appearance at her *fiance's* home, Li advised him to choose the first available auspicious day in order to hold their wedding ceremony as soon as possible.

A marriage brought about in such circumstances can be described as "making the best of a bad thing."

3

The "four-legged snake", which closely resembles the scorpion, is also called the gecko or "scorpion tiger". Some claim this last name is derived from the fact that the creature eats scorpions. If a gecko's tail gets caught in something, it will detach itself instantly. And if it gets into a person's ear, it can cause injury to the brain so severe that death may result.

In Yong Prefecture, geckos are regarded as poisonous and local residents avoid them at all cost. In Ou Prefecture, however, the local residents consider the gecko a great culinary delicacy and in this context call them by such elegant names as "mountain prawns" or "five-clawed dragons". When important guests are feted in Ou, the absence of a dish of mountain prawns is considered a serious breach of etiquette.

There was a man whose family had lived for generations in Hanling Village in Eastern Yong. Though still in his forties, his eyesight was extremely poor. He had married a woman from Ou, who was both hardworking and kind, and they lived together in harmony.

One day while cutting firewood in the mountains, the woman caught a gecko, and after returning home cooked it and served it to her husband for dinner. Finding it delicious, he asked her what it was, and she told him that it was a "mountain prawn". He replied,

"The next time you catch one of them, I would like to have a look at it. I've never seen a mountain prawn before." The next day she returned from the mountains with several geckos and dutifully placed them before him.

"These are poisonous!" he cried. "How could anyone actually eat them?" And with that he ran out of the house and vomited.

The truth of the matter is that whatever he had eaten the day before had long since been digested and absorbed by his body. Obviously his illness was something other than physical.

A certain gentleman named Gong inherited his late father's predilection for dissipation, and was frequently seen travelling about the famous beauty spots of China in the company of his concubine. This young lady, a noted beauty, would from time to time shed her normal attire and put on men's clothing, so that when she went riding with him it was impossible to determine her true identity.

Last winter, Gong and his companion made a journey by boat up the Yangtze, beginning in Hangzhou and stopping in Suzhou, Yangzhou, Zhenjiang and finally Hangao, where they took a room in an inn. One day Gong went for a stroll through the district of ill repute where he was delighted to discover a number of women with faces as fresh as lotuses in springtime and the exquisite physiques of immortals.

When he returned to the inn, he related his experience to his concubine, who became so excited that she asked him if she might accompany him on his next visit there. The very next day, she donned a man's fur robe and vest, which made her look so much like a perfect gentleman that it greatly shocked all of the guests in the inn. And when a group of new guests arrived and learned from Gong's servants "his" true identity, they could only cover their mouths and giggle.

Gong and his consort arrived in the Banjo Lanes, and before long found themselves in the company of a flock of elegant young maidens, who lavished on them the greatest cordiality and plied them with wine and song, making their stay a thoroughly joyous occasion. From then on, the couple visited the flowery quarter at least once every two or three days, and on each occasion the denizens of the *demimonde* treated them as they would any normal guests, without harbouring the slightest suspicion of the deception taking place.

One evening, Gong's concubine was being entertained by a small band of girls who, after urging her to drink beyond her normal capacity, proceeded to tease her by tying her up. As their playful struggles intensified, she grew more and more inebriated, until suddenly her tiny lotus feet were revealed, setting off a great shock among all those present.

Realizing that she was actually a woman dressed in men's clothing, they immediately ceased disporting with her, and sent her home in a sedan chair early the next morning.

A period of rain which lasts more than three days is considered a storm; if one foot of rain accumulates on the ground, it's considered a flood. What great power is it that controls the rain and determines when and how it falls? The answer is: a dragon. The *Book of Changes* states:

"The appearance of the dragon is followed by the appearance of clouds," and "Clouds roll by and the rain falls." Thus Chinese people attribute these phenomena to a set of "Heavenly Bellows" located in the vast and empty sky, though no one has ever set eyes upon them.

Western people explain rain in an entirely different way. Seeking the truth from their actual experience, they seriously question the existence of anything until it appears under their direct scrutiny. They don't regard the vast blue firmament as Heaven, preferring to call it "air." In their eyes, that which pervades the heavens and the fields is not the dragon but rather "clouds" and "water vapor." When it is raining out, be it a light drizzle or a massive downpour, they explain that the clouds, permeated by water vapor, have risen into the sky and release a myriad of fine droplets which they call "rain." When the water vapor collects in the sky and fails to be dispersed in fine droplets, it is called a "cloudburst," a phenomenon which appears to Chinese people as if the Milky Way had sprung a great leak.

In Great Britain there was a violent storm in recent months which left entire areas covered in deep water. Countless men and beasts perished in the resulting floods, yet the survivors regarded the cloudburst, which had caused the destruction, as nothing more than a natural disaster.

A certain Manchu bannerman, whom we shall call Mr. B, had been addicted to opium for many years, and passed his days lounging on his couch. So thorough was his indulgence in the drug that he was totally oblivious to the world beyond his gates.

One day a relative of Mr. B's wife came to visit, bringing her young son along with her. After distributing gifts of money, fruit and toys, the two ladies began to fill each other in on all that had taken place since their last visit. The boys, six or seven years of age, were given free reign, and ran merrily about the house playing with their toy horses and carts.

At one point the boys flew into the room where Mr. B. was resting, and began to play next to his couch. Mr. B. had just finished a pipeful, and his mind was wandering pleasantly in the dense fragrant clouds.

Suddenly he felt a terrible itch in his left ear, and tried to scratch it, but his fingers were too fat. In order to remedy this crisis, he picked up the long pin which was part of his smoking kit and inserted it deep into his ear. At this critical moment, one of the boys leaped into Mr. B's lap, accidentally striking his elbow and causing the pin to penetrate deeply into his brain. Within seconds puss and blood were flowing out of Mr. B's ears, and his body and soul gently passed into the world populated by ghosts and spirits. An old saying goes:

"Shut yourself up inside your house and disaster is sure to strike from Heaven." Another old saying goes: "Storms may break in a clear sky; Men are eternally subject to the workings of fate."

This is precisely what befell our good Mr. B.

7

Customs and habits in different countries vary considerably, and there are some which simply cannot be transplanted from one country to another. Japanese people imitate the West in everything from clothing and methods of manufacture to language, yet they do it so well that it is difficult to distinguish the copies from the originals. There is, however, one area in which the Japanese inevitably run into difficulties, and that is the area of physical appearance. For this is a matter of inherited characteristics, with little leeway for human intervention.

Nevertheless, I received a letter from Washington, D.C., which described an American who after living in Japan for many years had wearied of the expatriate life and very much wanted to go home. At one point, he wrote a letter to a newspaper, from which we shall quote the following:

Ever since the Japanese began to imitate the customs and products of the West, their considerable skills in this area have been improving constantly. Their only regret seems to be that they still lag far beyond in terms of facial features. Realizing that their eyes are indistinguishable from those of Chinese people, their only means for attaining status equal to that of Western people is to undergo cosmetic surgery. In the last few years, a good number of Japanese people have sought out the services of a certain German doctor who performs cosmetic surgery. The doctor first applies a special medicine to the area around the eye sockets and mashes the bones and flesh in this area into a pulp. He then applies a second coat of medicine to the area, and after a few days the wound will heal entirely, leaving not the slightest deformity. After undergoing such operations, Japanese people appear entirely indistinguishable from Americans.

Alas! Now that their pursuit of things Western has gone this far, there is no telling what sort of vile habits they will attempt to pick up next!

8

There once was a man of Yangzhou named Kong who though extremely wealthy was a notorious miser. He was so tightfisted that he even refused to lend money to his friends and relatives. Kong's son, of whom he was quite fond, was entirely lacking in his father's respect for dollars and cents. This worried Kong no end, and he took numerous steps to restrain his son's prodigality.

When Kong was away from home one day, his son appropriated several hundred silver dollars of Kong's money and went off on a binge of pleasure seeking the likes of which have rarely been seen since the days of the poet Du Mu of the Tang dynasty. So thorough was his dissipation that he failed to return home for several days.

By the time Kong learned of his son's exploits, the latter had spent all of his misappropriated bed-funds; whereupon the old man contrived a plan to teach his son a lesson.

Forging his son's name on a cheque, Kong summoned a prostitute to his home. Totally ignorant of the plot under foot, the good lady decked herself out in her most lavish jewels and finery and set off for her assignation in a sedan chair. When she entered the miser's home, he ordered the front door bolted and invited her into his bedroom. He then had her remove all of her clothing and proceeded to beat her bare flesh. When she cried out to him to spare her, Kong's neighbours, fearing that a woman's life was in danger, broke down the front door and appealed to Kong to relent, but this only fanned the flames of his rage.

Finally he said to her, “You should die for this,” but prompted by his neighbours’ presence, released her, at the same time confiscating her jewelry to compensate for his son’s expenditures. She left the house disgraced and disheveled. For the record, her name was Wen Bao, “Literary Treasure”.

9

There is nothing particularly strange or objectionable about using scraps of paper with printing or writing on them to paste on window frames or to seal up the odd jug or bottle. Yet there are certain people who go out of their way to collect such scraps and burn them out of a deeply felt reverence for the written word.

While those who feel this way carry out their missions with great zeal, those who remain unmoved in this respect go on living with no apparent breach of conscience. Among the latter there are people who will use old books or account ledgers to file away embroidery patterns or cloth shoe uppers.

A Mr. Xu of Yangzhou found this sort of behaviour thoroughly reprehensible. To ameliorate the situation, he hired a professional artist to paint more than fifty pictures, including the famous series, “Twenty-four Illustrations of Filial Piety”, as well as scenes filled with flowers, birds, pavilions, fountains and human figures so life-like they appeared ready to jump off the page. He then had them reproduced in great numbers and bound in volumes. When they were ready, Mr. Xu had the books carried through the residential quarters of the city, where he offered to exchange them for old books, account ledgers or any other written or printed materials being used for such purposes as storing embroidery patterns. As it turned out, the local housewives were more than willing to make such exchanges, and in this way the message of filial piety was delivered into people’s homes under the guise of reverence for the written word.

Mr. Xu’s generosity and ingenuity are to be commended. If other nobly minded souls were to carry out similar missions with the aid of modern lithography, how vast would be the benefits to the common good.

10

Near the old North Gate in Shanghai there was a pharmacy called “The Studio of Miraculous Cures” run by one Wang Vide from Shaoxing, Zhejiang Province. Though the pharmacy’s advertisements stated that it specialized in producing medicaments for treating diseases of the eyes, the “Studio of Miraculous Cures” actually earned substantial profits by selling aphrodisiacs with such fancy-sounding names as “Iron Doorbolt Pills” and “Invincible Golden Spear Pills”.

An official of a local Buddhist association named Ge Fanpu got wind of this trade and had one of his male servants buy samples of those remarkable pills and powders without revealing his true purpose. Ge ascertained that the substances were indeed aphrodisiac in nature, and dispatched his sheriff to arrest the proprietor Wang and bring him before the court. At the same time, the sheriff’s men confiscated all of the medicine in the pharmacy, as well as various and sundry instruction sheets, blocks for printing labels and account books giving details of the aphrodisiacs sold in the shop. Ge was extremely thorough in his questioning of the accused. A transcription follows:

It is evident that you have profitted substantially from this business.

The formulas for these pills and powders were bequeathed to me by my late father, and I had no idea that they were aphrodisiacs. When my father died, business became quite slow, and I was forced to pawn all of my clothing. Your sheriff must have observed this fact when he arrested me. Thus I implore you to treat me with leniency.

The crime you have committed is normally punished with great severity. However, considering the fact that the medicine entered herein as evidence was bequeathed to you by your late father, and due to your ignorance of the actual nature of the substances concerned, you shall be treated with leniency: First, you shall receive one hundred blows of the bamboo upon your hands; and second, you shall be required to wear the *cangue* around your neck for a period of one month to serve as a negative example for the citizens of this town.

11

In the Yuantong Taoist temple in Luofu Mountain there lived a monk named Murmuring Clouds. During the summer he embarked on a journey to Macao, where he was the guest of a man named Kang. One day the monk

and his host rented a boat and set out for the Cave of the Immortals of the Bamboo Grove, where they planned to purify their souls of all their sins.

Along the way they passed a tiny village set in the midst of a lush green forest, where they noticed a sow leading a number of piglets oinking noisily as they waddled to and fro. Teasing the Taoist worthy, Kang said, "Sir! Can you tell me if that sow has the capacity of speech?" Murmuring Clouds replied, "Certainly it does."

"You're not a pig. How do you know whether or not it can speak?" Kang said in jest. To this the Taoist replied, "Aha! You are not me. Thus how do you know that I *don't* know the language of the pigs? And since you do not understand their language, I shall make an attempt to interpret what the sow is saying: 'Today it is very hot. There will soon be a hurricane. When it begins, I will lead my offspring under that tree, feed them their milk and keep a close watch on them.'"

Moments later the sow lay down under an old banyan tree, her sucklings surrounding her and contending for her teats. There was no sign of a storm yet, though within minutes the air was filled with so much swirling dust and rocks that it became difficult for the two men to see what was taking place in front of them.

At first I thought that the Taoist's ability to understand the language of the pigs was a form of great wisdom, but later I realized that this is much less impressive than the pig's ability to forecast the weather. Actually, the monks's wisdom is inferior to the sow's. Perhaps the best thing for the monk to do is to get a job as a swineherd.

12

Love affairs between men and women are based on the subtle workings of fate. For if fate has sealed a marriage, both spouses' hearts will beat as one and their minds reverberate in perfect harmony. Even if the seas dry up, the mountains crumble to dust, or the universe comes to an end, a loving couple's souls are so helplessly entwined that even the mere thought of separation would have to be dismissed as absurd.

In such circumstances, a husband abandoning his wife after she passes her prime, or a wife writing threatening letters to her husband when he proposes to take a lover are unthinkable. Nor would a marriage between a woman with a passionate disposition and a fickle man, at first a model of ducky togetherness, ever evolve into the sorry situation wherein "the sparrows become weary and fly off their own ways."

Is it true love when a husband betrays his darling beloved, leaving her no one to betray? Man cannot trifle with the workings of Heaven. If there is truly a paradise in Heaven, it was created by divine design, leaving man little recourse for intervention. It is all too easy for those in love to overlook the fact that it is hopeless to ammend by human means the inscrutable Way of Heaven.

In a certain city there lived two European ladies of eminently marriageable age, in the very blossom of their youth. Though both had beaux with whom they were soon to take marital vows, they greatly feared their husbands-to-be would be unfaithful and direct their attentions to other quarters.

The women had heard that by disembowling a pair of cats, roasting their hearts, and decocting the ashes in wine or tea, they could produce a potion that would ensure their husbands' constancy and cement forever the bonds of affection. Believing what they heard, they carried out the dastardly deed in the hope of attaining their desired ends. Little did they know that due to carelessness on their part their actions became known to the police, who took the two ladies into custody and charged them with Cruelty to Animals.

13

There once was a man from Xintangxu in Guangdong Province who, following in the footsteps of General Fan Kuai, earned his living as a butcher. Not long ago, a stranger was seen walking through the streets of the city peddling live ducks. The butcher bought several from the man, whose name was Wang, and proceeded to slaughter one of them.

M Much to his surprise, when removing the duck's innards, the butcher noticed something bright and shiny like gold sloshing around inside, and a knowledgable person confirmed that indeed it was the precious metal. The butcher then slaughtered the remaining ducks and found gold inside each and every one of them.

When Wang returned to the city several days later, the butcher purchased his entire stock. And once again, he discovered gold inside each of the duck's bellies. At this point, the butcher made an offer to purchase Wang's entire flock and, without revealing the least trace of excitement, asked Wang where he obtained his ducks. Wang replied that he raised them in a ravine in Luoyangdong Mountain.

The butcher then told Wang what he had discovered, and suggested that he mine the gold. Wang replied that he knew nothing about this, but went ahead and hired a team of miners who, taking advantage of his ignorance, appropriated nearly all of the gold they discovered for themselves and handed Wang a heap of sand containing only enough gold to pay for their services.

When the butcher learned what had happened, he instantly hired a crew of prospectors himself and set out for the ravine. But by this time, however, the secret was out, and everyone living in the vicinity had flocked there with their pans.

It may be asked whether the officials in charge of this mountain district were aware of this or not.

14

In the vicinity of London, England, all the lakes and ponds freeze over from winter to spring. Englishmen have always taken pleasure in holding competitions on the ice, and as many as 150 thousand people can be seen rushing back and forth on a single day. And “when the sun descends below the western hills and the alligator drum of the night watch is sounded,” twenty thousand Englishmen can still be seen gliding over the ice at various speeds, lighting their way with torches.

In ancient China, there were several famous instances when frozen bodies of water were used as crossings:

In the Han dynasty, the Wuguang emperor and his troops were camped by the Hutuo River. When the river froze, the emperor ordered his general Wang Bu to make a crossing. But the ice melted after only a few mounted soldiers made it to the other bank.

In the Jin dynasty, Murong Huang set out on a military expedition and traveled more than 300 *li* on ice.

In the Zhou dynasty, Emperor Tai was campaigning in the north and came to a crossing at Changzhou. A soldier reported that the ice was thick enough to proceed. and the army set off across the river on foot and on horseback.

Crossings of this nature are called “ice bridges,” but the examples above were onetime expedient measures. The *Book of Changes* states: “Treading on hoarfrost, the thick ice will come.” The *Book of History*, dating from a later period, contains a reference to “crossing on spring ice.” And the *Book of Songs* includes a poem with this line: “ | walking on thin ice | ”

The message behind the quotations above is to warn people to avoid potentially dangerous situations. Thus the abandon with which European people risk their lives on the ice testifies to an extraordinary endowment of strength and vigour.

14

Qiu Ahzong, a resident of Pudong, was an underwater diver who could retrieve things from the bottoms of rivers and lakes. In the Pudong area, men who follow this profession are called “underwater devils.” Qiu was happily married and had a son and two daughters, but tragedy struck and his son died last year at the age of four.

Two years ago, Qiu was hired to travel to a distant city to perform his services, and for more than a year after that his wife heard nothing from him. Unsure of whether her husband was still alive, poor Mrs. Qiu began to fret. As the months went by, her fretting turned into silence, and soon after this her silence turned into madness. On some days she could be heard cursing under her breath, while on others she’d flail her arms about wildly and let out with terrifying screams. As her condition worsened, she began to cry out in pain and shriek hysterically while pounding on her bed and punching her pillow.

Several days ago, Mrs. Qiu suffered another attack and began to smash every object within her reach. Her thoughts suddenly turned to her dead son, whereupon she grabbed a hoe and set off for his grave. Wailing at the top of her voice, she expressed her wish to bring him back to life. Little did she know that the dead cannot be revived, and that those who depart from this world shall never return.

When she located her son’s tiny coffin, she broke it open, removed her son’s skeleton and wrapped it in a piece of cloth. When she got home, she placed his remains on his bed, crying without stop. It then occurred to her that if only she could suckle her child, he would come back to life and flesh would once again grow on his bones.

For days on end she sought a way of obtaining milk, but everyone with whom she spoke made fun of her absurd questions and took pity on her.

15

361

There were two brothers who worked as builders in Fengze Prefecture in Jiangxi Province, although they were not natives of the place. The elder of the two was a devout Buddhist, and when he wasn't accumulating calluses on his hands and feet building houses, he was accumulating merit by intoning Buddhist scriptures and practicing Buddhist virtues. In the third month of this year, the elder brother said to his younger sibling,

"I will die shortly. Under no circumstances must you prepare a coffin for me, but rather bury me near the surface of the ground in the valley near X Mountain. On the sixth day of the sixth month, go to that place and disinter my corpse. If my remains have decomposed, you may bury me deep in the earth. But if my body remains in the same condition it was in upon my death, you must inform all the faithful Buddhists and place my body in a wooden altar, so that they may bring offerings of incense to me. In this way, good fortune will befall the entire population of this region."

True to his prediction, the elder brother died several weeks later and his younger brother carried out all of his instructions faithfully. On the sixth day of the sixth month, he led a large group of people to his grave to examine the body and, lo and behold, though his spirit had already fled to another world, his body remained in lifelike condition. This phenomenon caused a sensation among the ignorant country folk, and the news quickly spread that a living Buddha had appeared in their midst. They immediately set about collecting donations and built a temple to house this idol of flesh, thus making it convenient for the faithful to come and seek his blessings. And come they did, in droves.

Before very long, Prefect Peng of Pengze Prefecture learned of what was taking place and had the younger brother arrested. At the same time, he issued a second order to have the corpse placed in a coffin and buried properly. But when the local country folk learned of this, they spread the word that a Living Buddha had been buried alive.

16

In the lower reaches of the Missouri River in South Dakota, USA, there lives a species of snake known as the pump-snake, which is shaped much like a hose. These creatures can grow to lengths of sixteen feet, and are generally three inches in diameter. When they are active, they form groups of two or three hundred. This particular species has an opening two inches in diameter which extends from beneath its tongue to its tail. The bodies of these snakes are as supple as rubber and even more resilient. They can be trained to perform useful tasks for man.

A certain farmer in South Dakota kept twenty of these snakes for the purpose of irrigating his fields. When he whistled, they would congregate in the river and arrange themselves in a row three hundred feet long by placing each other's tails in their mouths. In this way they were able to supply a stream of water which flowed as steadily as a waterfall, in no way inferior to running water supplied from a faucet.

One day a haystack on the farm caught fire, driving the farmer into a state of near hysteria. At this critical juncture, he heard a rustling sound arising from the nearby woods. When he looked in that direction, he saw his herd of pump-snakes heading for the nearby stream, ostensibly to draw water to put out the fire. The stream of water they provided gushed forth like a waterfall pouring down from the sky, and within fifteen minutes, the God of Fire's flaming troops had been forced to beat a hasty retreat. The first snake in the line, loyal to the end, exhausted its strength and was sacrificed in the conflagration.

The above notice appeared in a European newspaper.

17

There once was a man named Tang who lived in Peking outside the Shunzhimen Gate. Though in his early twenties, Tang had already acquired the evil habit of gambling and on one recent occasion had lost all of his money. Lacking the ability to earn a living, Tang was now unable to repay his debts.

On the ninth of last month, Tang proceeded to the Changyu Pawnshop intending to obtain two strings of *cash* by pawning a pair of short pants. The pawnbroker on duty told Tang that his pants weren't worth that much, and that he would have to bring along something more substantial. To this Tang replied,

"But all I've got to my name are my cock and balls!"

"That would be just fine!" the pawnbroker replied with a laugh.

Tang walked away in a huff. When he got home, he sharpened his knife—the sort of blade that could fell a kingdom—and returned to the Changyu Pawnshop. When he got there he removed all of his clothing and strolled back and forth as if he had not the least care in the world. Then, before anyone could stop him, he proceeded to turn himself into a sawed-off shotgun with a single energetic slash of his knife, losing enough blood in the process to float a pestle.

Tang passed out immediately, whereupon the pawnbroker, frightened out of his wits, rushed off to a local official's residence to find a eunuch who could come to Tang's rescue. On the way, he stopped off at the North City Precinct to report the incident.

Within minutes, the precinct had despatched a runner to arrest the pawnbroker, and subjected him to a thorough investigation. Only through the intervention of an intermediary was he able to extract himself from a potentially burdensome lawsuit.

In the meantime, Tang had been carried home on a wooden plank, but he had lost so much blood that his life hung in a delicate balance.

The proceedings described above cost the pawnshop some four hundred *taels* of silver.

18

The invention of the telegraph has now made it possible to transmit messages instantly over distances greater than ten thousand miles, while making it even more convenient to send messages over distances of hundreds of miles. The telegraph has achieved the miracle of bringing distant regions of China within the compass of a single courtyard and shrinking vast mountains and rivers down to human size. It has also enabled people separated by vast distances to communicate as if they were a few steps away from each other, or on opposite sides of a wall. Miraculously, even a cough can be transmitted instantaneously.

It is said that the transmission of messages in this manner is accomplished by electricity. Who would ever have believed this was possible?

A European newspaper carried the following story: In a certain town the telegraph office was located in the upper storeys of a large building. To facilitate the sending and receiving of telegrams, the office staff was divided into shifts, ensuring that someone would be on duty twenty-four hours a day. The imposing outer gate of the office stood quite a distance from the building itself, rendering access to the building somewhat inconvenient.

Late one evening, the manager of the firm arrived at the building and discovered that the outer gate was locked. He called many times to the gatekeeper, but the latter was far away in the land of dreams and was not easily awakened. Finding himself locked out of his own office, the manager recalled that the building next door was a branch office of his company, and since this office was equipped to send telegrams to other offices of the company three hundred or more miles away, he sent a message to one of them requesting that they cable another message back to the office where he worked. Within minutes, the great gate clanked open and the manager proceeded to his office as originally planned. In order to accomplish this, however, messages had to be sent to and from a place three hundred miles away.

The telegraph was designed to shrink distances of hundreds of miles down to a few feet. But in this case, to make a single journey of a few feet, two telegrams had to travel hundreds of miles. But if it weren't for this miraculous invention, the manager of the telegraph office would have been an "outsider" in his own company that night.

19

The *Tong Wen Daily News*, published in the Kingdom of Annam recently carried the following story:

A magical herb called *ai* grows in the southern part of the kingdom, yet it is not identical with mugwort (*ai*) as it is commonly known. When the people who live in the local villages set off for the mountains, they place a leaf of this herb in their mouth, which protects them from attack by wild animals and enables their vision to penetrate the earth's surface and locate deposits of jade. However, if after one hundred days they do not return from the mountains, the leaf will become stuck in their throat and they will be transformed into beasts, complete with fur and a tail.

A man named Wu who lived at the foot of Hengshan Mountain placed an *ai* leaf in his mouth and went up into the hills. After travelling for several days, he lost his way. Three months passed. Wu's family, fearing the worst, went to a fortune teller who made a prediction regarding a strange beast.

One evening, Wu suddenly returned home. He was just about to take his son into his arms when his wife appeared on the scene. She noticed that he still had his jade-collecting pouch slung over his left arm, but that his hands and feet had grown claws and he had sprouted fur all over his body, as a result of which his clothing was torn in several places. Mrs. Wu became terribly frightened and shouted at him,

“Not even a fox can resist the depredations of a tiger, let alone a child. Your claws are as sharp as knives. Be careful lest you kill the boy!”

Hesitating now, Wu backed down the stairs, and began to file his claws off on a stone. Mrs. Wu took this opportunity to rush over, seize the child, and carry him upstairs, from where she shouted to her neighbours for help. Assembling in front of the house, they tossed several chunks of raw and cooked meat before him in an effort to determine whether he was indeed man or beast. Much to their disappointment, he ate both. Someone suggested despatching him with a bow and arrow, but another man in the crowd dissuaded him. He said,

“The creature seems to be aware of the value of jade and is capable of showing affection, in his own way, to his son. My conclusion is that he is half man and half beast. He has now assumed the form of a beast. But who is to say he will not reassume human form some day? We should let him live and make every effort we can to cure him.”

At this point, the crowd surged forward and bound him up with a rope, whereupon Wu struggled fiercely to escape, striking and biting those who were trying to restrain him. There was no question that he was now acting like a beast. Finally they managed to tie him up, and began striking him in the throat with a hard object. After a long while, he regurgitated the leaf, and they gave him a dose of special medicine.

Six months later, Wu began to regain his human characteristics. Today he is alive and well in Annam.

A gentleman named Yunshi has made the following commentary:

When Wu returned home, he was neither man nor beast. But had his neighbours not treated him in a friendly, caring manner, he would never have recovered. If someone asked me, Can you cure a person who acts like a beast, even though he has neither fur on his back nor horns growing out of his head? I would answer: Only by striking him dead with a sword.

181.78 An Autobiographical Statement \fn{by an otherwise unnamed second Chinese wife of a wealthy Chinese merchant (before 1894, the date of the article in which her statement appears-)} China (F) 1

... *Seen Sang*, \fn{Teacher} would have me go crazy? Can I sit here all day and see the same things I have seen every day for seventeen years, and think the same thoughts I have thought for twenty years? There is plenty of work for the poor people. I do not take it from them, but if I did they are richer than I, for they have big feet and can go everywhere, and every day have something new to fill their minds; while, poor me! \fn{The unnamed woman being interviewed is a victim of foot-binding and a “first wife,” expecting her husband to install a mistress—or “second wife”—in her house in the not-so-distant future. The interviewer has come upon her sewing buttons on a large pile of factory overalls; and she asks her why she is doing this work when she is so rich}

In China I was shut up in the house since I was 10 years old, and only left my father’s house to be shut up in my husband’s house in this great country. For seventeen years I have been in this house without leaving it save on two evenings. Would you take from me my only way of passing the time? \fn{The interviewer mentions the advent of the coming of the second wife—of course you wish my congratulations, you are glad to have constant company and someone to boss}

No, I’m not; most Chinese women would be, but I’m sorry. And I’m not boss, either, for I’m only No.2, and have to look down \fn{I.e., up} to No. 1. \fn{I.e., her husband married somebody before he married her; and, as we shall see, had tired of her and married this woman while he was still in China and before he came to America}

Now, *Seen Sang*, look; I love my boy—I want him with me all the time, but our custom says: ‘No, you are only No.2; that boy belongs to No. 1; he must never call you mother, but must always owe allegiance to No. 1, who is the true wife, and call her mother.’ She wants to see the child—her child she calls him, my child—and so my husband will send him to China in a year or two more and I may never see him again. It makes my heart sorry, but if I had fifty children my feelings would be of no consideration—they would all go the same way. Not one can stay by me and be the support and comfort of my old age. \fn{The interviewer suggests that she might still be able to visit her son in China even if the first wife actually acquires the boy}

Yes, maybe sometime, if my husband does not get tired of me and sell me to some other man. We are just like cows, excepting No. 1; it is only the first wife he cannot put away so easily; she has all the rights. But if I were to go back I should have to be No. 1’s slave, always ready to pamper her every whim and obey her most tyrannical command, and my son could do nothing for me, for he would no longer be my son.

You say the Chinese are not an affectionate people. What is there in our domestic life to found affection upon, when our laws maintain that a man may have as many wives as he wishes; that he may put away any or all, excepting the first wife, whenever he wishes; that all the wives must obey No. 1 wife and raise up children to her, and all the children must acknowledge her as their mother? I should like to be a Christian woman, to be governed by Christian laws.\fn{ *Be a Christian, the interviewer then says* }

For my husband to sell at once, what should I do?\fn{ *Find a home in a mission house, the interviewer responds* }

A worse prison than this, with a revolution in my daily habits. I do not desire to be a literal Christian; I do not believe in the Christian religion, but I like the Christian laws. The Chinese in America are governed by the Six Companies, so-called; although there are more companies than that now-common usage makes it six.\fn{ *A reference to the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, formed in 1862 to protect the general interests of the Chinese on the Pacific Coast* } I could run away from my husband successfully, perhaps, to a mission if I desired. A mission would give me a home for a year; then, at the year's expiration turn me out to marry or to make my own living. Either would mean starvation, death. I am too old for any man to desire in marriage, too helpless in the ways of making money to support myself, too used to the good living my husband provides to be deprived of it; besides, he is as good to me as any Chinese husband would be—what object in leaving him?\fn{ *If he were to die would you grieve for him, for you then would be free to follow your own inclinations? the interviewer says* }

Oh, Seen Sang, how should I ever cease grieving, for I shall then be a worse slave than ever.\fn{ *Perhaps if you appealed to our laws as the real first wife, you could win your case, the interviewer suggests* }

Don't believe it. Look at Lizzie, the Swedish girl who married our wealthiest lottery man in San Francisco. When he took a Chinese girl for his second wife Lizzie was indignant.

"I'll apply for a divorce and one-half the community property. I was married according to Christian laws," she cried. Lok Chee laughed and snapped his jeweled fingers.

"A fig for your Christian marriage and your Christian laws. Behave yourself and I'll always give you an excellent living, and what no Chinese wife gets, plenty of spending money, even if I take a dozen more wives. But don't act the fool and cut your own throat. We Chinese have to do some things with our enterprises in accordance with Californian laws, but we defy all laws and all your lawyers to find how each company or each individual of a company stands financially. I don't dispute that you would gain your divorce, but as to property, not one cent. The Chinese tribunal would not demand it. The Chinese law knows no such thing as community property between husband and wife. To all intents and purposes you are in China and you are governed by the laws of China. The moment you quit my house you cease to have a mite's interest in my estate, and to leave it once is to leave it forever. I have made this concession to your complexion and prejudices—I allow you to be queen over this little house, which, with its plush-covered furniture and velvet carpets, is a miniature palace, and I promise to bring no other wives to share it with you; and on my death you may do with it and all things I leave you as you please; you need obey no other man. But in all other things I do as I choose, and regulate my life upon my own native social customs. So don't act the fool and cut your throat for the sake of 'community property,' which has no existence amongst our people."

Seen Sang, my husband, provides for me bountifully; he is kind and indulgent with me; he is a good husband. But, oh! I am so weary of being treated as a child.

267.176a Fragment from **Utter Loyalty**\fn{ *by Zhou Yingang (d.1895)* } Hangzhou, China (F) -1

The colored clouds scattered, the moon sank in the west,
The wild storms shook the earth and bellowed with rage.
Rolling boulders and flying dust darkened heaven and earth,
And the darkened candles filled everyone with terror.
The Great Wall, the whole world, bereft of its ruler,
Mt. Tai, that holy mountain, collapsed, the earth's power lost.
His soul was carried aloft by cranes, "never, alas, to return!"
His heroic energy melted away like the ice of spring.
From then on rivers and mountains had to lose their color,
With this rare man gone, the world was left without heroes.
Was it because
Of Heaven's envy of his perfect talent and wisdom?
As it turns out

This was the end of his merits that topped even Heaven.
Alas,
His desire to free the emperors thwarted by traitors,
Alas,
This jade pillar, this Great Wall, this night has been slain!

114.103 The Leper Girl \fn{by Hsuan-ting (fl.1895)} China (M) 6

Mount Yü-chi to the south of River Huai was a secluded and densely wooded region, the haunt of mythical creatures such as the dragon. It was not until the late Ming period that it became inhabited, developing by and by into quite a populated area. A young man called Ch'en Ch'i, styled Lu-ch'in, together with his father Ch'en Mao and his mother Huang-shih, were among those who made their homes on the lower slopes of the mountain. The Ch'ens were farmers and merchants, managing a comfortable living. Ch'i, at fifteen, was an able student. His mother had only one, younger brother, Huang Hai-k'o, who, once traveling to a certain county in Kwangtung, made some money as a salesman and stayed.

One day Ch'I's mother was seriously ill. While they were alone she grasped Ch'I's hands and between sobs, said to him,

"After I die, father's sure to remarry. Stepmothers are all alike. If times become too hard for you, go to Kwangtung, look for your uncle, and stay with him." So saying, she gave the weeping son her personal savings, which amounted to more than thirty *taels* in cash, for traveling expenses.

After his mother's death, his father remarried. The stepmother, Wu, turned out to be as ruthless to Ch'i as his mother had predicted. He went and cried bitterly on his mother's grave and, leaving a note by his father's pillow, left home.

Close to six months of traveling brought him to Kwangtung but also exhausted his funds and left him nowhere near finding his uncle. He checked everywhere in the busiest thoroughfares and marketplaces but his uncle was not to be found. Drifting alone through the villages, Ch'i was gradually reduced to becoming a beggar. More and more he came to regret his impulsiveness and his hasty move, yearning every day to go back home.

Wandering to the east of the city one day, he came across a betel-nut tree, half-hidden behind which was a door made of unhewn wood. As he started singing loudly the beggar's melody, *The Falling of the Water Lily Petals*, an old man emerged. He had short whiskers, a reddish complexion, and hair that had half turned white. Ch'I's outward appearance amazed him.

"Little beggar boy! How refined and well-mannered your looks, my goodness, and yet how depressed you sound!"

"Since I've read the classics, is it surprising that I look refined? Lost, frustrated, and fallen on hard times, how can I help being depressed?"

"How did it all come about?" the old man asked. Ch'i thus told him where he had come from and how he had been trying to locate his uncle.

"Your uncle's the man by the name of Huang Hai-k'o," said the old man, looking intently at Ch'i. "He had a light complexion and quite a few pockmarks."

"Yes, that's him!"

"Well, he died here a long time ago. He used to be an accountant for a wealthy family and was also a good businessman. He married a prostitute, but after he had died of an illness, the woman took his money and ran away with a servant. Since I was a drinking friend of his, I bought a simple coffin and buried him under a big tree right next to the convent on the east side of the city. The grave with the short tombstone is the one."

Ch'i knelt to thank him. He then followed the directions and located his uncle's grave. What the old man had told him was confirmed by the nuns. Wailing and crying for his uncle, Ch'i swore an oath:

"If you hear me in the other world, uncle, give me all your blessings on my trip home. I promise to carry your remains back to your home." The nuns took pity on Ch'i and fed him with bean gruel.

"The elderly gentleman you met is Ssu-k'ung Hun, and had known your uncle for quite some time. You can try to get him to help you. But don't let him know the nuns told you this."

On seeing the man the next day, Ch'i called him "Uncle Ssu-k'ung" with unceremonious abruptness. Startled, he asked, "How did you get to know my name?" Ch'i lied,

"I spent the night by the grave, and uncle told me everything in a dream. He gave me instructions to ask for your help." Ssu-k'ung was taken aback,

“Actually, your uncle and I were nothing more than acquaintances. Nevertheless, I’ll see what I can do for you.”

Three days later, he came back with a gift of a silk gown for Ch’i, brimming with the smugness of a benefactor.

“I’m just a poor man and can’t afford expensive gifts for you. I hope you understand. Fortunately, in a mountain district of the neighboring county there’s a wealthy man called Elderly Ch’iu, a distant relative of mine. The old couple has a darling of a daughter, called Yüan- mei, also known as Li-yü, about your age. Her looks are just divine. The Ch’ius have set such a high standard for a match that so far nobody’s been good enough to be chosen as her husband. You’re poor, but with your brilliance, talents, and refined manners, you beat everybody in the area. Let me be matchmaker and write you a letter of introduction. You go ahead and get yourself married into their family. Ch’iu’s definitely going to reward you handsomely; enough, certainly, for you to ship your uncle’s coffin home.”

Hearing such a proposal, Ch’i asked for some time to give it more thought and consideration, but Ssu-k’ung failed to see why that was necessary. Ch’i went on,

“You see, I’m born of a humble family and have lived off the countryside all this time. We’ve always led simple lives close to the soil. I’m afraid that it wouldn’t be easy for a pampered daughter of the rich to adjust. Besides, the marriage being a formal and well-publicized affair, how could they let me do what I like and just leave afterward?”

“You prig! You are a dumb scholar. What you’re going to do is just cheat him of his money. Where in this whole wide world will he hunt for a son-in-law who’s run away?”

Ch’i could not think of anything better to do himself and, somewhat passively, took the letter and went along. Ch’iu’s place turned out to be a complex of imposing mansions, with large, well-secured compounds. The attendant at the gates, seeing that Ch’i could not be someone with impressive credentials, ordered him to stay well away from the property. However, after the letter was presented and delivered inside, two young men emerged and greeted the visitor courteously:

“Father has ordered us to bid you welcome.”

So, Ch’i thought, these were the old man’s sons, and followed them into the estate. The buildings and gardens that he saw bore the class and style of a well-established family of means. A giant of a man, with beard hanging all the way down to his waist, was standing at the top of a short flight of steps. Ch’i hurriedly approached and exchanged greetings with him. As they took their seats inside, his host asked after the health of Ssu-k’ung. Soon the lady of the house was announced. An attractive woman in her forties appeared, with two maids-in-waiting at her sides.

“This is my wife. Since your family and Ssu-k’ung’s are long-time friends, you and we are like relatives, too. May I take the liberty of introducing my wife to you?”

Ch’i bowed to greet the lady. Taking a good, hard look at him, she smiled, and turned to her husband:

“Cousin Ssu-k’ung is really a good judge—the young man’s quite a person.”

A feast was instantly prepared, and Ch’i was offered cup after cup of wine. While they were eating, the host asked him a little about his background; then he said,

“I wonder if Ssu-k’ung has mentioned this to you. We have always loved our young daughter Li-yü very dearly. We don’t want to see her married off to some faraway place. And then, to choose an ideal mate, with superb grace and the best of other qualities, as so far been next to impossible. Now by a happy stroke of luck, you have been introduced to us. Isn’t this tie predestined? We’d like to marry our daughter to you without further ado.”

As he compliantly gave assent, Ch’i left his place at the dinner table to thank them solemnly.

“I’m a worthless nobody,” he went on to explain humbly. “To marry above myself into your family is something I’d be more than happy to do. However, it is for the purpose of locating my uncle that I traveled to this area. I’d very much like to go home for a short while about three or four days after the wedding. As soon as my uncle’s reburial is properly taken care of, I’ll come back here. These plans I have to tell you, my elders, ahead of time.” The woman smiled.

“Oh, young man, why are you in such a hurry?” Her husband was quick to stop her.

“The young man’s filial piety should by no means be discouraged,” he said, interrupting. “Let me fetch you five hundred *taels* in cash right away for traveling expenses.” Ch’i was delighted, and respectfully accepted the arrangement.

Soon music started to flow, and there was not a corner of the house that was not as brightly lit as day. Senior

servants proceeded to lead Ch'i to secluded quarters. After having changed there into brand new attire, he was directed to a carpeted area. From the inner chambers, several young maids brought out a beautiful girl in her mid-teens. She was clad in the finest of silks and elaborate jewels. Conducting herself with poise and charm, she completed with Ch'i the traditional ceremonial greeting rites of the betrothed. Together they went into their wedding suite. Ch'i pushed aside his bride Li-yü's fan to take a look at her, only to discover that even dewdrops on the lily, and the pinkish glow of the peach, could not match the dazzling beauty that was in front of him. Feeling his heart racing feverishly, Ch'i regretted the rash thoughtlessness with which, just a moment ago, he talked about a temporary absence shortly after the wedding. He now intended to maneuver to postpone his plans, so that he could stay and enjoy conjugal love with Li-yü.

The feast had drawn to a close, and the lamps were growing dim. As the timepieces chimed a late hour the maids and servants retired. Leaning on a table, Ch'i was lost in melancholy. From time to time Li-yü brushed aside the brocade curtains to steal a look at her bridegroom. There seemed to be a trace of anguished pallor in her countenance. With no inkling of what was on her mind, Ch'i went near to speak to her in sweet, tender words.

But as he tried to help her remove her ornaments and makeup, he was stopped by a gesture of her frail hands. Tears started rolling down her cheeks when he leaned closer. Getting up, she first snuffed out the candle and checked to see that no one was nearby; then she closed the door. She whispered,

"Do you realize that you don't have long to live?"

"What?"

"Where do you come from, and where are you planning to go? Tell me all the details, please."

Ch'i did as he was asked. Li-yü, amid her sighs, was about to speak, but changed her mind. Ch'i knew that something was really wrong, and knelt down to plead for mercy. Li-yü explained,

"I'm so impressed by your elegant charm that I can't bring myself to keep this secret from you. Now, listen. I am a leper. You see, this place is located in the westernmost part of Kwangtung, and for generations girls of the area have been known for their stunning beauty. But they all inherit this dreadful disease. When they grow to be fifteen, their rich parents lure male visitors from afar with gifts worth thousands of silver dollars. It's not until the infection is completely transferred to these men that the families begin looking for a genuine match. If the latent illness is not gotten rid of at that point, it will soon break out. The girls' skin will start to dry out and crack, and their hair will curl up. Of course, after that, no man would ever take a second look at them. The visitors who, because of their greed for money, and not knowing what's going on, consummate the marriage, get a pinkish rash on their necks within three or four days. It's only about a week before a terrible itch develops all over the body. Then, after a little over a year, they have sustained convulsive seizures. Though in some cases the onset may be mild, there is still no chance of survival."

Only upon hearing this did Ch'i realize the kind of situation he was in. He wept.

"I'm all by myself, tens of thousands of *li* from home, and I'm charged with a heavy responsibility. Won't you let me escape? Please have pity on me."

"You might as well forget it. It's so difficult to get hold of men here; as soon as you came in, the place was surrounded with our armed guards to make sure that you stayed."

"Actually, my own life doesn't matter so much," Ch'i said, still weeping. "What grieves me is that I do have an aging father at home."

"Although I'm a woman, I'm not ignorant of the importance of honor and integrity. Because of its doomed circumstances, this place doesn't allow a woman to remain virtuous. I've always resented it so much that I don't think this life is worth living at all. Why don't you just lie in bed with me, both of us fully clothed. Then after three days take the money and go home immediately. Once the infection attacks, I won't live for too much longer anyway. The only thing I ask of you is that you set up the traditional memorial tablet back home, with an inscription to the memory of Ch'iu Li-yü, your wife by first and formal marriage. Then I could rest in peace."

When she had finished, she embraced him and began to sob.

"Oh! If we go through with the marriage I'll die, and if not you will. Why don't we get hold of some poison and commit suicide together, and just hope for a reunion in our next life?" Ch'i was bitter and distressed.

"No, that won't do. Instead, write down your full address for me, and I'll sew it into the hem of my dress. When the day comes that my errant soul starts to wander to faraway places, I may have a chance to greet my in-laws. And perhaps even take a simple meal from you, too."

Ch'i managed to give her the address, but he was already in a fit of weeping. They got into bed and slept together. Unable to control himself, time after time he tried to make love to Li-yü, but she gently refused and tried to comfort him instead. Thus it was a marriage in name only, unconsummated: the situation was as frustrating and

regrettable as the case of those born frigid or impotent.

The very next day, Ch'i's parents-in-law ignored him completely, as if he were a total stranger. That same night Li-yü bit and sucked lightly at his neck until pinkish marks appeared in several places.

"This will do," she said.

Then she gave him two bangles of gold and two of jade, as personal gifts. Ch'i was about to fix a date for reunion, but although in mourning for herself, she said,

"By the time you come this way again, I'd probably have already spent quite some time in my grave!"

Next morning her father did as he had promised and motioned for Ch'i to leave immediately.

When Ch'i arrived at the convent, the nuns noticed the marks on his neck and would not even let him in. He lost no time in hiring a huge boat, dug up his uncle's coffin, and sailed south. During the night Ch'i could not help weeping. The boatman thought that his grief must have been caused by the loss of a well-loved uncle and was both impressed and moved, paying him all the more respect.

Ch'i finally arrived home and was reunited with his father. It turned out that his stepmother had passed away, and a maid was taken as concubine. His father was more than delighted to see him again. He noticed the money Ch'i had, but thought that it must have been a legacy from his uncle, and so did not question him about it. They reburied his uncle and bought some farm land. Ch'i's father was a master brewer, and set about cultivating grains for the manufacture of wine. His wine shop prospered and brought in so much profit that it became possible for Ch'i to attend school and concentrate on his studies.

Meanwhile, Li-yü's father, on Ch'i's departure, had no doubt in his mind that his daughter was completely cleansed of her infection. As he was busy engaging the services of matchmakers to find a son-in-law, however, Li-yü's disease flared up. On close examination, it proved indeed to be leprosy. With tears in his eyes, her father sternly questioned her. Meanwhile the women of the household checked up on her and found her to be still a virgin.

"Oh, you little fool!" they shouted at her all at once. "Don't you want to live?"

A month passed; Li-yü grew weaker and weaker. They sent her off to a leper house established by philanthropic officials. Since the illness had always been recognized as contagious, to such an extent that one patient in a family was enough to contaminate the entire household, even a favorite daughter had to be cast out. No love or bonds of sentiment could save her.

After her admission into the institution, she made repeated attempts on her own life. Each time, however, an aged, pockmarked man who spoke with a heavy southern accent appeared to intervene and save her. Then she started to consider flight. The old man turned out to be more than willing to show the way.

"My name is Huang, and I'm from south of the River Huai. Isn't it your wish to locate Ch'en Lü-ch'in? I vaguely remember that he and I have somehow met before. I'm about to travel east anyway, so why don't you come with me?"

Li-yü figured that she was seriously ill anyhow, and since the man was so open and magnanimous, she was delighted to go along. The doors, one after another, seemed to fling themselves open for them. When they reached the suburbs, the old man applied saliva to her small feet, at the same time softly chanting as if casting a spell. As soon as they resumed their journey, Li-yü found herself speeding along like a runner in perfect condition. She was therefore deeply grateful, and treated him as she would her father. In order to pay their traveling expenses, she unhesitatingly sold her silver bangles.

However, the funds only lasted until they got to the area of Hupeh and Hunan. They then had no alternative but to beg for a living. The old man played the flute while Li-yü composed the song, *The Chaste Evergreen*, and sang from door to door collecting alms.

The chaste evergreen, how exuberant its boughs!
It must be misconduct in her last life
That causes her to be born a girl—
And into such a forsaken place as Kwangtung.
A leper at birth, and leprosy will grow with her:
What injustice, what lamentable fate!
How brightly the ornamented candles shine
Upon the nuptial cup
As she hides her tears, stealing a look at her lover.
Handsome is Ch'en, with supreme grace and bearing.
Snuffing the candle as I steal a look at you,
I can't suppress the excitement within me.

I am a leper girl,
 But a leper you are not to become.
 My leprosy, through you, may be cured: I shall live.
 But the leprosy passed on to you: for me you will die.
 You're about to die for me and you don't know it;
 In the wedding suite, in the adorned chambers,
 You drink from the golden goblet.
 Peacocks, dance no more.
 Cuckoos, stop your calling.
 The parakeets, lost for words, are ready to fly away.
 You fall into the trap, and how my heart weeps for you!
 You— Oh, don't you see?
 A worthy steed cannot take two saddles;
 So is a chaste woman determined to stay on with but one name,
 Though she may have to give her life for it.
 Your appearance will remain heavenly;
 This wretched fate of mine: flimsy as paper.
 The skin dries out, the tissues crack,
 The hair that used to be smooth, natural curls
 Turns yellow and falls.
 Hiding her face, she runs into the leper house,
 Not wanting to infect and harm her relations.
 A treasure of a daughter before,
 Now she is left to die.
 Amid silken finery she lived before—
 Into a prison she now falls.
 The moonlight shines on a bare beam.
 There a white piece of cloth hangs,
 And with it a girl's life
 That is going, going, nearly gone.
 Though I am still alive,
 I shall not stay in my home any longer.
 Since I am still alive,
 I shall look for my husband.
 Oh, a life such as this
 Is no better than death.
 What will come out of such living death?
 The chaste evergreen, how luxuriant its boughs!
 Home for the birds and shade for the fishes.
 There are birds that fly in pairs, wing to wing,
 And fish that are inseparable couples,
 Sharing a coverlet in life, sharing the grave in death;
 Even if coverlet and grave may not be shared,
 However, my mind is made up,
 Clear and unclouded as the brilliant moon.
 The peach flowers are ablaze in the moonlight.
 The plum tree perishes for the peach flowers;
 It is attacked by worms.
 The chaste evergreen, how red its boughs and leaves!
 All that is blood
 From the eyes of the leper girl!

The song, telling of her plight and fidelity to Ch'i, was a sad one, matched only by the weeping music of the flute. There was not a single person who was not moved to tears. They were all eager to offer them food, doing so with compassion untainted by overtones of condescension or patronage.

Half a year's journey finally brought them south of the River Huai. As they approached the foot of a mountain, an endless stretch of old houses came into view, and above the treetops extended green banner signs of various shops. The old man pointed into the distance:

"That one facing the south with a heap of yellowish stones in front is the place you're looking for. Go ahead by yourself. I'm going to have to disappear from now on. But please bring a message to the Ch'ens: say Hai-k'o thanks them. At these words he vanished from sight.

Recovering from her bewilderment, Li-yü approached the shop. An aged gentleman sitting by the side of the wine oven bore a resemblance to Ch'i; she had a feeling that he was Ch'i's father. Li-yü thus sang her *Chaste*

Evergreen song. The man threw her a coin. She repeated it, and he threw her another.

"Your son Ch'en Ch'i," she said, starting to weep, "while he was in the west of Kwangtung, contracted a debt that he didn't repay. I've come all this way to call him to account. How are a couple of coins going to pay for all that's due me?"

Taken aback, the old man asked her the details, and she promptly explained everything.

"Ch'i is my son all right," he said. "But I can't just take your word for it. Right now he's at the autumn examinations in Nanking, but he should be back here soon. This can be checked out with him in person easily enough, and then we'll know for sure."

Hearing this, Li-yü knelt to greet him in the proper manner of a daughter-in-law. He sent her to a convent to be cared for, and had maids assigned to her service. But they all spat and went away. Fortunately, an elderly nun sympathized with her and greatly relieved her misery and suffering.

It was more than a month before Ch'i returned. When his father confronted him with the matter, he was shocked out of his wits.

"We are certainly under an obligation," his father said. "And since we can afford to keep her here for the rest of her life, that's what we're going to do. Even though you won't be sharing a bed with her like husband and wife, we owe it to her."

Thanking his father, Ch'i scurried off to look in on Li-yü.

"I didn't come all the way here in the hope of leading a normal married life with you." Li-yü clutched his clothes and wept. "All I expect is to be buried in your family cemetery!" Sobbing, Ch'i tried to comfort her.

"How did you manage to travel here all by yourself?" he asked.

She began telling him about the old man with the yellowish complexion—how he looked, and everything they did. Ch'i was startled.

"Why, that's uncle! But wouldn't that mean he's an earthbound spirit?"

Ch'i brought Li-yü home. He cleared out enough space amid the vats in the wine cellar so she could stay there. All the domestic staff, however, kept a safe distance; not one of them dared get anywhere near except for a young maid by the name of Kan-chiao. She alone provided toilet care and other services for Li-yü. As for meals and medicines, they were all served by Ch'i himself. After a while he even packed his bedding to sleep by her side, making Kan-chiao do the same. Neither of them as a consequence contracted the disease.

Presently the results of the examinations were announced: Ch'i won top honors in his district. Instantly he became the prime target for local matchmakers, whom he nevertheless adamantly refused one after the other. To his father's gentle persuasions, he replied, sobbing,

"I'm barely twenty-one, and the leper girl doesn't have long to live. Why don't we wait until she's taken away by her illness before I get married? That won't be too late at all, will it?" And, afraid that if he left home there would be no one to take care of Li-yü, Ch'i feigned sickness to avoid a more advanced examination. Li-yü, distressed, beat her head against the earthen wine vats.

"All because of me, he's delaying the continuation of the ancestral line. Besides, I'm a hindrance to his career. How am I to face, on my death, the ancestors in the other world? I might as well be dead!"

Again she beat her head against the vats. If it were not for Kan-chiao she would have been dead.

One day Ch'i went to visit a relative, had a few drinks there, and because of rain, decided to spend the night. Kan-chiao, on the other hand, was not feeling well, and stayed in bed in the house. Li-yü had nothing better to do than listen to the rain and snuff the candle, meanwhile tossing and scratching because of the itch.

Suddenly there came a crisp, swishing noise from up on the main beam. There, a monster of a black snake, thick as a child's arm and measuring about seven feet long, swept through the air. At first Li-yü was rather scared. But then, on second thought, she thought that if she could get herself eaten by the snake, it might just be better than killing herself. So she decided to let things take their own course.

With its body coiled around the beam, the snake dipped its head downward to lift the wooden cover of one of the vats. The cover fell as if forcibly dashed onto the floor. It started drawing wine from the vat, and feeding thus, before long became full. Then it tried to recoil upward, but by then its body was stiff as a dried-out creeper bough. In a matter of moments it fell into the vat, where it turned and wallowed and finally exhausted.

All of a sudden silence returned. Fetching a light, Li-yü struggled up to take a look. The snake was dead. It occurred to her that maybe the snake's venom was just as good as the most deadly of poisons. So, cupping her hands, she helped herself to the wine. By the time she had drunk more than a jugful, she began to feel awake and refreshed, her depression gone. The itching of her infected skin, however, took a sharp turn for the worse. But as she washed it with the wine, it subsided instantly.

The next day she again, without anybody knowing about it, drank and washed with the wine. Her illness all but disappeared: the skin that had been cracking dry before had now turned moistly lustrous as jade; the hair that had curled up hung down now as freely as clouds. Moreover, the peeling and blistering face and limbs had changed into the natural beauty of blossoms, of the moon, fine and tender now as newly sprouting bamboo shoots.

Kan-chiao, in elated amazement, reported to Ch'i. When asked how it had all happened, Li-yü told him about the wine with the dead snake in it. Ch'i took a close look at the reptile and saw that the black scales that covered its entire body took the pattern of calligraphy from an accomplished hand. On its head grew a single horn bearing a bright red color. So this was none other than Black Wind, the king of snakes in the local mountain district.

Ch'i dressed Li-yü in embroidered silks and lace clothing, adding flower-shaped hairpins, pearls, and jade, to present her to his father and the young female relatives of the house. Everyone was overwhelmed by her heavenly charm.

"When I was a child," Ch'i's father said, "I heard that the king of snakes has been around these mountains for just about a thousand years. There was once a foreign monk who needed only one or two pieces of its scales for a case of skin disease, but he never did get them. How could one know that Heaven on high had it especially reserved for me to cure my fine daughter-in-law?"

That same day presents and ritual paraphernalia were readied and preparations made for formal wedding ceremonies. The house was crowded by people in pearl-sequined shoes; there was feasting to the accompaniment of woodwind and drum music. People raced to the place from as far as a hundred *li* away just to look at Li-yü, and returned home feeling proud and honored.

Three years later she gave birth to a child and, being thankful of the good service Kan-chiao had given her, insisted on taking her on as Ch'i's concubine. He refused, but to no avail. In the spring of the same year, Ch'i took the court examinations and was named a fellow of the imperial academy. Subsequently, he was appointed a prefect to take charge of social welfare and relief efforts for the homeless, dispossessed, sick, and needy. It did not take him long to become as loved by the populace as if he were their own dear father. His promotion to governor-general of Kwangtung and Kwangsi soon followed. There he summoned Li-yü's father and asked for his daughter. In feigned sobs the father-in-law said,

"My daughter was fated to die young, and passed away a long time ago. You mean, sir, you intend to look for your wife of old times?"

Ch'i then demanded to be given Li-yü's remains so they could be sent home for burial. The old man was frightened, and offered one thousand *taels* in cash as a present on the occasion of Ch'i's father's birthday. Ch'i turned him down. Then he called upon Ssu-k'ung and inquired about the girl; the latter told him,

"Li-yü, while escaping in fright, fell to her death down a steep cliff." Ch'i scoffed,

"So they really think that I am so mean and small-minded!"

He promptly ordered the maids to present his wife. Li-yü appeared, properly dressed as a titled lady, wife of an official of the first rank, beaming and radiant. Her father was so startled that he almost fell to his knees. Only after he had taken a better look was he convinced that it was none other than his own daughter. With tears in her eyes, she asked after the good health of her parents. He could not believe what was happening, and felt so ashamed that he could have died.

Thereafter Li-yü visited with her parents frequently. She not only had medicine made from the poisoned wine, but also established a clinic for the lepers of the two provinces. Numerous lives were saved.

When Ch'i was in his forties, his father still enjoyed good health. Ch'i asked to be relieved of his official duties so that he might personally serve his father in his final years. On his return home he refurbished his uncle's grave. In the convent he installed a stone plaque in honor of his wife Lady Ch'iu, recording on it a summary of her life. To this day the medicinal wine from this mountain area is still keeping its fine reputation.

115.57 A Folktale {an unnamed Chinese male? (before 1895-)} Shantou, Guangdong Province, China (M?) 2

There was a fine large temple beside a much traveled road. The idol in this temple received numerous offerings, and had an abundance of food and clothing, with elegant equipage of every sort.

A hill rose behind the temple, and on the hilltop was a little shrine where dwelt the idols called the White Mandarin and his Wife. The goddess found much fault with her spouse because their shrine was neglected. She averred that their ill condition resulted from his stupidity, and she advised him to go to the prosperous god at the foot of the hill, and learn from him the art of becoming rich.

Impelled by his wife's discontent, the poor demon went down the hill to learn from his rich neighbor the secret

of success. The grand idol received him affably, and responded kindly to his inquiries, saying,

“I have a lasso which I throw over the heads of people, and draw tightly as they pass by. Their heads then ache, they try to remember where they were when their illness began, and they soon return here bringing offerings with which to propitiate me. Thereupon I release them from the lasso, and then they become well, and afterward bring more offerings, expressive of their gratitude to me for their recovery. Thus I become famous, and have the reputation of being powerful. Now, I will lend you my lasso, and you can so use it as to become as wealthy as I.”

The poor demon took the lasso with many expressions of gratitude, and returned to his abode. A lad, who was going out to gather edible snails, soon passed the shrine, and the demon lassoed him. His head thereupon began to ache so badly that he turned about and went homeward, and the demon followed him, holding on to the borrowed lasso, of which he dared not lose sight. The lad, having arrived at home, told his mother that his head ached too severely to permit his stooping down to gather snails, and she at once began to berate him for being a lazy, unprofitable child, pretending illness that he might avoid work. Growing angrier while she scolded, she took a stick to beat the boy and this so frightened the demon for the safety of his lasso that he caught it away and ran home with all speed.

As soon as the lasso was removed, the lad’s head ceased to ache, and no offerings were brought by either mother or son to the shrine of the White Mandarin.

The poor demon was fearful that some injury to the lasso would oblige him to make recompense for it to his powerful neighbor, so he took it to its owner, and told him of the ill success in its use. The great idol called him a dunce for lassoing such poor game as an empty-handed snail-gatherer, and told him to keep the lasso a while longer, and to try it upon some one who had an abundance of goods.

Soon after, the demon saw a man carrying a big load, and, thinking that he fulfilled the prescribed conditions, lassoed him in haste. He was a bucket-mender, carrying an immense bundle of hoops, and could not rightly be termed empty-handed. The man’s head began to ache, but, being poor, he felt that he could not stop work, and he went on to the next village, where he sat down to ply his trade. The demon drew his lasso tighter, and the man’s head ached harder, till he became angry, and seizing his hatchet he swung it around his head, exclaiming,

“Well, if my plaguey head is going to split, then I’ll split it myself.”

Alarmed for the safety of the lasso, the demon snatched it off and ran away. So the man got better and the shrine got no offering.

Then the demon went again to his friend, and was derided for having taken a poor laborer in his toils. He was told that he should snare a rich man, who would be able to nurse his ailment, and to make fine compensation for his cure. So the next time the demon threw the lasso he ensnared a handsomely dressed traveler, and followed him to his house, drawing the rope gradually tighter and increasing the resulting headache. If the rich man had consulted a soothsayer or a spirit-medium, as many persons do when ill, he would have been advised to bear propitiatory offerings to the god near whose shrine he was when the headache began.

But he did no such thing. He called a physician, who prescribed an infusion of old camphor-wood. The rich man said that new camphor-wood might easily be obtained, for there were plenty of chips at the idol-makers’; but old camphor-wood was difficult to get.

“Oh,” said one of the farm-hands, who stood near, “I know where you can get some that is very old. There is an ancient idol in the little shrine of the White Mandarin on the top of the hill behind the great temple. I will go and get the image to be chopped up and steeped for you.”

The poor demon, hearing all this, and knowing that the old wood referred to was his own body, loosened the lasso, and hurried home. The aching head then got better, and the old camphor-wood was not sought; but the poor demon returned the lasso to his neighbor, saying,

“Here is your lasso; you told me to snare a rich; man in it, and I did so; the result was that I came near being myself destroyed.”

115.59 A Folktale\fn{an unnamed Chinese male? (before 1895-)} Shantou, Guangdong Province, China (M?) -1

The young daughter of a woodsman found in a mountain glen an egg, which she held in her hand till it hatched, and a little serpent came out. She fed the snake and it became her fast friend and constant playmate. Knowing that it would be killed if seen by her parents, she never betrayed its existence, and always went alone to the grotto where it lived. While her mother was busy at the loom, and her father away in the forest, she and her little companion took their meals together, raced in the fields, climbed trees seeking fruit, and were as merry as the summer day was long.

But the girl was suddenly betrothed to a man in the distant city, and she knew she could neither carry the snake to her future home nor find a habitation for it there. She told the snake all her trouble, and the snake grew sad and moped, till she took leave of it to go to her husband's house on her bridal day, when it turned toward the mountains and sped out of sight.

Several years passed, and then the girl in her city home heard that an enormous python was ravaging the hamlets round. Animals and men came to their death in its coils, and its name was a terror throughout the countryside. So frequent and terrible were its visitations that the district magistrate offered a great reward to anyone who would destroy or drive it away.

The placard announcing the reward gave a minute description of the python, with all its spots and marks, and the young woman recognized it as her former comrade. She sent notice to the magistrate that she would alone undertake the expulsion of the python, and then she went to its lair in the glen where it was hatched. The python welcomed her, listened to her entreaties, evinced a desire that she might gain the promised reward, took affectionate leave of her, went away into the depths of the mountains, and was never heard of more.

115.59b A Folktale \fn{ by "a charming young woman" (before 1895-) } "a mountainous farming district," Guangdong Province, China (F) -1

A little girl, playing in the wood near her father's cottage, found a small gray egg, which she kept and cared for. After a while a lizard hatched out from it, and was reared by the child, who, fearing harm from others to her pet, kept it concealed among the rocks. It shared her food, and was her sole companion in her sports. It grew large, rugged, and ugly, while she grew tall, fair, and winsome; but the two were close friends, and understood all each other's modes of speech.

When the time came for the maiden to be wedded, her chief trouble was in planning for its secret conveyance to her future home. She knew that the loving, hideous creature, that she never dared introduce into her mother's house, could have no welcome among the strangers whom she must henceforth serve in the capacity of daughter-in-law, and that she might not be able to find healthful lodging for her pet near her new domicile. She explained to the lizard all the difficulties that she was powerless to avoid, told it her grief should she be separated from it, and asked it whether it would go with her to an untried life, in unknown surroundings.

Then the lizard, at her invitation, curled itself into a little basket, which she took with her in the sedan-chair that carried her to her husband's house, and there she deposited it in a drain that offered the only place of concealment near her abode. There she fed it daily from her own portion, and talked to it in moments of leisure.

But her mother-in-law finally saw that she furtively pocketed bits of food, watched to see what she did with them, and discovered her feeding the lizard in its refuge. No appeal would induce the mother-in-law to permit the reptile to be harbored about the house, and the poor girl was obliged to tell it that its life was in danger unless it fled.

The lizard appeared to understand, and as she bent down to stroke it, it shed a shining tear which became a pearl in her hand, and then it turned away toward the distant woods and disappeared. The pearl ever after shone with such brilliancy whenever she carried it in her hand, that she never needed any other lamp after dark.

269.97b Stop Footbinding! \fn{ by Lin Qinnan (before 1897-) } China (F) (MMMCCCXLVIII)

Woman with the small pair of feet—

To whose family do you belong?

The bow-shaped shoes beneath your dress are but three inches long.

Your body is so heavy a burden for your feet that you fear you may stumble in the wind.

And to move one step forward is as difficult as walking ten thousand *li*.

Leaning on the nanny's shoulder on your left and the maid's on your right,

A chance step on your foot will bring so much pain.

Why did you bind your feet like this?

When did she first have them bound?

When she was five or six years old, her mother ordered her to have her feet bound.

She screamed to heaven and earth, but her mother didn't hear.

Every night she cried in the middle of the night from the pain.

She cried to her mother from her bed.

When the daughter was sick, her mother felt so sorry,
And when the daughter had a headache, the mother was so frightened.

*

Now, the pain in the daughter's feet seems to go right to the marrow of her bones.

She's so pitiful, and her mother just doesn't care.
Instead, her mother laughs and consoles the little girl:
"When I was young, I was just like you.
I wanted you to walk in front of others with such small feet,
So I spent a lot of energy getting your feet bound."
But the feet are so small,
And her joints are uncomfortable,
And she's lost her appetite.
Many years she wept over fallen flowers.
The bow-shoe is just like a grave,
Listening to the singing of the morning birds.

*

The setting sun casts its light on the wretched hut
In which a woman as virtuous as Meng Guang dwelt.
She busied herself all day long gathering firewood and cooking,
With every step she sighs in distress,
Asking herself why her feet were so deformed.
She looks at her feet and tears pour down her face.
She regrets what she had done to them years before.
It was six or seven years since she lived by the side of the river.
The sound of a sudden flood roared like thunder.
Her husband still at the market and not yet home,
Her beloved son and daughter sound asleep.
Holding her son in her left hand and her daughter in her right:
"Where can we go, my children?
Your poor mother will stumble in the water,
And we shall be taken away by the current of the flood."
Nothing on earth is more miserable than bound feet.
Even now she trembles at the very thought of the incident.

*

She recently moved near the city.
The fire-bird screamed from the rooftop.
Her neighbors had a sudden fire and were terribly frightened.
She hastily threw her shoes away and walked along barefoot in the street.
Her toes broken and her heels cracked,
Her feet were covered with blood.
I exhorted people not to bind feet,
But the hearts of all the parents were like iron.
Now that they have heard her story of suffering,
They should change their hearts.

*

Here comes the cavalry on horseback,
Here they come,
Dust whirling in the wind as the bandits approach.
They go into each house, rob things, and kill people.
Most of the people run away.
The robust woman of the house to the east is barefooted,
Running with her son in her arms into the valley of South Mountain,
With a pan on her back and rice in her bag,
Disguised as a man, wrapping her head with a piece of blue cloth,

Hiding herself when the bandits arrive.

*

The woman in the house to the west is as beautiful as jade.
Not being able to run with her small feet, she weeps in panic.
Before her tears are dry the bandits appear,
Assaulting her in every horrible way.
She would have died anyway, despite such insults,
For the humiliations alone would have spelled her doom.
With her small feet she could hardly move.
Sometimes she even delayed her husband and son.
What we have just observed is truly pathetic,
Yet some people still say: “A lotus comes out of her every step.
Her shoe is as beautiful as a mandarin duck,
And the fibers of the shoe are as beautiful as a rose of Sharon.”
This beauty, just like a goddess, has suffered so.
Can we ever make people understand even this little truth?
They all want small feet for their daughters.
Just wait for the robbers, and that will be the end of everything.

181.43 A Letter From The Mother Of One Otherwise Unknown Chin-hsin To Her Son \fn{by his otherwise unknown mother (before 1898, the date of the letter -)} China (F) –1

We are all very well at home, so don't worry about us.

But your mother worries about you all the time. I cannot sleep and eat well because I am always thinking of you. You have been away from home for years.

During that time, your second elder brother died, then your father died, and then your eldest brother died, too. Although I know that fate was the cause of their death, I still cannot but grieve deeply. I am old and weak now and I may die at any moment.

I hope you will be home and get married while I am alive, so that I might die with my eyes closed without grievance. I also hope that you will take care of Ah Fung, your nephew. Help him get a wife and establish their home, so that both your father and eldest brother might feel relieved under the ground.

You should save some money and should come back at least next year. I know my days are numbered. You won't see me any more; I may already be gone by the time you come back. Would you feel sorry then?

The twenty dollars which you sent me last June was received. So I guess you are all right and that relieves me a little. However, so long as you are not home, I am in suspense. Come back, don't forget your mother, please.

181.61 A Letter From Chu-chia On to Lung On, His Son \fn{by Chu-chia On (before 1899, the date of the letter-)} Xinhui District, Guangdong Province, China (M) –1

Your business has proved profitless for a long time now. You should get rid of it or sell to some one else.

Come home as soon as you can. Don't say “no” to me any more. There are too many gossips in our village; that makes me uneasy.

You are my only son. You have no brothers, and your age is near forty but still without a male offspring. You should think carefully. If you neither make a fortune abroad nor have a son at home, your loss is double.

So why not come home before it is too late? Uncle Shang-sui owns many businesses in Canton, you can choose a suitable position for yourself. Under his wing you can settle down and start your own business. A man who does not have any long-range plans should have an immediate goal.

Since you cannot make money in one place you should try somewhere else. Be flexible in accordance with circumstances. You have been away from home for seventeen years, you know nothing about our domestic situation.

Anyway you should return even [if] only for a visit. Sell the business to someone else, this is the wisest. We need you, and you must come back. I cannot tell you all that I have in my mind in this short letter. Come back, let our family get united and enjoy the rest of our lives.

181.77 An Autobiographical Statement^{\fn{by Suey Hin (before 1899, the date of the article in which her statement appears-)}} Shandong Province, China (F) 1

I am old, very old, too old to be an American. I like americans, and if I were younger I would be one. Long, long ago I was born in Shantung, where the flowers are more beautiful and the birds sing more sweetly than in any other place. But my people were poor. There was not enough for all our stomachs. Two baby girls had been left exposed—that is, to die, you know. They were born after me and my father said often,

“She is too many.”

Once there was an old woman came to our house and she looked at me. I was five that year, six the next. When she looked at me I was afraid and I hid myself behind my mother. My father told the old woman to go away.

But that night she came back again and talked to my father and mother. She put a piece of gold money in my hand and told me to give it to my father. I did, for I wanted nothing to do with her. I had enough; yes, I had plenty to eat!

But that night the old woman carried me away, and I kicked and screamed and said I would not go.

I do not remember much more about the beginning. I remember the ship, and I remembered playing with other little girls. We were brought to San Francisco, and there were five or ten of us and we all lived with a woman on Ross Alley. Every little while someone would come and see us, and as we grew older the girls were sold.

One day it was my turn. They said I was 14 years old, but I was really 12. I don't know how much I cost, but I know both my hands were filled three times with all the gold they would hold. The money, you know, is always put in a girl's hand when she is sold.

Well, then I was a slave for ten years. There was a man who loved me, but he was a poor washman, and he worked eight years and saved all, all the time. I saved all I could get, too, but it took eight years before we had saved \$3000. Then we bought me from my owner and we were married.

Then, ah, it's all of my life I like to think about. It wasn't but two next years, three years. My husband got sick and didn't get any better, and then he died. I didn't have anything but just myself, and I had to live, and I could not live on nothing. No, I had to have things, so I got a little house; you know, one with a little window over the door.^{\fn{A reference to where, by legal statute enacted in San Francisco in 1878, the only place where acts of prostitution could be solicited: by speaking through a wicker-covered opening in the door of the house of ill-repute: this, in an effort to conceal prostitution from public view }}

Then pretty soon I went back to China, but I did not go to my own village. No, my parents would not want to see me. I went to Hong Kong and I bought three girls. Two of them are dead, but Ah Moy, that's Ah Moy, she was a baby, and I paid her father fifty cents for her.

After I had returned here a few months I went back to China again. I wanted to see my village, always I wanted to go back to my home. So I went, but I didn't let anybody know I was there. I went to the place where they put the babies to die.

There was a baby there. A little bit of a brown baby, and she didn't look much good anyway. But I wanted someone from my own village, and so I took the baby, and she is Ah Lung. Don't you think she is a pretty girl now? She's not a slave you know. She's a good girl, just the same as white girls. She comes from Shantung, so I say she shall never be like the others.

Slave girls most all die soon. It's bad, yes, and only the girls who want to be good and the dear Jesus knows about that. You see she is a girl and her people sold her, so what can she do?

That trip I brought home four girls besides Ah Lung. You see it was not hard to smuggle the girls into this country then. You can't do it so easy now. Sometimes they come, only sometimes now. You see the Hop Sing tong fix it with the Custom House. They swore to the officers that the children were born here and went to China to visit. Some witnesses come and they say they knew the girl who wants to land was born here, and they tell all about it. Then they say they know she is the same because they saw her when they went back to China. It was not hard to swear them into this country.^{\fn{One way around the Chinese Exclusion Act was for a new immigrant to claim U. S. birthright and get a Chinese witness to verify that in Federal court }}

Then I went back once more. That was only a year ago and I brought back six girls. They did not seem to be with me when we got to the landing, but I watched them. I made the girls learn the answers to the questions the highbinders said would be asked by the Custom House. I told the girls if they made any mistakes the white devils would get them. I said white men liked to eat China girls, they like to boil them and then hang them up to dry and then eat them.

Oh, the girls didn't make any mistakes when the inspector asked them questions and when they were landed

they didn't want to run away. I told them that the girls only stayed at the missions till they got very fat and then Miss Cameron and Miss Lake sold them.\fn{Both Donaldina Cameron of the Presbyterian Mission House and Margarette Lake of the Methodist Episcopal Home Mission Society were known for rescuing Chinese prostitutes }

Oh, I was bad—wasn't I bad? But I love Jesus now.

One girl I sold to Loo Wing. All the other girls are here now. I will not make them bad any more. They are all free—they may go or they may stay, but I watch where they go. ...

204.16 A Biography Of T'an Ssu-t'ung\fn{by Liang Ch'i-ch'ao (before 1899-)} China (M) 5

T'an Ssu-T'ung, styled Fu-sheng and also called Chuang-fei, was a native of Liuyang County in Hunan. In his youth, he was unconfined in spirit and set his mind on great things. He was well versed in all branches of learning, an able essay writer, given to acts of chivalry, and skilled in swordsmanship. His father, T'an Chi-hsun, was the Governor of Hupei.

T'an lost his mother when he was young and was maltreated by his father's concubine. Having undergone every kind of hardship that a motherless child is likely to suffer, he conducted himself with the greatest of caution and was constantly on guard against all possible hazards. As a result, he developed rapidly in character and intelligence with the passage of time.

When he came of age, he joined the army in Sinkiang, serving as an officer under Governor Liu Chin-t'ang. Liu was so impressed with his talents that he decided to recommend him to the court. Filial obligations, however, soon forced Liu to resign his governorship, and he did not get to carry out this intention.

For the next ten years, T'an travelled in the provinces of Chihli, Sinkiang, Kansu, Shensi, Honan, Hunan, Hupei, Kiangsu, Anhwei, Chekiang and Taiwan, visiting sights, studying local customs and mores, and scouting about for talents. But in the end, due to the cautious nature of his father, he was not allowed to travel too far afield and was unable to realize fully his ambition to explore the length and breadth of the country.

After the Sino-Japanese War of the year Chia-wu,\fn{1894} he became more and more determined to promote new learning. As a start, he established a study society at Liuyang, gathering friends with kindred interest to promote the endeavour. This was in fact the inception of new learning in the entire Hunan province. At that time, K'ang Yu-wei (1858-1927) had just established the Society for the Study of National Strengthening in Peking and Shanghai. Patriotic men from all over the country came together to pledge their support.

T'an then went down the Yangtze River from Hunan to Shanghai, visited the capital in Peking and was about to go to see K'ang, who, however, had just left for Kwangtung. T'an therefore did not succeed in meeting him. As I was at that time in the capital serving as a secretary for the society, I met T'an for the first time. When I told him of the basic tenets of K'ang's teaching and the latter's systematic ideas about statecraft, he was moved to great joy and proclaimed himself K'ang's disciple.

From then on, his knowledge advanced by leaps and bounds. At that time, the Treaty\fn{Of Shimonoseki} had just been agreed upon between China and Japan. The nation smarted under its ignominious defeat, and public morale was beginning to be aroused. Tan, for his part, was highly indignant over the agreement, and raised a loud outcry against it. Patriots everywhere, upon seeing his impressive mien and hearing his opinions, realized that he was a man quite out of the ordinary.

In deference to his father's wishes, he entered officialdom as a Prefect Candidate, and waited a year in Nanking for posting. During this time, he immured himself in study and self-cultivation, delving into the profundities of the teachings of Confucius and the Buddha, and ranging wide over the thinking of the philosophers. He wrote a book entitled *Jen-hsueh* (An Exposition of Benevolence) in which he elaborated on the principles propounded by K'ang Yu-wei. He often went to Shanghai to discuss scholarly matters and current affairs with friends who shared his interests, but never consorted with the common run of government functionaries. He often said,

“My year of official life was no different from a year spent as a recluse in a mountain.”

*

At this time, Ch'en Pao-chen (1813-1900) was the Governor of Hunan, and, with the assistance of his son, San-li, he took as his own mission the opening up of Hunan to new ideas. In August 1897, Huang Tsun-hsien (1849-1905) was appointed Acting Judicial Commissioner for Hunan. In October Hsu Jen-chu (1863-1900) came and took up the post of the Commissioner of Education.

Certain members of the Hunanese gentry were aroused and determined to work for the advancement of their native place. Patriots gradually assembled in Hunan. Ch'en Pao-chen and his son, and the former Commissioner

of Education Chiang Piao (1860-1899) therefore planned to assemble many outstanding men in Hunan and work towards making it the leading reform force among the provinces of China. A number of people, including myself, were invited to teach in the Academy of Current Affairs, while others were asked to come back and train troops.

Urged by Ch'en Pao-chen, T'an immediately resigned his position as a Prefect Candidate and returned to Hunan. After settling his family in his native village in Liuyang, he stayed behind in Ch'angsha to devote himself, with other patriots, to the work of reform. Things introduced in Hunan—such as inland river steamers, private mining enterprise, the Hunan-Kwangtung Railway, the Academy of Current Affairs, the Military School, the Defence Bureau, and the Reform Society of South China—were all proposed by him.

The most successful among them was the Reform Society of South China. The Society was founded with the purpose of uniting like-minded people of the southern provinces, providing a forum for the discussion of patriotism, and finding out ways to save the country. We undertook to launch all these programs in Hunan province because here we already had the makings of both a study society and a provincial assembly. Toward the goal of an assembly, all provincial matters were first publicly resolved and then carried out; while the idea of a study society was embodied in weekly lectures before a large audience on international relations and political theories.

At this time, T'an was in fact the head of studies and was responsible for the lectures. Those who came to the meetings to hear him numbered a thousand or more. None of them failed to be moved by his passionate analysis of world affairs. That the conservative atmosphere of the entire Hunan province was swept aside was due in no small measure to T'an's efforts.

*

In the fourth month of this year, \fn{June, 1898} with the promulgation of the Reform Decree, T'an was summoned for an audience with the Emperor \fn{Kuang-hsi} upon the recommendation of Hsu Chih-ching, a fellow of the Han-lin Academy. \fn{The group responsible for drafting Imperial Decrees:H} At that time, however, he was seriously ill and was unable to make the journey. It was not until the Seventh Month that T'an, still not fully recovered, went to have an audience during which his views were found to be congenial with those of the Emperor. He was appointed a fourth-rank secretary in the Grand Council, and joined Yang Jui, Lin Hsu and Liu Kuang-ti as "Participants in the Reform". At that time, they were known as the "Four Secretaries of the Grand Council". "Participants in the Reform", like "Participants in State Affairs" in the T'ang and Sung dynasties, actually had the power of a prime minister.

Intimidated by the Empress Dowager, the Emperor did not dare to place great responsibilities on Mr. K'ang as he had originally intended. For the past several months, when there was any need for consultation, the Emperor would make it known through the Tsungli Yamen; and when Mr. K'ang had recommendations, he could only write them down on the memorials presented to the Emperor. Only after the "Four Secretaries" joined the Grand Council was the exchange of ideas between the Emperor and Mr. K'ang facilitated. As a result, the Emperor became very determined to carry out far-reaching reforms.

But this incurred even greater enmity from the Empress Dowager and her evil ministers, which led to a *coup d'état* in less than ten days' time.

When T'an first arrived at the capital, he dismissed it as incredible when told about the Emperor's lack of power in the face of obstructions from the Empress Dowager. On the 27th of the Seventh Month, \fn{September 13} the Emperor intended to reopen the Mou-ch'in Hall and appoint official advisors, and he asked T'an to prepare a draft decree. Prior to that, the Emperor commanded eunuchs to deliver to T'an the imperial instructions of the previous Ch'ing emperors, together with his message to the effect that precedents in the reigns of K'ang-hsi, Ch'ien-lung, and Hsien-feng for opening the Mou-ch'in Hall were to be found and cited in the draft. This would then be personally presented by the Emperor to the Empress Dowager at the Summer Palace the following day for her approval.

When T'an retired from court, he told his friends that he now knew that the Emperor was truly powerless. On the 29th \fn{September 15} the Emperor summoned Yang Jui and gave him a secret edict in which it was said,

"My position is insecure, ask K'ang Yu-wei, the "Four Secretaries" and other patriots to find quickly some means to save the situation."

T'an and Mr. K'ang held the edict in their hands and wept bitter tears. But the Emperor had not a scrap of power, and there was nothing on which to base any plans.

*

Among all the generals at that time, Yuan shih-k'ai was the one who had served in Korea for a long time, who knew about China and foreign relations and who was also a champion of reform. T'an secretly sent a memorial to

the Emperor, urging in emotional and pressing terms the winning of Yuan's support by granting him special favours, hoping that by so doing Yuan might render help in case of emergency. On the First of the Eighth Month the Emperor summoned Yuan for an audience and specially granted him the position of a vice-minister. The next day, Yuan was again summoned. On the evening of the Third, T'an went straight to the Fa-hua Temple, where Yuan lodged, and asked him bluntly,

"What is your opinion of the Emperor?" Yuan replied,

"He is, in my opinion, an unequalled sage-ruler." T'an then asked him,

"Have you learnt anything about the plot in connection with Tientsin military review?" Yuan answered,

"Yes, I have heard something about it." T'an then showed him the secret edict straightway and said,

"Now you are the only person who can save our sage-ruler. If you intend to do so, go ahead." T'an then stroked his own neck and said,

"If you don't, please go to the Summer Palace and inform on me and have me killed. By doing this, you will gain wealth and honour." Yuan, with an upright expression and raising his voice, said,

"What kind of a person do you take me to be? The sage-ruler is the lord we all serve, and both you and I have received his special recognition. The task of saving him is not yours alone. If you have any suggestions, I would like to hear it." T'an then said,

"Jung Lu's plot rests entirely on the military review in Tientsin. Your troops and those of Tung Fu-hsiang and Nieh Shih-ching are all controlled by Jung who intends to use this force to execute his plot. Tung and Nieh are negligible, you are the only strong man in the Empire today. If the rebellion is to take place, your one army can defeat the other two, and you will be able to protect the sage-ruler, restore his authority, purge the court of evil men and put the palace in order. It is within your power to bring all this about and accomplish a great deed for posterity." Yuan then said,

"If the Emperor will hasten into my camp during the review and give the order to kill the cunning rebel Jung Lu, I will certainly follow you gentlemen and do my utmost to help." T'an then asked him,

"Jung Lu has always treated you well. How are you going to deal with him?" Yuan smiled and did not say anything. A certain secretary in Yuan's entourage said,

"The villain Jung Lu does not treat our commander with all sincerity. Once someone suggested an expansion of our commander's forces, Jung Lu was heard to have said that the Chinese should not be given too much military power. What he has been doing all along is just playing tricks to appease the Chinese. The year before last, for instance, there was the matter of the impeachment of our commander by Hu Ching-kuei. Hu was Jung Lu's man. Jung made use of the chance to bestow a favour upon our commander by personally taking on the investigation of the case and acquitting him of all charges. Shortly afterwards, Hu was appointed to the post of the magistrate of the Ninghsia Prefecture in Kansu, and was soon promoted to the position of *tao-t'ai*. This shows how treacherous and clever Jung Lu is in his machinations. How can our commander be unaware of it?" After hearing this, T'an asked Yuan,

"Jung Lu, with the talents of Ts'ao Ts'ao and Wang Mang, is a genius in his own right. I am afraid he will not be easy to deal with." Yuan eyed T'an indignantly and said,

"If the Emperor will come to my camp and give the order, I shall kill Jung Lu like a dog."

They then discussed in detail ways and means of saving the Emperor. In the end, Yuan said,

"All munitions at camp are now in the hands of the rebel Jung Lu, while the patrol officers are mostly his former subordinates. There is no time to lose in this matter! As our plans have been settled, I have to go back immediately to my headquarters, select replacements and try to store up the necessary munitions."

After repeated exhortations, T'an left at the third night-watch of the same day.

*

On the Fifth, (September 20) Yuan was again summoned to audience with the Emperor, and it is believed that he, too, was given a secret edict. The next day, the *coup d'état* took place. At that time I was just paying a visit to T'an at his house, we sat opposite to each other on a couch and were about to draw up our plans to save the Emperor. In the midst of this, reports of the seizure of K'ang Yu-wei's residence reached us out of the blue, and shortly after we learned of the edict declaring Empress Dowager's resumption of reign. T'an calmly said to me,

"I wished to save the Emperor and had no way of doing so; now I wish to save K'ang Yu-wei and again have no way of doing so. There is nothing for me to do except to await death. Nevertheless, in this world there are things we have to attempt even though we know there is no hope of success. You try to go to see Mr. Ito Hirohumi at the Japanese Embassy."

T'an stayed in for the whole day waiting to be arrested, but no one came. The next day he came to the Japanese Embassy to see me, urging me to take refuge in Japan and entrusting me with some of his written works, which included several manuscript volumes of poems and essays, and a trunkful of family letters. He said,

“Unless there are some who will flee, there will be no one to work for the future; unless there are some who will stay to die, there is no way to repay the sage-ruler. Now, as K'ang's life is hung in the balance, you and I therefore will have to share the tasks as did Ch'eng Ying and Kung-sun, Ch'u-chiu, Gesso Tsukiteru and Saigo Takamori.”

We then gave each other a hug and parted. For the next three days, T'an again planned with patriotic swordsmen to rescue the Emperor, but in vain. And on the Tenth, he was arrested.

The day before his arrest several Japanese friends urged him to take refuge in Japan, but he would not consent to it. When they repeatedly urged him, T'an said,

“In all nations, no reform has ever been achieved without bloodshed. Today in China no one is yet known to have shed blood for the cause of reform and that is why this nation does not prosper. Let it begin with me!”

He did not leave, and then disaster struck. When T'an was in jail, he wrote a poem on the wall of the cell which runs:

Seeking a night's lodging from door to door reminds me of Chang Chien;
Comparing myself to Tu Ken, I bear the pain of impending death for yet a while.
With the sword across my throat, I look up to heaven and laugh;
Going or staying, courageous both the K'un-lun friends.

This poem expressed his regard for K'ang Yu-wei. T'an was beheaded at the Ts'ai-shih-k'ou on the Thirteenth of the Eighth Month, \fn{September 28, 1898} aged thirty-three. On the day of his martyrdom, spectators amounted to ten thousand.

T'an was dauntless, and there was not the least change in his demeanour. The Grand Councillor Kang was supervisor of the execution. T'an shouted to him to come near, saying:

“I would like to have a word with you!” Kang turned away and would not listen.

Thereupon, T'an met his death with serene composure. Alas, how heroic!

*

T'an was gifted far above the average. He delved into every aspect of learning and took daily renewal as his guiding principle; he was therefore unconfined and was always prepared to give up his own views in favour of those of others.

As a result, he was constantly making progress in his knowledge. Whenever we would meet after a lapse of ten days, his ideas and scholarship would have advanced. In his youth, he did work in textual research and commentaries of the classics, bronze and stone tablet inscriptions, poetry, and ancient linguistics, and was also interested in the military strategies of ancient China.

After the age of thirty, he relinquished all these and concentrated on the study of Western astronomy, mathematics, science, politics, and history, attaining insight into each of the subjects. He also made searching studies in religion; when we first met, he was a great admirer of the teaching of universal love by Jesus Christ, and displayed no knowledge of the teachings of the Buddha and Confucius. But he was immediately won over upon hearing Mr. K'ang's new interpretations of the *Book of Changes* and the *Spring and Autumn Annals*, his thorough mastery of the principles of the Great Unity and the Great Peace, and of the subtleties in the ruling of Heaven by the Ultimate Source of the first hexagram *ch'ien*. And when he learned of the ubiquity of thusness from the *Garland Sutra*, it began to dawn on him that the worlds are infinite, and the Buddha's manifestations are infinite, that there are neither others nor the self, neither going nor staying, neither defilement nor nondefilement, and that apart from saving others, nothing else makes sense.

He was even more captivated when he learned of the doctrine of the waves of consciousness of the Wei-shih School, which made him realize that as the natural capacities of the sentient beings are widely different, the methods of preaching Buddhism should also vary accordingly; that there are all sorts of distinctions; and that thusness is unobstructive.

As a result, he was thoroughly enlightened and was able to unite All into One and derive One from All. Free from any shackles and hindrances, he became more and more courageous in assuming responsibility for action. During the year he served as a Prefect Candidate in Nanking, he devoted all his time to the study of the writings of Confucius and the Buddha. There was a Buddhist layman in Nanking by the name of Yang Wen-hui who was

widely versed in Buddhist texts and history. He regarded popularizing Buddhist literature as his task. T'an spent much time with him and was thus able to delve into all Buddhist books, acquiring a better understanding with the passage of time.

The gist of his thinking is revealed in his book *An Exposition of Benevolence*, and expounded here and there in the letters he wrote to friends in which scholarly matters are discussed. Besides *An Exposition of Benevolence*, his other works include two volumes of *Essays from the Liao-tien-i-ko Studio*, two volumes of *Poems from the Mang-ts'ang-ts'ang Studio*, one volume of *A Supplement to {My Elder Brother's} Collected Works of the Yuan-i Studio*, one volume of *Reading Notes*, one volume of *A Proposal to Promote the Study of Mathematics*, one volume of the already published *A Letter from the Sze-wei-i-yun Studio*, ten chapters of *On the Administration of Affairs from the Chuang-fei Chamber*, four volumes of *Essays from the Ch'iu-yu nien-hua Studio*, an essay on "Redundancies in the *Book of Swordplay*," and one volume of *A Collection of Seal Imprints*.

All these and a copy of *An Exposition of Benevolence* were entrusted in my care. There were also dozens of political essays which appeared in the *Hunan Daily* and other dozens of letters discussing scholarly matters and world affairs with his teachers and friends. I worked with T'an's close friend X X X and others in the compilation of the *Posthumous Works Of T'an Ssu-t'ung* in several volumes. As for *An Exposition of Benevolence*, I chose its more comprehensible parts for publication in the journal *Ch'ing-i pao* (China Discussion) so as to make it known to the world.

T'an did not take to any particular vices in his life. He held himself with dignity and always wore an air of austerity. He left no children and his wife Li Jun (daughter of Li Shou-jung of Ch'angsha) was one of the founding directors of the Chinese Women Study Society.

*

To conclude, we can say that T'an's life and deeds were so open and so illustriously heroic that they are universally known and need no comment. I shall, therefore, confine my discussion to his scholarship.

Ever since the T'ang and Sung dynasties, those petty rote-learning scholars, following a narrowly restrictive point of view, have been slandering the Buddha and his teachings. They are certainly not worth mentioning. On the other hand, Buddhism in China is in its period of decline, and for several hundred years, Buddhists indulge in Hinayana teachings and believe in erroneous notions. The wisdom of great *bodhisattvas* is rarely heard of. They believe that Buddhism is concerned only with freedom from defilement and with inactivity.

Little do they realize that, on the contrary, the Mahayana Buddhism demands the cultivation of both compassion and wisdom, and this fits in perfectly with Confucius' teaching which combines benevolence with wisdom. Only with wisdom can one realize that this world is simply the same as the other world: apart from this, there is no pureland. Also, others and the self are the same and there is no such thing as the sentient beings. Since there is no pureland lying beyond this world, and no self other than sentient beings, therefore the only path to follow is to sacrifice ourselves for the salvation of the sentient beings. The Buddha said,

"If I do not enter Hell, who will?" Confucius said,

"If I am not one of these people, who am I? In a world where order prevails, I will not change places with them."

Thus to be wise is to be benevolent. If there is a will to save the sentient beings, then there is surely a way to do so. That is why Confucius worked on the *Spring and Autumn Annals* to formulate his system of Great Unity and Small Peace, and all his efforts were for the sake of the world and the sentient beings.

Apart from this great undertaking there is nothing else worth doing.

This indeed is the way of the *bodhisattva* as described in the *Garland Sutra*, namely, the vow not to attain Buddhahood until everyone has attained it. In the context of the Three Ages as expounded in the *Spring and Autumn Annals*, whether it is to save the sentient beings of the past, or of the present, or of the future, the methods seem different but are in fact the same. Similarly, whether it is to save the sentient beings of this land, or of the other land, the methods seem different but are in fact the same. And whether it is to save the sentient beings of the entire world, or of one country, or of one single person, the methods seem different but are in fact the same.

This is the mere-consciousness doctrine as taught in the Wei-shih School. Since the natural capacities of individual beings are not the same, the methods of teaching them would have to be different; nevertheless, what is taught remains the same. Since there is no pureland and no self, there would not be any clinging, any hindrance, or any fear. For once the pureland and the self are no longer coveted, what gains and losses, praise and blame, admiration and derision, joy and sorrow are there that can affect the mind?

Thus Confucius spoke of the absence of anxiety, perplexity and fear, and the Buddha talked of great fearlessness, because benevolence, wisdom and courage are all the same. Thoroughly grasping this principle, one

can feel completely free and at ease wherever one is: one can go beyond the realm of life and death, one is capable of benevolence and of saving all sentient beings.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE 19TH CENTURY

195.78 The Imperial Edict on The Treatment of Prisoners Taken in Rebellion \fn{by an unknown, but probably male document draftee (19th century)} China. (M) 1

While, on the one hand, ever since the war in the provinces began, orders have been issued to the military to go forth and extinguish utterly the cause of that terrible disorder, the venomous influence of which was inflicting cruel suffering upon the people; upon the other, with equal frequency have Decrees from the Throne enjoined upon the Generals conducting the different campaigns the duty of greatly compassionating those who, constrained by the rebels to join them against the Government, had been thrust upon the spears of the army in the capacity forced upon them of counterfeit \fn{Rebel is meant} officials; and they, the Generals, have been instructed that if any would bring over a number of their fellows to their allegiance, they should be allowed to reform themselves unharmed. \fn{The heading of this Decree—of which this purports to be a translation of the exact text—is my own invention to cover the subject matter; I have no idea of the original title, or even if there was one, as the note containing it simply announces it as “an edict of TC1/12/1 (19 January 1863)” and refers me to the note’s source. Further: the word “unharmed” at the end of this paragraph appears in the original thus: (unharmed) : which I believe indicates that the Chinese for “unharmed” does not appear in the text of the Decree itself, but that its application is to be so understood by the phrase “they should be allowed to reform themselves.” :H}

And accordingly, whenever a report has been forwarded from any of the armies in the field that certain from among the rebels have rescued themselves and have returned to their allegiance, we have in all instances forgiven them the past, and have considered how best to place them in comfort; \fn{Or, security} nor has anyone who, when our forces appeared before it, surrendered a city, or who, after returning to his allegiance has done us service by destroying the enemy, been left without a liberal reward immediately bestowed.

So it was with Hung Sung-hai \fn{T'ung Jung-hai} and those who with him brought over, at a moment's notice, a large number of followers, and surrendered a city. Their past offence was forgiven them, their merit was recorded, they were liberally recompensed. Thus was our graciousness made manifest; nor can there be any of our people, even of those who are still in the hands of the rebels, who have not seen this and heard it.

It is but too possible at the same time that our officers and troops do not second as they should the goodly purpose of the Emperor, whose desire it is that man should live, and that when those who are in extremity would present themselves to tender their submission, they in some cases notwithstanding meet with a violent death.

Tseng Kwo-fan, Li Hung-chang, and Tso Tsung-tang, are at the head of large forces to destroy the rebels in the Kiang Provinces and Cheh-kiang; the terror of their arms fills the rebels with consternation. Those in Nanking are in extreme difficulty, and very shortly when the troops shall have invested the city on all sides, it will fall without further trouble.

Now, inasmuch as there are in that city, fallen as it were between fire and water, a number (it is to be feared no few) of our subjects, who though serving the rebels with no good will, but forced by them to act, may yet be unable to rescue themselves from them, let Tseng Kwo-fan and his colleagues declare by proclamation that if anyone now constrained to grow his hair and take part in repelling the force engaged in the siege of Nanking shall faithfully return before the city fall, to his allegiance, his submission shall be accepted, whether he have been a long time or only recently on the side of the rebels, and when he shall have given up his arms and horse, these high officers shall consider whether he is to remain and serve under them against the rebels, following in every respect the precedent of Hung Tsung-hai; \fn{T'ung Jung-hai} or if he prefer not to serve with the army, the local authorities shall be desired to send him to his own district, or otherwise to provide for him so that he shall not be without a home. Nor are the troops to be allowed to despoil him of any property he may bring with him. If they plunder him, or murder him, they shall be dealt with at once as the military code requires; and if their misdeeds be not noticed and punished by those commanding them, the moment their remissness is discovered we will command the Generals their superiors to denounce them, and punish them with all possible severity.

And if any other quarter in Kiang-su or Cheh-kiang, at Soo-chow or Hang-chow, whether in town or country, there be any who shall kill a rebel and return to his allegiance, or who shall submit himself with his head duly shaven; we command that the same course be followed in his case, that his past be not inquired into, that he be not

wantonly put to death, lest the earnest desire to return within the pale of civilization be\fn{The text has: by} thereby let and hindered.

When this proclamation, which once more affectionately appeals to the people, shall have appeared, it will behove all those now constrained to adhere to the rebels to see their error, and themselves to find out a means by which their lives may be preserved. Let them not tarry till the city is stormed, when the gem and the pebble will be burned in the same conflagration: repentance will be too late.

Let Tseng Kwo-fan, Li Hung-chang and Tso Tsung-tang print this Decree upon yellow paper, and post in every direction, that men may know how great is our desire that the living may be overshadowed as with a canopy\fn{I.e., by our goodness} and that all may be allowed to live a new life. Respect this!

150.345 The Conversion\fn{by Hsiao Chen (19th century)} China (M) 6

“These two unseeing holes I have for eyes! H’m. I used to embroider the Playful Dragon with them, and now they can’t even recognize the eye of a needle. I am a witless old one indeed!”

She sits on the edge of the brick bed with a long brown gown in her hands, head leaning toward the dim light that filters through a window thickly pasted with Korean paper. She tries patiently to thrust a weak thread’s end into a bit of stubborn steel. No matter how she encourages it, with wetting and twisting into a brave point, the thread end is helpless. The needle resists. Several times it seems to penetrate, but when she drops the trembling hand that holds the needle, the thread hangs out alone like a withered bough in winter.

“Ah, you sly devil-pin! You try to fool this bitter-fated woman.” Then she triumphantly raises her voice. “Let’s put one deceiver against another.”

She calls loudly, “Niu-niu, Niu-niu! Come help Ma-ma teach this silly thread.”

But the reply is only the heavy ticking of that horse-hoof clock on the little eight-fairies table which her son had bought from the second-hand stall at the Heavenly Bridge.

“Niu-niu, deaf girl, who don’t you answer?”

A moment ago, they were sitting face to face, with their sewing. The old woman rises to find her daughter. On the table in the next room she sees their supper unprepared: a slice of bacon, a little cabbage, a piece of salty turnip, a sliver of raw ginger. A partly peeled onion thrown carelessly on one corner of the table reveals how hasty the indolent cook has been at the moment of her departure. In the ceiling overhead several mice are scampering. Suddenly there is a crack. One of them must have fallen. Old dust drifts down like snow. She glares angrily at the ceiling, then at the table again.

“That lazy wench; where has she gone?”

She shuffles to the door and shouts with all the energy her withered old body can summon. This is meant for that house to the south where Niu-niu frequently goes to visit with a girl named Lan-hsiang. Lan-hsiang goes to the Tsai’s every other day, as Niu-niu does, to get socks to sew. They contend in speed, and compare their wage money in coppers. If Niu-niu has been chatting with Lan-hsiang about the superior quality of her sewing or the sufficiency of work to do nowadays, she should have answered quickly, “Yes, Ma-ma, I’m coming home now.”

Today the old woman has called twice and there is no answer except from the few ill-fed chickens lingering along the crumbling mud wall. They begin to chatter hopefully for food. Also, the yellow dog lying beside the open privy basin is wakened by the voice. He lifts his head, but when he understands that nothing has happened which requires action in his sphere of duty, yawns and falls again into sleep.

In the gray sky of early winter there fly a few kites, dreamily giving themselves up to the whim of the winds. The old woman sees them, and curses into the air as though one of the kites were her errant daughter.

“You little wild goose, you are young and pretty. Is that the reason you leave this bitter-fated woman alone?” She spits on the ground and turns back into the house, still muttering.

“Wait, little deceiving wench! When my son comes home, I’ll speak to him.”

Seeing the half-naked onion lying indolently on the table, she becomes still more furious.

“I’ll say to him like this: ‘Niu-niu is not good. She runs out like a wild thing. Who knows what she does? If she is insulted again, don’t you go out to find for her like a cock.’ Wretched girl, I’ll show what this bitter-fated woman can do.”

It grows darker. Thinking her son will be hungry as soon as he returns, she wraps up the unfinished gown and pettishly pushes Niu-niu’s socks to the corner of the blankets, which are piled up like a hill on the bed. Then she sits by the door and begins to peel the onion, with streaming eyes, incessantly cursing her daughter in a weary monotone.

The watchman is climbing on his ladder to light the street lanterns when Niu-niu returns. She walks in blithely, forgetting that when she left the house the sun was yet very far from the banner pole of the White Horse Temple. Under her arm is a pamphlet, and she is humming an unfamiliar tune.

The lamp, turned low to spare kerosene oil, whispers hoarsely to the flame in the little brick stove. The old woman is slicing the salty turnip with a dull knife. At sight of her daughter, young and cheerful, in the door, she bursts out anew with complaint.

“You little sly fox, where have you been with your wicked man, leaving me, bitter-fated woman, at home alone?”

“Ma-ma, don’t scold me!”

Niu-niu rushes to her mother’s side like a bird and crouches down.

“Ma-ma, I have been seeing the most interesting, wonderful things—”

Then, sensing that she must reverse the order of her talk, the girl explains.

“Ma-ma, when I was peeling the onion this afternoon, I heard a foreign drum playing before our gate, the same that we’ve been hearing all week from a distance. Did you hear it” Dum-dum, dum-dum. Oh, I couldn’t wait even to ask your permission. I ran out by myself. Oh, I saw—”

But the old woman bends her head deafly and slices her salty turnip without paying any heed. Niu-niu clutches at her mother’s jacket.

“Ma-ma, listen to me! I saw people marching behind a huge banner. Near by the banner was a fat foreign drum, which made the beautiful sound. Following this were many little drums with bells fastened on the edges.”

The girl tries to illustrate how big the drum was and nearly causes the salty turnip to fall to the floor.

“Wild wench, even if it is that big, don’t spoil my nice turnip.”

“But, Ma-ma, you must listen. There were many men in gray uniforms with red stripes on the shoulders. And they were clean and polite, not like the kind of soldier that our cousin is. And there were several girls, too, also in gray with the same red stripes. All so clean and well-ordered and splendid. And they sang beautifully, Ma-ma. As they sing they jingle the little drums in their hands.”

Niu-niu begins to sway her head and waist as she imitates the various noises of the procession. This burst of joy inspires her mother to look even more offended.

“And so, wild goose, you chased them madly, leaving me alone. Didn’t you?”

“No, Ma-ma, I knew I couldn’t go with them. How could I forget that I can’t leave you: ‘Now, Niu-niu, give me some boiled arrowroot.’ ‘Now, Niu-niu, the spitting-bowl is full.’ ‘Now, Niu-niu—’”

The girl succeeds in imitating her mother’s plaintive orders so well that the old woman burst into unwilling laughter.

“You mimic artful talker! When have I ever been all the time like that? See what I have done today—peeled this turnip, and that—”

She points to the steaming cauldron on the little brick stove, childishly exhibiting her merit.

“Well, anyway, I wouldn’t have gone as I did—but they invited me, Ma-ma. One of the girls in gray beckoned to me several times.”

“Ah, did she?” The old woman can no longer conceal her interest. “Who was it?”

“Well, I couldn’t recognize her since she had a gray lotus-leaf cap on. While I was staring at her, she rushed out from the parade and pulled me by the sleeve—”

“No! Did she really?”

“And she said, ‘Come along, Niu-niu.’ I looked at her carefully—”

“who was it, after all?” the old woman bends to ask intently.

“It was Chu-tse, the girl who used to sew socks with me.”:

“You mean that girl is fond of green string on her *queue*?”^{fn{The pigtail imposed upon all Chinese men as a badge of their perpetual fealty to the Manchu seated upon the Dragon Throne, by the last Dynasty of Imperial China, the Manchu or Ch’in Dynasty, from the time they occupied Peking (1644) until late in the 19th century.}}

“That one. But she no longer cares for green string. She has pretty clothes, and even her shoes are foreign-made leather now.”

“And her father gambles.” The old woman scratches her gray head sagely, trying to show off her memory. “Didn’t he often beat his wife?”

“Listen, Ma-ma,” Niu-niu goes on breathlessly. “And so I joined their parade. That fat foreign drum was just three steps ahead of me. I was right in the front.” Now both faces gleam with pride. The little brick stove puts out its red tongue saucily. “And I asked, ‘Chu-tse, where are you taking me?’ As she played her little drum with the

bells on, she whispered to me solemnly, "Don't call me Chu-tse any more., My name is Rebecca now. We are marching back to the Hall.' I worried about you, Ma-ma. I wanted to come back home, truly. But she firmly dragged me on. And, oh, they really sing wonderfully. Ma-ma, listen: 'Jesus loves me ... Lord in Heaven.' Look, this was what they gave me when I said good-by."

The girl goes to the eight-fairies table and turns up the lamp. The flame gladly stretches its tongue. In the little room filled with steam, flame, and lamplight, her face glows rosilily. Mother and daughter look proudly at the pamphlet. On the cover is a colored picture. Neither can read the text. The old woman peers close, with her vacant eyes, rubbing her nose on the pamphlet. Dimly she discerns a man with long beard, all naked, standing by two pieces of wood.

"Probably it's a 'barbarian.' Such a sharp, hard forehead," she breathes.

"No, it isn't a real barbarian. It's Jesus."

Suddenly there appears in the mind of the old woman the scene of the Jesus-believers being killed by the Boxers. She has seen several round, warm heads cut off and rolled along the dusty road ...

Niu-niu talks on excitedly. "They say we all have sin. Jesus died for us, and so we can live. Look, Ma-ma, at the beautiful picture. Here He died on the Cross for us, for you and me. We must all believe in this religion, they say ..."

The girl tries to repeat all the fascinating new ideas she had heard in the daytime, unconscious of the horror that she has created in the heart of her mother.

"I just won't believe it. Sin, indeed! And why should I believe in those barbarians and have the Boxers kill me as they did before? And cause the barbarian soldiers to enter the city, too, destroying everything precious we have? Though the earth has already buried me half in length, I refuse to give up my old life so cheaply. From now on, Niu-niu, I forbid you to go near that place! Have you heard me clearly? If you go there, no one would even dare to betroth you as a daughter-in-law." She stretches out her hand to grasp the pamphlet.

Niu-niu has been so proud of her vivid representation of what she has heard and seen that the sudden unreasonable attitude of her mother greatly shocks her. She feels deeply hurt and offended. Recalling how gently and politely she had been treated by those gray-clothed people, she begins to hate her mother's insulting that new-found dignity. She grasps the pamphlet tightly and stumbles from the room with quivering mouth.

Watching the disappearing figure of the girl, the old woman wags her head, as if saying: "What experience have you had, little goose? I, this old woman, have eaten many more cattles of salt than you. H'm."

Then she bends her back low, listening to the steaming of the cauldron, which hisses like reeds rustling in the evening breeze. After a time, she sniffs along the lid of the cauldron, which is closed tightly with old newspaper to prevent the precious steam from escaping before the dumplings inside are fully cooked. She is trying to guess the condition of the cakes. She counts with her fingers. When the kettle began to steam, the charcoal-vendor had just passed the door. Now there are many stars in the sky. Unquestionably the time has been sufficient. But as a rule, both the mother and daughter are too prudent to trust their individual judgments alone in this important matter. Unless the other nods her head and says, "Open, don't worry about it being raw," the cover of the cauldron will not be lifted. As soon as this agreement is reached, the seven or eight little naked, white-skinned dumplings will be rolled out and the room filled with hot mist. In case the lifting of the lid happens too soon and the cakes are underdone, neither complains of the other. And when that young man working as a janitor in a school comes home and finds the dumplings sticky to his teeth and shows his temper, they both bend down their heads, restrain their breathing, and patiently hear his unpleasant words. Thus it is that presently the old woman asks kindly:

"Niu-niu, come and smell the cakes. Let's see if they are ready."

The reply from the inner room is only a suppressed choking.

The evening bell in the Eastern City is tolling when a huge black shadow enters the house. The single bowl of vegetables is placed before the man, who has been working hard the whole day. Three blue bowls are filled with bean soup by the old woman, one by one, all wreathed with hot steam. Usually Niu-niu places them cautiously on the little table. Then the man is expected to act as news-carrier, relating what mass meeting in Tien An Men\fn{An enormous public square in Peking, China.} his school has recently participated in; how he helped the students prepare little banners written with various slogans; or how much money the proctor has grafted when buying brooms for the school; or how the fat principal has made an overcoat out of the cloth bought for the students' uniforms. Finishing with these items, he asks his old mother incidentally:

"I say, Ma, what about Mr. Li's long gown, the one I brought three days ago for you to sew? He asked me about it."

Ching Lung often gathers needlework for his mother to do to increase their meager earnings.

“I haven’t done much,” she answers, putting down her bowl. “Niu-niu has been away the whole afternoon. When a needle cannot be threaded, my old eyes must have a holiday.”

Ching Lung looks at his sister and notices her peculiar mood. Usually at supper she peeps brightly at him with her shining black eyes and begs to hear some “revolution song” picked up from the students. This evening she sits mutely, hanging her mouth on the edge of the bowl and indifferently allowing the sour bean soup to flow into her throat. She is unable to finish even half her dumpling. No inquiry. No laughter. Beneath the lock of hair on her forehead is a pair of red eyes swollen with weeping.

Ching Lung loves his sister. He never allows anyone to treat her with disrespect. Often he promises her: “Niu-niu, when I get promotion in life, the first thing I’ll do is to send you to school. Be patient for a few years, sew those socks, and someday I’ll have you wearing silk hose yourself. Hold your backbone straight; the poor will sometimes have their day. The students often say, in those patriotic speeches they give on the street, ‘The future belongs to us poor.’” Once his sister was insulted by a neighbor. Ching Lung was at the school, erasing the blackboard, when he learned of it. At once he ran back and had a fight with the man like two dogs in the street. This evening he is afraid someone had again insulted her.

“Niu-niu, what’s troubling you?”

m The girl bends down her head and says nothing. Two tears on her eyelashes are like little shy birds on a bough; one more teasing and they will certainly fly down.

“Tell me, Niu, niu,” Intuitively he decided that the strength of a man is needed. He puts down his chopsticks and pulls up his sleeves fiercely.

“We are poor but we won’t bear any injustice. Tell me, I’ll smash the bones of that—”

The old woman interrupts. She is angry with her son for his blind protection of the girl.

“Wait, you young brute. Listen clearly. I didn’t treat her badly. A wild geese, she goes out when the sun is high in the sky, and returns in the dark, leaving me, old bone, at home alone. I only blamed her with a few words, and now she acts like this.”

Ching Lung gathers that what has happened is within the family. He relaxes and picks up his chopsticks. With a stern look, he asks his sister reproachfully:

“Where have you been for the whole afternoon?”

This gravity is a comfort to the old woman and she perks up visibly.

“I went to—to the Save-the-World Army,” Niu-niu answers hesitantly, her head still bent.

“What did you go there for? Those crazy barbarians, beating a big drum like mad on the streets and hiring poor Chinese for their monkey show. Those barbarian soldiers have killed our people by the dozen in Shanghai recently. Save-the-World indeed!” Now he recalls what he heard from the students’ platform in Tien An Men the day he carried the huge flag for his school, marching in front of the parade. “They are imperialists. Imperialists!” The word rolls out magnificently. “I’d rather have you sew your socks forever than see you ruined by those exploiting savages. Listen to me: Never go there again! That is settled.”

The old mother is delighted with her son’s words. She takes the opportunity to bring out the historical knowledge stored away in that old stomach. She tells about the terrific flames of the French cathedral in the West City when it was burned by the Boxers, of how the troops of the Eight-Allied-Nations robbed the nine cities of Peking to bareness.^{1900-1901.}

“Then I was just eighteen ...”

When she goes on to repeat for the hundredth time the story of her wanderings with her family as a refugee in those days, her son, who has been moving desks and chairs for many hours, yawns with fatigue. Soon they extinguish the lamp. The three lie down together for the night, each on that place which belongs to him on the single brick bed.

Niu-niu, wrapped around in her thin blanket, is not convinced. Those historical tales have not pushed away the shiny dream of her splendid experience. In her fancy, the coarse snoring of her brother sleeping by the wall becomes the rumbling of the fat foreign drum behind the gay flag. The spasmodic coughing of her mother is the rattle of those little drums with the bells on their edges. Niu-niu imagines herself walking before all eyes in the parade.

It seems to her that her mother and brother have been unfair to the foreigners. That lady not only had soft white hands but in her mouth flowed the native language so musically that you felt her one of your own people ... Niu-niu was as timid and proud as a bride when she followed the parade into that big Hall. The Hall was certainly beautiful. Red-and-green stained-glass windows—all colors really, so dazzling that you felt you were entering a

fairy world. Pretty little flags of all nations flapping all over the ceiling. And, oh, what a wonderful voice that foreign man in the brown uniform had! No wonder he leads the singing of the whole Hall!

Hiu-niu turns over and over sleeplessly. The third watch has beaten. The resounding voice of the pork-dumpling vendor is reminding the night gamblers to have an interval of rest. She bites her lips in the darkness. If she does not go back to that lady to whom she is so much indebted ...? It was she who put that beautiful pamphlet in Niu-niu's pocket, patting her shoulder with those soft white fingers and saying, "Come tomorrow and I'll give you a much better one." That foreign woman had an alluring smile. As she said good-by, she had whispered in her ear with intense, startling seriousness:

"Remember, you belong to God."

God ... Come to Jesus ... Belong ... The soft hands ... The wonderful voice of the man in the brown uniform ...

*

Usually Niu-niu rose early to kindle the little brick stove and heat water for her brother to wash his face. Then she went out on the street to buy a piece of wheaten cake for his breakfast. At the morning she would sit with her mother, face to face, deftly sewing her socks. When the old woman had a bit of sewing to delicate for her eyes, those of Niu-niu came to the rescue. Often the girl sang folk songs in a low, vibrant voice. Sometimes she wittily teased the poor-sighted woman.

"Ma-ma, let's exchange our work, won't you? You sew my socks and I'll manage your button."

Then the old woman would quickly hug her work to her breast and say: "I don't care for your machine-made work. My old fashion is better."

When the blind fortuneteller passed by the gate sounding his brass gong, Niu-niu always knew it was eleven o'clock. She would put away her socks, saying to her mother:

"Ma-ma, don't you touch my things. You are to pay for it if you spoil one thread end." And she would go to the outer room to prepare their noon meal.

But today Niu-niu does not follow this routine. She is too lazy to kindle the fire, and her brother has to devour the stiff, dry cake without even a cup of hot water. When she picks up her socks and begins to work, she is plunged into painful thoughts. She remembers what Chu-tse has told her.

"Hm, you earn only twenty-two coppers for a dozen socks. Even if you work your hands into pieces, can you get more than three dollars a month? Here, look we get two uniforms like this each year, and receive six dollars every thirtieth day. And more than that, working in the Hall there is hope of promotion if you can bring new members to the Hall by your talking! And every day it is thrilling. No matter how much I might be paid for it, I'll never again sew the dirty socks. My hands are for God's work—to beat the drum and spread His gospel."

Memory of these touching words causes Niu-niu's fingers, which used to work all day long energetically, to begin to feel weak and tired. Sitting on the bed, she peeps outside from time to time. The magnificent spectacle appears and reappears before her eyes. She begins to hate her brother—more directly, her mother, who sits before her.

In the afternoon comes the sound of the great drum again, beating in the distance like heavy raindrops under the eaves, beating right into Niu-niu's fidgety heart. Her face burns, her hands tremble uncontrollably. That fat foreign drum—*dum-dum*—the well-ordered parade—*dum-dum*—the beautiful hymns, the white, soft fingers, the sweet, kind words—*dum-dum*. It comes nearer. Niu-niu seems to distinguish the word "glorious." The high-pitched, girlish voice seems to be that of Chu-tse. A fire snake seems to be creeping in her heart, in and out.

There is a knot in the thread. Her brain is so disordered that she cannot untie it. She bites it off with her teeth. Lifting her head, her eyes meet with the watchful look of the old woman. It annoys her, as an iron bar maddens the beast in a zoo. And she is gladdened inexpressibly by the drum, which comes ever nearer. Her needle jealously pricks her finger. She sucks the blood with her mouth. *Dum-dum, dum-dum*. The drum is still nearer, louder and louder, as if boasting. So loud that the dog in the yard barks.

Niu-niu can no longer restrain herself. She pulls out that beautiful pamphlet from underneath the mat of the bed and whispers hysterically:

"I've got to go, Ma-ma."

She tries to rush out. The old woman catches her gown.

"How dare you do this, Niu-niu. Your brother has told me to stop you from going there. Your forefathers committed no sin—why should you insist on disgracing us like this?" The old voice is tearful.

The sound of drumbeats and singing surrounds, besieges the little house. The rustling of clothes tells that many people follow in the parade. Niu-niu's ears throb—"Six dollars a month"—and the mystic, strange, exciting whisper of the lady,— "Remember, you belong to God."

Niu-niu throws off the sinewless hand from her shoulder. She runs insanely and exultantly into the street. "Niu-niu, crazy girl, wild girl, cruel daughter!"

*

That evening when the huge black shadow draws near to the gate humming a popular revolutionary song, he is surprised to find his old mother leaning over the gate.

"Ma-ma! What have you been doing here, so cold?" He looks in dismay at the trembling old body and tries to usher her into the house.

"Cold! No doubt it would please that girl if I am frozen to death." The old woman stubbornly refuses to move.

"Did you have a fuss with Niu-niu again? You must take care of yourself. Winter is always a hard time for old folk."

"Ah, the wings of that wild girl have certainly grown strong. She can fly away by herself and join the barbarians, leaving me alone here until this moment."

"What! She has gone there again? Ma-ma, go inside! I am going to find her."

The old woman gazes at the black shadow rapidly swallowed up by the night. Walking back into the house, she mutters, "Well, he is also gone. This bitter-fated woman is always left alone."

With hungrily hunting eyes, the janitor rushes rudely up to the door of the chapel. The evening prayer meeting has just ended. A servant is taking a bright-colored picture from the wall, which has just been used for the sermon. It shows a man painfully encircled by a terrible snake. There are other pictures and slogans hung on the wall, as in the school. But Ching Lung has no heart to look at them. He merely stands outside the chapel, shouting loudly to the servant who is rolling the picture.

"Say, old man, where is my sister?"

Perhaps the way he addresses him is too intimate. The chapel servant does not even look at him squarely, but says in reply:

"Get out of here. There are people confessing in the next room."

"I'm sorry."

The janitor now senses the need for politeness.

"I come to look for my sister."

"But your sister isn't here. This is a Sacred Hall. You get out. Someone is confessing and there must be absolute quiet."

"How do you know my sister isn't here? I must find out."

The janitor stalks noisily into the room. This greatly offends the chapel servant. The janitor ignores him. He sticks out his chest belligerently and walks directly to a little green door on one side of the platform. The servant's rage has turned to fear. The bold behavior of this strange intruder is becoming a direct menace to "keeping his rice bowl." The servant jumps before the green door like a hunting dog and stands with hands supporting his waist.

"Get out of here, you rascal! This is a sacred place. Inside, the fruits of today's holy work are confessing their sins."

"Sacred place, hey? My sister has been tempted by these creatures. Now she even refuses to stay at home."

Seeing that the chapel servant is bent on defending the door, Ching Lung immediately concludes that behind it his sister is imprisoned. He kicks at the door. A foreigner in brown uniform walks out, holding a thick book shining with gold on the edges. He stands firmly before the two quarreling men, rearranging his gold-rimmed spectacles, and speaks to the chapel servant reproachfully but gently.

"What is wrong, old Hsu?"

Old Hsu shrieks with fear. He points at Ching Lung.

"General James, he—a criminal-natured rascal from the street—"

Ching Lung is greatly enraged by these words. He grasps the collar of the servant menacingly.

"Curse you, who is the rascal you mean? Answer?"

"Don't, brother, don't!" A familiar voice checks the janitor's rough hand and he loosens his grasp.

The three men turn their surprised eyes into the room behind the green door. Ching Lung sees his sister piously kneeling before a platform beside several other fruits of the day's gathering.

General James, realizing the relationship, softly puts a furry hand on the janitor's shoulder and speaks.

"Brother, since this nice girl is your sister, then you also are our friend. Welcome."

Feeling the palm on his shoulder, the janitor stops glaring at his sister and whirls upon the general.

“Who wants to be your friend? You—who tempt the poor Chinese, make them forget their mothers, neglect their honest, self-supporting work to act in a mummies’ show, and come here to be crazy!” He points his finger at the noble nose of the patient general.

He rushes into the room, dragging at his sister’s weak, trembling arm.

“Come, shameless thing, our mother is waiting for you even at the gate.”

“Wait, brother, she belongs to us now!”

General James walks up to the girl, placing his hands on her shoulders, and looking at the brother with head poised in solemn dignity. “When she has finished her confession, she may go with you. Please wait at the door.”

Ching Lung stops short. This white-faced foreign devil—Intuitively he feels that this is no common situation. The words that he hears the students shouting daily at their meeting ring in his ears: “Down with the imperialists! Away with the foreigners!” A fire sparkles in his eyes. Here is his chance of revenge. Those two meddling, furry hands on his sister’s shoulders seem to be a symbol of all the unwholesome power choking at the throat of his race. He pushes them away from her, stands back, and doubles his fist to strike the breast of that brown uniform.

General James falls helplessly beside the platform. Lifting his head with its disheveled hair, he literally blinks his eyes in astonishment at the strange experience which he has never before had during six years of missionary work in this dark continent. As Niu-niu’s brother pulls her away fiercely, General James mutters:

“How unlike a Chinese.”

98.124 A Country Boy Withdraws From School^{\fn{by Lao Hsiang aka Wang Hsiang-ch'en (19th century)}} “in the country,” China (M) 3

A boy in the country gets to be at least half as useful as a grown-up by the time he is eight or nine years old. He can weed in the spring or tie up harvest bundles in summer; he is able to pass bricks when a house is built or open and shut the furrows to the irrigation ditches. That being the case, who’d want to send him to school? But an official proclamation has been issued in the city to the effect that unless a boy over six years of age is sent to school, some adult in the family will have to go to jail. This was how it happened that the Country Boy of our story went to school.

On his first day at school the Boy came back with eight books. His grandparents and his father and mother all gathered around him and marveled at the pictures in the books. Said Grandfather:

“The *Four Books* and the *Five Classics* never had any pictures like these.”

“The people in the pictures are not Chinese!” Father suddenly exclaimed. “Look carefully and you’ll see that none of them wear the kind of clothes we do. See, these are leather shoes, this is a foreign costume, this is what is called a dog stick: they remind me of the old missionary that preaches at the cross street in the city.”

“This woman, at the spinning wheel is also a foreigner,” Grandmother said. “We use the right hand to spin but she uses her left.”

“If that makes her a foreigner, then this driver is not Chinese either. Look, have you ever seen a Chinese driver standing on this side of the cart?” commented Grandfather.

“The teacher says that the books cost a dollar and twenty cents,” the Boy suddenly said, taking courage in their absorption in the books. The statement stunned everyone like a sudden clap of thunder. Grandmother was the first to speak:

“They certainly have nerve to make us pay for the books after we give up the boy for them! He’s gone to school hardly a day and it’s cost us over a dollar already. Who can afford such schools? We can’t save that much money if we go without light for half a year, and we’ll have to sell at least eight bushels of corn to raise that much money.”

“I should think one book ought to be enough to start with. They can get another after they have finished that,” Grandfather said.

“Moreover, why should it cost so much when there are only three or four characters on a page?” Grandmother continued. “The almanac has both large and small characters and is closely printed and it cost only five coppers. How could these be worth more than a dollar?”

The books which they had marveled at a few minutes ago had suddenly become a cause for depression. The family discussed the matter at supper and all through the rest of the evening and finally decided that they would accept this calamity and pay the amount required since it was the first time. In order to make up the sum, the Boy’s mother had to contribute the proceeds from two pairs of earrings that she had recently sold. His father gave

him a solemn lecture, saying,

“You are now nine, no longer so young. We’re sparing you from work and sending you to school, though we can’t afford it in our circumstances. You’ll be very ungrateful if you don’t study hard and learn something.”

The Boy took his father’s instruction to heart and set out for school the next day at dawn. When he got there, however, the porter said to him in a low voice:

“Classes don’t start till nine. It’s now only five-thirty. You are too early. The teacher is asleep and the class room isn’t unlocked. You had better go home now.”

The Boy looked around the yard and found that he was indeed the only student there; he listened outside the teacher’s window and heard him snoring; he walked around the lecture room and found no open door. There was nothing for him to do but run back home. Grandfather was sweeping the yard when he suddenly caught sight of the Boy. He threw down his broom and said,

“What is the use of trying to make a scholar of a boy whom Heaven has intended for the hoe? Look at him, it’s only the second day and he is playing truant already!”

The Boy was just about to explain when his mother gave him two resounding slaps and made him tend the fire for breakfast. Needless to say, the price of the books that they had to buy had a great deal to do with their tempers.

When the Boy went to school again after breakfast, the teacher was already on the platform and was holding forth on the subject of being late to school. To illustrate his point he told a story about a little fairy that waited by the wayside with a bag of gold to reward the earliest boy. Our Boy was enchanted with the story and the words “fairy” and “gold” but he could not figure out just what was meant by “earliest.”

In the afternoon our young hero came back from school at three-thirty, just as his father was going back to work after his midday nap. Luckily his father happened to see the other boys also coming home from school and the teacher taking a stroll with his “dog stick” and concluded that his son was not playing, truant. He kept wondering, however, about the strange ways of these foreign schools. The first six days of school was taken up with the first lesson in the Reader, with the text “This is mama.” It couldn’t be said that the Boy was not diligent. He reviewed his lesson every day after school, reading over and over again “This is mama” until dusk. With his left hand holding the book open and his right following the characters he read on faithfully and conscientiously, as if afraid that the characters would fly away if he did not fix his entire attention on them.

But every time he read “This is mama” his mother’s heart would jump. On the sixth day of school, she could stand it no longer. She snatched the book from him and said,

“Let me see who your mama is!”

Thinking that his mother was really eager to learn, the Boy pointed to the accompanying picture and said,

“This is mama, the lady with leather shoes, bobbed hair, and long dress.”

One glance at the picture and Mother burst out crying. Grandfather, Grandmother, and Father were frightened, thinking that she might have become possessed by some evil spirits. At first she only cried and would not say anything when they asked her what the matter was, but when they persisted, she said,

“Where did the boy get that vampire-like mama?”

When they found the cause of her distress, Father said,

“We’ll have the boy ask his teacher whose mama this really is. Maybe it is the teacher’s mama.”

The next morning before dawn Mother woke up her son and made him go to school and ask the teacher for a solution of the problem that had bothered her all night. Arriving at school the Boy found that it was Sunday and that there would be no school. Moreover, the teacher had drunk more wine than was good for him the night before and was still sound asleep. The Boy told Mother the circumstances, which made her curse the institution of Sunday.

At general assembly on Monday the teacher said gently to his charges:

“One who wants to learn must not be afraid to ask questions. Anyone who has any question should raise it at once, to his teacher at school or to his parents at home.” Thereupon our hero stood up and asked:

“The Reader says ‘This is mama.’ Whose mama is she really?”

The teacher answered even more gently than before.

“It is the mama of anyone who happens to read the book. Do you understand now?”

“No,” the Boy said.

This embarrassed the teacher a little but he said patiently:

“Why don’t you understand?”

“Baldy is also reading this, but his mama is not like this lady,” the Boy said.

“Baldy’s mother is lame in one arm and has only one eye,” Hsiao Lin said.

“And you have no mama at all. She died a long time ago,” Baldy said in self-defense.

“Don’t talk among yourselves!” the teacher said, knocking on the blackboard with his ferrule. “We are going to have the second lesson today: ‘This is papa.’ Look, everyone. This is papa, the man with spectacles and parted hair.”

After school Mother was still worried about who the picture woman was but when she heard her son reiterating ‘This is papa,’ she did not dare to pursue the question, being afraid that her husband might want to know when she’d found a new papa for their son. She was puzzled more than ever and wondered why the book insisted on presenting people with papas and mamas when they had them already.

A few days later the Boy learned two new sentences:

“The ox tends the fire; the horse eats noodles.”

He read the text over thousands of times but he could not get over the feeling that there was something queer about the assertions. They had an ox and a horse and he had himself taken them out to graze in the hills but he had never once seen a horse eat noodles and he was sure that their ox could not tend the fire. But could the book be wrong? Since he could not answer these questions, he obeyed his teacher’s injunction of the week before and asked his father about it. Father said:

“I once went to a foreign circus in the city and saw a horse that could ring a bell and fire a gun. Perhaps the book is talking about such horses and oxen.”

Grandmother, however, did not agree with Father’s explanation. She said:

“The ox must be the Ox-Head Devil King and the horse must also be a demon. Don’t you see that they all wear human clothing? They haven’t changed their heads for human heads yet, but that alone will take five hundred years.”

The old lady then went on to tell stories about demons that could command the wind and summon rain; the result was that the Boy dreamed that night of being seized by a winged wolf demon and woke up crying.

The following day the Boy asked his teacher:

“Is this ox that can tend the fire a foreign ox?”

The teacher laughed and said:

“You are too literal! The book has only made those things up. It is not true that oxen can really tend the fire or that horses really eat noodles.”

The explanation cleared up at one stroke many things in the book that had puzzled the Boy. He had read about such things as “bread,” “milk,” “park,” “ball,” and the like which he had never seen and which had made him wonder. It dawned upon him that the book dealt only with make-believe things.

One day the Boy and his schoolmates decided that they would play “tea party” as they had read about it in their Reader. They agreed that each would contribute twenty cents so that they could send to the city for oranges, apples, chocolate, and things. Our Boy knew, of course, that he would be only inviting a beating to ask money for buying sweetmeats. Grandmother always mumbled that school would bankrupt them yet whenever he had to buy a sheet of writing paper. But he could not resist the glowing picture that his book gave of the “tea party” and decided to help himself to the money that his mother had just got from selling more of her jewels and which she had set aside for buying cabbage seedlings.

Grandfather had been suffering for a long time from a chronic cough, and someone had told him that orange peels would give him relief. He kept on asking what orange peels were like and where they could be gotten. Thinking that this was a chance for him to ingratiate himself into his grandfather’s favors, the Boy said,

“We are getting some oranges.”

“You are getting some oranges?” Grandfather asked. “What are you getting oranges for?”

“We want to hold a tea party,” the Boy said.

“What is a tea party?”

“It means to get together and eat things and drink tea,” the Boy said. “It is in the book.”

“What kind of book is this that is either making animals talk or teaching people to eat and play? No wonder the boys have become lazy and choosy about their food since they went to school!” Grandmother said.

“And it is always about foreign food. There doesn’t seem to be any corn *wowotou* {The staple article of food in northern China, made in the form of a hollow cone from a mixture of soy and millet (either the yellow or red variety, the latter being known as *kaoliang*) flours or sometimes of corn meal. It is unseasoned and unleavened and, like Chinese bread, is steamed and not baked.} or bean curd with onions in it,” Grandfather said.

“Remember, son, to bring back some orange peels for your grandfather’s cough,” said Mother.

“Where did you get the money to buy oranges?” asked Father.

“The teacher—”

But before the Boy had finished making up his story, Baldy, who lived to the east, suddenly began to cry. Then they heard his father shout:

“We can’t even afford salt, and yet you want to buy candy ...”

This was followed by the voice of Hsiao Lin’s uncle, who lived to their west:

“I let you buy books with my hard-earned money because it is for your good, but I haven’t any money for you to buy sweetmeats. You can ask whoever wants you to hold tea parties for it.”

The truth came out. The Boy’s father aimed a kick at him, but fortunately the table intervened. He only upset the table and broke a few rice bowls. Grandfather was of the opinion that it might be better to take the Boy out of school, but Grandmother did not want her son to go to jail. After long arguments it was decided that they would let the Boy try school for a few more days.

After this humiliation, our young scholar vowed to study harder and to recover his lost prestige in the family. Everyday after school he read without stopping until it was dark. He did not realize that the source of his troubles lay in the textbook itself.

For Grandmother had been feeling that her son was no longer as close to her as before his marriage and that her position in the family had been gradually slipping. Now as she listened to the Boy reading aloud his latest lessons she heard him say, “In my family I have a papa, a mama, a *didi* {Younger brother.} and a *meimei*,” {Younger sister.} but nothing about Grandfather and Grandmother; she became very indignant and shouted:

“So this house is now all yours and I have no longer a share in it!”

She was mad with fury. She picked up a brick and broke their iron pot into pieces.

“Don’t be angry any more!” the Boy’s father said. “We won’t let him read this kind of book any longer. I would rather go to jail.”

And so the next day Father discharged a day laborer and the teacher marked the Boy’s absence in the record book at school.

267.145a 1. *Guiyin jixiu*: “Preface” {by Su Wanlan aka Renjiu (19th century)} Renhe, Zhejiang Province, China (F) -1

At the time of the Three Dynasties, women were both virtuous and talented. They could wield a brush and wrote with verve, being in full command of literary forms. Their works were well known to the world, and they contributed to the promotion of women’s education.

In recent ages, however, few women studied the subject of literature. As a consequence, the subtleties of the “six arts” became lost to women. Every time I opened a volume of the brilliant writings of the past, my thoughts began to soar, and I lamented that we have fallen so far behind the feminine grace of earlier women writers.

Now I have the good fortune to have been born in a time of sagacious and perspicacious government. I have great admiration for the works of past sages. Whenever I obtained a book that I found outstanding, I immediately collated and edited it, making clear notes of what in it most pleases the eye and delights the heart. In a year’s time, I was able to discern and correct what was erroneous and obscure also. Thereupon I began to try my hand at writing poems in praise of various objects to express my deep feelings. It took more than ten years for me to gain a fuller understanding of the intricacies of poetry making. By then, I was able to see that people, though physically separated, do not on that account change their feelings, and though the loved ones in their dreams are far away, they nonetheless are united in thoughts and hearts. After that I cultivated the secret teaching of the Daoist school and observed the unusual mysteries of the world. This helped me to combat my worries and gain relief from my illness. It also enabled me to see and think freely, to follow freely my heart’s desires, and to enjoy things as I find them in their natural state. Thus inspiration came to me like a multitude of blossoms competing in fragrance, and my brush moved as if aided by gods. I can truly say I was born under a lucky star.

I know that I am foolish and lowly and that it is not suitable for a woman to flaunt her writing. However, every single word in a poem is a waste of time and effort unless it is in keeping with proper standards. Therefore from the depths of my heart, I have offered up what I consider best, inviting constructive criticism and hoping for improvement. I recorded what was originally there under the name of the original author, and also what I edited under my own name. Comparing the one to the other back and forth for diversion is certainly not a high-minded undertaking. Yet when connoisseurs read them, they will surely notice those little deviations from conventional practice and detect from them the underlying intention. Then I will find consolation in the pains I have taken.

I often recall that my family has always been poor and frugal. We never had a meal suitable for welcoming guests, nor did we have any of the scented adornments other women wear. I wrote whenever I had a genuine

feeling or thought. Well do I know that I cannot possibly have all the minute details of a thought or a feeling as it comes to me. I then face the wall, so to speak, and start musing. Should the gods give me a clue, then I will be in touch with what has been in my mind and capture therewith what lies in my heart.

I have written the above in the hope that readers will not belittle the anthology, looking upon it as nothing more than a woman toying with her brush and ink.

267.146 1. First Poem On Poetry **2.** Second Poem On Poetry **3.** Third Poem On Poetry **4.** Fourth Poem On Poetry **5.** Fifth Poem On Poetry **6.** Sixth Poem On Poetry **7.** Seventh Poem On Poetry **8.** Eighth Poem On Poetry: **Eight Poems** \fn{by Guo Shuyu (19th century)} Xiangtan, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

1

Use not qin and zheng for singing ornate lyrics,
Rely not on wind and rain to lend wings to inspiration.
The one point on which the poet excels others
Is the spontaneous perfection of a “Yellow Court Scripture” first written.

2

“Yuxi’s beaver sacrifice” is no prejudicial judgment,
“Changji’s ghostly genius” is yet a superb critical insight.
I love the River Xiang for its good water,
Where waves rise it is absolutely pure.

3

Filigreed pendants and phoenix hairpins vie in elaborate make-up,
Embellished and adorned to a posture of determined abandon.
If the beauty is truly beautiful,
Then disheveled hair and coarse clothes should not matter.

4

Heaven has let each loom shuttle compete for novelty.
Why then, once brush in hand, the imitation of a frown?
To establish oneself through the schools of Du or Han
Is as laughable as a little maid who apes her mistress.

5

I have blended sauces in the kitchen for six years,
Temperaments inclined toward sourness and saltiness—
I have laughed at their biases.
Of late I grasp and savor the flavor of poetry:
In all manner of elaborate and rare dishes, freshness is most important.

6

Once the wild swan touches snow it leaves traces.
Willow catkins cannot fly if they are tainted with dust.
By chance facing the cakrop mirror, I intuitively grasp the poetic idea:
It is unmistakably me, yet there is no one.

7

I pick up needle and thread to pass mornings and evenings:
The brocade of Shu and the silk of Xiang bear much comparison.
As for supreme needlework, one defers to celestial maidens:
In heavenly garments the traces of scissors are totally erased.

8

Talents ancient and modern obey one rule:
It is difficult to combine graceful dignity and limpid charm.
Peach blossoms are frivolous, plum blossoms cold,
Claiming all of spring wind are peonies.

267.147 *Shuying lou mingshu baiyong*: “Preface”\fn{by Li Shuyi (19th century)} Xin’an, Anhui Province, China (F) 1

It is often said that human beings are filled with emotions while grasses and trees are oblivious of feeling. Where there is feeling, there is also suffering, and yet while people know that emotional beings are liable to suffer, they may not know that even inanimate and unfeeling things are not exempt from suffering. Things suffer because of humans, and human beings suffer because of Heaven. Flowers shed their petals and willows their catkins when the rain drops tears in the howling wind. Such is the suffering of flowers, a suffering that also touches human emotions. Beauty wrinkles with age and history tells of the vicissitudes of fortune. Such is the suffering of human beings—a suffering that also touches the feeling of Heaven.

In all these, indeed, are found the innumerable variations of the chaste and the licentious, and the myriad faces of different things; and words can never express them. But after long suffering and deep feeling, flowers may become known for their color and fragrance, and human beings may be famous for their talent and beauty. The power to achieve such reputation is held by flowers and humans, and not to be restricted even by Heaven.

I myself have lived in the midst of emotions, that is, in the midst of suffering. For me it is regrettable that I have learned to read poetry and the Classics, and humiliating to speak of family fortune. For my suffering began when I had to leave my parents at a young age, and it deepened when I lost the protection of kind people; my suffering reached its extreme when I fell into the ranks of servants, and it changed further when I had to endure jealousy from others because of my youthful looks. In delicacy my emotions are not unlike those of the flowers, but it is a delicacy that renders my emotions neither conformable to those of most human beings nor able to escape the feeling of Heaven.

Given all this, would it not be commendable then to accept one’s sufferings peacefully and to attenuate one’s emotions? Why should one need to put them in words? And yet sufferings are more deeply felt the moment one tries to accept them, and emotions are more powerful the moment one attenuates them. Hence the composing of my new poems on the hundred fair ladies that follow my new poems on the hundred flowers.

Alas! Before the spring silkworm is old, its lingering tears have combined into threads; though the patterned lute is played to no audience, its rhythmic modulations startle the heart. To me bees and butterflies all sound plaintive, and wherever I turn there is feeling and emotion; but in all the seasonal coming and going of swallows and wild geese, I do not know how many lifetimes will be required for my suffering to reach its end.

Should I ask the flowers, they would not understand the cause of my grief; should I ask human beings, they would not get to its source either; not even Heaven would take the responsibility, if I should ask Heaven. Indeed, all this comes from nothing other than the fact that emotion begets suffering!

Composed and inscribed in the autumnal month of the *guisi* year,\fn{1833}, on the eve when the Twin Stars moved across the Milky Way, by Li Shuyi, Female Scholar of the Thirty-Six Cliffs.

267.148 *Hunan nüshi shichao suojian chuj*: “Preface:\fn{by Mao Guoji aka Mangyao (19th century)} Changsha, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

The three hundred poems of the *Book of Odes* were mostly works by women. Although the *Songs of Chu* are not counted among the Classics, many songs and ballads originated in the women’s quarters of the southern lake region. Why has the fragrance of the orchids of the Li and Yuan Rivers so rarely been passed on through the jade brushstands of women?. Was it perhaps because those exquisite and exotic flowers, budding from the hands of the beauties of the south,

bloomed and withered in accord with the seasons? Or was it because no one gathered these poems to present them as gifts to others, thus permitting renowned scholars and poets of the great cities to savor their crisp fragrance?

In recent times, Li Dongyang became prominent in Chaling and was definitely an object of admiration in poetic circles. As for other poets, recorded in Tao Zhongdiao's *Shidi* or Liao Dayin's *Chufengbu* there were some whose works were worthy of being passed on and others who are not known to the world. But who will spread the fame of the secluded ladies of remote times or pass on the secret and private writings of the women's quarters? Those poems preserved by Tao Zhongdiao and Liao Dayin were all works by literati scholars who had their collected works published during their lifetimes. Their poetry was either passed on by their descendants or circulated in their native places; their descendants or local people interested in literature would preserve what is left of their works for posterity.

As for the elegant works of the jade terrace or the lost rhymes of the "Cypress Boat," either they were never printed to begin with or, if printed, the printing blocks did not last for more than a few decades before being broken up and lost amid weeds and ruins. If you asked the descendants, their neighbors, or people of the community, none knew of them or were able to recite their poems. As a result, these poetic efforts made by the light of midnight lamps, works that came to fruition with the morning dew, were as if wasted. These lovely orchidlike effusions suffered the same corruption as rotted grass and twigs. How dolorous!

Occasionally I discussed all this with my younger brother, Qingyuan, who shared my feelings. Therefore I searched through Qingyuan's collection of poems. Here I will not record works published before the Ming era; I have selected only works by women poets of Hunan composed in recent times. I have selected, edited, and compiled them hoping to pass them on to future generations. However, since I myself am obliged to live within the women's quarters, I was unable to search for poems in the cities. Also because of my own lack of sophistication and literary training and because of the hardships I experienced, my enterprise was unable to reach all of the chaste and refined ladies of the region.

Moreover, in our country learning and culture are widely propagated and reach even to the most remote and distant regions. In the mountains or by the lakesides, women can be found who have mastered the rules of poetry. How could I cast my eyes upon them all? I constantly prodded Qingyuan to search for them, but was able to add only a few dozen more. It is quite difficult to prevent the recent women poets of the Hunan region from being lost to view! This collection is simply "one hair from the hides of nine oxen."

Since this work is being printed, I have given it the title "What I Have Seen: A First Collection" and asked Qingyuan to write a short preface to every poet's work, along with some brief and illuminating comments. I hope that women living in the women's quarters of distant places will send me their manuscripts so that I can continue my collection. This is not to say that I am necessarily everyone's kindred spirit, but this is at least a method for us to exchange our feelings and a happy chance for women's literature.

Written in the eleventh month of the fourteenth year of Daoguang (1834) at the Yuyi'an Studio in Changsha by the female scribe Mao Guoji.

292.118 To the tune "Intoxicated with Shadows of Flowers" (by Yü Ch'ing-têng (19th century)) China (F) -1

A brush of evening clouds.
The perfume of flowers in the darkness.
A harp melody
Accompanies the chanting of poetry.
Smoke rises from the incense clock's seal characters.
We lock the silk sliding doors,
And let down the curtains of the bed,
And whisper the words
We do not want others to hear.
The moonlight flows like water.
All the world is still.
My young lover can read my mind.
Laughing, we wash away my makeup,
And watch our love making in the mirror.

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED AT SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY

266.55 The Sorrows Of A Courtesan {by an anonymous courtesan (fl. early 19th century?)} Licheng, Shandong Province, China (F) 2

With all the sorrows of a prostitute,
I detest my parents:
Your greatest wrong
Was to sell me to the mist and flower lane;
Propriety, righteousness, honesty, and shame
All mean nothing to you.
At twelve and thirteen, I learned to play and sing
Gradually growing up,
Groomed and displayed amidst the din of customers.
I've a few dresses and a number of quilts,
Not to mention hairpins and makeup.
When evening arrives,
In shame and misery,
I climb into the ivory bed;
I steal a glance at the heartless cad:
Look at him!
In his whole being, not a trace of elegance.
With no way to escape,
I am forced with him to enter the golden canopy;
Tossing and turning, he takes control of me.
With no end of difficulty;
I bear all this 'till dawn lights the east.
With the guest departing,
I hardly have a chance to feel relief.
As soon as the mander spies me,
He too wants to sleep with me!
He too wants to sleep with me!
How can I ever rest in peace?
Every day and every night—
What can I do?
What can I do?
How sad I am! (*Aiya!*)
How sad I am!
A musician now enters my room; (*Aiya!*)
Reeking of dried urine;
He wants, wants to have his way with me;
I can only beg, (*Aiya!*)
I can only plead.
Pretending warmth, I offer him soup and tea; (*Aiya!*)
When he has eaten and gone,
Only then can I feel at ease.
When a client comes
I fill his pipe,
Offer warm greetings,
Sit off to the side,
Order the table set
With wine and dishes aplenty;
I fill his cup, play drinking games;
How merrily he laughs.
Passing me the *pipa*,
He bids, orders, commands me to sing.

I look carefully all around;
My ears attuned to every sound;
If I fail to meet any expectation,
Disaster will come crashing down.
I am so pitiful,
From the corner of my eye I look flirtatiously
At him, him, him.
Thinking over the past,
Tears roll down my cheeks.
The manager is a ruthless man
Who cares only for the money I make.
When I bring in silver and gold, he is delighted;
But when I do not, disaster is sure to strike.
He turns fierce and angry,
Cursing, and waving his whip;
He beats me until I am bruised all over;
My heart breaks with the pain.

*

When will such a life ever end?
Welcoming the new and sending off the old,
The days are endless as the sky.

*

I can never again'
See my father and mother;
Never again
Invite my own sisters into my room;
I can never
Bear sons and raise daughters to keep the incense burning;
I can never
Be famous as the elegant wife of a wealthy gentleman.
I have today
Neither a surname nor a husband;
My heart is empty, gloomy, and sad.
I have only
A pair of jade-like arms to pillow a thousand men;
And a pair of red lips to kiss ten thousand guests.
Whenever I think of this,
Tears well up in my eyes;
This is worse than a life in Hell.
Filled with anxiety, I wonder,
To whom will I belong in the future?
My cries must startle Heaven itself;
Perhaps a former life has determined my present fate.
The only way out is this:
To wait until one day there comes a man of feeling
To rescue me with a decent marriage.

266.56 Sighing Through The Night's Five Watches\fn{by an anonymous young courtesan (fl. early 19th century?)}
Licheng, Shandong Province, China (F) 2

An ailing beautiful maiden
Sits in lonely silence
Languid and listless.
Closing the embroidered doors,

She enters her curtained bed;
Leans against the pillow,
And cradles her fragrant cheeks in her hands.
Deep in thought,
She recalls the past:
Who has invented this world of mist and flowers?
(The suffering of girls used as prostitutes)
I lost my virginity in disgrace;
I detest my parents
(they made the mistake to being with);
Who have no sense of right or wrong,
But cast me “under the balcony.”
(I am immersed in mist and rain.)
In the past few years
I have welcomed guests and sent them off,
Suffering endless shocks and scars.
(My tears now cascade out.)
How pitiful I am;
Hardly have I closed my weary almond eyes
When the clatter of approaching horses wakes me up again.
I hear the drum in the tower
Starting to mark the night.
(My thoughts all confused.)
The night drum sounds the first watch;
The moon shines brightly in the window;
I sigh at my terrible fate.
Destroying the bloom of my youth,
I suffered the fall into prostitution;
Forsaking my home, traveling afar,
And leaving my parents behind.
Regrettably at that time,
I was mistakenly “marked to a husband”;
To welcome guests and see them off;
These duties were all forced on me.
If my attentiveness fell short;
I was immediately beaten. (My God!)
With sly flirtatious glances
I had to encourage the guests to stay.

*

When the night drum sounds the second watch,
The moon casts a cold shadow on the window.
How pitiful, entertaining guests is so difficult;
How annoying
To have to talk with every guest who comes and goes.
Tobacco and tea I serve with my own hands;
Maintaining friendly smiles all the while.
What is truly frightening:
To encounter drunken guests at the banquet table;
“Ill-fated beauty” does not begin to capture the shame.
How many days until I can escape this mire? (My God!)
Yet for the sake of money I have to endure it all.

*

When the drum sounds the third watch,
The moon shines brightly on the window;

Sadly sighing, I enter the curtained bed
Accompanying my guest;
No matter whether young or old, he becomes my partner;
No passion for me in this lover's tryst;
Clouds and rain are all his doing;
He wants to take my flower's heart and twist it into pieces.
We toss and turn, my agony is endless.
If I fail in the slightest way,
I quickly put on a smile to make amends. (My God!)
What did I do in a previous life
To bring down such retribution?

*

When the drum sounds the fourth watch,
Moonlight come slanting through the window;
I sigh beside the sleeping guest.
Startled by fleeting dreams;
What is worse, this is our first time together;
I cannot be sure of his temperament;
I want to doze off but dare not sleep.
I can only
Muster all my strength to seem warm and compliant;
Pressing my cheeks against his;
Whispering sweet and flattering words;
Exhausting every bit of my cunning;
To swindle him out of his money. (My God!)
Even with the most disgusting of men,
I dare show no sign of resistance.

*

The drum sounds the fifth watch;
The moonlight lingers by the window;
I sigh, whether winter or summer,
Who can know my sufferings?
Through hunger and cold, plenty and warmth,
I've only myself for commiseration.
Most fearful in winter is the chilling cold
When I send off friends, my coat pulled around tight.
Most fearful in summer is doing "that thing" in the heat;
Welcoming the new, sending off the old
Down to the day I am an old woman
Thinking about my bitter plight.
What I have endured, I alone know; (My God!)
After death I will ask the King of Hades
To see what the next life will bring.
One whole night without sleep;
When the golden cock announces the dawn,
I scamble down from the ivory bed;
Fix my hair, apply makeup;
To prepare to receive new guests.
If I am the slightest bit late,
The damned old madam will be along
To beat and scold once more.
(I am dying of misery in this brothel.)

266.165 On A Winter Day I Compose Eight “Short Songs,” Copying Shaoling’s Style\fn{by Zhu Jingsu (early 19th century)} China (F) -1

It wouldn’t be hard to conceal a sword
 and with it take my life,
 but regret for this sweet child
 would tear my heart with grief.
 Right, left, you’ve learned to walk
 but your feet are still so tender.
 Already you can understand
 more than a hundred Tang poems;
 but now you are in your third year
 and weaning is never easy.
 Let me see you through these early years,
 then I’m determined to say farewell.

*

Woe! ah, woe! my sixth song, oh—
 my vitals and heart are burning.
 Ghosts and spirits weep for me
 out in the weedgrown suburbs.

267.155 1. Autumn Boudoir 2. Sent With Thoughts Of Sisters Xuelan, Ruiyuan, Linfeng And Wanlan\fn{Two verses from a set of twelve} 3. *Yi ye luo* 4. Love Beans 5. I Had No Letter From Linfeng For So Long That I Wrote This To Send 6. Written After Getting Linfeng’s Letter 7. A Found Poem 8. For *Shengxiangguan ci* 9. Writing My Feelings In Night Rain: **Nine Poems**\fn{by Li Peijin aka Chenlan, Renlan (early 19th century)} Changzhou, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 3

1

Waning moonlight crosses the curtain hook.
 Autumn dreams as flimsy as flowers.
 A puppy in the corner barks at the night,
 The Big Dipper aslant in the deep blue sky.

*

I iron my old silks,
 Wrinkled as the space between my eyebrows.
 I mark time, minute by minute, all night long,
 Facing the lamp’s tiny flame.

2

ii

I remember you standing beneath the crab apple trees,
 So graceful and slender and at ease, I loved you;
 Like Zhiqiong, you were exquisite and so clever,
 Still not very good at playing the strings,
 Just having learned to paint your eyebrows.

*

Cool mists covered the yard, the spring pond dark,
 Hidden pockets of new green like clouds.
 We noticed the homing swallows catch the slanting light of sunset,

Didn't bother to let down the bead blind.
High winds scattered spring stars.

v

I remember the sound of night rain on lotus in the wind,
You writing on the sly a lyric by the lamp.
The poem just begun, you were afraid of being found out,
And when I came in, pretended you were using the brush
To paint a branch of crab apple blossoms.

*

A disappointed Cailuan expertly writing out rhymes,
You gave me that square of white silk,
Each tiny character a gem inscribed by your hand.
I'm afraid to open my locked gold box
For I can't bear to see your poem.

3

A leaf falls.
Just waking from a dream:
Listening to the rain tonight is not like last night.
Heartless but afraid of evening cold:
An autumn spirit drifting without rest.
Drifting without rest,
The leaves clack-clacking louder than the watchman's rattle.

4

Beads of coral stored in a gold box—
What I felt at that moment of parting,
A thousand strands of sorrow.
So it took a few takes to tell
That the east wind had blossomed the plum.
Someone says
Spring, why do you bother?
Spring says
Why do you?

*

I remember those gentle fingers so often strumming a sad song,
And wanting many a time to send it to the blocked ends of the sky.
I look out the window,
Coax the parrots into talking.
The flowers say
Cuckoos cry rain.
The cuckoos say
Flowers cry rain.

5

The night window empty, the new year just begun,
The stealthy change of seasons stuns me.
No answer to my letter—
To whose house did it go by mistake?

Spring has come around again but
I don't see
Plum blossoms and blame that lax east wind.
A poet's soul, downcast, scattered.
Now the water clock sways in sorrow.
Willow mists in hazy dreams,
Cold moonlight shines on clear grief.

*

Even scissors from Bingzhou
Would have trouble cutting through the cocoon around my heart,
Wrapped round and round so utterly with longing.
The lamp shining through the screen washes out the gauze and
Barely sparks a few spring stars.
That longing across the miles:
We shared ten thousand strands.
The willows have greened to the south bank of the river.
I'm sleepless, remembering everything.
The candle's tears have turned to ash,
The wick dead.
Have we really grown apart?

6

A good wind blows:
Your letter came,
The peach-blossom page no doubt
Soaked with tears when done.
So eloquent the unbounded longing of your reply
That once I finished reading it
I took it from the top again.

*

The love you sent,
Tears enclosed—
When it has reached the edge of sorrow,
It is beyond what we felt then.
I recognize the Jiangnan red love beans,
Each one plain and clear and
Full of your tears.

7

Rippling curtain brushing the floor in this crisp cold:
Still groggy from a noontime nap,
Tea steam curling over the table,
I prod the ashes to stir up longing,
Sort through my brocade bag and burn old drafts.
Slumped against the silver screen in sadness, I find the state of my heart
Does not improve with time.
A strand of green mountains misted by clouds.
I watch the birds fly home across the setting sun.

8

Thinking over everything past

Before the mirror,
Painted eyebrows furrowed—
When were they ever smooth?
My heart and soul thoroughly spent on these one hundred poems—
The cocoon left of the dying silkworm.
You notice, all over the page,
Tear stains still glistening.
Take care. I send you lines of longing.
I'm always thinking of you.
When will we see each other again?
I know both sides
Share this heartbreak.

*

How I regret, all my three lives, neglecting my writing,
And here now
Remnants of paper, leftover ink,
The same charred inkstor,e.
Kith and kin far away, you who know me best departed,
I face this overcome with bitter desolation.
Probably this grief is
Unavoidable throughout history.
If the misty waters of my hometown are still intact,
When I go to Jiangnan
I will look for my old friends.
Beyond that
I want nothing else.

9

Dusk rain, lamp dark,
Outside the window, plantains tapping dreams gone cold.
The tip, tip, tap, tap
Keeps the sad one from sleep.

*

Deep into the endless night
One last wisp of incense a scant and swaying shadow.
Old lines chanted low:
If they don't hurt, I don't want to hear them.

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN OR FLOURISHED AT SOME (NORMALLY UNSPECIFIED) TIME DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

274.80a Excerpt from *To The Melody Of Song Of Divination: Painting A Landscape* \fn { by Xu Shuhui (fl. first half of the 19th century) } China (F) -1

When cold leaves descend on my light garment,
Alone I am taking a leisurely stroll.
When dawn is accompanied by the sounds of the bells,
Driven by loneliness, I drift into a reverie.

267.177 Two fragments from *Flowers From A Brush* \fn { by Qiu Xinru (1st half of the 19th century) } China (F) 1

1

Karmic Bonds of Reincarnation, just recently published,
Is today eagerly circulated by *afficionados* of the genre.
Its literary style, graceful and restrained, is not at all vulgar,
The sophistication of its artistic composition is quite admirable.
In the ranking of “plucking rhymes,” it deserves the first place,
But still it suffers in its conception from some minor failings:

Liu Yanyu

Promised herself to Huangfu Shaohua without parental permission,
So how could she have been enfeoffed
As a Chaste and Filial Lady and be so highly praised?

The *Rules for Women* says:

“If one is remiss in even one virtue, all one’s virtues suffer.”

How much more does this apply

To marrying without a matchmaker’s help, a scandalous act!

LiJunyu

Was completely perfect in talent, looks, and in deportment,
And she excelled in both public administration and literary writings.
But if one must point out her faults, she was extremely unfilial,

She even

Completely suppressed the natural feelings of gratitude.

When she threatened to resign in the golden hall of the palace,

She shamed her father and fooled her lord—this goes too far!

Despite her many qualities, this truly must be deemed a defect,

As it is always said

That of the hundred virtues of man, filiality comes first.

2

She wanted to draft the memorial but felt no inspiration,
She smoothed the yellow paper but didn’t lift her brush.
Abruptly she pushed her inkstone aside, rose from her desk,
And collapsed inside the bed curtains in her embroidered gown.

Her heart was in turmoil, her mind in a whirl,

Recalling the past, imagining the future, overcome by grief!

*

“Ah, this is really too vexing!

Since my old father caused me to be born with many talents,

Why, oh why

Was I not born a boy? Why did I have to be born a girl?

In the last few years,

Thanks to all my hard work, I’ve made a success of my career.

How could I know

I’d have to see riches and honor return to ashes and dust as before.

To no purpose

Has my talent been as high as the Dipper—what use is it now?

To no purpose

Have I been ranked among ministers—now I am dismissed.”

267.178 Excerpt from *Pear Blossom Dream* \fn {by He Peizhu (1st half of the 19th century)} Shexian, Anhui Province,
China (F) -1

... I am Du Lanxian.

From the day I was born, I have had a manly appearance and the talents of Ban Zhao, as well as the air of the immortals and the bones of the Way. Whenever I step with swaying hips, willows appear at Linghe Palace; whenever I let out a breath, lilies open on the Li River.

At the age of ten I excelled in embroidery, and in [the time it takes to take] seven steps I was able to complete a poem. But what bothers me is that I have a partner on Phoenix Ridge who is skilled at applying my kingfisher-green eyebrows. I will not leave my name on Goose Pagoda, and to the end will be ashamed of having been nothing but rouge and powder.

I now accompany my husband on his northward journey. The entire way I have suffered greatly, with the dew forming on the curtains and the wind blowing through the blinds. I remember how in Yangzhou I vied to identify the grasses and evaluate the flowers, cultivated the clouds and there beneath the moon, got tipsy with my girlfriends, among whom was one who wished that I was a man so that she could refill my incense and carry my inkstone.

Today the spring colors are splendid and I am consumed with longing. And so to amuse myself, I sit here alone, dressed up as a man ...

AUTHORS WHO FLOURISHED AT SOME UNSPECIFIED TIME DURING THE MID-19TH CENTURY

195.79 Excerpts from **Letters and Diary Entries** \fn{by Tseng Kuo-fan (fl. mid-19th century)} Hsiang-hsiang, Hunan Province, China (M) 1

... Li Hsio-ch'eng's Deposition has been copied by eight or nine people. Altogether it amounts to 130 pages, each with 216 characters. It has been bound, punctuated and divided into sections, marked with red paper slips. It has been sent to the Grand Council for examination. Memorial despatched at the Yu hour. \fn{5-7 p.m.} ...

*

... Since the 10th Month the new government in the capital has brought about great changes. The Empresses Dowager listen to reports on state affairs from behind screens and everywhere people are apprehensive. I have received in succession fourteen secret documents and edicts. My responsibilities are too great, my power and position too exalted and my fame too lofty. It is dreadful and alarming. ...

*

... To judge from the peoples' desire for order and the disunity amongst the rebels, it would seem that there is an opportunity for recovering Chin-ling. \fn{Nanking} But from ancient times, those who have achieved great merit and honor, apart from Prince Kuo of Fen-yang, \fn{A reference to Kuo Tzu-I the T'ang general who won great merit for his art in suppressing the rebellion of An Lu-shan and Shih Ssu-ming} have also had many ups and downs, many difficulties. One cannot say that it is easy. You and I should tread *very* carefully, as if we were on the edge of a precipice, and hope that we may avoid calamity. ...

*

... For three thousand *li* along the Yangtse there is no boat which does not fly my flag, so that people elsewhere think that I have too much military power; they think that the *likin* \fn{Transit tax} of four provinces comes to me in an uninterrupted flow, that armies everywhere obey my command. Their suspicions are certainly not unfounded, but no one can be aware of the weakness of our army and the deficiency of our funds. As soon as I have completed my work I intend to petition at once to hand in my seals as Governor-General and Imperial Commissioner. I will not venture to stand aside from affairs, but will command some 10,000 troops and only take charge of one front, on the scale of eight or nine years ago. Perhaps in this way I may avoid disaster. ...

*

... The rebel chief Hung Hsiu-ch'üan did in fact poison himself in the 5th Month of this year during the fierce siege by the government troops, and was buried in the courtyard of the rebel palace. The "Young Sovereign" Hung Fu-chen succeeded him, and he, after the city was breached, filled his palace with firewood and burned himself to death. As soon as the fire in the rebel palace has died down the body of Hung Hsiu-ch'üan should be dug up, and the suicide by burning verified. ...

*

... In the old days there was such a thing as the "sacred store" (*sheng.k'u*) but in fact it was the private treasury of Hung Hsiu-ch'üan and not that of the rebel capital. Officials and soldiers of the rebel state had no salaries and the king's eldest brother and his second brother used extortionate means to obtain money and grain from the various departments. There was slightly more treasure in Su-chou than in Chin-ling, but there was no public treasury. The treasure and goods distributed by Li Hsiu-ch'eng alone were divided amongst his subordinates; that is why their relations were harmonious. Otherwise each had his own private treasury and the state was poor. ...

*

... I have decided to cut the army by half and leave only twenty thousand men or so, because there are no funds. But for those disbanded there is nothing to pay their wages with and they cannot therefore be sent off at once; for those who remain there are no funds for campaigning and therefore they cannot be sent immediately into action elsewhere. ...

*

... Apart from the usurper Hung Hsiu-ch'üan, there is no need for the others to be presented as captives; the cases of Ch'en Yü-ch'eng and Shih Ta-k'ai may be taken as precedents. Moreover, in the past, when leading criminals have been sent to the capital, they have invariably beguiled with sweet words to escape death. Li Hsiu-ch'eng knows that he can never be reprieved and may either starve himself to death on the way, or sneak off and escape. If he thus avoids public execution, disastrous consequences might ensue. ...

*

... There is such a shortage of funds that I cannot even support my present forces, let alone all these surrendered rebels. When we accept several thousand more I shall be obliged to ask Your Excellency\fn{Kuan Wen} for several thousand *jiang* of gold, apart from the financial assistance which I must request for the four thousand already absorbed. The cost of incorporating ten thousand is not more than twenty thousand *chin* per month, which cannot be compared with the difficulties and risks involved in training soldiers to exterminate an equal number of rebels. ...

*

... Li Hsiu-ch'eng's original Deposition amounted altogether to several tens of thousand characters, and although it is in the main reliable, the exaggeration of his own military achievements is at variance with the military reports of the various commands. ...

*

... The above\fn{The Deposition itself} was all written by Li Hsiu-ch'eng himself in his prison cage between the 27th Day of the 6th Month\fn{30 July} and the 6th Day of the 7th Month.\fn{7 August} Every day he wrote about seven thousand characters. The wrongly written characters have been corrected, his flattery of the Ch'u\fn{Hunan} Army has been expunged, idle words and repetitions have been cut, his specious pleading for life and requests to be allowed to expiate his guilt by obtaining the surrender of the various rebel [bands] in Kiangsi and Hupeh, together with the ten requests concerning this surrender and the ten disasters leading to the defeat of the rebel Hung, have all been cut. The remainder, though it is ungrammatical, and not in accordance with the facts, has not been cut, in order to preserve its authenticity. ...

195.83 Excerpts from *Diary Entries*\fn{by P'eng Yu-lin (fl. mid-19th century)} China (M) 1

According to reports, there are large numbers of rebels at Pac-an and Chin-niu. Ch'eng Ta-chi and Chiang Chih-ch'un went there in the certainty of a big fight in which they could kill to their hearts' content (*pao-sha-i-ch'ang*). But the rebels heard the news and fled, and would not fight with our troops—it was really exasperating! Now several myriad of rebels from Pac-an and Chin-niu have all gone back to Hsing-kuo. It is very hot, and Ch'eng and Chiang's troops have to give chase. If at Hsing-kuo there is no battle, it means that the rebels will go back to Kiangsi and will just wear out our troops by rushing away.

What can one do? Mr Ch'eng and Mr Chiang are not cruel, they cannot wash Hsing-kuo in blood; but if they can completely get rid of all those in that town who have collaborated with the rebels, exterminate them root and branch and leave no evil behind, perhaps this may preserve order and be a warning to future generations. Otherwise, if our troops go there, shave the heads of the whole [male] population, roll up their banners and put them back to work on the land, once our armies withdraw, not only will the peasants and artisans of the place all turn into rebels, but even all the scholars and merchants will do so as well. From being a habit it becomes their nature, just like making a living by buying and selling. It is really the womb of evil in Hupeh, a hot-bed for the long-haired rebels in the Empire. If the southeastern half of the land has no peace, it is all because of Hsing-kuo....

*

After the stone forts at Yu-hua-t'ai had all been taken, the rebels feared that the government troops would launch a big attack against the city;\fn{Of Nanking} also, because of the loss of K'un-shan and Hsin-yang, they feared that troops from Shanghai would lay siege of Su-chou. Li Hsiu-ch'eng and the other rebel *wangs* hurriedly changed their plans and decided to mount a relieving expedition from Chiang-pei, to relieve both nearby Chin-

ling and distant Su-chou. Consequently the [rebel] sieges of T'ien-ch'ang, Liu-an and Lai-an were raised one after the other, and the mobs crossed over to the south. The rebels who were stationed at Ch'iao-lin and Hsiao-tien, on the 5th Day of the 5th Month,\fn{20 June} seized boats in the pouring rain and dashed across, so that there was a constant clamour of shouting in the river. Hsiao Ch'ing-yen, judging that the rebel mobs at Chiang-p'u and P'u-k'ou were not very resolute, sent cavalry to attack them. But half-way there they heard that the rebels at P'u-k'ou had already given up the town and fled. The rebels at Chiang-p'u sent a letter to the camp offering to surrender, but Pao Ch'ao and Liu Lien-chieh suspected a trick, and on the 9th Day\fn{24 June} led their forces to the attack. Hsiao Ch'ing-yen came by way of Wu-chiang and joined up with the various river units, meeting Li Ch'ao-pin's river detachment from T'ai-hu, which was on its way to Shanghai and going past Chin-ling at the time. On the 10th Day, Li Ch'ao-pin sent his officers Wu Kuei-fang, Li Chu-fa and Chiang Pu-shan to take boats and dash down-river, first to occupy P'u-k'ou and wipe out the remainder of the rebel Chung's force which had not crossed. Your Official Yu-lin took three *yung* [names omitted] into the inner rivers, but unexpectedly, when the units reached Chiang-p'u [they found that] the rebels had got wind [of their approach] and had fled. Joining up with the infantry, they then recaptured Chiang-p'u and P'u-k'ou, pursued and got in front of the fleeing rebels, who made for Chiu-fu-chou but were not admitted into the rebel fort on the island. Our gunboats blocked the river and attacked them so that they could not cross. In fear they attempted to hide or escaped amongst the reeds, not knowing that in the thickest part of the reeds the water is ten feet or several tens of feet deep, because of the canal dug there in the Tao Kuang period [to defend] against the barbarians, and that dug by Chang Kuo-liang against the rebels, which criss-crossed [the island]. Men and horses rushing there were all drowned, their bodies amounting to the number of several myriad. On the 11th Day the surviving rebels were moaning with hunger on the river bank. Cut off by the new canals, they could not return to the north bank, and cut off by the Yangtse, they could not cross to the south bank. The water forces then landed and kept attacking them the whole day. Half of their number ran upon our swords and were killed, the remainder jumped into the water and were drowned. . .

This is what happened at the capture of Chiang-p'u and P'u-k'ou on the 10th Day of the 5th Month.

267.159 1. Little New Year's Eve 2. A Song Of Runzhou: Two Poems\fn{by Zuo Xixuan aka Fujiang (fl. mid-19th century)} Yanghu?, Jiangsu Province, China (F) 1

1

Together or apart, now and in days gone by,
 Inseparable are the ties that bind us.
 Eastward flowing, flowing, water without end,
 When will it again turn westward in its course?
 Could I but borrow the three-foot sword of Wu,
 In woman's garb bestride a campaign saddle,
 I'd cleanse this vast realm of filth.
 No matter all the pain in my heart,
 I cannot wipe away my pure tears.
 As I, now frail of figure,
 Idle with a wine cup,
 The night lamp goes cold.
 No longer knowing what night this is,
 Alone and tipsy, I can find no joy.
 In life, joy and sorrow cannot be foreseen;
 Month follows month, and thus a year goes by
 As silently I lean on the balustrade.
 At night amid wind and rain in a desolate village,
 In dreams I return to Changan.

2

Our army's ramparts like paper, rebel ramparts of iron;
 Though besieged these ten weeks, the city cannot be taken.

Our imperial armies in turmoil resound like a nighttime tide;
 In the mists, myriad tents turn a deathly hue.
 Suddenly fiery clouds mount up the nighttime sky
 As our officers rush about and our soldiers fall in battle.
 In the glare of blood and fire, everything explodes,
 Dyeing the moon the color of scarlet roses.
 Small skiffs, large barges, all go up in flames;
 The river boils like a cauldron at every bend and turn.
 Floating corpses clog the surface, damming the river's flow,
 Where lurking krakens gorge themselves on human flesh.
 Abandoning its weapons, the Zhejiang army is first to flee,
 Causing the stalwarts of Chaozhou to cry out in alarm.
 It is as if they had set the fields afire,
 Smoking out fox and wolf, consuming stag and roe deer.
 Anu's decision to attack with fire was bad strategy;
 Lacking any plan, our commander willingly accepted defeat.
 As twilight advances across half this realm,
 Eight thousand individuals shed identical tears.

267.178a 1. Mourning At The Tomb Of Prince Yue 2. The Ballad Of General Shen: **Two Poems** \fn{by Zhang
 Chaixin (fl. mid 19th century)} Hanshan, Anhui Province, China (F) 2

1

He let those bandits devour one half of our mountains and streams,
 But he never would allow the General to turn the world around:
 That noble hero had the sword to smite those barbarian invaders,
 But the chancellor had no intention of repaying his country's favors.
 Twelve imperial orders written in gold were sent to his camp,
 Three thousand ironclad warriors wept and tried to block his way.
 Now all that remains here today is this solitary grave mound,
 Its pine and cypress somber and dark as the bright sun sinks.

2

Lord Shen had a daughter, the finest flower of the inner chambers,
 And he instructed her in the Six Classics from her earliest years:
 At night she would read to her heart's content in books of history,
 During the day she would indulge in embroidery with colored silks.

*

When the father joined the army, the daughter went with him:
 Heaven-startling bronze drums surrounded the towering walls.
 A storm arose: the sun darkened by the fluttering of banners,
 Clouds gathered: a crashing tide of troops astride their steeds!

*

True to his oath the commander was willing to die for his country,
 And he personally led his small army to meet the rebels in the field.
 His imposing figure, bristling with rage, filled the bandits with fear,
 But even so, alas, the decision of Heaven could not be reversed.

*

Lightning flashed, thunder roared, the rain poured down:
 In the heat of the battle he did not make a timely retreat.
 His horse slipped in the mud and the commander fell,
 No longer able to display his might with bow or sword.

*

The General, when young, had the style name of Yunying,
Pounding the earth, crying to Heaven—life had no value!
She herself led a small group of ten or twelve stalwarts
And ventured on to the battlefield on horseback, alone!

*

The armies of rebels fled in all directions, like mice, like sparrows,
They spun around and showed their backs, scared out of their wits!
Their horses spat peach-colored foam, dyed red by the blood,
Their armor filled with holes like coins, slivered by the sword.

*

In a moment's time she had cut off more than thirty heads,
And great masses of men had returned to the unborn state.
After her return, she opened the gate, ready to fight again,
But the bandit swarms in their panic had already moved their camp.
From then on the orphaned city, unassailable, remained untroubled,
And all the neighborhoods sang praises of her meritorious service.

*

When the Imperial Court was informed, it rewarded her most lavishly,
By a special act of grace she was allowed to succeed to her father's post.
Restoring order among the remaining troops, storing fodder and food:
Intending to revenge her father's death, she prepared for swift action.

*

But, alas, Jingzhou was overrun by bandits, and her husband
Jia Jian vowed to risk his life defending the gates of the city.
Hit by an arrow he departed forever from this mortal world—
Her marching orders arrived together with the news of his death.

*

Awash in tears she declined to obey the Emperor's summons:
"My heart a tangled mess, I am unfit now to fulfill my duties.
I implore you to allow me to return home while still alive,
And I ask that our heirs be exempted from taxes and duties.
My father gave his life in your service, my husband also died:
Their hearts were loyal, they wanted only to repay Your favor.

*

Who will take care of their abandoned coffins on my behalf?
I wish to bury their bones next to the graves of their ancestors.
I'm resigned to growing old in poverty, dressed in a linen skirt,
Since I can't rid the world of dust and smoke and bring it peace."

*

While traveling home rumors reached her of the Emperor's death,
And right away she wanted to plunge into the river and drown.
But her mother beseeched her and implored her:
"My child, Our clan's survival is not yet secure while I'm old and weak.
Would it not now be better to stay alive for a little bit longer,
And, for my sake, to remain in this world a few days more?"
In the end the daughter gave in to her mother's entreaties,
Overcome by emotions both of them were awash in tears.
She locked the gate: her only wish was now to serve her mother—
Without firewood by daytime, without rice for the evening meal.
Managing to scrape by in poverty for more than ten years—
Until one day she died of an illness and was laid in her grave.

*

The General combined literary talent with military arts,

Her filial piety and loyal chastity will be known forever;
She bound up her hair, joined the troops—just like Mulan;
Taught the Classics behind a red screen—like lady Song;
Composed a poem out in the desert—another Cao Zhi;
Stabbed bandits and rebels in battle—a new Me Daoyun!

*

Gods and hosts still stand in fear of her majestic merit,
She spent the last years of her life writing books.
The trees atop the clouds on the mountain slope of Mt. Kan
Still seem to rattle like the spears and swords of those days!

267.180 1. Excerpt from The Golden Fish Affinity: “The Preface” \fn{by Niu Ruyuan (fl. mid-19th century)} Jiangxi Province, China (F) 1

Since ancient times, authors have been remembered because of their texts, and texts have become famous because of their authors. And so, if the author is extraordinary, the text will be even more extraordinary.

Every period has its men who stand out for their writings, but one rarely hears of women who take hold of the writing brush and set forth their opinions. Of those famous ladies and pure maidens, there are none who do not nourish the numinous beauties of hills and streams and cherish the immortal talents of exceptional insight. But rare indeed are those who do not follow the established conventions of rouge and powder. The only one who has been able to link together past and present, to understand rise and fall, to turn her back on the hustle and bustle of worldly affairs, to look upon honor and riches as floating clouds, and to make zither and books the only lasting pleasures of her life, is my younger sister-in-law.

My sister-in-law’s style name is Deying, and she sports the sobriquet of Immortal Fairy Rising Beyond the Clouds. Our Sun family was originally registered in Eastern Zhejiang and is an established lineage of Gui’an.\fn{Wuxing} Since my father-in-law was employed as a private secretary in Jiangxi and was married in Jiujiang, the family has now been living here for over thirty years.

When I married my husband, my sister-in-law did not yet wear her hair tied up in a bun, but even then she did not indulge in sports and games, but loved only study and meditation. By nature she was bright and intelligent, far above the run of the mill. Every moment she could spare from her needlework, she would take up a book: she was widely read and had memorized not only the Classics and Histories and the Philosophers, but also the heterodox teachings and miscellaneous chronicles. Behind closed doors, she would tell stories of both near and far without omitting any details, and her listeners were never the slightest bit bored. I secretly admired her for this.

When she had her hair tied up in a bun, she exhibited an even greater earnestness and elegance. Even though she had never received any formal instruction in her youth, she excelled in poetry. The verses she wrote were clear and pure, natural and unrestrained, very much in the style of a recluse. Even though she never explicitly expressed her desire to care for her parents in their old age instead of getting married, I early on guessed from her writings and discussions that this is what she wanted. Her parents, however, did not know of her desire, and my sister-in-law became despondent and unhappy whenever there was talk of an engagement.

Shortly afterwards, her mother suffered a stroke, and having become paralyzed on the right side of her body, she required the help of a nurse not only to eat and drink but also to sit up and lie down. My sister-in-law’s resolve to take care of her parents was only strengthened by this, and so she told her parents straight out. Her parents and the clan elders, however, were concerned that this might eventually create problems, so they admonished and reprimanded her, and in a hundred ways tried to make her change her mind. But none of this made any difference and so they had no choice but to yield to her resolve.

Not long after this, the people from Guandong-Guangxi\fn{The Taiping rebels} were threatening to invade our prefecture, so we rented a boat and fled the fighting. The unsettled situation caused the illness of her mother to suddenly worsen: she coughed up mucous, became delirious, and was unconscious of what was happening around her, and medicines were of no avail. Within an hour, she had departed from this world, leaving us behind!

My sister-in-law wailed sorrowfully and cried tears of blood, and was so grieved that she lost her desire to live. Only when my husband and I comforted her was her grief somewhat assuaged.

From this time onwards, she lived alone in her tiny room and refused all contact with the outside world, spending her time either reciting the *Diamond Sutra* and practicing meditation, or writing about events of the past and composing books. She would not take even half a step out of her cell unless it was to pay her respects to her

father or to take part in the worship of the ancestors. All members of our clan who heard of this were filled with admiration.

She began her *The Golden Fish Affinity* in the year *kuibai* {1863} and finished it in the year *mouchen*, {1868} having completed the work in six years. When my husband and I read it, we praised it greatly—how could she have written it so quickly and so well!

Even though this work is a prosimetrical text, it well merits reading. It truly may be compared to the Classics and Histories inasmuch as it deals with the major issues of morality and the basic causes of order and chaos, and it is of even greater value as regards the moral transformation of the inner quarters. It should be printed and widely circulated so that her feelings of compassion will not have been wasted. My sister-in-law said:

“I wrote this simply as a diversion to while away the time, so why cut down pear trees and date trees for printing blocks?” But I said:

“Authors are remembered because of their texts, and texts become famous because of their authors. How could we bear to keep hidden such an extraordinary author and such an extraordinary text?”

So we turned the manuscript over to the printer so that it might find a wide readership, in the hope that from this single spot one might deduce the entire leopard.

269.52a 1. Part Of A Sermon To Her Disciples 2. Poems Of The Pure Land 3. The Twenty-Four Solar Periods: Reflective Verses 4. Song Of Collecting Sand Hermitage 5. Untitled 6. Untitled Verses {by Lianghai (fl. mid-19th century)} Suzhou Province?, China (F) 3

1

... In the Avatamsaka Sutra, the Buddha is compared to a lion among men. Of the fifty-three wise and holy enlightened beings [mentioned in this sutra] there was a single nun who bore the title of “lion.” Thus we can know that the awesome and peerless attainment of the buddhamind is not weakened because of the presence of nuns ...

Now, when women enter the homeless life, they should abandon all the [negative] habits of their sex, and plant the seeds of the peerless and wonderful Dharma. They ... should enter into the way of the Buddha with great determination. Their hearts should be filled with repentance, their thoughts should be clean and pure, and they should devote themselves fully to awakening the mind of compassion and fully carry out the work of liberation.

Only then will they be looked up to as role models throughout the ten directions; only then will monks, nuns, laymen, and laywomen gather around them for inspiration. ...

2

In this very world can be seen the Western Paradise,
All that is required is that a person be strong in faith and resolve.
In every situation the Compassionate One will receive and guide you,
And in every moment pour forth the marvelous fragrance of the lotus.

*

Bright and luminous is the Pure Land right in front of your eyes,
Don't bother setting out in search of the Golden Buddha.
On the road to the Land of Joy, who will be the first to arrive?
So close by: the mountains of home surrounded by setting sun.

*

Rubble and ruin, brambles and briars: this is the true Pure Land,
Seeing, hearing, knowing, feeling: these are the ancient Amitabha.
All you need to do is stay where you are—but forget all distinctions,
Clapping your hands with a “Ha! Ha!”
And singing out a “La La!”

*

Keeping the precepts and discipline, your reward will be truly good;
On the grounds of the golden sands, the jade towers are in spring.
All one need do is meditate on one's self-nature, the Amitabha Buddha,
Who for eons has never been sullied by the slightest speck of dust.

*

In order to ensure a rebirth in the Western Paradise, the Pure Land,
Right and wrong, oneself and other must be completely overturned.
From toe to heel and heel to toe is the land of the lotus flower;
What need, having reached the shore, to go in search of a raft?

*

Buddha's words and Chan mind: no difference between them,
Peach blossoms are pink, pear white, both are blossoms.
Across the floor of porcelain are scattered grains of gold,
In front of the agate stairwell are spread granules of jade.

*

Sitting alone in deep seclusion, the myriad cares forgotten,
My whole body feels completely absorbed into that of the Dharma King.
Don't use "delusion" and "enlightenment" to obscure the mind's eye,
When the flower of true awareness opens, its fragrance will circle the world.

3

Early March and the sound of thunder: myriad creatures stir,
One can't tell from the outside what will flourish or wilt.
The stream in front of the mountain is alive at its source,
Where, completely pure and clean, it is never sullied.

*

Vernal equinox on brushwood paths, the valley birds sing,
A sliver of leisurely cloud accompanies me back home.
A bright moon, a clear breeze, I cannot make them stay,
Feeling expansive and at ease, I let them go east or west.

*

The great snow falls deep and full, like fluffy willow floss,
High mountain and level plain look one and the same.
Every thing and every creature contains endless significance,
How many Chan followers are deceived by their eyes.

4

In a single grain of sand is stored the entire world,
Universes without boundary cannot be considered huge.
A child's sandcastle turns into a magnificent pagoda, \fn{ In the Lotus Sutra are the following lines: Even if little boys at play |
should collect sand to make a Buddha tower, | then persons such as these | have all attained the Buddha way }
When the mountain nun goes on her alms round, she forgets her weariness.
What need for a convent to get rid of entanglements?
That can be done as well in palatial towers and fancy halls.
The cooking stove and the three gates \fn{ Symbols of purity of body, speech, and mind } look newer every day,
Filled with sparrows darting to and fro like guests,
Who are still not quite sure who the owner of this hermitage is.
The host within the host knows neither distance nor intimacy,
When distance and intimacy are one, there is then independence.
No need even to seek out people with whom to discuss and debate,
When the eight winds \fn{ A reference to the influences that fan the passions: loss and gain; slander and eulogy; ridicule and praise;
sorrow and joy } have all died down, it will be over.
The sea of realization fully illumined, the mind-moon clear,
When the body is like a mirror, its skillfulness becomes divine.
Hu barbarians appear and then Han Chinese, none leave a trace,
Whether in city or in village, all is the Tathagatarbha,

The body without form dwelling within this body with form.
Although the rooms are small, it is spacious and comfortable,
Housing buddhas and beings numberless as the Ganges sands.
Forming, existing, destroying, emptying: illusions rise and disappear,
All of them grounded on the stable earth of the original mind.

Living below the three rafters,\fn{Note: Traditionally monks and nuns were allotted the distance between three rafters—
approximately three feet—in the meditation hall}

I am not dependent on anyone for food to eat or clothes to wear.

Limitless are the innumerable heroes of the past and the present,

What a waste to spend a million cash just for good neighbors!\fn{Note: An allusion to a story about a man who spent a
considerable amount of money to purchase a house. When asked how much he had paid, he replied that he'd spent ten thousand for the
house, and a million for the neighbors}

5

In the one place things merge, through the six\fn{The six senses} they disperse;

The evening sun heads west, the moon circles east.

There's no point in raising these ready-made koans,

Lie up near the north window with the door open.

6

Look at him, that solitary man,

Truly a man with no commitments!

Between coming in and out, going to and fro.

Easy and free, with not even a walking staff.

He may lack the love of sons and daughters,

But neither does he suffer the nagging of a wife.

On a whim he sits himself beneath the trees

And gazes at the white of the plum blossoms.

*

He walks until he reaches the mountain top
And sits to watch the place from where clouds rise.

The white clouds sail to the edge of heaven,

The red sun rests in the center of the void.

The blue sea turns into fields of mulberry,\fn{A common metaphor for the impermanence of all things}

The hills level themselves leaving us a place.

Rising and falling like the foam on the waters,

Gathering and scattering like children at play.

*

The guest of the stone room and cold cliff

Is unaware of the passing of days and nights.

Oblivious to the passing of months and years,

She is too lazy to go out and convert others.

She is truly a person who has realized herself,

Fearing by robbers, tigers, dragons, and vipers.

Why don't you ask her about rice in Luling:

What price are they asking for it today?\fn{Note: A monk once asked Master Qingyuan Xingsi (660-774AD), "What is the
primary meaning of the Buddhadharma?" His reply was: "What is the price of rice in Luling?"}

*

She'll only say that the world is empty,

Although it sometimes manifests as form.

But its emptiness is not inherently empty,

Nor is its form inherently form.

Emptiness and form are inherently nonexistent,
Lacking existence, what is there to preserve?
Debating about dust is a moose's howl,
Speaking about truth is the lion's roar.

AN AUTHOR WHO WAS BORN AT SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

267.181 1. Excerpt from **Phoenixes Flying Together 2. Written At The End Of Phoenixes Flying Together, For Yang Xiangwan** \fn{ by Cheng Huiying aka Chenchou (2nd half of the 19th century) } Yanaghu, Hebei Province, China (F) 1

1

She said: "Master, do not say anything like that!
How can someone like you who can read be so deluded?
Please, don't blame me for quoting the following phrases:
'In general it's misfortunate people who have daughters.'
They spend their money and waste their efforts,
Raising her till she's grown, as beautiful as a flower,
But just when
She could help her mother by taking over her tasks,
They insist on
Marrying her off to other people as a bride.
If she happens to have
Parents-in-law familiar with the rites, and a good husband,
She can be assured of
A quiet and peaceful existence for the rest of her life:
Without a worry she will enjoy a thousand pleasures,
And never complain that her parents have discarded her.

*

This shows the uselessness of having daughters.

*

But if she encounters
A family that eats dung for dinner and is ignorant of the Way,
They are bound
To criticize her every move, and be concerned only about her dowry.
Her parents-in-law will curse her, her husband will abuse her,
And whenever they open their mouth, they'll malign her parents.
When she cannot stand the stress and abuse any longer,
She will
Return to her parental home to complain, weeping and crying,
With the result
That her father is pained by pity, her mother all in a fix,
And they will
Go back with her to her place and raise a terrible stink.
But in the end,
'Once the cloth falls in a vat of blue dye, it'll never be white again,'
And their precious pearl has already fallen into the mud and mire.

*

Their daughter never can come home. This is the damage caused by having daughters.

*

And so it is said:
'When she enters the bridal sedan, she enters the grave.'"

2

To whom can I tell my heart's secrets of half a life?
 Let me use this frosty brush to reveal them to you.
 There is no need for tears and laughter to always fit the beat,
 Dare but speak your wrath and curses and you'll have a text!
 Deeds that will frighten even Heaven—dreams of autumn months,
 Sadness and joy that move the Earth—it's only clouds.
 I want this book to be opened only by a true friend,
 I would rather it be unknown by the common crowd.

AUTHORS WHO WERE BORN DURING (OR FLOURISHED DURING) THE LATE OR LATTER 19TH CENTURY

207.63 Oration At The Funeral Of Mr. Duxiu \fn{by Gao Yuhan (late 19th century-)} China (M) 3

I would like to express on behalf of [my dead friend] Mr. Duxiu and his family and relatives sincere thanks to the venerable Mr. Deng Chanqiu, a leader of the Jiangjin gentry, \fn{Jiangjin is a town near Chongqing, Sichuan province; Chen Duxiu lived in the countryside outside Jiangjin between 1938 and his death in 1942} and his respectable nephew Mr. [Deng] Xiekang [for all that they have done for Mr. Duxiu]. At the same time, and in the same way, let me thank Mr. Sun Maochi, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Jiangjin's Yucai Middle School, and other gentlemen. When news that Mr. Chen had fallen ill reached town, Mr. Deng Xiekang, together with Mr. Zhou Fuling and me, went down to the village to pay Mr. Chen a visit.

After that, Mr. Xiekang discussed with me what to do with Mr. Chen's remains; he resolutely assumed responsibility, without waiting for anyone to ask him to do so. After returning to Jiangjin, he rushed around attending to Mr. Chen's affairs, leaving himself little time to eat or sleep. He arranged the funeral vestments and the coffin to everyone's perfect satisfaction. In the meantime, some difficulties that arose concerning the procurement of the coffin were solved only after Mr. Deng's tireless pleading and persuasion. The venerable Chan[qiu] is already more than seventy years old and living in retirement at Baisha Village, but as soon as he heard the sad news of the death of Mr. Chen, he hurried to Jiangjin, and, after setting foot ashore, rushed without resting to Mr. Chen's death bed at Heshan-ping to express his condolences.

Regarding the grave, Mr. Xiekang had already generously decided to turn his newly built villa—Kang Garaen, situated at the side of Peach Tree Forest outside the Great West Gate—into Mr. Chen's graveyard, and the venerable Chan has readily assented. At the same time, Mr. Sun Maochi, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Yucai Middle School, representing the Middle School, generously offered to reserve a suitable plot of land in the school grounds in which to bury Mr. Chen's coffin and remains; and to erect in the vicinity of the grave several buildings in which to display items left behind by the deceased, in order to give people an impression of what he was like while alive.

These acts of friendship are born of simple and unaffected sensibility of a kind that cannot be won by force; in the modern age, such noble acts and feelings are as rare as the feather of a phoenix or the horn of a unicorn, and would have been rare too even in antiquity.

*

Now that it has finally been settled that Mr. Chen's grave will be in the grounds of Mr. Xiekang's villa, things have happened as if predetermined: Mr. Chen lived for four years in Jiangjin, during which time, the two Messrs Deng—uncle and nephew—of all the gentlemen in Jiangjin became his most intimate friends. Mr. Chen several times went walking with the venerable Chan in the Peach Tree Forest; last spring, Mr. and Mrs. Chen, together with Mr. [Zhou] Fuling and me, came to inspect the blossom and to gaze down at the great Yangtse River; we were captivated by both trees and water—so great was our delight that we lingered on, forgetting to return.

Who could have guessed that the place where Mr. Chen came to delight his eyes would also be the place where he closed them in eternal sleep? Were Mr. Chen conscious in his grave, he would experience complete satisfaction. And the noble and generous example of uncle and nephew Deng will last forever!

But it is my belief, shared, I am sure, by all, that Mr. Chen, by lying here, will at the very least not sully the worthy owner's pure soil, or fail to live up to the majesty of the mountains and rivers of this place. Mr. Duxiu is at home everywhere, and naturally an adherent of the view that "my bones may be buried no matter where among the green mountains". Now that he sleeps peacefully here, it can truly be said that he rests in the right place. Considering the [grandiose] outlook he ever held, the [miserable] conditions he was recently forced to live in, and

his perspective on the [present national and international] situation, we might console ourselves with the thought that he left the world at the proper time. In the moment before he passed away, I am sure that his conscience was completely clear.

At this point, friends present will naturally turn their thoughts to the question of how to appraise Mr Chen's life. In regard to his learning, his cause [as a revolutionary], and his entire personality, and on the basis of his posthumous works and the inerasable imprint that he has left on the history of Chinese politics, culture, thought, and social movements over nearly forty years, people in the future will certainly make a fair appraisal of him.

As for me, I want to raise three points that, as a crude sketch, will perhaps help Mr. Duxiu's mourners here today understand what made him the man he was.

*

First, I wish to look at Mr. Duxiu's position in the history of culture and thought. We must absolutely avoid [approaching any historical figure by distorting—not to say fabricating—his or her achievements, by either] exaggerating or belittling [them]. However, one thing is undeniable, namely, that during the May Fourth period it was he who solemnly raised the two slogans:

Support Mr. De (Democracy);

Support Mr. Sai (Science).

In those days, when Liang Qichao, \fn{Liang Qichao (Liang Ch'i-ch'ao) (1873-1929), a journalist, historian, and constitutional monarchist, became leader of the so-called Study Clique after the downfall of the Qing Dynasty. In 1919, during the May Fourth Movement, he questioned "the dream of the omnipotence of science". In 1923, he supported the conservative view that China should value its own spiritual civilisation} Zhang Junmai [Carsun Chang], \fn{Carsun Chang, a student of Henri Bergson and Rudolf Eucken and founder (in 1934) of the Chinese National Socialist Party (which became the Democratic Socialist Party in 1946), felt that after May Fourth, too many Chinese believed that science could solve all problems. He argued in 1923 that science, being applicable only to dead matter, "is not able to solve the problem of a view of life", and he questioned the value of a material civilisation achieved by science} and others were zealously advocating metaphysics and the Beiyang warlord government \fn{During the warlord era (1916-1928), Beijing was in the hands of a succession of rival militarist cliques} was fighting its last struggles, Mr. Duxiu's sharp eyes had already seen what China's people and China's cultural and intellectual world urgently required; i.e., he had already fully realised that if China was to free itself from the two heavy weights of warlordism and colonialism and to build an independent and free nation, politically it required democracy, while culturally he urgently called for science so that the country could be industrialised. Ever since, everything that we have struggled for, including the war of resistance that the government is urging us to wage, take as their guiding principle these two slogans. So Mr. Duxiu's position in the history of culture and of thought is not difficult to understand.

*

Second, I wish to look at Mr. Duxiu's position in China's new literary movement. Naturally, the new literary movement was part of the cultural movement, but since the present generation of Chinese young people has not yet completely understood the emergence and development of this movement and its enormous influence on new China, it is worth dwelling on it for a moment.

Everyone knows that Messrs Chen Duxiu and Hu Shi were pioneer advocates of the new literary movement, but it is not generally known that Mr. Duxiu championed the new literature \fn{Actually, the main project of the literary movement was to create new forms of written Chinese rather than a new literature as such} long before the May Fourth Movement, and even long before the 1911 Revolution. \fn{The Revolution under Sun Yat-sen that overthrew the Qing Dynasty and inaugurated the Chinese Republic} While running the *Anhui baihua baa* ["Anhui Vernacular Magazine"] in Wuhu, \fn{It was published in 1904} he already made clear his determination to reform Chinese literature. So literary reform was the precursor of the cultural movement, the political movement, and the social movement.

At the time of Germany's fifteenth-century religious movement (actually, a minor part of Europe's great social and political movement, which borrowed the outer clothing of religion), Martin Luther's translation of the Bible into spoken German paved the way for Germany's new literary movement. The same thing happened after the importation into China of Buddhist culture in the Wei [220-265] and Jin [265-420] dynasties, when a group of intelligent monks headed by Kumarajiva \fn{Kumarajiva, born in Central Asia to an Indian father, was captured by a Chinese expedition around 382 and taken to China, where he headed a major project to translate Buddhist scriptures into Chinese} pioneered translation literature and, by their unprecedented endeavour, cleared away the fog of the classical written language.

In the May Fourth Movement, Mr. Duxiu and others resolutely took upon themselves the task of reforming written Chinese, and thereby simply met the new demands that had arisen in China at that time. Although some

people in those days considered it somewhat extreme to wield one's pen furiously and declare war on the old literature, actually and ideologically this sort of reform was a movement for revolution. When revolutionaries storm the imperial palace to destroy the *ancien regime*, audacity and ruthlessness are indispensable.

Of course, one must not forget in discussing China's new literary movement the pioneering achievements of Mr. Liang Rengong, \fn{I.e., Liang Qichao} who after the Reform Movement of 1898 courageously wrote articles using Europeanised sentence constructions, strove to import the whole range of Japanese and Western scientific and cultural names and technical terms, and transplanted Japanese and Western style into Chinese literature; in the initial stages of China's new literary movement, he played an undeniably enlightening and pioneering role.

But only Chen Duxiu and Hu Shizhi laid the foundations on a grand scale for the founding of a new literary universe. Moreover, Hu Shizhi received his professorial appointment at Peking University due to the strenuous efforts of Chen Duxiu. That gives us some idea of Mr. Duxiu's position in China's new literary movement.

*

Third, I wish to look at Mr Duxiu the man.

It is well-known that thinkers or writers who want in the course of their life's struggle to maintain an absolute balance between academic creation and moral integrity must have the determination and courage to sacrifice themselves for the truth, a spirit that manifests itself above all in the ability to endure poverty and hardship. Thirty years ago, Mr. Duxiu, baggage and umbrella slung across his shoulder, scoured north and south of the rivers Yangtse and Huai in search of revolutionary comrades to prepare to overthrow the Qing and establish a republic. Wang Mengzou, \fn{Wang Mengzou (Wang Meng-tsou) (1877-1953) was a publisher and a supporter of all progressive movements in China since the beginning of the century} an old and lifelong friend of Mr. Duxiu, had opened a bookshop in Wuhu and secretly maintained relations with the revolutionaries. One day, Mr. Duxiu turned up, bag in one hand and umbrella in the other. Mr Wang said,

"All I have to eat here are two meals of gruel a day, life's really hard."

"Two meals of gruel a day? That's great," replied Mr Duxiu, drily.

So he stayed on, and spent every day in the room above the bookshop editing the *Anhui Vernacular Magazine* and making propaganda for the revolution; that was in the thirtieth year [i.e., 1904] of the Guangxu reign [1875-1908].

After the defeat of the second revolution (against Yuan [Shikai]), \fn{In 1913, Sun Yat-sen, leader of the Guomindang and architect of the destruction of the Qing dynasty, tried to regroup his revolutionary supporters to overthrow the increasingly dictatorial regime of Yuan Shikai, president of the new republic. This "second revolution" was quickly defeated} Mr. Bo Liewuso \fn{Another name of Bo Wenwei, the first revolutionary governor of Anhui province} withdrew from Anqing, \fn{The capital at the time of Anhui province, where Bo Liewu was governor} so Mr. Duxiu fled to Shanghai, where he lived in Yuyang Terrace, in the French Settlement; there he edited the early *Qingnian* ["Youth"] (the forerunner of *Xin qingnian*). He was still eating two meals of gruel a day, but he never once tried to borrow money from his friends; for in matters of taking money from or giving it to others, he was extremely circumspect and stringent.

As for Mr Duxiu's second virtue, I would say that he was wholly indifferent to death. I remember that after the defeat of the second revolution, when he was fleeing from Anqing to Wuhu, he was captured by troops of the Wuhu garrison. This military man [the commander of the garrison] had originally stood alongside Bo Liewu under the banner of opposition to Yuan Shikai, but for some reason he'd fallen out with Bo; now he was venting his anger on Mr. Duxiu. H'd already issued a notice announcing that Mr. Duxiu would be shot. Mr. Duxiu coolly urged him.

"If you're going to shoot me, then get on with it."

The execution was averted at the last moment through the strenuous efforts of Mr. Duxiu's friends Liu Shuya, Fan Hongyan, and Zhang Zigang, \fn{A group of influential people in Wuhu at that time} who intervened to secure his release. Later, [in 1932,] after Mr. Duxiu had been arrested in Shanghai by the Guomindang government, he fell soundly asleep while under police escort on the way to Nanjing, and did not wake until the train arrived in Nanjing the following morning, as if it were simply a day like any other. \fn{Chen had been arrested on October 15, 1932, together with the entire Trotskyist leadership then still at large, in Shanghai's International Settlement, whence he was extradited to the Chinese authorities; this was his fourth (and last) arrest. It was widely believed at the time that he would be sentenced to death by the court in Nanjing, where he was sent to stand trial. The Guomindang organised a big propaganda campaign to call for his execution. At his trial, Chen calmly justified working for the overthrow of the Guomindang Government, on the grounds that the government had failed to defend China against Japanese aggression and had suppressed basic rights and freedoms. "I rebelled not against the nation but against the Guomindang," he told the court. Liberals and other non-Communist radicals flocked to Chen's support. Probably as a result, he was sentenced not to death but to thirteen years in prison}

This calm composure and fearlessness in the face of mortal danger were typical of the man. Unless one understands this moral essence of Mr. Duxiu, one will fail to understand his entire personality and the worth of his legacy to us in the field of Chinese cultural history.

Finally, I solemnly repeat: We must absolutely avoid [distorting a person's achievements, by either] exaggerating or belittling [them].

269.120 Excerpt from an essay \fn{by Liu Renlan (late 19th century-)} China (F) -1

... Those who are above average depict the romances of the wind and the moon, sing about the grass and the flowers. They write erotic and bewildering lyrics and articulate amorous lines. They pick up the leftovers of Li Qingzhao's "saliva" and collect the remnants of Zhu Shuzhen but think they are as talented as the pepper flowers and the willow catkin without the knowledge that they actually fall into the category of lasciviousness and loose morality.

How are they different from prostitutes amid the places of profligacy?

Suppose that women all over the country were all like Me Daoyun and Cai Wenji [Cai Yan], what can the world benefit from them?

What can the household benefit from them? ...

267.160 1. Inscription On A Painting Based On Xiaoqing's Line "A Slender Shadow Coming To, And Reflected In, Spring Water's Edge" **2.** Autumn Sentiments **3.** Light Of Flowers **4.** Inscription On A Painting Of An Autumn Scene **5.** Sacrifice To The God Of Earth **6.** Feelings On A Sea Voyage **7.** Inscribed On An Inkstone Rubbing Of The Calligraphy By Ye Xiao-luan In The Family Collection Of Wang Foyun **8.** *Baizi ling* **9.** Remembering Orchids **10.** Inscription On A Painting By Sister Cansheng On "Seeking Poetry In The Moonlit Pavilion": **Ten Poems** \fn{by Zong Wan (fl. late 19th century)} China (F) 4

1

One face of sorrow,
Ten hues of sickness—
Is she then truly obsessed?
With effort putting on adornments anew,
She broods in the east wind, silent and alone.
Without feelings, yet filled with regret—who can see her?
Only one pool of spring water in all its clarity.
Cold and desolate—
The receding depths of the courtyard,
The dense shades of the willows.
Heaven fallen into disrepair and earth growing old are but commonplaces.
I reckon that in the human world
Only this regret is difficult to be made good.
Relentless destiny suffered by a beauty—
In vain did she earn the reputation of unsurpassed talent.
Grief-stricken, I too am schooled in sorrow.
I turn to the painting to make a pact of mutual understanding,
Wishing that from now on
You would pity me,
As I pity you.

2

Slowly the face of autumn darkens and fades,
The spirit of autumn is solitary.
At a moment of faint mist and sparse rain,
When falling leaves hit the window

And a confusion of peaks traps the dream;
The dream falls with the sound of leaves.
An indisposition in three portions—
Two from the effect of wine,
One from melancholy.
I listen to the distant cries of wild geese over the Mao and Xiang rivers,
Cries that secretly surprise and shatter the soul of autumn.

*

Idly I go up the high tower to lean against its balustrade,
As autumn wind gracefully disports
The waves of Lake Dongting.
With a sigh my chant comes to “Encountering Sorrow,”
In melancholy I gaze at the coiffures of mist and clouds.
Setting sun at the tip of the trees,
Evening clouds at the edge of the sky—
In all things a mood of loneliness and desolation.
My faraway gaze
Sees not the Goddess of the River Xiang.
To whom can I send the grass by the shore and the orchids on the islet?

3

In the midst of hundreds of flowers,
I watch spirit and light separating and converging,
Both proud of their brilliance and charm.
Sun-tinted mist enters the east wind, spring wants to smile,
Uncertain traces of aroma are like water.
Spreading radiance in warm places,
Diffusing colors at bright edges,
The air is thicker than intoxication.
I see red becoming verdure,
In a trice neither purple nor green.

*

I have heard that fragrant dust on silken paths
Is where these winsome spirits hover.
As they dance, the shadow of spring is shattered.
Filigreed carriages aligned reflect each other’s glow.
Can human beings really be like flowers?
Intent on swaying the scarlet,
With feeling rippling the emerald—
How can there be understanding for mournful melancholy?
Play not the sweet lute,
For fear that the shadow of colorful clouds may fall in bewilderment.

4

Autumn in its aura
Has myriad transformations.
How can human beings depict it?
All the more surprising that a few brush strokes
Should convey its essence and spirit.
Soundless cold moon,
Shadow of frosty mist
Capture the soul of autumn.

The pure scene here —
I think only I can recognize it.

*

Up above in the tower is a sweep of Xiang bamboo blinds,
Xiang bamboo blinds not rolled up.
Below the pavilion, the white waves of the River Xiang.
The endless cold stream flows away into the distance,
Reversing and soaking the colorless River of Heaven.
Among *wutong* trees,
By the side of the plantains
Are added rocks from the lake.
Close not the green window—
Allow me, flying, to enter it in a dream.

5

The smoke of incense burners curls,
Scented wind arrives,
A whole street of radiant brocades and embroidery sparkling together.
The beauty is
At the side of the red pavilion.
Colored banners are passing.
Her maid whispers,
“Look! Look! Look!”

*

The neighbor lady says,
“What a good year!
How numerous the fragrant carriages and jeweled horses!”
The sky is about to darken,
Travelers turn back.
Setting sun in the west,
Patterned blinds idly rolled up—
Gone, gone, gone.

6

The waves in the sea are not rising.
Beyond water and sky,
The gaze extends to a vastness without limit.
A human reflection in a hundred thousand acres of glass
Is totally cleansed of the fragrance of rouge and the softness of powder.
Raised sleeves accost the wind,
Flying winecups offer libation to the moon—
All greatly reminiscent of the mood of bearded Su Shi.
With brass lute and iron clappers,
Allow me to pour forth my soaring spirit.

*

Do not, because of wanderings and uncertain sojourns in another land,
Or because of an old home overgrown with thorns and weeds,
Be filled with longing and dread.
Bending my fingers and counting years beyond fifty,
I should know how ephemeral is floating existence.
Having experienced to the full travails and tribulations,
I should from now on comprehend

The principle of separation and union, sorrow and joy.
Learning in scholarship, learning in swordsmanship—
Fortunately I have sons intent on self-cultivation.

7

Brought from beyond the seas,
It is shared by the inmates of orchid chambers,
The many talents seated at green windows.
The inkstone partakes of the charm of the person's poetic frame,
Polished to delicate perfection and supple turns.
In the interstices of stone marrow,
Among masses of ink clouds,
The brow-moon, arched, curved, appears.
Beside the zither, next to the dressing case,
This makes for much white silk written to shreds.

*

It cannot be helped—the dream of the dusty world cannot last long,
The night-blooming cereus fades all too easily,
Scattered and lost are the fragments of jade.
I bend my fingers and count the changes of fortune this sheet has experienced
Before being put away in a brocade bag.
Eight years of tactile appreciation,
One voice urging tender care—
Wrists turn in assiduous imitation of its style.
I am ashamed of my unworthy brush
That, favored by a *karmic* connection, writes this commentary.

8

It is already almost the end of winter.
Why then this piping and whistling,
As if autumn is in the making?
Several blasts drift here, slanting, then straight,
Striking in confusion at the lamplight by the small window.
The wind is harsh, the clouds cold,
The sky low, the moon black.
How can one dream the traveler's dream?
Listening to the last of the night watchman's rattle,
I rise again, throw on clothes, and sit in sorrow.

*

I have seen and heard warfare in my old home,
Wardrums in another land,
Smouldering smoke blocking the way everywhere.
In my uncertain wanderings I am like duckweed drifting on water.
Final years of failure—when my song is finished who will write to its rhyme?
Old age is pressing upon me,
Hunger has driven my children away,
Leaving only me, desolate and bewildered.
I look up to heaven and sigh,
My tears flying and falling with the rain.

9

Sounds choking on the jade zither,
 Dreams returning from distant waters,
 In vain did I stand till the setting sun fades away.
 Limitless is my longing
 As I dwell on misty sleeves and wind-blown skirts.
 Wishing to entrust my feelings to spring wind's understanding,
 I yet fear that spring wind comes not to the Xiao and Xiang rivers.
 Silent, wordless,
 One spell of brooding,
 One spell of contemplation.

*

At a quiet window I read through the lines of "Encountering Sorrow."
 Turning to traces of fragrance, to write in imitation,
 And to paintings, for further pondering.
 Bearing deep passion,
 The beauty seems to be in the midst.
 The blue clouds fly away, autumn leaves no traces.
 Again the vague forms of the faint moon and the cool smoke.
 Without reprieve, heartbroken:
 Who will share this secret burden?
 Who will repair this secret woe?

10

One sheet of empty luminescence,
 Several layers of colored paints,
 Evenly divided by pavilions at water's edge and huts in clouds.
 I envy you, wondering how
 Your poetic realm could reach such pure sublimity.
 Try seeking lines from the painting:
 It should be better than playing flute on the terrace.
 Where you lean against the balustrade:
 Traces of rouge finely nipped,
 Hairpin's jade constantly scraping.

*

Endless long days that cannot be dissipated.
 By day in quest of poetry,
 In quest until the middle of the night.
 Further, *wutong* leaves chanting in the wind:
 Leaf by leaf, fluttering and whistling.
 Fluttering, falling, some shades of autumnal mood
 Together with the shadow of the moon appear as halo on light silk.
 Do pass the word:
 The night is cold, the dew chilly,
 Do not be totally oblivious as you ponder proper poetic expression.

267.182 A Sworn Sisters Song Of The Twelve Months Of The Year\fn{ by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?) }
 Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

New Year's Day of the First Month is a fine festival,
 But if the two of us are not together, I can feel no joy.
 When the Second Month arrives, the trees all blossom,
 When the trees all turn green, their blossoms are fragrant.
 In the Third Month, the color of the plums begins to change,

As they continue to change, you show up and we are together!
 The Fourth Month is spring's busiest time with lots of work to do,
 Please come for the End of Spring so we can do something together.
 In the Fifth Month the weather is hot, hotter than flames,
 As you sit on the upper floor embroidering colors.
 The long days of the Sixth Month are a time to have fun—
 Should not a pair of mandarin ducks be brought together?
 In the Seventh Month all of us stop doing needlework,
 So I cannot be together with you to do my stitching.
 In the Eighth Month we receive a guest in the main hall,
 Seeing you upstairs, my eyes become flooded with tears.
 In the Ninth Month we all together start spinning thread,
 When I think of my situation, I can't bear to mention it.
 In the Tenth Month storm and frost strip the trees bare,
 How pitiful the two of us, who cannot share our joy!
 In the Eleventh Month all the geese are at heaven's end,
 But I have no idea where you, my girl, could possibly be.
 In the Twelfth Month we have to clean up at year's end,
 And then there's next year for which we have to prepare.

267.183 Our Mutual Love Will Not Be Broken \fn{by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County,
 Hunan Province, China (F) -1

I went to the garden to pick spring vegetables,
 Beyond the wall they've begun harvesting the rice.
 The two of us fought off the sadness of returning,
 As all around on the street people watched us.
 Our mutual love will not be broken!
 The two of us were sitting on the upper floor,
 Threading our needles and embroidering colors.
 Not caring for what other people were saying,
 We embroidered flowers and chatted together.

*

We embroidered a pair of golden roosters roosting on a tower,
 We embroidered pairs of birds of all kinds soaring up to heaven.
 We embroidered a pair of yellow dragons leaving their caves,
 Yellow dragons leaving their caves and crossing the oceans.
 We embroidered a pair of carps living in the depths of the sea,
 Couples of them, pair upon pair, each of them inseparable!
 Our mutual love will never be wrenched apart,
 It will last forever, and will never come to an end.

*

I write you a letter, record it on paper,
 And in my words speak my mind freely.
 The two of us enjoyed a wonderful time,
 Like immortals playing a game of go.
 The two of us were sitting on the upper floor,
 Threading our needles, facing one another.
 Your father and mother were really pleased
 That the two of us got along so well.
 Whatever the opinions of passers-by may be,
 The birds soar up high into the clouds!
 You are in all respects an honorable girl,
 Even though at times you are misjudged.

In good friendship we were sitting upstairs,
 Everything proper, each and every thing!
 In all respects, there was nothing amiss,
 Your good name will be spread all around.
 You did your hair and I held up your mirror,
 Which mirrored you, a pair against a pair.
 The two of us would never sit apart,
 The room upstairs was open on all sides.
 Let people have their ignorant opinions,
 We are a couple and, like eyebrows, a pair!

267.184 The Dog Barked Out Front: A Guest Had Arrived \fn{by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?)}
 Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

We had finished our meal, and I had cleared the table,
 When the dog barked out front: a guest had arrived
 When I went to the gate to have a look for myself,
 I saw that it was my sister who had come to see us.
 With my left hand, I took my sister's umbrella from her,
 With my right hand, I took my sister's basket from her.
 In the main room there was a red-lacquered bench;
 I bade my sister sit down as I poured her a cup of tea.
 Even after drinking one cup, she didn't open her mouth,
 Even after drinking two cups, she still said not a word.
 "Is it because my mother has done you some wrong,
 Or is there some misunderstanding between us two?"
 "It is not because your mother has done me wrong,
 It is not because of a misunderstanding between us two.
 It is because *his* family has no decency at all,
 And on the fifteenth of the Eighth Month will fetch me as bride.
 His family is much too hasty in fetching me to be his bride,
 Because they tear apart this couple of fine mandarin ducks!"
 "This is of no importance! Don't get upset!
 We'll buy paper money and candies and go to the temple,
 Where we'll pray to the gods till our wish is granted:
 That every single one in his family be doomed to die!
 When old and young, high and low have all died,
 Then the two of us can be together forever more!" \fn{Italics in text:H}

267.184a With A Brush Made Of Goat's Hair, I Write A Letter To You In Your Noble Mansion \fn{by an otherwise unknown
 female informant (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

I take in my hand a brush made out of goat's hair,
 And write a letter to you in your noble mansion.
 I see, my girl, that the Third Day has arrived,
 So with this letter, I inform you that we should meet.
 When the day before yesterday we hurriedly saw you off,
 Being separated from you was a knife through my heart.
 I turned around and went home, and I wept for grief—
 Never again to be together and comb each other's hair!
 At night I lit a lamp and went to the upstairs room:
 I sat in the upstairs room, my eyes flooded with tears.
 I resented your parents for all the pressure they applied,
 For forcing us mandarin ducks to go our separate ways.

The others in their upstairs rooms are all in couples,
 But here in my upstairs room, I am alone and lonely.
 And I did not feel like filling up the lamp with oil,
 And as my eyes closed, the lamp gave out too.
 So I sat till the fifth watch, in the still of the night,
 When I heard a pair of geese calling out several limes.
 I imagined that one of the geese had lost her mate,
 And that her situation was very much like mine.
 As I sat alone in my empty room, my heart would not be still,
 It is hard to accept that you have gone your separate way.
 During all twelve hours of the day you are on my mind,
 I could not sleep the entire night, tears flooded my eyes.
 Since you abandoned this cold room I'm like a lonely bird,
 And as I sit here in this room, I feel alone and empty:
 My only hope, my friend, is that you still remember me,
 And that you think of your soulmate, wrenched apart.
 I hope that when you come home, we will sit together,
 Just as of old, just as before, the two of us together.
 When we were little we became friends, over ten years ago,
 And never has a cross word been exchanged between us.
 United by deepest friendship we were truly inseparable,
 And I always revealed to you all the secrets in my heart.
 So I ask you, my girl, do you feel the same sorrow,
 And do you find it impossible, like me, to bare your heart?
 After being friends for three years, we are truly like sisters,
 We may be compared to children born of the same mother.
 From childhood we have been friends and will be to the end—
 Like the river that flows forever, like the deep sea!
 Today I would also like to offer you my congratulations,
 Please convey my best wishes to your parents-in-law.
 Mandarin ducks share the same room, a match made in Heaven,
 A dragon is paired to a phoenix, for a full sixty springtimes!
 Please take good care of yourself in your noble mansion,
 Rise higher with every step, do better than all the others!
 I hope your parents-in-law will soon give you a leave,
 As I hope that my friend will soon come back home!

267.185 With A Writing Brush I Write These Words On A Paper Fan, Congratulating Your In-laws Whose Entire House Is Red \fn{ by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) -1

With a writing brush I write these words on a paper fan:
 Congratulations to your in-laws whose entire house is red.
 I am your eldest brother's wife and now write you this letter,
 Since I see that the Third Day of the bride has arrived.
 The day before yesterday, when we saw you off, your heart was in turmoil,
 And your eyes were flooded with tears as you gazed back toward home.
 You must truly have found it difficult to leave all of that behind,
 From the day you were born, you were the apple of your parents' eyes.
 In your dealings with the wives of your brothers you were always kind,
 And toward your father and mother you were filled with filial piety.
 Your hands would always find some useful work to do,
 You can read and write and know the rites: you are the finest.
 You and I have been together now for almost five years,
 And never once has a cross word been exchanged between us.

But now is the time for you to shine as brightly as the red sun,
 And, alas, it is also the time when your girlhood days must end.
 Don't say that this separation is causing you grief,
 Since ancient times girls have left their villages, that's how it is.
 Fortunately, your parents-in-law are excellent people,
 And as a couple, you are like the golden rooster and phoenix.
 Once you arrive there, you must be quiet and docile,
 And serve your parents-in-law according to the rites.
 Your brother and sister-in-law still remain here at home,
 So do not worry that your mother will be lonely.
 And explain once again to your parents-in-law
 That if the dowry your parents have provided is small,
 It is because the family has fallen on hard times,
 So the ritual gifts may not be as fine as those of others.
 You have arrived at their noble mansion at a young age,
 And there are still many things we have to teach you.
 Once the wedding guests at your noble mansion have departed,
 They'll soon allow you to come home for a day or two.

**267.186 A Third Day Letter To Her Daughter By The Wife Of Wang Xianzhi In Baishui, Who Had Been Married Off
 By Her Husband To A Second Man** \fn{by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan
 Province, China (F) 1

I take up my brush and write a letter to your noble mansion,
 And send it to the parents-in-law of your fine family there.
 In a noble mansion, people understand rites and righteousness,
 So I hope that all of you will listen to what I have to say.
 When I was nine years of age, my marriage was settled,
 And it was decided that I would marry Wang Xianzhi.
 After the engagement, ten years quickly passed by:
 “Red as a flower, green as a willow,” I entered his home as a bride.
 After I had been there for three years, going on four,
 I gave birth to a daughter, so I was worth my money.
 The entire family came together and was filled with joy,
 Like immortals celebrating a festival in their grotto-heaven.
 I was like a red plum tree, its heavy branches hanging down,
 Each and every branch in bloom, filling the house with red,
 But the branches were broken by a witchlike storm:
 We were wrenched apart by a witchlike monster.
 I've learned the truth of that witchlike monster Gui'e:
 There are many people who call each other “sister,”
 But that witchlike monster Gui'e commits crime after crime,
 She killed her father with a knife and married me off!
 Now that my own daughter has grown up to be an adult,
 She does not remember how I bore her and cared for her.
 In a single day she would drink three pints of my milk,
 In three days' time she would drink nine pints of my milk.
 A mother's milk is not endless like the waters of the Yangzi,
 It is better to compare my milk to the sap of a tree.
 Who would have guessed my daughter would be so unkind,
 And not recognize her mother once she had grown up?
 My daughter has left the village and gone to another mansion,
 While I live in the house of another, my heart not at peace.
 I wanted to return home for my daughter's wedding,

But that witchlike monster Gui'e played the bride's mother.
 I, your own mother, saw you off at the back of the crowd,
 I wept till my heart was pained and my tears poured down.
 I wept for my beautiful daughter—as if cut by a knife:
 She discards her own mother and chooses someone else.
 I wept for my darling daughter till my heart broke,
 But we were wrenched apart by that enemy of mine.
 I nurtured my daughter as if she were a precious pearl,
 And at every moment I worried about her in my heart.
 But, my girl, your father has a nature that is evil,
 He wed that witchlike monster and married me off to another.
 I did not want to give up my darling daughter and wept my heart out,
 But they pressured me so much I had to leave my darling daughter!
 It was he who married me off and made me go away,
 He wouldn't let me take you along to that other village.
 It is not that your mother left you behind, my daughter,
 So that once grown, you would forget what I did for you.

267.187 Going To My Mother's Place In The Burning Heat Of The Sixth Month \fn{ by an otherwise unknown female informant
 (late 19th century?) } Jianguyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

In the Sixth Month it's burning hot, burning like flames,
 I take a fan in my hands and place it over my heart.
 But how can that fan dissolve the flames in my heart?
 Living here in this strange family I do not feel at peace.
 In an entire month he came to me not even seven times,
 And I would never dare just go to him for nothing at all.
 My mother accompanied me, Jintuo, for a mile or two,
 And I still remember how long that journey was.
 I plucked a sprig of thorn brush, a sprig of pomegranate,
 A sprig of thorn brush on my journey back home.
 Before, at my mother's place, we had so much fun,
 But now my mother is all alone in her empty room.
 In the first watch, I light a lamp and kneel in prayer:
 Now I am serving the parents of another household!
 In the second watch, I am thinking of my loneliness,
 To have mistakenly been born a woman pains my heart!
 I sleep till the third watch, when everyone is still asleep,
 It really pains my heart to think of my mother.
 Just as I am about to fall asleep in the fourth watch,
 I see the parents who gave me life there before me.
 When I wake up with a start, it turns out to be a dream—
 My mother is in the east, and I am in the west.
 I sleep till the fifth watch when the clear dawn breaks,
 There is nothing to be done but get up out of bed.
 When I have gotten up and finished my chores,
 I formally ask my mother-in-law for permission to go back.
 Father and son, neither of the two will consent,
 But I insist on going back to see how my mother fares.
 My mother raised me, her daughter, as a widow,
 Now she has married me off, she's bound to grieve.
 In my left hand I take my cool black parasol,
 In my right hand I take it—and so I go home.
 When I get halfway there, I'm overcome by emotion,

Weeping as I walk, I rush toward my mother.
 My mother cries out: "My darling daughter Jintuo,
 It must be that over there, you are worried and grieved:
 When you left, your cheeks were the color of peach blossom petals,
 Now that you return, they are as yellow as chrysanthemum flowers.
 Your parents-in-law over there must really hate you,
 In truth, there may be a Heaven but it is missing a sun!"
 My mother comforts me and says to me: "Jintuo,
 A woman can only acquire a family with patience.
 Let's hope that High Heaven will protect you,
 And soon send a darling son to your noble house!"

267.188 Her Own Story By He Huanshu From Baishui \fn{by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong
 County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

I write this letter myself on a paper fan,
 The misery of mother and daughter is found on this fan.
 Alas, when my father departed from this world,
 He left us, mother and daughter behind, such a sorry fate!
 The two of us, mother and daughter, have had no luck,
 Our fate worse than that of others, it makes one's heart break:
 Whereas others sit at ease in their embroidery rooms,
 We must suffer a thousand kinds of hardship and cold.
 We rise at the crack of dawn and are busy till dark,
 Washing clothes and starching skirts with no one to help.
 We also have to go into the hills to cut our firewood,
 And there is work in the fields that also has to be done.
 During the famine of the Sixth Month, we usually go hungry,³
 During the freezing days of frost and snow, we sleep on straw.
 We don't have the money to make ourselves padded clothes,
 And we don't make any money from raising pigs or chickens.
 I am my mother's only child, I have no brothers at all,
 So on whom can she rely when she grows old?
 All the people around feel pity for us,
 They pity us for being unable to help ourselves.
 If others can't help themselves, they have one problem,
 But when we can't help ourselves, we have a hundred headaches.
 I don't know what we may have done in some former life,
 That the two of us should now have to suffer like this.
 Sitting here in my upstairs room, I let out a heavy sigh,
 Hoping that Heaven will pity us and send away the black clouds.
 I hope that the black clouds will all be blown away
 And the sun will come out in the east showing its light.
 Who could have known I would sit before the gate till dark,
 I don't see my mother—where could she be?
 I only see the hundred birds roosting in the trees,
 But still I cannot see any sign of my mother.
 From the day my mother, alas, gave birth to me,
 I have not experienced a single moment of joy.
 I pray to High Heaven to send down a terrible rain,
 And drown us both, mother and daughter, in its floods!

267.189 I Have Been A Widow Since The Age Of Twenty-Eight And My Daughter-in-Law Is Unfilial \fn{by an otherwise
 unknown female informant (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 2

As I sit here in my empty room, I am thinking
 That I will narrate my misery and make it known to all.
 When I had been married for three years, going on four,
 I gave birth to a daughter and we were greatly pleased.
 My husband and I had a good understanding,
 Even though life was bitter, the water tasted sweet.
 After I had been there for five years, going on six,
 I gave birth to a darling boy, and my heart was pleased.
 Husband and wife lived together for a full eight years,
 Not even a single cross word was exchanged between us.
 We had one son and one daughter, so we were pleased,
 And this family of ours was untroubled by cares.
 Who'd have known that Heaven would withdraw its love,
 And that my husband would come down with an illness?
 We were just poor folks without any money at hand,
 And each day his condition grew worse and worse.
 After falling ill he was bedridden for several months,
 His illness worsened and he left this world for the shades.
 He left behind a son and a daughter, both of them still small,
 I too was still very young when I became a widow.
 But my father and mother cruelly refused to take me back in,
 The three of us in that empty house—on whom to rely?
 The man who'd fathered them wasn't there to raise them,
 How long would I, a widow, be able to raise them?
 I got up at the break of dawn and wept until dark,
 I could not sleep the entire night, but nobody knew.
 I wrote a letter to betaken to the prefecture,
 Imploring my younger brother to take pity on me.
 But the road was too long and it didn't work out,
 And my brother had no idea of my thousand miseries.
 One bowl and two chopsticks—no deathbed instructions,
 We could not stay on in the house where we lived.
 There was no one to take care of the work in the fields,
 I passed every moment of the time weeping for sorrow—
 If it weren't for the fact that he lived much too far away,
 My brother would have looked after us and tilled the fields.
 When our daughter reached the age of twelve,
 She too passed away and departed this world.
 Given that I had no way at all to vent my frustration,
 I was so frustrated that in that moment I almost died.
 I also considered the possibility of finding a husband,
 But then my darling son, alas, would have no one to rely on.
 When I went to bed at night, straw served as my blanket,
 When I got up in the morning, there was no rice for breakfast.
 I borrowed a few ounces of rice that I would nibble at a little.
 And pretending to be happy, I would pass the days in this way.
 But I pulled my darling son through and we scraped by:
 He grew up to be a man who can fend for himself!
 Whether above or below, I had no one to rely on,
 And neither did I have any full brothers.
 Considering my choices, I had no other way out
 But to hire myself out to hull grain for others.
 They also paid me for doing needlework,

And despite all the hardship I managed to raise my boy.
 Every day I would get up to slave for others once more,
 It was under black clouds like these that I passed my years.
 With nothing to rely on but High Heaven's compassion—
 No protective star kept the three of us from suffering.
 When my husband died my son was only two,
 Since the age of twenty-eight, I have lived a widow's life.
 After my husband's death, when my son was twelve,
 He earned a living by herding the water buffalo of others;
 On freezing cold and snowy days, it was really hard to survive,
 Suffering to the limit that freezing cold, he slept in the snow.
 He had no clothes to cover himself with—like freezing water,
 On his bed he had no blanket, the suffering was too much to bear!
 Suffering starvation and cold I raised my son,
 But was worried that my boy would not find a wife.
 So when my son was eighteen years of age,
 I wanted my boy to have a marriage partner.
 I searched far and wide for a sensible girl,
 Who would marry and be the wife of my son.
 Aunts and uncles and relatives all helped out,
 Willing to assist me to arrange the engagement.
 One year after the engagement, going on two,
 “Red as a flower, green as a willow,” she became a bride!
 Everyone told me that now my bad times were over,
 That I deserved credit as a widow for getting him a wife.
 So I was happy when he had married that bride,
 And I reckoned that she and I would be always together.
 For the first two years, everything was fine,
 But then some busybody set her up against me,
 Set her up against me, and so she turned me out,
 Turned me out of the house to live on my own.
 At no feast or festival is there a share for me,
 I just lift up my head and I peek inside:
 They have dishes of meat, but nothing for me,
 And my boy doesn't dare come look for his mother.
 Each day they eat white rice at all three meals,
 While I have to go to others to beg for some soup.
 Those who take pity on me will give me a little,
 But others will say: “You have your own darling son!”
 When at night I go to bed, I weep through the night,
 When will I weep myself to death, this old, old body?
 At the end of this year, I'll be sixty-six years old,
 I'll make seventy if I put off dying another four years.

267.191 The Ten Months Of Pregnancy {by an otherwise unknown female informant (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan
 Province, China (F) 3

Let me say to you a few simple words:
 As human beings we must repay our parents' care.
 If we do not repay the care of our parents,
 We will have lived this human life in vain.
 In this book I will not discuss but one thing
 I'll speak only of the sufferings of pregnancy.

*

Pregnant in the First Month, on the first of the First:
It has no form, it has no shape, it makes not a sound,
It is exactly like the watercress drifting on the river—

Will it eventually put out roots and settle down?

Pregnant in the Second Month, under a sunny sky.

Now the embryo has truly installed itself inside you,
Your wobbly legs have no desire to walk long stretches,
Your listless hands have no desire to do any needlework.

Pregnant in the Third Month, on the third of the Third:

Of the three meals of the day you only eat two.

You don't want any tea, don't long for any rice—

All you crave are astringent plums and sour soup.

Pregnant in the Fourth Month: slowly it grows,

Your body wracked by pain, you can hardly walk.

To be with child when young may still be all right,
But as one gets older, it is like a debilitating disease.

Pregnant in the Fifth Month, at Double Fifth—

It's really a burden to be heavy with child!

Had I known that being pregnant would be so painful,

I would have shaved my head and entered a convent!

Pregnant in the Sixth Month, the dog days of summer:

I burn incense and paper money and pray to the gods,

Praying to the gods that they will take pity on me,

And protect me from harm when it's time to deliver.

Pregnant in the Seventh Month, at harvest time:

Everyone in the household is busy with work.

*

Cutting firewood for heating water, I ascend the ridge in sorrow,
Carrying water for washing clothes, I descend the slope in pain.

Pregnant in the Eighth Month, in the chill autumn wind:

My husband is oh-so-busy delivering grain.

Don't go away on a distant trading trip,

Make the trip short and come home soon!

Pregnant in the Ninth Month, a belly like a balloon:

There are all sorts of things you can't do anymore.

I would love to go back to my mother's home,

But I'm afraid my son might be born on the road!

Pregnant in the Tenth Month: it's about to be born!

The child in my belly has grown oh-so-heavy.

I've no strength in my arms and my legs are swollen,

I never feel comfortable no matter what I do!

And then as soon as the period of labor begins,

I find myself a paper-thin distance from dying.

*

The pain of one contraction is enough to make you faint,
The pain of two contractions can cause your soul to flee!

Clenching your teeth, you bite through a nail,

And your hands and feet feel as icy as snow.

Even if the child is delivered without a hitch,

The fate of the mother still hangs in the balance.

When the child is born and lets out a first cry,

The parents-in-law in their room sigh with relief.

When the child is born and lets out a second cry,

The mother in her room opens up her eyes wide.

When the child is born and lets out a third cry,
People inspect it to see whether it's a boy or a girl.
A tub is filled with water to wash the child's body,
And then the child is swaddled in a silken skirt.
Someone takes the good news to the mother's mother,
And a rooster is killed in gratitude to the gods.
When the mother's mother hears the news, she is pleased:
"Now my daughter has given birth to a grandson!"
She too grabs a chicken and some eggs as well,
In her old clothes, not taking the time to change.
A lucky date is selected for the Third Day:
Gifts in baskets, in sacks, all jumbled together!
Pleased and filled with joy they make their way over,
Until talking and laughing they arrive at the gate.
When the parents-in-law see them, they are pleased,
And welcome the mother's mother into the house.
They ask the mother's mother to take the best seat,
And the Third Day is celebrated in good cheer:

*

Let's forget the Third Day and speak of it no more,
Instead let me talk about the relationship of mother and son.
For one year, for two years, he drinks his mother's milk,
For three years, for four years, he never leaves her side.
At five years and six years he learns how to talk,
At seven years and eight years he learns how to read.
Paper and ink, brushes and inkstone are bought as is proper,
And she expends all her efforts in teaching him to read.
Once a boy has learned to read, then he will go to school
While his mother stays home, waiting for him to return.
After he leaves in the early morning, she waits till noon,
And from noon she then waits till late in the day.
She worries that her son might catch a cold,
She worries that her son might still be too young,
She worries that her son might climb up a tree,
She worries that her son might go too near the river;
She worries that her son might catch an illness,
She worries that her son might suffer a fright,
She worries that her son might catch smallpox,
She worries that her son might not grow up;
She worries that her son might have no talent,
She worries that her son might not find a wife—
Each day she looks forward to her son growing up,
To grow up into a man who will take a wife!
She brings up her son and when he is eighteen or nineteen,
She finds him a wife and then her duty is done!
When he marries a decent and a sensible wife,
His parents can at last put their minds at ease.

*

They hope that their son and wife will show filial piety,
That flowers will again bloom and the moon be again round.
If you respect your parents for four ounces,
Your children and grandchildren will do for half a pound.
Those who are filial will have filial children,
Rebellious children will have evil offspring.

If you don't believe me, just look at the water on the roof:
Each drop falls to the ground on the very same spot!
If you yourself are not filial, it is still a small matter,
But if your son is not filial, you'll be sorely grieved.
If you bring up a boy, he'll never appreciate his mother's sufferings,
If you bring up a girl, she'll repay all of her parents' cares!

*

This section well leave aside and not discuss any further,
Let me go back now and speak of the mother's concerns.
If a child wets the bed on the left, she moves him to the right:
She lets him sleep on the dry part, and takes the wet part herself.
And if both sides are soaked through and through,
She'll cradle the baby in her arms all night until dawn.
In just one day he drinks three bellyfuls of milk,
In three days he drinks nine bellyfuls of milk,
But a mother's milk is not like the waters of the Yangzi,
Nor is it like the roots of the ferns in the mountains.
Every drop that he drinks is the blood of his mother,
But he keeps on drinking till her body turns all yellow.
I won't even speak of a father's many sufferings—
A mother, in raising her son, gives it all she's got!
I cannot relate all the sufferings of pregnancy,
May sons and daughters never forget their parents' care!
Each one of us will one day become a father or mother,
So teach your children to keep that in mind!

269.1 Admonitions For My Daughter \fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong
County, Hunan Province, China (F) 1

Nights are short during the hot days of the Sixth Month;
By the light of a lamp I was busy with my needlework,
While my darling daughter took a fully-rounded fan
And chased fireflies in front of the fan and behind it.
I put down needle and thread and called my daughter:
“Please listen to me as I will explain a few things.
When I was a girl in my mother's house, I remember,
I would wait on her day and night in the high hall.
And at that time your grandmother, that is my mother,
Would instruct all her children in their duties and tasks.
Getting up early in the morning, I did my needlework,
And late at night, with no one around, I recited my texts,
But because my memory was not very good at all,
I often would promptly forget what I had just read.
But my mother would never take me to task for this;
She would only teach me to recognize the radicals.¹
But in the event my needlework was not up to standards,
She'd berate me in such a way that I really felt ashamed.
She'd say, ‘My daughter, you still may be very young,
But you have to think carefully in everything you do.
When reading books, the issue is to grasp the meaning;
There's no need to write poems and compose essays.
You have to apply yourself to twisting and spinning,
Only so your boxes will be filled with cloth and linens.
No matter whether it is freezing cold or night or day,

You have to fully taste sweet, sour, bitter, and hot.
 Even though wealth and poverty may depend on fate,
 Devotion to hard work is still the constant norm.
 In ancient times there lived a woman called Jing Jiang.²
 Who spent all her life, till her dying day, spinning thread.
 The Master Confucius held her up to us all as a model:
 Each and every one should imitate this woman Jing Jiang.
 You, my darling daughter, today still are very young,
 But you are not allowed to neglect your needlework!
 I also again and again have heard people explain
 That a woman should dress herself most properly.
 One's character depends on virtue, not on beauty;
 So do not compete with others in following fashion.
 I hope that you will carefully remember all this
 And from now on will try to be good at all times.
 There's no need to discuss what has happened before,
 But don't ever let your mother down from now on!
 Deep in my heart I still remember each and every line
 Of the advice I received from my mother in those days.
 Since then, all my life I've never been able to forget;
 Late at night I quite often still think of my mother.
 In the blink of an eye now twenty years have passed,
 And suddenly I find myself here as your mother.
 So now I've told you everything from the beginning,
 And I hope that you have listened with understanding.
 I want you not to abandon yourself to play again
 But to devote yourself to spinning and weaving.
 When I now remember your grandmother, my mother,
 Tears course down my cheeks and wet my gown—
 Who could have known that it would already be so late?

Look, the moon sinking in the west, lighting up the wall.”¹ Chinese characters often consist of one element denoting the general category of the word's meaning (called the radical) and another element suggesting the pronunciation. ²Jing Jing was the mother of Wen Bo, a contemporary of Confucius (551-479BC). She considered constant industry a major source of a moral life; when he suggested that because of his substantial income she no longer needed to work, she berated him at length }

269.2 The Family Heirloom {by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 4

Please allow me. to tell you a few simple lines.
 As human beings we must repay our parents' favors.
 If you do not repay the favors shown by your parents,
 You will live your life here on earth all in vain!

*

From the very moment the mother is pregnant,
 She is never at ease, whether sitting or sleeping.
 She loses all taste for food, her skin turns sallow—
 Painful breathing, swollen legs, and a dizzy head!
 The mother should not walk up or down steep roads;
 When she walks, she is careful because of that life.
 While the mother is already secretly filled with fear,
 The father, unbeknownst to her, is sick with worry.
 Through a thousand sufferings she brings it to term;
 Only after ten months of pregnancy she gives birth.
 In case anything goes wrong during the baby's birth,

Father and mother, awash in tears, fear for its life!
The mother calls on the gods; the father makes a vow,
Praying to the gods to protect the safety of wife and son.
The pangs of pain in her belly feel like knife cuts;
She swoons repeatedly and regains consciousness;
She is separated from King Yama by one sheet of paper.
The father kowtows to the house gods in front of the hall.
Even when the child, boy or girl, has been born,
The life of the mother still hangs in the balance.
Whether it is a boy or a girl, she's filled with joy,
While the father thanks the gods in front of the hall.

*

The mother considers the child like a treasure;
The father considers the child like a pile of gold.
The boy sleeps in a dry spot, the mother in his pee,
Not daring to make any move, afraid to scare him.
In case the child suffers from any kind of disease,
The mother is flustered and worried and cannot sleep.
The fathers hurries to call a doctor to treat the baby;
The mother makes vows and also prays to the gods.
Only when the child has recovered from the disease,
Can the father and mother be at ease again and relax.
Then they worry that the parents' fate may be evil,
So they entrust it to other parents, change its name.¹
They don't care how much money they have to spend,
As they want to make sure their son lives to grow up.
Then they always worry that the boy suffers hunger and cold,
That his mother's milk is not enough to boost his body.
His hands are always filled with cakes and candies—
Still they worry about water and fire and idle snacks.
His playing in high and low places worries his mother;
His running around all over the place upsets his father.
When eventually he reaches the age of six or seven,
His father and mother have really worn out their hearts!

*

By this time they send their son to school, as they hope
That he'll become a good person by reading the books.
Sun and moon are like a shuttle, passing oh so quickly,
And at the age of sixteen or seventeen he's grown up!
Even though he may not yet have achieved fame through study,
The proper time for a marriage now quickly approaches.
They ask a matchmaker to look for a virtuous daughter
Who will be a willing marriage partner for their son.
For the selected day they buy meat of pigs and goats,²
A most lavish banquet, and then the engagement gifts.
The rich will invite their guests for three or five days;
Even those who are poor will still invite their relatives.
New clothes and a red sedan chair are all provided—
It takes his father and mother endless care and worry!

*

Bringing home a daughter-in-law, one is filled with joy;
People all tell you that from now on, you will be served!
If the son is aware of all the hardships of his parents,
His wife, too, is bound to obey his parents most filially.

But, alas, there also are sons who are good-for-nothings:
Once they have married, they change their hearts.
Husband and wife live in harmony like fish and water,
And he doesn't give any thought to his dear parents.
When his wife goes to her mother's home, he also goes,
And as long as his wife doesn't return, he doesn't either.³
He goes and lives in the house of his father-in-law and
Only rarely returns home to his own family.
He only wants to have a wonderful time with his wife
And now treats his own father and mother like strangers.
When he does return home and his parents berate him,
He'll answer his father and mother in words most foul.
But when his wife has words with him and berates him,
He will hasten to make her smile by making amends.

*

When there is work to do and you tell him to do it,
He will holler and scream and demand a division.
If he doesn't say his elder brother has too many kids,
He will say that his father and mother are too partial.
His wife will holler and scream and feign a suicide,
And your son will grab a knife, threatening murder.
The father and mother fear that disaster may follow
And can do naught but agree to a division of the inheritance.
The uncles on both sides of the family are invited,
And these many kinds of uncles come to the village.
The parents publicly divide the land and the fields;
Trees and treasure are divided according to share.
When a list of the divided property has been drawn up
As proof, the sons and their wives are on their own.

*

There are all these many people, their own uncles,
Their aunts and their husbands, who all help out, but
They curse their uncles and aunts for their meddling,
And their father and mother feel very unpleasant.
But what they find out is truly most unbearable:
The brothers divide the months to feed their parents.
There's no idea of helping the parents live their lives;
They complain that elderly people are hard to please.
The son says one word and his wife says another, and
They end up complaining they're feeding some idlers.
Alas, their elderly parents who suffered for half a life
Now may best be compared to men hoping for snow.⁴
As the parents eat their portions of humiliating rice,
They'd like to die but can't, like to live but cannot.
The two parents are so upset that they would rather die
So as to lay a plaint before King Yama about their suffering.
One raises sons, it is said, for one's care in old age—
Having no sons is better than having no life like this!

*

In case the father and mother suffer some illness,
They'll not see the son or his wife come to visit them,
And if friends and relatives come to visit them,
They will say that this is old age, like it should be.
You'll not see your daughter-in-law bring some tea;

You'll not see your own son go and fetch a doctor.
They'll not keep you company, not come and look—
In vain you face the stillness of snow all by yourself.⁵

*

When his father and mother pass from this world,
He brings out a coffin and also buries the corpse.
His children and wife feign sadness and weep, but
Such weeping never yet brought a soul back to life.
After three or five Sevens, the funeral takes place.⁶
That, they reckon, fully repays their parents' favors.
Then there are the rich who arrange home sacrifices,
And they invite priests and monks to recite the sutras.
Offerings of pork and mutton may be on display,
But their father and mother never had a bite to eat.
They spend money in the name of honoring their parents,
But in the final analysis, it's a party thrown for relatives.
All these many activities are only an empty show—
No match for proper care during your parents' lifetimes!
What's the use of a whole pig and goat as an offering?
Four ounces and pure broth, and we would be grateful!
There's no need to weep your heart out when we die;
I just want you to have a filial heart while we're alive.

*

When the father and mother suffer a disastrous calamity;
The daughter-in-law and her children don't worry at all.
... when they have to visit the toilet⁷

And show care by keeping the fast and reciting sutras,
Then if their parents were to see this with their own eyes,
They'd be grateful, whatever divine help it might secure.

*

If we do not serve our father and mother most filially,
I'm afraid our sons and grandsons will do the same.
Since ancient times good and evil have their retribution;
Heaven's eye observes it all, and no mercy is shown.
Those who are disobedient will have disobedient sons;
Those who are filial will in their turn have filial sons.
In ancient times a certain Xiao Shu had three sons;
The retribution for good and evil was clear for all to see.
Cursing his father, the eldest son was struck by Thunder;⁸
His wife was burned to ashes because she was unfilial.
The second son, who beat his mother, was pulverized;
His disobedient wife was devoured by hungry wolves.
The third son and his wife acted in a most filial way:
As a top of the list, he enjoyed the emperor's grace!⁹
Meng Zong wept and prayed for bamboo shoots in winter;
Obeying his mother, he knelt down, without any arrogance.¹⁰
For his father's funeral Dong Yong sold himself as a slave,¹¹
While Zhao Wuniang cut off her hair and offered it for sale.¹²
For all eternity the names of all these many men and women
Have been transmitted till today for their filial behavior!

*

Why on earth would I be a disobedient, rebellious person?
If I am not filial to my parents, it's because I don't know
How hurtful it is when my son does not serve me filially.

I only fear that when I will have grown old, be of no use,
 My daughter-in-law will then do exactly the same to me.\fn{¹In order to mislead jealous ghosts or otherwise improve a child's fortune, parents might have their child formally adopted by other people who would be believed able to offer the child greater protection, who would be rewarded for this service. ²From the Buddhist point of view, grave sin is committed by parents when, even out of love for their children, they allow animals to be killed to serve to guests at weddings. ³The area including Jiangyong is one of many in rural southern China that practice what is known as delayed-transfer marriage, in which, following the wedding, the bride returns to her parents, visiting the parents-in-law only on festival days, moving in with the latter for good only when she becomes pregnant. ⁴Meaning unclear to the translator. ⁵Meaning unclear and translation tentative; but perhaps it is a symbolic reference to facing the inevitability of death (represented by the use of white garments worn in mourning at this time by the people of many countries, including China). ⁶In Buddhist belief, following death, the soul of the deceased, in its passage to rebirth, must appear before each of ten underworld courts, appearing before the first judge thereof on the 7th day following his or her death, before the second on the 14th, and so on in increments of seven days up to and including the seventh judge. It then appears before the eighth judge on the 100th day after death, before the ninth one full year after death, and before the tenth 27 months after death. Filial offspring may help the soul of the deceased to pass these hurdles by inviting monks to recite *sutras* (in the theory that merit generated by this recitation offsets at least some of the sin incurred by the soul during its life on earth). These rituals are called the "Sevens", because the interval between the first seven ceremonies is seven days; but not all families were capable or willing to pay for a full set of Sevens. ⁷The author suggests the text of this incomplete line be completed thus: "If they assisted their parents when they have to visit the toilet" ⁸Thunder and lightning were believed to be caused by Thunder, a winged deity wielding a hammer. ⁹The man who passed the triennial metropolitan and palace examinations with highest honors was designated top of the list, or *zhuangyuan*, and could look forward to a brilliant career in administration. ¹⁰Meng Zong was widely known as one of the Twenty-four Exemplars of Filial Piety. When his evil stepmother wanted to eat bamboo shoots in the middle of winter, he went out to search for them, and in answer to his sincere prayers, bamboo shoots sprouted despite the freezing cold. ¹¹Dong Yong is another of the Twenty-four Exemplars. Upon the death of his father, he sold himself as a slave so that he could provide his father with a fitting funeral; moved by this, the Weaving Maid (*Vega*) was sent from heaven to help him pay back his debt and regain his freedom. ¹²Zhao Wu appears as the ideal filial daughter-in-law in a play by Gao Ming (c.1307-c.1371AD). After her husband departs for the capital to take the metropolitan examinations, she obediently serves her parents-in-law; and when they die of starvation during a famine, she buries them with her own hands and sells her hair to pay for the funeral expenses }

269.6 The Lazy Wife\fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 2

I will not tell about the Han, nor tell about the Tang, 1
 But listen, as I sing to you the story of the lazy wife.
 All good elder and younger sisters, sitting all around,
 Please listen very carefully as you sit by my side.

*

This girl had been pampered from her earliest years;
 She spent her days too lazy to work but always eating;
 When she turned eighteen and was married,
 She drove her husband to distraction, drove him mad!
 When her husband told her to rise and get to work,
 She feigned either a headache or a terrible cold,
 But as soon as her husband left the house,
 She jumped out of the bed, as if carried on a cloud.
 Three lumps of lean meat together with two eggs,
 Brought up to taste with onions, pepper, and spices:
 All alone she went on eating till she was stuffed,
 Oblivious of the hunger and cold her husband suffered.

*

The rice she cooked for the three meals of the day
 Was either still raw, or cooked to pulp, or full of water.
 The vegetables she cooked were without any taste;
 If they were not too bland, they were far too salty.
 If her husband wanted her to make him a pair of shoes,
 She had no idea of foot or inch, and of long and short.
 She'd make one that was long and one that was short;
 She'd make one that was short and one that was long.
 And when her husband put them on his feet,
 They were as hard and stiff as a buffalo's horn.

*

If relatives or friends invited her to a party,
She wanted to show off but didn't have the clothes.
She'd try to borrow some from people all over the place,
But, alas, nobody paid any attention to her, as
Each and every one said that she was a lazy wife,
Too lazy by far to properly wash her own shirt and skirt.
Her washing turned black into the hemp of mourning;²
Her washing turned white into chrysanthemum-yellow.
The front of her clothes was as rumpled as a tangerine;
The back of her clothes resembled a rumpled tangerine.
Rumpled as a tangerine peel, a rumpled tangerine peel,
But rumpled as they might be, she still put them on.
And when she arrived at the house of her relatives,
Thousands of people in town collapsed in laughter!

*

When her relatives had set out the banquet,
She made sure she was seated in the best position.
When the host first served eggs cooked in noodles,
All the eggs would be gone in one flash of her chopsticks!
With bulging eyes she selected the dishes to eat;
She would eat only dumplings and not drink any soup.
The host saw that she would not drink any wine,
As she'd drink only sweet wine, thrice-fermented brews.
The host saw she would not eat any other dishes,
As she'd eat only dishes of chicken or fish or pork liver.
The host concluded that she would not eat any rice,
But three pints of white rice were just one meal.
If the host put out ten separate dishes, she would
Not be happy until she had cleared off all these dishes!

*

When the banquet was finished, they sat together
And, with nothing else to do, chatted with one another.
Then someone would ask her the following question,
Would ask her what kind of work she was doing at home.
“How much ramie did you twist into thread this year?³
How many pounds of thread did you spin this one year?”
When they raised the issue of twisting and spinning,
She was dumbfounded, not saying a word, staring blankly.
As she did not know very well how to speak back,
She promptly conceived of a different idea altogether.
Without wasting time on expressing thanks to the host,
She immediately hurried back home, all by herself.
She traveled on and on, the entire road, walking very fast;
Because of her haste, her feet became covered with mud.
Once she arrived back home, she was all tired out
And did not give a damn about how muddy she might be.
Once she fell down, she fell down on the cool bed
And did not give a damn about all the work in the house.
And if her husband cursed her out at that sight—
So just think what this woman's ending would be!

*

In this world every family has its own kind of daughters,
But a woman like this will create no end of troubles.

Dear sisters, please have a look for yourselves and say
Whether the story I told here is preposterous or not.¹A common opening formula in ballad literature. ²One of the oldest
textile fibers and native to Asia, it has been grown in China for centuries. ³White was the color of mourning in traditional China, and
mourning clothes were made of coarse hemp }

269.7 The Tale Of Third Sister¹{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County,
Hunan Province, China (F) 17

I have some sincere and earnest advice for you all:
Throughout your life never harbor any evil intentions!
If you deliberately harm others, you'll harm yourself:
In this world there's the court, beyond that the gods!
As a man you should never use two kinds of bushels,
And as a woman never employ a duplicitous mind.
Don't measure what's coming in with a big bushel;
Don't measure what's going out with a small bushel.
Thunder will strike those who use two bushels;
I'm afraid High Heaven will show no mercy at all!
Don't say that High Heaven acts without reason, as
The numinous gods hover three feet above your head.
Once grown too old, the year's harvest can't be sold;
Do not add any grain gone bad to bushel and pint.
When you treat this precious grain like dirt and dust,
Your sons and grandsons will later not live in peace.

*

But let me not sing anymore of these idle words;
I will sing once again of the hardships of Third Sister.
This tale is not an event from some distant past but
A recent piece of news from the Guangxu period.¹
Her family lived in Yongzhou Prefecture in Hunan;
Hers was a family within the Wang family compound.
Twenty miles to the east of the prefectural capital
Was a place that was called Wang Family Village.
The family of Mr. Wang was extremely wealthy;
The family owned more than five hundred good fields.
His wife was referred to by all as "old woman Wang";
She had given birth to one son and three daughters.
The one son stayed at home, as he studied the books,
And the three daughters all had been married off.
The eldest sister had been married to one of the Shous;
The second sister had been married to one of the Lis;
The third sister had been married to one of the Xiaos:
In this way the three daughters had all been married.
The eldest sister's family was immensely wealthy;
The second sister's family had lots of gold and silver.
It was only the third sister who suffered misfortune:
Once she arrived at the Xiaos, they were hit by poverty.
At the Xiao family they lacked the rice for tomorrow;
Third Sister did not have any good clothes to wear.
During daytime she felt cold in her unpadded clothes;
She was freezing [at night] with no blanket on the bed.
Her body was freezing and her stomach was empty, as
Each night she embroidered flowers till break of dawn.
How pitiable Third Sister who suffered such misfortune:

She met with a thousand kinds of hardship and bitter pain!

*

When woman Wang saw how her daughter was suffering,

She invited her back to her house and then said to her:

“It’s all your parents’ fault—we must have been blind!

We did not marry you to a rich family with lots of money!

We thought that the Xiao family was really well-to-do:

Who could have known that they are really dirt-poor?

This very moment they do not even have enough grain,

So this is the moment for you to marry someone else!

Now here on the street lives this young master Liu,

A smart and handsome fellow, sincere and honest, too!

Their grain fields are good for a few hundred loads,

And he is one of the students in the prefectural school.²

If you, my daughter, would marry into the Liu family,

You’d lead a life of luxury, glory, status, and wealth.

But if you, my daughter, don’t marry someone new,

You will suffer hardship for all the years of your life?”

Third Sister then addressed her mother as follows:

“My dear mother, please listen to what I have to say.

A good horse is not fitted out with a pair of saddles;

A good woman will not marry a second husband.

No one can ride on a horse with a pair of saddles;

A woman with two husbands ruins her reputation.

In my opinion, whatever happens to us is our fate,

As fixed by the eight characters and five elements.³

If each and every one wanted to be a high official,

Who would then be the official, and who the people?

Let others be a high official, let others be wealthy;

I love my bitter suffering, and I love my poverty;

My dear father and mother, please listen to me,

Please listen well to these examples from the past.

In ancient times there lived a man called Zhu Maichen;

His wife, detesting his poverty; married someone else.

Later in his life Zhu Maichen rose to riches and glory;

When his wife wanted to return, it could not be done.⁴

‘Try to pick up the water I’ve spilled on the ground!’

For all eternity; throughout the ages, she is cursed.

But then you have the example of Lu Mengzheng:

Husband and wife lived together in an abandoned kiln,

But later his fortune took a turn: he passed the exams

With highest honors and became the top of the list.⁵

Xue Pinggui eventually became a Son of Heaven;

The wife he had been married to was Wang Baochuan.

She suffered hardship for eighteen years in an old kiln,

But later she attained the status of an imperial queen!⁶

If this is the case with all these people from the past,

Why shouldn’t this apply equally to your daughter, too?

Look how many poor people later ended up rich, and

How many wealthy people later ended up destitute!

You, my parents, may urge me to marry someone else,

But I will stick to the Xiao family till my dying day.

If you had married me to some other family,

It would be the same: I trust in fate and not in man.

Even though the Xiao family may be dirt-poor,
 They treat me without any double-dealing at all.
 But if I were now to decide to marry someone else,
 I would deprive the Xiao family of all descendants.”
 Woman Wang answered her in the following words:
 “My dear daughter, please listen to what I have to say.
 My only wish is that you will live a life of luxury.
 What do I care about their lack of descendants?
 But if you, my daughter, refuse to obey your parents,
 Don’t blame your mother for what may go wrong!”
 Upon hearing this, Third Sister was awash in tears.
 “My dear smart mother, how considerate you are!
 For what purpose was I born and raised by you?
 Don’t say your daughter didn’t think this through.
 If we had the choice to marry someone else,
 Who would not want to become a well-to-do person?
 After a thousand lives of virtue one shares a boat;
 After a myriad lives of virtue one sleeps in one bed.
 One night as a couple is a hundred nights of love;
 A hundred nights as a couple—as deep as the ocean!
 I, your daughter, am now sixteen years of age,
 And I, too, now fully understand feeling and reason.
 I’ve tasted sweet and sour, and bitter and astringent;
 I never am able to sleep through the night till dawn.
 I do not long for tender lamb and exquisite wines;
 I dress myself in clothes made from coarse linen.
 If King Yama has destined you for eight cups of rice,
 Even at the end of the world it won’t become ten.
 If your fate holds it for you, you’ll get it in the end;
 If your fate doesn’t have it, you only trouble your mind.”
 When woman Wang heard this, she loudly cursed her.
 “My daughter, what you are saying makes no sense!
 Husband and wife are just birds sharing a grove, and
 When drought and famine come, each flies off alone.
 Now you change your mind and give it some thought,
 And we’ll see whether you will marry someone else.
 But if you continue to refuse to marry someone else,
 Never again in all your life set foot in my house!”
 Upon hearing this, Third Sister was awash in tears;
 Tears coursed down her cheeks in great profusion.
 Third Sister refused to do as her mother told her, so
 She said good-bye to her parents and went back home.

*

Once she had gone one mile, there was another mile;
 Once she had walked one stretch, there was another.
 Continuing along her road, she quickly came home,
 And soon she had arrived at the gate of the Xiaos.
 As soon as her husband saw her, he asked the question,
 “Third Sister, now allow me to ask you this question.
 What matter did your parents want to discuss with you
 When they invited you to come back to their place?”
 Third Sister promptly answered him in these words:
 “My dear husband, please listen to what I have to say.
 The family of my eldest sister is extremely wealthy;

My second sister's family has lots of gold and silver.
But you and I, husband and wife, are truly miserable,
As it is a fact that here in this house we are dirt-poor.
As my father and mother see how destitute we are,
They urged me to leave you and marry someone else.
They want to marry me off to the Liu family, so I
May lead a life of luxury, glory, status, and wealth.
This is because my parents are bereft of all reason;
Preferring wealth over poverty, they want our divorce.
Now because I refused to obey my father and mother,
They promptly started to curse me, again and again:
If I would not marry that young master Liu, I was
Never again to set foot in my mother's house forever!
I considered all options and did not know what to do,
But as I love only my current life, I came back here.
I have thought all these things over in my own heart:
I'm happy to suffer and die here with the Xiao family.
Whatever we gain and whatever we lose, I'll stay here,
And I will never shrink from hard work and long toil.
I'll take my life as it comes, in good times and bad,
Even if it means I'll have to live in worry and care.
And if great wealth may indeed be a matter of fate,
Modest wealth depends on our will and our efforts.
And if Highest Heaven has eyes with which to see,
We later also may end up as people of great wealth!"

*

One day turned to three, and three then turned to nine,
And so they spent Double-Nine, the ninth of the Ninth.
With the Ninth Month gone, the Tenth Month arrived;
The weather turned colder, and they were ill prepared.
In the Twelfth Month snow fell down in wild profusion;
They were freezing [at night] with no blanket on the bed.
The hunger in their stomachs was still only a minor matter,
But having no clothes to wear—that hardship was terrible!
When the Last Month arrived, again one year had passed:
Husband and wife on this day were both awash in tears.
“Other people all have wine to celebrate the New Year,
But you and I have to enter the year without any wine!”
Third Sister promptly admonished her husband as follows:
“My dear husband, why do you have to cry without end?
Other people may have rice to celebrate the New Year,
But we will enter the New Year even without the rice.”

*

Next door to them there lived an old woman Wang,
Who noticed how pitiable husband and wife truly were.
As a result, she not only measured out five cups of rice,
But she also gave half a pound of salt to Third Sister.
When she received this, Third Sister was quite happy:
“Many thanks, old lady, for all your generous gifts!
If later we are better off, will pay you back bit by bit,
As we are on both sides drinking from the same river.”
Having brought the rice, woman Wang went back home.
But, alas, Third Sister still could not celebrate New Year!
She took the salt and sold four ounces of it on the Street;

She took the rice and sold one cup of it on the street.
With the twenty or thirty copper coins she obtained,
She bought paper money and candles to thank the gods:
“May the numinous gods extend their protection to us;
May they protect us so our life may take a better turn!”
All of a sudden Third Sister’s belly started to hurt,
As the baby boy in her belly was about to be born.
A piece of red silk was quickly placed on the ground;
When the baby was placed on the ground, he cried.
On the third day they selected a name for the baby;
The name they selected for him was Sanyuan.
Each day she spun thread till past midnight,
Her little baby boy all the while sitting on her knees.
As soon as her little baby boy started to cry,
She gave him her breast so he could drink
And then Third Sister always told her son,
“My dear little baby, dear darling apple of my eye,
Your mother will raise you with greatest care, hoping
That life later will take a better turn for both of us.”

*

In her heart Third Sister kept thinking [of her parents],
And these thoughts all of a sudden resulted in a dream.
“For years you have not returned to your mother’s house;
Now a happy celebration is quickly approaching.”
“My mother is indeed about to turn fifty-one, but how
Would I have the money to buy her a birthday present?”
Third Sister promptly called for her darling husband;
She repeatedly called for her husband, again and again.
Her husband promptly arrived and answered her, asking,
“My dear wife, for what reason are you calling me?”
“You are sleeping and snoring at ease in your bed,
But tomorrow a happy celebration is set to take place.
My mother will celebrate her birthday, turning fifty-one,
But how would I have the money to buy her a present?
In this house we do not even have the rice for tomorrow,
And I do not even have half copper cent in cash!”
When her husband heard what his wife had to say,
He did not sleep at all that night, waiting for dawn.
And as soon as the earliest light appeared in the sky,
He took his ax for cutting wood and left for the hills.
“You stay here with the baby and get some sleep,
While I will take off and make the trip to the hills.”
When he had cut a load of firewood, he sold it quickly;
By selling the firewood, he got forty copper coins,
And when he passed by the shop of the Wang family,
He bought with that money one pound of noodles.
Carrying these noodles in both hands, he came home,
Where Third Sister welcomed him, her face one smile:
“While you stay here at home and do your work,
I will go and congratulate my mother on her birthday.”
Carrying that one pound of noodles in her left hand,
And with her baby on her back—off to her mother’s place!
Walking on three-inch golden lotuses, she hurried on;⁷
All filled with happiness she made the trip home.

*

But let's not talk about Third Sister going back home;
Let's also talk about Eldest Sister and Second Sister.
Eldest Sister had her boxes carried in one long row;
Second Sister had her boxes carried in proper order.
Eldest Sister followed behind, riding a sedan chair;
Second Sister followed behind, riding a sedan chair.
Woman Wang welcomed them, all filled with joy,
And then had the presents carried in through the gate.
While these two sisters together entered the room,
Third Sister also arrived at the gate of the house.
When the servant boy at the gate had gotten a look
And saw that Third Sister was coming back home,
He hurried inside to report to that old woman Wang,
"It is your third daughter who is coming back home!"

When woman Wang heard this, she was astounded.
"For years she hasn't come back to our house here!
Irrespective of the way she has her boxes carried
Have someone go and welcome her inside."
The servant boy thereupon answered as follows:
"I saw only Third Sister; she was all by herself.
In her left hand she carried one pound of noodles;
The little boy on her back must be your grandson."
When woman Wang heard this, she was angered
And ordered the servant boy to go and close the gate.
He promptly closed and locked the gate in front
Right when Third Sister arrived there at the gate.
Third Sister arrived at the gate [and wondered],
"Why have they suddenly closed the gate?"
In front of the gate she loudly called to be let in,
But no one inside the Wang family mansion reacted.
Third Sister pondered the situation in her heart,
Then turned around and went to the back gate.
When Third Sister so appeared in the high hall,
Her mother cursed her loudly once she saw her.
"I told you a long time ago to marry someone else,
But you refused to marry a rich man with money!
Eldest Sister is wearing clothes of gauze and silk;
Second Sister is wearing gold and silver jewelry.
But I only have to take one look at you to see
Your clothes have been patched, and patched again.
You've come here to put your parents to shame,
Not to offer me your birthday congratulations!"

*

This day the guests were many, quite a crowd,
So her mother could not fully display her meanness.
So her mother immediately ordered Third Sister
To go and stay in the kitchen, tending the fire.
"The weather is cold and your clothes are unpadded,
So you'd better go and tend the fire in the kitchen."
The guests in the hall were all treated to dinner,
To the loudly resounding music of pipes and drums.

Relatives and friends all were given places to sit,
But Third Sister was kept busy tending the fire.

*

The grandmother carried her grandson in her arms;
Carrying her grandson, she came into the kitchen.
She selected a chicken leg and gave it to the boy,
And the son of Eldest Sister then stopped crying.
The son of Second Sister wept most piteously, so
The grandmother carried this grandson in her arms.
She also selected a nice chicken leg for this boy,
And the son of Second Sister then stopped crying.
The son of Third Sister also wept most piteously;
His grandmother also carried him in her arms and,
Feigning love, also came with him to the kitchen.
But she didn't select anything nice for him to eat;
All she got the little boy was an old radish.
Third Sister's little boy felt the pangs of hunger,
So he took the radish and swallowed it whole!
When woman Wang saw this, she was angered
And took out a stick to give her grandson a beating,
Cursing him for being no better than a beggar
Who would come to nothing but poverty and hunger.
When Third Sister saw this, she spoke as follows:
"Mother, now please listen to what I have to say.
To Eldest Sister's little boy you gave a chicken leg;
To Second Sister's little boy you gave exactly the same.
But my little son, who already has such a bitter fate,
All you gave him was only this one old radish!
Palm or backside of the hand—both your own flesh:
How can you treat these children in different ways?
Since yesterday I've been tending the fire all night,
The whole night through, till the sky was all bright.
But you didn't get anything nice for me to eat;
All you got me was a bone that I could swallow.
If I had been an unrelated beggar boy,
You still would have treated me to a jug of wine.
Now I am your own daughter, and yet you have
Banished me to the kitchen where I'm tending the fire.
The guests in the hall are all treated to dinner,
But your own daughter is shoved off to the kitchen.
Now place your hand on your heart and ponder
Whether you are fair and equitable or not at all!"
These words filled her mother with such rage
That she grabbed the poker and hit her daughter with it,
Most mercilessly, despite the feigned attempt
Of her brother's wife to come to her rescue.
Third Sister, beaten like this, was awash in tears.
"My dear mother, how considerate you truly are!
Which poor man will stay poor all through his life?
Since when have wealth and status grown roots?
Where are the green mountains without fruit trees?
Where in the world are there no poor people at all?
But as soon as our lives take a turn for the better,
I will come and inform you of the fact, my mother!"

When woman Wang heard this, she laughed heartily,
“Your boasting like a beggar is really ridiculous!
If your life indeed ever takes a turn for the better,
I will turn and twist in a foot-washing basin.
You beggar, I never want you to come back again,
Never again set foot inside the gate of this house!”
Upon these words, Third Sister cried hot tears;
With her son on her back she left to go back, and
As soon as she had stepped out the front gate,
Her mother closed and locked the gate behind her.

*

With every step she moved forward, she wept;
Tears coursed down her cheeks in great profusion.
Moving forward on her three-inch golden lotuses,
Tortured by hunger pangs—the road was a hard one.
As Third Sister was walking alongside the hills,
Her little boy on her back wept most piteously.
“My baby boy, you, too, feel the pangs of hunger
And want to drink some of your mother's milk.”
Tears coursed down Third Sister's wet cheeks.
“Dear darling apple of my eye,” she cried. “Alas,
Because your mother is beset by pangs of hunger,
She doesn't have any milk left for you to drink.”
Third Sister placed her boy on a stone platform,
And she thereupon walked all along the hillside,
Looking for something she could give him to eat.
“My little boy is so hungry; so let's go back home.”
Continuing along her road, she soon was home;
All of a sudden she arrived in front of her house.
As soon as her husband saw her, he addressed her,
“My dear wife,” he called out again and again,
“When you went home yesterday you were so happy,
So why do you say not a word on your return?”
Third Sister answered her husband as follows:
“My dear husband, let me tell you what happened!
Eldest Sister was wearing clothes of gauze and silk;
Second Sister was wearing gold and silver jewelry.
But I was wearing these unpadded clothes, so
My mother had to curse me as soon as she saw me.
She earlier had urged me to marry someone else,
But I refused to marry a wealthy man with money.
When I returned home this time, I was still this poor,
So she shoved me off to the kitchen to tend the fire.
I tended the kitchen fire for her all through the night;
Because of that I was covered with sweat all over.
But she didn't give me anything good to eat at all;
All she got me was one bone that I could swallow!
She got Eldest Sister's little boy a leg of chicken,
She got Second Sister's little boy exactly the same,
But when our little boy felt the pangs of hunger,
All she gave him was just one old radish.
Our little boy is still young and doesn't understand,
So he grabbed the radish and swallowed it whole.
His grandmother then slapped him on the mouth;

She said he acted this way because he was a beggar!

When I saw my mother speaking in this way,
I told my mother that she was not fair and equitable:

Palm and backside of the hand are your own flesh,
So how can you treat your grandsons so differently?

My mother could not stand me talking this way;

She grabbed the poker and started to beat me,
Without listening to any reason—this all despite
The feigned pleading for me by my elder sisters.

It still would be a minor matter to get a beating,
But she also then chased me out of the house.”

When the husband had heard his wife’s story,
He could not help but feel pain in his heart.

“We, husband and wife, get along quite well;
We manage to survive by working hard in the fields.

But the people of this world are all so shallow;
They value only your clothes, not your character!

When the husband has money, his wife is noble,
But people despise you when you have no money.

From now on we should be firmly determined
To give it our all to become the king of the hill!

When man and wife do their plowing and spinning,
High Heaven has never betrayed their hard work.

Even the Yellow River at times is pure and clear,
So there must be a day when our fortune will turn.

And if ever our fortune turns and we strike it rich,
A feud will requite a feud, a favor repay a favor!”

*

Let’s not talk about the couple’s industry and thrift
Yet another baby in her belly was about to be born.

She stepped with her left foot in the embroidery room
While her right foot was still in the hall of the house.
Straddling the lintel of the door, she gave birth to a boy,

And husband and wife were both filled with joy.

Water was poured in a foot-basin to wash his body;
Wrapped in a gauze skirt, he was given to his mother.

On the third day they selected a name for the baby;
The name they selected for him was Qimen.⁸

“Your mother will raise you with greatest care, hoping
That life later will take a better turn for both of us.”

This was the moment when her fortune turned:
Both her little boys lived to grow up into men.

*

Third Sister then addressed her husband as follows:

“My dear husband, please do not give in to sorrow!
A man who works hard will not have to worry about food;

A woman who works hard will wear something new.
Freezing cold will not confront a woman who spins;
Hunger and famine will not starve a man who plows.

Ancient teachers of former times have said it well:
‘It is only the hoe that doesn’t reduce one to poverty.’”

When the husband heard these words from his wife,
He got a hoe with a weight of three times five pounds.
Up the hills he hoed the fields, up to the highest peak;

Down the hills he hoed the fields, down to the wetlands.
In the Sixth Month he still was hoeing the wetlands;
In the Tenth Month he cleared wasteland without mercy.
He planted his fields with sorghum and also with wheat;
He planted them with corn and also with peanuts;
He planted them with radishes and also with buckwheat;
He also planted them with sweet potatoes for snacks.

*

All this industry and thrift of Third Sister and her man
Attracted the attention of the astral lord of Great White.⁹
He observed the hardships of both husband and wife,
The hardships they suffered and also their poverty.
“The two sons who have been born to this couple
Actually are Stars of Literature from up in heaven.
If I were to wait another three years to help you out,
That would do in Third Sister and Xiao Hanting!”
The metal star of Great White wasted no time:
“I will gift that couple of mine with both gold and silver!”¹⁰

*

As soon as Hanting saw that the sky was bright,
He took his hoe and went up into the mountain woods.
From early morning till noontime he kept on digging,
And from noontime till dusk he kept on digging.
Eventually he reached a black slab of stone, and
Below that slab of stone he found gold and silver.
At the sight of that treasure he was filled with joy,
And he carried it back home with the greatest haste.
At the sight of all this gold and silver Third Sister
Thanked Heaven and Earth and also all the gods:
“Today High Heaven shows us His protection by
Gifting us, husband and wife, with this gold and silver.”
When they then had taken a close look at the silver,
They saw that each and every bar carried the legend *Qimen*
Husband and wife did not waste any time but
Thanked the gods with incense and paper money.
They bought a pig and a goat and fine wine and
Offered these in sacrifice to the god of the soil.

*

When husband and wife had returned to the house,
The gold and silver were stored in the embroidery room.
Each of the next three years were greatly profitable,
And people now counted them among the wealthy.
They grew sticky grain to make their own wine,
Alcohol from glutinous grain to entertain their guests.
The constant stream of visitors coming to their house
Claimed to be either relatives or good friends.
They bought five hundred mu of fields wet and dry;
The entrance gate and the rooms were all made new.
With plenty of clothes to wear and rice to eat, they
Remembered those days when they had to borrow.
“When others borrowed from us: a stream in the hills;
When we borrowed from others: frost in midsummer!
Today, now our fortune has turned, we as a couple
Thank Heaven and Earth and all the numinous gods!”

*

Sanyuan at that time was just fifteen years of age,
And Qimen had reached the age of thirteen.
The two brothers studied their letters in school and
Submitted their essays and were admitted as students.
After three years of study, knowing rites and meaning,
They had read all the books from beginning to end.
They heard that the court was holding its great examination,
Summoning all cultured people from the whole world.
The two brothers did not waste a moment but
Packed their luggage and promptly set out on the road.
Upon arriving in the provincial capital and finding an inn,
The brothers came to the gate of the examination grounds.
Their three examination essays were done very well,
And the examination official read them attentively.
When some days later the list of dragons was posted,
They looked at it to see who had passed the exam:
The very first name on the list was Xiao Sanyuan,
And the number two on the list was Xiao Qimen!
Seeing their listing, the brothers were filled with joy,
A joy that showed on their faces, a smile in their hearts!
They hurried to pack their luggage and travel home,
Where close and distant relatives welcomed them.
Loudly resounding—the music of pipes and drums:
Two brothers had passed the examination together!
“Elder and younger brother both equally successful.”
This inscription was hung above the gate to the hall!

*

Let's not talk of the riches and glory of the Xiao family;
Let's talk again about the situation of the Wang family.
In earlier days woman Wang had been immensely rich,
But now her fortunes lagged compared to those of others.
Preferring riches to poverty, they allowed other people to die;
With false balances and bushels they cheated the poor.
The Jade Emperor thereupon sent down an edict
Ordering disasters to descend to the world of dust.
The disaster of fire struck the house of Eldest Sister;
The disaster of fire struck the house of Second Sister;
The disaster of fire struck the house of the Wang family:
Three astral lords had descended to the world of dust!
The house of Eldest Sister was hit by Heaven's fire,
And in three years' time no fewer than nine people died.
The house of Second Sister was visited by misfortune,
And in a single year three people lost their lives, and so
In three years' time no fewer than nine people died.
The house of woman Wang met with dismal disasters,
And all fields and farms, houses and barns were sold.
Once all the people had died and the money was spent,
The only one left was woman Wang, all alone.
In her house she did not have rice for tomorrow,
And she didn't have any good clothes to wear any more.
The elderly woman Wang had no one to care for her,
And she survived by begging for rice in the streets.
During daytime she begged for rice at a thousand places;

At night she slept in old temples and open pavilions.
When people in the streets listened to her tale of woe,
Each and every one told her she was an evil woman.

*

She had walked to many houses to beg for some rice,
And, [bitten by] dogs, she was all covered with blood.
She was freezing all over and feeling the pangs of hunger,
And she hadn't gone out of the house for three days on end.
Her head was dizzy from hunger, her eyes were blurred;
Freezing and starving, she was shivering all over her body.
She had no other option but to go out into the streets, and
By accident arrived in front of Third Sister's house.
Woman Wang called out loudly in front of the gate,
Calling, "Milady!" and "Young ladies!" again and again.
"I here am an elderly person with no one to care for her;
Alas, if I think of it, I am without husband or children.
If you have rice in the house, please give me a mouthful,
And you will save this old woman from imminent death.
I depend on donations from others, and their virtuous deeds,
A virtue bringing wealth and status to sons and daughters."

When Third Sister heard this voice outside the gate,
She opened the door of her room to listen more closely.

And when she left her room to have a better look,
It turned out after all that it was her own mother!

When woman Wang lifted her head to have a look,
She realized that this great lady was her third daughter.

Woman Wang immediately addressed her as follows:

"My dear darling apple of my eye," she cried out.

"Your mother, my darling child, now has grown old,
Please be so kind as to save me from imminent death.

Today mother and daughter have been reunited again:

Flowers bloom once again, the moon is full again!"

*

These words of her mother angered our Third Sister:
"My dear mother, now please listen to me for a while.
I thought that you would be rich and mighty forever.
Who could have guessed that today you'd be poor?
Isn't my eldest sister your own daughter, and hasn't
My second sister always been the apple of your eye?
Let my two elder sisters come and take care of you—
The rich and mighty take care of the rich and mighty.
But today you have come to this house of beggars—
How can we take care of someone made of gold and jade?"

We poor starving beggars haven't got any rice to eat,
So how could we spare some rice to feed someone else?"

Tears coursed down the cheeks of old woman Wang.

"My dear daughter, please listen to what I have to say.

You hate me because of your earlier bitter sufferings,
But like cold water rinsing rice, don't remember them!"

*

When Third Sister heard these words from her mother,
She could not help but feel an inkling of daughterly love.

"Of course I should keep her here and take care of her,
But her behavior in those days was really too inhuman!

If I refuse to keep her here and take care of her,
It's bound to be the death of this woman without support.
It is far better that she should have been in the wrong,
But that should not distort my feelings as her child.
It may be a minor matter not to take care of my mother,
But I would acquire a worldwide reputation as unfilial.
Today I'll make sure that she doesn't flaunt her nature,
To prevent her from acting again as she did before."

So, feigning rage, she cursed her mother,
"Disappear as fast as you can and go to those others!
My eldest sister and second sister are rich and mighty;
They will feed you with delicate fare and fine food.
We here at home eat only porridge made from corn;
Sweet potatoes and peanuts are the snacks we have.
I'm afraid that such poor fare doesn't suite your palate;
Remember never again to come and beg at my door."
Third Sister opened the two wings of the gate and
Walked straight inside, into the hall of the house.

*

When woman Wang saw that her daughter was gone,
Tears coursed down her cheeks in great profusion.
"In the past it was me, your mother, who wronged you;
Now today you do not recognize the bonds of blood.
But if today my own daughter will not recognize me,
I will starve myself to death here in front of her gate."
Just as old woman Wang was crying her heart out,
Both her two grandsons were coming back home.
As they walked up to the gate, they asked her, saying:
"Beggar woman, please tell us, what is your name?
For what reason have you now come to our place?
You are crying so much that tears flow down your cheeks."
Woman Wang immediately spoke the following words:
"My dear young masters, please listen to what I say.
I hail from Yongzhou Prefecture in Hunan,
To the east of the prefectural capital—I'm called Wang.
Old woman Wang who begs for rice—that is me.
And your mother Third Sister, she is my daughter.
Today I came here to your house, begging for rice,
Because I couldn't stand the hunger in my stomach.
For three days on end I haven't had any food at all;
My head is dizzy from hunger and my eyes are blurred.
Dear young masters, please show some compassion
And please give me something to eat, anything!"
Her two grandsons then spoke the following words:
"Grandmother, please listen to what we have to say.
There is no need for you to continue to shed tears;
It just so happens we had been out on business."

*

When the two brothers entered the embroidery room,
"Dear mother, please listen to our words.
When that beggar woman came here begging for rice,
Shouldn't you have invited her inside the house?
Please explain your intentions to us in great detail
As we do not understand why you acted this way."

Third Sister immediately answered them as follows:
 “My sons, there are certain matters you don’t know.
 That year, when your grandmother turned fifty-one,
 I went there with Sanyuan to offer congratulations.
 At home we were dirt-poor and couldn’t manage,
 So I had no birthday candles and boxes of presents.
 Your grandmother felt nothing but contempt for you.
 We, mother and son, were shoved off to the kitchen.
 The second day, when a banquet was spread at noon
 To the loudly resounding music of pipes and drums,
 All the guests in the hall sat down to dinner there,
 But the two of us, mother and son, we were excluded!
 She gave Eldest Sister’s little boy a leg of chicken,
 She gave Second Sister’s little boy a leg of chicken,
 But alas, when my little baby also was hungry,
 She gave him a radish—he swallowed it whole.
 Your grandmother the millionaire beat you twice
 And cursed you, saying you were born to be a beggar.
 When I saw that, I really could not stand it at all;
 I told my mother she was not fair and equitable.
 ‘Palm and backside of the hand are your own flesh,
 So how can you treat your grandsons so differently?’
 Your grandmother couldn’t stand me talking this way,
 And so she grabbed a poker to give me a beating.
 It would have been a minor matter to be beaten,
 But she also then and there chased me out of the house.
 In full sight of all the guests filling the high hall,
 She did not show any feeling of motherly love!
 This was all the fault of my mother, her doing!
 Rich and mighty she didn’t recognize anyone poor.
 Now she herself has fallen on hard times, so today
 She comes here and claims we are flesh and blood.
 In those days she felt only contempt for us all;
 She didn’t know love between mother and daughter.
 My sons, don’t keep trying to change my mind;
 Let her starve to death right in front of our gate!”

*

When the children heard their mother’s argument,
 They knelt down on their knees before their mother.
 The two brothers urged her to change her mind.
 “Dear mother, please listen to what we have to say.
 Your mother suffered, carrying you for ten months;
 As human beings we must repay our parents’ grace.
 If one doesn’t take care of one’s parents while they’re alive,
 One has lived in vain in the eyes of High Heaven.
 In this world it is loyalty and filial piety that count:
 A minister repays his lord’s grace, a child his parents
 Raising a son who doesn’t repay his mother’s hardship,
 One raises a daughter who’ll repay her parents’ favors.
 If you don’t believe us, look at the water from the roof:
 Each and every drop drips down in the very same spot!
 The ancient teachers of bygone days said it well:
 ‘One never should say one’s mother is lacking in love.’
 We, your children, are kneeling down before you,

Hoping that you, our mother, will show some heart.
As long as you don't ask grandmother to come inside,
We will go on kneeling in front of you and not get up.
Our grandmother may have behaved improperly,
But she is closest kin related to us by flesh and blood!"
When Third Sister heard these words from her sons,
Joy appeared on her face, a smile in her heart.
"People who are filial have children who are filial;
Those who are unfilial will have unfilial offspring."
She promptly addressed her two Sons as follows:
"My two dear darling sons, please rise to your feet.
You go and invite your grandmother to come inside;
Your mother never had any other intention at all."

*

Hearing this, the two brothers were filled with joy,
And they invited their grandmother to come inside.
They led her to the high hall, asked her to take a seat,
And they then poured her a cup of most fragrant tea.
Their grandmother addressed them in these words:
"My dear gentlemen, please tell me who you are."
Sanyuan immediately answered her as follows:
"We are your own grandsons of a different surname."
Hearing this, their grandmother was filled with joy.
"Then you must be Qimen, my youngest grandchild!
I've heard that you passed the court examinations,
And that you two brothers have achieved great fame!"
Sanyuan stayed with his grandmother in the high hall:
While Qimen went to the kitchen to heat up the fire.
When he had heated a bowl of clean and pure water,
He took the foot-washing basin to the embroidery room.
The grandmother washed herself in the embroidery room,
And Third Sister opened her chests to take out clothes.
She selected a shirt and a skirt made of silk and satin
And gave these to her mother to wear from now on.
The old lady once again was properly dressed,
And to top it off, she wore a skirt made of gauze.
They invited her to come and sit in the high hall.
The whole family, old and young, one happy smile!
Mother and daughter spoke frankly to each other;
Then the old lady returned to the embroidery room.
She was treated to the finest foods and delicacies,
Spending her days in luxury, glory, status, and wealth.

*

She was filially provided with three meals each day;
The clothes she wore were made of silk and wool.
When she got up each morning, she had washing water,
And at night a dry blanket provided her comfort.
Her luxury, glory, status, and wealth cannot be told,
But woman Wang was not made out for such blessings.
One or two years after she arrived at the Xiaos,
Her legs started to swell up, and her stomach was struck.
This was all because her sins had been so many;
She could not walk with ease, not even sit with ease.
Once woman Wang had fallen ill in their house,

The whole family, old and young, were concerned.
 They hurriedly invited a doctor to come, but alas,
 The medicines that were prescribed didn't work.
 The best recipe cannot cure a case caused by karma:
 The exorcist commanded his ghosts all to no avail!
 Woman Wang passed away to return to the shades;
 The whole family, old and young, wept piteously.
 They invited monks to open the way [for the coffin];
 The monks opened the way and recited their sutras.
 Close and distant relatives came to mourn the deceased,
 Noisily reciting the sutras and bowing to the Buddha.
 The ceremonies of the seven Sevens were completed,
 And to the loudly resounding music of pipes and drums,
 She was buried by the main road outside the east gate.
 The geomantic location was chosen by a specialist.
 Cypress and pine were planted in front of the grave.
 At each of the four seasons she received offerings,
 And when travelers passing by saw all this going on,
 All said that Third Sister manifested a filial heart.

*

Let's not talk about woman Wang and her death;
 Let's tell again about Third Sister and her situation.
 Since ancient times good people have suffered many hardships,
 And they establish themselves after many tribulations.
 If one has not suffered the greatest hardship of them all,
 One cannot end up as the best, above all others.
 Third Sister was a woman who practiced filial piety;
 Those who are filial will have children who are filial.
 Later both her two Sons entered the bureaucracy,
 And the whole family enjoyed the imperial grace.

*

Let me urge all true gentlemen of the whole world,
 All men and women, to remember this in their hearts:
 If each and every one will stick to this book's message,
 Sons and grandsons will later never suffer poverty.
 You gentlemen of leisure who are reading books,
 May the earlier generation teach this to the later.
 Now I've told this ballad in verse to its conclusion:

May she remain famous forever, for all eternity!\fn{¹The Guangxu period lasted from 1875 to 1908. ²Those who passed the lowest level of the state examinations, at the prefectural level, were formally admitted to the prefectural school and became "students."
³The eight characters are the four pairs of two cyclical characters used to identify the year, month, day, and hour of one's birth; the five elements refer to metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, which follow and conquer one another. ⁴Zhu Maichen (d.115BC) suffered dire poverty for many years. Eventually his wife requested a divorce and married a butcher. When Zhu Maichen later was called to court and returned to his home region as governor, his wife wanted to go back to him. Zhu Maichen then spilled some water on the ground and told her that she could become his wife again if she could retrieve the spilled water. The story was widely known. ⁵Lu Mengzheng (946-1011) was a high official of the Song dynasty. Legend has it that he lived in the greatest poverty as a young student. When the daughter of the prime minister chose a husband by throwing a colored ball into a crowd of suitors, Lu caught the ball. The prime minister refused to accept Lu as a son-in-law, but his daughter followed the young man and lived with him in a dilapidated kiln. Later Lu passed the metropolitan examination with highest honors. ⁶Wang Baochuan was according to legend the daughter of a prime minister during the Tang dynasty (617-906AD). She also remained loyal to her husband, the lowly soldier Xue Pinggui, during the eighteen years when he served on the border. Eventually Xue Pinggui married a barbarian princess and became the ruler of the state of Xiliang. He then returned to be reunited with Wang Baochuan. ⁷Bound feet were often described as "three-inch golden lotuses." ⁸Literally, "Straddling the Lintel of the Door." ⁹Great White is the planet Venus, which is associated with the element metal. The astral lord of Great White often descends to earth in disguise and helps deserving people. ¹⁰Some lines of text seem to be missing here. From the context, it would appear that the astral lord of Great White appears to Third Sister and her husband in a dream and tells them where to find a hidden treasure }

Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 8

From the moment Pangu divided heaven and earth,
 Each and every emperor has had his own ministers.
 Light and shadow, arrowlike, urge one on to old age;
 Sun and moon resemble a shuttle and never once stop.
 Flowers bloom only to fall: your beauty easily fades;
 Yesterday's people suddenly disappear from sight.
 I'll not sing of an earlier dynasty or of the Later Han;¹
 I will sing the tale of a person from Nanhui County.
 Sir Liu of Nanhui County was exceedingly rich;
 He came from a very rich family and was married.
 He had been married to his wife for more than ten years,
 And still the couple had no son, and lacked a daughter.
 Husband and wife together reached a decision:
 They would make donations for the sake of the poor.
 Behind their estate was the Stone Dragon Monastery;
 It had lain in ruins for no one knew how many years.
 They first repaired the towers and the Buddha-hall;
 They next restored the images and the Guanyin statue.
 They also promised five hundred pairs of silk sandals;
 Five hundred *kasayas* hung from the temple gate.²
 After a full month the towers had been restored;
 Forty-nine days were spent in thanking the gods.
 At that time lady Ma once experienced a dream;
 In that dream she saw a red sun atop her body.
 Those who dream of a red sun give birth to a boy;
 Those who dream of a bright moon give birth to a girl.
 On top of that she also dreamt of a string of red-silk:
 Left and right on her hands—a repeated vision.
 From the moment lady Ma saw this dream,
 She was indeed since that dream heavy with child.
 Other people carry a baby for a full ten months,
 But lady Ma carried her baby for one full year.
 After exactly one year her term was up,
 And she gave birth to a baby boy, with great pain.
 Water was poured in a golden bowl to bathe the baby,
 And they chose for him the name Liu Wenliang.
 They invited a diviner to compute his fate,
 And they told him in detail all the circumstances:
 He was born in a dingmao year, a guiyou month;
 He was born on ayimao day, on a jimao hour.
 To compute this fate was not a mean matter, as
 Later he would study books, reach high office.

*

At the ages of one and two he was very quick-witted;
 At the ages of three and four he grew into manhood.
 Very soon he had grown to the age of six or seven;
 Once sent to school, he proved himself very intelligent.
 First he wrote “up,” “time,” “fish,” “hill,” “stream”;
 Later he read the Odes and the Documents, all the Classics.
 He fully understood the Five Works and the Four Books,
 And he memorized the school's Book of Changes.³

Right at that time the court announced an examination,
And Wenliang wanted to participate in order to achieve fame.

As soon as sir Liu heard him talk of this intention,
He discussed the situation with his wife lady Ma.
“Our son’s real concern is not about achieving fame;
The reason is that we have not yet found him a wife.”
Once husband and wife had reached this conclusion,
They invited matchmakers from all over the place.

One invited matchmaker was one Zhang Xuwu,
Who gave them a full and circumstantial account:

“The Xiao family of West Lake has a daughter
Who has just turned fifteen—a most fitting match!
Rouge and powder, green leaves, [eyes like] pools,
Cheeks like peach petals, with an inkling of spring:
I’ve seen the fairest flowers of one hundred towns,
But she resembles a seated Guanyin with her vase!”⁴
Having heard these words, sir Liu was filled with joy,
And he immediately dispatched the matchmaker.

He invited a diviner to compute the couple’s future fate—

“The male side belongs to Earth, the female to Fire;
These generating each other, father and son are at peace.

For all of their lives they will never be separated;
The withered flower on the rock is not transplanted.”
Sir Liu had heard about this daughter of the Xiaos.

“Heaven allowed you to meet this matchmaker!”

First he sent a chicken and a goose and engagement gifts;

Then he sent a pig and a goat and the wedding gold.

They selected the year and month and a lucky day;

Flowers are red, leaves green: the bride entered the gate.

Wenliang and lady Xiao met each other face to face;

They venerated the ancestors, honored his parents,

And when Wenliang had drunk the cup of union,

These two mandarin ducks became a fine couple.

*

Not long after the marriage, after only three days,

On the fourth day he wanted to leave to seek fame.

First he went to the hall to say good-bye to his parents;

Then he went to his room to say good-bye to his wife.

Lady Xiao then spoke to her husband as follows:

“Now please listen carefully to what I have to say.

If this is because you dislike me for being so ugly—

Marriage bonds are determined by our former lives.

If this is because you think my dowry was too small,

I’ll go back home and inform my father and mother.”

Wenliang answered his wife in the following way:

“My dear wife, all this has nothing to do with you!

[I would not dare suggest that you might be ugly;]⁵

I wouldn’t dare complain your dowry was too small.

When a man turns fifteen and still holds no office,

He resembles a precious mirror that doesn’t shine.

When a girl turns fifteen without needle and thread,

She sits idly in her room, only [wasting] her mind.

You will take care of my dear mother in the hall;

I rely on you, my dear wife, to serve them well.

Provide them with their daily meals, tea, and wine;
 Make sure the courtyard there is in proper order!"

Lady Xiao promptly answered her husband thus:
 "My dear husband, please listen to what I will say.
 Of course I'll respectfully serve my parents-in-law;
 There's no need for you to explain my duties to me.
 But if you, my husband, truly want to seek fame,
 What kind of mementos will you leave with me?"

"I leave you your parents-in-law as a memento,
 I leave our fields and farms for you to manage,
 And then I leave the red sun as a third memento:
 These three mementos all will never change!"

Lady Xiao answered him in the following way:
 "These three mementos all are bound to change.
 [You leave me my parents-in-law as a memento:]
 My elderly parents-in-law—how many more years?
 You leave me the fields and farms as a memento,
 But I fear it may be hard to bring in the harvest.
 And then you leave me the red sun as a memento—
 But each day, I fear, it is bound to sink in the west!
 I, too, have three things that may serve as mementos;
 I will give them to you, and then you may leave.
 This pair of silken sandals may serve as a memento—
 Each and every stitch was done with utmost care.
 This one golden hairpin may serve as a memento—
 Wrought by the silversmith, it is not to be despised.
 And this bronze mirror may serve as a memento.
 I will give these to you, and then you may leave,"

When Wenliang had received these three mementos,
 He put them in his book box and promptly took off.
 "Husband and wife from now on will be separated—
 Do not blindly go without a companion on the road.
 As the sun appears in the east, in the bright sky:
 May you quickly return from your search for office!
 I will respectfully serve both your parents in the hall;
 No need for you to worry about them day and night!
 As the sun appears in the east, in the bright sky:
 Return home when you have achieved high office!
 As the sun appears in the east, in the bright sky—
 Don't you worry at all once you have left!
 From now on I will be a peach tree or a plum tree
 That never meets the month of spring, never blooms.
 Do not pluck the wildflowers you'll find by the road;
 Do not blindly go without a companion on the road."

Wenliang then answered his wife in the following way:
 "Please, now do go back and return to the house!
 There never will be any end to this back and forth!
 What's the need to explain his duties to your husband?"

Lady Xiao then wanted to offer him one cup of wine.
 "Then you immediately mount your horse and take off!"
 She took the golden-thread wine jug and raised it high,
 While folding chairs were set out opposite each other
 To the left they hung a picture of Zhang Guolao;
 To the right they hung a picture of Lu Dongbin.⁶

She then ordered her servant girl to pour the wine.
“I offer you four cups of wine to ease my mind.
With the first cup of wine I wish you a safe journey;
With the fourth cup I wish you will keep my heart.”⁷
When Wenliang had finished the four cups of wine,
He immediately mounted his horse and departed.
His mind occupied only by the search for fame,
He never turned his head back to look at his wife.

*

When lady Xiao saw that her husband had left,
She could not help being flooded by tears.
“That little clump of willow trees there by the river
Hinders me from following my husband with my eyes.
If only I had an ax in my hands, I would
Uproot them all, so I could watch him as he goes!”
Lady Xiao turned around and returned to her house;
In one straight line she walked back to the house.
The first watch and second watch, she sat in her room;
The third watch and fourth watch, in chilly darkness.
She sat there till the fifth watch, in darkest silence,
When a couple of geese honked a number of times.
“They must have lost their companion at nighttime,
So they are in the same situation as people like me.”

*

Let's drop the subject of lady Xiao, not sing of her,
But let's sing again of Wenliang and his situation.
After thirty-five miles it was peach blossom trees;
After forty-five miles it was apricot blossom village.
The song cannot tell of each stage of his journey,
And soon he beheld the walls of the city of Beijing.
Inside the city of Beijing a placard had been posted:
All kinds of people were being sought and selected.
At this sight Wenliang's heart was filled with joy;
Fully prepared he lodged in the imperial buildings.
When he had composed three excellent essays,
He was the only person left of all the exam candidates.
As soon as he had handed them in to Wang Wangji,
The latter personally ranked him as the top of the list.
His first appointment was to be prefect of Kainan;
His second appointment was to be a big shot in Hunan;
His third appointment was to be an inspector in Nanjing:
All in a hurry suddenly eighteen years had passed!

*

Let's not sing anymore at all about that Wenliang;
Let's sing again about lady Xiao, that kind of person.
With a husband a thousand days pass in a flash, but
Without a husband even a single day is hard to bear.
From early dawn she watched for her husband till noon;
From dusk she watched for him till daybreak.
“When he left, he said he'd come back after three years,
But for eighteen years we haven't received any news.
Right now, I find, it is the thirtieth, New Year's Eve,
And we still have not received any news from him!”
When she saw that New Year's Day, the first, had arrived,

And all other families were celebrating the new year,
 Lady Xiao put on her finery and also dressed up,
 And moving lightly with tiny steps, she left her room.
 She asked her parents-in-law to be seated in the hall;
 She bowed down on her knees in the dust of the floor.⁸
 Her mother-in-law raised her up with both her hands,
 Repeatedly crying out, "My dear child, my dear child!
 Since your husband left, eighteen years have passed,
 And here at home we never, never received any news.
 To his shame he has cut all ties with his two parents,
 So you now would do better to marry someone else!"
 When lady Xiao heard them talking in this manner,
 She could not help being flooded with tears.
 "If it is indeed the case that my husband has died
 I will wear the white of mourning, follow the rites.
 I'll not apply rouge or powder, not wear any flowers,
 Not apply any cosmetics—so I will live out my days"
 "Mourning for a husband is completed in three years—
 Allow your parents-in-law to explain the situation.
 We have to fear that our son is not alive anymore,
 So why don't you marry someone else and have a life?
 Look at one of our neighbors, young master Song:
 He is a fine young fellow and extremely reliable.
 Let's ask him to come to our house as a son-in-law,
 So he can take care of us two for the rest of our lives."
 Lady Xiao promptly answered her parents-in-law.
 "My dear parents-in-law, please listen to my words.
 A good horse will not carry two different saddles;
 A good woman will not be married to two husbands.
 No one can ride a horse that is carrying two saddles;
 A woman with two husbands has a bad reputation.
 If you want to force me to marry someone else,
 I will absolutely refuse to marry a second husband!
 The first vow I swear here is as big as heaven:
 Only if carps climb up bamboo will I marry again.
 The second vow I swear here is as big as heaven:
 Only if the Yellow River runs dry will I marry again.
 The third vow I swear here is as big as heaven:
 Only if a horse grows horns will I marry again!
 Her parents-in-law heard lady Xiao and knew
 That these three vows set impossible conditions.
 In all the biggest and longest rivers for all eternity—
 No one ever saw carps climb up bamboo poles.
 Even during a nine-year famine, a terrible drought,
 No one ever saw the Yellow River run dry.
 The king of Qi collected a million horses, but
 No one saw any of these horses grow horns.⁹

*

Lady Xiao refused to marry a second husband,
 And each day she wept and was awash in tears.
 This disturbed the astral lord of Great White,¹⁰
 And he promptly descended to earth to ask her,
 "Filial woman, why do you weep day in, day out?
 What is the problem that so wounds your heart?"

Lady Xiao answered as follows: “Dear grandfather!
 Dear grandfather, please listen to what I have to say.
 I am a daughter of the Xiao family of West Lake, and
 When I was married, my husband was Liu Wenliang.
 Three days with my man inside red-gauze bed curtains—
 And on the fourth day he wanted to leave and search for fame.
 At the time he said he’d come back after three years,
 But even after eighteen years we have had no letter.
 My parents-in-law now urge me to marry again, but
 I do not want ever to marry a second husband at all.
 Because I don’t know what to do either way,
 I see no way out but to jump into this river and die.”
 The graybeard promptly answered her as follows:
 “My dear woman, please stop crying! Your husband
 Has achieved high office and is very much alive.
 Currently he is still occupied as an inspector in Beijing.
 Right now this student enjoys the emperor’s favor.
 On your behalf I will send your husband a dream—
 I’m a manifestation of Great White. Lady, good-bye!
 Your husband this very day will start out for home.”

*

When lady Xiao heard the words of the graybeard,
 She immediately turned around and went back home.
 The astral lord of Great White transformed himself
 And immediately dispatched a dream to her husband.
 When Wenliang had fallen asleep, he had a dream, and
 In his dream he saw a single bird soaring into the clouds.
 He also dreamt of the wide expanse of the Yellow River
 And thousands of boats crossing the sea—such a dream.
 Startled awake, Wenliang fell to thinking and said,
 “Go and find me a specialist to interpret my dreams!”
 The Star of Metal of Great White transformed himself;
 He presented himself to Wenliang to explain his dream.
 The latter narrated his dreams in detail to Great White.
 “Astral lord, please allow me to tell you the situation;
 From the very beginning I will tell you all the details.
 In my dream I saw a single bird soaring into the clouds.”
 “Your wife does not want to marry a second husband.”
 “I also dreamt of the wide expanse of the Yellow River!”
 “After all these years you still long for your parents.”
 “I also dreamt of thousands of ships crossing the ocean.”
 “Tomorrow morning at dawn you’ll start out for home.”
 When Wenliang heard him provide this explanation,
 He promptly wrote a request to submit to the emperor.
 When his king had received it, he gave his permission:
 “Return home tomorrow in order to serve your parents!”
 When the emperor saw that he acted out of filial piety,
 That he wanted to return out of longing for his parents,
 [He awarded him a plaque] reading, “Revering the rites,
 He serves his parents,” to be displayed above the gate.

*

Guarding against leaving only for pine tree and cypress,¹¹
 He took his leave of his lord and promptly set out.
 In one day he covered a stretch of three hundred miles;

His horse ran as fast as the wind, as if carried by clouds.
 After only a single day he came to the county of Nanhui,
 Where every family welcomed this important official.
 But when he arrived at the pond in front of the mine,
 He noticed there a woman all awash in tears.
 With bamboo pins in her hair she was in mourning,
 Fully clad in white clothes, she [was free of] attachments.
 Our civil official stepped forward and asked this woman:
 "To which family do you belong? Where are you from?"
 The woman promptly answered the official as follows:¹²
 "Please listen carefully to me as I tell you my story.
 I am a woman from West Lake here in this county, and
 When I was married, my husband was surnamed Liu.
 When I had lived with him for three days as a couple,
 He wanted to leave on the fourth day in order to achieve fame.
 At that time he said he would be back after three years,
 But by now he has been gone for a full eighteen years.
 I do not know whether my husband is still alive or not,
 As news from him has never reached our house.
 My parents-in-law are urging me to marry once again,
 But I definitely do not want to marry someone else.
 If they really bring someone into the house for me,
 I see no way out but jumping into this river to die!"
 When the official had heard the woman's tale,
 He knelt down to the side [and said,] "Please listen—
 Your husband Wenliang has not died, he's alive!
 He serves at court as an official, is quite renowned!
 He and I were born in the same year, the same month;
 We received our lives on the same day, the same hour.
 He departed from the imperial capital together with me;
 He is bound to arrive in this place tomorrow."
 "If indeed my husband returns home on that day,
 With lowered head I'll thank you for your good grace."

*

After receiving her four bows, the official left.
 When she returned home, she told her parents-in-law,
 "Yesterday an official passed through this place
 Who was exactly like my husband in all respects!"
 Before she was done speaking, that official arrived.
 All day long people were busily making preparations.
 Sir Liu explained this to the official as follows:
 "Ever since our son left, he has taken his ease,
 But here at home that leaves us with a problem.
 So now we'll marry off his wife to someone else.
 I have decided that today he will join the family—
 At midnight the marriage will be consummated!"
 When the official heard this tale from him,
 He stubbornly refused to leave the hall of the house,
 As he wanted to see who was coming to take his place,
 And which woman would dare act as the matchmaker.
 The official promptly replied, "My dear lady Xiao,
 The day will come when Wenliang returns home.
 If indeed Wenliang is bound to return this very day,
 There will be a son who will not greet his parents!"

Sir Liu promptly spoke to the official as follows:
“For a full eighteen years we have had no news!
My son for a fact definitely must have passed on,
So now we will marry his wife to someone else.”

...¹³

The official loudly cursed ...
Kneeling before the hall, he bowed to his parents,
“I am your own son; I am the seed of your loins.
My full name is nothing else but Liu Wenliang!
Since I said good-bye to my parents and departed,
Indeed no news or letter ever arrived at this house.
Through my excess of loyalty I failed in filial piety;
But now I’ve returned home to serve my parents.”

*

When lady Xiao heard him give this account,
She came running from her room to find out the truth.
“If you indeed are my husband who has come home,
Then show me the mementos that will serve as proof.”
First he got the silk sandals that were a memento,
Then he got the gold hairpin that served as a memento,
Third he got the bronze mirror that was a memento.
When he got those mementos, she was filled with joy.
She dressed herself in the phoenix cap and gown;
Together they entered the hall and bowed to his parents.

*

After his return, Wenliang fathered two sons,
And later these two brothers also both achieved fame:
The eldest son achieved the rank of third on the list,¹⁴

The youngest son achieved the rank of top of the list. \fn{ }¹A list of subjects listeners will not hear about is a common opening formula in ballad literature. ²Note: A kasaya is a monk’s robe. ³The Books of Changes, Odes and Documents belong to the Five Classics (here designated the Five Works). The “Four Books”, usually designated by this term, are *The Analects*, *Mencius*, *The Great Learning*, and *The Central Mean*. The Four Books and the Five Classics are all (so W) “the authoritative books of Confucianism in China written before 300 BC.” ⁴Guanyin is often depicted holding a willow wand in one hand and a vase of sweet dew in the other. ⁵The translator has apparently inserted this line—he does this again somewhat later—in order to compensate for a missing line in the couplet which has dropped out of the original text. ⁶Zhang Guolao and Lu Dongbin are two of the Eight Immortals, eight Chinese saints (so W), “said to have been born in the Tang or Song Dynasty. They are revered by the Taoists and are also a popular element in the secular Chinese culture.” ⁷Note: *The wishes accompanying the second and third cups of wine have apparently dropped out of the text* } ⁸She goes through these preparations and performs this obeisance because on New Year’s Day the whole family should be united, the younger generations wishing the older ones a happy new year. ⁹“A horse growing horns” is a common simile for something impossible. ¹⁰In popular literature, the astral lord of the Great White (the planet Venus) often descends to earth in the guise of a friendly old man to help deserving characters. ¹¹I.e., in order not to set out on his trip when pine and cypress would already have been planted at his parents’ graves. ¹²Note: *The text actually reads “The official promptly answered the woman as follows,” but that is an obvious mistake here.* ¹³Note: The text of these two lines is clearly mixed up. ¹⁴Note: The translation of this line is a guess. For “third on the list” (tanhua lang), the text reads “reunion meeting” (tuanyuan hui), which does not make sense to me here. }

269.31 Lady Luo \fn{ } { by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 3

Since the time when Pangu opened up heaven and earth,¹
How many emperors and long-lived lords have there been?
How many people were blessed and ascended the golden steps?²
How many were unfortunate and died in the border regions?
How many people rest at night behind red gauze curtains?
How many people are without a blanket till break of dawn?
How many people have plenty of rice—but nobody eats it?
How many people have no rice at all and boil clear water?

How many people have no wife at all and live all alone?
 How many people have three women to serve one husband?
 How many people in this world live to the age of one hundred?
 And how many people die all of a sudden in their rooms?
 Tripitaka of the Tang fetched sutras from the Western Paradise,³
 Whereas Mulian went to the underworld to find his mother.⁴
 Self-sacrifice from a sense of duty: the Jade Maiden's tale;⁵
 Ding Lan carved a statue of wood in order to see his mother.⁶
 By the lake she waited for her husband: the fate of lady Xiao;⁷
 In the grave she joined her husband: the story of Zhu Yingtai.⁸
 Trekking a thousand miles to deliver clothes: Meng Jiangnu
 That chaste-hearted young woman traveled to join her husband.⁹

*

I'll not tell all kind of tales about these married couples—
 In all of these cases their fates were determined by their karma.
 I could go on without end telling tales of filial obedience,
 But what I will sing will be the tale of Qiuhu and lady Luo.
 Qiuhu's family had been immensely rich for generations:
 No bird could fly from end to end across their fields and farms!
 A matchmaker came to his house to tell of lady Luo, saying
 They were a couple made in heaven, a truly perfect match.
 When he saw the engagement letter, his joy knew no bounds,
 Because the two of them were exactly the same age in years.
 He selected a fitting hour together with an appropriate day
 And sent the wedding gifts over along with a pig and a goat.
 The matchmaker hurried over to the Luo family and said
 That the wedding gifts from the Luos had arrived at the gate.
 This was reported to the young lady Luo in her room,
 And they told her to get dressed and to do up her hair.
 She combed her hair and tied it up in a coiling-dragon bun;
 The golden pins she put in her hair gave off a brilliant dazzle.
 When she walked, she did not move her feet below her skirt;
 She looked just like Guanyin when she leaves her temple.¹⁰
 One person said she was a priceless treasure worth millions;
 As people commented on her appearance, voices ran high!
 Golden pins stuck in her hair and also one sprig of flowers,
 The silk shoes on her feet were only three inches long.
 When she had fully dressed and finished her toilette,
 She was an immortal maiden as she came out of her room.
 “Now eighteen years ago I was born as your daughter,
 But today I leave my mother's house, going off to marry.”
 She took her leave of the ancestors and the burning incense;
 She took her leave of her parents as she left the village.
 “Eighteen years ago my father married my mother;
 Now I am dressed in wedding dress and leave your house.”

*

The first three days after her arrival: behind red gauze curtains!
 The fourth day following her arrival her husband was an official.
 “A letter has arrived from the court this very last night,
 Inviting me to go down there to become a high official!”
 Lady Luo replied to her husband in the following manner:
 “My dear husband, please listen to what I have to say.
 Is this perhaps because you hate me because I am so ugly,
 Or is it perhaps because you think my dowry was too small?

If you think my dowry was too small, there's no problem,
Because in that case I'll go back home and tell my parents."
"It is not because I would dare complain that you are ugly;
It is not because I dare think that your dowry is too small.
But if a man at the age of fifteen still has no appointment,
He in vain acts the part of a man—he should put in the effort!"
"If a woman at the age of fifteen has no needle and thread,
She in vain acts a daughter's part in the room of her mother.
I offer you one cup of wine to wish you a pleasant journey;
I offer you a second cup of wine so you'll keep my heart.
I offer you a third cup of wine as you mount your horse;
I offer you a fourth cup of wine—may you quickly return!
If you manage to become an official, serve for three years;
If you fail to become an official, return within half a year.
Other people who see their husbands off give him a horse,
But now when I see my husband off, I give him all my love.
Seeing you off, I see you off up to the knoll of green grass,
And I urge you, my dear husband, to be honest and true.
Don't wildly pluck the flowers you may find on the road,
As you have your own sprig of flowers back at home!"

*

Her husband became an official and served for nine years,
And not even a single letter ever arrived at his home!

*

Once when Qiuhu fell asleep, he had a dream in his sleep,
And in this dream he saw his own father and mother.
There were two bright lamps, but only one shone clearly;
There were two flowering trees, but only one was all red.
He asked a diviner to come and interpret his dream;
The diviner interpreted his dream: it was unfavorable.
Once he knew that his parents would not last much longer,
He immediately yearned to go back to his parental home.
When he arrived at a bridge, he brought his horse to a stop, as
He encountered a woman plucking mulberry leaves.
"Who are you, pretty little girl, and tell me, why do
You go out all by yourself plucking mulberry leaves?
To which family do you belong, little slave girl, and why
Do you go out all by yourself plucking mulberry leaves?"
The girl answered His Excellency in the following words:
"Your Excellency, please listen to what I have to say.
I belong to the Luo family, I am a daughter of the Luos,
And the husband I was married to is called Luo Qiuhu.
My husband has been an official now for nine years,
But not even a single letter ever arrived at our house."
His Excellency answered the girl in the following words:
"Little girl, please listen to what I have to say to you!
Of every ten people who become officials, nine die;
The roads are strewn with their bones, as white as frost.
Why don't you get together with me as husband and wife,
Why don't we become a pair of fine mandarin ducks?
If you want gold and silver, I have plenty of both;
If you want linen and silks, I will open my boxes!"
"The last thing I want is your gold or your silver;
The last thing I'll touch is your silver or gold!"

When he heard the girl, he said not a word in reply
But mounted his horse, turned back, and went home.

*

When he arrived in his village and entered the room,
He greeted his parents, thanking them for their grace.
He invited his parents to take their seats in the high hall:
“Your young son has come home to serve the two of you.”
Then he asked for lady Luo so he might greet her—
“Lady Luo is not in your mother’s room at present.
She has raised many silkworms that all need to eat,
So she took off her silks to gather mulberry leaves.”

*

Lady Luo made her toilette and dressed herself up,
Lightly moving with small steps, she came from her room.
When she had greeted her husband, she made a deep bow,
And after making her bow, she returned to her room.
“Earlier on you were the one who tried to seduce me;
You tried to seduce me to marry somebody else.
Whereas I, the woman, was a chaste-hearted woman,
You, the man, are a man without heart and guts!”

*

The story tells she had lived these nine years alone,
But a single night with Qiuhu was too much to bear!

*

She took her leave of the bed and cushion in her room.

“I will never again enjoy pleasure on this bed!”

She took her leave of the clothes racks in her room.

“I will never again take my clothes from these racks!”

She took her leave of the pair of boxes in her room.

“I will never again take any clothes from these boxes!”

She took her leave of the single lamp in her room.

“As long as you have no oil, you will not shine!”

She took her leave of the toilet-table in her room.

“Never again will I sit before you to make my toilette!”

She said good-bye to all the objects in her room.

“Goodbye to everything: I’ll not return to this room!”

She walked to the river, overcome by emotion,

Just like the ferryman who fell into the river.

She arranged her pair of red shoes on a rock,

And this chaste person jumped into the sea!

*

They called for her servant girl to come running;

Raising lamps in their hands, they raced about.

But searching the rooms to the east and the west,

They failed to find lady Luo in any of those places.

They had killed a pig and a goat, prepared the wine,

As the sun brightly shone forth in the western sky.¹According to Chinese legend, the world was made from the body parts of the giant Pangu following his death. ²Note: *The golden steps leading up to the throne*. ³This Tripitaka of the Tang was the Buddhist monk Xuanzang (602-684AD). ⁴One of the first generation of Buddha’s disciples, Mulian (Maudgalyayana) succeeded in freeing his mother from Hell where she had been condemned for sins she had committed during her lifetime, a story told from the eleventh century onward, and adapted for the stage where it developed into a spectacular mystery play. ⁵Perhaps a reference to the tale of the filial son Dong Yong. ⁶Ding Lan is one of the Twenty-four Exemplars of Filial Piety: he carved a wooden image of his mother after her death, so much did he long for her. ⁷Lady Xiao remained loyal to her husband despite an absence of eighteen years. ⁸One Zhu Yingtai dressed as a man so that she could study at an academy; but she fell in love with her roommate, Liang Shanbo, who fell ill and died; and when her parents promised her to someone else, she committed suicide by jumping into his grave, apparently a form of Chinese *suttee* through self-immurement. ⁹The story

is that her husband was arrested and deported as a conscript to the north to work on the Great Wall. Winter approaching she sent out to bring him some winter clothes; and finding he had died, she brought down the Great Wall (in which he had been buried) with her weeping }

269.34 The Maiden Meng Jiang \fn{by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?)} Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 2

On the sixth of the Sixth Month the heat is too much:
The sun resembles a fire, rivers seem to be boiling!
The maiden Jiang stepped into the rear flower garden;
She quickly took off her clothes and got into the pond.
Her shift and skirt she had hung on a willow tree;
She lightly splattered water, sprinkling mandarin ducks.
After splashing the mandarin ducks, she turned around
And saw a man who was hiding in a mulberry tree.
The maiden Jiang hastily grabbed her shift and skirt;
She grabbed her shift and skirt and put them on.¹
Layer upon layer she dressed herself properly.
Once she was dressed again, she questioned him,
Asking, “Where are you from, from which county?
Where does your family live, and in which county?
What is your family name, and where do you live?”
Fan Lang replied to her in the following manner:
“Young lady, please listen to what I have to say.
I am from a different prefecture, a different county
As I live within the walls of the city of Changan;
The only child of my parents, it was just us three,
So I was drafted to dig clay and lay bricks for the wall.
I, Fan Lang, am still young, only fifteen years old;
Each day and each night I spent in my study.
Give me paper and brush, and I can write an essay,
But I cannot dig clay and I cannot lay bricks.
By day we had to dig clay, by night lay bricks;
That terrible hardship was more than I could bear!’
The young lady answered the young man as follows:
“Young man, please listen to what I have to say.
If you, Fan Lang, will climb down from that tree,
We will be married as husband and wife forever.
But if you, Fan Lang, refuse to come down from that tree,
We will draft a statement and send you to the magistrate.
When we send you off to appear before the magistrate,
We will say you are an escaped laborer from Changan.
The young man answered the young lady as follows:
“Young lady, please listen to what I have to say.
A thousand miles, yet one’s *karma* will cause a meeting;
A myriad of miles, yet one’s *karma* will create a couple.”

*

The maiden Jiang pondered this matter in her heart,
And she immediately led her husband into the hall:
“Today I happened to meet with young master Fan;
Disregarding my parents’ wishes, I acted on my own.”
The maiden Jiang led her husband into the hall;
Of one mind the two of them bowed before her parents.
The maiden Jiang led her husband into her private room;
Amid the bridal room’s flowers, candles shed their light.

A pearly red-gauze skirt and thin silk bed curtains,
 Clear lamps darkly displayed the ivory-inlaid couch.
 Once on the dragon-couch, a couple of mandarin ducks—
 “All my heart and all my loving feelings I give to you!”
 When the drum sounded the third watch at midnight,
 Three times they shouted: “We come to arrest Fan Lang!”
 The maiden Jiang hastily opened her chests
 To dispense a great quantity of gold and silver.
 “That quantity of gold and silver we do not want;
 We are police officers under the strictest of orders.”
 Such a fine red flower—Fan Lang was arrested.
 Find a flower—it falls to the ground, who ...
 That one night for one night they were like dew and water;
 Before the five watches were over, the sky had dawned.
 The maiden Jiang saw her husband off for some miles,
 And she wept so much her face was awash in tears.

*

In the First Month, one of longing, it was the New Year!
 “Lanterns of glass are hung in front of the hall.”
 In the Second Month all the flowers were blooming!
 In the Third Month it was the time of Clear and Bright.
 “Every family and household goes out to sweep the graves.
 All other people have husbands, follow their husbands,
 But it is only I, Meng Jiang, who has to go alone.”
 The Fourth Month is the beginning of summer.
 “Brother and sister are out picking mulberry leaves.
 My hand bends the branches but I don’t pick the leaves,
 As my heart is filled with longing for my Fan Qilang.”
 In the Fifth Month people celebrate Double-Fifth;
 On the racing boats the beaten drums roar and rumble.
 In the Sixth Month it was again the feast of Double-Sixth.
 “Last year on this same day we became husband and wife.”
 In the Seventh Month people welcome the ancestors home.
 “My husband did not return to spend the fifteenth here;
 I keep to my room, and my tears keep on flowing.”
 In the Eighth Month people celebrate Mid-Autumn.
 “By the light of the moon I am filled with sorrow.”
 In the Ninth Month people celebrate Double-Ninth.
 “My husband is not at home to celebrate Double-Ninth.”
 In the Tenth Month it was the Beginning of Winter.
 “May Kongming on his terrace conjure up the east wind,
 An east wind that, once conjured up, howls and roars—
 All because my husband does not return home.”²
 In the Eleventh Month the snowflakes swirled about,
 And the young girl Meng Jiang delivered winter clothes,
 Delivered them to the Great Wall—thirty thousand miles
 But she did not see her husband—how heartrending.
 In the Twelfth Month she longed for him till New Year’s Eve;
 She waited for him for a year, and then another year.
 She waited for him for a year, and then another year—

“All because my husband does not return home.”^{fn}{¹Note: *This line is incomplete in the original text, and another line of text appears to be missing here.* ²“Kongming” refers to Zhuge Liang, a major character in *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, wherein Zhuge Liang is portrayed as not only a wise minister but also a powerful magician }

269.36 The Demonic Carp {by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) } Jiangyong County,
Hunan Province, China (F) 2

From the time when Pangu opened up heaven and earth,
The Three Emperors and the Five Thearchs settled the cosmos.¹
The emperors Taizu and Taizong subdued the four borders.²
On all four borders their troops killed thousands of people.

*

The fifteenth of the Eighth Month is the festival of metal;³
A young girl got all dressed up and went out for a walk.
When this young girl came to a lake, she squatted down,⁴
And she looked at a fish that swam in the water.
When it had drunk the girl's pure and bland water,⁵
It immediately changed itself into this girl's shape.
One change for the rouge, one change for the powder,
A third change, and the clothes were exactly the same!

*

This demonic carp was really brazen: butting and kicking
With head and feet, it knocked with its hand on the door.
As soon as the young man heard this resounding noise,
He promptly opened the door to see who might be there.
“I am the young daughter of the Jins, of the Jin family;
I noticed how assiduously you are studying the books.”
He opened wide the two wings of the gate of his study;
The young man invited this young girl to come inside.
When the girl had come inside and sat down on a chair,
The young man addressed her with the following words:
“What kind of business brings you here to my study?
Why did you come to my study in the middle of the night?”
“If you study by daytime, you'll obtain an official post,
But if you study at night, you will damage your spirit.”
The young man answered her in the following words:
“Young lady, please listen to what I have to tell you:
If one studies at night, one will obtain an official post;
If you study by daytime, you'll be disturbed by others.”
She sat there till the fifth watch, throughout the night,
Then the young girl got up and made ready to return.
The young man also got up in order to see her off;
He saw her out though the gate—she disappeared.
The young man turned back, closed the gate, and slept—
A hairpin of gold had been dropped near his study door.

*

He picked up the golden hairpin and took a good look;
It turned out to be a golden hairpin the young girl had lost.
The young man considered the matter carefully in his heart,
And then he asked his father and mother to have a look.
As soon as his parents saw the make of this golden hairpin,
They knew, “This is one of the engagements gifts we sent!”
His father and mother were greatly displeased in their hearts
And hastened to the Jin family to demand an explanation.
When they arrived at the Jin family and were let inside,
They berated the master of the house as a good-for-nothing.
“In view of the eminent official position you hold,
We feel we cannot but show you some consideration.

Buffaloes and horses are led back to the stable [at dusk],
But your daughter alone is not locked up for the night.
You may promise her to someone else; we don't want her.
For seven nights in a row she came to our son's study!
And in case you, dear sir, do not believe us, we have here
This golden hairpin, our engagement gift to her, as proof!"

*

When Sir Jin heard this, his heart was filled with rage;
He dispatched a servant girl to tell his daughter to come out.
"We have provided you with an embroidery room in which to sit;
You are not allowed to go outside the house at nighttime!"

When the young girl heard this, she replied as follows:

"My dear father, please listen to what I have to say.

During daytime I keep my sister company all the time;

At night I sleep with my sister in one and the same bed.

My brother's wife is also staying with us in the room;

Going down or coming up, the stairs squeak and creak.

I go outside only when I have to visit the toilet, and then

I am always accompanied by a couple of servant girls."

"My daughter, I ask you again to tell me the truth:

How did you drop and lose this hairpin made of gold?

This golden hairpin originally came from his family.

I don't know which enemy wants to destroy us!"

"I have stayed here at home in my embroidery room;

I have no idea where this enemy may come from.

Could it be, dear father, that you had thrown it out?

I lay my plaint before Judge Bao for his verdict!"

*

She ordered the family servants to get her a sedan chair,
And with her parents she went off to Kaifeng Prefecture.

Hurrying on, they quickly finished their entire journey

And arrived at the prefect's office in the city of Kaifeng.

The written complaint was immediately submitted,

And when Judge Bao received it, he read it carefully.

"It appears that Sir Jin is the innocent victim of a crime,

And so implores me, Judge Bao, to give my verdict!"

The young lady stepped forward and then knelt down.

"I beg you Judge Bao, to clear my sullied name!

I am Sir Jin's daughter, raised in the inner chambers;

Of course I do not roam the streets during nighttime!

During daytime I'm my mother's constant companion;

If I leave her for a moment, it's only to wash my hands.

I stay in my embroidery room like any proper young lady;

It is impossible for me to go to someone's study at night!

If I wanted to go out in order to have some fun—

There are two servant girls who follow me around!

This golden hairpin originally belonged to his family,

But I have no clue where my enemy is to be found."

*

Judge Bao, who was seated in the high hall of his office,
Got his precious mirror to pursue the truth of the matter.

His precious mirror revealed a demonic carp: that carp

Day after day went at night to the young man's study!

That demonic carp sucked the young man's blood,

And the young man's face was chrysanthemum-yellow!
 Judge Bao thereupon immediately went to the lake
 And ordered his underlings to arrest this demonic carp.
 The demonic carp promptly changed its shape
 And changed itself into a woman in a red vest.
 But the precious mirror of Judge Bao revealed
 The person in a red vest to be the demonic carp!

*

“How grateful we are to Judge Bao and his mirror;
 Without Judge Bao this matter could not have been solved.”
 The young lady came forward and expressed her thanks;
 She expressed her thanks to Judge Bao for his actions.
 “If I could not have relied on Your Honor, Judge Bao,
 How would I have been able to clear my sullied name?
 I am grateful to you, Judge Bao, for your clear verdict,
 And all my life I will never dare forget your great grace.”

*

If in this world we did not have His Honor, Judge Bao,

How could the common people's wrongs ever be cleared?¹ {¹Note: *After the world was created, it was governed in succession by the Three Emperors (Sanhuang) and the Five Thearchs (Wudi).* ²This story is set in the Song dynasty; these are probably the founding emperor and his successor. ³Autumn is associated with the element metal; the fifteenth of the Eighth Month is celebrated as the Mid-Autumn Festival. ⁴To urinate. ⁵Note: *Demons acquire power over a person after they ingest that person's bodily fluids or fluids that have been in contact with that person* }

269.39 The Karmic Affinity Of Liang Shanbo {¹by an otherwise unknown original female author (late 19th century?) }
 Jiangyong County, Hunan Province, China (F) 8

I will not sing of any former kings or of the Later Han;¹
 Listen as I sing the story of the charming girl Yingtai.
 Squire Zhu of Emei headed a very wealthy household;
 The family was very wealthy, owning fields and farms.
 His only child was a girl, who was very bright and smart,
 And when she turned fifteen, she was quite a sight.
 She had no elder brother, she had no younger brother:
 This one girl Yingtai was her father's only child!
 Yingtai expressed the desire to go to Hangzhou;
 She wanted to go to Hangzhou to enter the academy.
 This upset squire Zhu so much that he cursed her loudly:
 “My daughter, what you're saying makes no sense!
 Only boys, you know, are allowed to enter an academy—
 Have women ever been allowed to enter an academy?
 If you insist on going to Hangzhou, I will have you
 Hacked in two and thrown into the Yangzi River!”

*

The daughter answered her father as follows:
 “My father, please listen to what I have to say!
 The *bodhisattva* Guanyin was originally a woman,
 But she recited the sutras in the Buddha-hall all day.²
 The Son of Heaven Zetian was born a woman,
 But she managed the empire with true authority.³
 Now squire Zhu of Emei is the father of a daughter
 Who wants to go to Hangzhou and enter an academy.
 A good girl can fight her way through a thousand troops;
 A good horse can gallop into a myriad-man battle!”

Hearing these words, squire Zhu laughed heartily:
“My dear daughter, you are making quite a claim!
On your head you wear a tiny lotus-seed chaplet;
Your feet are shod in pearly slippers—a pair of boots!
Walk out through the gate and take a step, to see whether
You really resemble a manly officer of the court.”⁴
In her right hand she carried a cooling parasol;
With her left hand she lifted a fine box of books.
She took her leave of her parents, set out on the journey;
As if carried by clouds, she escaped the inner apartments.

*

She crossed quite a number of mountains and ridges;
She crossed quite a number of rivers and streams.
When she had traveled quite a distance on her road,
She rested below pine trees to enjoy the cool breeze.
After she had been sitting there for just a while,
The wind blew through the trees, clinking and tinkling.
After her, a young student arrived, who with his
Dragon gait and tiger steps was someone quite special!
Yingtai rose to her feet and greeted him with a bow;
In a soft voice, whispering, she asked the question,
“May I ask you, my brother, where are you going?”
And he, too, wanted to ask where Yingtai was going.
Yingtai answered the student in the following words:
“Sir, please listen to the words I have to say.
I am a son of the Zhu family of this prefecture;
My name is Yingtai; I have one older sibling.⁵
And because there is no academy in this region,
I want to go to Hangzhou to enter the academy.”
The student answered Yingtai in the following way:
“Yingtai, please listen to what I have to say in my turn.
I am a son of the Liang family of this prefecture;
My name is Shanbo; I am the eldest of my siblings.
And because there is no academy in our region,
I, too, am on my way to Hangzhou for the academy!”
The two of them decided to become sworn brothers
Who would deliberate together about all problems.
The eldest in years would act as the elder brother;
The youngest in years would act as the younger brother.
The elder brother, eldest in years, walked in front;
The younger brother, youngest in years, carried the books.
In this way they eventually arrived in Hangzhou;
From afar they saw Hangzhou’s fine academy!

*

Each and every one says that Hangzhou is beautiful;
That fame is not falsely spread throughout the world.
Not only does the upper street have lamb and pork for sale;
The lower street perfumes the city with flowers and wine.
On the street they bought a sheet of fine cotton paper;
With this letter they visited the Kong mansion school.
They first bowed before the teacher as their father;
Next they bowed before the teacher as their parent.⁶
Thirdly they bowed before his three thousand disciples;
Bowing deeply, they honored them on entering the school.

Fourthly they bowed to the Sage, and when that was done,
'Twas brushes and inkstone, and books and their chests.
During daytime they walked together and sat together;
At nighttime they shared one blanket and one couch.

*

During nighttime Yingtai slept with all her clothes on;
She did not take off her clothes when she went to bed.
From this behavior Shanbo immediately figured out,
Immediately figured out that Yingtai had to be a girl.
“You must be a girl, because otherwise why would you
Refuse to take off your clothes before going to bed?
Tonight you also should take off your clothes—
There is no harm in sleeping without one’s clothes!”
Yingtai answered Shanbo in the following words:
“Dear brother, please listen to what I have to say.
My parents back home are experts in sewing clothes,
And they made these clothes for me to fit my body.
These clothes are fitted with twenty-four loops,
And correspondingly there are two dozen buttons.
Putting these clothes on takes from dusk till midnight;
Taking these clothes off takes from midnight till dawn.
It would take me from morning till night, without end,
But when I rise tomorrow, I have to recite my texts.
If you now insist that I sleep without clothes,
Put four cups of water on all four sides of the bed.
And if one drop of water is spilled by your moving,
You will accept forty strokes of the bamboo ruler!”
All students at the school will join in the beating—
Even if you weren’t going to be beaten, you’d still be scared!
A frightened Shanbo was filled with fear and didn’t dare
Turn around even once until the arrival of dawn.

*

He slept till midnight and then stepped outside to pee,
But Yingtai squatted down by the side of the bed,
And she answered his question in the following way:
“Dear brother, please listen to what I have to say.
People who study books revere Heaven and Earth:
Above us are the sun and moon and also the stars.
During daytime there are divine immortals passing by;
During nighttime the Dipper illuminates the world.⁷
To urinate while standing up is the way of beasts;
To lower one’s body to defecate is the way of gods.”

*

When Yingtai combed her hair and washed her face,
She took a piece of soap and rubbed her bosom.
In so doing, she displayed a pair of fragrant nipples,
And both her breasts were as white as snow.
Yingtai answered Shanbo’s question as follows:
“Dear brother, please listen to what I have to say.
People who have good luck have large breasts,
But people without good luck have no breasts.
A man with large breasts will achieve high office,
But a girl with large breasts will lead a lonely life.”
In this way she fooled her brother Shanbo utterly;

She managed to fool him promptly time and again.

*

But the middle of the Seventh Month arrived again,
The date to go to the rear courtyard and take a bath.

Five hundred students went there to take baths;
Each of them took a bath before returning home.

The only one not to take a bath was Yingtai;
At that time she was so upset she turned yellow
Because all the students of the school figured out,
Immediately figured out that Yingtai was a girl.
Yingtai answered them all in the following way:
“Fellow students, please listen to what I have to say.
I have no desire whatsoever now to take a bath;
I’ll wrap up my study of the books and go home.
I’m afraid that my parents are getting on in years,
And I also left my unmarried sister behind.
Cow and horse return for the night to their shed—
Can a human being not long to return home?”

*

Yingtai had studied the books for a full three years;
In her heart she had memorized a bellyful of texts.
Shanbo had studied the books for a full three years;
His fine skills at government were without compare.

Yingtai then secretly thought to herself,

“I should return home and serve my parents!

If one does not exhaust oneself in filial caring,
One cannot be counted a human being and filial son.”

After she had taken her leave of Master Kong,
She took her leave of her teacher and fellow students.
Once she had taken her leave of her fellow students,
She also took her leave of elder brother Liang Shanbo.

The latter gathered his things and accompanied her,
And on the road she spoke her mind time and again.

“Elder brother, you’ve accompanied me to this wall;
Above it I see a fine branch of a pomegranate tree.
I would like to pick a pomegranate for you, my brother,
But fear you’d find it so tasty you’d want to steal one.”⁸

*

“Elder brother, you’ve accompanied me to this pond.
Looking down in the pond, we see our reflected faces.
With the *karma*, people will meet despite a thousand miles;
Without the *karma*, even neighbors will not get together.”

*

“Elder brother, you have accompanied me to this well;
On the water of this well is a pair of mandarin ducks.
One of them is a drake, and the other is a female duck;
The only party lacking here is the matchmaker.”

*

“Elder brother, you have accompanied me to the river;
On the riverbank is the boat of a fisherman.
Only the boat will go and moor at the bank,
But the bank will never go and moor at the boat.”

*

When they walked to the wharf to be ferried across,

The ferryman refused to take them for lack of money.
With all her clothes on Yingtai jumped into the water,
And from the water she said the following few lines,
“Water soaks the Dragon Gate: the character *ding* and *kou*;
Soon it will soak through to the side of the character *ke*.

Elder brother, if you can find the solution to that,
I’ll discuss the matter again with you farther on.
But, elder brother, if you cannot solve this riddle,
You return to the academy while I return home.”

Shanbo answered Yingtai in the following manner:

“Now please listen to what I have to say.

You may want to leave, but I will not leave yet;
I’ll return to the academy while you return home.”

Yingtai answered Shanbo in the following way:

“Let me ask you everything, from the beginning.
Having studied for three years, you know morals,
So why do you not turn around and go home?

But in case you ever come and look for me,

Make sure to come inside and have a cup of tea.

Following Five-Miles Arch is Seven-Flower Ridge;

No wind for ten miles, yet you smell the flowers.

If it storms at night, there’s snow on the mountains;

All kinds of fowl and geese and ducks fill the pond.

That place is the place where your Yingtai lives,

At the foot of Mount Emei, in Zhu Family Village.”

*

Let’s not sing of how Yingtai traveled back home;

Let’s sing of Shanbo, who returned to the academy.

From the moment Shanbo saw that Yingtai had left,

His heart was filled with sorrow, filled with gloom.

When he thought back on the words she had spoken,

Each and every word was a riddle he could not solve.

Confronted with statements, a gentleman ponders and asks;

He will have no peace until he achieves clear understanding.

So he asked a fortune-teller to draw a hexagram,

And the diviner’s hexagram was very lucky indeed:

“Firstly, I find that your beloved is not far from here;

Secondly, I find that marriage is quite fitting right now.

Dear sir, start out today, and return to your family—

There is no need for further study, quickly go home!”

When Shanbo now heard him talk in this manner,

He ran, as if carried on clouds, back to his school.

*

He took his leave of his teacher and his benefactor,
Turned around on his feet—off to Zhu Family Village!

When he espied the gate, he saw a fine mansion:

The roof of glazed tiles offered a beautiful sight.

Shanbo promptly asked the little boy at the gate:

“I am looking for Second Son Zhu of the academy.

We studied together at the master’s court in Hangzhou;

For three years we shared the same blanket and couch.”

The young boy answered Shanbo as follows:

“Dear sir, please listen to what I have to say.

Here we have only Second Sister Zhu who studies;

We've never seen a Second Son Zhu who studies.
She is a pretty girl of a quite different family,
So how could she have shared your blanket and couch?
Its a good thing squire Zhu hasn't heard this—
If the old man had heard this, you'd be locked out.”

*

When her servant girl heard this, she ran off to report,
To report his arrival to Zhu Yingtai in her room:
“Outside at the gate a young man has arrived who
Was asking for a Second Son Zhu of the academy.
They were together at the master's court in Hangzhou;
For three years he shared the same couch with him.”
When Yingtai heard this, she quickly put on her clothes,
A woman dressed in male disguise—quite extraordinary!
She came to the gate in order to ask him inside and
Hastily ordered the servant girl to brew them some tea.
She ordered the servants to set out a banquet with wine,
And the two of them sat opposite each other, talking texts.
When Squire Zhu came by to observe the situation,
He promptly called Yingtai over and questioned her:
“Which prefecture does this guy come from? Which county?
What is his surname and name? And where does he live?
What kind of business brings him to our family, and why
Are you and he comparing examination essays?”
Yingtai answered her father in the following manner:
“My dear father, please listen to what I have to say.
He is a son of the Liang family of this very prefecture;
His bellyful of fine talent is without equal in this world.
We were together at the master's court in Hangzhou;
For three years we shared our blanket and books.”
Hearing these words, squire Zhu was filled with joy;
He treated the young man in the warmest way, was greatly concerned.
Considering their deep friendship at the academy, he had
A horse saddled in order to take him quickly back home.
Yingtai then spoke to Shanbo the following words:
“Please do not waste your mind in thirsting for me—
If in this life we cannot be united in marriage, we will
Be a couple in each following life, each new existence!”

*

As soon as Shanbo turned around, he became ill.
Filled with love-longing all the way, he came home.
When his mother had not yet seen him coming back,
She had been busily burning incense right in the road.
“Originally you said you'd go and study for three years.
Why haven't you returned after all this time?”
She had not yet finished these words, when he arrived!
His mother immediately said to Shanbo the following words:
“When you left, your face was as pink as peach blossoms;
Now you return, your face as yellow as chrysanthemums.
It must be that you rose too early and suffered the dew;
It must be that at night you conducted some hidden affair.”
Shanbo answered his mother in the following way:
“My dear mother, please listen to my explanation.
It is not that I rose too early and suffered the dew;

It is not that at night I conducted some hidden affair.
When three years ago I left home and set out,
I happened to meet Second Son Zhu on the road.
'So you are the son of the Zhu family of Emei,
Also on your way to Hangzhou to enter the academy!'
Together we were in the master's court in Hangzhou;
For three years we shared our blanket and books.
When he left, he still was a regular guy, but then
When I came back, he had turned into a pretty girl!
When I saw how smart and intelligent she was,
I was overcome with longing to become a couple!"
The mother answered the son in the following way:
"I myself will act as the matchmaker on your behalf!"

*

She went to the Zhu mansion and sat down in the hall.
When squire Zhu came in, she spoke as follows:
"Many thanks for your help to my son yesterday night.
It was very kind of you to help him travel back home.
On the road he contracted the illness of love-longing,
Which at night especially brings truly unbearable pain.
The only way for my son to recover from this disease
Is for him to be married and become a couple with your daughter?"
Squire Zhu answered her in the following manner:
"My dear lady, please listen to my words. If only you
Had arrived three days earlier, I'd have happily agreed,
But now I've already promised her to young Mr. Ma?"

*

When Yingtai in her room heard what had been discussed,
She hastily dressed herself in her finest shift and skirt.
She wore brilliant hairpins of pearls and kingfisher feathers,
Her feet shod in wood-soled shoes with phoenix-tips.
With her willow-leaf brows and peach-blossom cheeks
She resembled an immortal maiden descending to earth.
Yingtai came from her room to sit with Liang's mother,
And she ordered her servant girl to brew some nice tea.
Liang's mother spoke to Yingtai in the following way:
"Dear Miss Zhu, please listen to what I have to say.
Yesterday night my son came by and imposed on you;
Now today he is tied to his bed by a wasting illness.
The only way for my son to recover from this disease
Is for him to be married to you, so that you form a couple."
Yingtai then answered the old lady as follows:
"My dear lady, please listen to what I have to say.
While I was in Hangzhou to study the books,
My father went ahead and found me a marriage partner.
He accepted the rich engagement gifts of the Ma family,
The engagement gifts of a goose, and a goat, and a pig.
Be so kind as to take this message to brother Shanbo:
Please do not waste your mind in thirsting for me—
In this life we may not succeed in being husband and wife;
After our deaths, at the Yellow Springs, well be a couple!"⁹

*

"If you want elder brother to recover from his illness,
I will write on your behalf a most miraculous recipe.

Firstly you need the eastern ocean's dragon king's horn,
 Secondly, the western mountains' phoenix king's crest;
 Thirdly you need the horn on the head of a unicorn;
 Fourthly you need the *congée* on a white dove's back;
 Fifthly you need the gall of a cat, a thousand years old,
 Sixthly the frost on top of tiles ten thousand years old;
 Seventhly water from the Jade Emperor's pure vase,
 Eighthly the Queen Mother of the West's longevity peaches;
 Ninthly you need a golden lad to simmer the medicine,
 And tenthly you need a jade maiden to serve the potion.¹⁰
 If you cannot obtain these ten miraculous ingredients,
 My elder brother's soul will go and meet with King Yama.¹¹
 In the unfortunate event of brother Liang's passing away,
 Make sure to bury him by the side of the Ma family road.
 Erect for him a stele of blue stone and inscribe in the middle
 Of that stele the name of brother Liang, Liang Shanbo!
 One day his sworn sister will pass by his grave and offer
 A sacrifice of the three animals and a libation of wine,
 Hoping with all her heart to be received by brother Liang!"¹²
 His mother was overcome by sadness because of her words;
 She went home and gave a full report to her son Shanbo.
 When Shanbo heard the marriage proposal had been rejected,
 His depression turned into an illness that carried him away.

*

But let's not sing of Shanbo and the way he passed away;
 Let's sing once again of the new groom of the Ma family!
 When Yingtai had stepped into the colorful sedan chair,
 She inquired of her escort while on the road, asking,
 "My sworn brother of my Hangzhou days, Liang Shanbo—
 Where was he buried? Would someone be able to tell me?"
 When they had looked around, they came back and told her,
 "This grave just happens to be the one of Liang Shanbo!"
 Yingtai left her sedan chair, weeping heartrendingly,
 And as she did so, she cried out, "Dear brother Liang!
 If your spirit has the power, please open this grave,
 So we may be a couple on the Yellow Springs road!"
 Before she had finished her words, the grave mound
 Opened with a booming sound, split in the middle!
 Yingtai rushed forward and jumped into the grave—
 All those who watched it were overcome by panic!
 Her phoenix-shoes and gauze skirt—all torn to pieces!
 That very moment that pretty girl disappeared!
 When the Ma family rushed forward to open the grave,
 The lovers flew up to heaven, changed into mandarin ducks.

*

Shanbo had been a golden lad who descended to earth,
 Yingtai a jade maiden who came down to mortal dust.
 The two of them together went off to the heavenly palace,
 Where they then paid their respects to the Jade Emperor.
 This is the end of the story of Yingtai and Shanbo:

Leave it to later generations as their reading matter. \fn{¹A list of subjects listeners will not hear about is a common opening formula in ballad literature. ²Although Guanyin was originally depicted as a handsome young prince, from the Song dynasty (940-1278) onward the bodhistva was increasingly venerated as a beautiful young woman: according to the legend, she had lived her mortal life as the princess Miaoshan. ³Wu Zetian was the wife of the Tang-dyansty emperor Gaozong; and following his death she reigned as emperor in her

own name (690-705). ⁴Other versions of this tale include an episode in which Zhu Yingtai dresses herself as a physician or fortune-teller, and when her father is taken in by her disguise he allows her to travel. ⁵This contradicts an earlier passage; but in many versions of this tale, she does have an elder brother whose wife strongly opposes her desire to travel, fearing she will lose her virginity. ⁶In other versions, the lovers are said to have studied with Confucius. ⁷Note: *The Dipper is Ursa Major. Like all the other stars and planets, the dipper is revered as a deity.* ⁸The word *tou* (“to steal”) also carries the meaning of conducting an extramarital or premarital affair—“stealing a marriage” as we would say. ⁹Yellow Springs refers to the underworlds. ¹⁰A golden lad and a jade maiden follow important deities, acting as their servants. ¹¹Yama is Death. ¹²Note: *One line of verse appears to be missing here.* }



Chinese cobbler, late Qing Dynasty; below, the flag of the Qing Dynasty



China 5.1 Excerpt from *Len Shuo Wen Zi Xiu Bai Fa* {by Fei Zhiyuan (late 19th century-after 1920)} China (M) 40

論說文自修百法卷一

●吳興費隻園著

古邗劉鐵冷評註

前正後反法。題之正面人人易知，人人易說，惟一說即盡。以下便無餘步耳。開口既說正面，須將反面留作餘步。從正面拍到反面，中間又有許多騰挪許多含蓄，不至覺牀架屋，徒惹人厭，甚無取也。

●輪路郵電辦法孰優論

輪以利水行路以利陸行。郵以通緩，信電以通急。信外國創之，我國仿之，開辦以來有四五十年者，有一二十年者，各界咸嘖嘖稱便，以爲四者之辦法俱優也。得勳住題於是，是有商辦有官辦，有官商合辦，有官督商辦，有中外合辦，有借外債而辦，路費最鉅，輪與電次之，郵更次之。然商股都攬於官矣，官欸都押於外矣，官之力足以壓商，外人之力足以壓官，而輪路郵電四者外國所恃爲交通之具者，我國適

爲抵借之品而已。兩語如珊瑚玉樹
柯相交敏對之至而况輪路均有免票也。曰辦公人員故電報亦有
免費也。曰辦公官署故惟郵政無免票免費而郵員之私拆郵差之誤送比比皆
是以云辦法無一稱優惟無法之法勝於無法亦在辦事者隨時改良耳。說不
善辦者處處皆利不善辦者處處皆弊輪路與電弊之尤甚者也彼善於此厥惟郵
政。獨具隻眼
果然不充

(說明)是題若呆疏四層轉折何能靈活文於首段點清四項後便在正面點出優字似乎全題做盡
矣。次段申說辦法不優漸漸逼到反面第三段說出種種不優獨將郵政一折是於反面打到
正面則不題旨自然脗合近人對於此等題逐層平說勢必冗長庸濫有何意味故作此以
示模範。

(註解)噴噴稱羨
之意攫攫奪
也壓壓
也

(總評)總說分說橫說豎說筆歌墨舞興會淋漓

前反後正法 題有正面有反面專從正面著想從正面著筆令人一覽無餘此笨伯也必須從反面攻入將題旨抖空題意戳破則正義自迎刃而解是爲作文正軌

●七雄論

自帝降爲王王降爲霸至五霸衰而諸侯之兼并盡矣然其勢均力敵各不相下者尙有秦楚齊燕韓魏趙七國「卓聖」秦虎狼之國也稱之爲雄宜也燕併於齊齊敗於燕兵力俱不復振矣雄於何有韓魏趙三分晉國耳其地狹其勢弱更不足以言雄楚其庶幾乎然而南風不競久爲晉屈其雄亦可恃而不可恃者綜曰七雄殆有未允歟「蘇精」不知秦之雄六國養成者也六國合縱之計秦不敢東向而望諸侯秦不爲六國所滅倖矣奈何縱約散秦謀售遠交近攻六國皆敗於秦亡於秦而致不復相顧而秦乃獨雄蘇子所謂亡六國者六國也非秦也諒哉「有此一證全段均透」

常關異

然其始固。有七國在。勢均力敵。各不相下。焉得不曰七雄。回顧有魄力

(說明)此題分寫七雄。固嫌瑣碎。渾寫七雄。又近模糊。文從雄字。反振入手。第一段隱含雄字。點明七國。是渾寫中之分寫。第二段夾叙夾議。將七國虛空粉碎。不著滯相。結語反振。以蓄第三段之勢。是分寫中之渾寫。第三段由六國引到秦國。引蘇語為證。仍是反筆。至末處點出七雄。遙應首段。斯為直搗鼓心。

(註解)南風句見左傳管師曠歌南風。謂南風不競。楚必無功也。綜合六國合縱。據秦以通。為首計。出蘇秦。蘇子。宋人蘇洵諒解也。

(總評)精神團結。議論發皇。疏密相生。虛實相應。有目共賞之作。

先抑後揚法。將欲揚之。必先抑之。文家運筆之妙法也。蓋不揚則勢不振。不抑則氣不足。抑之愈下。然後揚之愈起。而讀者亦愈有興會。

●論絲茶

自法意之。絲錫蘭。印度。日本之茶。漸推漸廣。幾幾有一日千里之勢。而起視我國。

之。絲。與。茶。則。較。前。出。口。不。逮。什。之。三。五。焉。豈。真。我。國。之。絲。與。茶。不。知。改。良。哉。一神來
之筆
而。評。者。曰。我。之。絲。不。如。法。意。也。彼。用。鏡。驗。我。則。無。之。彼。用。機。織。我。則。無。之。彼。之。絲。
光。且。潔。我。之。絲。粗。且。韌。其。失。敗。也。宜。而。評。者。又。曰。我。之。茶。不。如。錫。蘭。印。度。日。本。也。
彼。之。選。擇。精。我。之。品。料。雜。彼。之。裝。潢。雅。我。之。焙。製。疏。茶。色。遜。於。彼。茶。香。遜。於。彼。茶。
味。遜。於。彼。其。失。敗。亦。宜。一兩山辨論錄落有
致是古文能手然。製。絲。之。法。明。明。自。我。國。始。也。種。茶。之。法。明。
明。自。我。國。始。也。他。人。襲。我。國。之。法。攘。我。國。之。利。而。我。國。之。工。與。商。貿。貿。然。不。自。覺。
悟。而。猶。沿。故。智。以。相。嘗試。徒。使。他。人。有。所。藉。口。而。已。絲。茶。其。大。宗。也。我。國。商。品。之。
改。良。要。以。絲。茶。為。最。期而
後集

(說明)此題泛說絲茶一考據家耳文從外人攘利入手第一段折到我國絲茶不知改良便是一抑
第二段評者曰兩語是借人言說我國絲茶之弊再用一抑第三段始說我國絲茶實勝他國
是一揚便將改良大義勸勉商人使利權得以恢復通篇抑處不擡高外人故用兩評者曰以

志人言揚處不擡高我國商人故兩說自我國始以志物產苦心斟酌讀者宜會斯意

(註解)法法蘭西國意意大利國錫蘭島名印度國名日本國名鏡鑲也練絲也焙用火烘也

(總評)顧視清高氣度深稔矜平躁釋卓然大家

先揚後抑法 題有題面宜揚而題義宜抑者開首宜用揚筆以蓄其勢然後

說出種種為難伏一抑筆再說到種種辦法為難伏一抑筆結處一抑如彈

丸脫手遠在百步外矣

●弭兵會論

兵可百年不用不可一日不備此所以有全國皆兵之制也而說者以兵禍日亟有礙人道思會各國而消弭之其有功於生民也大矣即風而行之筆然而此非朝夕間事也其始在徵意見其繼在謀場所其終在訂條約與會者非一國一國梗則會之勢渙與會者非一人一人梗則會之力紛既渙且紛會未畢而兵已隨之弭兵豈

果易易哉。一燭照數計必也有會長以爲控馭。有會章以爲箝束。務令全國皆兵。而不用兵。全國皆兵。而不許出兵開港也。殖邊也。製械造艦也。駐舶屯軍也。各有限制。即各有防範。而後可實行弭兵。一言之成理所患者恃弭兵之名。鮮弭兵之實。兵既不用。并不預備。是速亡之道也。余謂弭兵與強國言。則殺其氣。弭兵與弱國言。則長其情。千鍾百練。生氣凜然。

(說明)弭兵本美舉。豈可貶抑他。但弱國有恃無恐。兵備廢弛。一旦有事。反受弭兵之累矣。文觀定此旨。第一段起首。即叫破兵不可廢。而說者以下至段末。一揚第二段實說。設會之難。揚中已經一抑。第三段必也以下。直說弭兵之道。且處處爲善。後計仍是抑揚互用。末段歸到作文本旨。斷制謹嚴。初學作文不可隨人議論。即此類也。

(註解)弭兵息兵也 礙礙也 梗梗塞也 渙散也 控馭控制也 箝束束也 殖邊謂移民至邊境也 艦軍艦也 舶船也

是大船也

(總評)控五洲之勢熟萬國之情芥子須彌全歸容納是何神勇

褒中寓貶法 題面宜褒而題旨實不盡可褒則起首須用褒詞以顧題面此
後一貶再貶卻是懸而不斷之語使讀者知貶詞之意即從褒詞翻出褒中
寓貶宜處處多用縮筆

●說赦

謂赦爲仁政歟是開民玩法之漸也謂赦爲非仁政歟是阻民自新之路也然古
者亦有三赦矣一曰老耄一曰幼弱一曰蠢愚先王之於赦典何其慎哉而惜乎
後人之輕言赦也「阿時一顯
意在筆先」老耄赦矣精壯者焉可赦幼弱赦矣強毅者焉可赦蠢
愚赦矣機巧變詐者焉可赦既不可赦則從而刑罰之禁錮之使之有所懼使之
有所悟若旋罪而旋赦之恐干犯法紀者日出而未有極矣「據點之」而今之罪人老
耄幼弱者鮮精壯強毅者多蠢愚者鮮機巧變詐者更多審如是也若之何而赦

之。而。主。赦。者。曰。某。某。親。也。某。某。故。也。某。某。之。所。庇。也。苟。不。赦。某。必。怒。苟。不。赦。某。必。怨。其。如。法。律。何。哉。其。如。信。用。何。哉。一。重。筆。一。沉。痛。與。其。多。赦。毋。寧。弗。罪。而。不。知。者。猶。曰。此。國。家。之。仁。政。也。吾。不。能。不。涓。涓。悲。已。喚。醒。世。人。不。少。

(說明)是題僅一赦字斷不能說赦為非况古來赦者不少不過與今之濫赦不同耳文於起首互用疑筆已於褒中寓貶惜乎一轉貶意已躍然紙上第二段即用三赦比較與首段玩法一層相應第三段主教以下數語見得赦非本意故拈出法律信用兩層與首段玩法一層相應這是貶而又貶末段以他人之褒作襯使與首段相應尤有深意。

(註解)赦謂宥其罪而釋放也玩法輕視法律也自新自己更新也毫髮白貌人生八十九曰毫恣細筆也錮音固禁錮也言拘禁也涓涓小流貌

(總評)風檣陣馬一片神行其沈痛處令人不忍卒讀

貶中寓褒法 題有為普通人所贊同而未可翻議者人人貶之亦不能不貶之其實未可盡貶也乃於貶詞中處處說出弊竇筆筆證以事實則不褒而

衰矣。此貶中寓褒之義。宜於言外求之。

裁兵論

國有四民。無所謂兵也。古者寓兵於農而已。後世分兵農爲二。而兵乃仰食於民。兵愈多。民愈困。民愈困。國愈貧。於是急急議裁者。一能夫裁之誠是也。况我國之兵不足禦外侮久矣。然內地之盜藪充斥也。勢不能不防。以兵沿江沿海之梟黨絡繹也。勢不能不守。以兵國之防也。守也。皆以兵爲之。若驟言裁兵。亦盜耳。兵亦梟耳。至全國之兵皆流爲盜。流爲梟。民尙能安乎否乎。故議裁者不得有以善其後。一思慮寓兵於農。此說已不復可行。而寓兵於工尙有知其然不知其所以然者。教兵爲工可也。寓兵於工不可也。兵與農可合爲一。兵與工不可合爲一。而倡言裁者並不顧裁後之爲農爲工否。並不顧裁後之爲盜與梟否。而毅然以裁爲計矣。一機切圖之未免可危。作者其有憂患乎。竊謂與其裁兵不如限其增兵。增者多而裁者少。要知兵可不

用。却。不。可。不。備。也。言之有理

(說明)是題說兵一層說裁兵一層書近來昌言裁兵一層反對裁兵非是也起段說國本無兵繼說農中有兵有變意矣說農兵多無異勒住裁字作抑貶然後第二段明接裁字欲用善後作一疑案第三段由農而工算是善後方法而仍非善斷方法故對於議裁兵仍有貶詞也結段搗穿正義是貶中寓褒最為允當

(註解)四民

士農工商也

寓

寄也

外侮

受外人之侮辱也

蔘

澁敵也

桑黨

桑賈運私鹽等之匪類也

毅

強毅也

(總評)意徵實而難巧文翻定而易奇為不屑拾人牙慧者

逐層贊揚法 題有應就贊揚方面者不能以一贊揚了之必有七寶樓臺引人入勝始覺可觀文境亦復相似故一題必分數層一層高一層一層緊一層贊揚處自然累層而上矣

●說絲織品之進步

絲爲我國之出產其大利已爲他國所攫矣他國用我產之絲織爲綢品以運銷
 我國其售價較原料二倍而強而我國智者始改用織器安邊織工藉與他國競
 誠改良之初步也一題前騰步
妙有少誤昔我國用木機而已今日鐵機昔我國用人工而已今
 日電光所最可貴者昔一花本墨守不改今知隨時變換矣昔一重量劃一無二
 今知臨時研究矣其顏色迎合購者其質地迎合購者杭之寧綢湖之湖縐紹之
 紡綢以及江寧之緞甌州之綢殊不足與之相埒進步之階當在於是四絃一聲如
裂帛聲乎技
 矣尤可異者外人棄其所有而服我絲織品外人置其所有而購我絲織品此千
 載一時之會也惟是原料日鉅人工日增得此進步於工商均有裨益所望絲商
 善圖抵制織商互與維持或者天留生機一線於我國乎然吾不敢忘改良進步
 者之功也一餘望
無窮

(說明) 題爲我國之絲織品文開口便說我國之絲爲人所奪他國之品銷於我國似無贊揚之餘

地矣。所謂欲揚先抑也。結句以初步引起進步。是贊揚之第一層。第二段昔我國三字一提。以下層層贊揚。結句將進步一勒似可止矣。第三段用尤可異者一語逼進。一層愈贊愈揚。却處處顧定進步二字通篇層次井然。充足開發學者心思。

(註解)

遴慎選也 競爭競也 研究研究推究也 杭杭州府今吳興縣在浙江省 湖古湖州府今吳興縣在浙江省 紹紹興府今在浙江省 江寧江甯縣在江蘇省 甌甌江在古溫州府今永嘉

坪等階也 鉅大也

(總評) 如剝繭絲如抽蕉心文境至此非躁心人所能領會

逐層貶抑法 題有無可贊揚者貶抑之是已然人云亦云雖貶抑不足禱其

魄奪其氣也文能從他人未經道過者說入自然高人一層緊人一層然後

層層布置層層收束斯為超脫

●論賭

優勝劣敗人羣之公例也賭也直壯曲老軍事之恆言也賭也一本萬利之獎券

爲國家之賭。買空賣空之股票。爲社會之賭。同一賭局於彼則據理於此則求倖而世遂紛紛病賭。「引而不發一發中的」嗚呼前之所言賭之大者也。等而下之爲博奕之戲。再等而下之爲擲菹之戲。昔人所視爲牧豬奴者。今并及於士大夫且及於長官貴人。以爲非有賭不樂也。呼盧喝雉其小焉者耳。凡賭具可由中國而遠及外國。賭價可由一幣而至百千萬幣甚哉其賭也。「誤字」律於官賭則褫於士庶賭則罰。邦有常典官有常律。卽甘心違犯大都均有所取償。否則所得幾何所喪已鉅。賭者雖溺亦不至謬妄。若是吾故謂有形之賭易弭而無形之賭可畏矣。「立言能見其大」無形之賭奈何。曰一本萬利之獎券。買空賣空之股票。是已。「選題精警」

(說明) 賭之宜於貶抑。盡人皆知。殊不知有國家之賭。有社會之賭。正宜貶之。又貶抑之。又抑也。文開口提出人羣軍事兩種賭法。是將賭擡高一層。然後轉到國家及社會之賭。所謂欲抑先揚耳。第二段從大賭說至小賭。層層脫卸。層層比較。然後將賭字勒住。第三段再從小賭說

至大賭層層。映帶層層。聯絡然後。將無形之賭。勒住其中層層。貶抑俱有深意。結處一縮。遙應首段。足擬其魄。足奪其氣矣。

(註解)倅

微倅也

博奕

博局戲也

撲

撲也

牧豬奴

牧豬奴戲亦隨也

虛雉

皆賭具

褫

五木名

溺

謂人臨噴不

知收悔也

(總評)返虛入渾。積健爲雄。此是鐵板銅琶。不作錚錚細響。

從簡求繁法。繁者使簡。用縮筆。用鎖筆。簡者使繁。用拓筆。用折筆。不拓則局勢不寬。不折則陣法不曲。若從題外議論。雖煙雲滿紙。終是隔膜。祇須就題生發。一轉一拓一承一折。便有許多情致。則簡者無不如繁矣。

●論蟋蟀

秋蟲之善鬪者。莫如蟋蟀。而幽風七月篇曰。蟋蟀。雞曰在野。曰在宇。曰在戶。曰入牀。何其稱名之異。而時候之差耶。此不得僅以善鬪目之。一題超元而蟋蟀之於鬪也。如兩軍相見。然儲以軍實。則一掬水一粒黍也。壯以軍威。則一莖草一角旗。

也始而躍繼而鳴終而分勝與負勝者尊蟋蟀若帝天負者委蟋蟀於泥沙嗚呼一蟲耳焉知勝焉知負自有利用其勝負者而蟋蟀苦矣不平今猶有沿其俗者有捕捉有收買輕重有比較強弱有區別然僅一二游手好閒者爲之於是及於士夫及於紳摺及於官宦而此風遂不可遏吾是以思賈秋壑之半閒堂也數典而不忘祖何其神化乃爾秋壑已矣後之人尙相沿而未已以其善鬪故也今之善鬪有甚於蟋蟀而終爲人所用者鑒諸不遠

(說明) 題說蟋蟀文說人能用蟋蟀一義也故繁蟋蟀能爲人用又一義也故繁而通篇拈一鬪字做拓筆做折筆故首段即點出鬪字一起一收妙有關健第二段寫出鬪的情形是求繁第三段寫出鬪者人類亦是求繁結段勒清鬪字將兩義一夾一織依然由繁而簡此種文最能開發心思最能操鍊筆仗不得以小題輕之

(註解) 幽風風詩之一七月篇名斯螽

莎雞古稱與蟋蟀爲一物所化以今之博物學言之殊不合

宇聲下

軍實謂車徒器械也

黍禾屬之粘者今北人稱爲黃米子

掬兩手承也止秋宋相賀似道字似道築中園堂

（總評）莊列寓言若遠若近其滑稽處似東方淳于一流

縱繁求簡法 引而伸之之謂繁賅而括之之謂簡繁歸於簡須不挂漏不凌
躐斯得簡字之訣若徒事敷衍徒貴率易未免太簡矣夫滿屋散錢誰不曰
一歸貫串自然由繁而簡此法庶幾近之

●三大流域論

我國之全域皆恃水流為貫注而握其樞者曰北之黃河中長江南之珠江分
流黃河固溯流星宿海者也經黔經晉經秦而後達豫達魯河入海矣長江又
溯流西藏者也經蜀入鄂貫皖通蘇長江入海矣珠江之西更溯流滇省者也至
桂之梧粵之廣始合東北兩江流珠江又入海矣海統其一而江河分焉三我國
之全域已寔寔包括而莫外大含細入然黃河曲折者也長江通達者也珠江橫注

者。也。論。地。勢。則。可。備。兵。事。論。物。產。則。可。富。商。業。天。然。利。藪。恃。此。水。流。而。惜。乎。不。察。地。宜。不。興。水。利。徒。呼。負。負。耳。水。流。失。其。用。則。全。域。蒙。其。害。其。不。受。外。人。之。窺。伺。也。幾。希。一。有。心。世。道。之。言。或。曰。黃。河。踞。其。顛。長。江。貫。其。腹。珠。江。貫。其。背。流。域。延。長。遍。繞。我。國。誠。不。能。為。談。輿。圖。者。一。證。矣。一。新。語。歸。源。

(說明) 題為三大流域。但鈔撮輿地。已不勝繁矣。若求其簡。是敷衍率易也。文於第一段。祇提總綱。是之謂簡。第二段。述明源流。第三段。證明趨勢。處處用縮筆。處處用鎖筆。縮得愈小。便鎖得愈緊。惟小故簡。惟緊故簡。第四段。或曰。一折。將三大流域。併為一談。是謂簡而又簡。結語。一證。與起首混合。一氣。尤為有識。

(註解)

樞樞紐也

星宿海在青海

黔今貴州

晉今山西

秦今陝西

豫今河南

魯今山東

蜀今四川

鄂今湖北

皖今安徽

蘇今江蘇

滇今雲南

桂今廣西

粵今廣東

巔首也

(總評) 萬緒千頭。統歸約束。眉目清朗。脈絡分明。不可多得之作。

世之言地理者均於球面假設若干線正其名定其義使肄習者均有所歸宿法至善也然而陸界有五大洲水界有五大洋勢不能以一身徧及其地而東西南北井井有條曷恃乎曰恃圖「目光四射探顯得珠」攷地球之正式固明明橢圓形也運行於軌道其勢乃略帶傾側上端極盡處向北曰北極下端極盡處向南曰南極至平分地球之南北者曰赤道此外縱畫之線曰經線橫畫之線曰緯線所謂迴歸線者即畫長圈畫短圈也所謂兩極圈者即北圓線南圓線也測量家藉此以準地球而縷縷焉繪之於圖觀圖如觀地固地之雛形也「破的」於是圖五大洲曰亞細亞歐羅巴阿非利加阿美利加澳大利亞圖五大洋曰太平洋大西洋印度洋北冰洋南冰洋蠱者曰山脈亘者曰路線千頭萬緒縮之於圖此蓋有毫釐之差千里之謬者而惟言地理辨之「輕描淡寫顧盼生姿」化莖草爲金身納須彌於芥子地圖之類是也誰言地理亦將有感於斯圖「去路悠遠」

(說明)此題是說地圖不是說地。若但說地則大矣。說地而處處說圖則化大爲小矣。首段從地理說入落到圖字已經由大而小。第二段推開地字說明地球之大而仍以圖字勒住是以小形大也。第三段說明圖上之地而以地字縮住是以小放大也。結筆明點地圖覺此間無大非小管天蓋海自有無窮妙趣。

(註解)

肄者肄也

橢圓

長圓形也 直立也

巨

橫臥也 縮也

謬

誤也

莖

草枝也

須彌

山名

芥子

喻其小也

莖草

化金身

納須彌子芥見維摩經

(總評)嘈嘈切切錯雜渾大珠小珠落至盤結處裂帛一聲有餘音繞梁三日化小爲大法 極小之題數言可盡而文無起伏無轉折無呼應不能成文也化小爲大無論是何種思想何種議論均可以小者爲主以大者爲賓將極大之思想之議論從極小中納入而深入顯出使人流連不置始爲佳構。

●說蟻

蝸角之可以立國也。螳臂之可以當車也。么麼小蟲，眈眈焉欲以武自炫，而此之
茶疲懦弱，不思自振者，且較小蟲爲不如。吾思至此而不能忘情於蟻。一風利蟻有
黃種有黑種，儼然敵國也。然其所居者土穴而已，所踞者牆陰而已，所爭者一粟
而已。然彼此相遇則相競而不相讓，如棋之張森森也，如翼之布楚楚也。有戰者
有守者，有巡邏者，有偵察者，一陣未已，死者千百，何其勇且銳耶！負者與尸以退，
勝者振旅而旋，無參差無紊亂。蟻誠加人一等矣。一作蟻夫蟻亦么麼小蟲耳，其
好鬪也如是其善鬪也如是方今，國與國競種與種，競非戰以兵，卽戰以學，優勝
劣敗，自有公理，而顧能茶疲懦弱，存耶國人，勗旃願勿畏首畏尾，而使蟻騰笑我
不武也。波羅雲

(說明) 蟻本小蟲，有何可說。文獨以蟻爲尙武，故首段將蝸角螳臂引入，落到蟻字。此題前之思想之
議論也。第二段寫蟻戰之狀，是何等思想，是何等議論，而加人一等四字，便是化小爲大之鐵

板注脚第三段從蟻說到國競種種商戰學戰此又題後之思想之議論矣末句點明不武與首段以武自炫互相叫應深入顯出確非小題大做者比

(註解)

蝸角

蝸質殼小蟲有角莊子云國於蝸之左角者曰蠻氏國於蝸之右角者曰閻氏

螳臂

螳螂能用臂當車轡之行

么麼

小茶渡也偵也劬也

旃助

(總評)天外黑風吹海立浙東飛雨過江來壯采奇思實足逼人咄咄

題前著筆法 一題有一題之本位開口若直揭題旨以下便不能轉折不能轉折則通篇局促題旨反晦矣能從題之前面著想步步歸到題旨由遠而近由寬而緊此文家善爭先著者

說舊曆新年

自漢至清曆法或小變也而制閏之遞嬗無不同之蓋皆以月滿月缺為準者民國既立乃以太陰曆爲舊曆矣虛歷歲高年十年以來農之占時用舊曆也商之結帳用舊曆也即士人學校之放假新曆年假少而舊曆寒假多似亦適用舊曆矣至

於軍界政界勢不能不用新曆。試問對於舊曆其亦視若無覩否。「轉筆亦是嚴筆最有筆致」國體之變。天爲之也。國政之變。天爲之也。爲預算決算計。非新曆不能整齊而畫一。而舊曆仍不能廢者。曰農界。故曰商界。故曰國不能舍農商而立。則舊曆亦似不可遽廢。而說者曰。是我國之正朔也。何其狹耶。「嚴筆又是嚴筆最得機勢」夏尙寅而殷丑。殷尙丑而周子。曆法未有不變者。變舊曆可廢舊曆不可。故舊曆依然有新年而不得謂與國體國政有礙也。惟適用者自擇焉。「懸而不斷何等巧妙」

(說明)此題是重一舊字。然不能不用新字作陪。何謂之舊。即俗所謂習慣也。文先渾說造曆。是在題前做起。一拍即到舊曆。新曆早涵在內。第二段實說舊曆之用。第三段伸說舊曆之效。只把新曆夾寫在內。便覺新曆效用少。舊曆效用多。末段雖不斷定。而意在言外。然仍搖曳有致。其妙處在令人自擇。是文家故弄狡獪處。

(註解) 嬾推嬾也 預算

決算經假定者謂之預算。經費實用者謂之決算。

夏尙寅

謂夏以寅月爲歲首也。與殷以丑爲歲首周以子爲歲首同。

(總評)面面俱圓筆筆俱到文入妙來無過熟

題後撲筆法 題前著筆易題後著筆難審定題旨從後面倒撲而入如戲劇家之翻筋斗然起處倒撲承筆再漸漸騰挪趨入正面此要在筆先蓄勢纔能達此境界

●說兵工廠

近世之衆口一詞者僉曰裁兵裁兵之宜裁固已既裁之後將爲之擇一業以謀生乎抑聽其散之四方以與梟盜爲伍乎兩疑義有體有重
「文筆極有分寸」然問其鄉井則無寸土也勢不能使之農問其囊橐則無一縷也勢不能使之商不商是惟工便「題落特使其習工於既裁之後則情隔而渙使其作工於未裁之先則情洽而聚以「便輕兵法部勤之以兵律整齊之無事則爲工有事則爲兵寓兵於工是裁兵之善策也「一語抵
入千百今有建設工廠以教其兵者兵能工則爲兵可不爲兵亦可兵能工則自

視爲兵。可不自視爲兵。亦可不然。輕言裁兵。是驅兵於梟盜之藪也。焉可哉。一反撰得勢

各省典兵者。曷亦仿而行之耶。故古者宜寓兵於農。今則宜寓兵於工。正當

(說明)題說兵工廠而文先說裁兵是題後做起也從題後做起不能正撲前面故第一段先擺疑陣第二段再用農商兩層夾出工字尤有特識文已轉到正面矣第三段說明以兵爲工之故仍點醒裁兵與首段呼應是何等細密第四段始說明建廠卻將兵工兩字混合爲一故末段即須一句便全脈俱振觀者固不厭百回讀也

(註解)梟鳥名借作囊橐盛物器有底曰囊無底曰橐緝錢貫也渙渙散也洽洽洽也部勒部勒約也

(總評)狹巷短兵相接處殺人如草不聞聲文境彷彿似之

對面映題法 作文有對面相題亦有對面題有正面不易著筆者都將對面寫足正面一拍即合如百花開後日光對映則花色益鮮花影益重此文家不易到之境也

●文治說

馬。上。得。天。下。者。不。能。以。馬。上。治。之。古。者。開。創。以。武。守。成。無。不。用。文。而。我。國。固。以。禪。
讓。而。得。一。若。無。藉。於。武。者。然。而。國。卒。不。治。何。歟。「不者筆」或曰。武。漢。之。戰。明。明。用。武。
也。此。後。贛。寧。之。戰。用。武。馬。廩。之。戰。用。武。直。皖。之。戰。用。武。而。南。北。對。峙。凡。湘。鄂。川。閩。
諸。戰。無。不。用。武。有。權。者。勝。無。權。者。敗。有。力。者。進。無。力。者。退。所。謂。權。也。力。也。皆。武。也。
我。國。武。治。而。已。何。以。文。爲。「反挽爲推」然。吾。嘗。聞。宣。言。文。治。矣。能。以。政。治。則。國。治。能。以。
教。治。則。國。治。能。以。法。律。治。則。國。治。政。教。與。法。律。非。文。耶。而。無。如。政。不。行。教。不。率。法。
律。不。尊。重。在。官。如。傳。舍。用。人。如。奕。棋。雖。日。言。求。治。而。終。仰。庇。於。武。人。之。下。恐。仍。未。
足。以。言。治。也。「淵見機結」嚴。選。舉。崇。教。育。興。禮。樂。求。賢。才。文。治。之。本。也。不。此。之。圖。而。急。
與。武。人。謀。統。一。未。見。其。治。適。長。其。武。我。國。仍。爲。武。屈。耳。有。政。有。教。且。有。法。律。願。治。
國。者。好。自。爲。之。「勉勵中不」

差分寸

(說明)治字是普通發掘。易文治是特別發掘。能將武字對映文字發掘。便由難而易。第一段勸住。治字第二段撤去文字。純是對映法。第三段將文治一點。纔將文治發掘。暢快而結。處仍用治字。勸住未段。結出文治。所以然。卻處處用武字對映。學者有此思致。乃能有此筆致。

(註解)武漢武昌漢口贛寧贛省即江西馬廠地名在直隸皖是皖省湘是湖南鄂是湖北川是四川閩是福建傳

舍縣傳之舍庇托庇

(總評)絳雲在霄舒卷自如。其文筆當與徐黃把臂。

旁面襯題法 作文之有旁面。如畫家之點染枝葉也。畫家作畫。不能專寫正

面。文家作文。亦不能專寫正面。不能專寫正面。乃由旁面著筆。使正面題旨

襯託而出。此得力於畫家者。

●論交易所致敗之由

交易。所非自中國始也。以其所有。易其所無。雖累萬盈千。亦自立於不敗之地。必

視。爲。投。機。之。事。業。誤。矣。「一」心。靈。手。敏。而。吾。國。之。有。交。易。所。則。自。近。一。二。年。始。其。初。則。經。營。房。屋。也。曰。寧。取。華。麗。無。蹈。固。陋。登。載。廣。告。也。曰。寧。事。恢。拓。無。銷。狹。隘。招。收。所。員。練。習。生。也。曰。寧。予。寬。假。無。致。缺。乏。若。者。爲。股。東。若。者。爲。理。事。若。者。爲。監。察。若。者。爲。經。紀。人。股。尚。未。繳。票。已。競。售。所。尚。未。立。價。已。競。增。斯。時。而。驟。言。其。敗。不。已。慎。乎。

反設虛舉
預名輕

然而經紀人虧且遁理事監察訐且訟股東亦日抱股票而不復名一錢豈外人爲之優而勝中國爲之劣而敗哉蓋其經營房屋登載廣告招收所員練習生時有以致之矣。「一」呼。應。上。文。點。題。極。捷。而。幸。災。樂。禍。者。或。指。交。易。所。爲。必。敗。之。營。業。則。又。未。明。外。人。交。易。所。之。真。相。耳。皆。由。自。取
奚。必。怨。人

(說明) 題是說交易所致敗文先說交易所不敗第一段結語已經從旁面襯出何等輕便第二段跌出交易所致敗之所以然而若者爲股東以下寫得如茶如火又從旁面襯出何等萬快然而一轉歷指種種敗徵而用致字作勒筆尤覺生動結數句仍是旁襯通體無一直致語

無一平敘語足擅勝場。

(註解)投機

投過機會也

恢拓

恢是恢宏拓是開拓

競

爭也傾也亂也

詐

政人私事也

(總評)以託月烘雲之筆寫推波助浪之思冰雪聰明斷推此種

順叙題理法

題之有理所以剖析題旨也然逆叙則勢盛而筆銳順叙則氣

弱而筆平欲氣不弱須疏其氣欲氣不弱而筆不平須疏其氣而曲其筆氣

既疏筆既曲雖順叙亦得文勢矣

逸豫亡身論

世未有願勞而不願逸者亦未有願危而不願豫者人人願之斯人人溺之斯人人誤之而逸豫遂如酖毒矣一喚醒古之人有亡國者矣夏桀商紂皆以逸豫而敗也古之人有亡家者矣石崇鄧通皆以逸豫而覆也然而前人之轍後人蹈之亡國亡家幾相隨屬而願逸者則曰我不過偷一息之閒耳內有樞臣外

有。疆。臣。何。至。亡。國。而。願。豫。者。又。曰。我。不。過。圖。一。時。之。安。耳。耕。可。問。奴。織。可。問。婢。何。至。亡。家。殊。不。知。亡。國。亡。家。舉。其。大。者。焉。若。小。之。且。足。以。亡。身。一語通身。宜。好。勞。也。逸。則。弛。矣。身。官。思。危。也。豫。則。縱。矣。既。弛。且。縱。嗜。欲。攻。其。身。矣。憧。擾。紛。其。身。矣。漸。至。災。患。叢。其。身。刀。鋸。臨。其。身。矣。一。身。不。保。何。有。於。家。何。有。於。國。轉。瞬。之。間。亡。也。忽。焉。歐。陽。子。曰。逸。豫。可。以。亡。身。信。哉。一前不突後不逼此語正可一束國。之。本。在。家。家。之。本。在。身。人。欲。自。保。其。身。當。由。力。戒。逸。豫。始。了當

(說明) 此題呆詮亡身不從家國滾出題旨既認不真題理便發不透文於第一段發揮逸豫說得十分危險第二段隨從亡國亡家落到亡身見得亡身尙是小事逸者曰豫者曰二轉筆是鬆題法亦是拍題法第三段實說亡身之禍始將全題揭出叙得明白發得雋快末段數語如餘波濼洄另有雅趣此文於初學最易解悟最易學習宜熟誦之

(註解)

酖毒

酖鳥名其羽有毒
毒酒飲之立死

夏桀商紂

夏商亡國君

石崇

晉人

鄧通

漢人

弛

放弛也

憧

慮不定也

歐陽子

名修宋人

(總評)不矜才不使氣和平中正吾無間然

逆源題義法 文有反正文即有順逆逆源者如舟行危灘淺水中由下流源行上流也此等文重在筆力須先將題義審定然後以逆筆挽之既進一程再源一程始用筆一溜而下題無賸義矣

●遊學論

人。未。有。不。學。而。成。者。既。學。矣。我。國。自。有。國。粹。也。而。况。外。來。之。智。識。皆。足。取。彼。長。而。補。我。短。乎。是。亦。何。必。遠。遊。一作作孔子曰。父母在不遠遊。遊必有方。重洋萬重。得毋增遊子之思乎。歷歲數載。得毋增遊子之思乎。而願遊者乘長風破萬里浪。若非有此遊不足言壯者為求學也。矧今之車舟較昔之捷也。倍蓰什伯。雖遠遊亦奚慮歟。危巖直下推挽自如夫學者欲其多智識。遊者欲其多見聞。外來之智識固足增我之學矣。而某山某水某城某郭。苟不親歷。於是聞有何裨耶。孔子曰。有方遊學。某國某

地某地某校此卽方耳遊學之所以多也。一四備然其中有官費有自費官費停者半自費亦有告匱者聽其頽然返國無論官費自費而不予維持誰之咎耶是在責成負辦學之權者。一髮千鈞無窮望希

(說明)學是一層遊學是一層從遊說到學是順叙從學說到遊便是逆溯文於首段從學字逆提拍到不必遠遊此逆溯也第二段承說不能遊之故以願遊者一折正如帆波湘轉以次皆順流而下故第三段取便發明遊學益處使學字遊字不至畫成兩橛末段論到遊學經費雖是餘波亦有深意學者能知逆溯之法用筆自然不平

(註解)國粹國家之精粹也父母在三句見論語重洋謂洋之深也長風宋盤少有大志願乘長風破萬里浪矧助詞與同蕞五倍也裨裨益也匱

(總評)詞源倒傾三峽水如瀑布飛來自揭出廬山真面目也
平還側注法 題既平列兩人宜從兩人立論然但就兩人之事實互相比較

不免落平。故須於同中求同。尤須於同中求異。同者平也。異者側也。求同平還也。求異側注也。側注一二筆足矣。總以平還爲正。

● 苻堅拿破崙論

苻堅之敗也。自敗之。非敵苻堅者敗之也。拿破崙之囚也。自囚之。非仇拿破崙者囚之也。二人功相若。名相若。其霸亦相若。然不免於敗。且囚者何歟。春雷論其起也。則苻堅襲東海之爵矣。拿破崙一律師子耳。何足比苻堅。論其終也。拿破崙則爲全歐之冠矣。苻堅一五胡長耳。何足比拿破崙。而苻堅卒敗於五公山。拿破崙卒囚於希利納島。甚矣。霸之不可恃也。高談雄辯霸既不可恃。而談中國之霸者。必曰苻堅。談西國之霸者。必曰拿破崙。至苻堅能以控制五胡。終決無敗苻堅者。拿破崙能以駕馭全歐。終決無囚拿破崙者。而奈何黷兵不已。謂非自取而何。觀案不抄惟苻堅之霸。祇及五胡。拿破崙之霸。能及全歐。如是則苻堅不如拿破崙。燕波

(說明) 苻堅、拿破崙論者夥矣。惟但鋪排二人實事分段比較局勢既散議論亦懈不足觀也。文起段說自敗自囚是平還第二段論始論終兩提互相一證亦是平還而歸到敗與囚是應首段也。第三段說二人不贖兵必能不敗不囚仍是平還而歸到自取亦是應首段也。結段側到堅不如崙方為側注然卻如天光雲影不露迹象斯為高品。

(註解) 苻堅

秦主 拿破崙 歐洲君主

五公山

在今安 希利納島 歐洲 贖兵 謂贖用兵也

(總評) 妥貼排具力厚思沈非尋常履齒所能到

側起平合法 平還側注是先平後側此法是先側後平然既由側而平則通篇須處處用側筆事事用側筆惟結合處然後放平而用側筆處又須將兩人事實交互若一輕一重一詳一略便不稱矣此較平還側注為難

● 范蠡畢士馬克論

范蠡勝吳不許吳國行成畢士馬克勝法則許法國行成論者因是少范蠡而多

畢士馬克。吾竊以爲不然。「魏」夫范蠡越之謀臣也。越克吳而越仍不能久保。畢士馬克普之謀臣也。普勝法而普足以自立。普較善矣。殊不知謀臣所謀者軍國計畫而已。蠡因沼吳而先去。蠡蓋深知越王而未能存吳祀者。若割地行成而吳可不滅。蠡亦焉必亡吳而稱快哉。蠡因所處不幸而畢士馬克所處較幸也。「化」一化然而越無范蠡。決不能勝吳。普無畢士馬克。決不能勝法。其遭挫辱同。其圖自強同。其由敗而興也亦無不同。論者尙欲故分軒輊惑矣。「元」一元嗚呼。越固不存。普亦非舊知范蠡者。服其智。知畢士馬克者。服其忠。謀臣夥矣。惟二公爲不可及。古今中外此固卓卓可傳者。「可」一可

（說明）范蠡畢士馬克近來論者亦夥。然往往平起平收。略敘事實而已。文首段即以論者作一側

筆。而以吾爲不然。作平合是雛形也。第二段純是側筆。纔算側起。第三段純是平筆。纔算平

合。然側處不看壞。范蠡平處不推重。畢士馬克是爲不輕不重。不詳不略。末段一合大有美

酒、論、英、雄、惟、使、君、與、操、之、概、讀、者、服、其、雄、直、處、尤、宜、玩、其、斡、旋、處。

（註解）范蠡

春秋時越相

行成

議和也

畢士馬克

德國相

吳

國名多也

法

即法國名

普

即普魯士國名

祀

謂祭也

存吳祀

謂吳不亡也

也

沼吳

事見左傳謂吳宮室殿壞當為汚池

軒輊

謂議論有

夥

多也

（總評）一縱一橫十盪十決精深適關的未易才

橫論得失法。橫論者論與我並此之人並此之事也。故豎論論古橫論論今。

論今人論今事須將題義先行提出若者為得若者為失已過者作為佐證。

未來者加以希望總必議論透闢為主。

●民主與君主孰優論

環球五大洲稱民主先進國者於歐曰法蘭西於美曰美利堅此外實寥寥不多。觀蓋民主破專制之階級揚共和之精神非君主所能比擬也。於是我國革新家亦毅然提倡民主。先用舊年一落千丈強夫我國之沿用君主久矣。雖唐虞讓賢仍不改其君。

主之制餘可知焉。誠以君主有天王神聖之尊，有萬世一系之久，與民主之數年一任者異。更與民主之退為國民者異。歷代是以願君主而不願民主。其實君主有外戚宦官女謁之擾亂，而民主無之。君主有叛逆攘奪篡竊之變動，而民主無之。民主為萬民所督責，為萬民所監視，而敢與君主一例。耶民主之優於君主，詢非誣已。比較優劣處如分風擊流，語自迎刃而解。澳非二洲其開通也晚，其轄治也難。美洲寢寢皆民主國矣。歐亞鑒於皇室之禍，患亦將趨於民主之一途。至世界皆民主，而世界可大同。吾國幸為亞洲先進，曷亦追縱法矣。俾得鼎足而三乎。至於革命之雄流血之慘，又無關於君主民主之分別也。有此一筆使倡言君主者藉口奪氣。

（說明）此題但就中國立論，便將題位看狹。文劈頭提出法美已坐實民主優點，落到中國民主是從橫論起也。然恐論者不服，第二段發揮君主之所恃與民主之所貴相形見絀，纔點出一箇優字。是何等筆力末段說到澳非二洲是橫論，再說到歐亞各國亦是橫論，民主固得革

命。流。血。並。不。算。失。此。可。於。言。外。求。之。

〔註解〕法蘭西即法國 歐美歐洲 美美洲 唐虞唐虞以天下讓虞舜故曰讓賢 外戚謂帝王之母黨妻黨也 宦官宮中之官也 女謁謂宮闈攪權亂

政之變 篡奪取也 誣妄也 澳澳大利 非阿非利加洲 轄管也 亞亞細

〔總評〕推闡盡致用筆亦天矯不羣是為包掃一切

豎論成敗法 題之名舊而義新者宜用豎論蓋其各為歷史諸人所襲也其
中有成乃敗必須隨筆發明結處說出新義始能言之成理通篇敘事宜簡
運筆宜捷乃為上乘

● 禪讓論

禪讓美德也襲之則非禪讓美名也沿之則失古之所創為禪讓者堯耳舜耳而
未有禪讓之盛如民國者新制語近 堯舜而後王莽於西漢行之曰禪讓也曹丕於
東漢行之曰禪讓也司馬炎更於曹魏行之曰禪讓也此後六朝遞嬗僉曰禪讓

以唐高祖之英悍。宋太祖之倜儻。尙不免爲禪讓二字所諱。而况其他。將假託禪讓者叙述一番元清以外族入統。元之版圖拓矣。而皆分封其子弟。故順帝之去。未有思其舊德者。清則入關以後。征蒙。征回。征藏。得包五族。而爲一。及禪讓之際。並滿族舊部亦公諸民國。此豈唐宋開國時所能藉口耶。這總算得禪讓倒難一句緊然不封漢帝曰山陽。公元封宋帝曰瀛。國公不聞不去帝號。優給歲費。如清室者。蓋開一禪讓最新之局。堯舜且所不料。而若莽。若丕。若炎。尤無論矣。此之謂禪讓之至公。徒役於美德美名者。愧甚。願後反顧見得清公天下天下亦不負清

(說明) 禪讓二字。類已舊矣。人人祇知稱頌堯舜。不知假堯舜之名。以行篡竊者。甚多。皆禪讓誤之也。文於第一段。點出民國。第二段。倒繳假名禪讓。諸人是豎論也。第三段。認清國禪讓而用元代。作陪亦豎論也。末段。禪讓最新之局。一語。卽與首段。盛字相應。或成。或敗。一目瞭然。

(註解) 禪讓

謂以天下傳與他人也

因而仍襲之也

王莽

西漢外戚篡漢國號新

曹丕

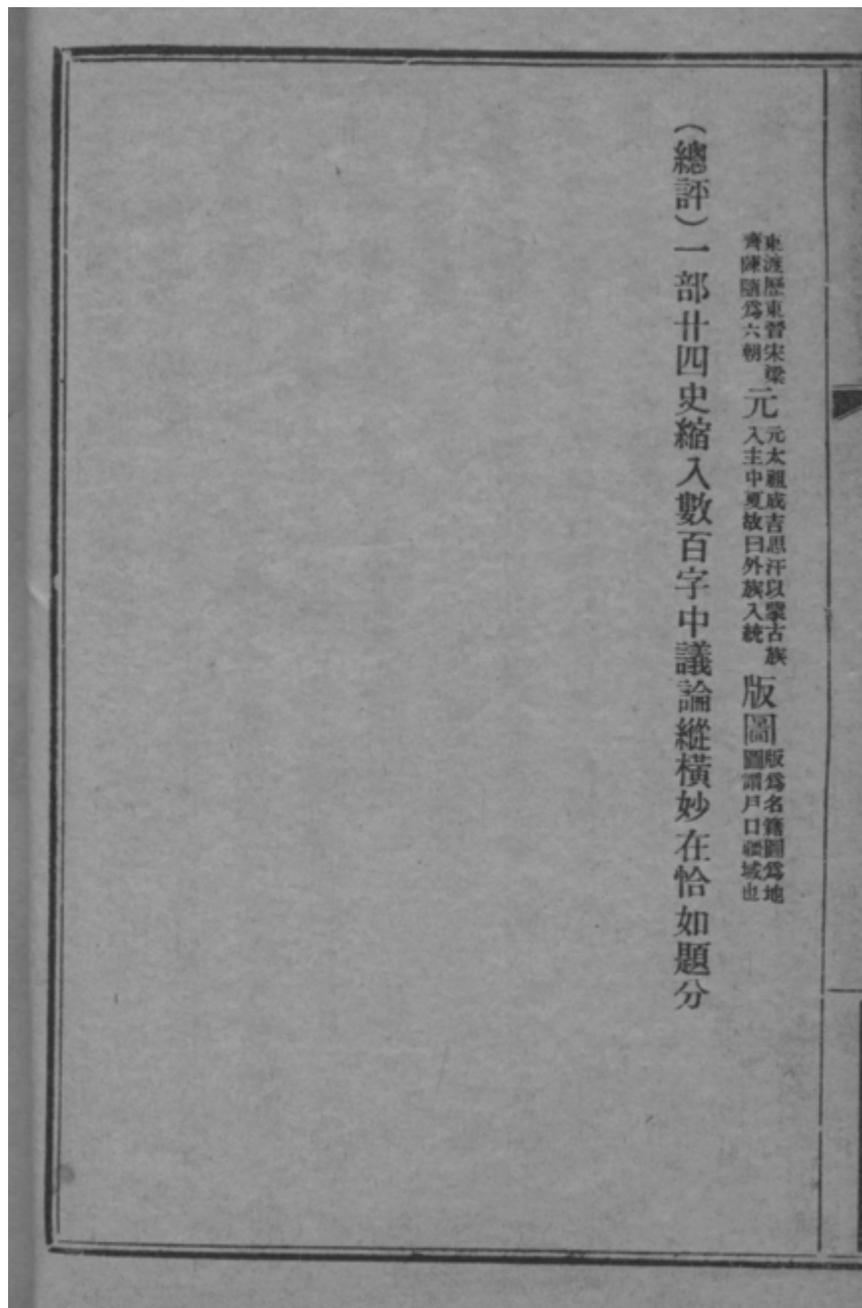
東漢末封魏王篡漢國號魏

司馬炎

魏相封晉王篡魏國號晉

六朝

晉宋齊梁陳



(總評) 一部廿四史縮入數百字中議論縱橫妙在恰如題分

東漢歷東晉宋梁元
齊陳隨為六朝
元太祖成吉思汗以蒙古族
入主中夏故曰外族入統
版圖
版為名籍圖為地圖謂戶口疆域也



Qing Dynasty broadsword

記事文百法卷一

●古邗劉鐵冷著

●吳興費隻園評註

記物第一

書贗畫贗音厲偽物也○襯託法兼指點法

某老富收藏。歲必陳列以供人賞鑑。凡宋元明清名畫家所繪者略備。書籤題跋縹緗秩然不知耗某老心血幾許。此一段是敘觀之者曰某畫紙色不合疑贗某畫款字不合疑贗某畫印章不合疑贗某畫某人之題記疑贗某畫某人之評語疑贗紛紛聚訟莫衷一是而某老收藏贗畫之名乃大著嗚呼畫果誰非贗哉我不以為贗又誰得而贗之。此一段亦是敘

後字宋元明清諸畫家往矣何者為贗何者為非贗亦聽觀者之互為

記事文百法 卷一

討論而已。然某老好收藏而又好陳列。是欲自炫以炫人也。其受人指

摘也。固宜。此一敘是斷結出。自炫炫人作意。

篇法。是篇礙世之自炫炫人者。前路點畫字已藏。自炫炫人意中權邊點畫字俱從旁面著筆為襯託。

法。結處撇開賈字歸到自炫炫人又為指點法。

章法。通篇分三段。自起處至不知耗某老心血幾許為第一段。此段從收藏陳列說到畫字將某老擦

高一筆預為末段收句指摘伏根。自觀之者曰。至又誰得而賈之為第二段。此段點賈字是虛。故

收處仍用虛筆拓開。自宋元明清諸畫家以下為末段。點出自炫炫人卒受指摘意在言外。饒有

寄託。

註釋。收藏法苑珠林。謂蓄畫畫。陳列晉植賦。陳井虛于列。百賞鑑寶鑑。識別書畫古玩者曰賞。鑑

家。宋元明清四代繪玉篇。彩。籤正韻。標也。所跋書海。足後為跋。故縹緗後

與服志。以人縹緗而已。注。秩廣韻。秩次也。耗增韻。歛。歛前漢。郊祀志。縹緗小又有

縹青黃色也。細注黃也。秩常也。序也。耗敗也。歛歛也。注。歛。劑也。縹緗也。今

人稱書畫記

印章（廣韻）更秩比二千石以

記（釋名）

評（廣韻）品

聚訟（後漢書）

禮之家名為聚訟（廣韻）當也（肥）折衷于

衷（廣韻）當也（肥）折衷于

討論（孔安國尚書序）討論也

也指搦（傳）搦（賦）搦（行）搦（注）搦（行）

書盆松（廣韻）盆瓦器言種松於盆也○直敘法兼問答法

余書室有盆松二。蜿蜒屈曲勢極秀媚。至冬則枝更蒼古。葉作濃綠色。位置於水仙天燭間。插瓶梅二三枝。誠歲寒之良伴也。此一段直點盆松故起筆直點盆松友人詰余曰。參天拔地濃陰如蓋者。松也。驚濤怒吼奔騰澎湃者。松也。子乃鋼松於盆。得無屈大材於小用乎。余曰。松之大者有風雨以剝蝕之。有霜雪以挫折之。甚或厄於工匠。困於樵蘇。少或數年多。或數十年。松已供人所用矣。此松雖小。有余維持之防護之。松亦自安於盆也久矣。子何鯁鯁為。此一段夾敘夾議收友人曰。大而危。不若小而安。此老子知足

之旨也書益松

此一段為斷小安字與上段松亦自安於益安字相應故當老子作結

篇法

是篇關鍵在知足二字起處直敍益松是為直敍法以下一問一答一結點醒作意又為問答法

章法

是篇分三段自起句至誠寒之良伴也為第一段是寫松是寫益松竭力描摹涉筆成趣似乎

題已盡矣自友人詰余曰至子何認認為為第二段忽然從友人口中將松字發出絕大議論而答語又極冷澹極閒適為益松增無數身分自友人曰至書益松為第三段點明大危小安折衷老子係為第二段答語作應結語三字又遙應首句精深透避一氣呵成

註釋

蜿蜒

謂氏易林蛇行蜿蜒不能一展

姿媚

綠愈時之俗書媿姿媚

蒼

釋名深青色

水仙

羣芳譜水仙一壺開花數朵大如簪

天燭

羣芳譜天燭出海菜類經冬不凋結果色紅如燭

瓶

玉簪波器也

良伴

杜甫詩風雨有良伴

如蓋

錦繡萬花谷西湖奏望山有長松枝葉如蓋按蓋車蓋也

驚濤

王維詩松風浪浪驚濤走注瀾聲似濤也

澎湃

司馬相如上林賦洶涌澎湃注澎湃波相戾也

鋼

說文詞義也即禁閉之意

剝蝕

黃庭堅松風雨以剝蝕

挫折

說文挫也折也

厄

增韻厄困也

匠

說文木丁也

樵蘇

綱目集覽取木曰蘇

維

綱目集覽取木曰蘇

維

綱目集覽取木曰蘇

維

綱目集覽取木曰蘇

維

綱目集覽取木曰蘇

持(國語)顯大王維持之防(前漢)四城傳凡遺使送客者欲思也防(前漢)利法志防(注)懼貌

老子(史記)老子名聃苦縣人也按老子著有道德經

書漏卮(玉篇)卮酒漿器也容四升漏滲濕也○逆敍法兼指點法

溫潤而澤。縝密以栗。望而知爲玉卮也。然有細孔焉。如鍼如芥。或有請補綴者。主人曰。挹彼注茲。源源不竭。漏何傷。此一段是敍從卮字拍到漏字始而僅一孔耳。繼而再而三。而五而十。昔之如鍼如芥者。亦如粒。椒如顆粟矣。以之盛水。則不塞者。涓涓也。以之盛酒。則不絕者。滴滴也。主人慮之。始亟亟議補綴。匠曰。晚矣。猶可。及其質堅。故也未幾。而卮之漏較前更甚。此一段亦是敍層層實寫漏字極曲折極短峭說者曰。此僕輩冀分餘潤。是以利其漏耳。嗚呼。今縱瓦全。後將玉碎。危哉。卮乎。此一段是斷從說者曰點出卮漏之故始信成語作斷最有意致

篇法 是篇從卮字說到漏字。是爲逆敍法。次段從漏字推開一層。再從漏字逼進一層。然後點出利其

章法

漏三字使讀者知漏之之故。又是指點法。

通篇分三段。自起處至漏何傷為第一段。起三句加倍寫厄。正為次段。質堅伏筆。折到漏字。主人以為無傷。是寫主人疏忽。自始僅一孔耳。至較前更甚為第二段。寫漏得多。寫漏得大。纔見主人議補。是寫主人張皇。點明質堅。依然說到漏甚。主人之愚無可諱矣。自說者曰以下為末段。揭破僕利其漏。以僕之點。形主之愚。瓦全玉碎兩喻。仍喚轉次段質堅。結語下一危字。如畫龍點睛。鱗甲俱動。

註釋

溫潤二句。見禮聘儀禮注。溫和滋潤有色。澤也。孔。爾雅釋詁。孔。開也。鍼芥。說文。鍼。所

之錘也。韻補。芥。細也。補綴。禮內則。綴。綴也。挹彼注茲。見詩小雅。挹。挹也。注。注也。粒。粒也。

粒。皆椒香。按。顆粟。國語。此猶太倉一顆粟。涓涓。家語。涓涓。涓涓。不壅。終

滴。增韻。滴。滴水也。亟亟。正韻。追也。堅。集韻。固也。甚。韻會。尤也。僕。廣韻。僕。僕也。長

望也。餘潤。國策。是臣之利。貪也。玉碎瓦全。北齊書。元景安傳。大丈

書蝙蝠（爾雅）蝙蝠服翼（注）伏翼似鼠有肉翅而黑○正敘法兼照應法

禽翼而飛獸蹠而走兼之者惟蝙蝠。蝙蝠蓋以鼠類而生翅者也。此段是敘點清是

蝙蝠論其有翼宜隸羽族。蝙蝠曰我有蹠能走奚必羽族論其有蹠宜隸毛

族。蝙蝠曰我有翼能飛奚必毛族。然實周旋於兩族間羽族盛則附羽毛

族盛則附毛始而兩族均信之聽其播弄挑撥略不覺悟卒乃窺其伎

倆兩族均不許有蝠而蝠遂窮。此段亦是敘由其得意說到失意極有層次然當其翼而飛蹠而

走非不自以為巧也而失敗以後無地可容是又在蝠計算外矣。此段是斷點巧是

字是虛點失敗是實妙在一筆撇開虛中有實實中仍虛

篇法 是篇以失敗之後無地可容作柱起處點清蝙蝠出身然後以播弄挑撥正蝙蝠罪案是為正敘

法復以窮字對鍼末段巧字揭明蝙蝠計算早已為人窺破庶與次段銜接是為照應法

章法 通篇分三段自起處至蓋以鼠類而生翅者也為第一段伏線只在一兼字自論其有翼至而蝠

遂窮爲第二段。寫出蝙蝠仗著能兼所以弄巧。其周旋其播弄挑撥純是因兼生巧。寫信寫不覺悟。是實寫窺其伎倆。不許有蝠。是主故以窮字勒住。然當其翼而飛以下爲第三段。仍用巧字。縮上兼字。而結語以蘊藉出之。始而兩地可容。終而無地可容。兼字之誤人如此。不可不慎。

註釋

翼(說文)翅也 蹠(說文)足也 兼(說文)井也 鼠(說文)穴蟲也 翅(說文)翼也 隸(廣韻)隸也 周旋(禮)玉藻周旋中規

附(玉篇)依也 播弄(玉篇)播弄也 挑撥(琴譜)挑手右曰撥 覺悟(白虎通)學之爲覺也

窺(說文)小視也 伎倆(集韻)伎倆也 窮(說文)極也 巧(韻會)機巧也 失敗(史記)吾猶

及見其失敗也(注) 容(增韻)受也 計算(史記)平準書)桑弘羊以計算用事

記水與油 (博物志) 油膏也。○正喻夾寫法

一泓清沁。望影澄然。是水也。染以油。則浮矣。蘭膏黏膩。燂然有光。是油也。投以水。則沸也。水也。油也。固不能融合爲一者也。此一段是敘正意。分起總收。 或曰。水君子也。小人遇之。則不敢混。油小人也。君子入之。則不能容。惟其不

敢混故浮。有冰炭不投之感焉。惟其不能容。故沸有薰蕕不同之辨焉。其浮也。所以示趨避也。其沸也。所以示訐揚也。夫亦適成爲君子小人而已。此一段是敘喻。意仍不起總收。然而水不能爲油也。油不能爲水也。君子自君子。小人自小人。願涉世者有所鑒焉。此一段是斷推到涉世。是拓開一筆。意在題外。

篇法 是篇爲君子小人立論。恰借一水一油作喻。然題是記水與油。故從水與油入手。第一段專寫題

而第二段點出君子小人。伸說第一段喻意。其正意全從末段發出。是爲正喻夾寫法。

章法 通篇分三段。自起處至固不能融合爲一者也爲第一段。將水與油劃然分開。正爲君子小人寫

照。自成曰至夫亦適成爲君子小人而已爲第二段。却從旁面議論。說明浮字沸字原因。即將君子小人併成一筆。自然而水不能爲油也。以下爲第三段。發揮君子小人不能融合之故。結句用一鑒字何等深切。何等沈痛。

註釋 一 泓清沁(朱熹詩)一泓清可沁。探水也。 澄(揚子方)澄也。滄也。 浮(說文)浮也。 蘭膏(韓偓)秋

黏膩（集韻）結膠也 燂（說文）盛也 沸（又文）館也 融合（國語）宜其融合而 混（說文）雜也 容

受也（增韻）炭不器 薰蕕（左傳）一薰一蕕十年尚猶 趨避（國語）是以趨避工

也（增韻） 許揚（前漢）外戚傳許揚與味 鑿（廣韻）鏡也

記折枝菊圖（孟子）為長者折枝（註）折取樹枝也（菊譜）菊草屬也以黃為正○

霜露東園。滿籬紅紫。陶淵明摘菊盈把。正以備秋齋清供也。膽瓶三兩。位置於鑪山硯池間。饒有佳趣。此一段敘菊 菊或黃或白。點綴參錯。經旬仍翹然挺拔。不稍萎絕。人有疑之者曰。此菊挫折甚矣。不根而豔。不土而榮。豈欲於清泉一勺中。爭此晚節耶。彼夭桃穠李。落英繽紛者。誠不如菊之逸也。此一段敘折枝 某君夙好菊。屬寫菊以寄意。因為斯圖貽之。此一段點圖字又一段

篇法 是篇圖實而菊虛然不先說菊則圖便無根說到圖則題盡矣首段記菊漸漸引到折枝文段即

章法

從折枝。竭力摹寫。依然勒到菊字。末段將圖字一點。自然輕便。是為層層脫卸法。

此篇分三段。自起處至饒有佳趣為第一段。雖是說菊。却有一片畫意。照應末段圖字。自菊或黃。或白至誠不如菊之逸也為第二段。却將折枝菊搵得高。說得透。不根而豔兩句。亦是為圖者題贊。結筆拓到桃李。更使菊占盡身分。自某君夙好菊以下為末段。只用澹筆帶出圖字。而圖之邱壑步驟。早在前兩段寫出。虛實兼到。筆妙故也。

註釋

霜露東園

(蘇軾詩)秋來霜露滿東園。蘇軾詩。秋來霜露滿東園。蘇軾詩。秋來霜露滿東園。

陶淵明

(晉書)陶潛字元亮。號淵明。

摘菊盈把

(見陶淵明詩)

日間居時序(注)摘採也。把握也。

膽瓶

(鄭松雪云)花鬘中有玉膽瓶。

鑪山

(李白詩)博山鑪中沈香火。

硯池

(馮師道詩)硯池水。

饒

(廣韻)饒。足也。饒。月明。饒。點綴。

參錯

(易)參錯。參伍以錯。

翹

(廣雅)翹。舉也。

挺拔

(杜甫詩)友于皆挺拔。

菱絕

(風原離騷)菱絕。其立貌。菱絕。何傷兮(注)菱敗也。

一勺

(禮記)中府。一勺之。多。

晚節

(韓琦詩)莫嫌老圃秋香淡。猶有黃花晚節香。

天桃

(詩)周南。桃之夭夭。夭。天。少好貌。

穠李

(詩)召南。何彼穠李。美華如桃李。

繽紛

(風原離騷)繽紛。其屬也。音燭。也。說文。贈也。

屬

(廣韻)托也。音燭。也。說文。贈也。

記古缸（說文）缸瓶也瓦器○首尾銜接法

某遺老有骨董癖。鼎彝尊罍之屬。鱗次櫛比。羅列堂廡。欲然猶以為不足。復令操是業者物色之。最後乃得古缸。此一段敘是在古缸前缸可容一石許。色綠而澤。古斑剝作雲雷紋。口圍有古篆十餘。隱約猶可辨。叩之聲橐橐然。云商周以前物。貯水蓄魚。魚不飢。遺老以二千金得之。徧加摹拓。附以考證。以為此希世之珍也。此一段敘是實敘古缸。述遺老之愛缸。陳之於庭。晨夕摩挲。以為樂。一日驟雨後。缸似有裂紋。撫之質漸軟。撼之桶底脫矣。水濺遺老衣。魚躍滿地。乃骨董家糊紙塗澤。以給遺老者。遺老悟。遂盡貨其鼎彝尊罍。以後不復談骨董。此一段敘後有斷先敘缸之非古用。一給字斷定結語。是問顯。

篇法

是篇大意是骨董家給遺老。却先敘遺老有癖。落到古缸。早為給字伏線。以下寫古缸之形狀。之效用。與給字針鋒相對。其摹拓考証。正是寫受給處。追點出給字。即以悟字呼應。首段癖字是為

首尾銜接法。

章法

此篇分三段。自起處至最後乃得古缸為第一段。未寫古缸先寫鼎彝尊彝。遺老之因癖受給不止。一古缸也。鼎彝尊彝不敗。是以不知受給。故輕輕將古缸勒住。自缸可容一石許。至以為此希世之珍也。為第二段。看是說缸實為給字反振。陳之於庭以下為第三段。說明缸之作偽。骨董家之給遺老。圖窮而匕首見矣。遺老之悟是極聰明。是極斬截。收筆尤雋永有味。

註釋

遺老

(禮)不熱遺一老謂遺逸之老臣也。

骨董

(釋)謂詩盛取江南骨董。注零雜。

癖

(正)字通嗜好之病。

鼎彝尊彝

(薛)氏鼎彝器款識。鼎彝皆酒器。

鱗次

(枚)舉文。魚鱗之次也。

櫛比

(詩)小雅。其櫛比如櫛。

廡

(說)文。堂下周屋也。

欲然

一石

(廣)雅。量名。十斗曰石。

澤

(實)韻也。澤也。

斑剝

(韓)愈詩。斑剝且與松。

篆

藁藁

(詩)小雅。極也。有大藁之別。

摹拓

(玉)器。摹仿也。韻會。以手推物也。

考證

(韓)愈詩。金石流傳重考證。

摩

抄

(韓)愈詩。誰復著手。更摩抄。注。撫弄也。

裂痕

(玉)器。玉將毀也。痕跡也。

頓

(玉)器。柔也。搥也。

桶底脫

澗

(廣)韻。水激也。

魚躍

(禮)中。唐。躍於泥。

糊

(說)文。粘也。

塗澤

文百法 卷一

七

也贊談(說文)部也

石卵記

(說文)凡物無乳者卵生言鳥卵也石形似卵故名○錯敘法

余友許某掘礦於雉誠礦產煤富入地數十丈得石卵六礦工鋤損其二其三為山主暨土人所獲僅以其一贈許某質細而紋緻映之光撼之有聲以其形似卵故曰石卵此一段敘從見許君故好事剖其殼則有如細沙者積其中再剖其沙則清水一泓而已水作澹碧色見風則凝結如露珠至其殼則累薄石十餘層而成醫家曰此空青石之胚胎也此一段亦敘從得卵以之治目眚最有效此一段仍敘實說用卵以地質學家可應首段掘礦周匝之至果霍然今已無存矣願質之地質學家

篇法

是篇首段述得卵之由次段述剖卵之異明明以卵為主矣偏夾出醫家一語又夾出治目疾一

證末云質之地質學家是以石卵為經以醫家地質學家為緯也通禮鋪敘中極參互錯綜之妙

是為錯敘法。

章法

此篇分三段。自起處至故曰石卵為第一段。此段渾寫石卵。圖圖點出題字。是虛敘也。自許君故好事至以之治目皆最有效為第二段。將石卵表裏寫得如畫如話。是實敘也。插入醫家一筆。仍由實敘轉到虛籠。自余適病目以下為末段。仍由虛籠轉到實用。結語中實而虛。依然懸而不斷。虛虛實實。變幻極靈。

註科

礪(說文) 礪石也 雉城(今浙江長興縣) 煤(玉篇) 石炭也 鍬鋤(玉篇) 鍬而也 贈(說文) 玩好也 綴

曠(廣韻) 曠也 曠(說文) 曠也 憾(見古韻) 憾也 剖(玉篇) 分也 殼(仲長統志) 蟬蛻也 沙(說文) 水散石也 一泓(見水

與油) 澹碧(新唐書) 天光下澹碧 凝結(說文) 凝也 露珠(莊子) 露如珠 累(玉篇) 積也 醫

家(朝野僉載) 治病者曰醫家 空青石(本草綱目) 空青石可治目疾 坏胎(集韻) 胎未成物之始 眚(說文) 目病生翳

也) 塗(音茶) 藥也 霍然(司馬相如大人賦) 霍然也 地質學家(地理新讀) 有地質學家地質學家

記傀儡(列子) 假湯篇) 周程王時巧人有假師者為木人能歌舞此傀儡之始也 ○譬喻法

鳴鉦伐鼓。絃管並作。有生有旦。有丑有淨。抑揚徐疾。胥中節奏。亦天地間一劇場也。而其中或左之或右之。或推之或挽之。幕中實大有人在。而生旦淨丑。徒供人玩弄而已。此一段教人之玩弄傀儡是正面然觀劇者則以為儼然生也。儼然且也。儼然淨丑也。亦有妝飾亦有趨步。一齣以後復演一齣。一曲之後復歌一曲。若不知受人玩弄也者。真耶。幻耶。是耶。非耶。此何故耶。此一段教人識者識者曰。是傀儡也。嘻。誰非劇場。誰非傀儡哉。此一段教人識者

到正而結語是斷

篇法 是篇以傀儡喻人以傀儡尋場喻人之處世是為譬喻法通篇但言傀儡未曾將人說破僅從末

段旁觀眼中點出傀儡二字而以慨歎作結又為含蓄法

章法 此篇分三段自起處至徒供人玩弄而已為第一段句句說傀儡句句是說人傀儡為人玩弄人

亦為人玩弄故玩弄二字是通篇標紐自然觀劇者至此何故耶為第二段是從旁而著筆見得

傀儡日受玩弄。傀儡不知人。亦何獨不然。結處故設疑問。自有語妙。自識者曰。以下為末段。妙在亦用旁面點題。收句雖解次段疑問。仍有絃外之音。

註釋

鳴鉦

(說文)鉦。鐘類也。黃帝聖。亦用旁面點題。收句雖解次段疑問。仍有絃外之音。

伐鼓

(詩)小雅。伐鼓。淵也。

絃管

(王琪詩)試懸絃管。一。管。音。一。管。音。一。管。音。

生旦淨丑

(梨園記)劇場脚色。有生旦淨丑等名。

抑揚

(詩)齊風。抑揚。若。揚。兮。

節奏

(樂譜)凡止樂曰。節。和樂曰。奏。

劇場

左之右之

(詩)小雅。左之右之。君子宜。推挽。或推之。注。前。牽。為。挽。後。之。注。前。牽。為。挽。後。之。注。前。牽。為。挽。後。之。

幕

(說文)帷。在。上。曰。幕。

玩弄

(集韻)玩。戲。也。弄。侮。也。

儼然

(論語)望。儼。然。壯。飾。賦。觀。狀。刻。飾。

趨步

(莊子)田子方。步。亦。步。趨。亦。趨。注。促。行。曰。趨。闊。行。曰。步。

齣

(字彙補)傳奇中。一。齣。俗。讀。齣。作。尺。

演

(韻會)引也。

曲

(樂曲)也。宋。玉。對。楚。王。問。其。曲。彌。高。其。意。

幻

(說文)相。詐。惑。也。

嘻

(公羊傳)僖元年。慶父。聞。之。曰。嘻。注。痛。語。首。之。聲。

記狐與狼

(說文)狐。妖。獸。也。虎。所。乘。之。有。三。德。其。色。中。和。小。前。豐。後。狼。似。犬。銳。頭。白。額。高。前。廣。後。借。賓。定。主。法。

天寒日暮。老狐飢踣。不得食。聞谿邊車聲。麟麟然。竊窺之。漁人載魚歸也。狐涎魚而苦。無閒。乃伴僵於道。以誘之。漁人以爲狐斃也。將殺而貨。

其皮置諸車與魚俱載孰知漁人之魚俱飽狐腹哉。此段敘狐誘漁是讓起正文狼羨
狐甚向狐絮絮乞食狐曰魚可釣而得也若以尾釣魚皆銜尾上雖水
有冰亦可鑿孔而釣狼試之冰合而尾不能出矣朝日既上見狼者輒
思捕狼狼捨命拔尾奔受創嘯嗥不已狐聞狼聲又欲以計給狼。此段敘狼受創
給是正文仍勸到狼以創示狐而怨之狐亦偽爲創甚也者狼仍憐狐負之
狐是唱起下文行狐更吃吃哭狼黠哉狐也彼老漁失魚誤在貪耳若狼不善擇交再
中其計而不悟何其愚耶於狐何尤。此段敘狐再給狼是前文餘波點綴以下是斷可爲新今社會作一棒喝

篇法

此篇警人不善擇交故設此喻狼是主狐是賓漁是賓中之賓起處先寫賓再寫賓中之賓是標
筆也次段寫狐之黠寫狼之愚狼愈愚則狐愈黠是通篇主體以下用一點字一貪字一愚字斷
定點清喻意是爲借賓定主法

章法

此篇分三段自起處至俱飽狐腹哉爲第一段是借狐之給漁作給狼楔子非漁之貪不能行狐

之點早爲末段貪字點字伏線。自狼羨狐甚至又欲以計給狼爲第二段。狼之羨狼之乞正是狼之愚處。狼之奔狼之嘯嗥亦是狼之愚處。非狼之愚不能行狐之點。又爲末段愚字伏線。自狼以創示狐而怨之以下爲末段。狼之怨狐是愚狼之憐狐亦是愚狼之負狐。更是愚而狐之傷狐之笑皆點也。句法字法何等通峭曲折。點明擇交不慎仍不責狐而責狼。老吏斷獄迥不猶人。

註釋

飢踣(玉篇)飢餓也 谿(雅釋水)水名 麟(詩秦風)有 漁(說文)捕魚也 涎(說文)涎欲 閒

佯(說文)順也音見 僵(正韻)仆也 誘(玉篇)引也 斃(廣韻)獸死曰斃 貨(說文)食 餽(說文)餽也 羨(說文)欲也 閒

絮(國語)主絮絮與人 鈞(說文)鈞也 銜尾(藝文類聚)翻尾 冰(禮月令)水始冰 鑿(說文)鑿也

孔(廣韻)冰曰 試(說文)用也 捕(正韻)捉也 奔(爾雅)居天 創(說文)傷也 嘯嗥(楚辭)招嘯

計(廣韻)籌也 給(說文)給也 怨(廣韻)恨也 僞(玉篇)假也 憐(廣韻)惜也 負(釋名)負背也 吃(說文)吃也

吃(集韻)吃吃 黠(揚子方言)黠也 貪(說文)欲也 擇交(國策)攻守會盟是 愚(正韻)也

尤(廣韻)怨也

記鼠竊雞卵

(說文)鼠穴蟲之總名也(集韻)盜自中出曰竊(說文)凡物無乳者卵生言鳥卵也雞卵雞之卵生者○譬喻法兼錯敘法

黃黑二鼠窟於壁穴者久矣。夜輒伺隙以覓食。偶見雞卵。目耽耽不肯捨。然卵圓且滑。爪之不能啣。之不可遂。聚而議竊之之法。此一段敘未竊時兩鼠並說黑鼠曰。子曷仰而抱卵乎。予啣子尾行。徐徐入穴。卵可唾。手得也。子為車。予為馬。黃鼠曰。善。果入穴。剖卵。得以一飽。黃鼠意未饜。又出穴。獲一卵。殼已裂矣。探首吮卵。涎而鼠首為卵殼所冒。呼救於黑鼠。而黑鼠聞貓聲已遠。巡去。此一段敘既竊後竊而復竊兩鼠互說不逾時而黃鼠膏貓吻矣。利則同享。難不相扶。豈獨黑鼠哉。此一段敘黃鼠之死帶出斷語結單繪黑鼠文有變換

篇法

此篇以利則同享。難不相扶。作柱。特借鼠以形容之。是為譬喻法。然先寫鼠之議竊。繼寫鼠之行

竊。終寫鼠之竊而再竊。其步驟亦復井然。惟黑鼠設謀。黃鼠抱卵。黃鼠涎卵。黑鼠聞貓。黃鼠膏吻。

黃鼠黑鼠錯綜成趣。又為錯敘法。

一斑貓至。爪利於刃。裂肉成片。踞而啖。若甚自得者。貓雖偶作聲。斑貓卽怒。以目須臾。肉盡。斑貓乃揚揚去。此一段敘斑貓食肉之狀態。如繪食貓。雖舐其腥。並餘瀝無涓滴。存甚矣。斑貓之貪也。若以一鬮分貓。斑貓亦未必飢欲死。乃據地大嚼。目中不復有貓。雖何其輕視同類耶。然爲斑貓所制。雖貓亦無如斑貓何。此一段由議發。斷見得貓爲同類。後先一筆。令人慨歎不置。貓類也。觀者弗斷。責斑貓。

篇法

此篇柱意在輕視同類。雖貓斑貓皆是眼前指點。而用一肉爲緯。是爲鈎貫。法雖貓之不能得肉。在爪之不利。起筆已伏。是意總於結筆點出。寫斑貓之自得。只在有爪無爪。結語不責斑貓。又爲點睛法。

章法

此篇分三段。自起處至斑貓乃揚揚去爲第一段。實寫斑貓裂肉時。不顧斑貓。並不許斑貓作聲。以強凌弱。令人不寒而慄。自貓雖舐其腥。至貓雖亦無如斑貓何爲第二段。寫斑貓舐腥時。有何

等既想寫。雖貓無如斑貓時。有何等忿怒。斷定斑貓輕視同類。正是此題。正義。自貓雖苦於爪不利耳。以下為末段。料定雖貓看斑貓作榜樣。雖貓即用斑貓作比例。憑權藉勢。前仆後起。此數語沈痛已極。

註釋

遺(說文)亡也。尺咫(玉篇)十寸曰咫。離(廣韻)離也。涎(見)狐與。裂(見)鼠竊。斑(韻會)雜色曰斑。爪(廣韻)手足

也。刃(說文)刀。片片(坤雅)零。踞(說文)蹲也。啖(說文)嚼也。自得(孟子)欲其也。須臾(禮

也。不可須臾揚揚(荀子)意氣揚揚也。舐(說文)以舌取。腥(禮月令)其臭。餘瀝(史記)滂瀝注

與離也。涓滴(見)水與。貪(見)狼籍與。齧(正韻)塊。飢欲死(史記)東方朔傳。餘瀝(史記)滂瀝注

嚼(說文)本作。制(廣韻)禁。苦(正韻)困也。類(玉篇)種也。斷斷(史記)魯世家。深淵之。責(說文)求也。

記鶯與燕(說文)鶯鳥也。即黃鸝(說文)燕玄鳥也。蕭口布翅枝尾。互敘法兼慨歎法。

春光駘蕩。黃鶯出谷。兩行楊柳。即黃鶯棲身處也。其時燕正南返。託庇

王謝字下與鶯相值導之往觀畫棟雕梁飛鳴自得無風之盪無雨之

起此一段敘燕之梁

伏燕水

未幾復與鶯值燕羽折矣燕尾焦矣鶯詢所苦曰主人華屋可憐

焦土覆巢之下尚有完卵耶苟免於難幸耳鶯乃為擇木而棲曰小住

為佳此間得所佳趣也此一段敘燕之苦寫到燕乃歎曰求庇於天者可恃

求庇於人者難恃吾悟矣早知今日何必當初此一段借燕語作斷

篇法

庇天庇人是通篇柱意而關鍵在一恃字先寫燕之有所恃繼寫燕之無所恃一喜一悲皆燕親

受鶯特處於旁觀地位耳然燕為經鶯為緯是為互敘法結處記燕之覺悟語又為慨歎法

章法

此篇分三段自起處至鶯亦羨之為第一段然春光貽蕩兩句寫鶯之得庇於天何等快樂畫棟

雕梁五句寫燕之得庇於人亦何等快樂勒到鶯之羨燕是故用反振以蓄勢也自未幾復與鶯

遇至得所佳趣也為第二段寫燕之慚於見鶯與鶯之代為謀燕使燕之對鶯由慚而感由感而

悟自燕乃歎曰以下爲末段。燕之覺悟語正爲世人指點。庇天庇人。當初今日極現成語。又極明白。白語試問世人。尙有何者可恃。

註釋

駘蕩(庚信賦)惡風馳蕩注)頭遠也

出谷(詩)小雅)出自幽谷)通于喬木

楊柳(羣芳譜)馮榮耀柳言長橋枝硬而揚起柳枝弱而垂流蓋一物

而二棲(禽經)陸曰棲託庇

王謝(王昌齡詩)舊時王謝堂前燕

值(玉篇)相遇也

導(說文)導引也

畫棟雕梁(張衡賦)畫棟雕梁周阿

灑(廣韻)灑灑灑灑

浸(正韻)浸也

烘(說文)烘燥也

焦土(杜牧)阿房宮賦)楚人一炬可憐焦土

覆巢完卵(後漢)孔融傳)覆巢之下有完卵乎

折(集韻)折之也

焦(玉篇)火燒也

棲(國策)其禽擇木而棲

小住爲佳(詞苑)晝談天氣殊未佳汝定佳佳趣

佳趣(張九齡詩)對酒有佳趣

恃(說文)恃也

早知今日(一句)見

也(倚仗)也

記海燕與鮑魚(續本草綱目)海燕生於海中含銀魚爲窩(急就篇注)鮑亦海魚

雙起雙收法

海燕結窩於山巔。其山不可以尋丈計。四面皆水。無級可上。海燕自以

為得所矣。此段敘海燕窩特高緣山而下。石壁直削。纍纍者皆鮑魚也。鮑魚吸石

固捕魚人莫能憾。鮑魚亦自以為得所矣。此段敘鮑魚是寫特堅取燕之窩者。手小

刀。腰小。錐足。履石壁。借鮑魚以為階。踞巔。剖窩挾之。而下。乃以錐剔鮑

魚。落每降一級。輒得數魚。海中漁者咸恃此為生計。然而忍矣。此段敘取燕窩特高

也。而有時亦脫高也。堅也。果可恃乎哉。此段是斷說明不可恃之法。是響其所特。下一忍字冷得。嗚呼。海燕恃寄身之高也。而有時亦傾。鮑魚恃託體之堅

也。而有時亦脫高也。堅也。果可恃乎哉。此段是斷說明不可恃之法。是響其所特。下一忍字冷得。

篇法 柱意在高不可恃。堅不可恃。傾字脫字。即為忍字。作證起兩段寫高堅之可恃。有聲有色。不知高

者。敗於堅。堅者。敗於高。無鮑魚則燕窩不傾。無燕窩則鮑魚不脫。互相恃。即互相害。起處雙起。收

處雙收。是為雙起雙收法。

章法 此篇分四段。自起處至海燕自以為得所矣。為第一段。是寫結窩之高。以為可恃。自緣山而下。至

鮑魚亦以為得所矣。為第二段。是寫吸石之堅。以為可恃。然不明點高字。堅字。特字。留待末段點

出是蓄勢也。自取燕之窩者至然而忍矣。為第三段。小刀小錐。正所以破其高堅。而取窩取魚。歷如綸。惟能奪其所恃。是以謂忍。嗚呼。以下為末段。但將前三段所蓄之意。一齊點出。回環起伏。一氣呵成。最為醒目。

註釋

窩(正韻)藏也。窟也。水窟。草網。目有燕窩。巔(正韻)山頂也。尋丈(小雷雅)四尺謂之仞。倍仞謂之尋。漢書律歷志。十尺曰丈。級(玉篇)階也。得

所(孟子)得其所哉。緣(玉篇)因也。音沿。石壁(等韻)石壁何嶠。嶠石。削(集韻)直也。削也。纍纍(禮樂記)纍纍如貫珠。注。纍纍如。吸(玉篇)食肉也。

捕魚(陶潛)桃花源。捕魚為樂。錐(說文)銳也。器也。履(說文)足所依也。廣韻。踐也。偕(釋名)階梯也。如階梯之有等差也。踞(見韻)食肉也。

剔(說文)解也。忍(五音集韻)安於不仁謂之忍。恃(廣韻)依也。傾(說文)側也。傾也。脫(增韻)物自解也。

記鵲巢(禮月令)季冬鵲始巢。韻會。鵲鳥名。喜鵲也。一名乾鵲。一名鳩鵲。○層疊法兼小中見大法。

善營巢者鵲也。鵲善營巢。羣鳥皆於鵲叩其術。鵲乃躬自營巢。而使羣鳥睨於側。此一段敘羣鳥出巢之始。是逆敘。鵲先啄泥於塘。搏之穴之。畫眉曰。巢祇撮土耳。縱翼去。鵲更銜枝於樹。支之撐之。斑鳩曰。巢祇寸木耳。又縱翼去。鵲復

也。畫眉（禽類）畫眉能撮土撮之之多。銜枝（陳仲師鳥巢）。支撐（廣韻）

也（玉篇）斑鳩（格物論）一名斑鳩。寸木（孟子）方寸之木。塗泥（書）。構（玉篇）。梟（說文）

不孝也。雀（說文）雀依（山堂肆考）。鋪（廣韻）。苔（淮南子注）。鴉（爾雅）。鴿（說文）

鳥也。雀（說文）雀依（山堂肆考）。鋪（廣韻）。苔（淮南子注）。鴉（爾雅）。鴿（說文）

記雙鴿（山堂肆考）。鴿亦鳩屬皆兩兩相匹不雜交每孕必二卵伏十八日而化○一字作骨法

余家畜鴿二。縞帶而玄衣。栖宿去來必相偶也。晨飼以麥。沃以水。輒盤桓不忍去。遇有驚之者。則鼓翼上屋頂而睨視於下。以為樂。

閒月哺雛二。彼此必互相覆翼。天寒日暮。其一為鄰家所繫。其一以戀雛故不肯捨而出。然不飛不鳴。終日呆立如木雞。與之麥不食。與之水不沃。別與之偶。仍避而不並棲。如是兼旬。其一已脫繫歸矣。

不沃。別與之偶。仍避而不並棲。如是兼旬。其一已脫繫歸矣。

鄰處。棲宿如故。去來如故。哺雛覆翼如故。鴿且不輕棄其偶。余甚義之。

鄰處。棲宿如故。去來如故。哺雛覆翼如故。鴿且不輕棄其偶。余甚義之。

鄰處。棲宿如故。去來如故。哺雛覆翼如故。鴿且不輕棄其偶。余甚義之。

而爲之記。此一段敘鴿事如故是由變而常斷定不輕寫偶爲義詞筆老澀

篇法。此篇以不輕棄其偶立柱。故起處卽云棲宿去來。必相偶也。爲末段偶字伏線。次段故作波瀾。又有別與之偶。一偶字作關鍵。結處始點醒作意。三偶字穿插有致。是爲一字作骨法。

章法。此篇分三段。自起處至而睨視於下。以爲樂爲第一段。是寫雙鴿之樂趣。一樂字便開下不飛不鳴及不食不沃不並棲等不樂處。自閒日哺雛二至其一已脫繫歸矣。爲第二段。寫不飛不鳴及不食不沃不並棲。其悲苦戀念之情。躍躍紙上。至脫繫歸時。始告一結束。自棲宿如故以下爲第三段。不必再事描畫。但與首段呼應。便能脗合。鴿不輕棄其偶。是爲輕言離婚者作一反影。義字是鴿之贊語。贊鴿記鴿意在諷諫。尙是詩人忠厚之遺。

是鴿之贊語。贊鴿記鴿意在諷諫。尙是詩人忠厚之遺。

註釋。畜(正)養也。縞帶(禮)玉飾也。玄衣(禮)玄衣法天。棲宿去來(莊子)指冥果蚊棲也。偶(玉篇)玉飾也。

飼(增)以食也。麥(說文)芒谷也。沃(說文)灌也。盤桓(後漢)盤桓不進也。鷺(玉篇)鷺也。

睨(玉篇)睨也。樂(增)樂也。哺(增)哺也。覆翼(詩)大雅覆翼之。繫(類篇)繫也。戀(玉篇)戀也。

也（受）呆立木雞（莊子）曰望之若水雞（按）呆不動也（玉篇）避（玉篇）通兼旬（說文）十日為旬（旬）脫

（增）頤物（玉篇）遺（釋名）宜也（裁制）義（釋名）宜也（裁制）

記鴨浴（爾雅釋鳥）舒鳧鶩（注）鳧也亦謂之鴨（說文）浴酒身也○順彼法象倒繳

積雨新霽溪水半漲呶呶就隊而來者皆鴨也鴨性喜浴躍溪而下載

沈載浮怡然自得羣遊約可達里許（此一段敘浴之常寫得極開通）牧者緣岸行持竿指

揮之進退出沒俱有次第浴竟仍循原路歸偶遇童子擲石驚或舟人

操篙起則紛紛洄入水旋又破蘊藻而出無一溺者鴨之足固有蹠也

（此一段敘浴之變寫得極開通）鴨足有蹠故敢入溪浴雖洄亦不溺為其所恃者如是

耳世之溺而不返者何其智之不鴨若歟（此一段斷定不溺之故點出世人之溺可謂言近指遠）

篇法（篇法）溺而不返智不若鴨此意較然明白先敘鴨後敘浴是為順敘法忽然折到洄字折到溺字明欲

喚醒世人而以一智字作指點語依然反顧鴨字是又為倒敘法

章法

此題分三段。自起處至羣遊約可達里許為第一段。寫鴨之浴趣。正為鴨有所恃。特未叫破耳。自牧者緣岸行至鴨之足固有蹊也。為第二段。借牧者寫鴨浴之步驟。寫鴨浴之層折。鴨未嘗自以為有恃。故能始終不溺。童子舟人又是旁面之旁面。所以形鴨之涸而已。自鴨足有蹊以下為末段。總將恃者叫破。不特次段之涸字有據。即首段之沈字浮字亦有據。結到世人溺而不返。智不若鴨。並非譽鴨。正以砭人一唱三歎。有遺音者矣。

註釋

霽(爾雅釋天)濟謂之霽(注今南陽人呼雨止為霽)半漲(陸游詩)綠波呶呶(禽經)呶呶鴨聲音呶就隊(爾雅)車

按行騎躍(玉篇)跳也載沈載浮(風詩)順風也怡(說文)和也牧(玉篇)養也岸(說文)水崖竿(說文)竹挺

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

韻類)竹竿

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

記鱷與蛇之談話

(秀水閒居錄)鱷魚之狀龍吻虎爪蟹目龍鱗尾長數尺末大如箕(韻會)蛇毒蟲也○串插法兼層遞法又問答法

指開有幕護屬相著特(鳳堯賦)其足蹊(注)脚鮑魚鱗與返(說文)還也智(荀子)正名(音)知而

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

也(詩)謂風指揮(杜甫詩)指揮循(說文)行擲(正韻)投也篙(揚子方音)所以紛紛(前

鱷魚橫互海岸。長約數仞。有蛇自岸側蜿蜒來。首與尾亦約長丈許。遠望隔岸山麓。下有兩小兔奔躍。至不知蛇之毒也。一兔蹴其首。一兔拈其尾。如帶然而兩小兔已為蛇所噬。此段敘鱷蛇見結處有蛇鱷魚不直蛇昂首吞蛇入腹。蛇乃哀鱷曰。我輩皆鱗屬也。同類相殘。為人所笑。子曷速釋我乎。鱷曰。較之子強。食弱肉。如何。子能赦兔。吾亦當赦子。否則吾一磨牙血肉糜矣。蛇乃允釋兔。而鱷亦釋蛇。此段仍敘鱷蛇敘鱷見結處有鱷有蛇有鱷見是實中之實鱷之吞蛇為兔也。俠也。蛇之噬兔不知有鱷也。貪也。螳螂捕蟬黃雀在後。斯言豈欺我哉。此段斷語然敘貪俠特借兩兔為緯是為串插法蛇之一哀鱷之一

篇法

以俠許鱷以貪責蛇是為此篇斷語然敘貪俠特借兩兔為緯是為串插法蛇之一哀鱷之一

答一釋兔一釋蛇兩兩聯屬又為層遞法通篇結構又為問答法

章法

此篇分三段自起處至而兩小兔已為蛇所噬為第一段寫蛇之噬兔何等神速不料有鱷在後

而此段先敘鱷後敘蛇終敘兔者蓋預蓄反撲之勢也。自鱷魚不直蛇至而鱷亦釋蛇為第二段。鱷之一吞一釋寫鱷本無成心不直即吞。開哀即釋。觀鱷之詰蛇數語。俠氣躍躍紙上文。局則由反撲而順勒矣。自鱷之吞蛇以下為末段。揭出鱷與蛇不同之點。一俠一貪。確有分寸。結處引古作證。惟燈匣劍含蓄不露。最是耐人尋味。

註釋

互

(說文)竟也象舟竟兩岸

數

(論語)夫子之精數

蜿

(見)盆

麓

(釋名)山

兔

(博物志)獸名

毒

(博雅)害也

蹴

(說文)蹶也

拈

(廣雅)取物也

帶

(莊子)即且

噬

(玉篇)嚼也

直

(玉篇)直當也

昂

(國語)昂首而觀

吞

(說文)咽也

哀

(玉篇)憐愛也

鱗

(周禮)鱗屬

屬

(注)鱗屬之屬

殘

(廣韻)傷也

釋

(韻會)解

強

(廣雅)強者

救

(廣韻)宥也

磨

(牙)磨牙

牙

(司馬)相如

允

(玉篇)許也

俠

(廣韻)同是

蟬

(二句)見

句

(見)國策

欺

(我)周

(孟)欺我

(豈)欺我

記蝴蝶之友愛

(古今注)蝴蝶一名蛺蝶一名風蝶

(說文)同志為友

(玉篇)愛親

也恩也

分合相間法

風和日暖。逐隊嬉春。栩栩然飛舞於花間者。蝴蝶也。蜨有黃有紅有白。方迴翔自得。而纖纖之細雨。已灑滿蜨翅矣。此一段敘蜨之過雨是虛寫。蜨與花相依久。先遇花之紅與黃者。曰速。開花房。聊以避雨。花曰紅與黃者。色相同。惟不能容白者。蜨乃冒雨行。又遇花之白者。曰速。開花房。聊以避雨。花曰白則色相同。惟不能容黃與紅者。蜨仍冒雨行。始終未肯少憩。此一段實寫是俄而雲消雨散。日光縷縷。烘蜨翅。蜨遂或上或下。或左或右。穿插花中。以自表其友愛者。臨難棄羣者。並不如斯。蜨此一段敘雨散是回順首段從實寫而虛寫結筆斷到入

不如蜨意
點醒實意
 篇法 此為臨難棄羣者說法。然起處寫蜨是合寫。中間寫蜨是分寫。結處寫蜨又是合寫。是為分合相間法。

章法 此題分三段。自起處至已灑滿蜨翅矣為第一段。此寫嬉春遇雨。自由常而遇變也。自蜨與花相

依久至始終未肯少憩為第二段。此寫遇變求人種種為難之處。蛙之不肯獨憩正是蛙之愛羣。天灑之雨天之試蛙也。花之拒不同色者不許同遊。花之試蛙也。蛙不棄羣。蛙不臨難。棄羣早於此段伏線。俄而雲消雨散以下為末段。寫雲消雨散寫穿插花中自由變而常也。友愛二字即是愛羣注脚。一筆喚醒。符束有力。

註釋

嬉（增韻）遊也。榻榻（莊子齊物論）夢為胡蝶。迴翔（禮三年問）過其故鄉。織織（揚子小

也灑（玉篇）灑風。依（集韻）附也。花房（賈島詩）清露濕花房。冒雨（蘇軾詩）菊為

息也（注）。縷縷（陸游詩）斜陽縷縷。烘（見羣典）。穿插（史信文）羅綺穿。臨難（禮曲禮）臨

棄羣（玉篇）棄捨也

記蛛網（爾雅）次蜜電電蛛螫土蜘蛛草蜘蛛（廣志）有於空中作網狀如魚罾者。○運實於虛法

蜘蛛棲人屋簷下吐其絲以結網。網張四角而蛛踞其中。若坐鎮然。於是觸其網而遁者。有觸其網而不能遁者。有破其網而出者。有掠其

網而過者。蛛皆歷歷見之。此一段敘蜘蛛結網諸蟲或通或不通或出或過是實敘安知觸其網而遁者。不

自詡其幸耶。觸其網而不能遁者。不自咎其不幸耶。破其網而出。與掠

其網而過者。不以苟免為尤幸耶。而自蛛視之。誠無所得失於其中也。

此一段敘諸蟲有幸有不幸從上段說下是實中虛敘蛛有所待。則布網。蛛有所獲。則收網。蛛殆以網為

陷阱歟。彼飛蟲之終為所網者。可慨也。然則人之觸於網者。何為也。此一

設敘蜘蛛結網之故是實敘斷語說人特用翻筆又是虛敘

篇法 通篇以人之觸網為柱意。而處處不肯明說。姑借蛛網作一影子。然蛛之布網收網。略無容心。祇

聽飛蟲之幸與不幸。人在世網。亦何以異。是為運實於虛法。

章法 此篇分三段。自起處至蛛皆歷歷見之為第一段。寫諸蟲之觸網破網掠網皆非。蛛能操權。蛛之

歷歷皆見。蛛固在旁觀地位也。自安知觸其網者。至誠無所得失於其中也。為第二段。寫諸蟲之

或謂或咎或苟免亦非。蛛能操權。蛛之無所得失。蛛亦在旁觀地位也。自蛛有所待。則布網以下

爲末段。蛛之布網收網。既無愛憎。亦無取捨。蛛惟能待。是以能獲。見得終爲所網。仍是自取。結語盡龍點睛。納須彌於芥子中。是何神勇。

註釋

簪

(釋名)簪也。接髮。屬前後也。

吐絲

長絲以柔指。吐絲試以柔指。

踞

見猶食肉篇。

鎮守

(周禮)夏官。鎮守。然氏。鎮守。然氏。

觸

文說

遁

(玉篇)遁也。避也。

破

(韻會)裂也。勢也。

掠

(增韻)拂也。定也。

歷歷

(古樂府)歷歷。自檢。注。行列。貌。

詡

(廣韻)誇大也。

幸

(禮)中。小人。行。

險以微幸。注。幸。謂不當得而得者。

咎

(廣韻)愆也。差也。

布

(廣雅)散也。

獲

(玉篇)得也。

收

(韻會)斂也。

陷阱

(禮)中。唐。晉。獲。陷。阱。之中。注。陷。阱。也。

慨 (玉篇)坑坎也。歎也。

瓜喻 (說文) 瓜瓠也。象形。瓠音庚。○淺中見深法。兼過渡法。

灌園叟有瓜焉。皮堅韌。作銅綠色。削竹爲架。蔓纒纒垂半畝許。瓜大逾瓠。過者咸豔羨之。請價於叟。叟曰。此宗祖所貽也。吾曹世守之。弗敢鬻。此一段敘瓜之狀。言叟能守。瓜不鬻。是題前文字。叟年漸老。大有謀盜之者。然慮東西鄰洩其事。叟雖弱。可攬而有。東西鄰決不許我獨得瓜。乃徐與東西鄰議。曰。得瓜。

後剖而分之。某得皮。幾許。某得瓢。幾許。某得子。幾許。然東西鄰俱貪。議久不決。而瓜亦倖存。此一段敘謀瓜之急。言久議不決。是題中文字。叟雖知之。無如東西鄰何也。子若孫願不分。瓜曷籌息。東西鄰之議。此一段敘叟老不能守瓜。望諸子孫是題後文字。

篇法 議久不決。瓜亦倖存。此二句是全篇扼要語。然語語說瓜。語語並非說瓜。是為淺中見深法。借一篇法。

叟為轉振。上承宗祖。下啓子孫。又為過渡法。

章法

此篇分三段。自起處至弗敢謂為第一段。極言守瓜之難。守瓜之久。豔羨字。請價字。均為協議。剖分伏線。自年漸老大。至而瓜亦倖存。為第二段。盜字。攫字。俱從豔羨字生出。寫瓜分以前之謀畫。瓜分以後之支配。俱令人不寒而慄。所謂倖存者。不在守者得人。而在議者未決。雖一時苟免。終必及難。此危機也。自叟雖知之以下。為末段。叟已老大。希冀子孫。動人無限感慨。顯字。壽字。寫叟不能自主。處首尾相應。用筆栩栩欲活。

註釋

灌園叟

續齊諧記

有灌園叟

鞞

說文

柔也

割也

架

韻會

蔓

廣韻

瓜之藤也

纍纍

禮記

纍纍如貫

畝(增韻)司馬法六尺為步百為畝逾(玉篇)通也瓠(廣韻)瓠也去聲羨(增韻)黠也價(玉篇)值也貽(廣韻)留也

鬻(正韻)賣也盜(正字通)陰私自利者皆謂之盜東西鄰(易既濟卦)東鄰殺牛不如西鄰之輪祭按此借作日本及歐美用洩(增韻)漏也

攫(增韻)攫取也許(廣韻)九許也議(廣雅)言也謀也剖分(玉篇)判也中分為剖瓢(廣韻)瓜實也音橋決(玉篇)斷也倖

(玉篇)微俸也願(廣雅)欲也籌(史記高帝紀)運籌帷幄之中注)籌策也息(增韻)止也

鳶喻(續博物志)今之紙鳶引絲而上令小兒張口以洩內熱○題前騰挪法

二。三。小。童。擘。竹。裁。箋。糊。紙。鳶。以。自。樂。馳。驟。郊。外。引。絲。縱。鳶。鳶。以。為。大。鵬。之。扶。搖。九。萬。里。也。其。高。者。御。風。入。雲。表。餘。亦。仰。視。如。一。粟。惟。一。童。年。最。稔。力。不。足。馭。鳶。鳶。不。過。去。地。尋。丈。間。此段敘縱鳶之歡諸。童。拍。手。縱。笑。互。相。角。逐。而。稭。童。既。慚。且。憤。幾。涔。涔。墮。淚。俄。而。一。童。手。絲。脫。鳶。不。知。翺。翔。至。何。處。其。餘。有。為。樹。杪。所。羈。者。有。為。屋。角。所。綰。幾。無。一。鳶。返。獨。稭。童。以。不。善。縱。鳶。故。而。鳶。獨。全。遂。歡。然。攜。鳶。歸。此段敘縱鳶之失敗不善縱者安之兩兩相較錄互對古。人。曰。居。高。

思危不僅爲鳶言也故不能爲鴻鵠者不如爲尺鷃

此段斷得渾含結
仍選喻意故佳

篇法

此篇爲高而忘危者戒故借鳶爲喻然先說糊鳶繼說縱鳶而以年弱不能馭鳶者作一停頓於是用線脫者羈者綰者層層作襯實爲一鳶獨全地步說到正義不過一筆點醒耳是爲題前騰挪法

章法

此篇分三段自起處至鳶不過去地尋丈間爲第一段鳶之御風鳶則高矣然其權在縱鳶者故用力不足馭鳶者作一襯自諸童拍手縱笑至歎然攜鳶歸爲第二段縱鳶御風鳶則愈縱愈高矣其權又在縱鳶者故用不善縱鳶鳶獨全者作一證其中笑字漸字憤字淚字歎字頃刻萬變幾乎不能自主非寫諸童也寫諸童爲鳶所用也自古人曰以下爲末段不特諸童爲鳶用鳶亦爲諸童用次段之脫之羈之絆其危皆諸童陷之諸童若人人不善馭鳶不高鳶不危矣取證古言渾含不露顯縱鳶者三復之

註釋

童

增韻十五以
下謂之童

擘

擘分

裁箋

王維詩紙箋
注詩箋紙

糊

見古

馳驟

國語馳驟
之注小曰馳不馳

而小疾。郊（說文）百里曰郊。引絲（禮傳）志今之縱（玉篇）放也。大鵬扶搖九萬里（齊諧）

曰驥。御風（莊子）御風而善也。雲表（北齊詩）遊一粟（見菊厄篇）稗（增）

德於雨。溼水擊三千里。御風（莊子）御風而善也。雲表（北齊詩）遊一粟（見菊厄篇）稗（增）

搏扶搖而上九萬里。御風（莊子）御風而善也。雲表（北齊詩）遊一粟（見菊厄篇）稗（增）

小皆曰驥。馭（玉篇）使。拍（釋名）搏也。以角逐（國策）駕犀首而驩（說文）憤（說文）

涔涔墮淚（江淹雜體詩）涔涔（廣韻）脫（博雅）脫（博雅）翺翔（詩）將翔（詩）杪（方言）木細（玉篇）羈（說文）

尺鷃（高經）雌尺亦與尺通。亦作斥。莊子所謂斥鴳是也。鴻鵠（孟子）一心以為

而回顧此身瞬息不能移。跬步然屈曲上下頗能自得。所謂以蠡測海

以爲此安宅也。緣欄上砌。偶然露頭角。其視天地如一芥耳。如一稊耳。

負殼而行。首有角如牛。人咸識其爲蝸。蝸（此段敘蝸之形）寄身於殼中。或棲或息。

霉雨經旬。頽垣敗壁上。涎痕斑駁。蜿蜒若篆籀。然俯而視之。有蟲蠕蠕。

蝸喻（說文）蝸蠃也。爾雅釋蟲。附蠃蠃蝸。注。即蝸牛也。○借敍法兼補敍法。

尺鷃（高經）雌尺亦與尺通。亦作斥。莊子所謂斥鴳是也。鴻鵠（孟子）一心以為

尺鷃（高經）雌尺亦與尺通。亦作斥。莊子所謂斥鴳是也。鴻鵠（孟子）一心以為

以管窺天者。庶幾近之。此段效之意此蓋習於苟安。不復有大志也。世之人。奈

何效此。蝸。此段斷蝸之所為。帶出世人效。蝸只用一筆。便不喧賓奪主。

篇法。此篇以苟安無大志作柱。先敘蝸之形狀。繼敘蝸之思想。而借用測海窺天兩語作證。是為借彼

法。結處說明正義。依然倒結到蝸。又為補敘法。

章法。此分三段。自起處至人咸識為蝸為第一段。蝸之負殼。蝸之有角。確然是蝸。故從旁而勸。到蝸

字。自蝸寄身於殼中。至庶幾近之為第二段。蝸之渺視天地。只為恃有安宅。雖其自得。不過負殼而已。有角而已。是伏下苟安伏下無志。一視字。一測字。一窺字。遙遙照應。自此蓋習於苟安以下為末段。蝸之病在習人之病在效。是蝸是人。一體而治讀之。令人嗚咽。

註釋。霉雨。正字通。頂。蘇東曰。江南以三月為迎梅雨。五月為送梅雨。引蒙深謂梅露作霉雨。中暑氣也。頽垣敗壁。江淹賦。蒿沒頽垣。苦綠敗壁。注。

斑駁。頽垣。見諸食。斑駁。見諸賦。斑駁。雜色也。蜿蜒。見古篆籀。所書也。或曰。柱下史始

蝸。蝸。見諸食。蝸。見諸賦。蝸。見諸石。角。莊子。國於蝸之左角者曰蠻氏。國於蝸之右角者曰蠻氏。牛。古。今

牛陵也。安宅（孟子仁人安宅也）緣欄（滄游詩）上砌（李詩）芥（見爾雅）穉（爾雅）穉（爾雅）

瞬息（司馬法）踞步（類篇）以蠶（廣韻）

測海二句（見前）習（正韻）苟安（國策）效（廣韻）

蟋蟀冢志（埤非）蟋蟀（以蝗而小善跳其鳴在股間）冢封土為丘隴

蟋蟀楚王孫也。流徙入吳。時賈秋壑方枋用。築半閒堂於西湖。乃羅列金盆。斐几。安置蟋蟀。蟋蟀好鬪。戰輒捷。紅旗之報無虛日。秋壑曰。平章軍國不如觀蟋蟀鬪也。秋壑既寵蟋蟀。為之定名。為之編譜。封以大將軍。而不名。蟋蟀雖被恩。久然為風霜所歷。漸有老態。遂辭職。願以山林終。不復入甕城。沙塹間。未幾中寒。卒。乃擇坏土。以牙籠葬之。月叢露葉。若有餘哀。今墓已宿草矣。志曰。交趾。鐫績。燕然。銘功。後之來者。視此崇封。

此段以贊為志。融合上兩段之意。極有收束。

篇法

蟋蟀是一層。蟋蟀冢是一層。蟋蟀冢志是一層。然無蟋蟀則無此冢。無此冢則無此志。故先蟋蟀。次冢。次志。是為順敘。法結處志語。四言用韻。又為銘贊法。

章法

此篇分三段。自起處至不如觀蟋蟀圖也為第一段。將蟋蟀之出身家世略一點綴。使折入賈秋壑半閒堂事。是志。蟋蟀未死之先也。自秋壑既寵蟋蟀至今墓已宿草矣為第二段。歷述蟋蟀之寵遇。蟋蟀之退隱。而殿以蟋蟀之死亡。其寵也為其善鬪。其葬也亦為善鬪。自志曰以下為末段。仍用善鬪者作比。使蟋蟀得以一慰。使秋壑寵蟋蟀者得以一慰。然蟋蟀有墓。秋壑無墓。此中亦寓無限感慨。

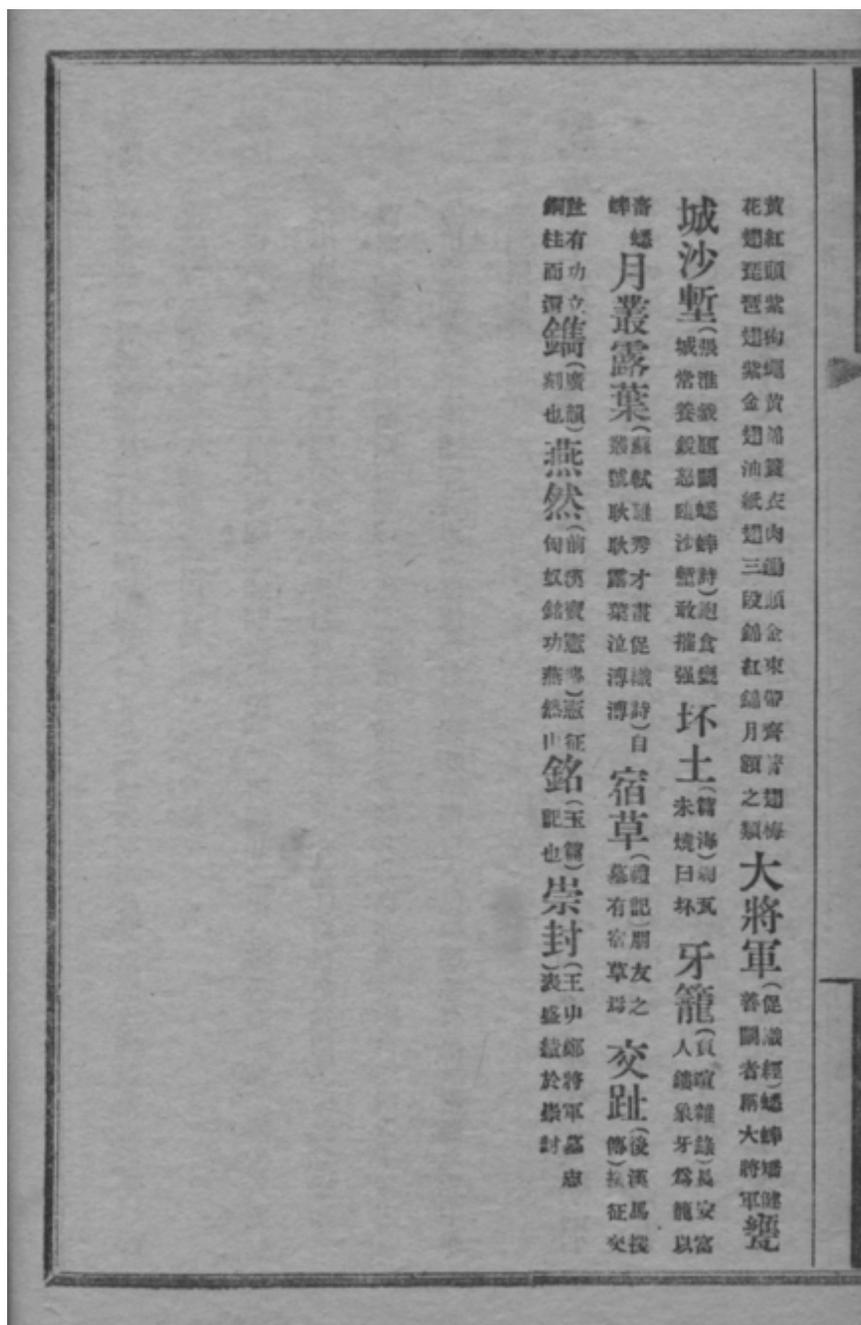
註釋

楚王孫(方言)蟋蟀謂之王孫流徙(漢書)流徙也賈秋壑(宋史)賈似道字秋壑枋用(宋史)枋用

半閒堂(宋史)似道不事朝政於中閒堂西湖(在今浙江)金盆棗(宋史)棗

几(虞翻)蟋蟀賦金盆棗關(真)關捷(廣)捷紅旗(杜牧)紅旗

平章軍國(宋史)平章軍國編譜(宋史)編譜



197.68 Small excerpt from *Tides Of Yangchow* \fn{by Li Han-ch'iu (possible 19th century based on the source-)} China (M) -1

... Teacher Lei was just about to raise the bamboo rod when he suddenly heard, streaming across from the other side of the flower well, the shrill cry of a woman's voice:

“You old good-for-nothing! I see you're all decked out in your scary ghost-face again! Dare strike my child and I'll dock you one year's salary and your holiday gifts to boot! Beat him to death and you're a beggar for sure, and with no place to beg! My child, fear not! Hurry inside and have some ice-swallow soup with your mother.”

Now, all this talk of course didn't amount to anything, but it was easily enough to scare old Sire Ho entirely out of his wits. Teacher Lei frantically hid the bamboo rod under his desk, and the two of them sat there in utter silence, scarcely daring to exhale ...

197.68b Excerpt from **A Divorce After Seventeen Years** \fn{ by Wang Hsi-shen (possible 19th century based on the source) }
 China (M) 1 \fn{ The bibliography in which this and the previous excerpt appear [Link, E. Perry, Jr. *Mandarin Durks And Butterflies: Popular fiction In Early Twentkieth-Century Chinese Cities*. Berkeley, University of California Press, 1981. (MCMLXXXIX) [PL 2442 .L5]] identifies contributions by people born occasionally in the latter part of the 19th century, but whose birth-year could not in 1981 be more specifically identified:H }

... As a matter of fact, the word “divorce” has been quite a fad in society for some time now. And if one asks where in the world divorce is easiest and most common, one must, first and foremost, mention America. Although most politicians like to drone on about China and america clasping hands—these two great Republics, one in the East, one in the West—reflecting one another at a distance, actually there’s no way to speak of them in the same breath—except for this matter of divorce. It’s almost as if China has aught a contagious disease from America. For no good reason at all we’re allowing the big lawyers who hang out their gold-lettered signs to bring in another special item of income. On one day there will be a report that Sir So-and-so and Lady Such-and-such are proceeding with their plan to live together, or that beginning on a certain month and day they will organize a new household. Everything is all spelled out in new-style terminology, and sounds extremely nice. Then before long there comes another public announcement saying that the two sides have agreed to seek a divorce. ...

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE (WITH THREE EXCEPTIONS) CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BETWEEN 1900 AND 1907

267.164 1. Matching Elder Sister Yun’s Rhyme **2.** *Lin jiang xian* **3.** Inscribing A Painting On “Saying Farewell At A Riverbank” **4.** Saying Farewell To My Husband **5.** Sent To My Husband, Using The Rhyme Of The Previous Poem **6.** Thinking Of “Sworn Sister” Li Chujuan **7.** *Zui hua yin* **8.** On the Double Seventh **9.** Sitting By A Stream, Facing The Moon **10.** Facing The Mirror: **Ten Poems** \fn{ by Qu Huixiang (fl.1900) } Linhai, Zhejiang Province, China
 (F) 3

1

The night’s quiet, water clocks fade;
 I stand mute in the court’s shade.
 On mossed steps crickets speak their autumn mind.
 I’m sad that brushwood still grows as before,
 But the deer dream is hard to find.
 *
 A cold dew wets the resting lute
 On three paths dim and dark,
 Its pure tones played no more before the wind.
 Geese drop on flat sand and autumn thoughts go far.
 How much more, henceforth!

2

The sound of the courtyard swing has fallen off,
 The grass hues rueful by the steps.
 What can be done if east wind’s about to leave,
 And scented showers
 Pelt and pelt me from the sprays?
 Pensive, I stand awhile beneath the drapes,
 Alarmed by the sun dipping west.
 To mourn falling blossoms birds vainly call.
 I ask the birds calling,
 For what reason do you call to me?

3

The long dike's willow sports a thousand strands:
 Why could it not know
 How to tie down a boat?
We long had known to meet was at once to part.
 This chanced union we now regret.

*

In the west wind and twilight I wait in vain.
 The sky at dusk spreads far,
 But where is the person of old?
I'd like to see the lone sail in the clouds,
But, then, my sight by those green hills is blocked.

4

The blue grass cloaks south shore;
 I look to heaven's edge
 At layers of dusky clouds
 And hills cluttered past counting.
Mist and waves now more distant everywhere,
 Though a dreamer still loses her way.
 I only wish that
 Our deep love had no hindrance,
 Our heartbeats at one like magic beasts.
Send your letters often and don't delay.
 How many woes do I have?
 To whom can I confide them?

*

Green shades come easy while idle lawns age.
 Shutting the screens,
 In endless memories
 I touch the jade lute sadly.
You are ordered, I know, to leave early
 For places of miasma and fog;
 Their sun's a flame in the sky.
Your fort barred by cold wind and summer rain,
I hope you'll take great care in sleep and food.
 On such "Golden Threads"
 I send you my thoughts.

5

The sail sinks toward cloudy shores;
 Propped in the tower,
 How many times I stare,
 Sadly marking the distance.
I'd weave a text to transmit distant thoughts,
 Those thousand twists of my mind's way.
 I try sending it,
 But it's blocked by river waves
And the dangling willows that hinder sight;
 And thus the letter often finds delay.
 My heart's suppressed dolor
 I have yet to confide.

*

This year in swift flight will soon become old.
Hearing from frosted sky
The crows' calls at midnight,
I tire to touch the jade strings.
The fruit of endless heartache, endless grief:
A broken soul who's lost in fog,
Who faces alone secluded window lamps.
Do you think of a plum blossom of home
Oppressed by frost and snow?
Who will care for her?
Moreover, where's the place
To post such parting thoughts?

6

Spring wind recalls my holding your slender hand:
By the window we drank the brimming wine.
I dread thinking of such old affairs;
Sad feelings match the length of dreams.
The moon above crab apple blooms
Loves to shine on humans parting.
With this thought I stroll back and forth;
My shoe-prints cover the green moss.

7

One leaf, wind-cooled, and the sparse rain has passed,
The gauze curtains pierced by light chill.
I lean on pillows, my dream hard to come—
While crickets chant chirp-chirp,
How does one flee such times of grief?

*

The dim, scented lamp sheds a light small as a bean:
The clock I hear to the end.
The moon's cool, the painted screen dark—
And those clinging willows
Seem to share autumn's thinness, too!

8

Deep and dark the jade abode;
Sheer and dipping the silver stream;
They fit this young autumn's lovely night
When rosy clouds mark heaven's time to meet.
Is it true that
The bridge is by magpies built?

*

Wind and mist of a late night,
Melons and fruits of a cold feast,
And a few courtyards where needles are threaded.
The starry stream is too wide for grief to fill.
Regret that loan
Of a hundred thousand in betrothal cash!

The moon above the stream
 Is like a mirror and a bow,
 Viewed sadly from how many painted towers.
 How many times can it grow round in a year?
 This tranquil light of autumn mist.

The caltrop glass
 Thoughtlessly shows my combing.
 I rue a pink face changing easily
 And hate the dark hair turning soon to frost.
 So, on and on we share our grief.

*

The caltrop glass
 Greets me coldly by green windows.
 Its gleam clearly tells me that I am thin;
 In madness I'd beg you to pity me.
 When will the dream form be complete?

181.82 Fragment Of A Speech At The Chinatown Presbyterian Church By Madame Mai \fn{by Mai Zhouyi
 (before 1903, the year she emmigrated to the United States-)} Canton, China (F) 1

Sisters, don't say that educating women serves no purpose for home and country.

Look for the cause of prosperity in all the Western countries and you will find it in their pool of talented people. Talented people come from learning; learning comes from teaching; and teaching begins at childhood. What we see and hear when we are young remains imprinted in our memory and is not easily forgotten.

Therefore, in order to properly educate our young, we must look to our mothers, for they are the ones whom the children cluster around the whole day, while the fathers spend most of their time away from home. If the mothers are uneducated and just allow their children to indulge themselves in idle play, the children's formative years will be wasted and their future will be adversely affected. However, if the women of today will make the effort to learn and understand their duty to the country, then when the time comes they will be able to educate their children, from whose ranks talented people will surely come.

Why worry, then, that our country will not be prosperous and strong some day? Right here and now I dare say this: The key to a country's prosperity lies in its women's propensity for learning.

It may be difficult to find a good school for girls, but if female students are steadfast in their pursuit of knowledge they will excel and surpass even their teachers. My sisters, we must keep love of country in our hearts. Don't let the weakness of China and the strength of another country turn away your patriotism and discourage you from learning.

As they say, good or bad, it is still our country. Since we know our country is weak, we should seek the cause of its weakness. If another country is strong, we should search out the reason for its strength. There are four hundred million of us men and women in China. If we all do our best for our country, though weak at present, China will someday become strong.

Since landing here, I have spent forty-odd days in the wooden house. All day long I faced the walls and did nothing except eat and sleep like a caged animal. I saw five Chinese ships arrive one after another. Others—Europeans, Japanese, Koreans—were allowed to disembark almost immediately. Even the lowly Black people were greeted by relatives and allowed to go ashore.

Only we Chinese were not allowed to see or talk to our loved ones. In low spirits, we waited for the customs officials to collect our papers and interrogate us. After a few days, we were herded into a cart and escorted by armed guards to the wooden house.

From then on, we could no longer set our eyes on our friends and relatives. Frustrated, we could only sigh and

groan. Even the cargo was picked up from the docks and delivered to its destination after customs duties were paid. Only we Chinese were denied that right.

How can it be that they look upon us as animals? As less than cargo? Do they think we Chinese are not made of flesh and blood? That we don't have souls? Human beings are supposed to be the superior among all creatures. Should we allow ourselves to be treated like cargo and dumb animals? If someone as ignorant as I refuse to be regarded as such, one can imagine how you, my brothers and sisters sitting in this audience, would feel.

They said that the passport I used to come to the United States was not in order. Who knows how many people have been subjected to this kind of capricious harassment? Why then do we Chinese come to this country? All because our country is weak.

While in the wooden shed, I heard someone who was angry say that should China become strong someday, he would kill all white people to get even. Then I heard someone who was more moderate say that if China should become strong and prosperous, he would make the Americans pay for this day by treating them as harshly as they had treated us. \fn{After repeated complaints from Chinese community leaders and missionary workers about the unsafe and unsanitary conditions of this facility—it was in the warehouse of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a two-story shed at the San Francisco wharf—F. P. Sargent, the Immigration Commissioner General himself, personally inspected the facility and was forced to agree. Upon his recommendation, funds were appropriated to build the new immigration station at Angel Island to accommodate Chinese and other aliens coming from Asian countries }

I, of course, also expressed my feelings. What I would do is quite different. If China should become strong one day, I would have a big stone tablet erected at each trading port to commemorate how America kept us in captivity. But I would have “Please enter” carved on it to show the world that in spite of the unkind treatment accorded us by the Americans, we Chinese would treat others more generously. Such a response would be far superior to killing or retaliating in kind.

There is a saying,

“Wisdom is the root cause of a country's prosperity.”

If we want China to prosper, we must first seek wisdom. The Bible says,
“Fear Jehovah, for that is the root of all wisdom.”

My brothers and sisters, fear and respect God and we will attain wisdom. If we want others not to ridicule us, we must not give them cause to laugh at us. Men should not be too self-aggrandizing and women should not be too self-depreciating. We are all wise in our own ways and if we all discharged our responsibilities, China will naturally become strong.

At present, women in China are beginning to become educated and more aware of their obligations to their country. Some of the prominent women like Zhang Zhujun and Du Qingchi \fn{Both strong advocates of Chinese women's emancipation through education } are teaching their students about patriotism. Those who study under them are growing in numbers. This is evidence that Chinese women are catching up with the modern world.

My dear sisters, we must take heart. We are human beings, not to be compared to animals or goods. We must work together so that we can stand in equality and liberty. This, then, is my fondest hope.

267.167 1. *Banyue lou shichao*: “**Preface**” \fn{by Qui Chan (before 1905-)} China (F) -1

As is always said, “poetry is that which expresses intent.” Yet people's intent is not always the same. Much depends on one's situation in life, which then produces a particular way of thinking—this is what the word “intent” means. Thus a particular aspiration engenders a corresponding language; and poetry comes from where such an intent is.

If one is surrounded by such natural beauty as great mountains and vast rivers, one's poetry no doubt centers on such matters as flowers, birds, fish, or insects; if one is serving at the court, one's poetry naturally focuses on such topics as loyalty to the emperor and to the empire; if one is a scholar, then one's poetry of course deals with the art of government and the rise and fall of dynasties; if one's poetry is begotten within the confines of one's boudoir, then it must concern such topics as the spring breeze on the flower or the snow on a moonlit night. That is why it is said that poetry is born of the multitude of feelings, such as happiness, bitterness, sorrow, and joy, as poetry makes manifest each of them.

I have recently read the *Wenhu shichao* and the *Naileng xutan*, and from them I selected some thirty poems by women. These poems were all written by talented women from famous houses of recent times. The topics of their poetry are indeed such matters as personal melancholy and dejection, coupled with exceptional elegance. This is why I am determined to send the poems to the press, regardless of the great cost involved, so that they can be appreciated by kindred spirits. The value of these poems is evident, so that they do not need the wise expert to become known.

Qiu Chan pens this preface in her Moon Companion Studio, one day after the Chongyang festival in the thirty-first year of the reign of Guangxu.\fn{1905}

146.1 A Folktale\fn{by “a member of one of the oldest literary families” (before 1907-)} Chinchew, Fukien Province, China (M) 2

Chinchew stands in the midst of a cultivated plain. To the north of it the Clearspring Mountain and the Breasts rise like a barrier, and on the west lies the mass of Tui Soa, its clean cut peaks and ridges showing clear against the sky. The wall of the far-seen city rules sharp lines upon the landscape, and above them its great central pagodas stand dreaming of ancient days.

The New Bridge, with its gates and fortalice,\fn{Outwork of a fortification.} its curtain wall and drawbridge, its boat-shaped piers and slabs of granite, its balustrades and Buddhist shrines, by which the traveler approaches the southern gate of the city, was fresh from the workman’s hand upon the day of which our story tells.

In bygone times, the earthen rampart of the original settlement, with its crowning barricade of thorns, had been replaced upon a wider scale; but now these defenses, already too limited for the increasing population, had been removed in their turn, only the four gates being left astride the lengthened streets to serve as watch towers for the city, while far beyond them a forty-foot stone wall, broad enough for a chariot to be driven along the top, and nearly ten miles in circumference, secured the place.

His Excellency Ong Sip-peng, the builder of the new Chinchew, was in perplexity; walls, temples, and bridges had risen beneath his hand, and the city, with its paved streets and ordered houses, its canals and carefully constructed drainage system, its *yamens*\fn{Courts of justice.} and sculptured pagodas, stood complete. Many obstacles had been swept aside by the great administrator in the course of his labors, but now, at the moment of achievement, an unlooked-for difficulty stood in the path. The wall was finished and the gates set up, but a sacrifice could not be found to “cease the work.” Had the victim required by the ancient usage been but a heifer or a sheep, it would have taken little trouble to provide it—even a human sacrifice might have been procured from the crowded prisons—but the offering called for was different from these. The immemorial rite demanded that a young virgin without shoes or dress should worship at the altars of the spirits of the city, laying herself down afterwards upon the new-built wall, a living sacrifice in behalf of the people. Alas! No maiden could be found, none of the inhabitants being willing to give a daughter for such a service.

The Governor was dismayed. His proclamations hung unheeded on the *yamen* walls. The citizens, torn between fear and selfishness, watched one another, each hoping that someone else might make the sacrifice which he himself refused. The slighted gods would surely smite them. Swift and terrible would be their vengeance if no substitute were found. The fountains would burst among the hills and the springs deep in the river-bed would boil as the Dragon of the flood stirred up the waters; then the river would overflow, covering the plain and sweeping the city; or thunderbolts would fall, flinging the red banner of destruction over the flaming houses; or plague, the flail of death, would strike their homes.

The days passed, and men sat waiting each in his own house.

At last, however, a virgin was discovered willing to bare her young body and make the offerings needful for the peace of the city. Ong Sip-peng’s perplexity was at an end, but grief had fallen upon his home, for his own daughter was to undergo the dreaded ordeal. The *yamen* stood silent, and the city sat abashed and solitary. People were lonely amidst their friends, and little business was done in the market-places. The sound of voices was hushed at the wells and the women put no flowers in their hair.

On the day appointed for the offering of surcease folk were stirring at the dawn and soon the whole city was in the streets. Slowly through the crowded thoroughfares the procession made its way, as the officials, attended by troops of soldiers, escorted the maiden from the *yamen* to the wall. It was a scene to make April in men’s souls, the sun glancing on weapons and armor, and the insignia of magisterial state, touching the robes of horsemen and the embroidered furniture of their horses, and kindling each colored pennon in its rays, whilst tears were falling.

Ong Sip-peng and his suite took up their position near the altars on the wall. To right and left the ramparts were thronged, and the neighboring streets, as well as the roofs of houses and temples, were covered with people. There was a sound of trumpets. The brazier fires were kindled, and, as the smoke rose upon the clear air, the girl came forth clothed only in her shrinking womanhood. The rough-hewn granite bruised her feet, and she bent and trembled beneath the eyes of multitudes. To the Eastern maiden, sheltered as she had been from childhood against the public gaze, it was an hour of fierce distress, this ordeal of shame. Her own nakedness clung about her limbs and blistered them, like the fabled dress, of stinging nettles. With brimming eyes and shaking fingers she served

the altars, ordering fruit and flowers and incense in seemly fashion and arranging the offerings of food. When all was finished she paused, whilst silence held the breathless people. She turned herself, looking hither and thither, as if about to flee, then she faltered, dazed with fear and strange sorrow, and the pity of her dark hair fell about the rounded girlish shoulders.

The women covered their faces and wept. Then, shaking with terror, the girl lay down upon the wall, surrendering herself to whatever fate the unseen gods might lay upon her.

Again the trumpets sounded; the sacrifice was at an end, but a sudden access of shame took the maiden, and, unable to fight against her trouble longer, she rushed to the battlements, and threw herself from the wall. Life had left the lithe young limbs when they found her broken body beneath the ramparts. The ransom was complete, and the city-builder, stricken at the moment of his triumph, got him home again with his dead.

Ong Sip-peng, like the princely T'angs and all the fire-led house of Sung, has passed away.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

But the gray city, once so fair, recalls the ancient days; the legend of its builder haunts the mouldering wall, and the incomparable virgin woe of the maiden who redeemed it will linger long after its battlements have fallen.

The tide of human life, heavy with sin and misery, has flowed for centuries without cessation through its ancient streets, but of all the lives that have come and gone in them, there has been none more exquisite for sorrow or for shame than hers. Many have come and gone and been forgotten, but against the darkness of the heathen night the figure of a nameless girl stands out in beauty, and across the ages her agony still calls to far Gethsemane.

146.3 A Folktale \fn {by "a former servant of the Intendant's" (before 1907-)} Chinchew, Fukien Province, China (M) 3

Many years ago, in Chin chew city, a lad whom we may call Tan lived with his widowed mother, in the one wretched room which served them for a home. When old enough he took service as a boy in a cash-shop, so as to do his share in providing food for the two mouths of the family.

Tan's master kept him busy running errands, cooking rice, working sums upon the abacus, and sorting out money, good and bad, for those who came to change their silver at the counter. But, while thus employed among strings of copper cash, the lad snatched precious moments in which to practice writing on such stray scraps of paper as he could find. In the dim twilight of the dusky shop or under its smoky lamp, he would sit plying his brush till called away, and soon showed such skill in the all-important art of forming letters, that his master, with the interest in literary effort so characteristic of the people, encouraged him to persevere.

The lad made rapid progress; from the practice of handwriting he went on to composition, evincing considerable ability in building such essays as are required from the literary candidates at the examinations. One of the neighbors, a scholar named Nng, noticing the promise shown by the young student, spoke to the lad's mother, saying,

"Your son is cut out for a man of letters; you should not leave him longer at his present occupation."

"But the child must help to earn his living," said the woman; "a widowed house cannot support a student."

"Don't worry about that, my friend," continued Mr. Nng; "if your son will come to me, I can train him myself, and his studies will cost you nothing. He may repay me by and by, if he wishes to do so, when his efforts have been crowned with success."

Young Tan profited so much under his benefactor's teaching, that, when only twenty years of age, he took the bachelor's degree, graduating as Master of Arts some two years later. Such were the boy's gifts and such his industry that no test seemed too great for his powers, and he reached at length the highest goal of scholarship, entering the "Forest of Pencils" and becoming member of the Imperial Academy of Letters.

The boy who had toiled early and late for so many years in Chinchew developed into a remarkable personality; big-boned and of imposing presence, his strong face marked with heavy eyebrows and his authoritative voice claiming respect from all. A sound scholar, he was also prompt in action, showing capacity in business matters and a remarkable aptness for the diplomacies of *yamen* life.

After occupying several minor posts under the Government, the widow's son was appointed to the important

office of Intendant of Circuit at Seleng, in the province of Kansuh. Among other matters calling for immediate attention at Seleng, he found that several complaints against Buddhist monks had been left unsettled by his predecessor. The monks in question lived within his circuit, at a place called Pek-hoa-si, or White Flower Monastery. Most of the undetermined charges laid at their door were for abducting women and bestowing them no one knew where: in connection with more than one of these suits the monastery had been searched and every possible source of evidence ransacked, but without result. No proofs sufficiently incriminating had been discovered, and although the monks were known to have the women hidden away, they had managed to elude detection. Mr. Tan's interest was attracted by these cases, and he determined to settle them if possible. Rumor had it that the monks were very wealthy, and as crafty as they were rich. Here then was an enterprise worthy of all his efforts; where others had failed, he would succeed. Thus, urged on by duty and self-interest alike, he laid his plans with care.

When the Intendant's scheme was perfected, he chose a fitting time, and, having arranged for the discharge of business during his absence, proceeded to the monastery. It was necessary to act promptly, for the plan in part depended on his person being unknown to the monks.

A journey of some days brought the traveler to his destination. It was a lovely spot upon a wooded hill, where the shrines were buried amidst the cool green foliage of trees. The soft summer wind breathed in their shaded courts, whilst a tumbling stream echoed among the rocks below. Here and there in chosen places were summer-houses, where visitors from busy cities rested themselves in dreamy ease, and others, more earnest than their fellows, in dreamier contemplation; whilst ever and again the sound of an unseen bell, chiming far within the recesses of the mountain, floated past.

Having taken up his quarters at the monastery, the Intendant made a friend of the Abbot, who was head and brain of the community. He cultivated the society of the monks, passing the sunny hours with them among the shaded courts and shy pavilions of the holy place. He lingered on the paved terraces among camellias and citron trees, spending many an hour chatting over thin-stemmed water-pipes, garlanded with white jasmine flowers, or drinking tea more delicately fragrant than the odorous blossoms in the gardens; he visited the pampered pigs and fowls, the buffaloes and querulous camels, kept in sacred ease at the monastery stables by merit-seeking devotees; he watched the lazy carp splash for biscuits in their guarded pool; he worshipped night and morning in the dim center temple, where the gilded images sit with dreamy faces amidst the shadows.

Thus time passed in an amiable, careless way, as though the claims of office were all forgotten, and the monks came to regard the familiar presence as one of themselves. On a certain morning, Mr. Tan noticed one of the monks open a secret door behind the shrine of Kwan-yin, the goddess of Mercy, and disappear. Next day he left the mountain for the city; he had got what he wanted. The key to the mystery of the White Flower Monastery lay in his hands.

Soon after his return to headquarters Mr. Tan summoned the chief people of the district, and taking them into his confidence, explained how he had determined to bring the famous monks to a reckoning. The people's help, however, was indispensable for carrying out the project which he had formed. The villagers must give their aid under the bond of secrecy; not a word must be said which could alarm the priests and put them on their guard. It would be best to take the monks at unawares, and by craft if possible, rather than by force: since they were skilled in blowing deadly iron arrows from their mouths and so numerous that to attack them openly among the mountains might lead to serious loss of life.

The village headmen, anxious to be free from the malpractices of such formidable neighbors, joyfully consented to do their part in carrying out the scheme. Forthwith the work was put in hand. On a given day the villagers, acting on instructions from their chiefs, sent to the monastery from all the surrounding country for priests to perform thanksgiving ceremonies, or the usual rites for warding off calamity. Thus it was brought about that the monks were scattered in twos and threes. Secret orders had already been given to the families with whom the priests were lodged; and during the night following the ceremonies for which they had been summoned, they were put to death.

Early in the morning, after the night fixed on for the priest-killing, the Intendant, having borrowed two hundred soldiers from the military authorities of the district, surrounded the monastery. As he approached the place, the Abbot, attended only by two young priests, came out to welcome him, but filled with suspicion at the strength of the escort accompanying his friend, he fled. The monks, less wary than their master, were seized by the Intendant and compelled to show where the valuables of the temple were concealed. This they did, pointing out its various stores of goods. On passing through the hidden door behind the idol of Kwan-yin, Mr. Tan discovered a passage leading to a rift in the hills, the sides of which were formed by towering cliffs and

precipices. At the bottom of this little ravine lay a level bit of ground, occupied by buildings, from which over thirty women were recovered.

At length, choosing a moment when the soldiers were scattered through the grounds and buildings of the establishment, the monks asked their captor to dismiss his personal attendant for a moment, as they had something of importance for his eye alone. On his complying with their request, they led him into a secret chamber filled with the ill-gotten treasures of the monks, where the once destitute boy was dazzled by the sight of silver beyond counting, not to speak of three images of the goddess of Mercy with their attendant Lo-han idols, all of gold. The precious metal had been carefully painted over to conceal it from uninitiated eyes, so that, but for his informants, Mr. Tan would have failed to recognize the full value of his find.

The greatness of the discovery staggered the explorer. Here was wealth beyond his utmost hopes. A sudden mad desire seized him, his clear mind grasping in a moment what this treasure-trove might mean for one who should have nerve enough to venture all for its possession. Learning, office, fame, what were these in comparison with immediate enrichment!

In a flash the choice was made. Ruthless measures were taken lest the monks should speak to others of the painted gold. His Excellency, as in duty bound, had the silver packed up and forwarded to the Emperor; but he kept the images, saying,

“I will worship these myself.”

When the idols had been conveyed to his own quarters in the city, the adroit functionary employed two goldsmiths, whom he had bribed to secrecy, to cut them up into thin slips. These slips were placed between the pages of books, of which he purchased large stores, as officials often do when returning from office to their native cities. The gold having been prepared for transit in this fashion, the unfortunate workmen were made away with, lest they should betray the nature of their labors.

The Intendant's chief difficulty, however, was to secure the silence of the leader of the soldiers, a certain Tin-tai. To him therefore he gave an archer's thumb-ring of precious jade, possessing the virtue of coloring fluids green to such an extent, that if he dipped it in a large tub of water, the whole would be tintured by it. But fearing that the Tin-tai might betray him, notwithstanding the bribe, the guilty man afterwards accused him of appropriating this ring, and had him beheaded by order of the Emperor.

Having thus succeeded beyond all his expectations, Mr. Tan asked for sick leave, praying the permission of the Dragon Throne to return to his native city, where he might be cared for at his own home by physicians acquainted with his malady. The silver which had been forwarded to the palace having smoothed the way, he obtained the leave asked for, and went off carrying his precious books with him. What more natural than that an official whose career had been founded in love of letters should devote part of his well-earned gains to the acquisition of a library? Tradition, it is true, conspired with public opinion against a mandarin's returning from his post with trains of baggage borne behind his silken chair. The mere appearance of having multiplied possessions, whilst acting as “father and mother of the people” under the Son of Heaven, was to be avoided. No one would venture to complain of books, however, whilst quantities of any other luggage would have raised suspicion in every town and village through which his retinue might chance to pass.

Thus at one throw the fortunes of the Tan family, if fortunes they may be called, were founded.

His Excellency did not resume his northern Intendantship. The climate of the south suited him better. The monks, several of whom had escaped the ruin of their community, were burning for revenge, and they were not men to be trifled with. No one knew this better than Mr. Tan. The practiced administrator was, however, a match for his enemies. A man less gifted had been lost, for only a nature joining snake-like subtlety to the clear eye and relentless spring of the tiger could have escaped. The priests, for their part, knew the powers of the man with whom they had to deal, and, much as they longed to punish their enemy, they feared to place themselves within reach of his claws.

Reports continued to be spread in the north as to the Intendant's precarious health. A wasting illness was said to have fastened upon him, his strength was failing, his mind was sick, soon death would end his sufferings. It was impossible for one so shattered ever to resume the cares of office. Mr. Tan was never to be seen in the streets of Chinchew. Indisposition confined him to his chamber.

The monks, who had a subterranean news agency of their own, learned, as was intended, of this prolonged confinement. It was true then, the outraged idols had avenged themselves, smiting the sacrilegious robber with lingering death.

Time passed, but his Excellency kept close, like a Chinese tiger crouching in its cave. He had scanned the book of life too well not to foresee some further action on the part of the monks. He was right. The Abbot, almost as

wily as himself, resolved to visit Chinchew, in order to verify the rumors that had reached him at the White Flower Monastery! The visitor, whose arrival at the Tan mansion was not unexpected, was received there with a simple courtesy. On inquiring for the great man, he was told that his Excellency was very ill. The fourth son of the family entertained the honored guest with due formality, but without any marked attention. The holy man's name was unknown to him, but that was not surprising, his venerated father had so many friends in distant parts. Had his Excellency been able, he would no doubt have gladly welcomed one who had come so far to see him. The whole family would certainly have joined in detaining his reverence had there been any reasonable hope of their venerable chief's speedy recovery, but that, unfortunately, was not to be expected.

"Ah!" thought the Abbot, "the Intendant is really ill; the home-going was not a ruse; we may leave him to the vengeance of the gods."

Young Mr. Tan dismissed the visitor, after providing him with a sum of money sufficient for his homeward journey. Thus a dangerous interview was avoided, and the matter of the images was at rest; for the monks, who knew that by their ill-gotten wealth they had incurred the odium of rulers and people alike, did not dare publish their loss by openly seeking their stolen treasure. The Abbot, seeing that further efforts would be useless, left the city and returned no more to Chinchew.

But wrongful gains did not bring lasting wealth. In course of time the great man died in the handsome red brick house adorned with beautiful rockery gardens which he had built for himself within the city. The tablet marking his rank as an academician remains above the doorway, over whose threshold he will never pass again. His family has dwindled, the gardens and summer-houses which he constructed are in ruins, and the gold for which a glorious scholar, forgetting honor and piety, sold the outcome of so many patient years, and a promising official vilely cast away his seal, is lost, with all the other idols of the man's undoing; but the account is still to pay.

146.6 A Folktale {by "the son of the man who bought the tripod (before 1907-)"} Chinchew, Fukien Province, China
(M) 1

The house of Tsng Han-lim, the famous scholar and virtuoso, was full of books, bronzes, and precious porcelains, its chief treasures being collected in the book room, a small but well-furnished chamber with a suite of several apartments opening out of it. Here, among calligraphic scrolls and rubbings of inscriptions, hung the picture of a phoenix, which, viewed from a distance, showed the empress bird in graceful outline, but looked at nearer, changed into a mass of ruddy feathers, and on still closer inspection resolved itself into a whirling red mist. The porcelain hat-stand, and other ornaments upon the dais at the upper end of the room, were of fine Kiangsi five color ware, and on a carved stand at one side stood a *sang-de-bœuf* vase, the highly glazed enamel of which reflected the objects in the room. Opening off the study was the library, and in the room beyond it again a collection of ancient Chinese coins.

The quest for such objects had occupied Mr. Tsng for years, increasing until it had become a passion which led him into serious extravagances, interfering sometimes also with his discharge of public business. Indeed, it was supposed that where all other gifts had failed to influence him, a well-timed present of a piece of Fukien white or an incense burner of genuine Ming bronze was almost certain to produce the desired effect.

The academician's mania for collecting was so well known, that dealers pursued him even upon his travels. On a certain occasion, when the duties of Literary Chancellor had carried him into the province of Honan, word was brought by one of these men, that some individual in the vicinity had come into possession of an ancient bronze vessel of considerable value.

Mr. Tsng caused inquiries to be made as to the whereabouts of this treasure, but for a time without success. The dealer, however, undertook to find the bronze and gave it brought to the neighboring prefectural city, where the Chancellor was shortly due. After some days, this man wrote stating that he had discovered the object of his search, which proved to be a tripod, worn by age and exposure to sea-water, but with an almost legible inscription in curious "tadpole" characters upon it.. The metal of which it was composed was thin and light, but unbroken.

Its owner, however, refused to allow it out of his own keeping, and being much occupied with affairs, declined to bring it to the city where his Excellency then was. In fact, it was doubtful whether he would sell it for any price, as he seemed convinced that the tripod was historical; since the ancient books referred to a vessel of the same description which had been thrown into the sea not far from the place where the bronze in question was actually discovered.

This message raised the Chancellor's expectations to white heat, and he sent off a messenger instructing the

dealer to spare no expense, but to bring the tripod and its owner with all dispatch into the city. Still the man lingered, and it was only after a considerable delay that a second letter arrived, explaining that the possessor of the bronze was not inclined to part with it. Fresh inquiries from the Chancellor brought the reply that the man would sell if he got his own price, but that he would not accept a smaller sum than twelve thousand *taels* of silver.

This was a crushing blow, for such a price was staggering even to a Literary Chancellor, into whose pockets money flowed like water. His Excellency, however, was fairly in the toils; the collector's lust had seized him, and though wincing at the price demanded, he ordered his agent to have the bronze brought into the city before the close of the examinations should render it necessary for him to leave the prefecture.

After some more procrastination the dealer at last appeared bringing the precious tripod and its owner with him. The man, who was conveyed into his Excellency's presence within an hour of his arrival, answered the questions put to him in a simple and apparently straightforward manner. He had found the tripod while fishing in the bay near his own home. It had got entangled in his nets, and had been dragged with difficulty from the mud at the bottom of the water. Noticing that it was very thin and light, and that the lettering upon the surface was ancient, he had shown it to people skilled in such things, and had learned that possibly the tripod might be as ancient as the times of Yu the Great himself. {The last of the pre-dynastic rulers, c.2205BC.} Despite the improbability of this last suggestion, the Chancellor was impressed by the man's story, and his eyes gleamed with excitement as he, looked at the ancient vessel. Then, fearing lest his eagerness might betray itself further, he dismissed the man, saying that when he had the leisure to do so, he himself would carefully examine the tripod.

No sooner was the owner gone, however, than his Excellency sent for such catalogues and encyclopedias giving descriptions of old bronzes, as were procurable within the city, and spent the evening studying them, in the hope that he might discover something about the date and value of the vessel. As he was turning over one of these books, he came upon a woodcut so closely resembling the tripod that it arrested his attention. Beneath the woodcut was a description which gave detailed measurements and an account of the tadpole characters engraved upon the surface of the bronze described.

Dumb with eagerness, he coned the page, comparing the vessel and the picture. The more he studied them, the more exact did the resemblance between the two appear to be. The measurements corresponded; the inscription, allowing for long exposure and erosion, was the same. The metal was strangely thin, however, giving only a dull wooden sound when struck; but that was said to be a mark of very ancient bronze. The weight was considerably less than that mentioned in the book, but this fact, as well as the thinness of the material, might easily be accounted for by the vicissitudes of centuries.

Calling one of his secretaries, a relative of his own whom he could trust, the Chancellor told him of his discovery, and made him test each detail of the resemblances so that there might be no mistake. The secretary was soon almost as enthusiastic as his chief, and the two began encouraging each other in the belief that one of the long-lost treasures of ancient China stood before them.

Next morning negotiations for the purchase of the bronze were begun, and after several days of cheapening and strife, the Chancellor secured the coveted antique for six thousand *taels*. When the bargain was completed, the chief officials of the city and the leading members of his retinue were invited to drink wine in honor of the occasion. A feast was spread, and when the guests had eaten to the full, they were conducted to a room where, upon a large table, the newly acquired tripod was placed, with the book containing the description lying open beside it. The measurements, weight, and inscription were pointed out to the guests, who hailed each new coincidence with pleasure, draining the cups of wine handed to them in celebration of such indubitable evidence that they were privileged to see a famous relic of bygone ages. The lettering of the difficult inscription was studied long and carefully, in its turn confirming the opinion that the ancient vase was genuine. More wine was called for and drunk amid a chorus of congratulations.

"Ah," said one of the scholars, whose eye had fallen on the book upon the table, "there remains a test which has not yet been applied to his Excellency's tripod."

"What is that?" queried another of the company.

"We have not proved how much the tripod will hold," answered the scholar. "See, in this description of it the internal capacity of the vessel is given."

"Our friend is right," cried the Chancellor. "Ho there! Let the proper amount of water be brought and carefully measured into the tripod."

In obedience to the summons a servant fetched some water and poured the required quantity into the bronze. It filled the tripod to the brim. Shouts of acclamation greeted this fresh proof of genuineness. More jars of wine were called for. The guests with new congratulations surrounded the table, and raised their beakers again to

celebrate their host's good fortune, when—*pee-uk*—a slight cracking sound was heard, and streams of water burst from the tripod, flooding the table and pouring upon the floor. The famous bronze had broken, and was melting into pulp before the eyes of the astonished revelers.

When the Chancellor and his friends had shaken off their stupefied surprise they discovered that the tripod was a counterfeit of *papier-mâché*, treated cunningly with clay and verdigris and covered with brown varnish so as to resemble ancient bronze. It was an exquisite imitation, the *chef d'œuvre* of a master craftsman, a manipulation scarcely possible outside of China, where, if anywhere, the last word of finished guile in human handiwork has been spoken.

146.7 A Folktale\fn{by Eng-pen (before 1907-)} An-hai?, Fukien Province, China (M) 3

Chhim-haw is a fishing village by the sea, its red-roofed houses crowding over a narrow promontory, like boys let loose from school; here filling the opener ground, there pushing one another down precipitous places to the water's brink. North of the village lies a sandy bay, whose generous curves recall the sweep of far horizons. This bay is the glory of Chhim-haw, which looks back from its sea-worn point over blue waters, where the wind splashes the waves with flake-white, and the sun scatters flying gold. Land-ward stretch low dunes and sand-blown farmsteads with glossy saddle-plants on the field edges, spindling sweet potatoes in the drills, and wild chrysanthemums, that shyly star the rocks with yellow. Where the bay ends and the spit starts seaward, masses of granite break from the sand, rising into weather-bitten hills as the land narrows.

Among these boulders the village finds foothold for its bustling life. Its chief street skirts the harbor, sometimes dropping to the beach level, sometimes transforming itself to rough-built quays. Here twists of flax grass and bales of cotton mingle with foreign-looking boxes, while tubs of shoes, packages of sugar, and bulging bamboo bottles of oil rub shoulders with deep-bellied crates; there fish, both dried and salted, whitened amphora containing native spirits, jars of salted vegetables, bundles of tobacco, nets, and bags of rice, are vigorously handled by troops of coolies.

The damp pier stones are hustled by sharp sea-wind and dashed with spray, whilst big junks, sadly reduced each year, it is true, by steamer competition, strain their hempen cables as they tumble heavily in the harbor, or, at the ebb, lie floundered on the sand.

On the day our story opens, a man with shaven head, black turban, and loose blue jacket, paused outside a Gotton warehouse near the harbor of Chhim-haw. Glancing through the unglazed windows at its worn counters, its earthen floor, and low-roofed outer room, he entered the door and mingled with the busy crowd within. Presently, choosing a moment when everyone was occupied, he crept up a narrow ladder at the back of the place, and disappeared inside a loft where cotton bales were kept.

Adroit as Khiu-goan, the hero of the events here recorded, had been, his movements did not escape observation. The owner of the warehouse had noted them. For the rest of the day he kept an eye on the ladder from the desk at which he was posted, and with the patient persistency of the Oriental, he sat on through the night, watching and working until the dawn. Khiu-goan lay close among the cotton bales, not daring to move. Next day the blockade continued, for, busy as the merchant was, he kept the ladder continually in view.

On the second evening the good man sent a servant with eight hundred cash to buy wine and other necessaries for a feast, and had dinner served in his office for two persons. The employees were given a night off, and went to their homes. When the shutters were up, and the door carefully barred behind the last of the men, the merchant had a look at the table, and, going to the foot of the ladder, called his unknown guest.

"Elder brother," he said, "you must be hungry after two days and a night in the loft; come down and eat with me." The invitation met with no response.

"Elder brother, come down and fear not," he repeated. "I am here alone, for the men have gone; and see, I mean well by you—your dinner waits."

After some persuasion and many promises, Khiu-goan, finding himself discovered, crept from his hiding-place and descended the ladder. He was stiff and hungry, and not a little abashed; but the merchant was courtesy itself, and presently he found himself seated at his table as if they had been friends for many years. When the meal was nearly over, his host turned to him with the question:

"Well, brother, why did you come here to rob me?"

"But, venerable uncle, I—"

"Brother, I have followed the profession myself, and know exactly what you were about when you climbed into my cotton loft. Tell me, why did you come here?"

“I was in debt for twenty dollars, and knew not where to find the money.”

“Oh, if that is all, I think that I can help you,” said his entertainer, and leaving the table for a moment, he returned with the money in his hand.

Early next morning the merchant rose and sent Khiu-goan away before anyone was stirring.

Some days afterwards one of his sons happened to go into the loft. A gleam of light caught his eye among the shadows. The boy looked again, and there, among the cotton bales, a heap of treasure was lying. It consisted of silver hairpins such as Chinese women wear, with rings, buckles, and other ornaments of the same precious metal. Unable to contain himself for wonder and delight, the lad called loudly for his father. When the merchant saw the silver, he said,

“This is the usufruct of the twenty dollars. Our friend has been here to show his gratitude, for honor among thieves is strong.”

Khiu-goan’s second visit to the cotton warehouse cost him dearly, however. With great daring he had broken into a pawnshop, and carried off, among other things, the silver with which to repay his benefactor. With no less skill he had evaded his accomplices, re-entered the merchant’s premises, and left again unnoticed. But the gang of which he was the leader, greatly dissatisfied by the amount of silver which he had appropriated, demanded its restoration.

“It is true,” they said, “that we depend upon your skill and daring in such an enterprise as we have just achieved, and you deserve the lion’s share of the spoil, but we ought also to be considered. You endangered your life by breaking into an armed pawnshop, but surely we risked something whilst waiting at your call outside. Why should you rob us of our just proportion of the plunder?”

It was impossible for Khiu-goan to say what had become of the silver. His lips were sealed. The laws of the lawless are inexorable; by them he stood condemned. His reckless followers seized him. A bamboo cylinder, fitting the socket, was placed over each eye in succession; a peculiar tap was given to the upper end, and the ball jumped out. Khiu-goan’s career of brilliant burglary was at an end.

We next find our hero at Anhai, the principal trading port of the city of Chinchew. Here he became king of the beggars. These people form a considerable and almost an independent community within the body politic of most Chinese towns. Over such an *imperium in imperio* blind Khiu-goan now found himself the ragged emperor. He administered its affairs, directing, no doubt, its campaigns of annoyance and other methods for extorting money from the neighbors, settling disputes, assessing blackmail to be paid by shopkeepers and others for the privilege of immunity from clamorous larders, detailing skirmishers to scour the country, and leprosy or otherwise loathsome mendicants to blockade the doorways of refractory citizens, till loss of custom, and disgust should have brought them to terms.

Khiu-goan also became a banker, lending money to the beggars at exorbitant rates. The sums were small, but the interest, payable monthly, was extorted to the last penny. On one occasion he was seen escorting a tattered debtor under arrest. He had the wretch’s queue fast coiled, around one fist, and in the other he carried a long bamboo pipe. The street resounded as the pair slowly passed along, a cry from the victim every now and then, marking where the captor had punctuated his clamorous reproaches by a vicious pipe-thrust.

Khiu-goan’s ancient craft was not forgotten. Unable to join their expeditions as of yore, he acted as trusted counselor to the thieves of the district.

One day some of them came to consult him on a matter of importance. Foreigners had occupied a building in the town, ostensibly for the proclamation of new doctrines. The place was reported to be full of valuable things, such as lamps, clocks, and watches. Would the venerable master craftsman, who could see better than any of them, pay the place a visit and find out the lie of the land?

Khiu-goan having accepted this delicate commission, his first step was to attend the service at the church. He accordingly joined the congregation one Sunday, and listened to strange things: to words chanted after barbarian fashion; to uncanny talking with someone, who, so far as he knew, was not in the room; to presumptuous discoursing, at imminent risk no doubt of His sovereign displeasure, about the Supreme Ruler. The blind thief showed his disapproval of these things by making disparaging remarks, and otherwise disturbing the proceedings; but, in spite of all, there was something in what he heard that impressed him.

After the service Khiu-goan was courteously entertained by the unsuspecting Christians. They were a miserable, unpatriotic set of people, whose hearts had been changed by pernicious foreign drugs; but the tea they gave him was good, and it suited his plans to sit and talk with them. He became gradually interested in what they had to tell. Besides, they were kind to him, as if his being blind and a beggar made no difference to them.

Was it possible that what they said was true—that God cared for men, that death did not end all, that sin might

be forgiven? The questions he had meant to ask with burglarious intent died away upon his lips, and feeling strangely indisposed to carry out his investigations, he put them off for the present, meaning to pursue them some other day.

The thieves were surprised by Khiu-goan's report of his visit to the barbarian worship hall. It was quite unlike the spirited performance that had been expected of him. When he continued to attend the services, the beggars grew suspicious, and refused to lead him thither. But when thrown over by his associates, he did not lack guidance, for a Christian lad used to conduct him to church; though the boy's former teacher, happening to meet the incongruous pair, complained bitterly to the lad's father of the disgrace brought upon himself by one of his pupils associating with so notorious a character as the blind beggar.

Khiu-goan never carried out the thieves' commission, and the plan to rob the church came to nothing. Light broke in upon his mind at last. His heart was blind no longer. The sightless chief of the beggars saw the glorious King, and fell at His feet. A thrill ran through the place when it was known that he had changed his ways.

Before the old man was baptized, he had an interview with the small Christian community of Anhai. In the presence of these friends he produced with fumbling fingers a book, much worn and soiled. It proved to be a ledger of accounts, containing notes of all the sums due from his many debtors, with the interest accruing thereupon. What a record of sordid avarice and cruelty it was may perhaps be imagined by those who have seen usury at work in a land where flesh and blood are available assets, and the scale of interest begins at twelve per cent per annum.

Picture that group of humble people: their rough blue cotton dress, their shaven heads and yellow faces; the blind central figure; the words of confession wrung from a changed heart, as the man who had been forgiven much forgave all who owed him and renounced his darling sin. A fire was kindled, the book was burned: what represented a fortune to the blind beggar was destroyed.

It was but a gathering of common folk in a dingy room, but the fire of God fell there as the book turned to ashes, and the last sparks died from its crackling pages. Shadows, darker than the shade cast by the guttering lamp upon the earthen floor, lay round those sin-stained lives; but the scene rises into majesty as one looks back upon it, for it is touched by sacrifice, and the glory of the Lamb doth lighten it.

A few days later, Khiu-goan was received into the Church; but so bitterly opposed to Christianity was the heathen community of Anhai, that the ceremony could not be performed within the place. To get over the difficulty thus occasioned, a junk was brought round from Amoy and anchored in the creek not far from the village. When all the preparations necessary for the service had been made, the little handful of Christians slipped quietly through the busy streets, and found their way on board the vessel. There, free from danger of interference, with the tide washing through the inlet, and strange craft dropping seaward under press of brown mat sails, or hauling painfully against the stream to the creak of oars and the plunging splash of bamboo poles, the floating Church received its congregation.

One can see the swaying low-roofed cabin, the quiet company of worshippers, the grave faces—that of the blind man with a light in it, as if the reflection of the brazier fire had not wholly died away, the bowed heads, the simple service, the hush of the ancient rite, the joy of the unseen Master, as Khiu-goan and three others, the first-fruits of Anhai, were baptized into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God.

As to the last scene of all—where, when, after what fashion was the home-going of Khiu-goan—I cannot tell you. But I know that the waters were weaving their sea-magic in Chhim-haw Bay, and the sand whispering on the dunes, when the call was given. Whether the tide was flowing beneath the turquoise sky, or ebbing seawards through the darkness, I do not know; but it was setting home for him. And this is certain, that if we knew not the manner of his passing, Jesus did.

268.45 A Detailed Description Of The Final Days And Execution Of Qiu Jin \fn{by Fonu (before 1907-)} China
(F) 2

Alas! As I wrote the account of this case, my heart broke, my innards felt shredded, and my tears welled up like a tide! How could I bear to write this record! But a bunch of despicable villains, people like Guifu and Zhang Zengyang, Yuan Di, and Hu Daonan, either made secret accusations thus precipitating this disaster, or contrived false confessions in order to justify her sentence. Bereft of human feeling, completely insane, and lacking any regard for human life, they deceived themselves so as to deceive others and flaunted public opinion, all in the hopes that this wrongful case would remain forever hidden at the bottom of the deep sea.

That is why, despite the pain, I could not but write this account, so that my sisters might have an inkling of the real facts of this case.

At about eight o'clock in the morning of the fourth day of the Sixth Month, Mr. ———, the music teacher, arrived from the Middle School, \fn{The Shaoxing Prefectural School}, and reported that Guifu had gone to Hangzhou to mobilize two detachments of troops, which had reached Shaoxing that very morning. Guifu was then planning to go to Dongpu to search the house of the Xu family, after which he would immediately come and search the School.

Sometime after eleven o'clock, the cook returned from town and said to the lady scholar:

"A little while ago, I heard people in the teahouse say that prefect Guifu is going to arrest you, so please leave quickly." She replied saying:

"This has nothing to do with me! It is nothing but nonsense! Even though this school may have been founded by Xu Xilin, he is only one of the old teachers, so why should the teachers of the school be implicated in this case? I am a pure and spotless woman and haven't committed the slightest crime, so why should I run away and provide people with an excuse to accuse me of fleeing like a coward!" I happened to be there as well, and so I urged her saying:

"You are doubtlessly right, but these rapacious officials are bound to abuse the law in order to further their careers. I'm afraid that it may not be in your best interest to refuse to flee." The lady scholar said:

"Is there no justice in this world then?" I replied:

"It is a mistake to try to talk justice with barbarian officials who do not have the requisite understanding of what justice means." She then said:

"They may be barbarians, but they won't be that barbaric. Since I have not committed any crime, why should I run away? But if you are afraid, you should feel free to flee." When I saw that her mind was made up, I let it rest at that.

A moment later the clock sounded and together we went to the dining hall for lunch. As soon as we had finished eating, her brother arrived together with a lady. He told Qiu Jin that according to the unanimous opinion of the people in the streets, the troops were coming to search the school for rifles and that they also intended to make arrests, and that it would be best if the teachers and the students fled as quickly as possible. The lady scholar replied saying:

"The rifles in this school were procured with the permission of ex-prefect Xiong, and prefect Guifu has seen them many times, so what need is there for a search? If they are worried about these rifles, we will happily return them if so requested. What is the point of making arrests?" When her brother heard these words, he agreed with her, and immediately left with the lady. By that time it was already two o'clock in the afternoon.

After an hour or so, the lady scholar began to play the zither and I went on an errand outside the school. On my way back I ran into Mr. Sun, who said to me:

"Guifu surrounded the Datong School with more than four hundred troops, and when students tried to escape, many were killed by gunfire. When the lady scholar Qiu, Cheng Yi, and others came outside to see what was happening, they were all arrested and taken away. The soldiers beat them repeatedly along the way. When they came to a certain spot, a soldier flung two pistols to the side of the road, saying that they had fallen out of the trousers of the lady scholar. By now they have been taken to the prison of the prefecture, and all the Datong School's funds, more than five hundred silver dollars, as well as all of its moveable goods have been plundered and looted."

When I heard these words, I was filled with both fear and rage. I immediately asked Mr. Shen to send someone to the prefectural office to make a full inquiry. Mr. Shen said to me:

"You are one of the teachers of the Datong School. It is very unwise for you to be out here on the street." So I went with him to his house, and he sent the younger brother of a judicial clerk to make full inquiries.

The next morning the younger brother of the judicial clerk came to Mr. Shen's house and gave us a full report. He reported that the lady scholar Qiu had been taken to the Shanyin district office to be interrogated. Although questioned repeatedly, she refused to say a word, and even when placed on the rack, remained silent despite the pain. When they forced her to sign her name to a confession, at first she wrote only the character for "autumn," but under pressure she completed the line as follows:

"Autumn rains and autumn storms kill me with their sorrow." The other six people were also interrogated separately, beginning with Cheng Yi, but even under torture refused to confess.

At twelve o'clock that night the brother of the judicial clerk returned to Mr. Shen's house again, and told us that Qiu had been condemned to death, \fn{By decapitation} that the confirmation of the verdict by the provincial government had already arrived, and that she would be executed the following day at the break of dawn. Was it not cruel that a tender maiden should be condemned to death merely because of the line "Autumn rains and autumn storms kill me with their

sorrow”!\fn{The authorities pressured Qiu Jin to sign the prepared confession because, according to traditional law, a case could only be wsettled if the criminal confessed and accepted the punishment as fitting the crime.}

At three o'clock on the morning of the sixth day, Mr. Shen, because of the alarming news of the previous night, went to the Shanyin district office to see what was happening. It was still dark when he got there and saw that Li Jia-sheng, the district magistrate of Guiji, was the one presiding over the court and overseeing the preparations for the execution. This was because Li Zhongyue, the district magistrate of Shanyin, knew that the lady scholar had been condemned unjustly. His most vehement protests had gone unheeded, and so, unable to bear being a party to this injustice, he had pleaded illness and had been replaced by the magistrate of Guiji.

During all of this, the lady scholar Qiu lost none of her customary composure, and made four requests of magistrate Li: 1) that she be allowed to write a letter to her family; 2) that she not be stripped of her clothing\fn{Like a common criminal}; 3) that her head not be publicly displayed; and 4) that the more than five hundred dollars that had been stolen from the school by the soldiers be retrieved and deposited in the Ever-Level Granary Bureau so as to benefit the poor.

Magistrate Li, however, did not agree to any of her requests. The lady scholar let out a deep sigh, and remained silent.

She was then fettered and shackled according to the rules and escorted by a platoon of soldiers to Xuantung Crossing. ... After she had been beheaded, her body was tossed away. Because none of her relatives dared to come forward to claim the corpse, it was prepared for burial and placed in a coffin by a charitable society. Because the coffin had not been firmly nailed shut, after a while the coffin lid was blown off by the wind. Scorched by the sun and drenched by the rain she suffered the extra punishment of having her corpse exposed to the elements. Not only do I find writing this detailed record of the circumstances of her beheading and the exposure of her corpse unbearable, but I trust that readers must also find it impossible to endure having to read about these events.

After the lady scholar had been executed, Guifu tried to pressure Cheng Yi and the others into making a false confession in order to justify the sentence of the lady scholar. Although he interrogated them under such tortures as having to kneel down on red-hot irons, Cheng Yi and the others in the end did not confess and chose to suffer the pain rather than make a false accusation. Guifu had no choice but to sentence Cheng Yi to prison; the others all received different sentences.

And because Li Zhongyue had disagreed with him, he relieved him of his position. Although Li Zhongyue had not supervised the execution, he had interrogated the lady scholar under torture and, for this reason, felt that he had betrayed both Guifu and Qiu Jin. Overcome by remorse and regret, he eventually hanged himself.

Alas! For over a year now we have been hearing declarations about the Preparation of a Constitutional Government\fn{In 1905 the Imperial Government had announced that it would gradually transform itself into a constitutional government} Of course everyone knows that our rulers are only deceiving themselves in order to deceive others. But that they should go so far in their disregard for a human life really exposes their true nature! Guifu may be stupid, but he would not hasten the annihilation of the Manchus just for his own personal reasons.

Even after pondering this matter a hundred times, I still could not explain it. So I again asked Mr. Shen to request the younger brother of the judicial clerk to make an investigation.

Only then did I learn that the wrongful death of the lady scholar was due to a secret accusation made by those animals Yuan and Hu! When the case of their friend\fn{Yuan and others had been friends of Xu Xilin} was exposed, they were afraid of being implicated, and that is why they made use of this extremely evil and dastardly method of betraying a weak woman to save their own skin. There could be nothing more vicious than this!

Alas! How can one exert oneself on behalf of the national cause when such rotten elements are to be found in the circles of education?

When later I went to Shanghai, I read the newspapers' accounts of Qiu Jin's crimes, which included her confession. As this was completely at variance with the facts as I knew them, I sent a telegram to the younger brother of the judicial clerk asking him to make inquiries. After seven days I received his reply and learned that the publicized confession had been concocted by Chen Mofang\fn{A judicial investigator of Shaoxing prefecture} together with Guifu and others.

Alas! Although fully aware of the power of public opinion, they still came up with this false and unfounded "confession" as if they could cover all the eyes of the world with a single hand!

For many years now I have been a student of the occult. In my wanderings I have observed the black arts practiced in the provinces and have visited many ancient houses where ghosts are known to have appeared. Always I have sought to record faithfully each strange, unearthly happening, hoping the fruits of my labors will be of value to others. The events of this account actually took place in my own village, and I will tell them exactly as they were told to me.

Like myself Tung Pu-chai was a native of the village of Hsin Shih. A man of some means, Tung lived in a stately mansion on the outskirts of town. The mansion consisted of two large buildings, each with ten rooms on two floors, separated one from the other by a large courtyard. Since Tung Pu-chai's family was small he had no need of all this space so he occupied only the first building, which faced onto the road. The rear building was closed off to be used only for storage.

Late one evening Tung heard sounds coming from the empty part of the mansion. But Tung knew the rear building was old and given to groans and creaks, so he dismissed them from his mind. The next night, however, Tung Pu-chai heard more sounds. He listened intently to what seemed like snatches of human talk. This talk continued into the late hours, causing Tung to thrash about nervously in his bed. Determined to find the cause of the noise, Tung went across the courtyard to investigate at the first light of dawn.

As he stepped onto the porch leading to the deserted building, the wood beneath his feet sagged.

"The master of the mansion comes," a voice—apparently coming from within—cried out.

Then the door to the central room opened. To Tung's amazement an old man, gray of hair and rosy-cheeked, stepped out. His manner was graceful and his dress elegant and his bearing was that of a noble. He bowed in greeting. "You honor me. Come in, won't you?"

Being mortal Tung Pu-chai's surprise quickly faded in the face of terror. "The figure standing before me is an apparition," he thought, "maybe an evil ghost. I should flee."

But the old gentleman appeared friendly and Tung was by nature a man of curiosity. These elements made him accept the invitation and follow the man inside. Once in the central room, Tung was quite surprised to see that many new and valuable things had been added to the furniture already there. All about were ancient bronzes and rare porcelain vases, resting on richly carpeted floors. The walls were adorned with exquisite scrolls and delicate paintings, while the bookshelves were lined with the Five Classics and other works of the sages. Rare silk fabrics, stitched in gold and silver, covered the chairs, and from the wooden ceiling, suspended by silk cords of bright red, hung four imperial lanterns.

The old man offered Tung a chair. "My name is Chung Tzu-hsia," he began. "I am a native of the town of Huayin in the province of Shensi. It had been my intention to visit the famous landmarks and natural wonders of the kingdom. We had journeyed to the Mound of the Tiger at Soochow and were going to West Lake at Hangchow, expecting to take in the magnificence of the Ten Tai and Yen Tang Mountains, when my wife suddenly fell ill. Fortunately we happened across your unoccupied building and have taken the liberty of staying here until she recovers. As my wife is too sick to undergo the formalities of entertaining the prominent citizens and officials of this district, I ask only that you keep our presence here a secret.

The old gentleman's elegant and refined ways soon put Tung's mind at ease. "My mansion," he guessed, is being occupied by a man of wealth and position. Possibly a noble or high-ranking scholar." Tung secretly scolded himself for his suspicions. The old gentleman's story had the ring of truth, and Tung readily offered him the hospitality of his home.

The next morning Tung dressed in the formal attire befitting the old gentleman's station and made a formal call on his guest. A page served tea and cakes and, though Tung distinctly heard whispers coming from the second floor, no one else appeared.

"You will pardon the discourtesy of not returning your visit," the old man apologized. "I have been much involved in study in recent years, turning, I confess, into something of a hermit. Unfortunately I have more or less given up the usual social amenities."

"It is honor enough that you remain here as my guest," Tung replied. "I will see to it that your wishes are respected."

In the day that followed Tung Pu-chai visited his guest many times. Sometimes he stayed only for tea, talking and joking with the old gentleman for an hour or so. On several occasions the old gentleman invited him to dinner, where the two would eat and, later over cups of wine, they would discuss the great literature and philosophies of ancient and modern times. Tung was constantly amazed with the old gentleman's knowledge and wisdom. Tung believed the man's learning rivaled that of the greatest scholars of the day. When the old gentleman turned to the events of a few hundred years past—to the Southern Sung, \fn{960-1279} Yuan \fn{1279-1368} and

Ming Dynasties\fn{1368-1644}—it seemed as though he were talking of things he himself had experienced. But when the conversation turned to the classical times of the Han\fn{206BC-220AD} and Chou\fn{c.11th century-221BC} periods, Tung’s guest spoke with the detachment of a historian.

Fully determined to profit from his guest’s store of learning, Tung Pu-Chai questioned him on the Ten Celestial Stems and on the other astrological signs. “In what way do these portend ill fortune? How can we use them to predict our own good luck? Can you plot the future cycles of floods and famines; of rich crops and prosperity?”

To all these questions Tung’s guest responded: “No one can foretell the future by such means. The sages tell us good fortune attends the honest and generous, while misfortune befalls men of evil.”

When the old gentleman saw that these words did not satisfy Tung, he presented his host with a fan of his own making. On one side was the famous poem, “Friendly Reunion in the Pavilion of the Orchids,” done with brush work in a style superior even to that of the great calligraphers. On the reverse side the old man had made an ink copy of a famous landscape by the noted artist, Nan Kung. Delighted with his gift, Tung forgot his disappointment over the old gentleman’s evasive answers and rushed off to show the fan to his wife.

This happened in the spring of the year, when the gardens in Tung’s courtyard were filled with blooming flowers. One morning Zyng, Tung’s nine-year-old daughter, went into the courtyard to pick some of the flowers. She was surprised to see a beautiful woman standing next to the bamboo fence. The woman was dressed in a jacket of purple satin and a dress of black silk, and tied around her hair was a band of black silk. Standing next to the woman was a young servant girl. The girl beckoned to Ying. But the child was frightened and did not move. Then the woman walked over and took Ying’s hand, leading her into the house.

In the central room the old gentleman looked up from his books. “Take the child upstairs. Let her play with the others,” he instructed.

The second floor, Ying noticed, was even more beautifully appointed than the first. The woman led her past a dozen or so servant girls, mostly barely older than herself, to a room in the east wing, where Ying saw a small girl with tiny feet.

“Meet my daughter,” the woman said. “As she is but a year younger than you, please look on her as a baby sister.”

Later the woman escorted Ying to the west wing where she introduced the child to a young man studying at a desk. She told Ying he was her son and that she might in the future consider him as her brother. Soon another lady came. The beautiful woman addressed her, “sister-in-law.” The lady brought tea and cakes, and Ying sat with them, eating and talking. After wards the woman gave Ying a basket, instructing a servant girl to carry the gift to Ying’s house.

Ying’s mother gave an astonished gasp when she saw the basket. It was made neither of bamboo nor palm stems, but of a material entirely unknown to her. Inside were four apples and several bunches of grapes which Madame Tung realized must have come from the distant western frontier of the kingdom.

“It is too early for grapes,” she exclaimed. “How could they have come from so far away?”

When Tung Pu-chai heard of this he sent Ying to his guests with fresh fruits and vegetables gathered from the spring garden. “Take these to your ‘baby sister,’” he chuckled, “and later you can bring them flowers.”

That spring Ying had reached the age for binding\fn{Foot-binding; tiny feet in China were considered to be an enhancement of a woman’s beauty.} and, while she was delivering the gifts to the guests, the beautiful woman noticed her grimace of pain. “Your mother is not versed in the arts of binding,” she announced. “Here, let me bind your feet. It won’t hurt, and it will make them tiny forever.”

The beautiful woman took off the bandages. She leaned over and blew on Ying’s feet. Ying felt her bones soften, after which all pain disappeared. Within a month Ying’s feet were as tiny as those of “baby sister.” Upon examination of the bindings, Madame Tung found that white sugar rather than a compound of potash and sulfate had been used. This was a practice she had never before heard of.

The guests remained on. Before long a year passed. In all this time Tung saw only the old man and the page, while his daughter, Ying, visited regularly with the entire family. They taught her embroidery and presented her with many fine gifts: toy tigers fashioned from blades of grass and silk clothes, woven with a delicacy not believed possible for human hands.

Tung kept his word during that year. He said nothing about his tenants to the people in the village. But Tung’s servants spread gossip about and eventually word of the strange visitors reached a certain Hsu, a long-time friend of the Tung family. Hsu had been away most of that year in Shantung and he did not learn about the old gentleman until his return. He promptly rushed to Tung’s house.

After Tung related the previous year's events, Hsu pondered the situation. Then he cried out as though struck with some horrible realization: "You are the host of a brood of ghosts," he shouted. "From what you say I believe these to be spirits roaming the earth as foxes. It looks as though they have turned your home into a den!"

At Hsu's words Tung broke into laughter. He dismissed his friend's warnings. Hsu, however, was concerned over Tung's danger and, after leaving the mansion, he visited a man widely known for his skill at exorcism. The man listened attentively to Hsu's account. "You are correct," he agreed. "The mansion is indeed inhabited by ghosts. But if they have been there for more than a year," he concluded, "these spirits are not malevolent. I do not suggest the use of incantations or other methods of exorcism, since it is my opinion that they will soon be gone."

While Hsu was consulting the exorcist, a Taoist priest happened down the road by the house of Tung Pu-chai. He was an imposing sight—his face covered with a thick beard, his cheeks and forehead darkened by the sun. Strapped to his back was a great battle sword. As the priest passed the gate he stopped suddenly and began looking at the mansion in horror.

"This place has fallen under a spell of evil," he informed the gatekeeper. "It is occupied by the spirits of beasts. I will rid the mansion of the ghosts for nothing. I ask only that I be allowed to keep the skins of those I destroy.

Now the gatekeeper was a simple man. He had long feared the strange beings inhabiting the back of the mansion and the words of the Taoist priest frightened him. Since his master was then absent, the gatekeeper decided to take matters into his own hands. He sneaked the priest into the courtyard where the priest sat down, squarely in the center, holding his sword high with his right hand. He began swinging it through the air, making a series of mystical signs and chanting the sacred scriptures. On the priest's orders, the servant brought a cup of water, which the priest gulped, then spat in an arc through the air.

Moments later voices came from the second floor of the rear building. "Someone is putting on a performance in the courtyard. Let's go out and watch.

No sooner were these words spoken than the sword fell from the priest's hand. As it clattered on the ground the cup of water crashed down and was smashed into bits. The priest suddenly doubled up, screaming that someone was beating him on the head. Then he scrambled to his feet and fled from the courtyard. The gatekeeper, unsure of what had happened, ran after the priest. But he tripped on the base of the gate and went sprawling against the wood, badly bruising himself. By this time the voices from the second floor had become louder—joking and laughing at the antics of the priest and the gatekeeper.

A few days later Tung Pu-chai was entertaining a relative by marriage named Chen, who had come there from his home in Kiangyin. In honor of the occasion, Tung invited his old friend Hsu to dinner. Now Chen was well-versed in the arts of the Five Thunders, a most powerful form of black magic and, when he heard from Hsu of the strange beings in the rear building, he begged his host for an opportunity to try out his magic. After some protest Tung gave in and allowed his relative to begin.

By that time it was midnight. Chen lit two candles, then searched through his bundle, his hand coming out with five paper mannequins, each of a different color. He arranged them carefully on the top of the table. Then he took a brush, wet his ink slab, and wrote a series of mysterious hieroglyphics on each figure. Then he blew on them. Finally, he sat back, watching the figures intently.

Before long the figures stood. Soon they began walking about. "They move too slowly," Chen announced. He leaned over and blew again. His breath made the figures quicken their walk. At that instant, from somewhere out of the night, a heavy roll of thunder sounded. Hour after hour Chen continued with his incantations and, in all, the heavens roared with five different pleas of thunder, each more powerful and more ominous than the last.

While all this was going on, strange sounds were coming from the building in the back. Bits of conversation carried on the night air, filtered through to the three men. "It was my hope that you would recover from your illness before we had to leave." The voice was that of the old gentleman. "But this fellow Chen is driving us out with his magic. Too bad we cannot pay formal respects to our excellent host before leaving."

It was nearly daylight when Chen looked up from the table. Sounds no longer came from the house in the rear; thunder was no longer heard. "The ghosts are gone," Chen proclaimed. As he spoke he pounded on the table. The paper mannequins collapsed. Chen returned them to his bundle.

The three men immediately went to the rear building. It was empty. The furniture had not changed, but the paintings, the scrolls, carpets and the silk covers and lamps were gone. On the table was a small box. Inside Tung found a note of farewell. It was written in warm, friendly terms, but it closed by blaming Mr. Hsu for the guests' sudden departure. As Tung read the note he felt suddenly quite sad.

Upstairs Tung found several gifts. One was a beautiful example of poetry and calligraphy—the original of the copy done on the fan. There was also a famous landscape, an invaluable work of art, painted by the master, Kuo

Chung-hsu. As payment for use of the house, the old gentleman had left five *catties* {50 *tales*, or about 6⅔ pounds.} of silver. The beautiful woman left presents behind for Tung's daughter. A note asked that these—a hairpin of coral, two jade pieces, four perfect pearls and eight precious gems—be given to Ying on her wedding day.

Chen meanwhile had been examining the rooms with great care. At last he called out: "My Five Thunders has rid the house of these fox spirits. And yet these ghosts must have had great power. They did not rush to get away. We are indeed lucky that they are already immortal, otherwise they might have turned on us in anger. Had the fox spirits decided to take vengeance, I am afraid even my magic would not have been strong enough to save us."

That same day Chen ordered the casting of two iron tablets. Each was inscribed in red with mystic incantations. He had one placed at the front of the building, and the other at the rear. The fox spirits never returned, and the mansion of Tgung Pu-chai was never again troubled with strange occurrences.

All this took place in the early years of the Emperor Chien Lung. {Fourth emperor (1736-1796) of the Ching Dynasty (1644-1911).} Mr. Hsu of our story wrote a detailed account of these events. My version gives only the highlights. In my researches I have come across many cases in which fox spirits made dens in human buildings, yet nowhere have I come across ghosts like these. They were friendly. They were courteous. And even though driven from their den, they left graciously.

And so I have often asked myself: "Were these creature merely the spirits of foxes? Or were they really ghosts that took form as foxes? Or ... have we been talking about, not foxes, not ghosts, but gods?"

281.39 1. Lament Planned For Her Great-Aunt 2. Lament Planned For Her Mother-in-Law {by Mrs. Yau Chan Shek-ying (probably before 1910-)} Kwan Mun Hau Village, New Territories, Hong Kong, China (F) 2

{Elizabeth L. Johnson, who collected these laments, says (p. 137) that she did this "during my second period of fieldwork (1970?)" from Mrs. Yau Chan Shek-ying, "then in late middle age and so had participated fully in village life before its contemporary transformation"}

My great-aunt, I, your grandchild, have come today to call you.
My great-aunt acted as my mother, but now she has died.
When I was small, I lost my mother and my older sister.
At festivals and special occasions I would come to visit my great-aunt.
She would be hospitable to me, like a mother.
When my children were three days old and one month old
My great aunt acted as my mother.
Today she is old; her eyes are blind.
She thought of coming, but could not come.
I thought of going, but was also unable to visit her.
I, dead-fate person, was married into a poor household by my mother.
Now my younger brother is rich.
Today I have no great-aunt; I have no place to talk if mistreated.
Your eyes were blind for eight or ten years, but your health was good.
You could have come to visit me.
How could I know your eyes had become blind?
When this dead-fate person has pain and sickness
No one will come to visit me.
My great-aunt was thoughtful, but did not have enough strength.
My great-aunt was thoughtful, but was unable to walk.
I am poor; who would look after me?
If my father were still alive, I would not be in such a miserable situation.
My father has good descendants.
My father has good geomancy.
He produced one intelligent white flower. {A son is meant}
He produced me, a stupid person.
In the past my great-aunt treated me like a daughter.
But now, people treat me like a stepchild.

I am your genuine descendant
But why am I treated as though I were not a relative?
My younger brother is intelligent and is in a good situation.
Although I am a relative, I am treated like a stranger,
Even if I were a stepchild, there would be a relationship.
I am a blood relative,
But there seems to be no relationship.

2

Tonight you will be at peace.
Now you have a lot of sons and grandsons
And gold and silver up to your eyes.
Now you are in the underworld and can see nothing.
Now I have raised your grandchildren,
But you have passed away.
If you could have lived eight or ten more years
Your grandchildren could have earned money and given it to you to spend.
A few years ago I was still very poor.
Now your oldest grandson can earn money,
But you have passed away.
If you could have lived eight or ten more years
You could have rested at ease.
If I had money, I could get a wife for your grandson.
Then you would have great-grandchildren and you would laugh "ha ha."
Now only one grandson earns money.
If you could have lived eight or ten more years
Your second grandson could have attained fame in his university studies,
And could have begun to work.
He could have earned money and given it to you.
Your life was so short.
You brought up other people's grandchildren,
But they didn't take good care of you.
You brought up other people's grandchildren,
But they said they grew up by themselves.
You brought up other people's children,
But they said they grew up by themselves.
Ask your conscience.
Other people are wealthy, but they regarded you as a beggar.
Although this dead-fate person was poor,
I still tried to support you.
I had a lot of property,
But it was taken by that thief.
Those thieves swallowed my property.
The thief swallowed it.
Those thieves stole all my property,
And now they can enjoy using it.
Now I have very little property.
I looked after you when you were sick.
Others are wealthy, but regarded you as a leper.
In the past you only loved your older daughter-in-law.
You just regarded me as a blade of grass.
My parents died when I was very small.
I was brought up by you.

You cared for me and raised me.
Now your other daughter-in-law is bad,
But you didn't treat me well.
In the past you raised me as your daughter.
Now you know I am not just a blade of grass,
But that I am a good daughter-in-law.\fn{In this lament, "other people" and "those thieves" refer to her
husband's brother and his family}

197.139 The Ministry Of Healing In War-Torn China\fn{by by K. Chimin Wong (before 1910-after 1948)} Hong
Kong?, China (M) 4

One hundred and thirteen years ago, in October, 1834, Dr. Peter Parker arrived at Canton as the first Protestant medical missionary appointed to China. He was sent out under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. On November 4, 1835, he established the Ophthalmic Hospital, afterwards famous as the Canton Hospital. This was the first mission hospital in the Far East. Together with Dr. Colledge and Dr. Bridgman, he also organized the Canton Medical Missionary Society in 1838. Dr. Parker was also one of the pioneers in the training of Chinese assistants. This was continued by various medical men who succeeded him, notably by Dr. Benjamin Hobson and Dr. John Kerr.

The year 1850 saw the first translation of medical books into Chinese by Dr. Hobson. A series of standard works were translated which exerted a great influence on medical education in China and Japan. Dr. Kerr, in a remarkable life of nearly fifty years spent in service at the Canton Hospital and in training some two hundred students, also made invaluable contributions to the building up of Chinese medical literature.

The first Chinese to study medicine abroad was Wong Fun. He graduated from Edinburgh University in 1857 and after his return to China worked many years in the Canton Hospital with Dr. Kerr. The first medical school established on a modern basis was in 1881 at Tientsin, by Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie of the London Missionary Society. Modern nursing can be said to have started in 1884 upon the arrival of Miss Elizabeth McKechnie, the first graduate nurse to come to China. Soon training schools began to be organized in the hospitals and a new profession came into being.

During the period that has elapsed since 1834, mission hospitals, dispensaries, medical and nursing schools have grown up all over the country. From a humble beginning like a grain of mustard seed the ministry of healing has developed to form not only an important arm of evangelistic work but also a vital medical force of the nation.

The first medical association was founded in 1887 by missionary doctors under the name of the China Medical Missionary Association. As the number both of scientifically trained Chinese physicians and of independent foreign doctors increased steadily in the following decades it was decided in 1925 to alter the name to China Medical Association, admitting all fully qualified doctors, the medical missionary interests being allocated to a missionary division of the association.

In 1915 a purely Chinese medical association had been inaugurated under the name of the National Medical Association of China. The two associations always maintained the most friendly relations and were eventually amalgamated in 1932 under the name of the Chinese Medical Association. But in order to carry on the former missionary activities a Council on Medical Missions was created under the new association.

Meanwhile the National Christian Council of China, which was organized in 1922, had appointed a Commission on Christian Medical Work. As the objects were in many respects similar to that of the Council on Medical Missions, it was thought best to relate the work of these two organizations more closely. The National Christian Council in 1935 invited the Council on Medical Missions to act concurrently as their Commission on Christian Medical Work, and the suggestion was accepted. This arrangement has worked out quite satisfactorily to both sides.

The objectives of the council are: to unite all medical missionaries working in China in the interests of the medical missionary cause; to strengthen and advise the mission hospitals and to assist them in matters such as registration and other government relationships; to consider how hospitals could be improved in efficiency and economy; to present the needs of the medical mission work to mission committees on the field and mission boards at home; to keep in touch with Chinese church organizations; to assist in relating the medical work of the mission hospitals to the health plans and rural projects of the central and local health authorities.

The council organizes meetings of a medical missionary section at the general conferences of the Chinese Medical Association. Further it publishes a small pamphlet—the *Occasional Leaflet*—about six times a year,

providing information of interest and importance in matters relating to the hospitals and their work. It also publishes an annual *Prayer Cycle* giving the names of schools, hospitals, medical staffs, and detailed particulars of their activities.

*

Before the war there were 270 mission hospitals distributed in various provinces. This in itself is a very small number for a country as large as China. But when compared with only about 60 government and 80 public hospitals (army hospitals not included) this figure is significant. The number of foreign doctors in 1936 was 297. It is also estimated that there were some 38,000 beds in China. Of these about 20,000 were in mission hospitals. It is obvious that this has an important bearing on the existing hospital situation.

There were six medical colleges under Christian auspices, namely: the Cheeloo University Medical College, Tsinan; St. Johns' Medical College and Woman's Christian Medical College, Shanghai; Dr. Sun Yat-sen Medical College, Canton; Mukden Medical College, Mukden; and West China Union University Medical College, Chengtu.

After the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese hostilities this picture changed considerably. The Council on Medical Missions with its headquarters at Shanghai became the channel of distribution of medical supplies from relief organizations to the mission hospitals in occupied areas. At the same time it maintained an intimate contact with the hospitals in Free China by sending in supplies and equipment as well as doctors, nurses, and other medical personnel. After Pearl Harbor, however, it was unable to function and a new council to carry on the work was organized in Chungking under the Chinese Medical Association.

A number of hospitals and other medical agencies, particularly in North China, Hunan, Kwangtung, and Kwangsi were forced to suspend activity. Some of them succeeded in evacuating a considerable portion of staff and equipment and in continuing in emergency locations to render essential medical service.

No complete estimate of the damages to hospital property is yet available. According to a survey conducted by the Council on Medical Missions and published in January, 1940, a summary of the losses was as follows: hospitals bombed, 13; destroyed, 10; burnt, 3; damaged, 7; occupied, 8; closed, 12; interfered with, 6. This shows that nearly 23 per cent of Christian hospitals in China were materially affected by the war. And this does not include the damages for the last four years.

As to mission medical colleges, the Shanghai Woman's Christian Medical College was damaged and had to move from the Chinese city to Zikawei into what was then the French Concession but was later closed. Of the other five colleges two moved to other centers: Dr. Sun Yat-sen Medical College went first to Hongkong and later to Shiu Kwan; and Cheeloo moved from Tsinan to Chengtu to join up with the West China Union University.

All this moving entailed severe losses and sufferings. The spirit and fortitude shown by the staff and students won admiration from every quarter.

Now that peace has come, many schools have again moved back to their original sites and most of the hospitals have reopened. It is reported by Dr. B. E. Read that at the end of 1946 there were in the 270 hospitals listed 138 foreign doctors and 117 nurses serving 78 hospitals. The majority of the remaining 192 hospitals were either under Chinese doctors or closed. Thirty-nine were definitely reported as closed or destroyed and 28 others sent in no returns. This gives a total of 203 mission hospitals recorded as operating.

The enormous task of rehabilitation and reconstruction is bringing a new challenge to the medical forces of Christ's kingdom as vigorous as the challenge to every other aspect of the Christian enterprise. Some may ask what this ministry of healing has accomplished for China and whether it is worth while. We have no hesitation in saying that it has fully demonstrated its worth and has won recognition from the highest government leaders as well as from the poorest people. Its most precious gift is not, strange though it may sound, the curing of disease but the development of strong character in those of the medical and nursing profession.

Dr. H. Owen Chapman cites the following anecdote: Years ago in famine work in a certain part of China the National Health Administration had established a number of makeshift hospitals in the midst of the swarming masses of refugees. These were manned under very primitive conditions by volunteer doctors and nurses from various parts of the country. One day a high official from Nanking, on a tour of inspection, asked the local government medical officers in charge of these hospitals,

"Why is it that you employ such a large number of nurses from the Christian hospitals? Why don't you get more from our own government institutions?" The reply was,

"Don't you know that if you want to get nurses willing to work under such conditions as these, you have to go to the Christian hospitals for them?"

Again, Dr. W. G. Lennox in the *Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry Fact-Finders' Reports* states that in the victorious march to Peking in 1927, Commander (now President) Chiang Kai-shek was so enraged at the filthy condition of a military hospital that he ordered the commanding officer to be shot.

"Why is it," said he, "that missionary hospitals are clean, well equipped, and well run, while the army hospitals, for which ample appropriations are made, are the opposite?"

"Because," replied the officer, "missionary doctors are here to serve and do not graft the money entrusted to them."

Despite the present unsatisfactory conditions, Christian medical work still offers hope. In this period of reconstruction, in which medical needs will be desperate, the opportunities for service will be even greater. Besides, the government is most appreciative of mission medical work. In August, 1944, the National Health Administration issued an appeal to the mission boards in China and overseas asking for cooperation in a program of health for China. Missions were asked to state what hospitals, personnel, and resources they were able to provide for the future, and where they would wish to re-establish their work so as to fit in with the national plan. Since then certain regulations have been issued by the National Health Administration governing the rehabilitation of mission hospitals that accept government assistance. This document also states that full freedom will be given to religious work, and that the superintendents of hospitals need not be Chinese.

It will be seen from the above that Christian medical work has an important function to fulfill. The past eight years have seen its undisputed spiritual value in bringing men to Christ.

*

What are the immediate needs of Christian medical work in China in this postwar period? Those described in the following sections are, perhaps, some of the more urgent ones.

*

After eight years of hostilities the immense loss due to destruction of buildings and equipment is a serious problem. It has been estimated that over 30 per cent of the hospital plants have been bombed, destroyed, or damaged and the equipment looted. The medical schools are similarly affected but to a less extent. How to rehabilitate the existing institutions and make them available for effective service is one of the chief difficulties we must overcome before any work can be done. It requires a tremendous sum to repair buildings and replace equipment.

With the present economic collapse in China we cannot expect much help from the government. The various Red Cross societies, UNRRA, CNRRA, and other relief organizations have been of great assistance, especially in the matter of equipment and medical supplies. But this help is of a temporary nature; the chief reliance must be placed on the mission boards, which are, after all, the main backers of this enterprise. If Christian medical work is to be carried on, a great effort should be made to provide adequate financial support during the crisis. It may be a good policy to close down some of the smaller hospitals and use our limited funds to maintain the more important centers. Later, when conditions are better, local resources should be tapped so as to make the work gradually self-supporting. The recent proposed union scheme of Christian universities in East China will go a long way to strengthen medical education in this area.

*

The acute shortage of medical personnel is another difficult problem. This lack has been keenly felt even in normal times. Retirement, sickness, and death have depleted our ranks of a large number of able men, while new recruits are not sufficient to fill the vacancies. Before the war there were about 245 foreign doctors in the field. After peace came, according to Dr. B. E. Read's report at the National Christian Council Conference held December, 1946, in Shanghai, only 105 returned, which is considerably less than half of the former number.

The situation is even worse among the Chinese personnel. Not a few have left for government service or set up in private practice. In these abnormal times when the struggle for a living is harder than ever before, it is well-nigh impossible to restrain them from accepting better paying posts elsewhere. Thus we are confronted with the problem of how and where to secure adequate personnel.

There is again the question of Chinese leadership. It is gratifying to note that during the war many Chinese have distinguished themselves by their sacrifice and devotion. Without such Christian Chinese doctors, nurses, and other staff workers, many of the hospitals, medical, and nursing schools in operation today would not now be open.

Nevertheless, the number is too small to fill the need. It must be admitted that in the past the mission has failed to attain its professed aim by not placing sufficient emphasis on the training of Chinese leadership. In the educational field the government requires that the president or principal of a school must be Chinese. It will not

be long before similar demands will be made on hospitals. Now is the time when the mission should adopt a new policy toward Chinese personnel in regard to professional status, adequate salaries, refresher training abroad, and other matters.

*

The urgent necessity for closer coordination and cooperation between Christian medical forces both in China and abroad, as well as with the government, is not a new idea. Dr. A. Stampar, who was sent out by the League of Nations to report on health and medical progress in China, stated in his report of 1936 that the admittedly great contribution of the medical missionaries had been rendered less valuable than it might otherwise have been by their failure or refusal to pool their resources and efforts. The findings of the medical section of the International Missionary Conference held at Madras in 1938 explicitly states:

“Missionary societies can no longer afford to think and plan within denominational boundaries. Fuller cooperation must be sought in recruiting candidates and in guiding them during training and furlough. More serious consideration should be given to the effective coordination of Christian medical work with other forms of Christian work.”

Recently the All-China Conference held at New York in April, 1946, urged that there should be closer cooperation between Christian medical units, regardless of denominational and national lines, and strongly advocated the establishment of integrated regional medical services in all areas, recommending specific procedures in the carrying out of such a program. The conference further advocated wholehearted cooperation with the national, provincial and district governments in the tremendous task of attempting to provide adequate medical care for the people of China.

This touches a very vital issue, which is a challenge to the whole Christian medical program in China today. Can the various denominations sink their petty differences and unite in a common cause? It is not proposed that a central organ be put up to control and direct the Christian medical work for the whole country. This is not only impossible but also impractical or undesirable. There should, however, be some organization to co-ordinate the various forces at work so as to avoid duplication and waste of time, money, and energy. The Council on Medical Missions is the logical solution. But the present setup should be reorganized, strengthened, enlarged, and put in a better position to cope with the new conditions.

*

Perhaps the most important and urgent need is spiritual rehabilitation. The greatest tragedy of this great war is the utter demoralization of the people. In China, the march of events after the advent of peace has been most deplorable. Despair and hatred permeate every walk of life. The National Christian Council took a step forward by launching the Three Years' Forward Movement that began January, 1947, with a view to deepening the spiritual life of the church. This movement emphasizes the message of faith, hope, and love. The medical program includes such measures as the organizing of St. Luke's Guilds, Hospital Sundays, Christian social service for patients, devotional meetings for medical workers, and so on. As a fitting conclusion to this paper we quote the following brief message from the group of representative doctors of the Council on Medical Missions referred to above:

The most important need is for concentration on the support and development of Christian medical colleges, nursing schools, and schools or institutes for the training of medical technicians; that this need should be met even if it means the closure or turning over to the local community operation of many pre-existing mission hospitals; that the basic policy underlying Christian medical work in China should aim at increasing as quickly as possible the number of highly trained, highly motivated, consecrated Christian Chinese medicals (doctors, nurses, technicians), with the object of bringing to the millions of China's sick that complete healing demonstrated by the Good Physician himself.

181.69 A Prose-Poem “sent by a Chinese Detainee to the *Chinese World Newspaper*” \fn{by an otherwise unknown Chinese, probably male (before 1910, the date when the poem was first published-) } Guangdong Province, China (M) 1

My mind often recalls su Wu who, in maintaining his unyielding loyalty to the Han Dynasty, would rather endure the biting snow in the freezing frontier; \fn{Su Wu (140-60BC) was sent by the Han emperor as an envoy to the Xiongnu, a nomadic people living to the north of the Han empire; and though detained there for 19 years, he refused to renounce his loyalty to his emperor} and the King of Yue \fn{One Goujian} who, in reminding himself to seek revenge against the State of Wu, \fn{For a military defeat in 494BC} would sleep on firewood and lick the bitter gall bladder. Our ancestors have met adversities; they have overcome hardships; their trials and tribulations are duly recognized in the history books.

Showing their might before the barbarians, calming the anxiety within themselves—that would resolve my life-long yet unfilled ambitions. And yet, my generation is indeed unlucky; our lives have been most unfortunate. We drift like tumbleweed in a foreign country, and suffer the fate of detention as in Youli.\fn{An allusion to King Wen, father of the founder of the Zhou state, who was held captive at Youli by the last Shang king of that state—who rightly regarded him as a potential threat to his rule, and whose son, King Wu, in fact defeated the Shang and established the Zhou at Youli (c. the 12th century BC)}

When we bade farewell to our village home, we were in tears because of survival's desperation. When we arrived in the American territory, we stared in vain at the vast ocean. Our ship docked and we were transferred to a solitary island. Ten *li* from the city,\fn{Of San Francisco} my feet stand on this lonely hill. The *muk-uk*\fn{The detention building} is three stories high, built as firmly as the Great Wall. Room after room are but jails, and the North Gate firmly locked.

Here, several hundreds of my countrymen are like fish caught in a net; half a thousand Yellow Race are like birds trapped in a mesh. As we lift our heads and look afar, the barbarian reed pipes all the more add to our anguish and grief. As we cock our ear and try to listen, the horses' neighing further worsens our solitude and sorrow.

During the day, we endure a meal of crackers and cheese, just like Yan Hui\fn{The poorest of Confucius's disciples (521-490BC)} eating rice and water.\fn{And yet was content} At night, we wrap ourselves in a single blanket, just like Min Qian\fn{Another of Confucius' disciples (536-487BC)} wearing clothes made of rush.\fn{He was cruelly treated by his stepmother, who forced him to clothe himself with rushes, which failed to keep out the winter cold} We wash in the morning in salty tidal water; we drink murky water to quench our thirst. In this newly open facility neither land nor water is in harmony with us. Drinking the water makes many cough; eating the meal causes many to have sore throats. A hundred ailments come about; our pain and sufferings are beyond words!

At times the barbarians would become angry with us. They kick and punch us severely. By chance, in their sudden cruel moment, they would point their guns at us. They scrutinize us like Prince Qin\fn{Li Shimin, a general before he became the second emperor of the Tang Dynasty (627-649AD)} inspecting his soldiers; they trap us with schemes like Han Xin's\fn{An important general (d.196BC) who served the first emperor of the Han Dynasty} multiple levels of encirclement. Brothers cannot share words, separated by faraway mountains; relatives cannot comfort each other, divided by the distant horizon.\fn{Chinese detainees were not allowed visitors}

Inside this room, neither Heaven nor Earth answers my cries. Outside this prison a hundred birds chirp in grief in the mournful woods. A thousand animals run in fright among gloomy clouds and mist. This is indeed living with nature, amidst trees, rocks, deer, and wild boars!

Alas! Heaven! So desolate is this sight it is disheartening indeed. Sorrow and hardship have led me to this place; what more can I say about life? Worse yet, a healthy person would become ill after repeated medical examinations; a private inspection would render a clothed person naked.

Let me ask you, the barbarians: why are you treating us in such extreme? I grieve for my fellow countrymen; there is really nothing we can do! All the tall bamboo from Zhongnan Mountain cannot inscribe our words of frustration.\fn{An allusion to writing on slips of bamboo, a common practice of ancient Chinese} All the water in the Eastern Sea will not cleanse our sense of humiliation.

Perhaps, we can be like Emperor Min of Jin who didn't reject the shame of wearing a blue garb and serving wine,\fn{To his conquerors; he was captured by the Xiongnu in 316AD} like Li Ling\fn{D.74BC} who pounded his chest in agony for his Han army surrendering to the Huns.\fn{He was forced to surrender after fighting against great odds} Our ancestors have encountered such misfortune—why does our present generation endure the same? In a moment of desperation, what more can one say? In waiting with concealed weapons for the right moment to arrive—it is nothing but pure fantasy.

Alas, such tyranny of the White Race! Such tragedy of the Yellow Souls! Like a homeless dog forced into a confining cage, like a trapped pig held in a bamboo cage, our spirits are lost in this wintry prison; we are worse than horses and cattle. Our tears shed on an icy day; we are less than the birds and fowls.

In my exile to the ocean's end, I have found enjoyment in reading newspapers. It is said that my old country, my native soil—split apart like pea pods, cut up like melons. I mourn that my motherland, my native culture—swallowed by wolves, digested by the tigers.

It is my wish: someone like Chen She\fn{D.208BC, who led the first large-scale peasant rebellion recorded in Chinese history, but who was subsequently assassinated by his chariot driver, who chose to surrender to the foe} will drop the ploughs on the field, someone like Tian Heng\fn{D. 202BC, who led a revolt against the Han to reestablish his State of Qi; and who, when summoned by the Han emperor, killed himself rather than formally surrender} will raise the righteous banner, and pick up the weapons—leveling the State of Qin, wiping out the State of Wu.

Just take a look at China today: we the Han people must take over. Otherwise, we will be butchered; we will be enslaved; we will be subjugated. There is a difference between the true ruler and the imposter.\fn{This is a critique of the inept rule of the Manchu government then in power}

How can we bear witness: four hundred million Chinese people, again, enslaved by other nations?

Five thousand years of civilization, like in India, obliterated?

We feel grievous; how can we suppress our cries?\fn{The entire of the text of this poem is thus transmogrified into prose, in the order in which I received it, and with not a word lost or changed:H}

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1910-1919

269.99 Excerpt from **A Letter To Li Yuanhong, Military Governor And Commander-in-Chief Of The Revolutionary Army**\fn{by Wu Shuqing (before 1911-)} Hanyang, Hubei Province, China (F) -1

... Were they to hear that the nation was conscripting troops, farmers would lay down their hoes and laborers would abandon their tools. In high spirits they would go off and become soldiers. Even teachers and students in school would all have to become troops.

The people are the starting point for society, and society is the point at which the state begins. The people are thus of major importance in terms of the victory or defeat of the state.

If we do not now come to the aid of the great Han people and wipe out the Manchu bastards, we will assuredly earn the slander of foreigners. In the north sit powerful Russia and majestic Great Britain. Our country faces great dangers on that front.

I seek no instant glory. I merely want to join the troops in fighting northward, giving my life in pursuit of the enemy, killing the Manchus. Only then will our Han race be avenged. ...

111.9 **The Tale Of The Nisan Shamaness**\fn{by Dekdengge (before 1913-)} Marchuria, China (M) 21

In the time of the Ming Dynasty\fn{1368-1644AD, the last native Chinese dynasty to rule in China.} there was a village called Lolo where there resided a *yuwan wai* official\fn{An official title acquired by purchase, hereafter referred to simply as "official".} named Baldu Bayan. His household lived in immense wealth and his servants, horses, and mules were immeasurable. In his middle years a son was born to him. Upon reaching the age of fifteen, this boy one day took the household servants to go hunting at Heng Lang Mountain. Along the way he became ill and died.

Thereafter, the official and his wife, worried because they were without descendant, did only good. They repaired and built temples, knelt to seek mercy from Buddha, and prayed to the gods. Taking candles and fragrant incense, they burned these in one place after another. Also, they aided the poor, supported orphans, and took care of widows. Since the good they did was becoming renowned, heaven had pity on them, and even though they were fifty years of age a son was born to them. They were very pleased, and because he was born in their fiftieth year, they named him Sergudai Fiyanggo.\fn{Sergudai the Youngest; the Last.}

They loved him like a precious pearl and raised him without letting him out of their sight.

When Sergudai reached the age of five, his parents saw that he was clever of mind and clear of speech, so they summoned a teacher for him. At home the teacher instructed him in reading and writing, and he also made him practice the military arts—foot archery and mounted archery. The sun and moon went by in a blur as swiftly as an arrow in flight, and Sergudai reached fifteen years of age. One day, having met his father and mother, he suddenly made a request:

“I would like to go out hunting to try the archery I’ve learned. I wonder what you, father, would think about this?” To his son’s request the father responded,

“Before your time there was an older brother. At the age of fifteen he went to hunt at Heng Lang Mountain where he passed away. I really don’t think I should let you go.” At this Sergudai Fiyanggo replied,

“I was born in the human world as a male, yet I have gone nowhere. Will I eternally guard the house? None of us escapes the fate that comes bringing life and death to us all.” After Sergudai said this the official had no alternative but to agree, saying,

“If you insist on going hunting, take Ahalji and Bahalji and go! But don’t be gone long. Be careful and return quickly. And do not disregard the thoughts I expressed previously!”

Sergudai Fiyanggo agreed to his father’s instructions and immediately called Ahalji and the other servants, commanding,

“Tomorrow we are going hunting. Line up the people, horses, and saddles. Prepare the weapons, bows and arrows, and put the tent into the wagon. Feed the falcons and striped dogs well and get them ready!”

Upon his saying this Ahalji and Bahalji agreed and hurriedly went to make preparations. The next day Sergudai Fiyanggo took leave of his father and mother in the traditional manner, and having mounted a white horse, he ordered Ahalji and the others to follow. Carrying the falcons on their shoulders and leading the striped dogs, all the servants, bearing quivers, bow cases, bows and arrows, formed rows in front and behind Sergudai. The procession of wagons and horses, one after the other, was very festive and magnificent. All the people of the village, young and old alike, came outside to watch, and everyone marveled, praising and extolling him.

Since all the hunters went with great speed, whipping their horses, they arrived in an instant at a mountain renowned for hunting. Thereupon they pitched their tents, and digging a cooking hole, they placed a pot on it. After Sergudai left the cook behind to make the meal, he took all the servants and commanded Ahalji and Bahalji, “Let’s set out the battue lines, \fn{Lines of beaters.} encircle the mountain, and hunt.”

Then, having set out the battue, some shot their arrows and others stabbed with their spears. Releasing the hawks and setting the dogs, they let them give chase. They shot at the various birds and beasts, and in every case there was not a single one they did not obtain.

Just when they were happily hunting, Sergudai Fiyanggo’s body suddenly became cold all over, and then at once it became feverish. Since his head had become dizzy and he was feeling sick, he immediately called to Ahalji and Bahalji,

“Quickly gather in our battue lines; I’m not well!”

Frightened, they hurriedly gathered in the battue and came to the tent. After putting their young master inside, they lit a fire. They were about to warm him by the fire in order to make him sweat, but he was already sweating so heavily from his fever that it was not suitable to expose him to the heat, so instead the servants felled a mountain tree, made a litter, and laid their young master down on it. The servants took turns carrying the litter and set out toward home as if flying. Sergudai Fiyanggo, weeping, said,

“I think the condition of my illness is serious. I no longer know if I will be able to reach home. Ahalji and Bahalji, let whichever one of you brothers who is willing go home quickly and take the news to my father and mother. Please clearly pass on my words to them for me: ‘I myself am unable to repay the kindness of your having lovingly raised me. I had thought that I would mourn for you as a filial son only after you reached one hundred years of age. Who would have known? Since heaven is destroying me and I have arrived at my fated time, I will not be able to see you again. In the blink of an eye I am going to die, a young man!’ Tell them, ‘Do not mourn excessively, father and mother. It is important that you take care of yourselves at your age. All this is nothing more than the predetermined reckoning of the fate we are accorded. Please observe the right time for mourning and weeping.’”

Having said, “Please clearly pass on my words ...” he was about to speak again, but he was unable to open his mouth. His jaw locked and no words came from him; his chin tilted upward and his eyes became fixed.

After his breathing had stopped, Ahalji, Bahalji, and the others gathered around his lit- ter, and the mountains and valleys all echoed to the sounds of their weeping. Then Ahalji stopped weeping and said to them all,

“The young master is already dead and we will not be able to revive him by weeping. It is important that we take the corpse and begin our journey. Bahalji, take everyone with you; treat the corpse of our young master respectfully and slowly proceed home with it. I will go ahead with ten horsemen and report the news to the official. We will prepare the things in the home for the young master’s funeral.”

Ahalji then took the others, and riding his horse, reached the gate of the house in an instant, for he rode home as swiftly as if he were flying. After he dismounted, he entered the house and knelt down before the old official, but then he merely wept in a loud voice and said nothing at all. The old official was upset and scoldingly said,

“Servant, what is wrong? You went off to hunt; why have you come back in tears? I assume your young master sent you ahead with some important matter. Why do you weep and say nothing?”

When he asked time after time and Ahalji kept on crying and did not answer, the official became angry and scolded him:

“You petty slave! Why do you just stand here crying without making your report? Will the matter be brought to an end by your weeping?” After he said this, Ahalji stopped weeping, knelt down and said,

“The young master became ill during our journey and met his end. I have come ahead to bring the news.” The official, who had not paid close attention, asked,

“What ended?” Ahalji answered,

“No, the young master himself has died.”

As soon as the official heard these words it was as if a clap of thunder had exploded above his head and he screamed, “Dear son!” and at once fell on his back. At this the old lady hurriedly came running, and when she questioned Bahalji, he replied,

“After having heard the news I came to report, namely that the young master has died, he fainted like this and fell.”

Having heard this, the old lady was stupefied as if lightning had flashed before her eyes, and after she called out, “Mother’s son!” she fainted and fell right across the old man.

The servants, having taken fright at this, stood them up, and only then did they revive. Everyone in the household wept when they heard what had happened and all the villagers gathered at this sound of weeping. Just at the point when all were loudly weeping together, Bahalji entered in tears, kowtowed to the official and reported,

“I have arrived with the body of the young master.

The official and his wife, together with the villagers, met the body of the young master outside of the gate. After they brought it into the house they placed it on a bed. Everyone crowded around, and all heaven and earth shook at the sound of their sobbing. After they had cried for a while everyone advised,

“Rich sir, you two elderly people, why weep like this? Once one has died, even though you weep, is there a way to revive him? You ought to prepare the coffin and other things for the corpse.” After this was said, the official and his wife finally stopped crying and said,

“Your words are quite correct. Nevertheless, I still grieve and am truly unable to endure it in my mind. My dear, clever son has died! Beyond this what do I regret? Simply this: Would that there lived a son to whom I could leave my property!” The official then called Ahalji and Bahalji and said,

“This servant only opens his mouth and weeps. Prepare for your young master the seven funeral offerings, \fn{ Presumably the seven precious things enumerated by various Buddhist sources: gold, silver, rubies, pearls, *kumiss*, amber, and coral. } the lead horses, and the treasuries. Spare nothing!”

Ahalji and Bahalji stopped weeping and obeyed the commands. When they reported that they had prepared for the young master ten dappled, flower-patterned lead geldings, ten sorrel geldings the color of fire, ten light bay geldings the color of gold, ten fast chestnut geldings, ten white geldings, and ten black geldings the color of ink, the official then ordered,

“Have them load sacks of various brocade clothing on the backs of thirty horses and make them load the rest of the horses with quivers and bow cases. Take down the red saddle and red bridle decorations and finish saddling the snow-white, dark-maned horse with a gold-plated bridle. Lead the way!” Then he called the herdsmen and said,

“Bring from the herds ten cows, sixty sheep, and seventy pigs. Slaughter all of these and prepare them.”

Ahalji and the herdsmen responded, “Yes, sir!” and each went to make preparations. The official called his women servants Aranju and Saranju and said,

“You two take all the women of the village who will help and immediately finish preparing seventy loaves of wheat cake, sixty loaves of buckwheat cake, fifty twisted cakes, forty twisted buckwheat cakes, ten bottles of liquor, ten pairs of geese, twenty pairs of ducks, thirty pairs of chickens, and two tables of each of the five fruits. If you delay I will beat you all!”

All answered, “Yes sir!” and each left to make preparations. In no time at all they were busily carrying all these things, arranging them so that they filled the courtyard. The quantity looked as high as a cliff, the various kinds of meat were piled up like a mountain, the liquor was put out and poured forth like an ocean, and the tables of fruit and bread were lined up one after another in rows. After the gold, silver, and paper money from the treasuries were arranged in great abundance, all the people sprinkled the liquor around and cried. Then from the side the official wept, saying,

Father’s prince, *ara*
one born *ara*
in the fiftieth year! *ara*
Sergudai Fiyanggo! *ara*
When I saw you *ara*
I greatly rejoiced. *ara*
Who will inherit *ara*
these many horses *ara*
and herds of cattle and sheep? *ara*

I relied greatly *ara*
 upon the prince's grandeur, *ara*
 intelligence, and purity. *ara*
 What prince will sit astride *ara* the riding horses? *ara*
 Although there are servants, *ara*
 what master will order them about? *ara*
 Although there are hawks, *ara*
 who will receive them? *ara*
 Although there are striped dogs, *ara*
 what child will lead them? *ara*
 When he was sobbing like this, the mother also said, Mother's clever prince! *ara*
 For the sake of my own offspring *ara*
 I did good deeds *ara*
 and prayed for good fortune. *ara*
 Wise, *ara*
 pure prince, *ara*
 deft of hand, *ara*
 adroit prince, *ara*
 you were born in my fiftieth year! *ara*
 Beautiful in form, *ara*
 fair prince, *ara*
 learned, *ara*
 with soft voice! *ara*
 Wise prince, *ara*
 upon what son now *ara*
 can I depend and live? *ara*
 One who was kind to the servants, *ara*
 imposing prince, *ara*
 prince of comely form! *ara*
 Your complexion and nature *ara*
 was like that of P'an An. *ara*
 Beautiful prince! *ara*
 When mother went strolling *ara*
 in the street *ara*
 you were like a hawk! *ara*
 I seek to hear *ara*
 your voice. *ara*
 When you went into the valley *ara*
 there was the sound of bells. *ara*
 Mother's beautiful son! *ara*
 What son will I look upon now? *ara*

I live cherishing you! *Ara*\fn {P'an An is probably an abbreviated name of P'an An-jen, a man of the Chin Dynasty (265-419AD) renowned for his physical beauty; of whom a biography survives in volume 55 of the Records of the Chin Dynasty.}

Then falling on her back, froth came out of her mouth, and falling on her stomach, saliva flowed, and she spit mucous into a tub. As she was crying her tears flowed into a veritable river.

At this point an old man, an almost dead hunchback who walked all bent over, arrived at the gate and called out,

Deyangku, deyangku Guards of the gate
Deyangku, deyangku listen!
Deyangku, deyangku Go to your master
Deyangku, deyangku and please tell him
Deyangku, deyangku that a dying old man
Deyangku, deyangku has come
Deyangku, deyangku to the outside of the gate
Deyangku, deyangku Please say
Deyangku, deyangku that I would like to see him.
Deyangku, deyangku As a small token
Deyangku, deyangku I would like to burn the paper.

When he finished making this request the gate guards went in and reported it to Baldu Bayan. The official said, "How pitiful! Bring him in quickly. Let him eat from the mountain of meat and cakes we have offered for the young master, and let him drink from the ocean of wine."

At this the gate guards ran out and brought in the old man. When he came in he did not notice the meat, cakes, and wine for the offering, but instead went directly past this and stood near the coffin of the young master. He leaned his hand on the coffin, hopped up and down, and cried in a high voice, saying in sobs,

Beloved friend, *ara koro*
how short *ara koro*
was your life! *ara koro*
I heard *apa kopo*
that a wise one was born. *ara koro*
I, withered old servant, *ara koro*
was happy. *ara koro*
Having heard talk *ara koro*
that you raised *ara koro*
a worthy prince, *ara koro*
I, stupid servant, *ara koro*
was hopeful. *ara koro*
Having heard *ara koro*
that you bore *ara koro*
a virtuous prince, *ara koro*
I, wicked servant, *ara koro*
relied on this. *ara koro*
Having heard of a prince *ara koro*
who was gifted, *ara koro*
I was wonder-struck. *ara koro*
How could this prince have died? *ara koro*

The people on the side were all brought to tears by the way he mourned to the very point of his own dying, striking the palm of his hand, angrily weeping and jumping up and down.

When the official saw this he looked at the man sympathetically, took off the silk gown that he himself wore and gave it to the old man. The latter accepted the clothing, threw it over his shoulders and stood right at the head of the coffin. As he looked around the house he sighed deeply and reproachfully said,

“Rich sir, are you unblinkingly going to let go of Sergudai Fiyanggo and send him away? If there is a skilled shaman somewhere why don’t you bring him here and have him bring the young master back to life!” The official replied,

“Where is there a good shaman? In this village of ours there are three or four shamans—all of the type who eat by cheating people out of food. They are shamans who merely offer a little liquor, a chicken, and a few pastries or prepare some millet or grain. They not only don’t revive a person; they don’t even know the day and the time of his death. I ask you, if there is a skilled shaman somewhere that you, old man, know about, please give me some indication.” The old man replied,

“Rich sir, how could you not know? There is a shaman by the name of Teteke who lives on the banks of the Nisihai River\fn{Two small tributaries of the Sungari River, just south of Kirin (Jilin), are so named.} not far from here. This shaman has great power; she can revive the dead. Why don’t you go to ask her? If she comes, even if there were ten Sergudais instead of one, she would still be able to revive them! Go quickly and seek her!”

Having said this, he leisurely walked out of the main gate, sat on a five-colored cloud.\fn{Probably white, yellow, red, blue, and green, which appear frequently in Buddhist iconography.} and was lifted upwards. The gate guards saw this, and after they rushed into the house and reported it to the official, Baldu Bayan joyously said,

“Surely a god has come and instructed me!”

He then prostrated himself toward the empty space where the old man had stood. Mounting a quick-footed, gray, white-hooved gelding, he ordered his servants to follow. Setting out at a gallop, they reached the bank of the Nisihai River in no time. They saw a little hut on the east bank and Baldu Bayan noticed a young woman hanging out the clothes she had washed on a fence. He drew near and asked,

“Elder sister, would you please tell me where the house of the Nisan shaman is?” At this the woman smiled cheerfully and pointed,

“She lives on the west bank.”

The official then mounted his horse, and at full gallop he reached the place she had indicated. He saw that a person was standing inside the courtyard smoking tobacco. Hastily dismounting, he approached and asked,

“Good sir, please tell me which one is really the home of the Nisan shaman.” The man replied,

“Why do you hurry about in such a frightened manner?”

“I inquire of you, sir, because I have an important and urgent affair. Please be so kind as to tell me.” Then the man said,

“That woman who was hanging out her wash and whom you just questioned on the east bank is the very shaman! You have been tricked and deceived! When you make a request of that shaman, ask respectfully. She cannot be compared to other shamans. This one is very skilled at leading.”

Baldu Bayan thanked the man, mounted his horse and again rode to the east bank. Getting down from his horse, he entered the house. He noticed that an old, white-haired woman was sitting on the south oven-bed and a young woman stood smoking tobacco at the opening of the stove. The official thought,

“The old woman who is sitting on the oven-bed is surely the shaman!” He knelt down on the ground and was about to make his request but the old woman said,

“I am not the shaman. You, sir, have been misled. The one standing at the oven, my daughter-in-law, is the shaman.” Then Baldu Bayan got up and knelt before this woman and implored,

“Shaman, elder sister, you have become famous and your name has spread abroad. Because you supersede twenty, even forty shamans, I have come to make a request of you. Will you divine and indicate the circumstances of death? Although, elder sister, it is troublesome for you, what am I to do? Please be sympathetic and let me profit from your fame.” The woman smiled and said,

“Mr. Bayan, I will not deceive you. I myself have learned shamanizing only recently, so I am afraid my divination of the circumstances of death will not be correct. Do not delay the matter! Seek other capable shamans and have them make the divination right away. Do not be careless!”

With tears flowing, Baldu Bayan knelt down and implored again and again. Following this the shaman said,

“Because you came here first, I shall divine just once. If you were someone else, I surely would not divine.”

Then she washed her face, set out the incense table, and threw the round *go* {A game purely strategic in nature involving numerous black and white counters, of Chinese derivation and perhaps 3,000 years old.} pieces into the water. She placed a stool in the center of the floor, grasped a tambourine in her right hand, wrapped the strap of the elm wood drumstick around her left hand, and, sitting on the stool and beating the tambourine, she began to entreat. Her beautiful voice calling out “*hobage*,” her high voice repeating “*deyangku*,” she implored in a chant, and the spirit permeated her body. Baldu Bayan knelt down on the ground and listened. The Nisan shaman began to mutter, and the words she muttered indicated this:

Eikule yekule Man of this Baldu clan,
Eikule yekule born in the year of the dragon,
Eikule yekule listen!
Eikule yekule You sir, have come
Eikule yekule to divine the circumstances of death.
Eikule yekule Listen clearly!
Eikule yekule If what I say is not so,
Eikule yekule say, ‘It is not so,’
Eikule yekule If what I say is a lie,
Eikule yekule say, ‘It is a lie.’
Eikule yekule A lying shaman deceives.
Eikule yekule Let me report to you:
Eikule yekule In your twenty-fifth year
Eikule yekule a boy
Eikule yekule was born.
Eikule yekule Having reached fifteen,
Eikule yekule he went to hunt
Eikule yekule on Heng Lang Mountain.
Eikule yekule On that mountain
Eikule yekule the evil spirit Kumuru
Eikule yekule seized and ate
Eikule yekule the soul
Eikule yekule of your son
Eikule yekule who himself
Eikule yekule got sick
Eikule yekule and died.
Eikule yekule Thereafter,
Eikule yekule there were no sons.
Eikule yekule In your fiftieth year
Eikule yekule I saw a boy

Eikule yekule and he was born.
Eikule yekule Because he was born
Eikule yekule at fifty years,
Eikule yekule you named him,
Eikule yekule saying, ‘We will call you
Eikule yekule Sergudai Fiyanggo.’
Eikule yekule His worthy name has flourished.
Eikule yekule His great fame has gone forth.
Eikule yekule He reached his fifteenth year.
Eikule yekule As he was killing
Eikule yekule many beasts
Eikule yekule on the southern mountain
Eikule yekule Ilmun Han heard this.
Eikule yekule He sent an evil spirit
Eikule yekule who seized his soul,
Eikule yekule taking it away.
Eikule yekule It will be difficult to revive him.
Eikule yekule I am concerned about reviving him.
Eikule yekule If what I say is so, say, ‘It is so!’

Eikule yekule If what I say is not so, say, ‘It is not so!’\fn{Ilmun Han is the lord of the Underworld, who acts as the judge of the dead.}

Baldu Bayan, kneeling, said, “All that has been reported by the spirit, all that has been indicated by the narration, is correct.”

The shaman grasped a stick of incense, raised it up, and revived. Then she put away the tambourine and drumstick. Baldu Bayan kowtowed again and again, and crying, said,

“All that you have mercifully divined, shaman, is truly so. Because of this, please be so kind as to trouble yourself and in my humble home reanimate the dog-like existence of my son. Could I possibly forget the gods when you cause him to come back to life? Since I myself have sought you out, will I turn my back on recompense?”

After he said this, the Nisan shaman inquired,

“In your home, I surmise there is probably a dog that was born on the same day as your son, and there is also a three-year-old rooster and various types of bean paste. Is this not so?” Baldu Bayan answered,

“Truly, what you have divined is correct. You are a wonderful, divine shaman! Now I would like to move your large implements for shamanizing; I would like to put your heavy implements on my shoulders. I implore you to please revive the young life of my son.” The Nisan shaman laughingly said,

“How will I, a small and weak shaman, be able to accomplish this? You will spend your property and silver in vain and you will quickly exhaust your money to no benefit. Seek other capable shamans! As for me, I am a shaman who has just learned and who still has not acquired the fundamentals. A shaman who has learned only recently has not yet acquired official status. What do I know?”

Baldu Bayan knelt down on the ground. Bowing and crying bitterly he implored,

“Shaman, elder sister, if you bring my son back to life, I will repay your kindness by giving you one-half of my gold, silver, silks, geldings, cows, and sheep.” After he said this the Ni~an shaman had no alternative but to say,

“Mr. Bayan, stand up! Let me go and vainly try to divine once. If I bring about good fortune, don’t rejoice. If I am brought to failure, don’t be disappointed. Please heed these words clearly!”

Rejoicing, Baldu Bayan stood up, and stuffing a pipe full of tobacco he thanked her, went out of the gate, and mounted his horse. As he approached his home he called Ahalji and Bahalji and said,

“Quickly prepare a sedan chair, a wagon, and horses, and get the shaman.”

Immediately Ahalji and Bahalji made preparations by completely and evenly hitching up the wagons; then they took a group of servants and rode away to meet the shaman. In a short time they reached the house of the Nisan shaman on the bank of the Nisihai River where they met her. After greeting her they loaded the cabinets of spirit placings,\fn{Objects used as receptacles or locus for physically embodying a spirit.} dividing these among three wagons. The shaman sat on the sedan chair, and with eight men carrying her as quickly as if they were flying, they reached the official’s home in an instant.

Baldu Bayan met her and conducted her into the house. He arranged the cabinets of spirit placings in the middle of the large oven-bed, washed his face, lit incense, and prostrated himself three times. Next the shaman washed her face and prepared some food. After she had finished eating she wiped her face with a damp towel and

got her tambourine ready. She struck her tambourine and drum, praying in a murmur to the spirit; however, the three or four village shamans who struck their tambourines and accompanied her were so out of harmony that the Nisan shaman said,

“If it is as discordant as this, how will I travel to the underworld?” The official answered,

“In our village there really are no capable people. If the shaman previously had a chief assistant who followed, tell me and I will have the servants go for him.” The Nisan shaman said,

“There is seventy-year-old Nari Fiyanggo who lives in my village. This man will follow perfectly; he is well acquainted with the drum and chant. If this man comes, truly I will not worry. He has been filial and obedient.”

At this the official immediately had Ahalji ride one horse, lead another, and quickly go to fetch Nari Fiyanggo. In a short time they got back and dismounted. Baldu Bayan met them, and as they were coming into the house the Nisan shaman saw them and laughingly said,

“Noble sir. you who will give strength to the spirits, have you come? Virtuous Mr. Nari Fiyanggo, brother and assistant who will provide help for the gods, listen! Help me, your elder sister, by harmonizing beautifully with the tune. According to that which was established of old, I confidently entrust the tambourine and drum to you, brother and assistant. If you are unable, I will beat your thighs with a dampened, leather-covered drumstick. If you do not harmonize with the chanting and murmuring, I will beat your buttocks with a wet drumstick made of cherry wood!” After she said this, Nari Fiyanggo laughed and replied,

“Powerful, strange Nisan shaman, I, your younger brother, know this. I do not require a lot of instruction!” He sat down on the oven-bed, prepared tea and food, and after finishing this he immediately harmonized, striking the drum.

Then the Nisan shaman tied the shaman’s garments, bells, and skirts onto her body and put the nine-bird cap on her head. Her tall, slender body waved like a trembling willow, imitating the tune *Yang cun*; \fn{The name of an ancient Chinese musical composition.} it shook with her loud voice and rose up with her high voice. The soft tune winding, her subtle voice accompanying, she beseeched in a murmur:

Hoge yage Please come, escaping
Hoge yage from the stone pit!
Hoge yage Please descend quickly!
Hogo yage

As she spoke the shaman became disoriented and the spirit entered, permeating her fully. Suddenly, gritting her teeth, she began to mumble:

Hoge yage Lead assistant
Hoge yage standing to the side,
Hoge yage great assistant
Hoge yage standing next to me,
Hoge yage submissive assistant
Hoge yage standing near,
Hoge yage clever assistant
Hoge yage standing nearby,
Hoge yage having opened your thin ears,
Hoge yage listen!
Hoge yage Having closed your thick ears,
Hoge yage Listen!

Hoge yage Having fastened the rooster \fn{Taken “in connection with a ceremony performed in order to bring back the wandering soul of one who has suffered soul loss.”}

Hoge yage to my head,
Hoge yage make ready!
Hoge yage Having tied to my foot
Hoge yage the striped dog, \fn{Believed to carry the soul into the lower world.}
Hoge yage make ready!
Hoge yage Place at my side
Hoge yage one hundred lumps

Hoge yage of old bean paste. \fn{“Generally, the Tungus and Manchus give the spirits those kinds and forms of food which they themselves appreciate unless there are special kinds and forms preferred by the spirits.”}

Hoge yage Having wrapped one hundred bundles
Hoge yage of coarse paper,
Hoge yage make ready!

Hoge yage I am going to pursue a soul
Hoge yage into a dark place.
Hoge yage I surmise that I will go
Hoge yage to the land of the dead.
Hoge yage I am going to fetch a life
Hoge yage in an evil place.
Hoge yage I am going to raise
Hoge yage a fallen soul.
Hoge yage Trusted assistant,
Hoge yage take charge of leading me.
Hoge yage Truly try hard
Hoge yage to revive me when I come back.
Hoge yage Throw water
Hoge yage around my nose:
Hoge yage twenty measures.
Hoge yage Pour water
Hoge yage around my face:
Hoge yage forty buckets.
Hoge yage

Having uttered this, she was thrown down and immediately her appearance began to change. Then the assistant, Nari Fiyanggo, approached her and had her lie down. He arranged the bells and skirt, tied up the rooster and the dog, and lined up the bean paste and paper. He seated himself next to the shaman and seized the drum; then he began to mutter, using the drumstick to lead and conduct the spirits.

Cinggelji inggelji The candle
Cinggelji inggelji having been darkened,
Cinggelji inggelji tonight
Cinggelji inggelji for the sake of the soul
Cinggelji inggelji of Sergudai Fiyanggo
Cinggelji inggelji of the Bayara clan,
Cinggelji inggelji she has made a kowtow.
Cinggelji inggelji She is pursuing a soul
Cinggelji inggelji to a dark place.
Cinggelji inggelji She goes to fetch a life
Cinggelji inggelji in an evil place.
Cinggelji inggelji She is bringing support
Cinggelji inggelji for a dead soul.
Cinggelji inggelji As one powerful in regard to ghosts,
Cinggelji inggelji as one experienced with evil phantoms,
Cinggelji inggelji she is famous
Cinggelji inggelji throughout the world.
Cinggelji inggelji She is renowned
Cinggelji inggelji in all lands!
Cinggelji inggelji

After he said this, the Nisan shaman led the rooster and dog, put the bean paste and paper on her shoulders, and accompanied by all the spirits, she proceeded toward the land of the dead to seek Ilmun Han.

As she went, the beast-spirits ran, the bird-spirits flew, and the serpents slithered. Traveling like a whirlwind she arrived at the bank of a river. Around her she noticed no place to cross; she saw neither ferry nor boat. While she was worriedly looking around, a man was traveling along the opposite bank by punting a boat. The Nisan shaman saw him and called out:

Hobage yebage Lame sir!
Hobage yebage Ferryman!
Hobage yebage Listen and take us!
Hobage yebage Having opened your thin ears,
Hobage yebage listen!
Hobage yebage Having closed your thick ears,
Hobage yebage please listen!
Hobage yebage Ugly Rogue,
Hobage yebage won't you listen and remember?
Hobage yebage If the offerings are good

Hobage yebage you will become honored.
Hobage yebage If the offerings are good
Hobage yebage you will advance.
Hobage yebage Having acted as a lord,
Hobage yebage you will become virtuous.
Hobage yebage I am going to meet with the family of my father.
Hobage yebage I am going to rest with the family of my mother.
Hobage yebage I am going adorned
Hobage yebage to the house of my maternal grandfather.
Hobage yebage I proceed in dance
Hobage yebage to the place of my maternal grandmother.
Hobage yebage I go proudly
Hobage yebage to the home of my aunt
Hobage yebage I go to fetch a life
Hobage yebage to the home of my uncle
Hobage yebage If you take me across
Hobage yebage I will give you bean paste.
Hobage yebage If you take me across quickly
Hobage yebage I will give you paper.
Hobage yebage You will not take me to no avail;
Hobage yebage I will give you a fee.
Hobage yebage If you really take me across
Hobage yebage I will give you goods.
Hobage yebage If you take me across quickly
Hobage yebage I will present you
Hobage yebage with strong liquor.
Hobage yebage I go to redeem a life
Hobage yebage in an evil place.
Hobage yebage I go to pursue a soul
Hobage yebage in a dark place.
Hobage yebage

When the lame rogue heard this, rowing half a boat with half an oar he reached the opposite bank. The Nisan shaman saw that he had one eye, a crooked nose, a shriveled ear, a bald head, a crippled foot, and deformed hands. He came near and said,

“So you are the shamaness. If it were any other person I surely would not take him across, but since I have heard and am acquainted with your fame, and since the fate that has brought forth your name at this time is in order, it is impossible for me not to ferry you across.”

After he said this, the Nisan shaman got into the boat. The lame rogue punted with his pole and rowed with his oar and they crossed to the other side. Afterwards she thanked him and said,

“Take three lumps of bean paste and three bundles of paper and keep this as a small insignificant token.” She also asked,

“Hasn't anyone else gone across this ferry?” The lame rogue replied,

“No one else at all has crossed except for Monggoldai Nakcu, relative of the Lord of the Underworld, who passed taking the soul of Sergudai Fiyanggo, son of Baldu Bayan.”

The Nisan shaman thanked him and then set off. Proceeding, she soon reached the bank of the Red River. When she looked around there was no boat to ferry her across and she did not even see the shadow of a person. Consequently there was nothing else to do; she began to murmur, beseeching the spirit:

Eikuli yekuli Great eagle
Eikuli yekuli circling the sky,
Eikuli yekuli silver wagtail
Eikuli yekuli circling the sea,
Eikuli yekuli malicious snake
Eikuli yekuli slithering along the river bank,
Eikuli yekuli eight pythons
Eikuli yekuli going along the Jan River—
Eikuli yekuli Young lord, I myself
Eikuli yekuli want to cross
Eikuli yekuli this river.
Eikuli yekuli All you spirits
Eikuli yekuli lifting me, ferry me across.

Eikuli yekuli Hurry!
Eikuli yekuli Reveal your power!
Eikuli yekuli

Then throwing her drum into the water the shaman herself stood on top of it, and like a whirlwind she crossed the river in an instant. She left a fee, three lumps of bean paste and three bundles of paper, for the lord of the river, and once again she set out. Since she traveled quickly she soon reached the main gate. She was about to go through the pass, but the two *hutu* {"A broad class of harmful spirits."} who were guarding the gate, Seletu and Senggitu, screeched,

"What person dares to go through this pass? We guard this gate under order of Ilmun Han. Quickly report your business!" The Nisan shaman said,

"I am the Nisan shaman from the realm of the living. I am going to seek Monggoldai Nakcu in the realm of the dead." The two *hutu* shouted,

"If that is so, then according to the rule for entering the pass, one is allowed to pass through only after having left his name and a fee!"

When they said this, the Nisan shaman gave them a name tally, three lumps of bean paste, and three bundles of paper. Only then did she go through. Traveling along, she reached a second gate, and as before she left her name and a fee and then traveled through. She thereby reached the gate of Monggoldai Nakcu at the third pass. Her skirt bells shaking, the small bells ringing out, and she herself crying out "*Hoge yage*" in a beautiful voice, she said,

Monggoldai Nakcu,
Hoge yage quickly
Hoge yage come forth!
Hoge yage For what purpose
Hoge yage did you seize and bring here
Hoge yage one who did not have
Hoge yage a full length of life?
Hoge yage When it was not yet his time
Hoge yage you brought him here by force.
Hoge yage If you give him back
Hoge yage I will thank you generously.
Hoge yage If you give him free of charge
Hoge yage I shall thank you.
Hoge yage Halfway in life
Hoge yage you brought him here without reason.
Hoge yage You brought him here deceitfully!
Hoge yage What do you answer to this?
Hoge yage I will not take him away without paying;
Hoge yage I shall leave you a fee.
Hoge yage I will not take him away by deceit;
Hoge yage I shall leave goods.
Hoge yage If you give him to me
Hoge yage I will leave bean paste.
Hoge yage If you bring him out and give him to me
Hoge yage I will give you payment.
Hoge yage If you give him right away
Hoge yage I will pay my respects.
Hoge yage If you still do not give him
Hoge yage it will not be good.
Hoge yage The spirits in power will go in flight,
Hoge yage and entering your home
Hoge yage they will take him away!
Hoge yage

With skirt bells shaking, cap waving, and small bells ringing, the Nisan shaman was making her voice clang like metal. Just then Monggoldai Nakcu came out laughing and said,

"Nisan shaman, listen carefully! It is true that I am the one who took away Sergudai Fiyanggo, son of Baldu Bayan. Of what concern is that to you? What have I stolen and brought here that is yours that you stand at my gate and bawl me out in a high, blundering voice?" The Nisan shaman replied,

"Although you have not stolen and brought here anything of mine, how could you bring an innocent child here,

a person belonging to someone else, one who did not have a full length of life?” Monggoldai Nakcu said,

“That I brought him here was by command of our Ilmun Han. After we brought the child here, in order to test him we hung a gold coin on a high pole. We had him shoot an arrow at a hole in the coin, and he hit it each of the three times. Later, testing him again, we had him grapple with the blue wrestler and the wrestler was consequently thrown. Next we had him grapple with the lion wrestler, and because the latter did not equal him, our Ilmun Han made Sergudai his son and is raising him lovingly! Could it be possible to give him back to you?”

Listening to this speech the Nisan shaman became very angry and said to Monggoldai Nakcu,

“If that is so, then it seems that this does not have anything to do with you. You after all are a good man. I have set out to seek Ilmun Han, and according to my own capability, I will either obtain or not obtain Sergudai Fiyanggo. If my power is great, then I will get him. If my power is insufficient, then I am finished. It does not have anything to do with you!”

Having said this, she set out to seek the city of the ruler, and in no time she arrived and saw that the gate was closed fast. Being unable to enter, the Nisan shaman looked around, but since the city walls had been built firm and solid she became angry and began to murmur:

Kerani kerani Great soaring bird
Kerani kerani nested
Kerani kerani on Eastern Mountain,
Kerani kerani sandalwood kingfisher
Kerani kerani on Cangling Mountain,
Kerani kerani oakwood badger
Kerani kerani resting
Kerani kerani on Mangga Mountain,
Kerani kerani nine snakes,
Kerani kerani eight pythons,
Kerani kerani small tiger,
Kerani kerani wolverine,
Kerani kerani resting
Kerani kerani in rocky lairs
Kerani kerani and iron passes,
Kerani kerani golden wagtail
Kerani kerani circling the mountain,
Kerani kerani silver wagtail
Kerani kerani circling the sea,
Kerani kerani flying hawk
Kerani kerani lead eagle,
Kerani kerani many-colored eagle,
Kerani kerani vultures of the earth,
Kerani kerani nine columns,
Kerani kerani twelve rows,
Kerani kerani flock of vultures—
Kerani kerani quickly
Kerani kerani enter the city by flying
Kerani kerani and bring him!
Kerani kerani With your talons
Kerani kerani grasping, bring him!
Kerani kerani With your claws
Kerani kerani seizing, bring him!
Kerani kerani Put him across your backs
Kerani kerani in a golden censer and bring him!
Kerani kerani Turn him over
Kerani kerani in a silver censer and bring him!
Kerani kerani By the strength of your shoulders
Kerani kerani lifting, bring him!
Kerani kerani

When she finished, all the spirits rose up in flight and became like clouds and fog.

As Sergudai Fiyanggo was playing with other children, tossing gold and silver anklebone dice, a great bird came down, seized him in his talons, and rising up, took him away. The other children saw this and were frightened. They ran into the house and reported to the ruler, their father,

“Something bad has happened! A bird came, seized our brother Sergudai Fiyanggo, and took him away!”

When Ilmun Han heard this he became very angry. A *hutu* was dispatched who summoned Monggoldai Nakcu and brought him to Ilmun Han. Ilmun Han scolded him saying,

“A great bird has seized and taken away Sergudai Fiyanggo whom you brought here. This had better not be of your doing! How could you possibly do this to me?” As Ilmun Han said this Monggoldai calmly thought,

“It is probably no one else but the Nisan shaman.” Then he said,

“Master, do not be angry. It is probably none other than the Nisan shaman, who first appeared in the realm of the living and has since become well known in your great land, who has come and taken him away. I will go in pursuit now and try to find her. This shaman should not be compared to others!”

Saying this, he set out at once in pursuit.

Meanwhile, the Nisan shaman was rejoicing greatly because she had obtained Sergudai Fiyanggo. She grasped his hand and was leading him back, but just as she was proceeding along the former route, Monggoldai, who was pursuing from behind, called out,

“Shaman, elder sister, wait a moment! Let us talk a bit about right and wrong. Is it proper to take him away on the sly? I managed to bring him here with difficulty, spending a good deal of effort. Do you really intend to take Sergudai Fiyanggo away without payment, relying on your shamanism? Our Ilmun Han is angry and is blaming me. Now how can I answer? Shaman, elder sister, consider this calmly: of course it is not in keeping with principles for you to take him away without even paying a fee!” The Nisan shaman replied,

“If you, Monggoldai, are merely asking me, I will still leave you a small fee. However, if you are acting forcibly, using your ruler as a prop, who fears you? We are faced with an important matter; let’s settle it once and for all.”

Saying this she gave him three lumps of bean paste and three handfuls of paper. Then Monggoldai entreated again,

“The fee you give is too small. Won’t you increase it a bit more?” The Nisan shaman gave him another portion but he again implored,

“When I give this small fee to our ruler it will truly be of no avail. After all, how could he pardon my offense? What I request is that you, shaman, would leave me the rooster and the dog that you brought, and I will give them to Ilmun Han who would then pardon my offense. He has no dogs for hunting nor rooster to crow at night. Since our ruler would be pleased with these, in the first place your affair, shaman, would be settled, and in the second place he would pardon my offense.” The Nisan shaman replied,

“That really would be advantageous for both sides. But only if you will grant Sergudai an increase in length of life will I leave you this dog and rooster, and go away.” Monggoldai answered,

“Shaman, elder sister, if you speak like this, then looking .you in the eye I will add twenty years to his life span.” The shaman said,

“Since you would take him at a time when his snivel is still not dry, it will be of no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add thirty years of life.”

“Since you would take him when his mind is not yet settled, it will be of no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add forty years to his life.”

“Since you would take him when he has not yet received honor and nobility, there would still be no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add fifty years of life.”

“Since you would take him when he is not yet wise and worthy, there will still be no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add sixty years to his life.”

“Since you would take him when he has not yet learned to use the bow and arrow, there would still be no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add seventy years to his life.”

“Since you would take him when he has not yet learned craftsmanship, there would still be no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add eighty years to his life.”

“Since you would take him when he does not yet understand the affairs of his age, there would still be no benefit.”

“If that is the case, I will add ninety years to his life span. As for adding more, I cannot. From this time on, up to age sixty Sergudai will have no illness. Up to age one hundred he will not be frail. Let him raise nine children to gather around him. Let him see eight sons put a generation in motion. Until his hair turns white, his teeth turn yellow, his waist becomes bent, his eyes grow dim, and his feet begin to lag, let him urinate standing up and defecate squatting down.”

At this the Nisan shaman thanked him and said,

“If you grant sentiments such as this, I will give you both the rooster and the dog. Call the rooster by saying *Asi* and call the dog by saying *Ceo*.”

Monggoldai Nakcu thanked her and was very happy. As he was leaving with the rooster and the dog, he thought,

“Let me try calling them as a test.”

When he released them and called out, “*Asi, asi, ceo, ceo*,” both the rooster and the dog turned back and to his surprise went chasing after the Nisan shaman. Monggoldai was frightened and went running after them until he was out of breath. Gasping and panting he implored,

“Shaman, elder sister, why do you play tricks? How is it that when I called your rooster and dog, they both turned around and went away? I beg of you, do not deceive me. If I do not take these two things back, this really will not work out. How will I be able to endure it when the ruler blames me?”

When he had implored again and again the Nisan shaman laughed and said,

“I’ve joked enough. From now on remember well what I am going to tell you. Call the rooster by saying *Gu, gu*, and call the dog by saying *Eri, eri*.” Then Monggoldai said,

“Elder sister, you were only joking a bit, but I have broken out in a cold sweat.”

When he called them according to what the shaman had said, both the rooster and the dog stayed close to Monggoldai and followed after him, wagging head and tail.

As the Nisan shaman was taking Sergudai by the hand and walking along leading him, she met her husband at the side of the road. She saw that he was boiling a cauldron of oil on a fire of sorghum stalks. Looking at his appearance she could see that he was angry. When he saw his wife he gnashed his teeth threateningly, and hatefully said,

“Fickle Nisan, instead of achieving the revival of all others, is there anything wrong with managing to revive me, your dear warm husband who was married to you from youth? I have especially boiled a cauldron of oil here and have been awaiting you. Quickly say whether you will bring me back to life or not. If you really won’t revive me then I simply will not let you go on and this cauldron will immediately become your adversary!”

In reply the Nisan shaman entreated him:

Dear husband,
Hailambi sulembi listen quickly!
Hailambi sulembi Dear man,
Hailambi sulembi listen right here and now!
Hailambi sulembi Having opened your thin ears,
Hailambi sulembi listen!
Hailambi sulembi Having closed your thick ears,
Hailambi sulembi please listen!
Hailambi sulembi The tendons and muscles of your body
Hailambi sulembi have broken apart.
Hailambi sulembi Being dead a long time,
Hailambi sulembi you have decayed.
Hailambi sulembi Your bones and flesh
Hailambi sulembi have all softened.
Hailambi sulembi How can I resurrect you?
Hailambi sulembi Dear husband,
Hailambi sulembi if you will consider me kindly,
Hailambi sulembi then please send me along, allowing me to pass.
Hailambi sulembi I will burn
Hailambi sulembi much paper money
Hailambi sulembi at your grave.
Hailambi sulembi I will offer in sacrifice
Hailambi sulembi a lot of millet and vegetables.
Hailambi sulembi I will care for and wait upon
Hailambi sulembi your mother.
Hailambi sulembi If you will consider this
Hailambi sulembi won’t you spare my life?
Hailambi sulembi Having considered your old mother
Hailambi sulembi sympathetically,
Hailambi sulembi won’t you let me pass?
Hailambi sulembi

When she finished begging like this her husband gnashed his teeth and hatefully said,
 “Fickle, merciless Nisan shaman, wife, listen! During the time I was alive you despised me greatly, calling me wretched and closing your eyes to me. In your heart you clearly know this is so. You have acted according to your own whims, and whether you wait upon my old mother well or poorly is likewise according to your whims. Isn’t this so in your eyes too? I wish to settle two grudges at once with you: the occasions of today and those of before. Decide quickly whether you will get into the cauldron of oil yourself or whether I will have to push you in!”

The shaman's face reddened at his speech and she angrily called out,

Dear husband, you listen!
Denikun denikun When you died
Denikun denikun what did you leave me?
Denikun denikun You left me
Denikun denikun your old mother
Denikun denikun in an impoverished household.
Denikun denikun I have respectfully nourished her.
Denikun denikun I have done my best to be filial to her.
Denikun denikun Husband,
Denikun denikun think and observe!
Denikun denikun I am
Denikun denikun a kind person.
Denikun denikun Having discovered
Denikun denikun your strong resolve
Denikun denikun I would like to give you
Denikun denikun a bit of a test.
Denikun denikun I will see if the strength of your corpse
Denikun denikun has been diminished.
Denikun denikun I am sending you
Denikun denikun to a suitable place.
Denikun denikun I beseech the spirits:
Denikun denikun Great crane
Denikun denikun circling above the forest,
Denikun denikun quickly
Denikun denikun seize in your claws
Denikun denikun my husband.
Denikun denikun Throw him for good
Denikun denikun into Fungtu City!
Denikun denikun Let him not take birth

Denikun denikun in a human body!\fn{ **Fungtu City is a reference to the Chinese Feng-tu ch’eng, the name of an underworld city most frequently mentioned in Taoist texts.**}

Denikun denikun

As she called out, a great crane took wing and immediately seized her husband in its claws and threw him into Fungtu City. The shaman saw this, and calling “*Deyangku!*” in a high-pitched voice, she said,

Deyangku deyangku Without a husband
Deyangku deyangku I shall live happily.
Deyangku deyangku Without a man
Deyangku deyangku I shall live proudly.
Deyangku deyangku Among mother’s relatives
Deyangku deyangku I shall live enjoyably.
Deyangku deyangku Facing the years
Deyangku deyangku I shall live happily.
Deyangku deyangku Without children
Deyangku deyangku I shall live on.
Deyangku deyangku Without a family
Deyangku deyangku I shall live lovingly.
Deyangku deyangku Pursuing my own youth
Deyangku deyangku I shall live as a guest.
Deyangku deyangku

Chanting like this she led Sergudai Fiyanggo by the hand, now walking merrily as the breeze, now running quickly as a whirlwind. As she went along she saw a tower at the side of the road that had been built to be very

majestic and beautiful, and five-colored clouds were piled around it. The Nisan shaman drew near and saw that two gods wearing gold armor and helmets were standing guard at the gate, holding iron clubs. She went closer and asked,

“Sirs, please tell me what place this is and who lives inside.” To this the gods replied,

“Omosi-mama, \fn{The spirit believed to be in charge of the distribution of souls.} who causes the leaves to unfurl and the roots to spread properly, lives in the tower.” The Nisan shaman said,

“I would like to take advantage of my coming here and pay my respects to Omosi-mama. Is this in fact permissible?” The gods at the gate responded,

“It is permissible.”

Thereupon the Nisan shaman thanked them with three handfuls of paper and three lumps of bean paste and went in. She reached the second gate and saw there were also two gods wearing armor and helmets who were standing guard. As the Nisan shaman was about to go in, they stopped her with a shout:

“What kind of a person is entering this gate so heedlessly? Draw back at once! If you rush forward at all we will beat you!” The Nisan shaman entreated them,

“Great gods, do not be angry; I am not an evil spirit. I am the one known as the Nisan shaman from the land of the living. I only want to take advantage of my journey and meet and pay my respects to merciful Omosi-mama.” The two gods replied,

“If you have such respectful intentions you may go in, but come out soon!”

At that the Nisan shaman again thanked them, left a fee and went in. She reached the third gate where two gods were also standing guard. As before, she thanked them and went in.

She saw that a five-colored vapor was shining within the tower and around the door a thick mist was billowing. There were also two women wearing garments of a five-colored pattern who were standing guard at the door. Their hair was dressed up high and in their hands they were holding gold censers. One of them was holding a silver dish and the other said with a smile,

“It seems I recognize this woman. Aren’t you the Nisan shaman who lives on the bank of the Nisihai River in the land of the living?” The shaman was startled and responded,

“Who are you? How could I have forgotten and not recognized you?” The woman replied,

“Why don’t you remember me? When I developed pox the year before last, Omosi-mama, calling me pure and good, brought me here and employs me at her side. We are neighbors of a single village. I was taken as wife by Nari Fiyanggo and within two days pox appeared and I died.” The Nisan shaman only then recognized her and joyfully exclaimed,

“How could I have forgotten!”

Then the door was opened and she was ushered in. When she raised her head and looked up, she saw that an old woman whose hair was white as snow was sitting in the middle of the palace. Her eyes protruded, her mouth was large, her face long, her chin stuck out, and her teeth had become red—unpleasant to behold! On both sides more than ten women were standing. Some were carrying children on their backs, some were holding them in their arms, some were passing along yarn, and some were manufacturing small children. In addition, some were pushing the children along, some were putting them into bags, and others were loading them on their shoulders and carrying them away, going out through the eastern door. Everyone was very busy.

The Nisan shaman saw this and in astonishment knelt on the ground and bowed thrice three times—nine times in all. Omosi-mama asked,

“Who are you? Why don’t I recognize you? You have come to this place recklessly!” The Nisan shaman knelt and reported,

“I, the small one, am known as the Nisan shaman who lives on the bank of the Nisihai River in the world of the living. Taking advantage of the road I have traveled to the underworld, I have come to visit and bow before the divine grandmother.” At this Omosi-mama said,

“How could I have forgotten? When you were to be born, I became annoyed with you because you absolutely refused to go, and I placed a shaman’s cap on your head, tied bells on your skirt, put a tambourine in your hand, and causing you to act as a shaman, I playfully brought you to life. It is proper that you have become famous. I myself ordained that you would someday come to this place, and I have decided that after you are shown all the consequences of doing good and evil, you shall make this known to the world. It is determined from the beginning who will come forth from here: shamans, learned ones, fathers and grandfathers, those who will become honored and revered, those who will do evil and create disorder, the rich, the poor, bandits, deceivers, Buddhist monks, Taoist priests, beggars, those who will drink, those who will gamble by cheating, those who will carouse with

women—all good and evil. This is all fated!” Then she told a subordinate,

“Take the shaman and reveal some of the punishments, sorrows, and prohibitions.” Immediately a woman came, and urging the shaman forward she said,

“Why don’t you go for a stroll with me?”

The shaman followed and they set off together. She saw a forest that had grown to be very beautiful and luxuriant; the five colors were all present there in great abundance. When the shaman asked what this forest was, the woman replied,

“When Omosi-manla sees someone off to your world, she breaks off a willow branch from here and sends off those who have not eaten unclean, impure horses or cattle. Therefore this forest has grown well, and Omosi-mama’s children’s flowers are also good. However, that forest over there has grown sparsely because willow branches there are used to send off to your world those who have eaten horses and cattle; consequently the children’s flowers are bad and crimes and punishments are read out. This will all be shown and made clear to you.”

Once again they set off. Inside a large building in the east a stone wheel was turning, and from within it all kinds of domestic animals, running beasts, flying birds, fish, insects, and various other living creatures in flocks and swarms were continuously running and flying out. The shaman saw this and asked about it, and her companion replied,

“This is the place where we give life to all living creatures.”

Again they went on and she saw the gates of a great city. Spirits and *hutu* were continuously walking through the gate. When she looked inside she saw the thick black fog of Fungtu City and she heard the loud weeping voices of the *hutu* within. There was also a village of wicked dogs. Encircling their prey, the dogs were tearing apart and eating human flesh. Inside a disorderly anteroom weeping voices crying out their sorrow and suffering shook the earth. Moreover, in the places of the bright-mirror mountain and the dark-mirror cliff the good and bad consequences were strictly separated.

Then the shaman saw an office. An official was sitting in the chamber judging all the souls. The ones hung up in the western wing were imprisoned criminals such as robbers and thieves. It was announced that those who had their necks put in cangues and were imprisoned in the eastern wing were those who had been unfilial to their parents or unfaithful to their husbands or wives. She also saw that those who had abused or beaten their parents were punished by being fried in cauldrons of oil. Pupils who had abused or shouted at their teachers were being punished by being tied to pillars while arrows were shot at them. Those who had bursts of temper against a husband or wife were being punished by being cut up into small pieces. Taoist priests who had carried on illicit affairs with women, since they had polluted the scriptures, were being punished by being prodded with tridents. Those who had spilled rice and flour were being punished by being crushed between mortars and millstones. Those who had made false accusations and those who had broken agreements were being punished by being burned with iron chains that had been brought to a glowing redness. Those who had made bribes when they were officials were being punished by having their flesh hooked. Those that had married two husbands were being punished by being violently cut up with saws. Those who had railed against their husbands were being punished by having their tongues sliced up. Those who had beaten down doors were being punished by having their hands nailed down. Those who had stealthily eavesdropped were being punished by having their ears nailed to window frames. Those who had practiced theft and deception were being punished by being beaten with iron clubs. Women who had bathed in unclean streams and rivers and those who had washed away their filth on the day of the new moon or the day of the full moon were being punished by being made to drink muddy water. Those who had looked askance at the aged were being punished by having their eyes hooked out. Those who had caroused with widows and young girls were being punished by being placed against pillars of fire and burned. Doctors who had wrongly administered drugs and who had caused death were being punished by being disemboweled. Women who had secretly and adulterously sought a husband were being punished by having their flesh hacked with an ax.

The shaman also saw a bridge of gold and silver spanning a large lake. Those who walked on top of that bridge were all blessed people who had done good. Those who walked on a bridge made of bronze and steel were all people who had done evil. After *hutu* caused them to fall off the bridge by stabbing them with spears and grapplers, they were threatened by snakes and pythons. At the end of the bridge a vicious dog received them, and as it ate and drank, the human flesh and blood people often called out,

“I did not know evil!”

A *bodhisattva* sat at the side of the bridge, and holding a scripture in his hand, he made them all listen. The words of the book of precepts were such:

“If you do evil, we will read aloud your punishments and transgressions in the land of the dead. If you do good, we will not call out any punishments. Persons of the highest class will occupy the position of Buddhas and rulers. Those of the second class will be reborn in palaces. Those of the third class will occupy positions as husbands of princesses or as grand preceptors. The fourth class will take positions as generals and high officials. The fifth class will become rich and noble. The sixth class will be reborn as common people and beggars. The seventh class will be reborn as donkeys, mules, horses, and cattle. The eighth class will be reborn as birds and beasts. The ninth class will be reborn transformed into turtles and fishes. The tenth class will be reborn transformed into worms, insects, and ants.”

Reading this in a high-pitched voice, the *bodhisattva* made all listen to this advice.

After the Nisan shaman had finished seeing all the punishments she returned to the tower and bowed down to Omosi-mama, who said,

“After you have arrived back in the world of the living, report this, making it understood to all men!”

Then bowing again, she departed. Leading Sergudai she traveled by way of the road she had come on previously and reached the bank of the Red River. She gave a fee to the lord of the river, threw her tambourine into the river, and taking Sergudai she stood on top of it and crossed to the opposite side. Traveling further, in a short time she reached the ferry of the lame rogue. Since she had passed by before he was familiar with her and said,

“The shaman has arrived. You may truly be called a powerful shaman! You have obtained and brought back Sergudai Fiyanggo, son of Baldu Bayan: the achievement of your ability is not insignificant! Hereafter you will be even more famous!”

Then he urged her to get into the boat.

The shaman took Sergudai, got into the boat and sat down, and the lame rogue rowed with half an oar so that they quickly crossed to the opposite bank. The shaman got out of the boat and thanked him by giving him a fee. Then, by traveling along the former road they soon reached the home of Baldu Bayan.

The chief assistant, Nari Fiyanggo, immediately poured twenty measures of water around her nose and forty buckets of water around her face. He grabbed some incense and sought to revive her, and the words he murmured to awaken her were these:

Ke keku keku This evening
Keku we have turned out
Keku the lamp and candle!
Keku What was his reputation?
Keku Whose reputation?
Keku A *hashuri* of the clan,
Keku truly a *yashuri*!
Keku The Bayar clan
Keku sprouted a leaf;
Keku it grew a root.
Keku Sergudai Fiyanggo
Keku went hunting,
Keku became ill and died.
Keku For this reason,
Keku when three shamans discerned
Keku and four shamans considered,
Keku they said, ‘Ilmun Han
Keku has taken his soul
Keku to the land of the dead.’
Keku Because of this
Keku she appeared foremost
Keku among the people
Keku who live on the bank
Keku of the Nisihai River.
Keku Her reputation came forth
Keku in the great land,
Keku so Baldu Bayan took in hand
Keku rue incense
Keku and went in pursuit
Keku beyond the mountain.
Keku When she took advantage of her reputation

Keku and tried to divine as an indication,
Keku because it was correct,
Keku beseeching, he brought her back.
Keku On this dark night
Keku she pursued a soul
Keku to a dark place.
Keku She has brought back a life
Keku from an evil place.
Keku She has returned.
Keku Lead eagle
Keku on the great branch
Keku of the immense willow
Keku accompanying,
Keku parti-colored eagle
Keku on the neighboring branch,
Keku golden wagtails
Keku circling the mountain,
Keku silver wagtails
Keku circling on high,
Keku small tiger,
Keku wolverine
Keku eight pythons,
Keku nine snakes,
Keku eight pairs of badgers
Keku from the sandalwood grove,
Keku ten pairs of badgers
Keku from the oakwood grove,
Keku may you come and revive her!
Keku May you bring her to life!
Keku Awake! Come to!

After he said this the Nisan shaman began to tremble. Suddenly she arose and started to murmur, and the words she murmured revealed what had happened:

Deyangku deyangku All people and assistants listen!
Deyangku deyangku Baldu Bayan, you yourself,
Deyangku deyangku listen item by item!
Deyangku deyangku Your son was brought back
Deyangku deyangku by being placed
Deyangku deyangku in a golden censer.
Deyangku deyangku He was brought back
Deyangku deyangku seized in its talons.
Deyangku deyangku I took away the treasure
Deyangku deyangku clasping him under my arm.
Deyangku deyangku I have put life
Deyangku deyangku into his dead body;
Deyangku deyangku I have infused a soul
Deyangku deyangku into his empty body.
Deyangku deyangku I beseeched Omosi-mama:
Kerani kerani 'Hereafter let him live
Kerani kerani without
Kerani kerani illness or weakness.
Kerani kerani Counting the good fortune
Kerani kerani of ninety years of life,
Kerani kerani let him raise nine children.'
Kerani kerani For Ilmun Han who took him away
Kerani kerani I left the rooster and the dog
Kerani kerani for his kindness.
Kerani kerani I left various payments.
Kerani kerani I met and bowed
Kerani kerani before Omosi-mama
Kerani kerani and also sought descendants
Kerani kerani for your son
Kerani kerani I will make it known to the world:
Kerani kerani When you serve Omosi-mama

Kerani kerani with respect and purity,
Kerani kerani Omosi-mama's flowers are good.
Kerani kerani Therefore do only good!
Kerani kerani If you do evil
Kerani kerani all the punishments are evident.
Kerani kerani I have seen each one with clarity.
Kerani kerani When my husband
Kerani kerani entreated me, saying
Kerani kerani 'Revive me!'
Kerani kerani my words were as follows:
Kerani kerani 'Your flesh and muscles have rotted;
Kerani kerani it would be difficult to resurrect you.'
Kerani kerani My husband became angry
Kerani kerani and was going to fry me to death
Kerani kerani in a cauldron of oil.
Kerani kerani Because of this
Kerani kerani a protective spirit of mine seized him
Kerani kerani and threw him
Kerani kerani into Fungtu City.
Kerani kerani For all eternity he will not take birth
Kerani kerani in a human body.
Kerani kerani Moreover, all the *hutu*
Deyangku deyangku were blocking the road
Deyangku deyangku continuously entreating
Deyangku deyangku 'Enliven our souls!'
Deyangku deyangku Their beseeching was pitiful
Deyangku deyangku but they were too numerous.
Deyangku deyangku I left many payments
Deyangku deyangku and all shared them.
Deyangku deyangku I have only come after divesting myself of all!
Deyangku deyangku

After saying this, she was thrown onto her back. The chief assistant used incense to make smoke swirl around her nose and only then did she awaken. Then, because the shaman herself fanned the soul into the empty body of Sergudai Fiyanggo, he suddenly came to. In a strong thick voice he said,

"Please give me a bowl of water." After they brought it and gave it to him he drank it and said,
 "I've had a long sleep and have been dreaming for a while."

Then he rolled over and sat up, and the people of the house rejoiced. It was only when they reported the circumstances to Sergudai that he knew he had been dead.

As Sergudai knelt before the Nisan shaman and thanked her, Baldu Bayan clapped his hands and laughed. He also said politely,

"Truly you are a divine shaman. Lady, if you had not in your kindness brought my son back to life, the root would have been broken off!"

He then removed his cloak, put it on the shaman, and poured wine into cups of crystal and jade. He knelt down and offered it and the Nisan shaman accepted and drank it down to the dregs. Reciprocating his politeness she said,

"If this has done nothing more than complete the good fortune of the official, then this is good fortune on both sides." The official also poured a cup of wine and offered it to the chief assistant saying,

"Please drink and quell your excessively sore throat a bit with our sour wine." Nari Fiyanggo accepted the wine and while drinking it he said,

"What was the trouble? From where I sat, as I didn't leave, it seems there was no trouble at all. If I suffered, you, shaman, suffered much more. Since on this occasion you traveled to the land of the dead, you are probably extremely exhausted." The shaman said with a smile,

"Younger brother Fiyanggo, assistant, listen! There is a saying: 'If we consider a shaman equal to three parts, then unless there is a good assistant of seven parts, the shaman will not come back to life.'"

When everyone heard this they laughed loudly together. Later the official Lolo called his two servants Ahalji and Bahalji and said,

"Tell all the herdsmen of the cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs to divide each herd in half and make preparations. I would like to send this to the shaman in repayment for her kindness."

Then they prepared a feast, and they ate and drank so much that they all became very drunk.

After they removed the tables, they prepared the horses and wagons. The official collected one-half of his money, silver, and clothing and put it in the wagons. For the assistant he gathered up a suit of clothes, one riding gelding, a saddle, a complete bridle, and two hundred *taels* of silver. The shaman and her assistant were then sent home with their things.

After this the Nisan shaman became very rich. She stopped the love affair she had been having with Nari Fiyanggo and settling down, began to live in an upright and proper manner, making a break with all strange, dissolute matters. Since she had seen all the various types of punishments, her passion was diminished. Then she wrote down in outline all the sins and evils she had seen. It was like muddy water becoming all clean and clear by filtering. Men and women who hear this tale ought to examine these matters!

Later, the mother-in-law of the Nisan shaman had occasion to talk with the people of the village, and she heard that the shaman had seen her husband the time that she had traveled to the underworld and that he had begged her, saying,

“Enliven me! If you do not enliven me I will fry you to death in a cauldron of oil.”

At that time the Nisan shaman had relied upon her protective spirit, and after seizing her husband it had thrown him into Fungtu City. The shaman’s mother-in-law became angry when she heard these reports. She summoned her daughter-in-law and asked exactly what had happened. The shaman’s words were as follows:

“He said, ‘Save me!’ and I said, ‘Your flesh has rotted and your muscles have fallen apart. It would be difficult to enliven you!’ Then, when he said that he would fry your daughter-in-law to death in a cauldron of oil, it is true that my protective spirit seized him and threw him into Fungtu City.” The mother-in-law said,

“If this is so, you have killed your husband a second time! Why could you not avoid the road where he sat? How difficult it is to think of this!”

Then she went to the capital city and made a complaint to the official censor. By a summons from his office they brought the Nisan shaman there. When they took her deposition, because it was no different from the complaint presented by her mother-in-law, he wrote the report up as a memorial. When he sent this up to the ruler, indicating the general circumstances, the imperial decree said,

“I am very angry. Hand this matter to the Board of Justice. Weighing her crime in the balance, proceed according to the law!”

The words that were sent up from the Board were these:

“If we consider that the Nisan shaman did not conceal the matter which has been reported, then we must say that this woman has courage. But since we have received a deposition, she also can be made to pay with her life.”

At this the Tai-tsung Emperor\fn{Reigned 1626-43.} sent down a decree:

“Immediately gather the shaman’s cap, bells, tambourines, and implements, put them in a leather box, bind it tightly with steel rope and, as she got rid of her husband, get rid of them. Throw these things down the well that is in their village. Do not do anything but that which I command!”

When the decree came down, the official censor carried it out accordingly.

After this the son of the official Lolo, Sergudai Fiyanggo, imitated his father’s behavior by doing good, supporting the poor and providing help for those who had nothing. His sons and grandsons for generation after generation were officials, and they became very wealthy in money and silver.

Since this has become the book *Sain da depibun* (Good Origins) it has been taught to all. Despite this there are still evil teachings and goings on that are contrary to the great law. People in the future must not imitate them. Let us overcome and abstain from evil.

197.125 The Christian Message To The Chinese Farmers\fn{by Chang Fu-liang (before 1913-after 1948)} China (M) 6

China is an agricultural country not only because 89 per cent of her population live in hamlets and villages, but also because her economy is fundamentally rural. If the harvest is good, the whole countryside is prosperous and the people are happy. If the harvest is only 50 per cent, the purchasing power of the people is greatly reduced and the prosperity of market towns and cities much affected. If there is a calamity either of nature or of man such as flood, drought, locust, or war, the whole countryside faces want and famine, and near-by towns and cities are crowded with refugees and beggars.

Whether prosperity or adversity, whatever befalls the millions of small farms in the rural hinterland, towns and cities, being trading centers of the country, cannot escape the consequences.

These small farms are cultivated by millions of small farmers and their families who live in hamlets and villages. Such centers of population are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country, dotting the landscape like islands in a sea of fields and hills, lakes and streams. The village is, therefore, the unit of the rural life in China. Studies on the life of the Chinese village made by students of sociology, agriculture, and religion reveal varied conclusions.

The Chinese village presents two very different pictures to the student. In the one, life is rather difficult, monotonous, and isolated. Poverty, disease, and ignorance are rampant. In the other, life is simple, peaceful, and practically self-sufficient. Contentment, simple pleasures, and a sense of solidarity characterize the countryside. Either picture may be true but it does not give the whole truth. If the student is a propagandist of the Western idea of efficiency or of the modern sense of cleanliness as typified by the American bathroom and kitchen perhaps he will find the Chinese village a hell on earth; if the student is disillusioned by the materialistic trends of modern civilization, perhaps he will romantically hail it as the Shangri-la of his dreams. Either approach gives a distorted picture. But to understand rural China as lived by some 80 per cent of the Chinese population, is very important in the present world of decreasing distance. One needs to know the present situation of the village life in China today, its strength as well as its weakness. What are the results of the impact of the Western civilization upon the Chinese village life? What is the Christian message to the vast rural population in China? How can the Christian movement of the West help China in her national reconstruction? Before answering the questions raised above, let us consider the make-up of the Chinese farmer.

*

The Chinese farmer is industrious in work and thrifty in habit. His patience is proverbial, amounting to a virtue as well as a vice. In a modern sense he does not farm, but only gardens his few acres. The average amount of land he and his family cultivate is not more than five acres, and often but one to two acres. During the planting and harvesting seasons he and his family work long hours. However, for a larger part of the year he putters about his farm and has a great deal of forced leisure. In olden times during the leisure period the farmer milled his rice and pressed his seeds into oil. His wife spun, wove, and made clothing for the whole family. With the introduction of modern machinery and mass production a great many home handicraft industries have been replaced and there is much forced leisure in the countryside. While some agricultural improvements have been introduced in recent years, the effect has been rather limited. The old-time economy has been destroyed, and a new one, able to fully utilize the surplus manpower for production, is yet to be found.

During the years of war and internal strife the farmer has been given a lion's share in the making of contributions and sacrifices to the government. His taxes have been heavy and varied, and some of them must be paid the government in kind. If he is a tenant, the rental for the land he cultivates is very high, amounting to half of the crops he harvests. In some cases the landlord pays the taxes to the government and provides the tenant with seeds and fertilizers and in bad years with food. According to the usage in some provinces the surface soil with its fertility is the property of the tenant farmer, while the landlord has title to the subsoil only. Such farm lands cannot be sold without the consent of the tenant. Recently several laws have been promulgated by the government for the benefit of the tenant farmer, such as a universal reduction in rental to 25 per cent of the harvest and loans made available by the government so that the tiller of the soil may own his own land. With the exception of a few districts these measures have not been observed.

The land that the farmer cultivates is not only small but also fragmentary, often of many small parcels at considerable distances from one another. The farmer must bring his buffalo or ox and tools from place to place and this takes time and increases his cost of production. Many farmers do not own their working animals; sometimes two or three jointly use one animal. Very good care is taken of the animals insofar as proper care is understood; nevertheless, prevention of disease by prophylactic inoculations and by quarantine are beyond the farmer's ken and experience. He addresses his working animal as "Elder Brother" and often values it above any member of his own family. The death of his wife or a child would not entail as much hardship as the loss of his working animal.

The farmer seeks ways and means of using his forced leisure by earning additional income. If he can exchange it for gainful occupation, his income can be increased. Hiring out as a laborer, transporting and marketing his agricultural products, engaging in home industries—these are some of the ways he profitably utilizes his forced leisure. As a farmer from childhood he knows how to use his farm land to the best advantage. The yield per acre is quite high. Through introduction of improved seeds and more adequate use of fertilizers the yield may be further increased. But the law of diminishing returns soon puts an end to this effort. Agricultural lands are limited, estimated to be about 20 per cent of China's total area; with an increasing population the acreage per capita is

decreasing. The only way to get more out of the earth is from the non-agricultural lands, which are four times the area of agricultural lands. Forestry, horticulture, animal husbandry, grazing, upland crops are some possibilities.

*

The farmer's home is usually a mud hut with straw roof and mud floor. In more prosperous districts it is built of bricks with a tile roof and a few wooden floors. In either case it has a few conveniences and amenities of life. In summer, flies bother during the day and mosquitoes and other vermin at night. In winter, with no facilities for heating, people are bundled with many layers of clothing. Animals often sleep underneath the farmer's bedroom. Windows are small if there are any at all. Doors are firmly bolted. These precautions are necessary for safety.

How does the farmer get married? Does he choose his own wife? Free love and free choice of one's own mate may be the fashion among the city folk, but in the vast rural areas of China parent-arranged matches are still the order of the day. In spite of the obvious defects of the latter plan, unhappy marriages and divorces are rare in the country districts. Perhaps rural folk know better! Do the husband and wife love each other? They certainly do, although not in the manner of American motion pictures. They also quarrel at times. This, nevertheless, does not lead them to a divorce court. Simple country folk do not worry about all sorts of evil; they sleep away their troubles. To them time is the healer of all their conjugal discords. The following is a rural song, suggestive of the simple life and simple love in the country:

Ask no quarter, when rooster fights against rooster, head to head;
But the quarrel between husband and wife is soon forgotten, indeed;
In the morning they wash their faces out of the same basin of water;
And at night on the same pillow their heads lie in peaceful slumber.

The farmer may have his father or mother or both living with him. With his wife and one or two children he has four or more persons to feed. He loves his children and often spoils them. His parents may not do much physical work, as filial piety is considered the highest of all family virtues, but they still have a great deal of say in the family. The farmer works hard from sunrise to sunset, especially from April to October, and at other times he hires himself out as a laborer or peddles his farm produce to market towns so that he may earn enough to support his family. His wife works even longer hours, for she needs to get up early before dawn to prepare his breakfast; and in the evening, in the dim light of a vegetable oil lamp, she sews and makes clothing for all the members of the family.

The relationship between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law is the chief source of family trouble in the village. According to social custom the younger woman is expected to wait upon the parents-in-law and attend to their daily needs. Her duties are rather onerous and exacting, because the family cannot afford outside help and work on the farm has no end. The time of her liberation comes when, after her mother-in-law dies and her own son marries, she becomes a mother-in-law herself. A popular rural song describes just such an occasion; three days after her death, the spirit of the mother ascends the "watchtower" and takes a last look at her home, when all the mourners are supposed to make a concentrated effort at loud weeping and lamentations.

On the edge of the grave a photinia tree is growing,
Shining dark green leaves on green branches are sprouting;
Up to the watchtower the spirit of the departed mother climbs.
A last look at the home which she had ruled she now takes.
The deep mourning of her two sons over her death are plainly recorded;
Weeping in front of the spirit tablet her daughter refuses to be comforted;
Loud lamentations eloquently hide the feelings of the daughter-in-law;
But listen: "two more years, and in the third I shall be mother-in-law!"

The Chinese nation has stood the changes of forty centuries mainly because of the family system upon which it is built. Family loyalty has proved a great stabilizer in times of political turmoil and economic depression. Governments may change but family heads continue to guard the well-being of their families and maintain the peace of the countryside. In times of economic stress, one needs not beg bread from strangers, nor apply for dole from government, as long as one has a kinsman who is well-to-do. Wherever there are Chinese who reside and prosper in any of the big cities in China or abroad, the flow of remittances to their native villages never ceases. These are sent for the support of the immediate members of their families and also for the welfare of their distant relatives. The Chinese people as a nation practice the saying that charity begins at home almost as a religion. Filial piety manifesting itself in love and support of one's parents with provision for their material needs, is a

social demand upon every Chinese. To be unable to support one's parents is considered a great shame; but to refuse to support one's parents is regarded as worse than a crime; it is an antisocial act, universally condemned in China.

However, the Chinese family system has its weak side as well, in its small loyalties. In a number of rural districts there have been clan feuds lasting over long periods. Their origins may be long forgotten but the feuds continue from generation to generation, resulting in loss of untold lives. The Tong Wars in Chinatowns in America are a well known example of clan warfare.

Another evil of the family system is the common practice of nepotism. The Chinese conception of the family is rather broad, consisting not only of parents and children, but also of first, second, and third cousins on both sides of the parents, and often for the sake of business or political influence family ties may be even further extended. A leading political figure or a successful businessman may be claimed to have family ties with all the members of his village. Because of loyalty to one's family or kinsmen, public welfare is sometimes sacrificed. The relatives of a successful man and his wife seem to lay claim upon his success and ask for a share of his prosperity. When such claims are backed up by the pressure of the whole family, it takes a man of more than ordinary determination to refuse.

Despite these small loyalties there is a lack in the feeling of social responsibility. While rural folk do help their distant relatives in need or even former schoolmates or those from the same village, their concern often seems to stop there. When a boat is sinking and people are drowning, when a house is burning and people are crying for help, or when a car is overturned and people are dying, there is a lack of spontaneity on the part of onlookers to rush to the aid of those in distress. This is, however, due more to superstition than to lack of pity in the Chinese heart. According to the superstitious belief in rural districts a person who is killed in an accident becomes a ghost wandering through the countryside; when he has found someone else who has been killed in a similar accident to take his place, his wandering will then come to an end.

*

The Chinese farmer may be crude in appearance and uncouth in manners, but he is courteous by social instinct. His social upbringing is such that certain simple rules of courtesy have been ingrained in his make-up. These, however, may be quite different from the courtesies as they are understood in the West. The essence of his courtesy is being humble. In his contact with others he always considers himself as inferior in standing or junior in age, standing and age being two important criteria for respect and influence in the village. But he may commit outrageous acts in the eyes of the so-called polite society. He stares at an outsider with both eyes and mouth wide open and sometimes he feels with his fingers the clothing of a visitor. He may laugh aloud at something strange, something outside the range of his experience. Fundamentally he is goodhearted and well meaning. The story has been told of how some missionaries, having lost their way in a bandit-infested district, went to the nearest farmer and invited themselves to be his guests, asking for his protection. The farmer took them under his care and finally led them to safety. If the outsider gives a present to the farmer, he feels that he must return the courtesy, notwithstanding his poverty. To country folk in general, courtesy works both ways; it receives and it gives.

"Face" is often considered something peculiarly Oriental. To the Chinese it is an expression of human dignity. No one likes to lose his dignity and the respect due to his person. In the same way no Chinese likes to "lose face." In fact, sometimes people would rather lose their lives than "lose face." To give "face" to himself as well as to his neighbors, he does not carry things to extremes. If there is an argument, he tries to "talk reason."

Take for example a quarrel in a Chinese village; it is always accompanied by much shouting and crying but it rarely resorts to a fist fight. When a crowd is gathered the case is put before them. Sometimes, if the elders of the village are present, they will give an impartial decision. In any case, should any party choose to use force, he automatically loses the dispute, because by resorting to force he invokes the popular verdict that he refused to "talk reason." Saying that a countryman refused to "talk reason" is considered in the peaceful village life about the worst possible slander. It indicates that he is unreasonable and antisocial beyond the pale of rural culture. Sweet reasonableness is, therefore, esteemed the highest social virtue in a Chinese rural community.

"Face" when mistaken for vanity has its evil side. Villagers will sometimes go to extremes for the sake of "face." Expenses in connection with weddings, funerals, and birthday celebrations beyond the financial ability of the participants to pay, are often gladly incurred for the sake of "face." A great deal of rural indebtedness is incurred under such circumstances, so that loan sharks find easy victims. Folks who stint themselves in their daily meals to the extent of undernourishment will give a feast of many courses in honor of an outside guest for the sake of "face."

The doctrine of the golden mean, as taught by Confucius, is well grained in the social consciousness of the Chinese race. It is a key to the understanding of the Chinese mind. To the Chinese mind, excess or going to extremes is almost as bad as lying is to a Westerner. Our victors never demand the pound of flesh from the vanquished. Defeated opponents, political or otherwise, are usually given an opportunity for graceful retreat. Before the imminent fall of a besieged city, one city gate is always left unguarded by the victors, so that the vanquished may escape. Battles in China are fought by manipulation for position. Strategy more than force often decides the fate of a campaign.

*

The Chinese farmer is indifferent to the government. He has only respect and fear for government officials. His feeling toward them is very much like his reaction on the rare occasion when he receives a telegram; at such a time his heart drops within, for he knows that the message brings him no good news, but knowledge of calamity or death that has occurred to some member of his family. Similarly, when a government official visits his home, he expects calamity to his family in the form of conscription into the army or some extra taxation levied locally. The less one has to do with the government, the luckier one feels. The attitude of the rural populace toward officialdom is like what Confucius taught his disciples to observe concerning spirits, namely, to respect them but to keep away from them!

Country folk are peace-loving individualists. They are inarticulate, patient, and stand a great deal of abuse and exploitation by those who are better off. However, there is public opinion in the village, although not voluble, and also some form of democracy—not the democracy by ballot but that by popular will or mob spirit. The Chinese people have been taught from time immemorial that when a ruler is good to his people, he should be considered as their mother and father. If he misrules, he is considered a tyrant; and whoever delivers the nation from the hands of a tyrant is regarded as the savior of the people.

The right to revolt, is therefore, clearly recognized in Chinese history. The magistrate is called the “father and mother official.” But if he misrules, he may have a riot or revolt on hand.

There are over 1900 administrative units of self-government in China, known as counties or *hsien*, each of which is divided into districts or *hsiang*. A district or *hsiang* may have a number of villages. A village is a cluster of houses, a few or several hundreds, forming an island surrounded by fields and hills, lakes and streams. These are geographic divisions. Divided according to population, a family under one roof is called a *Hu*, ten such families form a *Kia* and a one hundred family unit is known as *Pao*. A village usually has one or more *Pao*.

With the exception of the county magistrate, who is still appointed by the provincial government, the heads of one hundred family and ten family units are elected by the people and serve as honorary officials. In general practice, few good, honest farmers are elected to such official positions and if elected, are often unwilling to serve in such offices. To begin with, the officials must be literate, for they have a great deal of official correspondence to attend to, and most farmers are illiterate. The officials form an important link between the government and the people, and their influence is considerable. The vested interests and the gentry in each locality usually serve as such officials. Local taxes for education and the preservation of public safety are commonly divided *pro rata*. Thus the poor pay more than the rich in accordance to their ability.

*

The Chinese farmer is a silent man, patient and inarticulate. But his mind ponders upon many issues that seem to him conflicting and puzzling. During the war he was asked to fight for his country and to feed his countrymen. Although he dislikes soldiery yet he endured it for the sake of his ancestors as well as for the sake of his children. He was promised many things by the government as a reward after the defeat of the enemy. The promises he looked forward to were a peaceful life, a full bowl, freedom from conscription, and freedom from paying taxes in grain.

The Japanese were defeated about twenty months ago and have since been repatriated, but conscription into the army and requisition of food have continued; a full dress civil war is going on. The farmer is not interested in the civil war or any war and wishes to have no part in it. He wants to return to his good earth, to till his land, and to enjoy his family life. He has been told by the government agent the reasons for fighting the Communists, but he does not understand. He does not care for democracy, whatever that may mean to him. To him, heaven is far beyond and the central government is a long distance away in Nanking. He only hopes that the soldiers who pass by his home will leave him and his family alone, and not take away his grain and fodder.

His brother who lives in the Communist area was at first quite pleased to have more land to cultivate, after some of his rich neighbors had been liquidated, and thought that the Communist and Santa Claus might be the same person. But he dislikes to attend so many meetings at which he is told so many things to do and so many

other things not to do. The thing he dislikes most is that he has to report on his neighbors and members of his family. This scares him. Above all, he dislikes to be conscripted into the Red Army. He knows little of Communist "liberation" and cares even less than his brother on the government side of "democracy." Wherever civil strife leaves its trail, disorder, banditry, disease, and famine spread into the countryside. Those who escape from the fighting area become refugees and paupers, crowding into near-by towns and cities.

The farmer works hard. His grain brings to him more paper money than ever, yet so much money in notes buys so little! He remembers the days when one silver dollar would buy a lot more than a basketful of paper notes in fives and tens. The government also forbids him to sell his grain for more than the ceiling price. He seems to be always in debt. The harder he works, the more frustrated and hopeless he feels. He often wonders what future there is for him and his family.

Before the war the farmers in China produced 80 per cent of the cotton, tobacco, silk, and other raw materials used in the nation's industries. After eight long years of bitter resistance and one year and a half of peace, an industrial boom is long overdue, which should utilize all agricultural raw materials. But instead of the boom, civil war, inflation, high taxes, and the dumping of cheap foreign goods have caused an industrial depression that greatly affects rural prosperity. Only industrial prosperity that demands raw materials from the country and that provides surplus manpower with gainful occupation, will enrich the rural people. The farmer does not understand economic principles, but he does ask why he is so poor.

*

The Chinese farmer is a hero-worshiper. By studying the objects of worship at the wayside shrines and the temples in the countryside that the farmer holds in reverence and in awe, one finds the interests and needs, fears and hopes of the rural people. At every village there is a wayside shrine to Tu Dien, represented by an old man and an old woman, corresponding to the village elder and his wife, who look after the safety and health of the villagers. They are not spirits potent against great calamities or powerful evil gods in the minds of rural people, but they are homely ones and give the simple folk a sense of security as intercessors.

Water, an essential element in agriculture, particularly for rice-growing regions of South and Central China, is controlled by the dragon king or dragon spirit according to popular belief. For those who live on banks of rivers and shores of lakes, which are liable to be flooded, the dragon spirit is held in awe. When there is a cloudburst, accompanied with dark clouds, thunder, and lightning, the country folk imagine they are the pranks and whims of the dragon spirit, or some wild dragon running away from its confinement. In some temples there are also altars to the cow spirit and to the horse spirit, which have control of the health of farm animals.

The most popular object of worship is a deity of human welfare known throughout the country as the "goddess of mercy," who is worshiped under the name of the Virgin Mary. She is always ready to help people in distress. Travelers on rivers, lakes, and seas pray to her for a safe journey. The sick and their families entreat her for cures and recovery. The childless pray for the blessing of a son.

Next in popularity is the "goddess of heavenly flower" who has the control of smallpox, the most dreaded disease in the country districts. Especially in spring, worship at her altar is widely celebrated throughout rural China. In recent years, however, because of the wide extension of vaccination by government health authorities, worship at her altar has begun to decline.

The theater, home, and school also help build into the lives of the people those common moral standards by which China reached social stability. The toys of the home, the history lessons of the school, and proverbs of common speech all carry their moral teaching.

A number of provinces in China have their respective patron saints, whose human origins are still remembered and who are held in sacred memory because of what they did during their lifetimes. Their temples are usually located at beautiful spots on famous hills or mountains. To these, country folk make their annual pilgrimages as thanksgiving for the harvest, or in fulfilling a vow for some dear one who was sick and has now recovered. Not far from Nanchang, the capital of Kiangsi Province, is a beautiful spot on the famous Western Hills, where is situated the Wan Shou Kung, translated as the Palace of Ten Thousand Ages, the temple of the True Hsu. Some 750 years ago in the Chin Dynasty the True Hsu was the magistrate of the district. As the father and mother official he looked after the people's welfare by building dams and controlling the flood, and by his knowledge of herbs he cured the sick. He maintained the peace and safety of the district by his just dealings with all people. After his death the people built a temple in his memory and made him the patron saint of the province.

Today not only in Kiangsi province alone, but everywhere Kiangsi people go and prosper, they build a Wan Shou Kung in his honor as a guild or clubhouse. To the first Wan Shou Kung on the Western Hills, farmers in groups of ten or more from within a radius of one hundred miles make their annual pilgrimage after the harvest, to

pay homage to their patron saint, the True Hsu. After having paid their homage, each group lights an incense stick from the altar fire in front of the True Hsu's image. They keep the incense stick alight throughout their journey home. As soon as they reach their home village, they call together all their relatives, friends, and fellow villagers, each to light an incense stick from the one brought from the Western Hills, so that all may share the blessings of their pilgrimage.

*

We have tried to present objectively a few facts of the rural life in China today, so that they may serve as a background for understanding the present conditions and probable future changes. The results of the impact of Western civilization upon Chinese rural life are rather few, and they are not as wide, deep, and evident as those left upon urban life. Cheap machine-made goods have taken the place of some of the products of home industries. The farmer and his family have more forced leisure on hand. Artificial fertilizers have made inroads into some more prosperous districts along the coast. Kerosene has displaced the vegetable oil for the lamps of China in a large number of villages. Cheap cigarettes and matches are two common articles of trade at the village store. A new-style village school looks after the education of the children. A newspaper from the near-by city or one written by the teacher is posted in front of the school. Smallpox vaccinations and quinine tablets may be bought at market towns. These signs of Western influence were absent half a century ago. One wonders what one will see in the village fifty years hence.

In the 130 years of the history of Christian missions in China the results of the impact of Christianity upon the rural life are similarly disappointing and meager. One wonders how much, or rather how little, the Christian message of repentance and eternal life means to the rural millions in China. After all, if one's whole time job during the twelve waking hours of the day is to eke out a living from the earth, one has no time for anything else. Certainly one has little interest outside life's immediate problem of getting a living.

The things that are vital to the Chinese farmer are his crops, health, peace, security, family relationships, and neighborhood problems. Has Christianity any message for him applicable to anyone of these vital interests? Certainly! Christianity is interested in the whole of his life, in his health, in his government, in his family life, and in his brotherly relationships with his neighbors. Unless Christianity leads him and helps him to enjoy an abundant life in all its fullness, through a gospel fitted precisely to his needs, to be or not to be a Christian will mean very little to him.

To the Chinese farmer, Lao Tien Ya is an omnipotent and mysterious god who gives sunshine and rain at will, who doles out abundance to one district and scarcity to another, and who decides the fate of man and beast seemingly with no rhyme or reason. He is the god of heaven and earth. He is whimsical at times; his whims are to be respected and his wrath is to be feared.

How can the religion of Jesus correct, redirect, and enrich such inadequate religious concepts? Why do not his messengers preach more often as did Paul to the Athenians of the Unknown God? Lao Tien Ya of the Chinese farmer is much more like the Christian God of Jesus than was the unknown god of Greek philosophers. Beginning with such religious concepts, can we not enrich and develop the idea that God's love is as broad as heaven and earth and that he has no respect for distinctions of class, country, and race? What we have mistaken for his whims are really nature's laws, like the changes in seasons and the growth of plants, some of which we are only beginning to understand.

He is, nevertheless, a cooperating God, fair in his dealings, giving sunshine and rain to the just and the unjust alike. He is anxious that we should succeed in raising good and abundant crops. He suffers with us in floods and droughts and in our failures. He looks on all the children of men as his own children. In fact, he is our loving Father in heaven.

Introducing Christ our Saviour to the Chinese farmer cannot be done in mere words. After all, Christ's own way is the only effective way for his followers in proclaiming his gospel. He taught the waiting crowd, he healed the sick, he fed the hungry, he drove away demons of all kinds, he lifted the loads of those heavily burdened, he blessed the children, he befriended publicans and sinners, he drove away profiteering money changers, and he championed the cause of the common people against their selfish rulers, the Pharisees and Scribes. Finally, he willingly gave his life on the cross.

To put these into modern terms, the Christian message to the Chinese farmer should consist of more and equal opportunities for education, a full rice bowl, gainful work for a decent living, healthful living in a healthful environment, security from fear, freedom of worship, and sharing life's blessings with others. The messengers must be devoted followers of Christ who have specialized in the services of teaching and preaching to rural

people, in rural health and recreation, in improving agriculture and rural industries, and in rural organizations such as cooperatives.

Certain adjustment of material standards of living and attitudes toward the underprivileged are required of the messengers. Our standards of living, our attitude towards others, our unwillingness to come down to the place where the farmer is, and our lack of imagination and appreciative understanding are stumbling blocks in making Jesus known. These make the farmer suspicious of us, and our message unacceptable to him. After all, to live the message is most important. No sermon is as eloquent and no message is as effective as personal example. We must be willing to serve all kinds of men, to meet all their needs, and to share incessantly all of life's gifts with others. The indwelling Christ, the dynamic of our very being, is our message to the Chinese farmer. When the Word is truly made flesh and incarnated in the lives of his disciples, humble folk will understand and gladly follow him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

In 1931 Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield of the International Missionary Council visited China and studied the rural problems in the field. His report, entitled the *Rural Mission of the Church in Eastern Asia*, sets forth the following fundamentals of rural work: a convincing message to village folk; educational evangelism; a rural community parish as the central feature; a community-serving church; a trained Christian leader; Christian lay helpers; local self-support of the community church; a rural service staff; comprehensive studies; cooperation among agencies of rural reform; a program of immediate steps; and an adequate plan of cooperation from the peoples of the West.

As a result of his visit and that of Ralph A. Felton in 1937 the churches in several provinces organized Christian rural service unions and began to serve the Chinese farmer in every phase of his life. The North China Christian Rural Service Union working in Changli, Tungchow, and Paoting, suspended in the wartime but revived now, and the Kiangsi Christian Rural Service Union in Lichwan are two notable examples. Nanking Theological Seminary has set up a special department on the rural church. Christian institutions of high learning such as the University of Nanking and Cheeloo University have given a major emphasis to the training of rural workers.

These attempts are mere drops in the vast ocean of rural needs in China. But every little drop is helpful! Like the man of Macedonia who appeared in Paul's vision, the Chinese farmer is calling to the Christian church, "Come and help."

171.5 The Clever Girl And The Fool \fn{by an unnamed informant (before 1914-)} Ayar Village, Kumul Region, Araturuk County or Barkal-Kazak Autonomous County, Sinkiang-Uighur Autonomous Region, China (M?) 1

A king had a son who was a fool. So this king announced:

"I am going to marry off my son to a nice and wise girl. After I die, she can reign over this country together with my son." Then the king said to his son:

"Now you go and bring to me a ten year old goat kid, a twenty year old wolf, a thirty year old fox, a forty year old tiger, a fifty year old yearling lamb, and a stray sixty year old camel."

The son then began searching. He traveled through every street of every town and asked everyone he met:

"If you have a ten year old goat kid, I will buy it. I also need a twenty year old wolf and a thirty year old fox. And do you have a forty year old tiger? Have you seen a fifty year old yearling lamb, or a sixty year old stray camel? I will also buy these."

All the people were astonished by his words. The kid of a goat would not be a kid anymore after it had become ten years old. A twenty year old wolf would have worn smooth his tongue. As for things like a thirty year old fox, a forty year old tiger, a fifty year old lamb, and a sixty year old stray camel, who knows? No one knows how to find any of these.

When the prince was walking along the street, reciting the list to himself, a girl appeared and asked him what he was talking about. The fool answered:

"My father wants me to find a ten year old kid, a twenty year old wolf, a thirty year old fox, a forty year old tiger, a fifty year old lamb, and a freely roaming camel of sixty years." Then the girl explained to him:

"'Ten year old kid' means a male child. When a child is ten years old, it will jump like a young goat. A twenty year old wolf is a human son. When he reaches age twenty he is wolf-like and strong. 'Thirty year old fox' refers to a human reaching thirty; he should be as clever as a fox and know everything. 'Forty year old tiger' means that a human at that age becomes as capable as a tiger. 'Fifty year old lamb' means that people will stop growing and become docile when they reach fifty. A freely roaming sixty years old camel means that a person who reaches sixty has matured and become independent."

Upon hearing these explanations, the prince returned to his father who asked:

“Have you found them?”

“Yes,” said the son. “There is a girl I met. I asked her about these things, and she resolved all my problems.”

“That is really a wise girl,” the king said.

He married his son to this clever girl. And from then on this girl helped her husband, the prince, who was a fool but was destined to inherit the kingdom. She helped him rule the land with wisdom.

292.140 A Conversation \fn{with “a young farmer” (before 1914-)} Amoy (now Xiamen), Fujian Province, China (M)
1\fn{In what follows I have reproduced a section from pages 127-132 of *Beside the Bamboo*, a book of observations by Rev. John MacGowan D.D. (1835-1922), a missionary in Amoy from 1863 until his retirement in 1910. His comments are in the form of footnotes; it is the observations of the Chinese farmer with which we have to do:H}\fn{I got into conversation with a very wide-awake, intelligent young farmer. His face was a most pleasing one, and his black eyes gleamed with amusement when anything humorous was said. After a time I asked him what idols he worshiped. He hesitated for a moment and the he said: }

“I have a great many more in my home than any of my neighbors. I have no fewer than forty.”

*\fn{“But why so many I asked him. “People generally are content with two or three. I should imagine you would find it too costly to meet all the expenses connected with such an unusual number as that. You will have to give a feast to each one on its birthday, besides extra presents that will be required of you, if you wish to keep in favor with all of them. These forty must be a great tax on you, surely.” An amused smile lighted up the hills and valleys of his very plain face, caused no doubt by the humor of the case. }

“The reason why I have set up so many is the result of a calculation I have made on the subject.

“That the idols can confer great benefits when they like is something that everyone believes. If men were to get the impression that they could not, there would soon be an end of them. It is faith in them, confirmed by many a proof that no one may dispute, that keeps them in existence.

“I, too, firmly believe in the idols, so does my father, and so also does my mother. On day, thinking over the question, I came to the conclusion that to reverence only two or three was a great mistake.

“There is a considerable number beyond these who would naturally resent my neglect of them. They would be jealous of those that I do worship, and they would be so displeased with me that they would become my enemies, and do me all the injury they could. I must bring them all to my side, otherwise I should never be sure what might happen to me at any moment of my life. And so now I have added thirty-seven to the three with which I started my home, and they are sitting side by side in the same shrine in my house.”

*\fn{“Do they love you?” I asked him. Instantly a blank and dazed look came over his face, whilst his eyes opened wide and staring. }

“What do you mean? I never before heard anyone ask such an outlandish question. Of course they do not love us, and only a foreigner would ever think of putting such a question.”

*\fn{“Well, may I ask if you love them?” The effect of this was most amusing. A broad grin drove away the solemn look with which a Chinese screens his thoughts, and a loud peal of laughter filled the air with its merry sounds. A sense of the comical had overcome this staid countryman, because I had asked him something which had never occurred to a Chinese mind before. }

“No man ever thinks of loving the idols. They have never yet won the hearts of any one of the countless multitudes that serve them, for they have no love with which to hold them. There is a vague fear of them, and a dread lest their anger should be aroused, and whilst their faces and their eyes are like those of the men and women who worship them, there are no human sympathies and no loving bonds to link their hearts in a great passion for each other.

“But this worship of the idols is the only thing the people know about. There is nothing else they can do. Death comes to them, and sickness, and to whom can they appeal?

“A son, for example, who is dearer to his father than his own life, lies moaning and restless under the raging fires of a deadly fever. He has no medicine that can quench these. The doctor shakes his head and says he will die. But the father does not want him to die; he must not die; if he does his heart will be broken and his home will be wrecked.

“To whom can he go in this hour of dark despair? There is no one but the idol. It is speechless, it is true, and when he stands before it with sinking heart and voice quivering with sighs, he gets but little comfort from it. No

pitiful look comes into his face, and no tears steal down its cheeks, but the forces of another world, he believes, are under its control, and if he can but be moved by a large enough bribe it may summon these to stay the fires that are burning out the life of his beloved son.

“And so he stands before it, and burns his bundle of incense sticks, and sets fire to the heap of gold and silver paper money with which he would add to the wealth of the god, and with a dull pain at his heart he waits with sleepless eyes to see what the idol will do.

“Should the fever take a favorable turn, his belief in it will be strengthened, but should the lad die, no word of reproach will ever fall from his lips against it, for no one will ever dare to do that, but in a tone of utter despair he would declare that his son has vanished from his gaze forever because it was the decree of Heaven that he should do so.”

151.6 Excerpt from *A Nun Of Taishan* \fn{by Liu O (-1919)} Taishan?, China (M) 2

It is said:

Laots'an was staying at an inn in Ch'ihohsien when he met his old friend, Teh Hueisheng. As the latter was returning south to his home at Yangchow with his family, they hired a mule cart for the long journey and started off together. Early that morning they crossed the Yellow River; the womenfolk were carried over in light sedan chairs while the cart and mule were led gently across the ice. After crossing the river, they did not take the road to the southeast toward Tsinanfu, but went straight south in the direction of Tient'ai. They reached this place about noon, had a light lunch there, and proceeded to Taianfu, which they reached by night. There they put up at an inn outside the South Gate. As Mrs. Teh wanted to go up the Taishan to pray at the temple, they told the driver that they would stop over for the following day, and consequently his time would be his own.

Early at dawn the next morning, the womenfolk got up and attended to their toilet. Five “mountain sedan chairs” were engaged; these were in the form of light \fn{Bamboo.} armchairs with the legs sawed off and wooden boards suspended underneath serving as footrests. A pair of very short poles were tied to each chair, and at the ends of these poles were very broad and strong leather straps, a little softer than the kind used for mule harness. The chair bearer behind would first bend his shoulders under the strap and lift the chair up from behind for the passenger to take his seat. Then the one in front would do the same and the sedan chair was lifted. Mrs. Teh and Huants'ui, a girl who had recently been rescued from a brothel by Laots'an, and an old *amah* occupied three chairs in front, while Teh Hueisheng and Laots'an followed in their own chairs. When they arrived at the Taian city, they visited the Temple to the Mountain God to offer incense.

When they came out, Laots'an saw from the watch in his *talien* \fn{A waistband used as a pocket by travelers.} that it was already a little after ten o'clock. The party began to pass out of the city again through the North Gate and went in a north-westerly direction. In less than half a *li*, they came across a stone with the big characters:

HERE CONFUCIUS WENT UP THE TAISHAN

Hueisheng pointed it out to Laots'an and they looked at each other with understanding smiles. From this point on, the ground began to go up gradually, for it was already near the foot of the historic Taishan.

Laots'an surveyed the Taian city from his sedan chair and saw a round hill in the southwest, with a big temple on top, surrounded by many trees on all sides.

“What is the name of that hill in the southwest?” asked Laots'an of the bearer.

“That is Kaolishan and the temple on its top is Yenlomiao, \fn{Or Pluto's temple.} and below are the Golden Bridge, the Silver Bridge, and the Bridge of Sorrow, which everybody has to pass when he dies and goes to hell. It is considered desirable for people to offer incense there a few times, so that they will be more familiar with the road to hell when they die,” replied the bearer.

“Yes, indeed,” replied Laots'an with a smile. “To offer incense a few times at Yenlo's temple is just like giving a few dinners to the god. After all, Yenlo is also human and he cannot entirely ignore personal courtesies.”

“You have said it, sir.” By this time they had come to what was really the foot of the mountain; the road narrowed and twisted up between steep hillsides. After ascending for about an hour, they reached a temple, when the sedan chair bearers halted outside its door.

“This is Toumukung,” said a bearer. “There are only nuns inside. It is a good place to stop for lunch. All gentlemen and ladies stop here for lunch on their way up.”

“Let us stop here since it is a convent,” said Mrs. Teh, and speaking to the chair bearer, she continued, “Are there no eating places ahead?”

“Here is where you gentlemen and ladies eat,” said one of them. “There is a little mat shed ahead where only wheat cakes and salted vegetables are sold and everyone has to squat on the ground. No stools there. That is where we eat.”

“All right then, let us go in,” said Hueisheng.

They entered a very well furnished parlor. Two old nuns came out to welcome them, one between fifty and sixty and the other over forty. When they were all seated and had gone through the usual exchange of courtesies, the old nun asked,

“I suppose Madam hasn’t had her lunch yet?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Teh. “We have not taken anything since we started out early this morning.”

“We always have some food ready for our visitors,” replied the old nun. “But I see the ladies are on their way to offer incense up on top. Shall it be vegetarian or nonvegetarian food?”

“Either will do for us women,” replied Mrs. Teh. “But the gentlemen are not quite used to vegetarian food. It would be best to serve some meat, but nothing elaborate, please.”

“Don’t worry. Up here we could not prepare many dishes even if we wanted to,” replied the old nun. “Are the gentlemen going to eat at the same table with the ladies, or separately?”

“We are all of the same family,” replied Mrs. Teh. “We will eat together, but please be quick about it.”

“Why, are you going down the mountain today?” asked the old nun. “I am afraid you will not have time for that.”

“Still we don’t want to reach the top after dark,” replied Mrs. Teh.

“Don’t worry on that score,” said the old nun. “It only takes a short time to reach the top.”

During this conversation, the younger nun had left the room, and now she came back and whispered something in the ear of the old nun.

“Please come over to the southern room,” said one of them.

Through the back of the parlor, they made a turn to the south and through a short corridor reached the southern court. This court faced south, with five big rooms on the northern side and six small rooms on the south, \fn{“Room” here refers to a definite width in a house, about twelve or fifteen feet, rather than an actual room of indefinite size.} besides three rooms on the east and two on the west. The nun led Mrs. Teh through the corridor, down some steps, to the northern house. The central room had six latticed panels in front, and over the door hung a thick-padded screen of red woolen cloth, held together with wooden boards to guard against the wind. The rooms on the both ends, however, had a low brick wall coming up to the waist, over which was a series of glass panes pasted over with paintings and calligraphy on silk.

The old nun hurried forward to lift the screen and let the company in. As soon as they entered, they saw that one end room was connected with the hall, while the other was partitioned off. In the open eastern room stood a small round, beautifully varnished table in the center, with six small chairs of “bars-and-plum” design. Against the wall in the center of the hall stood a small shrine with a statue of the Goddess of Mercy, very fine, delicate porcelain made by Imperial potters of the K’anghsi period. The Goddess of Mercy had a beautiful, kindly face, and held a fish basket in her hand. In front of this little shrine, which was about fifteen or sixteen inches high, stood a red, gold-inlaid incense container, made in the reign of Hsiian-teh. Above the shrine hung six portraits of Buddhas painted by Ch’en Changhow. A cabinet on the side was filled with volumes of Buddhist books of all sizes. Looking eastward again, one saw a big glass moon window almost four feet in diameter. A pair of scrolls hung by the side of the window, whose first words formed the name of the nun “Tsingyün.” It was inscribed to Tsingyün, while the signature bore the words, “The Traveling Monk of Sanshan.”

The striking elegance of the room was enhanced by the view outside, for one saw through the moon window a mountain brook gliding by, and one could hear a musical jingle made by bits of floating ice striking against the rocks. In the distance lay a pine forest on the hillside, its deep green contrasting delightfully with the snowy ground.

“What a charming place!” exclaimed Mrs. Teh, for she had been admiring it. “I’m not going back with you to Yangchow now. I would rather remain here and be a nun.”

“Very good,” replied Hueisheng. “But for God’s sake, don’t be a nun in *this* place.”

“Why?”

“You will soon find out,” said Hueisheng.

“I know you are fascinated by the place,” remarked Laots’an. “Just smell the perfume of the room. I’m afraid you don’t have such rare perfumes even among your rich Manchu families!”

Mrs. Teh sniffed the air and said, “It is very strange, indeed. It is neither musk, nor sandalwood, nor fragrant herbs, nor perfume from Cambodia. Why, it is exquisite!”

The two old nuns came up now, and after making a curtsy, said politely, “Will the gentlemen and ladies please make themselves at home and excuse us? We will ask the young ones to come and attend to you.”

“Please don’t bother,” replied Mrs. Teh. After the old nun had left, Mrs. Teh said,

“It is a pity to let nuns stay in such a beautiful place!”

“Now the old nuns are gone and the young nuns are coming,” said Laots’an. “I don’t know whether it will be Tsingyiin or not. If she appears, it will be interesting. She has quite a reputation, and I want very much to see her. If I can see her today, I shall consider myself fortunate indeed.”

If you want to know whether it was Tsingyiin who turned up or not, please read the following chapter. ...

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1920-1926

207.148 Jesus, The Incarnation Of Universal Love\fn{by Ch'en Tu-hsiu (before 1920-)} China (M) 2

When a large group within a society believes in a certain thing, it must have an effect, and thus it becomes an important social problem. Christianity has been in China for four or five hundred years. Although we cannot say that all converts are so from conviction, there are not a few sincere converts.

Hence in the history of this generation certain important social problems have arisen. Hitherto we have not considered Christianity as important, but have regarded it as heterodox and as having no significant relation to our lives; therefore, we have not examined the problem carefully. Because we have given only minimal attention to Christianity, we have reaped social and political problems which are confusing and disrupting rather than any positive benefits from this extremely effective religion.

Now if we continue as before to esteem it lightly, to treat it as an unimportant problem, and to say it is heterodox; if we continue to think that it can only serve to purify Confucianism, then we shall continue to reap confusion and disruption instead of benefits. Though many people believe in it, though it has usurped a sector of our intellectual life and also influenced our material life, Confucianism has not seemed to be able to combat it. Certainly a mere raising up of the signboard of Confucianism will not be able to destroy it.

Therefore we must undertake an investigation of the important question of the significance of Christianity for our society. I hope that our youth will not continue as in the past to talk about it without understanding and with closed eyes.

During the Middle Ages in Europe, Christians who supposedly had a reputation for religious faith persecuted scientists and liberal thinkers as men who had committed sin. We cannot but condemn this. But where does European civilization come from? One source is Greek learning; another source is Christianity. This we cannot deny.

But at present, the natural sciences have made extraordinary progress, and so certain fundamental Christian teachings such as the story of creation, the Holy Trinity, and miracles have lost influence. For many people Christianity has become bankrupt.

For me, however, Christianity is love. If today we do not accept Nietzsche’s condemnation of love for mankind, we cannot say that Christianity has been refuted. The root doctrine of original Christianity is only faith and love; all the rest is only branches and leaves. Not only is the teaching of Jesus like this, but the Old Testament begins its teaching with a clear statement, saying:

“If one does injury to someone’s life, sheds someone’s blood, no matter whether it is a wild animal or a person, I must punish his sin. Man and man are brothers, any man who takes a man’s life, I must punish his sin. Anyone who spills a man’s blood, that man also must have his blood flow, for God created man according to his own image.” (Genesis, 5th and 6th verses of the 9th chapter.) Whatever may be said against Christian converts, all do not disregard this doctrine.

*

Though Christianity has been in China for several hundred years, we have obtained few benefits. On the contrary, it has given rise to much confusion and disorder. Why is this? There are all sorts of reasons:

(1) Those who eat religion\fn{Rice Christians} are many; those who sincerely believe are few; therefore society looks down on Christianity.

(2) The government of each country uses the propagation of religion to encroach militarily; this causes the Chinese people to hate it.

(3) The Chinese people reverence our sages and reject what is foreign. These are influential attitudes; in ancient times they rejected Yang and Mo [Yang Chu and Mo Tzu], later they rejected Buddha, and still later rejected Jesus.

(4) The tendency of officials is to consider the Four Books\fn{*The Analects, Mencius, Great Learning, Doctrine of the Mean*. These Four Books together with the Five Classics (*Classic of Songs, Classic of Documents, Classic of Changes, Spring and Autumn Annals, and Record of Rituals*) form the core of the Confucian Canon} as the highest knowledge, and in these Confucius and Mencius\fn{Perhaps Confucius' most important disciple:H} dealt with kings and nobles. If one turns to the New Testament as the highest knowledge, one finds Jesus dealing with fishermen and sick men. Since the latter are neither rich nor old, the indifference [of the Chinese] is understandable.

(5) The inclination of officials to toady to foreigners angers the people; the inclination of officials to honor the sages angers the Christians.

(6) The use of authority by the upright religious leader to protect unworthy converts arouses the anger of the officials and the jealousy of the people. The extension of religious authority by evil preachers to protect rowdies arouses the hatred of the people.

(7) There is conflict over the fact that Christians regard the Chinese people's ancestral tablets as idols.

(8) There is the inferiority of the literary style of the Old and New Testaments as compared with the Five Classics and the Four Books.

(9) Because the Chinese are not religious and regard the scientific spirit as valuable, there have been many unfounded rumors regarding the religion.

(10) The mysterious practices of Catholics also are a source of unfounded rumors.

*

Frankly speaking, the Chinese people have been in the wrong for the most part, though foreigners may have been in the wrong also on one or two points. If they have made mistakes, they are already remedying their faults. I hope that they will conscientiously follow the last instructions of Jesus, as recorded in the last two verses of Matthew's Gospel and make no further mistakes.

As to the Chinese people, we look back with regret upon our blundering attitude in the past. But do we now have a better understanding? I hope that our scholars will study this religion with impartial minds and not be wholly arrogant! The attitudes of Mencius and Han Yu\fn{Han Yü (786-824AD) was a famous literary stylist who wrote "Memorial on the Bone of Buddha", an essay opposing Buddhism} were basically arrogant; Confucius was not of that sort.

Hereafter our attitude toward Christianity should not be one of mere superficial understanding, with the goal of removing the cause of future trouble. Our attitude should be one of deep-seated admiration. We should try to cultivate the lofty and majestic character of Jesus and imbue our very blood with his warm sympathetic spirit. In this way, we shall be saved from the pit of chilly indifference, darkness, and filth into which we have fallen. The guiding essence of the highest Chinese culture from the dynasties of Yao and Shun until today has been the concept of moral principles. The guiding essence of the highest Western culture from the Greeks until today has been the appreciation of beauty together with the appreciation of Christian faith and love.\fn{Ch'en Tu-hsiu then continues with a somewhat complex comparison of Chinese and Western civilizations. He concludes that in both cultures the spiritual has been considered superior to the material. The Chinese, however, have emphasized the rational moral life at the expense of the emotional life; the instinctive emotions are not given a chance for expression. Thus the Chinese have lofty ethical teachings but are weak in moral stamina. The West, however, has developed a highly dynamic civilization out of Greek estheticism and the Christian religion. Ch'en recommends that Chinese study Western civilization, especially the personality and teachings of Christ, to rectify the weaknesses of Chinese civilization. He continues:}

We should appreciate the power of our emotional nature, but at the same time we should not forget that it is blind and irrational. Knowledge alone is not to be relied upon, but we should not throw knowledge away. In walking, we depend upon the muscular power of our legs, but we need our eye-sight to guide us. In the same way, our emotional nature supplies us with the driving force of life, but knowledge is the guide.

The doctrines of Creation, the Holy Trinity, and miracles are mostly past traditions which have been nullified by the historical and physical sciences. We should discard the old beliefs and search for new ones. What are the new beliefs? They are embodied in the wonderful personality of Jesus.

We should not only discard old traditions; we should also remember that current theology and ecclesiastical ritual are unimportant as compared with the personality of Jesus. Jesus said,

"Here, however, I tell you, there is something greater than the temple." (Matthew 12:6).

"I desire mercy and not sacrifice." (Matthew 12:7) The Jews killed Jesus because He said,

“I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days.” (Matthew 26:61) What we should worship is not the visible temple which was built in 46 years (John 2:20), but that which Jesus built in the heart in three days and which was greater than the temple. We do not need to seek aid in any theology, or trust any ritualism, or join any particular denomination. We go directly to Jesus and knock at His door and ask that His lofty and magnificent character and His warm sympathetic spirit be united with us. He said,

“Ask and your prayer shall be granted; search, and you shall find; knock, and the door shall be opened to you.” (Matthew 7: 7)

*

What kind of character and spirit does Jesus teach?

(1) An exalted spirit of sacrifice:

“For whoever wishes to save his life shall lose it, and whoever, for my sake, loses his life, shall find it.” (Matthew 16:25)

(2) The spirit of forgiveness:

“For, if you forgive others their offenses, your heavenly Father will forgive, you also.” (Matthew 6:14)

(3) The spirit of love and brotherliness:

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.” (Matthew 22:37-40)

This is the character and the spirit that Jesus teaches. It is the fundamental Christian teaching. Aside from the character and spirit of Jesus, we know no other Christian doctrine. Such fundamental teaching has not been destroyed by science, and never will be. Jesus said,

“Every one that listens to this teaching of mine and does not act upon it may be compared to a foolish man who built his house on sand. The rain poured down, the rivers rose, the winds blew and struck that house, and it fell; and great was its downfall,” (Matthew 7: 26, 27)

Are the Christians of the world all like the foolish man or not? We need not speak about those who look upon preaching as a means of livelihood. In every country there are many professed Christians. Why do they not oppose the unChristian acts of the militarists and the moneyed? And why do they, instead, connive at the injustices practiced by them. They see the “House of Prayer for all nations” turned into a “den of robbers” and are indifferent. They hold tenaciously to frivolous traditions as if they were the weightiest doctrines. In my view these foolish men, and not the anti-Christian scientists are the real destroyers of Christianity. The responsibility for its destruction should be on their shoulders.

What is the condition of Christianity, in China? I fear that rice Christians are still numerous.

Our greatest fear is that politicians today are trying to make use of ChrIshamty for their own purposes. To oppose a neighboring country, they raise such catch-phrases “Christianity to save the country.”

They have forgotten that Jesus came not to save a country, but to save the entire human race for eternal life.

They have forgotten that Jesus teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves.

They have forgotten Jesus’ command to love our enemies, and to pray for our persecutors.

They attack communism as “the greatest evil of the future” and “the doctrine of chaos.”

They have forgotten that Christianity is the Good News of the poor and Jesus is the friend of the poor.

197.121 Rebulding Devastated Villages\fn{by Kimber H. K. Den (before 1920-after 1948)} Nanchang?, China (M) 4

Throughout China the most high-sounding cry of the moment during this postwar period seems to be “rural reconstruction.” It is not only true today but was also true before the last war. In the year 1934, soon after the close of the anti-Communists’ campaign in Kiangsi, both the generalissimo and Madame Chaing Kai-shek, in their efforts to interest the Christian churches in rural reconstruction, applied to the National Christian Council for advice and assistance. In accordance with the recommendations of a number of representatives of the National Christian Council and of local Christian organizations in Nanchang, the Kiangsi Christian Rural Service Union was organized, to formulate general policies and to give general administrative oversight of the rural reconstruction work to be jointly conducted by the Christian groups that included the Kiangsi Annual Conference of the Methodist Church, the Diocese of Anking of the Chung Hwa Sheng Kung Hwei, the Nanchang Y.M.C.A., and the North Fukien Synod of the Church of Christ in China. Each participating unit has two members on the board of directors of the union, and each cooperating unit is entitled to one such representative.

The purpose of the union is, as stated in its constitution, "to render special form of service to the people of rural committees in the Kiangsi area as an expression of the Christian spirit of love and a contribution of the Christian church in the building up of a fuller life for the individual and for the community."

*

The above short historical background of the Kiangsi Christian Rural Service Union is necessary for the understanding of the Lichwan Project. Soon after the formation of the union, which is directly responsible for the Lichwan Project, a small rural area in Lichwan was chosen as "an experimental service center" for Christian rural reconstruction work. It is meant to be a service center that is Christian in purpose and personnel.

This service center at Lichwan lies in a fertile valley, very beautiful in its natural scenery. It is located in the southeastern part of Kiangsi, just on the border line between the provinces of Kiangsi and Fukien, where the Chinese Communists had their provincial capital one time. Rice fields extend throughout the valley. The nearby hills are largely barren, but high mountains in the distance are covered with pines and bamboo. These give rise to one of the great industries of this region, namely paper making. In addition to rice and paper, tobacco is one of the chief exports.

During its occupation by the Chinese Communists, this beautiful little village town was the scene of strife and bloodshed. Blockhouses on every hilltop, shell holes, scattered houses, hastily dug graves, cartridges, wrecked houses, propaganda plastered on every wall, bear eloquent witness to the bitterness of the struggle. The population has decreased from 110,000 to 90,000 due to the Communist occupation. Education has not prospered in this section and only two and a half per cent are literate. The people are conservative and superstitious far beyond the average of interior villages. Disease has kept the population from increasing, and infant mortality is high. Many of the surviving children of tender years carry about visible evidence of the ravages of disease. It is the writer's opinion that in the human material of this section we have one of the most difficult problems of our work. But if it is true that Christians should minister to the needy, then Lichwan has been well chosen.

Those who are well have no need of a physician.

*

In its initial stage, the Lichwan Project was planned under the direction of an interdenominational board of directors, with the Reverend George W. Shepherd as its first general secretary. Later on Dr. P. S. Hsu accepted the call to become the next general secretary.

Under Dr. Hsu's splendid leadership a fine group of young Christian workers were brought together in this creative piece of Christian rural reconstruction that included eight college graduates and fourteen other workers. Most of these college men and women were of unusual ability and could have commanded high salaries elsewhere. They came to Lichwan on a service basis and received there but CN\$30.00 a month and food, although a number received additional allowances from the institutions they represented. The Christian fellowship of the workers was the most vital part of the undertaking and each day began with the morning watch, when members of the group shared their highest thoughts and received guidance from God.

*

Since our purpose at Lichwan was to minister to all human needs, both spiritual and material, the work at the very start was organized into various departments, each with specific duties and functions, namely the department of agriculture, the department of village industry, the department of education, the department of art and recreation, the public health department, the women and home department, the surveying and publication department, the department of cooperatives, and the department of religious education.

During the first two years of the Lichwan Project, the department of agriculture and forestry had more than 20,000 trees planted with the cooperation of local people. Of those some 5,000 were pine, about 8,000 tung oil trees, 8,000 tea trees, 120 peach trees, and 25 cherry trees. Fifty grapevines were also planted. In addition, sweet and Irish potatoes, peanuts and a large variety of vegetable seeds were planted on experimental farms. Most of the trees were planted by the villagers and school children on the bare slopes of near-by hills.

The Lichwan Service Center, in its program of education, was directly responsible for opening two village day schools and for supervising other schools in our working area. In these schools, we tried out, for the first two months, methods that had been worked out at Tenghsien with the help of a team from the staff of the Mass Education Movement. The chief problem in rural education was to develop among the local people a sense of its value. In order to do this, we endeavored to relate it closely to the life of the village with chief emphasis on (a) practical training on the farm and in the workshop and (b) character training.

To utilize the leisure time of farmers, night study classes were started as an experiment for short-term education. They combined the features of a cooperative, a literacy class, and a social center, each lesson being

prepared by the staff and consisting of simple rules of health, morality, family living, or patriotism set to a tune. After the class had learned the song so that they could carry it away and sing it at their work, they learned to read and write it. Practical arithmetic followed and then the class broke up to drink tea and talk cooperatives or to tell old Chinese stories which had educational value.

For our health work, we had a sanitation program looking toward a general improvement of public health through the introduction of community sanitation in sewage disposal, purifying the water supply, and destroying insect and rodent disease carriers. Such a program looked also toward the improvement of the health of the individual by maintaining two daily clinics at each of our service centers under the direction of one doctor and two nurses.

As in other rural communities, at first there was a lack of faith in Western medicine among our village people. The attendance at our daily clinics in our village dispensary was very slight at the beginning but has gradually increased. Early in the spring of each year, a vaccination against smallpox was usually held in our field center. As a result, the local people gradually got rid of their superstitious practices of worshiping the goddess of smallpox and came to our clinics with their babies for vaccination every year. As a preventive measure against epidemics, a public health campaign against flies was also held in the early summer of every year. Such a movement always ended with very gratifying results. The training of midwives in childbirth has helped greatly to eliminate the death rate of babies. Every year we had an average of about five hundred maternity cases treated under the care of our physician. Thus we had great success in gaining the confidence of local people in Western medicine.

Unfortunately after such confidence was gained we never got enough drugs to meet our practical needs. For example, we never were able to supply a patient with more than three tablets of quinine when he had an attack of malaria fever. It so happened that in our field service center at Chang-chen, Lichwan, nine out of ten of our village people were constant victims of malaria fever. It was always most pathetic to see a strong workman weakened by an attack of this disease and lying down helpless without adequate medicine for his cure.

Under our department for women and home, we had a daily class for women in handwork, reading, writing, and practical home economics. With the help of such a half-day class, we succeeded to a certain extent in giving to this group of illiterate country women, about twenty-five to thirty in each class, some useful knowledge for the practical needs of their lives and also in developing among them a sense of appreciation for a higher type of social life. Sometimes personal visits were made in the homes of the neighborhood. A sewing machine was introduced and some women were taught to use it. Most of these women, when they first came to us, did not even know how to make their own garments, and lessons in sewing and knitting were, of course, very much appreciated.

The nature of the Lichwan Project, as stated in its constitution, was Christian in purpose and personnel. So the main object in all phases of our field work was the interpretation of Christ's gospel of love in terms of living service. There were weekly classes of instruction on the Christian doctrines and teachings and some of the local people also attended our Sunday services of worship and listened to a Christian message. During the six years from 1939 to 1945 five annual services of baptism were held, each baptism including more than twenty local people or refugees who were received into the spiritual fellowship of the church. At our village service center, a large ancestral hall was used as a regular place of worship on Sundays. For the building up and strengthening of the spiritual fellowship of our field staff members, a short meeting of morning devotion was held every day. The Christian fellowship of the staff, in life and thought, was the most vital part of our program and it was this Christian dynamic that guided and inspired the members of our staff in the face of great difficulties and at times of discouragement. In the field of religious education, the staff members rendered a valuable service in the organization of Sunday schools for the village children with a special program looking toward the building of Christian character and the development of Christian leadership.

*

The Lichwan Project, after its reorganization in wartime, besides trying to conserve as much as possible its regular program of village improvement through agriculture extension, mass education, public health, cooperative organization, and religious education, as mentioned above, also started a refugee industrial camp for the relief of destitute civilians.

Lichwan, being situated on the Kiangsi-Fukien border, was away from the last war zone and consequently offered fine environment for relief work of a productive and constructive nature. All around our working area, there was a considerable amount of abandoned agricultural land since the Communists' depredations. Hence in our first refugee colony, we had a selected group of five hundred civilian refugees who were old farmers in the war-stricken areas, and undertook with great enthusiasm our program for land reclamation. For this group we first assigned one thousand acres of abandoned farming land for reclamation, working on a cooperative basis in four

different areas. The refugees in each settlement or area were divided into family groups and each group was given twenty acres of abandoned land to cultivate. They were also divided into occupational groups, such as farming, handicraft, housekeeping, education, public health, and management. The farming team was again subdivided into tilling, sowing, and shepherd gangs. Each team was headed by a captain appointed by virtue of his ability. The work of the members was recorded every day by the management group under the supervision of the settlement authorities appointed by the general secretary of the Lichwan Project. Harvests and profits realized from the farm were divided among the members in proportion to the work they did. Under this system all worked to the utmost of their ability.

All of our refugee families in the three colonies lived in dormitories that were either the ancestral hall or Buddhist temples in the locality turned over for such a use after a few repairs. Early in the spring of the year 1945, when the 208th Division of the Chinese Youth Army started its training camps there, our refugees were forced to move out and lived in straw huts built by themselves.

*

For our women refugees, we had an industrial factory with a project for simple handicraft work, such as weaving, spinning, sandal-making, and cross-stitch work. In doing this work, we encouraged the old economic basis of Chinese home life in rural districts; traditionally, the men farm the land, and the women must do weaving and spinning in their homes.

For the opening of this industrial factory, and the land reclamation work, we had first a grant of CNC\$20,000,000 from the West China Coordinating Committee of A.C.C. in Chungking in accordance with our appeal in August, 1940. For the first year, all of our refugees working on the land reclamation project were given working cattle and farming tools entirely free of charge. They were also given a minimum food allowance every month for six months, until the next autumn harvest. By that time, they were expected to stand on their own feet and be entirely self-supporting. About one hundred refugee families from the Nanchang area in our first colony in Hwangchen and our second colony in Chen Chia Pai reached their goal of self-support within the limited period as set forth.

Late in the summer of 1943 we had another new colony set up for fifty families of Canton refugees. This was done to meet the desperate needs of a large influx of new refugees who had been driven out from South Canton by hunger and starvation, owing to the Japanese coastal blockade, which cut off their source of food supply. The story of their long trek to Lichwan was pathetic and heartbreaking. Upon the urgent call of the writer, a special meeting was held in the home of a Catholic priest to draw up a plan for starting a new colony in Changchen working on the same land reclamation project. This plan was to be carried out in cooperation with the Kiangsi Government Reclamation Bureau, which would supply workers with the necessary funds for their agricultural work, such as the cost of seeds, fertilizer, cattle, and various farming implements. A total grant of \$100,000 was made to them by this bureau on the basis of a loan from the National Farmers' Bank. For the expense of their food, we had a grant of \$111,000 from the Kanhsien International Relief Committee for a period of six months. A new tract comprising 1,000 *mu* of abandoned agricultural land was given to this group of new settlers, about 120 in all.

*

The next feature of the Lichwan Project in wartime was the establishment of a home for the war orphans. It was started early in the spring of 1940 near our field service center in Chang-chen, Lichwan, with only fifty children, most of whom were homeless children without parents. For this work, we had no regular source of support or appropriation. It was maintained entirely by voluntary contributions and personal gifts from many friends both in China and abroad. The Reverend Mr. William Spofford had a vital share in supporting this work though his campaign in the *Witness*, a national weekly paper of the Episcopal Church in America. Much credit should be given to him for his untiring effort in raising the required funds for this worthy cause.

This school for the Chinese war orphans in Lichwan, during its six years of existence, had altogether four classes of graduates. At each graduation, we had ten to twenty children going out into the world to follow different pursuits. Even with only the elementary education they had in this school, they were quite well prepared and trained to meet the practical needs of their lives and were able to earn a livelihood. In this home, we were not only interested in the problem of feeding and clothing these homeless refugee children, but also in the problem of how to educate and train them for a better life in the future. Besides regular studies every day, each child, whether boy or girl, was given a piece of manual labor to do, either on the farm or in the vegetable garden, as a part of the extracurricular activities. Such a training gave the children an opportunity to work for mutual service and cooperation.

*

The above is a brief review of the accomplishments of the Lichwan Project in its wartime service for six years. The Lichwan Project had its great trials and desperate struggles, especially in financial support, to maintain itself on such a scale as mentioned above. The causes were three:

1. After the summer of 1943 about one-third of our senior workers on the staff, who were formerly allocated to us on salary from their own missions, had to be carried on our payroll. We had no regular source of support or appropriation to cover this added cost.

2. Some of our constituent bodies, or missions participating in the project, failed to assume their due share of responsibility for the support of the Lichwan Project. Owing to their own financial difficulties, they failed to make any contribution in cash or to give us any substantial help other than moral support in the form of sentimental sympathy.

3. The heavy increase of running expenses and other financial obligations were aggravated by the ever-increasing high cost of living and inflation.

Thanks to the Lord and his merciful kindness we pulled through safely until the end of the war, in spite of all the terrible odds we faced. All the trials and dangers that we went through during the war only strengthened our faith and brought us closer to God.

*

In the winter of 1945, the writer was called back to his old parish in Nanchang where he had served for the last twenty-five years. A large part of the refugee colonists who were with him in Lichwan during the war years also went back to the Nanchang area where their old homes were located.

To their great surprise, they found that all their home villages around the Nanchang area were wiped out and only a heap of charred ruins remained. In view of the desperate need of this newly devastated area near Lotus Pond, about fifteen miles from Nanchang city, an attempt is now being made to rebuild this old village after the pattern of the Lichwan Project, a representative demonstration of all Christian rural services in China. It has been the general opinion of the members of the board of directors of the Kiangsi Christian Rural Service Union that the scope of its service, in this postwar period of reconstruction, will be extended to five new areas in five strategic points, such as Kian, Nanchang, Lotus Pond, Shing Kien, and Lichwan. The new project of extension will call for a current budget of \$1,000 a month in American money, besides an initial capital fund of \$20,400 for farming implements and industrial machinery for simple handicraft work. After a year and a half all the work in these five areas is expected to be self-supporting and self-perpetuating.

*

The Christian forces in Kiangsi have done their best in co-operating with us in the Lichwan Project. The only hope we have to make Lichwan a worthy representative of the Christian movement in the postwar reconstruction of China is that both the Christian educational institutions of the nation and the Christian mission in America will back us with the personnel we so sorely need, and the funds required for such a new project.

Last, but not least, the Christian Rural Service Union in Kiangsi, under which the new project is to function, needs the prayers of the whole Christian church that it may not fail in this great task of working for the betterment of the Chinese rural life, and that it may discover better ways of bringing God's love to our needy brothers and sisters in the Chinese villages.

197.67 1. Excerpt from *Infant In The Entertainment Quarter* 2. Excerpt from *The Coward* {by Pi I-hung (before 1922-)} Hangchow, China (M) 1

... One day around dusk ... Hui-chüan was regarding herself in the [dressing-room] mirror, arranging her hair in preparation for her nightly work in the saloons and song parlors. Suddenly the Mama despatched a young maidservant who came hurrying in, shouting for Hui-chüan. One day around dusk. . . Hui-chüan was regarding herself in the [dressing-room] mirror, arranging her hair in preparation for her nightly work in the saloons and song parlors. Suddenly the Mama despatched a young maidservant who came hurrying in, shouting for Hui-chüan to come with her.

“And what big emergency could be worth all this clatter and fuss?” exclaimed Hui-chüan. “Come back after I’ve done a couple of rounds of business, all right?”

“Mama ordered it!” gasped the maid, “She wants you right back! ... Something’s happened to Little Brother.”

The words struck Hui-chüan like a bolt of lightning, leaving her speechless with panic. Hurrying back with the young maid, they arrived at the Mama’s residence to find the Mama there alone, reclining on the opium couch,

smoking. Grief lined her face. Seeing that Hui-chüan had arrived, she turned towards her, and, pointing to the inner room, said in a heavy voice,

“He’s dead. I called you back to take one last look at him. Then we’ll have to send him away.”

Hui-chüan rushed inside, her head spinning. There she saw her own son, whom everyone called “Little Brother,” lying straight as a board on the floor. He was still wearing the little red polkadot trousers Hui-chüan had made for him two days earlier, but his little eyes were already shut tight. A wet nurse sat weeping on a low stool which faced the miniature corpse. Raising her head at the sound of Hui-chüan’s entrance, she rubbed the tears from her eyes and exclaimed,

“Mistress Four! This is awful. Last night he was still jumping around, and this morning he was still giggling. In the afternoon he suddenly took ill and ... the deathly smallpox ... how can it be as cruel as this?”

Hui-chüan fell uncontrollably into loud sobbing. Observing her tears, one might not have been able to say exactly what their cause was. Was she mourning the fatherless orphan boy? Was she wailing against the consummately evil Mama? Or against Huang Wu-i, the cowardly father of the child? Or was she bemoaning her own wretched lot? If a single one of her teardrops were analyzed with care, it is most probable that all these factors would be present.

As Hui-chüan continued her unbridled sobbing, she suddenly felt a tug at her elbow. Looking up, she saw the young maidservant.

“Mama wants you to stop crying now. There are some people, arriving in the courtyard, and you have to hurry up and go. Ten or fifteen orders have come in, and they’re waiting for you to come and join the drinking. Better hurry! Here, I brought you your mandolin ...”

2

... “Brother, how come Mother hasn’t come home for so many days?” His older daughter was interrogating her brother, who was oldest. The eldest brother had yet to reply when the youngest brother broke in:

“Always before when she went out she took us with her. Why’s she gone all by herself this time? She even left Fifth Little Sister behind!”

“What are you talking about!” said the big brother. “Haven’t you heard? Mother and Daddy have been divorced.”

“What does ‘divorced’ mean?” asked the middle son and older daughter, almost in unison.

The youngest son and daughter were even more puzzled. Their eyes opened wide as they listened for their oldest brother’s answer.

“‘Divorced’ means,” said the oldest brother, “that Daddy and Mother are not man and wife any more.” Again the older daughter and middle son asked together,

“If they’re not man and wife then what are they?”

“From this point on,” explained the oldest son, “Daddy will not recognize Mother. And Mother will not recognize Daddy.” The middle brother laughed.

“Don’t play tricks with us. How can Daddy not recognize Mother? Or Mother not recognize Daddy? Nobody knows each other better than those two. How could they not recognize each other?”

“I don’t believe elder brother either,” said the older sister.

“But I’m telling the truth!” said the eldest brother. “I’m not joking at all!” The middle brother chimed in.

“You say that from now on, Mother will not recognize Daddy, and Daddy will not recognize Mother. You mean if tomorrow or the next day Mother comes back, Daddy wouldn’t speak to her? He would pretend he didn’t recognize her?”

“You still think Mother’s going to come back?” asked the oldest brother. “From now on and forever, Mother’s *not* coming back!”

The oldest sister and middle brother heard this sentence as if it were a peal of thunder from the blue sky. They were so terrified they couldn’t speak.

The youngest brother and sister could not restrain themselves. With a cry of “Wa!” they both burst into tears. When the older sister and middle brother had seen the young ones begin to cry, they also broke out with a “Wa!”

“Hey, don’t cry!” said the older brother. “If Daddy hears, he’ll come give spankings!”

“Mother’s—never coming back,” stammered the older sister. “How can we keep from crying?” ...

... Shou-ch'ing suddenly frowned towards Kuo-hsiung and said,

“This sister of yours Chih-fen has gotten very caught up in the bad habits of ‘civilization’\fn{A euphamism for Westernization} recently. Every word and every gesture just has to be different from the manners of the old-style household. Last year she kicked up a great fuss with me demanding to go to an academy. I refused time and again, but couldn’t stand it any more when your aunt joined in on her side. They badgered me to distraction, until finally I sent her off to study at that Yü-hsiu Girl’s School nearby.

“Once she’d been to school there was no changing her. A first-class young lady had turned entirely into the likes of one of these ‘girl students.’ At times she even carried on about stuff like singing songs and doing calisthenics. I heard that during the year-end vacation they ran some kind of a carnival or something and that she was right there in the midst of it making a speech. Making a speech is still all right—but then she starts playing with swords. Now I ask you: what kind of behavior is *that*?!

“When she came home she got a good talking to from me. ‘What do you mean by this?’ I said, ‘messing around with swords and staffs! You want to play the *wu-tan*\fn{A reference to the lady-warrior part in classical Chinese opera} or something?’ And then—of all things!—she retorted with the idea that *I* was being ridiculous. She said that from time immemorial there had always been women who practiced warfare: Liang Hung-yü beating her drums, Hua Mu-lan replacing her father to lead the troops—weren’t these good enough examples?” ...

115.25 1. Wang Pao Ch’uan 2. Min Tzü Chien 3. Two Liars 4. Insoluble Problem* 5. A Village Teacher 6. A Deer And A Dream 7. True Luck* 8. The Best Drug* 9. Contiguous Confusion*: **Nine Folktales**\fn{by Hsü Tsan Hwa (before 1923-)} Manchuria, China (M) 13\fn{*: Named by the compiler:H}

1. Wang Pao Ch’uan

One thousand years ago, at the end of the Tang Dynasty,\fn{618-907AD.} there lived in Shansi Province a beautiful maiden of good morals and of high ideals. She was the third daughter of a prime minister named Wang, and her own name was Wang Pao Ch’uan.\fn{The titles of the first nine folktales are mine:H}

Lady Wang was a well-educated girl possessing good morals and great knowledge, and, besides, she was one of the most famous beauties in the capital city of the Tang Dynasty. When she was twenty years old, there arose the question of marriage. In regard to this there was a difference of opinion between the father and his daughter. The cruel father desired to have a powerful and noble relative to help him to maintain his political power, and intended to engage his daughter to any young man of noble birth, whether his daughter liked him or not. The wise girl despised those coxcombs, and desired to have a hero for her husband, whether he was rich or poor at the time.

The dispute between the father and the daughter was settled by the mother, who suggested that her daughter should have full liberty to choose a husband. She was to throw a ball to her preferred among a crowd of suitors gathered in the private park.

A declaration was made. It was announced that on the second day of February, Lady Wang was to choose a husband by throwing a ball to her preferred boy from a high gallery, and that all unmarried young men who wished to try their luck might attend the meeting held in Minister Wang’s private park.

Three days before the date set, a gallery in the private park was renewed and beautified, an embroidered ball was sewed, and everything prepared for the meeting. Meanwhile Miss Wang was very sad, because she could not know who among them was the future hero.

There was a poor young beggar whose parents had died without leaving him anything. He was a tall, strong man, and took so much food at every meal that whoever employed him suffered a loss. So, there was no work done by him anywhere. He could not help being a beggar. He begged food from house to house, and slept under the gate of any house that he came to.

The day before the second of February the beggar came to Minister Wang’s palace to beg for something to eat, and at night he fell asleep under the rear gate of the palace. At midnight Lady Wang was surprised to see a bright light filling the window of her room. She opened this window, and saw a tiger in the air above the rear gate, light raying out from his whole body. It disappeared immediately. Lady Wang awakened her maid, and ordered her to go to the rear gate to see what was there. After a little while the maid came back, and said,

“There is nothing but a beggar sound asleep outside of the gate.”

In ancient times the Chinese, as we know, generally believed that an emperor was the reincarnation of a dragon; the general of an army, of a tiger. When Lady Wang saw the soul of the beggar appearing in the shape of a

tiger, she believed that he would be a general, and resolved to marry him. So she brought out thirty *taels* of silver, and went secretly to the beggar.

She awakened the beggar, and saw that he was a very tall, strong man, with a long, red face and big, bright eyes. She asked him,

“What: is your name? Why have you become a beggar when you are so strongly built?” The beggar answered,

“My name is Hsüeh Ping Kuei. As I take too much food at a meal, none of my employers liked me. So I cannot help being a beggar.” Lady Wang said,

“You do not look like a beggar. I believe you are destined to be a hero. I wish to be your wife. Will you marry me?”

The beggar was surprised to hear these words, because he hadn’t dreamed that so beautiful a lady could wish to be a poor beggar’s wife. He said,

“If you are deceiving me, what can I say to thank you?” Lady Wang said,

“I shall tell you. Tomorrow I will choose a husband by throwing a ball to my choice among a crowd of suitors gathered in my private park. Now, you are my only chosen one. Please come, and I will throw you the ball. Here are thirty *taels* of silver for you. Go to a shop tomorrow morning to get new clothes, that you may get into my private park without hindrance.”

The beggar, thanking her heartily, and unable to find words to express his gratitude, took the silver and went away.

On the day set, thousands of young men of noble family attended the meeting. As Lady Wang was one of the most famous beauties in the capital city, every young man wished to get the ball. They excelled one another in wearing costly and beautiful garments, so as to indicate the official rank and financial condition of their families.

After leaving Lady Wang, the beggar thought that food was more necessary to him than dress; so he kept the silver for food. He still wore his torn and dirty clothes, and went to the park. When he arrived at the door of the park, he was stopped by the porter.

“You are a frog thinking to get the flesh of a high-flying crane,” said the porter, glancing at his dirty clothes. The beggar replied,

“Although I am poor, I may have good fortune. You cannot know what I shall be by my poor dress.”

The porter was moved by his words, and went to ask his master. The master said “No” as soon as he was informed. Fortunately, Lady Wang was there in the presence of her father. She opposed him strongly, and held that all young men, rich or poor, superior or inferior, were equal, and that she would choose her husband, not for wealth, but for his merit. The mother loved her daughter better than her husband, so she helped her daughter, and ordered the porter to permit the beggar to come in.

When the young men had ceased to arrive, Lady Wang with her two maids went up the gallery. She saw a very large crowd of young men. All of them were well dressed and handsome except the poor beggar, who could be easily found by his dirty face and torn clothes. But she paid no attention to those rich youths. She threw the ball down to the beggar. Many youths fought him for the ball; but he was so strong that none could conquer him, and he won the ball.

The beggar brought the ball and went to see his father-in-law and mother-in-law. As soon as Premier Wang learned that a beggar was chosen for his son-in-law, he was incensed at his daughter. He said to her,

“Every other suitor was handsome, and richer than a beggar, but you prefer a beggar. Heaven destined you to be a beggar’s wife! I do not want you in my noble house, and I would not see you again henceforth. Go away quickly to enjoy your beggar life!” His daughter answered,

“That is my wish. I shall never come to see you except when I have become noble and wealthy. I swear that I shall never beg you for food.”

When both the daughter and the beggar were driven out of Premier Wang’s house, they had no home. They lived in a deserted kiln. The thirty *taels* of silver kept by the husband were spent for food in a few days, and then they were beggars. Hsüeh Ping Kuei had a large appetite, so they could not get sufficient food to eat: they were always hungry.

During that time there was a baron in Kansu Province who had revolted and made himself a king. He called his country “Si-Liang.” Si-Liang would send an army to fight against the Tang Emperor. There was in the Si-Liang army a famous horse named Hung-Chung-Ma, \fn{Red-hair-horse.} which ran wonderfully fast and helped the army to win every battle. The general of the Tang army informed his Emperor that they could never win the war unless they caught the horse of red hair. Then the Tang Emperor announced that the one who caught the wonderful horse was to be rewarded with the command of a rear army.

This announcement was spread throughout the Tang Kingdom. The beggar, Hsiieh Ping Kuei, thought it was time to show his ability. So he said good-bye to his wife, and entered the army as a soldier. In one battle he caught the horse of red hair. The general reported this to the Emperor, and the Emperor appointed Hsüeh Ping Kuei commander of a rear army.

We remember that Minister Wang was a cruel man. He hated both his daughter and Hsüeh Ping Kuei... When he learned that Hsüeh Ping Kuei had been made a commander for catching Red-hair-horse, he became jealous. He slandered the general before the Emperor, saying that there was no Red-hair-horse in the enemy's army, and that the general had lied for the purpose of getting a reward and promoting his relative. Then the angry Emperor discharged Hsüeh Ping Kuei, and sent him to the front army as a captain in order to give him an opportunity to win merit and have his punishment lessened.

As the army of Si-Liang was very strong, it was supposed by all soldiers of the Tang army that whoever fought in the front line would be killed. Hsüeh Ping Kuei, before starting out for the front line, went to the kiln to say good-bye to his wife. Wang Pao Ch'uan did not wish her husband to run the danger, but Hsüeh Ping Kuei was confident that his strength was great enough to protect him from all danger. Then they departed.

In one battle Hsüeh Ping Kuei was caught by the Princess Of Si-Liang, named Princess of Tai-Tsan. She was the bravest general of the Si-Liang army. The king of Si-Liang took a fancy to him, and; him swear to be faithful to Si-Liang, and then married his daughter to him.

After many years the king of Si-Liang died. E had no son, and Hsüeh Ping Kuei was put on the throne. Lady Wang was left alone to beg for food when her husband gone to fight in the front line. She hoped for her husband's return, day after day, but there was no news of him. There were many rumors which told of how Hsüeh Ping Kuei had been killed by the enemy. Lady Wang doubted this, and she made up her mind to wait for him. She begged for food from house to house, and dug wild vegetables herself.

One day her mother went to see her, and wanted her to come back to her house. Wang Pao Ch'uan refused, and said,

"However hungry and cold I am, I shall never go back to your house except when, I have become rich and noble." Her mother replied,

"If you do not come back, I shall live in the kiln with you."

Then Wang Pao Ch'uan pretended that she wished to go back, and let her mother go out of the kiln first. As soon as her mother had gone out, she shut the door, and said,

"Mother, please go back! I wish to live in the kiln. Nobody can persuade me to go back. Thank. you for your kindness."

Her mother had no way of getting her out, and threw her money through the window; but she threw it back to her mother; her mother returned with great sorrow.

Wang Pao Ch'uan had a widowed brother-in-law named Wei Hu, her eldest sister's husband, who was desirous of marrying her. Wei Hu was a wicked official, and he made every attempt to tempt her. Wang Pao Ch'uan always refused.

Since her husband's leave-taking she had been alone for eight years. She had never received a single letter from him. Someone informed her that her husband had been made King of Si-Liang.. But it was a long distance from the Tang Kingdom to Si-Liang, and Wang Pao Ch'uan could not get to him.. Moreover, there was no communication between these two countries because of the war. No letter could be sent from one country to the other.

Wang Pao Ch'uan learned that her husband had become a king, but she was very sad that she could not reach him or write to him.

One day, while she was digging roots near Wu-Chia-P'o, the village in which she lived, a wild goose flew down and cried to her, looking as though it were hungry and were begging for the roots. Wang Pao Ch'uan said to the wild goose,

"Wild goose, wild goose, you are, hungry and beg me for the roots; but this is all I have to fill my empty stomach. But if you can fly to Si-Liang to carry a letter for me to the King, I will give you the wild roots to satisfy your hunger. If you understand what I ask and will do this, please cry three times."

As soon as she had finished the words, the wild goose cried out to her three times as if it understood. Wang Pao Ch'uan repeated her words, and again the wild goose cried out three times. Then she believed that the goose could carry a letter to her husband, and fed her the roots. She tore off one piece of her dirty white skirt, bit her finger, and wrote on it a few words with blood. She tied the letter to the wild goose's leg, and it flew away."

One day Hsüeh Ping Kuei, the King of Si-Liang, was deliberating with his ministers, when he saw a wild

goose fly down and light on a tree in front of his great parlor, crying loudly in a peculiar way. Hsüeh Ping Kuei thought it was a bird of ill omen, and shot it with an arrow. It fell from the tree. He found the letter that his wife had written with blood. He knew that she was still waiting for him. He escaped from the Princess of Tai-Tsan, and left for his home.

No sooner did the princess learn that Hsüeh Ping Kuei had escaped, than she dispatched many soldiers to pursue him. He was brought to the presence of the princess. She asked him,

“Why did you escape? Are you returning to your country to do me harm?” Hsüeh Ping Kuei replied,

“I shall tell you the truth, my dear princess.” Then he told her the story of Wang Pao Ch’uan, and said to the princess,

“However displeased you may be, I would rather go home to Wang Pao Ch’uan than sit on the throne.”

The Princess of Tai-Tsan, having heard the story of Wang Pao Ch’uan, was moved by her faithfulness, and said,

“Wang Pao Ch’uan is such a wonderful lady, that you could not forget her unless you had lost your conscience. I will let you go to her. But I have been your wife for eighteen years. I am as fond of you as Wang Pao Ch’uan. How will you treat me?”

“After several years I shall come back to see you,” answered Hsüeh Ping Kuei, having looked around for a while. The Princess said,

“That is uncertain; and, even if you could do so, Wang Pao Ch’uan would again be left alone. That is not what I want. What I want is to send a strong army to ruin the Tang Dynasty and make you emperor, Wang Pao Ch’uan empress, and myself a future empress. Now go back, and do something to help me. When we capture the Tang capital, we meet again.”

Then Hsüeh Ping Kuei bade her farewell and left for home.

When he came near to Wu Chia P’o, he saw a woman that looked like his wife, Wang Pao Ch’uan; but he was not sure, because he could not remember Wang Pao Ch’uan’s face after the lapse of eighteen years. The woman was digging roots. Hsüeh Ping Kuei dismounted from his horse, bowed to the woman, and asked,

“Do you know where is the house of Hsüeh Ping Kuei?”

“Yes, I know,” answered Wang Pao Ch’uan, who did not recognize Hsüeh Ping Kuei. “What do you want with him?” Hsueh Ping Kuei asked again,

“Do you know Wang Pao Ch’uan?” She answered,

“I am Wang Pao Ch’uan.”

“Oh, yes! That is what I want to know,” said Hsüeh Ping Kuei, intending to make a pleasantry with his wife. “I will tell you. I am Hsüeh’s friend from Si-Liang with a letter from him for you.” Wang Pao Ch’uan was very glad to hear these words, and said,

“Thank you for your service. Please let me see the letter at once.”

“Wait a minute,” said Hsüeh Ping Kuei insolently, as he went to embrace Wang Pao Ch’uan. She refused him.

“I have something to talk over with you first. Your husband could not come back to bring you to Si-Liang. He trusted me to care for you. Will you come with me and live in my house?”

Then, without waiting for her answer, he pulled Wang Pao Ch’uan to him to compel her to ride on the horse’s back. Wang Pao Ch’uan found that he was a bad man, took up a handful of dust, and thrust it into his eyes. While he was, blinded by the dust, she ran away.

Wiping his eyes, Hsüeh Ping Kuei followed Wang Pao Ch’uan to the kiln, but he was shut out. He knocked at the door, but she considered him no friend of hers. She did not answer him. Then Hsüeh Ping Kuei told her the truth, finding that his wife remained faithful, to him.

“My dear wife, I am Hsüeh Ping Kuei. I have lied to you.” Wang Pao Ch’uan, looking at Hsüeh Ping Kuei’s face through a little hole in the door, said,

“You are not Hsüeh Ping Kuei. Go away at once.” Hsüeh Ping Kuei said,

Now let me tell you my whole story, then you will believe me. When you were twenty years old, you declared that you were to choose a husband by throwing a ball on the second day of February. At that time I was a beggar, but you liked me, and threw the ball to me. Your father was angered, and drove us out of his house. Then we lived in the kiln and begged for food. During that time Si-Liang sent an army to attack Tang and, as I had caught the Red-hair-horse, I was made the commander of; the rear army. But your jealous father slandered me, and the Emperor of Tang dismissed me. I was sent to the front line, and in one battle I was caught by Tai-Tsan, Princess of Si-Liang. The King of Si-Liang took a fancy to me, and forced me to marry the princess. After several years the King of Si-Liang died, and I was made his successor. One day I received from a wild goose your letter to me, and

so I knew that you were still waiting for me. Then I left for home to see you. When I met you near the village, I made fun with you. Please excuse me, and let me come in!" Wang Pao Ch'uan replied,

"Hsüeh Ping Kuei has a little art on his neck. Let me touch it." Then she touched his neck and felt the wart. She opened the door at once and told him her story with great happiness.

At that time Premier Wan had already killed the Emperor of Tang, and made himself Emperor in his place. Hsüeh Ping Kuei knew that most of the ministers and generals of Tang were not faithful to him because of his usurpation. So he sent a letter to the Princess of Si-Liang to advise her that it was time to ruin Tang, and to tell her that he would help her army as best he could.

Then the Princess of Si-Liang sent a strong army to invade Tang.. As the soldiers of Tang hated the usurper and did not fight for him, Si-Liang's army easily captured the capita ot Tang with the aid of Hsüeh Ping Kuei. Then Premier Wang was killed by the princess and Hsüeh Ping Kuei was made Emperor, and Wang Pao Ch'uan Empress.

The princess herself was content to be but a future empress.

2. Min Tzü Chien

Two thousand years ago there was a son in Shantung Province who , was famous for his filial piety. His name was Min Tzü Chien, and he was one of the seventy-two disciples of Confucius. His mother died when he was very young. His father married another woman, and two other sons were born to him. The step-mother loved her own sons, and used to give them the best of everything, but the worst to him. This was the evil custom all over China in ancient days.

In China the winter coat was generally made with a layer of cotton batting inside the lining. One winter his father bought enough cotton to make coats for his three sons, and handed it to her. But she put all the cotton in the garments of her own sons, and the dried flowers of rushes in Min Tzü Chiens coat.

Neither he nor his father knew this. He always felt cold without understanding why. One day, when there had been a great fall of snow, his father went out for a pleasure drive with his son, who drove the car. He could not stand such cold weather when he had on but a poor coat of rush flowers. His body shook, and his hand was too cold to hold the reins. After awhile the reins fell to the ground. and the horses ran on at a dangerous speed.

His father thought that he was lazy, was angered, and took the whip from his hand and beat him with it. His coat was torn by the whip, and the rush flowers were seen by his father. So his father knew that his stepmother had made him a coat out of old cloth and the flowers of rushes. He wept, and said,

"That is my mistake; I have made your life miserable by marrying a second wife."

Then Min Tzü Chien's father went home, intending to divorce his wife. Min Tzü Chien kneeled to the ground and advised his father with a full heart. He said,

"As we three brothers would need a mother to bring us up, you would marry anther woman if you divorce her. Therefore there would be three sons cold; if you do not, there would be only one son cold. Which way is better?"

His father believed his words, and did not divorce his wife. When the stepmother learned the words spoken by Min Tzü Chien, she as moved, and after this treated him as kindly as her own sons

The people of his city learned that he was a wise and good man, and elected him magistrate of the city, but he declined. During that time the Premier of Li (a small country in Shantung Province) was planning to usurp the throne. If Min Tzü Chien became the magistrate, he would be compelled to help him. This was why he refused to be the magistrate of his city.

3. Two Liars

In a city there were two liars. One was known as the "greater liar," and the other as the "lesser liar." One day the lesser liar called on the greater liar, and asked,

"You are called the greater liar. I cannot see that you lie any better than I do. If you can make a tiger believe your words, I will pay respect to you and call you my teacher." The greater liar replied,

"It is very easy. If you do not believe me, I can go at once and look for a tiger, and fool him to convince you."

Then they went to great mountains and looked for the tiger. When they reached a certain place, the lesser liar said to the greater liar,

"This is the place where the tigers and the panthers pass through. You wait for the tiger here. I will go up to the summit of the mountain and see how you cheat the tiger."

Then the greater liar sat down, leaning against a small tree. After a little while a big tiger roared very loudly.

The greater liar pulled up the tree that he was leaning against, and lied to the tiger:

“Just a little while ago I had devoured a panther, but my hunger was not satisfied yet. Then I ate a tiger besides. My teeth are filled with tough flesh of the old tiger. Now I am cleaning them with the little tree.”

Then he pretended to clean his teeth with the tree.

As soon as the tiger heard these words, he ran back to his den as fast as he could. When the tiger got home, he met a monkey, and said,

“I have met a strong man who ate a panther and a tiger, and was cleaning his teeth with a tree. I was very much afraid of him, and ran home with great speed.” The monkey replied,

“You are too cowardly. I want to go with you to see what kind of man he really is.” The tiger said,

“You are so cunning. I fear you may intend to betray me. If you really want to go to see him with me, I would tie you on my back.”

The monkey agreed. Then the tiger tied a rope around the monkey’s neck, put her on his back, and twined the rope around his own body.

The monkey rode on the tiger’s back, and came into the presence of the greater liar. As soon as he saw the monkey, he cried out,

“Cunning monkey! You lied to me. Yesterday I caught you and was to eat you as a kind of refreshment. You promised to give me this morning two tigers and two panthers for my breakfast. I released you. I find it an unlookedfor thing that you, in order to deceive me, are presenting me with one thin cat when it is already afternoon.”

As soon as the tiger heard these words, thought he had been betrayed by the monkey. So he ran away as fast as his legs were able to carry him. The monkey wanted to jump down from the tiger’s back. Unfortunately her body was cut off from her head by the branch of a tree. Only the monkey’s head was left on the tiger’s back.

When the tiger had escaped to his den and taken a rest, he found that the monkey was gone. He looked for her, and saw only a monkey’s head tied by a rope. Then he was surprised, and said,

“Although I ran so fast, yet the lower part of the monkey was eaten by him as a refreshment.”

4. Insoluble Problem

There was a man who went to a meeting with his servant. He felt that one of his legs was shorter than the other. Then he looked upon his feet, and found that his boots were not of a pair. So he told his servant to return to the house and bring the right boot.

The servant went back, and immediately returned to his master, saying,

“I think it is not necessary for you to change the boots, for the boots at home which I have seen are just as different from each other as the ones you have on.”

5. A Village Teacher

There was a country teacher who was very fond of drinking. Unfortunately every servant that he hired, one after the other, was fond of drinking too, and stole his wine. He was very sad, and resolved to hire a good servant who could not drink, so that his wine might not be stolen. Again he thought that all men could drink except those who did not know wine, so he resolved to hire a man who did not know wine.

One day his friend recommended a servant to him. He showed him the “Yellow Wine,” and asked,

“Do you know what this is?” The servant replied,

“It is Yellow Wine.” The teacher thought that knowing the name of the wine, for a certainty he could drink. He refused to take him as his servant.

Another day his friend recommended a servant. He showed the same kind of wine, and asked,

“Do you know what this is?” The servant replied,

“It is Chen San.” The teacher thought that, knowing even the other name of “Yellow Wine,” he drank for a certainty, and heavily. He refused him too. His friend recommended another servant; and he showed him the same kind of wine, and asked,

“Do you know what this is?”

The servant did not know what it was. Then he showed him “Burning Wine.” Again the servant did not know. The country teacher was very glad, thinking that this servant could not drink and would not steal his wine, so he hired him.

One day the teacher was about to go out, and left the servant alone to look after the house. He said to his servant,

“There is a ham hung on the kitchen wall; there is a chicken in the garden. Both of these you should look after carefully. There are two bottles of poisonous drugs in my room; the white one is white arsenic, and the red one is red arsenic. Don’t touch them! If you drink them you will die.”

The teacher repeated his orders, and went out.

When the teacher had gone, the servant killed the chicken, boiled the ham, and drank the two bottles of wine. He fell drunk to the ground.

When the teacher returned, he saw his servant stretched on the ground, and the odor of wine filled his room. Moreover, he found that both the ham and the chicken had disappeared. He became very angry, and gave several heavy kicks to the drunken servant.

When the servant was awakened, he questioned him very strictly. The servant wept, and said,

“After you left I watched everything carefully. Suddenly came a cat which carried away the ham, and a dog which drove the chicken to the neighboring house. I was so sad, that I did not want to remain alive to see you again. I remembered that the white, and the red arsenic could make me dead; so I drank all of the white arsenic first, but it was useless. Then I drank all of the red, too. The result is that I am in a condition of semiconsciousness. The teacher said,

“You are the most faithful servant I have ever had.”

6. A Deer And A Dream

In ancient days there was a woodcutter who cut the wood in wild country. He met a frightened deer running out of a private park. He killed it with his ax, and put plantain-leaves over its body in a large dried pond, so that he might keep it hidden. He was so glad that he hid the deer in a great hurry, and forgot after a little while where he had put it away. He looked for it carefully and patiently; but the pond was too large for every bit of it to be gone over, and at last he thought that it was all a dream. He went home. As he was walking along the road, he murmured,

“I dreamed that I killed a frightened deer, and that I hid it in the pond; but I cannot find it. Strange, strange!”

Another one, walking behind him, heard his words, went to the pond, and found the deer. This one went home, and said to his wife,

“I met a woodcutter who dreamed that he had killed a deer but could not find it. I followed his words, and got it. Is not what the woodcutter dreamed a real thing?” His wife answered:

“I suppose there was no such woodcutter, but that that you dreamed him. However, you have really got a deer now. Therefore I think that what you dreamed is a real thing.” The husband said,

“I did get the deer, and it is in my possession now. What is the need of finding out whether the woodcutter dreamed or I?”

When the wood-cutter reached home, he was not satisfied that his deer was lost, and he thought again and again of what had happened. That night he dreamed where he had hidden it, and how another man had got it. Next morning he went to find the man who had taken the deer according to his dream, and they disputed about it. They went to court. The judge said to the woodcutter,

“In the beginning you really got a deer, but you thought that it was all a dream. Afterwards you really dreamed of the deer which you had got, but you think that what you dreamed is the real thing.” The judge said to the man who had the deer,

“You really took the woodcutter’s deer; but you think that you dreamed of him, and that what you dreamed is a real thing. There is no way to distinguish dream from reality,” continued the judge, “so I cannot see who is to have possession of the deer. However, I shall divide it into two parts. Each of you shall have one of them. That is the just way to settle this dispute.”

This case was brought to the notice of the King of Cheng. The king said,

“Oh, there is no such thing! Did the judge not dream that he had divided a deer to settle a dispute?”

The King asked the Premier. The Premier said,

“I cannot distinguish a dream from reality. Only the Yellow Emperor and Confucius can distinguish them, but they died a long time ago.”

7. True Luck*

A man found a lady's golden hairpin under his pillow when he got up in the morning. He showed it to his friend, and said,

"Am I not lucky?" His friend answered,
"It is either yours or your wife's. How, then, are you lucky?" He said,
"But it is neither mine nor my wife's. That is why I am lucky."

8. The Best Drug*

There was a druggist who sold a drug for killing fleas. Over the door he put a sign,
"The best flea-killing drug."
One man bought the drug, and asked him how to use it. The druggist repeated,
"You have to catch the flea and put the drug in its mouth, and then it is surely killed."

9. Contiguous Confusion*

There were three men sleeping together in one bed. One of them felt an itching, and unconsciously scratched the leg of the second one. He still felt the itch, scratched with great strength, and tore the skin of the other's leg.

The second one awakened, felt the blood on his leg, and thought that the third had wet the bed. Then he woke the third one, and told him to go outside.

The third one got up and went outside. It was raining. As long as he heard the noise of the rain-drops, he thought that he had not finished with his water, and stood outside until the break of day.

205.150 Present-day Industrial Situation And The Labour Movement fn{by M. Thomas Tchou (before 1926-)} Shanghai, China (M) 4

China finds herself today at the beginning of a gigantic transformation in her economic life. The introduction of modern methods in business and industry has begun to make changes unknown and undreamed of in the past forty centuries.

Owing to the neglect of science and, therefore, the lack of mechanical tools for the exploitation of her vast resources, China, with one-quarter of the population of the world, is now one of the poorest countries, having wealth only equal to one-sixteenth of that of the United States of America, whose population is approximately one-fifteenth of that of the world.

Through the introduction of modern machinery and the application of mechanical sciences in China, however, an industrial revolution on a large scale has now begun to take place. In the so-called treaty ports and other cities favoured with the facilities of modern communications, numerous modern and semi-modern factories have sprung up and prospects are that, as conditions become more favourable, there will be a general spread of modern industry throughout the country. While, compared with the industries that are yet to come, the present ones are quite insignificant, there are, nevertheless, evidences of some large industries today. Among the existing two or three thousand modern factories may be mentioned the following principal types: cotton-spinning and weaving mills, silk filatures, flour mills, cigarette factories, engineering plants of many kinds, printing presses, cement factories, paper mills, glass factories, match factories, oil and bean cake factories, tanneries and soap factories. In addition to these the mining industries are also making steady headway.

Judged by present tendencies, modern industry in China not only has come to stay, but it bids fair to grow at such a rate as to displace a considerable proportion of handicraft industries. For example, wherever cotton-mills have been established, the old method of spinning is being rapidly displaced. The coming of the railroad and the steamship has also invariably driven away many of those who were engaged in the old ways of transportation. As a result, an increasing number of people who were engaged in older industries are now obliged either to change their callings or to enrol themselves into the new industries that have made it necessary for them to undergo this change. This has given rise to a new type of economic life, which is an innovation of a most comprehensive nature. For not only has power production changed the methods of manufacture, but it has also instituted mass production, involving the minute division of labour. Both factors tend to deprive the once independent workers of their former economic self-dependence as well as the joy of craftsmanship, which made industry in the old days not nearly so mechanical to the workers as it often is today.

The new working conditions, with regular shifts in company with power-driven machinery, present a great contrast to the slack and generally free conditions of labour under the old handicraft system. The employment of large numbers of workers in modern factories has resulted in the separation of these people from the management with a result that the former intimate contact between "master" and "men" is now no longer possible. Under the new system not only has competition for employment become keener between men, but other groups hitherto only sparsely employed in industry have also been brought into the field of competition. Women, who were once mainly confined to the homes, have been found suitable as operatives in a number of modern industries, and, being willing as a rule to accept lower wages, they are employed in large numbers instead of men. In a similar manner, it has been found that it would be even cheaper to employ children instead of adults. So today we have several leading industries in which large numbers of children, ranging from six to fourteen years of age, are employed.

Another innovation of the modern industrial system is the institution of night-shifts, which engage women and children, as well as men, in steady employment. Modern industry, too, has brought in new hazards and risks unknown in the old days. Since most of the workers have little knowledge of the mechanical arts or of the promotion of safety, many accidents leading to tragic ends have taken place. Last November 27, for instance, a thirteen-year-old girl was killed at Shanghai Cotton Mill, Yangtszepoo, shortly after two o'clock in the morning. According to the account given by a Japanese foreman, the girl had gone to sleep under the spinning-frame and while asleep her hair was caught in the machinery. Her head was crushed and her dead body was found under the machine. Five days thereafter another fatal accident took place in a local mill at 4.10 A.M. In this case, a man twenty-four years of age slipped from a platform and became entangled in a revolving belting below and was killed.

Accidents of this nature take place in modern industrial plants of all kinds. Besides this, large fatalities have often occurred in mining industries. While most civilised countries take a pride in the increasing attention they give to the protection of industrial workers, to our regret there is no effective industrial legislation in China today. So there is no obligation to enforce a minimum provision for the safety of the workers while at work; and after accidents have taken place, there is no obligation for compensation. In March, 1923, the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce promulgated twenty-eight articles governing conditions of employment, but owing to the lack of public support and to the fact that foreign industries in China do not recognize the validity of Chinese law, as well as to the impotence of the Central Government, these extremely moderate regulations for the protection of the workers have not been enforced.

Many employers in Shanghai were in favour of the adoption of the report of the Child Labour Commission last year, but it was not adopted, partly because the foreign ratepayers, whose consent was necessary, failed to show sufficient interest so as to obtain a quorum at two successive ratepayers' meetings, and partly because of the lack of the support of the Chinese community, on the ground that the foreign Municipal Council in Shanghai had no right to make regulations governing the employment of Chinese.

Of equal if not greater importance is the fact that the coming of modern industry in China has given rise to a momentous change in the living or social conditions of the workers and their families. Wherever modern factories have sprung up, multitudes of labourers have been attracted to their neighbourhood. The lack of adequate provision for their housing and social needs has resulted in one of the gravest consequences in society today. The rapid rise of the cost of living and of land value during recent years is responsible largely for the coming into existence of new, over-crowded, insanitary, and dehumanising slums. In Shanghai alone there are probably no less than 300,000 people who inhabit such quarters. Only a visit to these centres can make one realize what modern industry, among other things, may produce in China.

At the same time the effect of modern industrial development on the propertied classes must not be overlooked. The separation of capital and labour, which is now progressing rapidly, has simultaneously resulted in the creation of a capitalistic class. While some members of this class are not unmindful of the conditions among the masses, and while some of them show great interest in the betterment of conditions, most of them, having little or no contact with the workers, are quite indifferent. The standard of comfort among the rich has been raised considerably, and in some cases old, extravagant habits have been aggravated by the temptation and the facility to procure modern luxuries. It is true many industries have failed during recent years and some shareholders have sustained crushing losses, but in every case the workers have at least suffered an equal loss because of the loss or change of employment, which often involves other economic losses.

On the one hand, the workers have lost contact with the employers. On the other hand, large numbers of them have been thrown together through the sheer necessity of the modern means of production. They have, as a result,

become class-conscious and aware of the advantages and the disadvantages under which they now find themselves. Collective action, which was comparatively difficult and unnecessary under the handicraft system, is rendered much easier in the modern factory. Further, wherever modern industry has obtained a footing, modern education, thought, and ideas have likewise been developed. This, together with the increasing contact with external forces, has destroyed the time-honoured intellectual and social stability for which China's ancient civilization is noted.

Moreover, labour and radical movements abroad have found their echoes in their midst. In consequence, the workers have gradually lost their former contentment and have begun to look for the betterment of their conditions. Hence the present labour movement in China.

This movement is of very recent origin, having sprung up in South China only five or six years ago. But during these few years it has found considerable, though spasmodic, response in other parts of the country. Labour unions have had a checkered history of constant rise and fall, but their number has nevertheless steadily increased, until today there are probably between 800 and 1000 unions in the whole country with a membership of probably three-quarters of a million. Since no accurate registration is available, these figures should be accepted with reserve.

Wherever labour unions have sprung up, there have been considerable industrial unrest and strikes. The first serious trial of strength between Capital and Labour took place in Hong-Kong, April 1910, when over 5000 workers struck for higher wages, resulting in their success. Another historical strike was the Seamen's, early in 1922, the outcome of which was a victory for the seamen which has had far-reaching effect in the strengthening of the movement. The most memorable contest, however, is the strike in foreign industries last summer in Shanghai, as a sequel to the May 30 incident. Besides those mentioned above, hundreds of strikes have taken place during the last few years. During 1925 alone it is estimated that approximately 375,000,000 working hours have been lost in China. Whether the unions are well organised, or whether the labour movement is sound or otherwise, it is quite clear that, like modern industry, the labour movement has come to stay and that it will have to be reckoned with, more and more, in future in the social and economic reconstruction of China.

The majority of the strikes have been related to demands for higher wages and sometimes for shorter hours; but another type which should not be overlooked is the strike demanding better or more humane treatment. The labour movement, though loosely constituted, is also interested in political issues. It has taken an active part in the so-called anti-imperialistic or nationalistic campaign. It favours the Canton Government, for which it has been charged with being radical and Bolshevistic.

The authorities, with the exception of the members of the Canton administration, or the Kuomintang, have on various occasions adopted severe repressive measures, as a result of which a number of workers have lost their lives. From these facts it may readily be seen that very serious complications already beset the development of China's labour movement. The question should be asked: What should be the attitude of the community towards these problems? What should be the attitude of social service organisations! They, too, have to come to a decision as to the policy of dealing with labour organisations. In brief the question may be asked: Should this policy be one of pure reaction and repression or one of *laissez faire*, or should it be one of enlightenment and progressive reform!

There is some difference among the labour organisations as to their objectives. In general they may be classified into two groups: Those that are content to seek for betterment under the existing order and those that are revolutionary in spirit and prefer to establish a new order. The latter type is now gaining preponderance, although outwardly little expression is discernible and it is politically allied with the Left Wing of the Kuomintang. Unless society can win the masses to a programme of evolutionary reform, it will not be surprising to see the radical elements steadily gaining strength, until a serious situation is thereby created for the rest of the community.

The labour movement is not only imperfect, but it has some very serious drawbacks and defects. Firstly, it lacks statesmanlike leadership. With the exception of a few unions like the Seamen's Union, most of the leaders have come from the student class. Those leaders, though enthusiastic, know little of the inner problems of the working people and have practically no experience in organization. Not a few of them are interested in labour activities primarily because thereby they hope to achieve their own ends. In a number of cases the workers have been exploited by their own leaders. This invariably results in a weakened and disunited movement.

Secondly, the prevalent illiteracy and ignorance among the working people make a democratically constituted movement impossible. Herein lie both the weakness of the labour movement and the danger of radical propaganda. Thirdly, the lack of harmony and unity in the movement has already done considerable damage to its development. Fourthly, the movement is mainly interested in propaganda and little attention has been given to the

betterment of conditions among its constituency. Many other points may be mentioned, but from those above alone it may be seen that many knotty problems have to be solved before the movement is prepared to undertake the serious responsibilities it now claims.

There has been a great deal of publicity regarding the alleged influence of Bolshevistic Russia on the labour movement in China. This is partly due to the association of this movement with the Canton Government, which has close contact with Soviet officials, but in the main the labour movement in China is a Chinese movement. How long it will remain purely such a movement will to a certain extent depend upon the attitude and action of other classes, as well as the authorities.

What is needed in society is a constructive and aggressive social policy and programme: In dealing with industrial and labour problems, as with other problems, the scientific attitude is needed. Repression and indifference by themselves cannot improve matters. We should find out where the social ills are and strive to remove them with sympathy, patience, and strenuous labour. May we give some consideration to a practical programme including some features as follows:

A plan for the remodelling of the living conditions of the working masses, including the erection of "model communities" for demonstration. ||| The effective promotion of universal education, supplementary education, and "workers' education." ||| The abolition of extreme poverty (*a*) by reducing waste, (*b*) by paying the highest possible wages industries can allow, and (*c*) by a more equitable sharing of the surplus of production. ||| The creation and maintenance of co-operative spirit and life in industry and society through the promotion of (*a*) economic co-operation, (*b*) public welfare, and (*c*) the social protection of the working people. ||| The promotion of industrial legislation for the protection of the life, health and happiness of the workers, and the moulding of public opinion to this end. ||| The promotion of industrial democracy and the guiding and preparing of the working masses to enjoy self-expression and self-realisation.

Probably some will think such a programme, when compared with certain doctrines, too idealistic and impracticable, while others may feel it is too conservative. We are, however, not so much concerned with doctrines as we are with the necessity of doing some real service to the under-privileged three-quarters of the nation. No matter what form of government may come into power and no matter who will rule, if China is to be raised to the plane where she ought to be, these tasks must be accomplished.

205.145 1. The Present Political Outlook In China 2. The Needs Of The Christian Movement In China: Two Essays \fn{by David Z. T. Yui (before 1926-)} China (M) 6

1

Political phenomena in China today are appearing in such a kaleidoscopic fashion that it is exceedingly difficult for us to comprehend their real significance and understand their relationship. We propose, therefore, not to treat the phenomena as such but to try to get at the powerful forces or influences behind them; and, then, from that vantage ground, to gain a clear vision of the present political outlook.

In the first place, we wish to point out that militarism in China, which was at one time all-powerful, is now sinking down by its own weight. Many militarists are men who have no love for their country and who have been doing everything to enrich themselves and to extend their influence. What is the result? Not a few of them, one by one, have fallen in disgrace and ruin in rapid succession before our eyes. It is true new militarists have already arisen to take their places, but they do not begin to exert the same influence.

There are a few militarists who seemingly are patriotic but who are wrong in their conviction that China can be unified by force. Unfortunately for them and for China, their repeated attempts have been abortive and have proved harmful to the country. These failures inevitably weaken and discredit militarism in the country, and give us hope that better days are immediately ahead of us.

In the second place, it is positively incorrect for us to say that China is divided, for her people are not. On the other hand, we do admit the fact that the militarists and the politicians in China are not only divided but also at one another's throats. Are not the people as a whole far more important than a very small number of militarists and politicians? Centuries ago, Mencius most clearly enunciated the principle:

"The people are of great value and the sovereign of slight value." As long as the Chinese people are united, can we not honestly say that China is a united nation?

This important point will enable us to see that, after all, the political situation in China is not as hopeless as we imagine. Would not the present confusion and danger be much enhanced if the Chinese people were as sharply

divided and bitterly opposed to one another as the militarists and the politicians? Fortunately, they are not. On the other hand, they are essentially a homogeneous people and their spirit of unity is steadily growing in strength, and is in full evidence in various national conferences and movements, commercial, educational, industrial, political, religious and student. The programme before us is so further to strengthen this unity that at an early date the people will assert themselves by compelling these military and political factions to capitulate completely and to offer their best contributions on our national altar for the welfare of the entire nation.

In the third place, by national unity, we do not mean centralisation of authority in one dictator in Peking or Canton or any other place in China. Such centralization failed even during the monarchical days. There are two ways to make centralisation a reality: either by keeping the people in ignorance and inculcating in them some superstitious belief in the divine right of an emperor or a dictator, or by evolving a leader of most extraordinary personality who will be accepted throughout the whole country. In China today, the former method is antiquated and impossible, and there is plainly no one leader acceptable to the whole country. It is futile, foolish and extravagant for us to hope to achieve our national unity by centralization under the present conditions.

On the other hand, the political tendency in China today is clearly to decentralize by giving back to the provinces the rights and responsibilities which are their due, and to the districts such rights and responsibilities as properly belong to them, while the central government will retain only those which cannot be adequately handled by any one provincial government or even a combination of several of them. Instead of looking to any one man for the supply of national leadership we should select our leaders and organise them in a group. The faith of the whole country in Provincial Autonomy and a Federal Government as a solution of its political problem is steadily gaining in strength.

In the fourth place, some people are still asking,
“Are the Chinese people ready for Democracy?”

What people in this world are truly ready for Democracy? It is important to state definitely that the Chinese people have permanently done away with the monarchical form of government and are earnestly experimenting with the Republican form. Oftentimes, we are dissatisfied with the slow progress we are making, and with the results which we have thus far attained. But this does not in any way lessen our determination to continue the experiment until we have succeeded.

Public opinion is an essential force in the growth of democracy. The growth of public opinion in China since the establishment of the Republic has had a most wonderful record. In all the different political movements and military operations of the past decade, without exception, that side has succeeded which has had the approval and support of public opinion, however weak its strength and disadvantageous its position; whereas the side which has not had such approval and support, despite its money, position, and superior force, has lost and been crushed. The single voice of General Tsai-Au in distant Yunnan, which was immediately reinforced by public opinion, turned Yuan Shih-kai's “monarchical dream” into a fatal nightmare. The several civil wars after that event more than amply illustrated the efficacy and power of public opinion in China.

We frankly admit that as yet public opinion in China does not show the strength it ought to have. Nevertheless, by means of popular education, the percentage of literacy is steadily rising; through citizenship-training our people are beginning to realize their own rights and responsibilities; by suffering tremendously from the hands of militarists and politicians for these many years, our people's patience is nearing the exhaustion-point and their desire for peace, order, and unity is gradually expressing itself in no uncertain terms; and, by the successes which public opinion has so far achieved, our people are gaining a distinct consciousness of their own power in the political life of our nation. Indeed, the ascendancy gained by public opinion in China now is a conclusive evidence of the real progress of our Republic. More than that, as its strength increases, the foundation of our Democracy will be made all the more secure.

In the fifth place, parallel to the wonderful growth of public opinion, we should call attention to that of nationalism in China. It seems only yesterday that we heard the denunciation of the Chinese people as lacking in patriotism or national spirit. What do we hear today? The same people are being charged as being too nationalistic or too narrowly patriotic. They are indeed in a dilemma; they are criticized for both expressing and not expressing their patriotic sentiments. What should the Chinese people do?

We wish emphatically to point out that both charges are without sufficient grounds of justification. China's long history as the most highly-civilized nation in the world and her comparative freedom from the harrowing experiences of the close and intense international struggles among the European nations naturally did not develop in her people the kind of patriotic feeling which has been developed in the West. What is the difference? Are we not right when we say that the patriotic sentiment of the Chinese people is more for their family and for the

highest ideals and achievements of their race, and that in a self-complacent way, while that of the people of the West is more for their respective governments, and that in an aggressive manner, which is a natural result of mutual exploitation and oppression? It is, therefore, more true to the facts to say that the Chinese patriotic feeling is different from that of the Western peoples and it has by no means been absent.

For the past century or more, the same intense international and inter-racial struggle which at once developed and devastated Europe has unfortunately been finding its way to the Far East. Because of this, Chinese patriotic feeling has been gradually taking on a new complexion. We can hardly criticise the Chinese people as being too nationalistic or narrowly patriotic when they try to resist the inroads of foreign influences, the imperialistic designs of the foreign Powers, and the inequalities imposed on China by sheer force. If we could lay this charge against the defendant—China—what should we say about the offenders—the foreign Powers? Anyhow, the growth of nationalism in China today is a *fait accompli* and is already a powerful factor in the political development of our country. The question is:

“Should it be broad or narrow?”

China and the foreign Powers concerned will have to answer this question together, and it is fully within their power to decide. Will the peoples of the West themselves from now on develop a patriotism on a broad basis? Will they assume a generous and sincerely friendly attitude towards China? If they do, their influence here will be both healthy and profound. Will they substitute co-operation for exploitation, friendliness for hate, justice for force, sincerity for diplomacy? Will they try to cultivate international and interracial understanding and good-will? If they do, there needs to be no anxiety about the growth of nationalism in China on a broad basis. The Chinese people as a whole, being broad-minded by tradition and habit, will do their part.

In the last place, is it not true, in China as well as in other countries, that the love and misuse of money, position, and force is the root of all evil? The “checking-system” in other countries is perhaps in better working order, and hence we see comparatively less evidences of graft and oppression. On the other hand, during the past decade, the old Chinese moral code has been broken down—to say nothing about any “checking-system”—and no new code has yet been established. The result is what we see happening today.

Fortunately, our bitter experiences have caused, on the part not only of the people in general, but also not a few of the militarists and the politicians, a faint but distinct realisation of the undependableness of money, position, and force. What a healthy change this is! Yes, these things, if we abuse them, become fire which often is strong enough to burn, or water which not infrequently is weak enough to drown. How different from a superstitious belief in these things as being almighty and the consequent headlong rush to possess them!

This realization is still rather weak. An earnest effort should be made to convince the militarists and the politicians that, for their selfish ends, even money, position and force will be of no avail. True, many of them do achieve temporary successes, but such successes simply lead them to a more steep precipice from which to fall, never to rise again. After all, is not our attitude towards money, position, and force a sure test of our lives? Will not the present realisation of the undependableness of money, position, and force exert a strong influence upon our attitude towards life? Will not the attitude of the militarists and the politicians towards life in turn affect the political life of our country?

Indeed, we should lay stress on the undependableness of money, position, and force; and, more than that, we should point out that these things, if consecrated, can be used to accomplish great good for China and for the world. We shall gain new hope from the realization of the undependableness of these things; and new strength from their consecration to the service of mankind.

In conclusion, we wish to add that, while sounding a most optimistic note which is fully supported by facts, we are not blind to the exceedingly great difficulties. Among these, we may mention the selfishness of the militarists and the politicians; the inertia of the people in general; pressure and veiled intervention on the part of the foreign Powers, and the urgency from the standpoint of time. Despite these things, we are really making greater progress in every way than we can possibly realize. With so many excellent qualities in the character of the Chinese people, and their rapid awakening and acceptance of greater responsibilities for their national welfare than ever before, we are confident that a new China is already steadily unfolding herself before us.

One of the real dangers to the growth of any organisation or movement is without doubt a sense of self-sufficiency or a conviction that it has no more needs to be met. The Christian Movement in China is much alive

and keenly conscious of its shortcomings and imperfections, and is eagerly desirous of attaining further development and improvement.

Its needs are many and varied in character. We shall confine ourselves to two or three which should, in our judgment, receive special attention.

We shall mention first the need for more profound Chinese scholarship. Does not Christianity to date\fn{ This essay was published in 1927:H} remain largely as something introduced from outside, and show very little growth from within? Was not Buddhism introduced from India? Why do not our people look upon it still as a foreign religion? Why do they have such respect and love for it? Really, it does not matter much whence Buddhism or Christianity came. It is of fundamental importance that, having been introduced into China, they should start to grow from the best nutriment they can get from Chinese soil.

Our study of the growth of Buddhism in China leads us to the important fact that those who had to do with the introduction of this religion were profound Chinese scholars. They had an intimate knowledge of China's ancient religion, philosophy, ethics, history, literature, customs and manners, and rich experience in Chinese life on the one hand; and, on the other hand, they were thoroughly versed in the Buddhistic religion. Moreover, as they went on with their studies, translations, research and experience, they were rewarded with new and fuller revelations by which Buddhism became almost a new religion in China. Its teachings brought a distinct contribution into the religious thought of the Chinese people and became thoroughly blended with the highest and best in China's own heritage.

From this vantage ground, do we not see clearly the reason why Christianity is still looked upon and even attacked as a foreign religion? One fundamental reason is that our missionary friends who have the responsibility of introducing Christianity to China, as well as the Chinese who help in this effort, are both seriously lacking in profound Chinese scholarship. Hence, figuratively speaking, Christianity in China up to the present has been feeding on bread and butter and not on rice. In appearance, it is dressed in foreign and not in Chinese costume. Is this not true?

What do we know of the Chinese scholarship of our missionary friends? There was a small number of good Chinese scholars among the older missionaries, who in their days did excellent work. With all respect, even their Chinese scholarship was by no means profound nor could it compare favourably with that of the monks from India. How many missionary sinologues do we find today? We are not critical in raising this question. We fully realize the difficulties, handicaps and demands confronting missionaries and we sincerely admire their courage and perseverance. We wish, however, to point out that Christianity might occupy a different position in the minds and hearts of the Chinese people from what it does now had we a few more profound Chinese scholars among our missionary friends, who, because of their thorough grounding in Chinese culture, philosophy, ethics, history, etc., could interpret Christianity in more intelligent and elegant Chinese language, spoken and written, and with a richer blending of Chinese and Western civilization as both foreground and background.

How many profound Chinese scholars have we among the Chinese Christian leaders? Thank God, we can perhaps say that we have a few today! But they are altogether too few. How justifiable is the criticism that many Chinese Christian leaders have a much better Western education than Chinese education, and hence they can express themselves with greater facility and effectiveness in some foreign language than in Chinese? Is it not true that they know more of the history, philosophy, ethics, culture, geography, etc., of the West than of those of their own race? Or is this gross exaggeration? If not, what special contribution to the understanding of Christianity from the Chinese standpoint do these "Westernised" Chinese Christian leaders have to offer? As to the mass of Chinese Christians, they are mostly uneducated, and we cannot rightly expect too much of them.

In order to clarify the point before us, let us suppose that some Chinese missionaries were to try to introduce Confucianism into Great Britain or America. What do you think the result would be, if these missionaries, in addition to a smattering of "pidgin" English, were to do their work mostly in Chinese and to depend very largely upon interpreters, and if the leaders among the British or American converts were much better educated in Chinese civilisation than in their own? What would be your opinion of this Confucian movement even if we were able to produce numerous arguments to justify our position?

If the Christian Movement in China is to go forward and to enter more fully into the life of the Chinese people, we cannot exaggerate the importance of requiring from both our missionary friends and Chinese Christian leaders a more profound Chinese scholarship. Some definite plan should be evolved, either independently or within some existing institutions, whereby the missionaries who have special aptitudes for languages and cultural subjects will have a real opportunity of achieving a profound Chinese scholarship. For the development of Chinese Christian leadership, our Christian educational institutions, from primary school to college or university, should not fail to

place greater emphasis on Chinese studies than on anything else. We must avoid the danger of educating to denationalize. Better grades of teachers and professors of Chinese should be called; more Chinese subjects should be offered in the curriculum and more subjects should be taught in the Chinese language. When we have a good number of missionary friends and Chinese Christian leaders of profound Chinese scholarship, the progress of the Christian Movement in China will be greatly accelerated and will also be given a depth in Chinese thought, life and experience which may mark the beginning of some real contribution from Christianity to China and likewise from China to Christianity.

Next, we shall speak of the need of higher statesmanship. By the Christian Movement in China, we are referring, we presume, to all Christian agencies, such as missions, churches, schools, colleges, universities, hospitals, associations, societies, unions, leagues, clubs, etc., now at work in this land. If so, are we truly a Movement? What is a Movement? It is, according to Webster's Dictionary, a more or less connected series of acts and events tending towards some more or less definite end. Is it not clear that if a Movement wishes to succeed at all it must have the following requisites: definite objective; thorough organisation; convincing programme; adequate finance; sufficient mobility; team spirit and work; and, above all, the highest type of statesmanship. It is this statesmanship of which the Christian Movement in China is in sore need. With it, the Christian Movement in China can more readily approximate to the position of a movement.

In the Christian Movement in China, we already have much excellent leadership for special lines of service, for sectional or departmental responsibilities, and for denominational administration. Each is large-hearted, constructive, thorough and consecrated in his own way, and our Movement cannot go on without them. Many of the leaders, however, are sadly lacking in the proper perspective and vision of the Christian Movement as a whole. The more each becomes attached to his own special job the more he loses in the movement-consciousness. He sees everything through his own spectacles. He is apt to become indifferent to Christian work outside his own sphere; jealous of those making greater success in the same field; intolerant of or even hostile to those who differ from him in convictions or methods of work; obstructive to the proper growth and development of the Movement, and this with the best of intentions. If a Movement is dominated by this type of leadership, what hope is there for it to succeed?

By higher statesmanship, we mean a type of leadership which thoroughly understands what the movement is, with all its implications and complications. It takes a long view of things—not only where and how a Movement is to start but also where and how it will develop and culminate. It views the situation also broadly, so as to understand and appreciate all different and differing elements and their rightful and useful places in the whole Movement, to effect harmony among them and to heighten their effectiveness. It shows much depth in its views by constantly and painstakingly acquainting itself with the deep things in life, and introducing special emphases required at each stage of development. It also lifts its gaze upon God on high, always seeking to know and earnestly endeavouring to do His will.

Under this higher statesmanship, there can be no theological disputes, for it will stimulate all Christian believers to tell one another of their beliefs and experiences for the purpose of mutual edification. It will recognize denominational differences, not as reasons for separation, but as means of enriching our fellowship with God and with one another. The existence of many nations and races, great and small, is, according to its belief, not intended for exploitation and aggrandisement but for mutual assistance and betterment. This Christian statesmanship will not hesitate to recognize and receive into its own faith and experience the best contributions from other religions and civilisations which may even be hostile in their attitude towards Christianity, and will not brand them with such words as "heathen" or "pagan."

Is not this type of higher statesmanship greatly needed by the Christian Movement in China at this hour? Under this leadership; the Christian forces in China can be better unified and consolidated into one Movement; our differences in convictions, organisation, denominations, methods and experiences will be the cause not of regret, strife and jealousy but of mutual enlightenment and enrichment; proper emphases in policy and programme will be introduced as we enter into each stage of development; and the best in the Chinese civilisation and the highest in Christianity will be brought together and commingled for the complete fulfilment of God's purpose for mankind. If we already have some statesmanship of this order, let us commend it to our Father in Heaven for further growth in wisdom and strength, and do our best to co-operate with it and to increase its amount. If we do not have it, then is it not high time for us to pray to God for the development of this higher statesmanship and to work hard and unsparingly until it finally appears?

Last, we shall most earnestly appeal for greater spirituality in the Christian Movement in China. Are the missions, Churches, schools, colleges, universities, hospitals, associations, unions, leagues, clubs, etc., within this

Christian Movement much alive in the Spirit? Are they always truly seeking to know and do God's will in all their undertakings? Are the individual members of the Movement, especially the Christian leaders, pure in heart, so that they can see God face to face? Can the non-Christians see God in them? Is their one sole and single purpose to enable China to find Christ, to partake of His life, and to do His will? May we pause a moment and apply these questions to ourselves and to the institutions to which we belong? How do we measure up to this test?

Oftentimes we attribute the success of Buddhism in China to its wonderful literature in Chinese, which at best is only a partial truth. To me, it is the deep spirituality, both in knowledge and in experience, expressed in, between and behind the words of that literature, that has produced the result. It is true that we are lacking in good and helpful Christian literature in Chinese, which need should be met adequately as soon as possible. At the same time, we should remember distinctly that mere elegant, classical style will not succeed unless a deep spiritual note runs through each line.

What is the general favourable impression which Christianity has made upon China? To the Chinese mind, Christianity is synonymous with schools, hospitals, asylums, preaching, Church worship, evangelistic campaigns, relief work, etc. We are not using the word "activity" in any disparaging sense at all, except that we wish to point out that it is the activities of Christianity rather than its teachings and spiritual experiences that have arrested the attention of our people and have won their respect. We do not suggest necessarily any reduction in activities, especially if we take care that they do not overburden or crush us, but we do appeal for putting greater spiritual content into them. In other words, we do plead for the spiritualisation of our activities.

What is our criterion in regard to the so-called Chinese independent Churches? Speaking plainly, do we not usually centre our thoughts on finance and control? As long as a Church cannot support itself financially, or receives its support entirely or in part from any mission, it is not independent and can have no control of its own affairs. A Church is given full control immediately upon showing its financial ability. Is this a true or desirable test of the life and capacity of a Church? Would not Christ use His whip again and overturn our tables, if He were to face such a situation? Why do we not stress the spiritual life and its sustaining and propagating power to test the standing and capacity of a Church?

In the present agitation for the abolition of extra-territoriality and the so-called toleration clauses in China, what are some of the oft-repeated questions on the lips and in the writings of not a few of our missionaries? We shall try to name a few in the order of importance given. Property! Personal safety of missionaries! Protection of Chinese converts! These are, doubtless, important questions which we should not ignore. We must study them and find out proper and adequate provisions. But there is a notable absence of any concern about the spiritual life of the Christian Movement under the new conditions. Should we not ask whether the abolition of extraterritoriality and of the toleration clauses would offer greater opportunities for the spiritual development of the Christian Movement in China or hinder it? How can we best avail ourselves of the new situation to deepen the spirituality of our Movement? Instead, we loudly ask about property, personal safety, protection, etc. Will not these questions at least create wrong impressions on the Chinese, both Christians and non-Christians? Would Christ Himself raise them under similar circumstances?

Last year, after the sad event of May 30th, the Christian Movement in China revealed a certain situation which saddened our hearts. We are referring to the fact that for quite some time our respective nationalistic feelings rose so high that they almost completely submerged any spiritual life that was in us and in our Movement. Many missionaries and Chinese Christians were citizens of their respective countries first and stood for their own national interests, right or wrong; and their Christian citizenship took a secondary place. Have we forgotten the charges of the Anti-Christian Movement against organised Christianity as the "fore-runners of Western imperialism," and as "the hounds of foreign capitalism"? We are not admitting that we are; but the attitude of many last year was dangerously near confirming these charges.

Cannot we place first things first? Cannot we exemplify in our lives that we are first and foremost citizens of God's Kingdom, and next, citizens of our respective countries? Can we not live up to our belief that these two types of citizenship do not in any way conflict? Even if they did, should we not sacrifice our national citizenship for the sake of our citizenship in God's kingdom?

We are fully conscious of the very important position which the leaders who are responsible for higher Christian education in China are occupying in the Christian movement. It is in their hands to create, nurture and develop the highest leadership in our Movement. Among other qualities, we should do everything we can to give this leadership a profound Chinese scholarship, to develop a higher statesmanship, and to inculcate a greater spirituality, which are absolutely needed for the extension of God's kingdom in this great land.

205.153 Intellectual Movements\fn{by P. C. Hsu (before 1926-)} China (M) 3

Modern empirical logic has taught us that thought, if divorced from life, is devoid of content, and therefore ceases to be thought. Professor Dewey, in his *How we Think*, describes thought as beginning and ending with action. Reflective thinking, according to him, begins when our action is arrested on account of difficulties and obstacles, and action is resumed as soon as we have removed such difficulties through reflective thinking. True thinking is, therefore, inseparably related to action, and to divorce the two would certainly lead to harmful consequences. For this reason, in surveying the recent intellectual movements in China, it is necessary to enter into those historical reasons which contributed to bring them about.

Perhaps the most outstanding of such movements are the Chinese Renaissance, the Literary Revolution and the rising tide of nationalism. The Chinese Renaissance has been given various interpretations: sometimes spoken of as a critical attitude, and sometimes as a craving for certain aspects of Western civilisation. It has been well described as a movement for science and democracy, where science is primarily to be understood as an attitude towards facts, and a method in dealing with facts. Democracy too is not necessarily institutional. It is rather an ideal or faith, which makes democratic institutions possible. It is an ideal regarding the social order, and a faith in the possibility and worth of human personality.

The Literary Revolution is one from the classical style (*Wen-li*) to the spoken style (*Pei-hua*) as a means of expression. The Nationalistic Movement aspires to make China a really independent and free nation.

The causes that brought about these movements are many, but they may all be traced back to one common cause, namely, the contact between China and the Western powers. For centuries she had been the undisputed queen of the East. She enjoyed a self-complacency and self-sufficient life, and all the surrounding nations with few exceptions paid tribute to her. But about a century ago she was brought into contact with the European nations, when they came to seek trade. China was soon led into conflict with these nations. From them she received a series of defeats, which resulted in territorial and other forms of losses to her. This startled her from her long slumbering, and very soon she began to imitate the very foreigners whom she used to look down upon. This process of imitation, which began in the field of methods of warfare, culminated in the political revolution of 1911.

Disillusion, however, soon set in, for the Revolution did not prove to be the panacea for all China's ills. A special class called the militarists soon sprang into existence, who have sucked even to this day the vitality of the nation, much as insects prey on plant life. The poverty and the suffering caused by a combination of circumstances, both external and internal—oppressive indemnities imposed on China by treaties, loss of tariff autonomy and of other sovereign rights through concessions and extralities, and on top of these, misrule under the militarists, internal strife and dissension, and banditry—is simply incredible.

In face of these difficulties, China, in spite of her splendid heritage, did not seem to be able to cope with the situation. The Confucian ethic, which used to be the mainspring of Chinese life, was found wanting, and it increasingly became a target of attack. Moreover, the solidarity of the Chinese family, which was the stronghold of Confucianism, was rapidly disintegrating in face of the invasion of modern capitalism and individualism.

Such a situation was indeed without precedent, and, if there was any vitality left in the life of the nation, it would certainly tend to produce some important intellectual movements. The first movement thus inspired was known as the Chinese Renaissance. If salvation was not to be had through her own past, nor through the superficial imitation of the West, then whither must China turn? This question the Renaissance underook to answer, and the answer was: She must search deeper into the civilization which had caused her so much humility and suffering.

In other words, she must try to get hold of the secret which had made the West what it was.

This secret was found by the Renaissance to be none other than the spirit of modern science and democracy.

Science takes nothing for granted. It insists on facts and evidences. It is critical in handling traditions and beliefs. It is impartial and systematic in dealing with facts. Democracy, on the other hand, is essentially a faith that all men should have equal opportunity, that each member is to be given freedom to develop, in social setting, his individuality, and that no individual, nor class, nor race should be allowed to dominate others. The leaders of the Renaissance movement were even willing to accept the charge that, in accepting these ideals, China was virtually making a complete surrender to the West. They, of course, were aware that these ideals have not yet been fully realized by the West, yet they believed firmly that it was due to these ideals that the Western nations were able to lead the world.

The paradox, however, is that, in making this surrender, China begins to become her own mistress. The impetus given by the adoption of Western science and democracy has been tremendous, as evidenced by the phenomenal production of literature, the widespread interest in criticizing age-long traditions, and in discussing problems of all sorts.

The Renaissance was supplemented and greatly strengthened by a sister movement, the Literary Revolution. In her effort to popularise the scientific and democratic ideas, the outworn written style known as *wen-li* was inevitably rejected as a means or expression, for it had acted as a retarding force for centuries. A new and more effective medium had to be adopted in place of the old. This purpose was accomplished by the so-called Literary Revolution. The significance of the Revolution will become evident when we bear in mind that a similar revolution took place when the European Renaissance overthrew the Latin language, which had been practically the only written medium for the whole of Europe for fifteen centuries, and thus gave birth to the various European national languages. The revolution would not have been possible, if conditions in general were not ripe; but Hu Suh and Chen Tu Shiu might be regarded as the two individuals who were specially instrumental, as far as human effort is concerned. The former summed up his platform once as follows:

Write only when you have something to say. Write what you have to say and write it as it is said. Write in your own words, not in someone else's. Write in the language of your own time.

Space will not permit me to enter into the various other movements, such as the movement for mass education, made possible by the Literary Revolution, and so I must proceed to give a brief account of the rise of nationalism. Nationalism, understood in the sense of an aspiration and determination to preserve national integrity and sovereignty, is, of course, not new. Indeed, the whole episode of China's diplomatic dealings is to be understood only in the light of this nationalistic feeling. After the Boxer incident, this feeling subsided for a while, only to come back twenty years later in the forms of the Anti-Christian Movement and the movement for the abolition of unequal treaties and the restoration of China's lost rights. The nationalistic movement is now rightfully claiming everybody's attention. Time is now ripe for the leaders of the various movements in the nation to turn their efforts to the more practical aspects of the problem of national salvation, for it is only by endeavouring to restore to China what legitimately belongs to her that it is possible for her to render her contributions to the world. The platform of the nationalists—"Exterminate the traitors within, and resist oppression from without,"—is serving to line up all factions within the nation, even including the Communists.

To sum up this brief account, we may say that China, through these movements, has discovered a method in science, a principle in democracy and a tool in the Literary Revolution. In addition, she is steadily working toward a goal, that is, to make herself really independent and free.

For the sake of clearness, however, a few points should be added. First, all these movements are not to be confused with political parties. China today has no political parties to speak of, with the possible exception of Kuo Ming Tang, the Peoples' Party. All these are merely spontaneous movements to meet certain felt needs of the nation. They have very little organisation and not much co-ordination. Furthermore, they are by no means the only intellectual movements that might be mentioned. In a big nation like China, currents, cross-currents, and counter-currents do exist side by side.

Nor do I intend to give the impression that these movements leave nothing to be desired. To take the anti-Christian movement, for instance, one often deplores the fact that the attitude of those who are agitating for it has not been as scientific and democratic as one might wish. It must be admitted, however, that the anti-Christian movement, in so far as it is an expression of the nationalistic feelings, has its roots in China's desire to emancipate herself from foreign aggression, and it is even too early to say whether the movement has done more harm than good to our Christian cause. Personally, I feel inclined to think that it has accomplished some good. It has aroused us Christians to such an extent that we can no longer remain lukewarm or indifferent to our faith. It has taught us to search deeply into our own individual and collective lives, and it has also pointed out to us the source to which we must turn to regain our purity of faith and strength of character.

The intellectual movements certainly have shortcomings and failures, and, as time goes on, these will probably increase in number. They are, however, the real hopes of China. The foreign powers should certainly not fail to realize the gigantic nature of the task that is confronting China. What took Europe centuries to achieve, namely, Renaissance, literary, political, and industrial revolutions, are taking place in China simultaneously. The foreign powers should further realize that in the past they have taken advantage of China's ignorance and weakness and have imposed unjust treaties upon her, and thus it is up to them to remove these conditions which have been a

constant source of friction. Justice and fair play demand that the foreign powers should put no obstacles into her path. China must have a breathing-space. She must be allowed time to work out her own salvation. In a word, she appeals to justice and time.

In considering the possible contributions that we, both as individual Christians and as the Y.M.C.A., may make to these movements, I would suggest two lines along which our movement may render service. First, to the rising tide of nationalism, we must, besides showing respect and willingness to participate, endeavour to point out the possible dangers of such a movement, unless supplemented by the spirit of Christian Internationalism. We must try to prove that a warless world is not a mere dream if we sincerely believe in the doctrine of the brotherhood of men.

Our second contribution seems to lie in the field of a philosophy of life. The prolonged controversy between the metaphysicians and the scientists two years ago led these two camps to advance their views of life. Now what is our philosophy of life? Have we worked out one which is presentable to the Chinese people? I believe the field is wide open for our movement. Young men and women with whom I have come into contact seem to be besieged by life problems of all sorts, and not a few of them have become rather downhearted, or even definitely hold pessimistic views of life. Can we through our literature and through our way of life communicate the zestful and optimistic life to them? To this question we must address ourselves.

In order to make these contributions to the young men and women of today, however, there seem to be certain conditions which we must first fulfil. In the first place, it seems to me necessary for us to rediscover our faith. Of course I do not mean to cast any reflection upon the faith we hold. But as long as we have not attained finality, we should incessantly continue our search into truth. Moreover, the Christian faith is being challenged not only in China, but practically all over the world. This should drive us all the more to stocktaking, before we can ever expect to make our faith acceptable to others.

Thus, for instance, questions such as: "Wherein does the uniqueness of Jesus lie?" and "Why do we owe spiritual allegiance to Him?" seem to me to be of the uttermost importance. Any honest and sincere attempt along this line and other similar lines, no matter how radical or conservative it may seem, should receive our hearty encouragement.

Secondly, we need to demonstrate our ability as well as desire to apply the spirit of science and democracy to our Association policy and administration. After all, it is more important to examine our own lives and institutions than to pass criticisms upon others. Is the Association movement so scientific that we are not afraid of facing facts, all the facts and nothing but facts? How far have we succeeded in creating an atmosphere which makes sincere and frank sharing of views possible, and which enables us to re-evaluate traditional standards and values, and to follow the leading of truth, in a way which is absolutely fearless and Christian? I am sure that this scientific spirit will work wonders, if we can really get hold of it.

Once more, we must ask ourselves whether our movement is even thoroughly democratized. In all probability, with most of us, it is not the lack of desire but the lack of knowledge or technique which is keeping us back. If that is the case, then let us bend all our energy in making experiments, so that a technique may be evolved. After all is said and done, is it not true that the spirit of science and democracy is identical with the Christian spirit? So to democratize and to make scientific the Association movement is after all not doing anything more nor less than to Christianize our movement in the best sense of the term.

"But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him."—John iv, 23.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1931

205.98 Chinese Students In Great Britain \fn{by Szeming Sze (before 1931-)} China (M) 5

In introducing to you the subject "Chinese Students in Great Britain," there is a general aspect, besides a distinctive aspect, which I wish to emphasize. The subject is, in fact, a general one, in that it essentially resembles any other section of human society. In human society one finds a delightfully uncertain mingling of all types; Chinese students are no exception. Among them one can distinguish the sociable ones from the shy ones, the rich from the poor, the good from the bad, the bookworm from the athlete, and so forth. In short, there is not, nowadays, any single distinctive type of Chinese student.

Well, I shall not waste too long on these general aspects of the subject, as these things any observer may recognize. You can all, no doubt, with your keen powers of observation, recognize at a glance a sociable student

from a shy one, you can observe after a minute's introduction whether he is rich or poor, you can note after two minutes of conversation whether you are talking to a good egg or a bad egg, and after five minutes you will have undoubtedly sized him up completely.

Having drawn your attention to the general aspects, may I next direct it to some more distinctive points—points on which your uninitiated observations are less easy. Statistics are usually unintelligible to the best of us, and I for one could not possibly read out long rows of figures. I have therefore put up on the board, in as unstatistical a way as possible, some figures which illustrate these points. A quick survey and a general study of these points will help us to get the correct perspective—always an important factor of any study—and this is also perhaps the best way in which to learn the essentials of the subject.

TOTAL: 450

I. *Homes:*

China	240 (London, 140; Edinburgh, 20; Manchester, 13)
Malaya	120 (London, 60; Edinburgh, 30)
Hongkong	35 (London, 20)
British West Indies and British Guiana	25
Burma	10
Java	10
Australia, Indo-China, etc.	

II. *Centres:*

1. London	270
2. Edinburgh	60
3. Cambridge	22
4. Manchester	16
5. Oxford	
6. Plymouth	
7. Liverpool	
8. Birmingham	
9. Glasgow, Leeds, Bristol, etc.	

III. *Studies:*

General and Preparatory Education	80 (London, 60)
Social, Economic and Political Sciences	70 (London, 40)
Medicine	70 (Edinburgh, 40; London, 20)
Law	60 (London, 40)
Engineering	35 (Manchester, 15)
Naval	25 (Plymouth, 12; Greenwich, 10)
Military	20
Banking and Accountancy	20
Architecture	15
Aviation	10
Commerce	10
Music and Art	10
Natural Sciences	10
English, Literature, Philosophy, Education, Agriculture, etc.	

The Chinese student population of any country is necessarily a constantly changing one, so that statistics are at all times difficult. The figures I quote here are some compiled with the help of the Directory of the Central Union of Chinese Students and are, in my opinion, as accurate as it is perhaps possible to get them.

In the first place, taking the total as a maximum of 450, you will note that not all come from China. In fact, nearly half have come from homes in various parts of the British Empire, so that, while for all practicable purposes here there is no difference, it is nonetheless suitable to remember this fact in comparison with the

numbers of Chinese students in other countries. (Since it is perhaps of interest to make some such comparisons, let me digress for a moment to give you the figures in other countries: Japan 2,500, U.S.A. 2,000, France 1,500, Germany 300. These figures are some which have been computed with the help of a publication by the World's Chinese Students Federation, with the exception of the figure for Japan, which is the estimate of the Chinese Educational Commissioner in Japan. I must say myself however, that I should have placed them all, but especially the figure for U.S.A., considerably higher.) You will see, therefore, that the number of Chinese students in Great Britain is comparatively small.

In the second classification, you will note that a good 60% of the total have London as a headquarters. The obvious facilities of London as an international centre probably account for the large number, though the fact that London is the port of arrival of most, and also the fact that there are plenty of Chinese restaurants in London, must play important contributory parts. The first five in this classification are what we call the regular "Centres"; Oxford and Cambridge where one gets the so-called varsity type together with one or two research students, Edinburgh with its large quota of medical students, and Manchester where most of the Chinese students study either textiles or electrical engineering.

In the third classification, there are two main types to be noted, the first being the 70 odd studying Social, Economic, and Political Sciences, virtually all of whom come from China, and many of whom are postgraduates and attending lectures in the London School of Economics; the second type are the 60 or so reading Law, virtually all coming from Malaya and studying at the Inns and Temples in London.

These striking categories, I feel, reflect the desires of the families of the students concerned; the families of the former have an eye on Government service in China, while a knowledge of law would be very suitable to the families of the latter, who have in most cases large businesses and large family estates in Malaya. (I may add here that most of the 80 classed under General and Preparatory Education probably should also be classified to swell up the totals of these two types—especially the Social and Political Sciences—so that the respective totals will look more like 110 and 80.) These two types, then, form a large proportion of the Chinese students in London. In fact, as a factor of practical convenience in the matter of sizing up a Chinese student (mentioned just now), if the student speaks fluent English (though with an obvious accent) and if he wears clothes of perfect cut (perhaps the best in London), you may almost be sure that he comes from Malaya and is reading Law at the Bar; on the other hand, if he speaks hesitating English and wears clothes betraying American influence, then he is probably a student from China and a prospective Government official studying at the London School of Economics. So much, then, for these aids to diagnosis.

Now there are just one or two more points left with regard to the third classification which perhaps just deserve mention in passing. You will note the attraction to Edinburgh of medical and to Manchester of engineering students; and I might add that the present comparatively high figures for naval and military students are due to the recent arrival of students sent here by the Chinese Government.

Then, in addition, there are three more numerical points outside these statistics which may be of interest, and which I shall quickly mention:

1. The total number of students supported by the national and provincial governments—including the naval and military students already mentioned—is about 80. Otherwise practically all are private students.

2. *Re* the number of women students, I have not attempted to differentiate between girl students pure and simple and wives of students who may or may not be students as well as acting in a domestic capacity. The total estimate then, without differentiations, is 45.

3. The great public schools of this country are so highly esteemed generally that I feel it of general interest to mention that Chinese *have* been educated at most of the big schools, including Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse, Clifton, Cheltenham, Haileybury, St. Paul's. However, they are the exception rather than the rule, and amongst other obvious factors, that of the very young age required for entry of names precludes any but the smallest numbers ever securing an English public school education.

The majority of Chinese students arrive in Great Britain at the university age, i.e., 18-19 years, an appreciable minority being, however, the number of considerably older students doing research or other postgraduate studies. As regards the length of stay in this country, those learning the professions (*viz.* law, medicine, chartered accountancy, engineering, etc.) stay 5, 6 or more years; those studying social and political sciences usually much less, 2 to 3 years.

*

And now for some of the difficulties. As regards the life of students over here, the times are indeed hard just now, for one's mode of living is truly governed by one's finances. The recent fall of *the price of silver boullion*,

probably on the London Stock Exchange } silver has hit China so badly that the allowance of a Chinese student, by the time it reaches this country, is now worth, thanks to the movements in the exchange, just about half of what it used to be worth. Nor are the Chinese students from Malaya, who normally are considerably more fortunate in the matter of allowances, much better off, for there has also been a great fall in rubber and tin, the staple commodities of Malaya.

In the matter of board and lodgings, there is also much to be desired. A few students, who have guardians, live with them and thus have the home life of that particular family. The great majority, however, have to find lodgings for themselves, the more wealthy in flats in St. John's Wood or Maida Vale, and the less wealthy in rooms in Bloomsbury or Clapham. Then, many have more difficulty in adapting themselves to English food than to the English climate. But most have to put up with both of these horrors, as for the sake of convenience and economy lunch has usually to be taken at the school or college, and dinner in the lodgings, which are often very far away from the neighbourhood of the Chinese restaurants. In spite of this, many can be seen each evening in the restaurants, which would not exist without them!

I think there would be many more Chinese students in Great Britain, if admission into universities and schools, and into firms and factories, was less difficult than it is. Compared to other countries, admission is very difficult indeed. As regards universities, lack of a knowledge of English is sometimes the cause of the difficulty, but the actual fewness of vacancies, especially at Oxford and Cambridge, accentuated by the absence of letters of introduction, is the root of the difficulty in most cases. Unfortunately the relative rarity of British to American and Japanese degrees in China makes the demand for them greater, so that in many cases the disappointment is made all the keener.

As regards admission to factories and firms for practical experience—a very necessary part of technical training—there has been considerable reluctance on the part of the companies and firms to admit Chinese students. In this respect British firms are far behind American firms, who take the long view that Chinese students trained by them will mean purchase of machinery or goods learnt from them, and events have certainly borne them out in this policy.

I have been assured that it is not because Chinese students are undesirable elements that there is this difficulty of admission, because the firms, and the universities too, themselves say that Chinese students, unlike some other foreign students, invariably mix extraordinarily well with their colleagues. I am told there is considerable trouble with the workers' trades unions, while another factor, which omits the long view, is that Chinese students will learn about their machinery, so that on their return they will use this knowledge to compete against them.

Well, these are some of the difficulties facing Chinese students; let us leave them now, and review briefly the activities which they have undertaken among themselves.

*

Inevitably, wherever a group of Chinese students gathers, a small society has been formed, and where the numbers have not fallen, has invariably flourished, so that now there are local societies in Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Manchester and London, and these local societies are united in the Central Union of Chinese Students. Fortunately, unlike some unions in France and the United States, ours in this country are non-political, but are, first and foremost, social and intellectual. I shall not say more in passing than that the unions are so organized that the local societies plan the activities during term time—viz., weekly social gatherings, etc.—while the Central Union undertakes the general activities—viz., a week's conference in the summer and an annual luncheon on October 10 (our National Day)—maintains a clubroom and library, publishes a magazine in Chinese and a yearbook in English, keeps a Directory of Chinese students and has a Social Secretary who helps students with lodgings and admission to colleges; while it should not be overlooked that considerable time and work are expended on the requests for Chinese lecturers and teachers and with the several general invitations to Chinese students for which the Union acts as a medium.

Then there is another type of Chinese student union—namely, the C. S. Christian Union, which exists for religious and social purposes. In fact, the C. S. Christian Union is the oldest union, though it really is not very old as it happens to be the same age as I am! It was first on the scene, rather in the same way that missionaries and other Christian organizations with their superior zeal have paved the way in other fields, so that for many years many of the social activities of Chinese students were undertaken by that union. Now, however, the non-religious unions have properly undertaken this work, and it has turned its attention more to the religious side. One of its most delightful functions is the annual Christmas party which it organizes in the East End of London for the poor Chinese children there. In this connection, I might add that the London C. S. U. also helps these children in that they are supporting the Chinese language classes recently organized for them.

I have perhaps spent an unwarrantable part of my time on telling you of these unions, but, believe me, for those who interest themselves in their welfare and administration, such work plays a very large part in their days spent abroad. Such work is at once useful and pleasant—useful in that, besides achievement, it is the best training ground for getting invaluable experience for the future; and pleasant in that not only does one develop from acquaintances in cooperation some of the firmest friendships possible, but one can also expect in such work the willing co-operation of the Legation, the Consulate, the Bank of China, Chinese business-men and other bodies in London as well as of Anglo-Chinese societies such as the China Society.

*

I will proceed at this stage to discuss a matter which touches more closely the China Society—namely, the contacts between Chinese students and the people of Great Britain. Of the contacts with British students, I have already mentioned that fortunately there is not, as a rule, the difficulty of mixing badly in the social sense. In fact, it has often amazed me in comparison how differently some students from the slightly darker races of mankind have fared in *their* contacts.

I cannot help feeling, however, that a very appreciable obstacle, beyond racial, is the language factor. No one with ears and eyes can fail to observe at once what a difference an unorthodox accent makes in everyday life in this country; in the light of such estimation, the unfortunate foreign student who cannot speak the language well, even with the wrong accent, is truly at a disadvantage.

But, in spite of all these difficulties with their source thousands of years back in the Tower of Babel, there is some special affinity between Chinese and British which has expressed itself not only in the existence of the China Society here in London, but in the Sino-Scottish Societies of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and the Anglo-Chinese Society of Cambridge.

Then, besides, Chinese students receive many invitations from private individuals to teas and social functions, while there are other types of invitation—viz., for international student gatherings, for League of Nations Union meetings, and for Church functions. Many of these invitations are sent through our Student Union, and it is our experience that the difficulty is usually to get a sufficient number of acceptances.

And yet, many a student arrives in London full of the *joze-de-vivre*, \fn{the sheer joy of being alive} then feels lonely, only to end up by stagnating in his lodgings. Many a student, it seems, declines such invitations because the name of his host or hostess is unknown to him; still more are shy of their lack of a knowledge of English etiquette or of fluency in the language. Most are only human and decline out of apathy; while there are a few with an antipathy against religious or commercial or colonial governing persons, types which may have been encountered in unfavourable circumstances out East.

On the whole, then, there are many who should have more of the proper contact with proper English people, a contact which should not be too impersonal or formal, for the reason that they will soon return to China, and on their return will acquire the title of “returned student.”

*

Unfortunately, for those of us who become “returned students” and for the others who so regard us, there exists in China today a high estimation of “returned students.” This high estimation is natural in that students who have been abroad are (compared to the population who have never left China) relatively the privileged few. A returned student, besides having supposedly learnt the secrets of the greatness of the country he has been living in for the last few years, is expected to know a great deal besides—in fact, practically everything—in much the same way that some English expect us students here to know everything about China—in my experience, anything from the valuation of antiques to a knowledge of the flora and fauna of China! I am afraid we make very poor imparters of information about China to you now. Imagine the situation, when we are expected to be *bureaux* of information about England after having spent a comparatively short time here!

This indiscriminate high estimation of returned students cannot and should not last, by reason of the existence of the undeserving ones who inevitably prejudice the deserving. Fortunately for those of us from Great Britain, we seem to have been less prejudiced in this way than those from countries where Chinese students are much more numerous, for there has pervaded throughout China an impression that Chinese students from Great Britain are relatively fewer in number but higher in quality. For this excellent impression, we of the present generation have to thank a number of distinguished former Chinese students of Great Britain, and I can do no better than conclude by giving you a list of some of their names.

This list includes some of the most famous names in China, rulers and leaders of our country in every walk of life, who, while comparatively unknown here, are considered in China as of national standing.

In the political world, let me mention, first, the first two Nationalist Ministers Foreign Affairs, Chen Yu-jen (Eugene Chen) who qualified as a solicitor in London, and C. C. Wu, who won law prizes and scholarships in the University of London and in Lincoln's Inn, and who is at present Minister in the United States, and also China's Delegate to the League of Nations. There are also other great lawyers who have risen to the highest Government posts: Wang Chung-hui, the present Minister of Justice, and also Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, who was a member of the Inner Temple in London, and Lo Wen-kan, an M. A. of Oxford and also a member of the Inner Temple.

Cambridge Chinese students have made good diplomats: Lo Tsung-yi, the Minister in Denmark; T. K. Tseng, until recently Minister in Sweden and Norway; P. K. C. Tyau, former Minister in Cuba and Panama, were all educated at Cambridge.

In the realm of medicine Cambridge and Edinburgh share the honours: Wu Lien-teh, the international expert on plague, was a scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, before going with another scholarship to St. Mary's Hospital, London; Dr. New Hui-lin of Shanghai was an Exhibitioner\fn{One who is a great philanthropic benefactor} of Downing College, Cambridge; while the Liang brothers of Tientsin, and S. P. Chen of Peking were all at Gonville and Caius College.

On the Edinburgh side, Dr. Lim Boon-keng, President of Amoy University and versatile in many fields; his son Robert K. S. Lim, Professor of Physiology at Peking Union Medical College; and C. Y. Wang, Professor of Pathology in Hong Kong University (another member of the distinguished family of which Wang Chung-hui is a member) were all gold medallists of Edinburgh University.

Then Glasgow and Cambridge have combined in producing another very efficient scientist, V. K. Ting, the very able Director of the National Geological Survey.

Then I might add a few more names picked out at random: the late Ku Hung-ming, philosopher and writer, who was at Edinburgh; M. T. Z. Tyau, an LL.B. of London, the well-known editor and publicist; M. Thomas Tchou, the expert on Labour who studied in Glasgow; Cheng Fat-ting and Hsia Ching-lin, the Shanghai lawyers, educated in London and Edinburgh respectively; Song Ong-siang, and the late Yeoh Guan-seok, both Cambridge graduates and Queen's Scholars, who became legislators in the Straits Settlements; while there might be added another long list of distinguished research students who come for a year or so—viz., T. Z. Koo, the National Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. of China, and a leader of Chinese thought, who recently spent a year in Oxford, and Francis C. M. Wei, President of Boone University. And there are a thousand other names working less spectacularly beyond the public gaze in work in which they apply the British ideals they have learnt over here. They, too, deserve our attention, and, I venture to hope, our interest as well.

And now, I feel I have given to you, very inadequately, a cursory review of our little group of students—a review which I hope has left you with some impressions and some idea of the existence of this group. If there are further points, for this is not a full account, of which you wish discussion, and with the permission of the Chairman, I shall feel privileged to try to discuss them with you. Whatever idea I leave with you, may I leave this final impression, that I and all Chinese students thank you all very warmly indeed for your interest in us.

195.75 Two Commentaries\fn{by Wang Ching-wei (before 1931-)} China (M) 3

1

For two years I have been away from our country, and now I am delighted to be back, and again in close touch with public opinion at home and with China's own critics. First I have read Dr. Hu Shih's *Rights of Man* and *When Shall We Have a Constitution?* and then Mr. Kao Cheng-Yuan's *Reply to Dr. Hu Shih*. in the 90th issue of the *Blue-Sky-White-Sun* Magazine.

In his paper Mr. Kao pointed out three essential things: 1. Democratic Constitution; 2. Constitution during the Educative Period; 3. the necessity of Educative Government. Mr. Kao expressed his ideas with such a lucidity and fullness that Dr. Hu Shih could not but be satisfied with the explanation given.

Now what exactly is a *Yueh Fa* or Bill of Rights? In his *Rights of Man* Dr. Hu wonders why the term "Bill of Rights" does not occur in the *Programme of National Reconstruction*, and in his *When Shall We Have a Constitution?* he rashly concludes that Dr. Sun has discarded long ago the ideas concerning the Bill of Rights he formerly advocated.

This I deem a great misunderstanding on the part of Dr. Hu, but to explain away this misunderstanding: the question of what a Bill of Rights is must be first answered.

Dr. Sun's ideas on the Bill of Rights were first made known in the second issue of the *Min Pao*, in an article written by me under the title of *Citizenship and the Nation*. One paragraph of that article runs thus:

I once heard Dr. Sun say the following: 'When the Revolutionary Army has succeeded in bringing an entire *hsien* (district), say *hsien* A, under its control, the Military Government must make an agreement with the people of that *hsien* with regard to the rights and the duties of the Government and of the citizens. If later another *hsien*, say *hsien* B, where the obstacles to the Revolution have been completely removed, is also brought under the control of the Revolutionary Army, its people will abide, together with those in *hsien* A, by the agreement made between the Military Government and the people. The same procedure applies to counties or provinces or still larger units of territory. If the people refuse to honor the agreement and carry out their duties, the Military Government can force them into it and demand specific performance. On the other hand, the people of several *hsien* may combine and boycott the Government and pointedly refuse to recognize its rights. Now such an agreement entered into between the Military Government and the people is called a Bill of Rights, which may later form the basis of our Constitution.

At the end of my article, I added a note stating that since Dr. Sun was in Tokyo at the time of writing, it could not be submitted to him for approval and that I was not sure whether my interpretation of his ideas was correct. Afterwards Dr. Sun read the article and passed it without making any adverse comment. In Chapter VI of the *Theories of Sun Wen* written in 1919, he said,

The Military Government should rule by the Bill of Rights and train, and co-operate with, the people in preparing for the introduction of local self-government.

Again he said in the *History of the Chinese Revolution* (1923),

Directly a *hsien* has been cleared of all reactionary influences, the Military Government should promulgate a Bill of Rights and establish local self-government.

All this points to the fact that for twenty years Dr. Sun had always maintained the same attitude towards the Bill of Rights, as the following considerations will prove.

(1) A Bill of Rights or *Yueh Fa* is like a Constitution or *Hsien Fa* in the sense that both are agreements entered into between the Government and the citizens. A Constitution may arise in two ways. Firstly, an absolute monarch may, for the purpose of pacifying his discontented subjects, grant a Constitution, limiting the royal prerogative and guaranteeing to the people certain privileges. In the place of absolutism then comes a Constitutional Monarchy. Or, an indignant people may put an end to arbitrary despotism by overthrowing the Dynasty, and set up a democratic government which, with their co-operation, promulgates certain fundamental rules governing the interrelationship of the Government and the citizens. These fundamental rules form the Constitution of a Republic. The Bill of Rights contains, as mentioned above, rules made between the Military Government and the people governing their respective rights and duties during the Military Period. Thus a Constitution and a Bill of Rights are in essence alike; they represent two stages of one and the same thing.

In this background, the mandate concerning the *Rights of the People* issued by the Nanking Government, which puts limitations on popular rights and liberties without at the same time specifying the duties of the Government towards the citizens, cannot therefore be called a Bill of Rights at all.

(2) The Bill of Rights is an agreement entered into between two parties, the Military Government and the people. Both have duties to fulfil and both have rights to enjoy. It is not a one-sided bargain. A genuine Bill of Rights can never tolerate a magistrate setting other people's house on fire, while prohibiting the people to light their own lamps. The obligations of the Military Government increase in direct proportion with its powers and rights. And as the people's duties increase, so do their privileges.

The personal dictatorship of Mr. Chiang would never I have been tolerated by Dr. Sun, had he been still alive. As for Mr. Wu Chih-Hui's advice, "Let us hand the Party over to our military comrades," it could only have been despised by Dr. Sun.

(3) Dr. Sun maintained,

As soon as the Revolutionary Army has conquered one *hsien*, a Bill of Rights must be proclaimed in that *hsien*.

Here lies the difference between a Bill of Rights and a Constitution. According to Dr. Sun, the promulgation of a Constitution will take place only when a majority of the provinces have reached the constitutional period.

(4) A Bill of Rights is not necessarily a written document.

The moment a *hsien* is occupied by the Revolutionary Army, a Bill of Rights should come into existence.

It is clear that a complete and perfect set of rules cannot be codified within such short time, and therefore the Bill of Rights may take the form of unwritten law. But written or unwritten, the Bill should have the same effect on the people and the Government.

(5) A Bill of Rights, unlike a Constitution, is more subject to modification. It is much less rigid and may admit of frequent amendments and changes, and adjust itself to varying circumstances.

*

From the foregoing five points, we see that a Bill of Rights, according to Dr. Sun, cannot be taken, as Dr. Hu Shih erroneously did, to mean the Provisional Constitution of 1912. It was a great mistake that Dr. Hu made, when he rushed into the conclusion that Dr. Sun discarded the *Yueh Fa*, because Dr. Hu found that at the time of the promulgation of the *Programme of National Reconstruction*, Dr. Sun was no longer in favour of the Provisional Constitution, or the *Lin Shih Yueh Fa*, of 1912.

Dr. Hu Shih maintained that Dr. Sun long ago discarded the Bill of Rights on the ground that the term *Yueh Fa* does not occur in the *Programme of National Reconstruction*. But Dr. Hu overlooks the fact that the contents of the *Programme* cover almost all the essential points of a Bill of Rights. A Bill of Rights is mainly for defining the exact relationship between the Government and the people; the *Programme of National Reconstruction* contains nothing but rules pertaining to the relationship between the Government and the people.

Again, a Bill of Rights should contain rules regarding the political system and governmental organisation, and Articles 17 to 24 of the *Programme* are all rules by which the Central Government should be formed. Before the Great War, more emphasis was laid on the legal aspects of a Constitution, little or no emphasis on the social and economic aspects. After the War, in the Constitution of the German Republic, equal emphasis was laid on all these aspects. Thus Articles 10 to 13 of the *Chien Kuo Ta Kang*, in accordance with the Principle of People's Livelihood, deal with the national revenue, public finance as well as the incomes of individuals. The *Chien Kuo Ta Kang* thus contains in outline all that a Bill of Rights ought to contain, and only lacks the necessary technical details which will make it a workable constitutional instrument.

Granted that Dr. Sun never dropped the Bill of Rights out of his mind, how is it that he produced the *Chien Kuo Ta Kang* instead of the *Yueh Fa*? The answer is not far to seek.

A Bill of Rights cannot be produced by the government alone. According to the spirit of Article 14 of the *Chien Kuo Ta Kang*, the Bill of Rights must be promulgated by the National Delegates' Congress and ratified by the People's Convention. When he despatched the punitive expedition up North in September 1924, Dr. Sun promulgated the *Chien Kuo Ta Kang* which he drafted the previous April, while in October of the same year he issued the manifesto advocating the calling of the People's Convention. Had Dr. Sun not died soon afterwards, I can swear upon my life that he would, without any delay, have called the People's Convention, which in turn would have produced a Bill of Rights.

It is clear then that Dr. Sun would have been no more in favour of the personal dictatorship of Mr. Chiang than any of us are. Dr. Hu Shih is right in finding fault with the Nanking Government, but he is wrong in charging the crimes perpetrated by Mr. Chiang Kai-Shek to the account of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen.

2

I do not approve of the way in which the Nanking Government treats Dr. Hu Shih—a warning today, a threat of arrest tomorrow. My attitude towards remarks made by non-Party men on, or about, the Kuo-Min Tang is this: if the criticism is sound, I feel thankful to the critic and shall cheerfully accept his advice; if it is unsound, sometimes I ignore it and sometimes I make a counter-criticism, pointing out why and how the criticism is wrong; but I never try, so to speak, to gag the critic's mouth.

The other day I read Dr. Hu Shih's *The Rights of Man and When Shall We Have a Constitution?* and accordingly I wrote a commentary in which I tried to show his misunderstandings and mistakes. I concluded my article by calling Dr. Hu Shih's attention to the following: "You should not charge the crimes perpetrated by Mr. Chiang and his Government to the account of the Kuo-Min Tang and still less to the account of our leader Dr. Sun."

When I finished the reading of Dr. Hu Shih's recent essay *To Know is Difficult, to Act is Not Less Easy*, I felt all the more that the concluding words of my last mentioned article had hit the nail on its head. In this essay Dr. Hu Shih said:

The real meaning of Dr. Sun's 'To know is difficult, to act is Easy', is to convince us that acting is within the ability of everybody, but only the chosen few are truly capable of knowing—of understanding. Dr. Sun's idea of this Knowing-difficult-acting-easy theory is a powerful doctrine, because taking for granted that to act is easy, his followers will not hesitate to take action, and taking for granted that to know is difficult, they will not bother themselves about the why's and how's of what they do, and will shift the responsibility of knowing that to their leaders, or rather to their Leader, whom they will follow with blind obedience. Now such a teaching may serve its useful purpose in the cause of the Revolution, but Dr. Sun did not realise the two great dangers that would necessarily follow.

First, young men will get into the habit of thinking that to act is always easy, without in the mean time feeling that to know is difficult. 'Since to act is easy, why should we trouble to know?' The natural result of this attitude on the part of modern young men is the neglect of learning, and the popular cry of 'Down with the Intelligensia.'

Secondly, Party leaders and those in power will, with their greed and selfishness, take great advantage of, and abuse, this view of Dr. Sun on Knowledge and Action and tell us poor law-abiding citizens, 'Your duty is merely to act when we tell you to act; you need not know Why and How, nor need you find out, for we do all the knowing for you as Dr. Sun has done all the knowing for us. Your job is just to obey, to carry out our commands.'

Thus obedience becomes the order of the day; so much so that expressions, suggestions, discussions on government policy, public finance, public administration, on which every man in a democratic country is entitled freely to utter his thoughts, are absolutely forbidden.

I am greatly astonished at the way Dr. Hu Shih criticized the Kuo-Min Tang and our Leader. To take advantage of, and abuse, Dr. Sun's preaching in order to suppress public opinion is the work of the Nanking Government which the genuine Party-men are striving to overthrow. "Down with the Intelligentsia" is the slogan of the Communists who are as like the Kuo-Min Tang as fire is like water. The war cry of our Party has always been and still is:

"Farmers, Workers, Traders and Students! Let us join hands, and work together for the salvation of our country!"

Dr. Hu Shih has clearly charged others' crimes to the account of our late Leader. Criticism is based on judgment. Before I pronounce Dr. Hu Shih's criticism wrong, I wish to show where and how his judgment is unsound.

Dr. Sun's *Knowledge and Action* is preached to the man of the street in general and to the Kuo-Min Tang members in particular. Before one joins and gives his whole-hearted support to the Revolution, he must needs realize the necessity of a revolution. Such a realization means Knowledge, and to work according to this realization means Action. Revolution is a bloody affair. The revolutionist may lose his own life and meanwhile cause others to lose theirs. If he does not know the cause for which he dies, and blindly makes a sacrifice of his and others' lives, what act is more devoid of sense than this?

There are of course men who act without ever questioning the cause of their actions. An ordinary employee is one. He does what he is told to do by his employers and quietly works for his pay. He asks no questions; all that he cares for is his salary or wage-money.

The subject of a despot is another. The Emperor Shih Huang Ti of Tsin orders 700,000 of his prisoners to build the imperial tomb. These chained creatures did not bother to inquire why they should build the tomb and how they should build it. They did not even get any wages, in this case. They blindly stuck to the drudgery carefully mapped out for them.

Why? Because they were cowed by the Emperor's cruelty, and it was for the preservation and prolongation of their miserable lives that they acted without daring to know.

However, the Kuo-Min Tang can neither be bought with money nor be intimidated by the threat of capital punishment. A true Party member should know the cause of all his actions, and there is nothing to prevent him from knowing it. Dr. Sun wanted to do a right thing in the right way. Unlike Mahommed, who preached his sermons with the Qur'an in one hand and a sword in the other, Dr. Sun hoped that all his followers should convince themselves as to why they were following him. It is their hearts that he wanted to conquer, not their bodies. He wanted no obedience that did not voluntarily come from his followers. Dr. Sun's teaching of Knowledge and Action is not to prohibit men from finding out the truth, nay, it is just the opposite. Knowing is a subjective process; it comes from within one's inner self. One has to do quite a good deal of original thinking ere he sees the true light and views events under their real perspective. That is why knowing is difficult.

Dr. Sun hated no persons more than the “half-filled bottles”—as he so wittily called them—that is, those who do not know much and pretend to know all. It was particularly to encourage the craving to know and to discourage undue readiness to follow that he preached *to know is hard, to act is easy*. The word “hard” or “difficult” is used in a relative sense. Both knowing and acting, according to Dr. Sun, are not easy; but Dr. Sun laid more emphasis on the search for truth.

Much as we want to know, we cannot make *Knowing* a pre-requisite of *Acting* in all cases. The brain of man is a very tiny little thing, and at its best it cannot hold more than the essentials of a few branches of human knowledge. A teacher knows a lot about books, but may know nothing about medicine. When he is ill, he has to consult a doctor. No sensible person would advise him to study and know medicine before he ventures to take it. Here he has to rely on the physician who has studied medicine and knows more about it than he. The trader who wants to build a warehouse must consult an architect. It would be equally silly to tell the trader to delay the building until he has learned architecture himself.

Let us do everything in our power to get the truth, to know whatever is possible for us to know; let us by all means be inquisitive. But when there are things that are absolutely beyond our apprehension, when there are things about which others know infinitely more than we do, let us do away with our pretending masks, and quietly listen to those who do know. That, I think, is the true meaning of Dr. Sun’s idea of *Knowledge and Action*.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1933

115.60 A Folktale {by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

Over a hundred years ago, north of Wulakai, lived two famous “great spirit” shamans. {Throughout Manchuria there are two types of shamanism, one chiefly religious and associated with the religious ceremonies of the family, the clan, and the ancestor cult, and this other, for use outside the family, called in Chinese *ta shên* (great spirit) or *wai shih* (outside business).} One was a member of the Shih family; the other of the Ao family. Shih was the husband of Ao’s elder sister.*

One day they were eating and drinking together at Shih’s house, and they talked this way and they talked that way until they talked to a point where offence was given. Then they challenged each other, and said,

“Where shall we meet?” Ao said,

“Let us meet at the river bank.”

“All right, however you say, so let it be.” So then Ao went home.

Were they not to meet at the river? Thus Ao was on the east bank. Shih on the west bank. They both had otter spirits (which gave them power in the water). Ao took his drum; it was a proper shaman’s drum. He slung it into the water and stepped on it. In his hand he held a three tined fork and used it like a paddle, and was going to cross the river. Shih, on the west bank, said,

“Good, I’ll scare a good big jump out of him.”

So he jumped into the river and changed into a sturgeon. It was big, that sturgeon! Was it not sturgeon that they used to send the Emperor in tribute? Bigger than that; {The informant stretches out both arms.} having a length like the roof-tree of a house.

Shih did not want to hurt Ao. He said,

“I shall make him take a bath, and make everybody laugh.”

But Ao had a concealed anger in his heart; but Shih did not know that he hated him like this. So they met head on in the river, this one going east, that one going west. Shih’s idea was to pass by the drum and give it a flip with his tail, knocking the fellow off and making him take a bath. But they had hardly met, when Ao—had he not concealed anger in his heart?—he took his fork in both hands, using all his strength, and thrust as hard as he could into the fish, over the heart; and turned at once and paddled to the east bank.

Shih was hurt. He sank to the bottom, he could no longer swim. All the water turned red. He was hurt. So, of course, was not all his family on the west bank watching him? All the young men could swim; they all had nets. They said,

“Go and fetch the nets!”

They took the nets and leaped into the river and spread a great net and dragged him to the shore. There he was, his lower half turned into a man, his upper half still fish—was he not injured ?

Then peacemakers tried to talk them into an agreement. They said,

“Are you two not closely related by marriage? This counts as a competition, not as a quarrel. Now you must be reconciled, and it all counts as ended.” But Shih said,

“First I must certainly have my revenge! This still counts as early yet!”

So there was no help for it; they carried him back. Back in the house, he told them what they must do:

“You must make me a coffin, and the head must be pointed to the south.”

So they prepared a coffin, and laid him in it, and burned paper (as though it were a funeral). But he said (warningly),

“There is a fixed day for this.\fn{I.e., it must all end on a given day.} In a hundred days I will take my revenge. But you must not be afraid, and you must tell them in all the small villages, saying, ‘No need to be afraid.’” Also he said,

“You must not come near. Carry out the coffin and put it in the south grove, with the head toward the south.”

In those days the forests were all much nearer.\fn{As in the rest of China, Manchurian graves are almost always oriented toward the south and are surrounded by trees (at least for families of any perceived importance).}

So that is just what they did. They carried out the coffin and put it the south grove, with the head toward the south, and went back. From then on for ninety days they heard nothing but the drum sounding in the grove. This was pretty strong! In his coffin! He had talent, Shih!

After ninety odd days, Ao came over to plead with the Shih family. The holes in their hearts were small.\fn{I.e., they were cautious and timid in a situation which was beyond their experience, as opposed to courageous and magnanimous; for intelligence in this culture is conceived as functioning through the blood, flowing in and out of the orifices of the heart, the physical dimension of these openings making the difference between bravery and cowardice. It should be distinguished from a phrase translated as “the holes in their hearts were few,” which would mean that they were stupid; and also a phrase translated as “plenty of holes in his heart,” which refers to a person considered to be wily and quick and able to change his plans promptly.} He told them that they did not know what dreadful thing might happen in the grove; but really, he was afraid of the revenge. After he had talked two or three days, they believed. They said,

“It would be better to burn him.”

So they took quantities of fuel, stacked it about the coffin, and set fire. Then came eagles, four or five; they were Shih’s spirits. They would not allow the burning. As soon as it was burning, they struck one blow with their wings, and put it out. Five or six times, and each time it was lit ii; was put out; each time it was lit it was put out.

It will not burn? Pour oil on it! If you think, big farmers have plenty of oil in their houses. They do not buy one catty, a half catty, in market towns. Where do they have a market? They press their own in their own houses (from sesamum, peanuts and so forth). So they brought oil and poured it on and set it afire.

This time the fire was flourishing. The eagles came down and beat it with their wings, but they were not equal to it. So they returned to the mountains.

The fire burned a whole day. At night all was burned. Everything was burned, only there appeared a fish’s head.\fn{Indicating that the wounded shaman had not yet accomplished the recovery of his proper form, which could only be done in secret communion with his spirits (hence his choice of a coffin in which to perform his rites).}

115.61 A Folktale\fn{by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

About fifty years ago, at San Tsan on the Sanhsing road three stages north from Ninguta, there was a farmer who had a large settlement. About the time of the New Year, his wife was in labor. For five days she was in labor with no result, and the woman was in great suffering. At the end of five days more than ten midwives were gathered there, but they could none of them deliver the child.

Then one day there was the sound of a beggar calling for alms at the gate. A girl went out to see him, and found him more tattered and miserable than any other beggar. The girl said,

“Our master is not unwilling to give alms, especially at New Year time; but it is impossible to ask you into the house, the way things are,” and she explained to him what was happening. The beggar said,

“If that is what it is, you cannot do better than send for the old lady who lives about twenty *li* to the southeast.\fn{The regular location in folktales from this region for anything supernatural.} That old lady will do; I can warrant you word\fn{Perhaps a typo for “your word”} she would be satisfactory.” Then the girl said,

“We here don’t know of anyone living in that direction; but I’ll go in and tell the master, and get a little food for you.”

The master, when he heard this, came out himself; but to his surprise, there was no beggar. No one could say how; he had just disappeared. Where could a beggar hide on a farm? They searched, but there was not the shadow of him. The master said,

“At that rate, the best thing we can do is to harness a sled and go in the direction that he said, to seek out that

old lady and invite her to come.”\fn{ In the old China, doctors were “invited” to come, the same word (*ch’ing*) was used when requesting the service of teachers. }

Well, that’s just what they did; and sure enough, they found a house and in it was an old lady; and moreover the old lady was most obliging and willing to get up at once and come with them.

When they got to the farm, the settler himself came out and respectfully asked her to enter the house. But when she had come in, the old lady said,

“Good. There is no need for hurry. Have you here any water boiling? I’ll drink a little water.”\fn{ “All along the outlying northern frontiers of China it is common to find the phrase ‘drink water’ used with the meaning ‘drink tea.’ Evidently tea, a southern product, was once not nearly so common as it now is.” }

So at once they put water on to boil, and when the old lady had had a drink, she went in\fn{ To the birthing-room. } to see the woman. She took a *chan* and parted the hair of the woman, once this way and once that, lengthwise and crosswise, and looked at her scalp, and said,

“A while to go yet. We have not come to the time yet! First drink some more water.”

Then she went back and drank a while. Then she went back to look at the woman, and parted her hair again, and said,

“Soon! We shall not be long now!” Then she said to the midwives,

“Those who have courage may stay and help, but those who are afraid had best go out; you would just be in the way.” She said again,

“This is not an ordinary birth; there is something else in this,\fn{ I.e., there is something dreadful about this. } but do not be afraid, I shall not hurt it.”

From the moment she said this the woman was easier. Then the old lady said,

“Go out and get a drinking trough, a big one, and bring it into the room. Then again bring two hanks of strong hemp rope, and lay them at each end of the trough, ready to bind. And again we must have two planks. Lay them along the top of the trough so as to cover it, all except a crack which you must leave in the middle.”

And she told them also to fill the trough with four buckets of well water. Then she said,

“Pick up the woman and set her astride the trough, for delivery.” Then they put the woman astride the trough, and the old lady said once more,

“Do not be afraid. What will come down will not be an ordinary child; but I shall not kill it.”

Before long the woman was delivered. Then there was a noise in the water in the trough, *shua! shua!* Like a fish, going from this end to that end. The midwives said,

“It is all right now. Lift her up.” But the old lady said,

“Yet a while. There is another.”

And so it was. Before long that other also came down, and again there was a noise, *shua! shua!* Like a big fish, so to speak, coming and going and turning from this end to that end. That old lady said,

“Before you lift her up, be careful. Be ready with the planks. When she is lifted up, slip them together so that there is no crack. Then take the hanks of hemp rope at the two ends of the trough, and bind all down.”

In this way they did, and the woman was lifted up, and they pushed the planks together and bound them. The old lady said then,

“Let four men come and lift up that trough.”

So four men came and lifted it up like a coffin. She told them, “Lift it out to the stream;” for there was a stream about a *li* or half a *li* from the farm; and at that time of year, what stream would not be frozen?

Well, so the old lady told them when they got to the stream, how they should go about it. They should break a hole in the ice. They should tilt up the trough so that one end was at the edge of the hole in the ice. Then they should loose the cords at that end of the trough, and let the covering planks come apart. This was just what they did, and when they had broken a hole in the ice and put this end of the trough by the hole and lifted up that end, there came out two serpents which were as thick as the lid of that water kettle over there (about five inches) and a great many feet long, and went into the water through the hole in the ice.

That woman, if you were to tell how she came to give birth to such monsters; she had eaten some herbs from the mountains which had quickened her.

The old beggar and the old lady were both of them immortals; and the birth of the snakes was so long deferred because they did not want to come out and be killed.

The Chinese Bannermen, \fn{The descendants of Chinese who made common cause with the Manchu.} they also have shamans; and to say the truth, how they originally got them, was this kind of a business.

T'ang Wang—that is, just T'ang Er Tsu of the T'ang dynasty, advanced against the East and fought his way into Korea: His name was T'ang Hsüeh-li, and his formal name was Jên-kuei. From Tengchou in Shantung he took ship and crossed the sea to Korea.

On the way back, at who knows what river, he was impeded. With so many men and so many horses, how could he get across in boats? The boats were not there ready to hand, and to prepare boats would need a lot of time. But he was on his way home, and his heart was impatient; he just said,

“We will cross on the ice.”

But that was in the sixth or seventh moon (July or August); and at that season, where are you going to get ice freezing? Still, having said these words, he dispatched ten men to go ahead to report if the ice was strong enough to cross on. The men got to the bank of the river and found that of course, naturally, there was no ice. They came back and reported, saying,

“There is no ice.” T'ang Wang right straightway said,

“You take these men and take their lives.”

Thereupon, he again dispatched ten men, to see if the ice were strong enough. Arrived at the river bank, still there was no ice. At this point they spoke, and said,

“Very well then, if he *will* have it freezing ice; when we get back, all we brothers together, we'll say that the ice will do well enough. If we say there is no ice, is it not death? If we say it is frozen, and when he gets there, it has not frozen, that also is death; anyhow, we shall live the longer a day or two days.”

It was just like that. When they got back, they were asked,

“Has it frozen?”

“Frozen!”

So T'ang Wang gave the order to arise and go forward. By the time they got to the river, you think! Truly, it *was* frozen! Who knows how it was frozen? He was T'ang Wang. Was he not the Son of Heaven?

From there, he rode on a horse in front and crossed over; the soldiers behind following. Arrived at the hither bank, once he turned his head to look. The ice melted and all the soldiers sank. Many thousands, many ten thousands, all sank in and drowned. T'ang Wang alone escaped out of it.

He went toward the west, and when he came to Liaoyang there was a man, a sorceress. But his heart was anxious; he did not think of anything else, he only thought of promptly returning to Sian, \fn{I.e., Hsi-an.} which at that time was the capital. Once he had got back to Sian, he sent back word to the woman magician. She went toward the river; on the bank she sounded the drum and chanted, and the ghosts of the soldiers who had drowned there rose out of the water and arrived at the bank.

The shamans of the Chinese Bannermen, those are just they. To this time, still, when the Han Chün shamans chant, they chant:

Ta wu-tao
Hsiao wu-tao
San-pai liu-shih chung wu-tao.

The great way of sorcery
The little way of sorcery
The three hundred sixty middle ways of sorcery.

It has no other meaning; what they chant is just these words; it is just the words of that time.

115.63 A Folktale \fn{by an unnamed Manchu? male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

This Chang Kuang-ts'ai was a man. He lived there.

It was this way; on the road from Wulakai to Ninguta, at about three hundred *li* from Wulakai, there is a difficult pass or mountain road; about thirty *li* of terribly bad going, up and down, especially on account of the mud. No carts can go that way in summer; only packs. In the ancient days there was no road at all. This is the Chang Kuang-ts'ai Ling.

All right: you think—how was this road opened? It was this kind of an affair: was there not this man named Chang?

He was a settler who lived there. One day, when he arose at daybreak, he saw an enormous sky-colored cow, which was a cow of the (great) river. He determined to capture it, but it went from him, straight up the mountain, breaking a path through the wilderness. It was all places where men had not gone.

He followed. When they got over the crest and he had followed it for some way down, it just disappeared. Had not the cow disappeared then?

Thus he just went back. He followed the cow's track going back. Thereafter the road was built up, foot by foot and fathom by fathom along the same track.

This happened about the end of the Ming Dynasty.\fn{Early 17th century. A variant to this story is recorded by Lattimore, and it appears just below.}

115.64 A Folktale\fn{by an unnamed Manchu? male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) –1

Yes, this Chang Kuang-ts'ai was a settler. He lived on the east side of the pass. One morning at dawn he had got up and opened the gate of the yard, when there passed by a very big sky-colored cow, coming from the east and going to the west. It had a dragon-gate horn. He made a grab at it, but missed.

Now he was just arisen in the morning; his clothes were on, and his shoes, and didn't he have strength? So he pursued the cow, to catch it. The cow always evaded him; it was not that it ran, it just always was in front. As the cow went a step, so he followed a step.

In this way they got over the crest and down on to the other side. Arrived at the other side, Chang Kuang-ts'ai said,

“Curse its female parts, how is it it isn't here? There's nothing to be done. I've got to go back!”

Going back, then, he found that where he had come, there it was all thickets, and he had followed the cow, turning among the fuel-thickets, but now there was a small road, not wide, not narrow, say two feet broad. He said,

“Now how have all these trees gone and moved? Good enough! There being this road, I'll follow this road!”

Thus he came back to his house. He told them to make a fire to cook food. When the neighbors saw there was a fire, they all came over and questioned him, not having seen him since the dawn and wondering where he had gone. He told them everything. Then one said,

“Right! I climbed up on the roof to look, and I saw there was such a road!”

Then everybody talked about it, and they said, “Certainly it was a divine cow;” and it was sign to make the road, and they made the road.

115.64b A Folktale\fn{by an unnamed Manchu male (before 1933-)} Wulakai, Kirin Province, China (M) 1

I'll tell you! Right here, a few tens of years ago, this thing happened. At a hamlet outside of Wulakai, to the north, was a high military official, who was fond of eating elk-horn in the velvet.\fn{A well-known medicine and tonic, prescribed for weakness, lack of vitality, impotence, sterility, and so on. It is made from the young horns of stags, harvested at a time when the blood is still rising up into them in order to provide the horn with the nutrients necessary from them to grow.} Every year he dispatched men into the mountains to shoot for him.

Thus, this year there came two men, famous hunters. One of them was one of our Manchus, one was one of their Chinese Bannermen. That one\fn{The Manchu.} was nicknamed Chang p'ao-shou;\fn{Chang the Marksman.} this one was nicknamed Li Pa'o-t'ou.\fn{Li the Chief Marksman.} These two chose about ten men, and they shouldered packs and went toward the mountains. They went north, on the road from Ninguta to Sanshing, beyond Third Stage but not so far as Fourth Stage. There they halted at night at a settler's.

The second day when they rose, Li the Chief Marksman and Chang the Marksman said to those others,

“You wait here. There is a valley here, toward the east, where certainly there are elk.”

Had they not gone into those mountains many times before? In what place were what wild beasts, they knew it all. So they said,

“We two shall go in first and scout.”

Once they had entered the valley, they separated, one going one side and one the other. Before he had gone very far, Li the Chief Marksman saw a Black Blind One\fn{A bear, almost never called by its real name in Manchuria, though the reason for this is obscure.} coming toward him. He considered, whether to avoid it or not. Is it not very foolish for one man to shoot a Black Blind One? They are not easy to shoot, those things. They are highly individual compared with other animals. Do not wild animals run when they see a man or hear a gun? Not he! When he

meets you he does not avoid you; and if you shoot him and do not shoot straight, he wants your life.

That Li the Chief Marksman, however, was he not a wonderful hand with a gun? He prepared the cord of his matchlock and leveled the gun and fired. The bullet struck him here, in the front of the head, and glanced through to one side. That Black Blind One just lifted his head, saw the man, and came straight ahead.

Li the Chief Marksman ran to escape. Running, even, he had no chance, if he had not seen a crack among the rocks. It was narrow and deep, and once he had turned into it, Old Black Blind One could not get at him.

Could not get at him, you say? You see, though, if this creature was not full of holes in his heart, full of guile. There in front was a stone, and he rolled it and pushed it against the crevice to stop up the fellow. He could not get out! The bear just went away. He went toward the south.

When Li the Chief Marksman saw he had gone, he looked to see how this ought to be managed. Pushing that stone, he could not push it away. Yet the stone had a hole left under it. He took off his clothes, pushed them through, and crawled out. But he knew that the Black Blind One would surely come back; he dared not run. He saw there was a big tree there, so he climbed up into it. He climbed very high and fixed himself in a fork hidden by leaves. There he made ready the matchlock of his gun and prepared. After this much little time, he had barely fixed his matchlock when he saw Black Blind One coming back from the south.

And he was not the only man coming. What else was there? *Ha-hai!* There was Old Pockmarks {The tiger, the word for which, like the word for bear, is also almost never used in Manchuria.} Also, not mentioning that, there was something riding him. Riding Old Pockmarks this was a what, I tell you? White hair; stature something less than a man; eye-sockets red; long tail; and on the top of its head a white horn, tipped with red; in fact, just like a monkey. Its whole body was white, except the red eyes and the red tip of its horn. It was a *chiu*.

You think, then, what a dreadful thing this was; even Old Pockmarks he was able to dare to ride! He rode him just like a horse, and as he rode a pace, he hit a pace, using his tail-like a whip. Riding a horse, who does not use a whip? Well, he took his tail in his hand and struck as though with a whip. It nearly had Li the Chief Marksman scared sick.

Hereupon, when they got to the cleft in the rocks, Black Blind One showed it to the others. Do you see what he had done? He had got Li the Chief Marksman properly stopped up in there, and had gone and fetched the others to eat.

“I will invite you two gentlemen; I have prepared a little good food.”

Thereupon he rolled the rock away from the cleft; but once they looked—it was empty! Black Blind One looked foolish! He looked foolish, but the *chiu* was angry. He jumped off Old Pockmarks and ran at Black Blind One with his head down. He rammed him in the stomach with his horn, and ripped him up. Black Blind One fell over, dead. Then the *chiu* got on the tiger again and rode away, taking his tail in his hand and using it as a whip.

When they two had gone, not a long time, Chang the Marksman came. Half a day he hadn't seen a sign of Li the Chief Marksman, so he came to look for him, Thereupon Li the Chief Marksman came down from the tree and told him all this affair. They two had a stroke of luck, got something for nothing; a bear between the two of them. The liver alone was worth a lot of money.

The *chiu*? The *chiu* is a *chiu*, that's all. Probably in the great mountains there are still some. Who knows what strange things appear in great mountains? But they are not often met.

AUTHORS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1934

269.99b Excerpt from *Reminiscences* {by Sister Qian (before 1934)} nr. Shanghai?, China (F)

... At this time, Froggy Zhou, who was a boss in Shanghai, came back to the village. He had been a small-time hustler for a long time, and his persuasive style had enabled him to swindle many people.

Seeing that my family was in difficult circumstances, he spoke to my parents about taking me to a textile mill in Shanghai. Once I got to Shanghai, he said, everything would work out fine. I would be happy, living in a foreign-style house along the Wusong River, eating good food, and wearing stylish clothes.

On top of that, my parents would get three *dan* of rice {About 75 gallons:H} after I had worked for three years.

...

204.134 Excerpt from *Recalling The Long March: Building A Bridge On The Wuchiang River* {by Huang Chao-tien (before 1934-)} China (M) 3

The first New Year's Day on the Long March found our engineer company of the Cadres' Regiment staying in a village 30 kilometres from the Wuchiang River. The New Year had always been a happy occasion, with get-togethers, feasts and other celebrations. This year, however, things were quite different. Because of the continuous marching, everyone was fatigued and only wanted a good night's rest. After celebrating the New Year simply, therefore, everyone turned in for some well-deserved sleep.

Just when we were sleeping the most soundly, orders came which aroused us from our peaceful slumber. We must set out at once and reach the ferry at Chiangchieh before dawn, to put up a bridge there across the Wuchiang River.

The news of the task banished all thoughts of sleep. I relayed the order and we set out immediately.

It was pitch dark when we started out, and a fine rain was driven in the north wind. We picked our way forward along a rugged mountain path. By the time we reached the river, it was light.

We reported to Headquarters, and Comrade Chang Yun-yi took us to scout out the terrain. When we reached the river's edge and looked around, we saw the Wuchiang was indeed a natural barrier. Both banks were dark, steep cliffs, with surrounding peaks thrusting into the clouds. The river was more than 200 metres wide and had a swirling and swift current with high waves. Our task was to build a bridge across this fast-flowing river in the teeth of the artillery fire which the enemy on the opposite shore kept up continuously. The bridge would enable us to roll victoriously forward.

How were we going to build the bridge? How many men, how much material and time would it take? Where was the material to be procured? How was it to be completed on time? When would the small detachment force the crossing to protect the bridge-building?

All these problems were yet to be solved. But I knew that our engineer company would be able to complete the task no matter how difficult it was, for the members of the company were all low-ranking cadres from the Red Army's engineer units with high class consciousness and adequate technical skills.

When I returned to the company, I asked the fighters to take the river measurements, then consulted with the political instructor and platoon leaders on a plan to build the bridge. Just then Comrade Tan Hsi-lin of the Cadres' Regiment appeared, and the presence of this engineer instructor increased our confidence in victory.

*

The river measured around 17 metres at the deepest part, with a current of 1.8 metres per second. We decided on the basis of this data to build a floating bridge of bamboo.

Comrade Tan Hsi-lin helped us with the detailed designing of the bridge, then took the finalized plan to Headquarters to report. It was approved, and the infantry and engineers were sent immediately to fell yellow bamboo, while the other units were to collect rope, door-planks, lumber and other materials useful for the purpose.

A race against time began. To facilitate the work, the entire Company of more than 200 trainees were broken up into eight or nine specific work groups such as supply, raft-making, construction, anchoring the pontoons, rescue, and reserve force.

When the enemy saw that we were starting construction, their gunfire stepped up its staccato, and bullets threw up spouts of water all round us. Some comrades were killed, some wounded, but the work never stopped. Under our covering fire, the bamboo bridge crept forward.

We used three layers of bamboo decked one on top of another to form the pontoons of the bridge. Between two pontoons we laid two sleepers, and on the sleepers fixed three or four purlins, then spread on those the door-planks with thin horizontal wood slats, so to build a network of porous but sturdy raft sections.

The enemy shelling kept zeroing in on these raft sections, but because they were of interwoven bamboo, breaking some of the bamboo did not affect them, and so long as the bamboo segments were not filled with water these sections would stay afloat. Repeated hits, therefore, did not stop the building of our bridge, and in fact caused only negligible damage.

Most maddening was that the enemy machine-gun and rifle fire was concentrated on those working in the water and was a great threat to the work. Do your damndest now, I thought, in a little while we'll give you a taste of our fists.

The drizzle continued till everyone's clothes were dripping wet. In the mid-winter weather the hands and feet of comrades working in the water soon became stiff and numb. Chilblains split and bled. Now we had not only to fight the enemy, we had to fight nature as well.

*

The sections of the bridge were easy to control in the shallow places, but when we reached deeper water, the bridge was like an unbridled wild horse, almost uncontrollable and tending to drift away with the current. Keeping the sections of the floating bridge in place along its fixed route became a big problem. The bridge was to consist of about 100 sections. If we could not control them, what kind of bridge would we have?

The rushing waters and time waited for no one, and it was beyond our means to make either the river or time stand still. What should we do? The problem put us in a nervous sweat, and our hearts seemed to be in our throats. At this critical juncture Comrade Tan Hsi-lin said confidently:

“Don’t worry. Pool everyone’s ideas, and no doubt a method will be found to align the bridge.”

The comrades all put their heads together. Some were for driving foundation piles, others for using ropes in tension. But neither method was applicable with the technical skill we had, and considering the material conditions and the characteristics of the river. But, with no solution to the problem of fixing the sections, the floating bridge could not be built. After some thought, Comrade Tan Hsi-lin said in a clear crisp voice:

“How about using large stones to anchor down the sections?”

“A great idea,” those of us around him said, all approving this way.

We immediately began experimenting. But stones of 150 or even 200 kilogrammes were not sufficient weight after they were placed in the water. Furthermore, the stones were smooth and themselves did not bite into the river bed, let alone anchor the raft sections. Also, there were no big stones at hand, and we would have to spend extra time getting them. Of course if we used enough of them, they could hold the sections down, but there was no time for collecting so many and we were forced to think of another method.

We made some improvisations on the stone anchors. Instead of individual large stones we used baskets of smaller ones, making the baskets from bamboo strips. We inserted three sharpened logs in the middle of each basket so as to fix it better into the river bed. Attached to each such “anchor” was a thick cable. These stone anchors weighed from 500 to 1,000 kilogrammes, to be transported by means of the bamboo raft to the spot in the river where they were needed. The anchors were then dumped into the water and held the bridge in position so firmly that it did not budge an inch.

Everyone was in higher spirits now, and worked with renewed vigour. The bridge continued reaching out towards the opposite bank.

But just when we were patting each other on the back for the work done, we ran out of rope. That was disastrous, for where were we to get any more? The engineer company and the vanguard units at once offered their puttees, \fn{Narrow cloth strips encasing the calf of the leg from knee to ankle} but the huge stone anchors required thick cable, and the raft sections also needed rope for tying and fixing. The puttees being far from enough, the problem was finally solved by using cloth confiscated from local tyrants or bought from town.

*

Enemy fire had rained down on us from the start of construction, shells exploding all around the sections. Columns of water rose from the river, followed by strong blasts. Some of our comrades working in the water were wounded, and some killed. My most poignant memory is that of Comrade Shih Chang-chieh who headed the work group in charge of dropping the anchors into the river.

Tall, sturdy and in the prime of life, he had been a boatman before he joined the Red Army. He really threw himself into the work of building this floating pontoon bridge, many times carrying the anchors and sections where they were needed. The very last time that he delivered a section to the project on the river, the bamboo pole he used to push the section was broken into two pieces by enemy gunfire.

He took another and continued forward with the section. This was smashed too, and he got a third one. Under his control, the raft section sailed smoothly like a small boat.

But suddenly I saw him fall headlong onto the raft section. I called out but he did not answer. Unmanned, the section changed direction and flowed down with the current straight towards the middle of the floating bridge. This was dangerous indeed! If it struck the bridge, the just completed iso-metre section would be destroyed—too horrible a prospect to consider! I was bursting with anxiety and called out from the head of the bridge:

“Block the drifting bridge section; rescue Comrade Shih Chang-chieh on it!”

At this critical point Comrade Shih Chang-chieh suddenly raised his head and shifted his body. Then he staggered to his feet and jumped into the water. He turned and grasped the edge of the section in both hands, trying madly to push it away with his chest. The raft section carried him along with it in the current, but its speed was reduced and this won us a breathing space in which to reach the scene before the section and the floating bridge collided. The danger was averted.

But by the time Comrade Shih Chang-chieh was pulled from the water his face was a pasty white and his lips were dark, his eyes closed. In broken gasps he said:

“I ... I ... didn't finish my task.”

And just like that the young Red Army fighter took leave of us.

The death of Comrade Shih Chang-chieh sharpened the comrades' anger towards the enemy beyond the boiling point. They determined to turn sorrow into strength, and the work stepped up its tempo.

After 36 hours of intense labour, the floating bridge spanned the Wuchiang, and the river was no longer a barrier in our way but had opened up the road ahead for us.

Then, when we saw our troops, four abreast, march in cadence over the bridge, our fatigue and hunger from two days and one night of work without so much as stopping for a sit-down meal vanished completely, and as we stood on the bridge-head, a feeling of victory suffused each and every one of us.

204.137 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: The Tsunyi Meeting Points The Way Forward \fn{by Chang Nan-sheng (before 1934-)} China (M) 5

Right after the conclusion of the Tsunyi Meeting, \fn{In January 1935, the Red Army captured Tsunyi in Kweichow Province, where the Party Central Committee called an enlarged meeting of its Political Bureau. This meeting concentrated its efforts on rectifying the military and organizational errors that were a decisive factor at the time. It victoriously brought an end to the domination of the “Left” opportunist line in the Party Central Committee and established a new Central Committee leadership headed by Chairman Mao } Comrade Teng Fa, director of the State Security Bureau, came to visit our Security Regiment. He inquired about the conditions of the regiment and told Yao Che and me that the Party had decided to transfer the three battalions of our regiment into the First and Third army groups.

He also informed us that the Party Central Committee had decided to lead the First Front Army northward to resist the Japanese aggressors. After explaining in detail how this decision would save the Chinese revolution, he said,

“Judging from the events of the two months following our evacuation from the central base area, it is necessary for us to be both mobile and flexible before we can attain this strategic objective. The reorganization will enable us to trim and simplify our organization, strengthen our combat troops and so help us to wipe out the enemy when the situation is in our favour. Even under adverse circumstances, we shall be able to march quicker and evade the enemy more easily. In this way we will preserve our strength and frustrate the enemy' encirclement, pursuit or interception. ...”

Comrade Teng Fa's words were what we were waiting for. As we listened to him, everything became clear and our spirits rose. What he said brought back memories of previous battles. When we were in the central base area, the people there volunteered to send intelligence reports and carry stretchers every time there was a battle. They also took up spears and broadswords and joined us in the fight against the enemy. When the battle was over, they came to call on us, bringing pigs and chickens. At that time, the Party and the Workers' and Peasants' Democratic Government had only to voice a need for the people to respond.

But after leaving the central base area we felt like lost children. In battle we no longer saw any aid and support from organized masses, and it was very difficult to find proper shelter and treatment for our wounded. There was no reliable replenishment of food, ammunition and other supplies. In the two months of our nearly 2,500-kilometre march across the four provinces of Kiangsi, Hunan, Kwangsi and Kweichow, we had no chance at all to rest because the enemy was blocking our advance and closely pursuing us.

This situation made us understand more deeply Chairman Mao's concept of establishing base areas in the countryside where the enemy rule was weak. It made us think more of the central base area, which had been built under the leadership of Chairman Mao amid tremendous difficulties, and our longing to create new base areas grew. In these months everyone was asking us: Where are we going now? What are we going to do? Where shall we set up new base areas? In fact these questions were constantly tossing about in our own minds as well. Every day during the march, we had to repeat to our men over and over again until our lips were cracked:

“As long as we follow the Party, there's always a bright future before us.”

Now with a clear understanding of our direction and tasks, we felt reassured and knew where we stood. We were filled with confidence and our spirits were sky high.

*

The reorganization was indeed a wise decision, for the Central Column was really unfit for combat. When on the march, it spread out for several kilometres. This was especially true of our regiment's First Battalion, whose

task it was to protect the Second Detachment of the Central Column. This detachment was composed largely of peasants who were transporting heavy gun-making machines, printing presses and miscellaneous materials from the central base area. Some of the machine mountings took at least 10 strapping young men to carry them, and when crossing a river or climbing a hill or steep, winding mountain path we spent more than an hour to cover a quarter of a kilometre, while all around was the constant din of enemy gunfire and bombing.

The fighters were frustrated to the point of itching to join the combat troops and tangle with the enemy. We had won great victories in our first, second, third and fourth counter-campaigns against the enemy's "encirclement and suppression" in the central base area, for then our troops were very flexible in movement and could shift about freely as we wished, advancing or retreating in big strides. But now, heavily burdened, we had to march and run enemy blockades continually: The covering troops of our main force had already paid a staggering price. When we thought of all this, we saw the correctness and wisdom of the Party Central Committee's decision, and we supported it with all our heart.

A meeting was held the next day, where Comrade Teng Fa explained the proposed changes to the officers of the regiment above company rank. Soon after that, all our regiment's companies were reorganized into the First and Third army groups, except one under Comrade Wu Lieh which became part of the Central Guards.

A few days later, I was transferred to the 37th Regiment of the Fifth Army Group. I took leave of the commanders of the Central Column and set out to join my new regiment. On my way I saw the trees on the hillsides bursting into new leaf; and on the terraced slopes the rape was coming into flower. I felt as happy as a lark.

*

Like the season of spring, the Tsunyi Meeting brought new hope and inspiration to the whole army. It gave the Fifth Army Group a new lease of life. During the reorganization, the army group abolished its divisional unit, simplified its organization and sent officers to work at ground level. The fighting force was greatly strengthened, and the political work and the work of the Party committees improved.

A small propaganda team was organized by the regimental political department. It often led the singing and organized other entertainments to cheer the soldiers on their long trek. When the troops pitched camp it got down to the job of writing slogans. All these activities put a new face on the whole army.

Soon after I was transferred to the 37th Regiment, it was assigned the task of acting as rearguard. When we reached a place a dozen kilometres to the east of the Kuantu River, Chang Chi-chun, director of the army group propaganda department, came to our regiment. He brought a transmitter set with him.

Meanwhile, our army had gone west to Weihsin in northeastern Yunnan. The enemy troops had started to dig in south of the Yangtze River and the situation was unfavourable to us. Chairman Mao took a wise and resolute decision to evade the enemy by a rapid return to Tungtzu. Chang Chi-chun relayed the Military Commission's order to halt our advance and prepare for action.

We were somewhat surprised because we had seen no trace of the enemy for two days, but we realized the significance of Chang Chi-chun's arrival with the transmitter. The regimental officers were called together, and Chang addressed us saying,

"Your Thirty-seventh Regiment is noted for capability in defensive battles. You are going to fight in co-ordination with the main force to recapture Tungtzu and Loushankuan Pass and return to Tsunyi. Your task is arduous; the Military Commission asks you to adopt mobile defensive tactics and tie down the enemy for three days or more. From now on you are under the direct command of the Military Commission ..."

Our army had grown out of nothing and expanded from a small, weak force into a large, strong force, and in the course of its development a whole set of strategy and tactics correctly guiding the revolutionary war had been evolved.

These are Chairman Mao's military concepts. Shortly after the birth of the Red Army, Chairman Mao had laid down principles to be observed in the guerrilla warfare against an enemy superior in numbers and strength. They consist of the following points:

"Divide our forces to arouse the masses, concentrate our forces to deal with the enemy."

"The enemy advances, we retreat; the enemy camps, we harass; the enemy tires, we attack; the enemy retreats, we pursue."

"To extend stable base areas, employ the policy of advancing in waves; when pursued by a powerful enemy, employ the policy of circling around."

These principles were further developed in the struggle against the enemy's first, second and third campaigns of "encirclement and suppression." At that time, instead of engaging the enemy on a fixed front line, our army

fought where conditions were favourable and was able to secure a victory over forces superior in numbers and strength. The struggle against the fifth campaign of “encirclement and suppression” failed because the “Left” opportunists rejected Chairman Mao’s leadership, though his principles for successful military operations had been firmly implanted in the minds of our men.

In the last few days our troops had been able by a series of brilliant manoeuvres to evade the enemy. Now we heard that our main force was to fight a big battle in the area around Loushankuan Pass and Tsunyi. The change in tactics was an indication that Chairman Mao was again in command, and we were all tremendously excited. Regimental Commander Li Ping-jen, who knew the weak points of the Kuomintang army well, whispered to me, “I’d say we’re going to fight a splendid battle!”

After a discussion, we decided to go back to Kuantuho Village. The terrain there was very favourable to us, the village being flanked by tall mountains and fronted by a small river. The enemy would have to pass through the village in pursuing us. We planned to engage him for a day and then, as instructed by the Military Commission, induce him to move to Liangtsun and Wenshui in northern Kweichow Province.

As we marched along we began to mobilize the soldiers for action. They were elated at the prospect of the imminent battle which was to be fought according to well-learned tactics. Pointing to the mountains, one soldier said,

“The mountains are tall and their slopes steep. We can certainly stop the enemy for a day.” Another said,

“I don’t mind fighting defensive battles, so long as the enemy dares to come. We can stick it out for as long as our leaders say.”

*

We began to dig in the moment we reached Kuantuho. And the main force of the Szechuan warlord Liu Hsiang, his well-equipped Instruction Division, also rushed towards the village early the next morning. The enemy immediately launched a ferocious attack on us from five different directions, but our officers and men at the outposts fought calmly and collectedly, beating back one attack after another and inflicting heavy losses on the enemy troops. The first day, the enemy suffered more than 100 casualties to advance only one or two kilometres, while we had very few losses.

In the evening, two sections of enemy soldiers started climbing the tall mountains on the flanks of the battlefield, obviously intending to get to the rear of our regiment. Under cover of night, we retreated to a place some six kilometres back and began to dig in again. The defensive works completed and supper over, sentries were posted and the troops slept in preparation for another battle next day.

We continued to hold out the third day. We lost a platoon leader, but again the enemy suffered 100 casualties. Captured enemy soldiers told us that their force was three brigades strong, nine regiments in all, and that they had built fortifications in the Luchow-Yipin area and had planned to finish us off south of the Yangtze with the help of other warlords’ troops. They never imagined that we would turn eastward. One of the captives unwilling to reconcile himself to defeat said,

“If you’d crossed the river in the Luchow-Yipin area, we would have made short work of you.” To this we replied,

“You’re none the wiser for your captivity. China has a vast territory, and there are many roads open to us. We can go wherever we like. Do you think we’re so silly as to crash our heads against a rock?”

We continued to withdraw until we reached a fork in the road. Southeast was the small path by which our main force had marched to Tungtzu, the other path was the main road leading northeast to Sungkan via Wenshui. The Military Commission’s instructions were to confuse the enemy by feint attacks and induce him to move to Wenshui. That evening after some talk with the captives, we released them so that they might go back to their units to spread false information about our movements, and beguile the enemy into our trap.

*

At daybreak on the fifth day the enemy again advanced, as we had expected. At dusk, after a day’s hot fighting, we sent out a small detachment to attack Liangtsun.

This big village about 1.5 kilometres in length was full of enemy soldiers. At midnight the detachment groped its way into the village and tossed hand-grenades at both ends of the street. Roused from sleep, the enemy at opposite ends started firing at each other and our men were able to pull out. The rattle of machine-guns, the bursts of rifles and the explosions of hand-grenades could be heard throughout the night. Only at dawn did the enemy troops find that they had been fighting each other. We had a good laugh when our night-raiders gave us a vivid account of the confusion they had created.

The enemy was enraged by our night raid, and on the sixth day started a frantic attack upon our positions. We fought back stubbornly. The enemy soldiers suddenly discovered that the army they had been battling against for six days was no more than one regiment—our 37th. Realizing that they had been fooled, they hurriedly withdrew, hoping to continue their pursuit of our main force. It was too late, however, because our main force had already put several enemy divisions out of action in the Loushankuan-Tsunyi area to the south.

Our task of interception fulfilled, we rejoined the main force of our army group near Loushankuan. There we received a telegram of commendation from the Military Commission for successful fulfilment of our job with very few casualties in our ranks. Comrade Li Ping-jen said excitedly,

“We owe all this to Chairman Mao’s military thinking. Without Chairman Mao’s wise leadership, without the flexible strategy and tactics and without reorganization, we could not have won the victory.”

*

The brilliant victory won by our army in the Loushankuan-Tsunyi area struck terror into the hearts of the enemy soldiers. Not daring lightly to engage us in battle, they started to build fortifications and raise blockades along the Yunnan-Kweichow-Szechuan border. We took them unawares by re-crossing the Wuchiang River for the purpose of keeping them off our track and marching northward into Szechuan Province by a route more favourable to the Red Army’s main force.

Our 37th Regiment continued to act as the rearguard while our main force bypassed Kweiyang to reach southern Kweichow Province, where it turned west for Kunming, the capital city of Yunnan. Throughout the trek, a happy atmosphere prevailed in the regiment. Ever since our army left the central base area in Kiangsi Province, the 37th had acted as rearguard, but the men had never been so happy. We used to march at night and fight during the day, the enemy pursuing us closely so that we had no time either to eat or sleep. The marching at night was also in fits and starts, and sometimes we advanced only five kilometres a day. At daybreak the enemy, well rested and fed, dogged our footsteps, and we fought them on both sides of us and in the rear. We were really on the defensive. But now, although we were the rearguard, the enemy’s main force kept far out of our path and we were able to march 45 kilometres a night.

As soon as it was light and we had reached a new camping site, we immediately set about explaining to the masses the policies of our Party, what the Red Army was fighting for, and investigated the crimes of the local bullies and bad gentry. We also called mass meetings, mobilizing the working people to portion out these scoundrels’ grain. Our last victories inspired courage and confidence in the minds of all the officers and men. Even the sick and wounded refused offers of help and kept on marching and carrying their own outfits. One day I saw a sick soldier lagging behind the marching column. When I asked him whether he could manage to keep up, he said with a smile,

“If this had happened several months ago, I would have broken down. At that time, I simply could not make head or tail of the situation. But not now. As long as we follow the Party, things will never go wrong. My illness is not important; I can hold out till we reach our new base area.”

In late April we arrived at the Yunnan-Kweichow border. We knew that Yunnan was weakly defended, so we made a forced march on Kunming and then veered to the north by crossing the Chinsha River at the Chiaoping Ferry. Our Fifth Army Group, acting on the Military Commission’s order to provide cover for the army to cross safely, set up a defence line at Shihpanho to resist and pin down the enemy:

Shihpanho is backed by a huge mountain, beyond which is the turbulent Chinsha River. One must climb 30 kilometres along a winding path to reach its summit from the Shihpanho side. Having inspected the lay of the land, Army Group Commander Tung Chen-tang said in high spirits,

“It’s possible the enemy may send his main force to attack us, but that’s nothing to worry about. We’ll resist stage by stage, and this mountain will be an enormous help.” Then he instructed us:

“You must fulfil your task without fail. At the same time take care of the men. Do everything in your power to prevent casualties in our ranks. Disperse your forces and occupy the heights in front of the mountain as well as all the other commanding points. Turn every bit of vantage-ground to good use. Miss no opportunity to make night raids upon the foe.”

Three days after our arrival at Shihpanho, Chiang Kai-shek’s personal crack troops under the command of Wu Chi-wei were rushed in. Our First and Third army groups had wiped out two divisions of Wu’s troops at Tsunyi, so this time Wu was more cautious. He began his attack with a heavy bombardment, showering volleys of shells upon the heights we were defending. Looking down from our command post we could see enemy troops fanning out in open formation under cover of gunfire. The shelling stopped and they neared our outposts.

Suddenly bunches of hand-grenades pierced the screen of smoke and exploded in their ranks, scattering them like chaff before the wind. The enemy made two more attacks, enveloping our forward positions in fire and smoke. Meanwhile, a messenger from the forefront reported that because our troops were scattered on the hilltops, each height being defended by 10 to 20 men, the indiscriminate enemy shelling had only wounded a few of us. Surely we could keep on fighting until the enemy was annihilated. This news convinced us that our superior commanders had been really brilliant in directing our movements.

The enemy assaults continued. We inflicted repeated heavy casualties on him, won respites for our forces to cross the Chinsha River, and then retreated according to schedule. Because of our well-planned and stubborn interception the enemy could advance only 3.5 to 4 kilometres a day. On the fifth day two enemy columns converged at the foot of the mountain and the situation became grave.

Just as we had retreated to our last defence line, Comrade Li Fu-chun came to our army group, sent by the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao. He told us that several tens of thousands of Red Army soldiers, using just a few small boats, were ferrying day and night across the Chinsha River under the personal command of Chairman Mao, and that two-thirds of them had already crossed. If we could hold out for three more days, the encirclement, pursuit and interception of hundreds of thousands of Chiang Kai-shek's troops would end in failure. In conclusion he said,

“Chairman Mao asks me to tell you that the Central Committee trusts your Fifth Army Group's ability to fulfil this gigantic and arduous task.”

Instantly, the Party committees and the political departments sent out cadres to pass Chairman Mao's instructions on to the rank and file. The news of Chairman Mao's message boosted the morale of the soldiers. They voiced their common determination:

“So long as we breathe, we will never yield our positions to the enemy. We guarantee to fulfil our task! Please tell the Central Committee and Chairman Mao that we will fight to the last man to ensure the safe crossing of the main force. We can hold out for ten more days if necessary, never mind three!”

The instructions and solicitude of the Central Committee and Chairman Mao put the officers and men on their mettle, inspiring them with great courage in action. The regimental commanders, political commissars and other cadres all went to the forefront to fight alongside their men. The terrain was extremely favourable to us. One single platoon or company of our troops guarding a height could keep a whole enemy regiment at bay.

The hill where I fought had a steep slope from which a zigzag path ran upwards. Whenever the enemy started bombardment we would go to rest on the other side of the hill, and some of the soldiers would amuse themselves by counting the number of enemy shells which had exploded wide of their target. As soon as the shelling ceased, we rushed up the hill and greeted the oncoming enemy with hand-grenades and rocks. The grenades burst in their midst and huge rocks rained upon their heads, sending them tumbling downhill in panic.

We fought bravely against an enemy far outnumbering our own forces. Nine days passed, and we still held our position. Then we received an order from the Central Committee urging us to move our defence line to the north bank of the river. Since we had sent all of our wounded to the rear during the battle, we marched 25 kilometres non-stop to the riverside the moment we received the order. We crossed the Chinsha River under cover of night and burned the few small boats which had ferried the tens of thousands of our Red Army soldiers across. The next day the enemy troops rushed to the riverside, but they were too late to catch up with us. The ferocious attempt of Chiang Kai-shek's hundreds of thousands of troops to annihilate us had ended in failure.

Three days later we joined forces with our First and Third army groups in the area around Huili, where we stopped for a period of rest and consolidation. Huang Chen and several other comrades together wrote a short play, *A Broken Straw Sandal*, which was later staged by the theatrical troupe of our army group at an evening get-together. The gist of the play was how the Red Army under the correct leadership of Chairman Mao defied every sort of hardship and peril in frustrating the enemy's encirclement, pursuit and interception. It ridiculed the hundreds of thousands of Kuomintang troops under Chiang Kai-shek which, for all their trouble in following the Red Army for hundreds of kilometres in hot pursuit, had gained nothing but a worn-out straw sandal discarded by a Red Army soldier on the south bank of the Chinsha River.

The spring of 1935 was a season of victory. It wrote a glorious page in the history of the Chinese revolution. From that time onward, the decisions of the Tsunyi Meeting served as a beacon by which we blazed our trail of advance and passed from victory to victory under the leadership of the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

After the Tsunyi Meeting, the First Front Army of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army led by Chairman Mao routed the enemy forces in the vicinity of Loushankuan Pass and Tsunyi, crossed the Wuchiang and Peipan rivers in the south, and swept on towards Yunnan. During the march our Red Cadres' Regiment had the task of protecting the Central Committee organizations and our leading comrades.

There were two infantry battalions and one special service battalion in our regiment, in addition to a Senior Cadres' Group. The members of the regiment, except those of the Senior Cadres' Group, were all company or platoon officers selected from different units—vigorous young men who had seen plenty of action.

April in Yunnan was already hot. Our thin uniforms were constantly drenched with sweat. In the misty fields the paddy waved in the breeze as if to welcome us. The hills on both sides were overgrown with trees, and bees were buzzing to and fro among their flowers and luxuriant leaves. The spring air was intoxicating. Although we had more than 100,000 enemy troops in hot pursuit behind us at that time, we all felt sure that Chairman Mao would lead us to shake them off and win fresh victories. So our morale was high as we marched along enjoying the spring scenery.

One evening our regiment encamped in a village. In the middle of the night I got up to inspect the sentries. When I reached the compound where our Central Committee leaders were staying, I noticed that there was still a light inside. Which of our leaders was up so late? I was going to ask the sentry when someone came out. When he came close I saw it was Comrade Chou En-lai. I stood at attention and asked:

“Not in bed yet, Vice-Chairman?”

“Not yet,” he answered. “Finished your inspection? Then come on in for a bit.”

This compound had belonged to a landlord and the house was fairly well built. In the room where Vice-Chairman Chou was staying there were several old-fashioned chairs and a large square table. On the table was a dim oil-lamp, beside it some simple writing material as well as a paper package. On the wall hung a big map; so it seemed that he had been studying the route for our march. Under the dim lamplight, the vice-chairman's face looked thin and wan; his eyes, too, had lost some of their sparkle. He was wearing himself out. After we had sat down he asked me:

“How many men has your Fifth Company now?”

“We had some casualties in the battles at Tsunyi and Tucheng,” I told him. “Our present strength is just over one hundred and twenty.”

Then he asked me how our company had made out during the march and the state of our morale and equipment, and I answered all these questions. He thought over my replies, then said with a smile:

“Your Fifth Company fought well at Tsunyi and Tucheng. You must keep up your good reputation.”

He opened the package on the table and offered me some biscuits. I knew that was the supper prepared for him by the guards. As biscuits were very hard to come by at that time, I hastily declined.

“I had a big supper,” I told him. “I'm still full.”

He pushed the package towards me, insisting that I try some, so I had to take a small piece. As I ate the biscuit I waited for more questions, but the vice-chairman kept silent as if lost in thought. Finally he said,

“All right. It's late now. Go and turn in.”

As I left Vice-Chairman Chou's room I was wondering: Why did he ask me such detailed questions about our company? Did he just ask them casually or is he choosing a unit for some important task? I was sorry that I hadn't got this point clear.

*

The next morning, we spent our time doing some odd jobs and preparing rations. Some husked rice, others mended or washed clothes, yet others polished their rifles and sharpened their bayonets. A few of us sat under the eaves to plait straw sandals, chatting as we worked.

“The enemy's chasing us hard, yet we've halted here,” remarked one man. “Isn't that odd?”

“What's odd about it?” someone retorted. “We must be waiting for them to catch up so as to give them a beating; or maybe there's some big job ahead and we need to make preparations.”

“What big job?” cut in a third man. “An assault on Kunming? A forced crossing of the Chinsha River?” As no one could answer this question all eyes turned towards me.

“No orders have come down yet,” I said. “How are we to know?”

That afternoon when all our preparations were more or less complete, men kept coming to ask me why we still weren't leaving. I was feeling pretty impatient myself, and all these questions made me even more frantic. I decided to take a stroll and pick up some news.

This was a fairly big village of more than 200 households. Their thatched cottages fenced with bamboo were surrounded by green paddy fields—a most tranquil scene. The people lived a rather hard life but they were better off than those in Kweichow. There were quite a number of minority nationality people here. Because of the lies spread about us by the Kuomintang, all the young people seemed to have fled, leaving only some old folk and children in the village. Outside the gate of a primary school, in a pile of waste paper blown this way and that by the wind, I found a map of Yunnan.

I picked it up eagerly: In the past we had always relied on our higher command for directions and on local guides to lead the way; thus this map, simple as it was, was better than nothing. From the map I could see that if we were to head north we would have to cross the Chinsha River. The enemy defences there must be very strong. If we tried to force a crossing, we had to expect some hard fighting.

On the way back I passed the central organizations' headquarters and saw people hurrying in and out of the gate as if there was some meeting going on. Although I knew some of them, I did not feel it was the right time to ask questions. Apparently at this stage of our march a new and major problem had arisen.

*

On the third morning we heard that the enemy was closing in on us. Still no order came to move on. We all felt on tenterhooks. At noon, I suddenly saw the messenger from regimental headquarters approaching our company. I went to meet him.

"Has the regimental commander sent for us?" I asked.

"How did you guess?" rejoined the messenger.

I realized then that my guess had been correct and joyfully grabbed hold of Political Instructor Li. Together we hurried to regimental headquarters.

It was packed with people. Apart from our regimental commander Chen Keng and the political commissar Sung Jen-chiung, there were some other responsible comrades from our central organizations, some of whom I knew and others whom I didn't. The room was wreathed with tobacco smoke, and the meeting was still in progress. When Li and I went in, our regimental commander gave us our orders:

"The Central Committee has decided that our army drive north to cross the Chinsha River, and has given our regiment the task of capturing the Chiaoping Ferry. Our regiment has decided to send the Second Battalion as vanguard detachment and your Fifth Company as the spearhead. Your job is to capture the ferry as fast as possible, no matter what the cost, and to cover the main force's crossing. You are to set out as soon as you are ready!" Indicating a man near him in a dark uniform, he added:

"The Central Committee is sending a work team with you to help carry out this task. Comrade Li here is head of the work team. He's to be in overall charge."

Elated, I gripped Comrade Li's hand. After a brief consultation as to when to start, I went back to our company.

After the men had been briefed and were lightly equipped, we had a hearty meal, then set out along a small track leading to the river. The deputy battalion commander Huo Hai-yuan and I marched behind the vanguard platoon, while the political instructor and the work team brought up the rear. The two victories at Tsunyi and Tucheng had put our troops on their mettle. They had had two days in which to recover from fatigue, and they were jubilant too at having been chosen as the advance unit in this action. Though our way through the mountains was tortuous, in some places trackless, and the sun made us pour with sweat, not one of our men lagged behind or said a word of complaint. We marched all night at a speed of over five kilometres an hour.

*

At daybreak we rested for 10 minutes to gulp down some cold water and a few mouthfuls of cold rations, then covered another 40 kilometres in one stretch.

We had now crossed a high mountain and were only some 30 kilometres from the Chinsha River: We decided to take a rest. This respite gave Comrade Li of the work team and me a chance to discuss the problem of capturing the ferry. We decided that as soon as we reached the bank we would wipe out the defenders there, then seize some boats and force a crossing. After we had routed or wiped out the enemy on the opposite bank we would dig ourselves in to await the detachment behind us.

By the time we drew near the riverbank the sun had set. Some distance ahead of us we could see the dark silhouette of a range of hills, but could not make out which were rocks and which were trees. The Chinsha lay like

a length of gray cloth, but the river itself was indistinguishable from the sandy shore. Between the hills and the river were flickering lights, as if the enemy's eyes were watching us. I passed the order to the men behind:

"The Chinsha River's just ahead. Get ready for action!"

Just at this point, the vanguard platoon leader ran over through the darkness to report what had happened at the ferry. Since our entry into Yunnan, the enemy had guessed that we would most likely try to cross the Chinsha River. They had therefore deployed troops on the north shore to guard all the ferries large and small for a stretch of several hundred kilometres, while at the same time all the boats had been removed to their side to stop communication between the two banks. The enemy on the north shore at the Chiaoping Ferry often sent plainclothes men across the river to reconnoitre. Today they had sent some spies over too, but these men must have gone off to smoke a few pipes of opium or to squeeze the local people, for the boats that had brought them were still waiting at the ferry. When our scouts went down to the bank, the boatmen assumed they were the men whom they had ferried across.

"Going back?" they asked casually.

"Yes," said our men. They then darted forward to point their pistols at the boatmen's chests, and in this way we had captured the boats.

Having heard this report, I raced to the bank. First we reassured the boatmen who were trembling with fright, then found out from them the situation on the north shore. There was a small town there, where originally a landlords' force of 30 to 40 men had guarded the local tax-collecting office; but this morning one company of regular troops had arrived as reinforcements and was now stationed on the right side of the town: In the centre of the town, on the river front, was a wharf with stone steps where one of the landlords' men usually stood guard. Recently because of the tense situation they had posted an extra sentry. Though the enemy suspected we would try to cross the river, as this was not a large ferry and they had no idea we could arrive so fast, the place was not too well guarded.

The deputy battalion commander and I briefly discussed the situation and decided to cross the river at once. Meanwhile the political instructor spoke to the boatmen, urging them to help us, and because they had suffered so much under the Kuomintang they readily agreed. I then ordered the First and Second platoons to cross first with me, while the deputy battalion commander, the political instructor and the work team remained behind on the south bank. The Third Platoon would be on the alert, ready to support us with fire if necessary.

The Third Platoon accordingly fanned out to right and left along the shore, training their guns on the flickering lights in the town on the other side. Silently I led the First and Second platoons to board the two boats, whispering instructions on what they must do after going ashore and in case of emergency. Then, one after the other, the two boats cast off.

There was a breeze and the river was eddying. Waves slapped into our boats and set them rocking. A few of our men helped the boatmen with the oars, while the others stayed close together, hugging their rifles to prevent their being splashed by the waves.

As we got closer to the town we could see the dark outlines of the buildings more clearly. As the boats drew nearer still, the lights in the windows grew brighter, enabling us to see the shadowy figures inside—we could hear voices too. A few more minutes and the fight would be on! Tensely I tightened my grip on the gun in my hand, my eyes intent on the town.

Our boat reached the wharf. I nudged the two men near me, who, guns at the ready, jumped ashore and bounded up the stone steps. As they reached the top, we heard the hoarse voice of a man with a local accent:

"Hey, why are you back so late?" Our two comrades made no answer.

"Don't move!" rasped a low voice.

I led my men up at a run and we overpowered the two sentries. A brief interrogation of these two captives confirmed what we had learned from the boatmen. So I ordered the First Platoon to head right along the street to attack the enemy regulars, and the Second Platoon to go left to attack the landlords' contingent. They were to keep me informed on the developments of the battle.

The boats rowed back then to fetch the men behind us. According to plan, our signalman collected some straw and set it ablaze on the bank—the signal that our company had crossed. The leaping flames dyed the shimmering water crimson.

As soon as we made this signal, a few shots were fired in the street, then silence fell. As we were wondering why the firing had stopped, messengers from both platoons ran back to report:

This was what had happened: when the First Platoon reached the gate of the enemy company headquarters, the sentry challenged them, and one of the captives following our orders answered:

“We’re from the local unit.”

Before the Kuomintang soldier could ask further questions, our men leaped forward and caught him by the throat. Having ascertained the situation inside from him, they charged into the courtyard, kicked open the door and shouted:

“Hand over your guns and you’ll be spared!”

They found the room full of opium fumes, and the enemy troops sprawling on the ground smoking the drug. The Kuomintang soldiers looked up in bewilderment at this stern command and slowly raised their hands.

“Hey, don’t make a mistake,” they protested in puzzled voices. “We’ve just arrived today.”

“There’s no mistake,” our men answered. “We’re the Red Army and we’ve come to get you.”

The Kuomintang soldiers exchanged helpless glances then got up and shambled out into the courtyard, where we lined them up at the point of our bayonets. Only their company commander and some other officers, who had been in a separate room, fired a few shots at random and fled. Since it was dark and we were not familiar with the terrain, we did not pursue them.

Something of the same sort had happened with the Second Platoon. They went to the headquarters of the landlords’ contingent pretending they had come to pay their taxes. The landlords’ men were also smoking opium or playing *mahjong*, so all of them were caught including their chief.

Fine! Everything was going well. Elatedly I ordered the signalman to build another bonfire on the bank to give the second signal.

*

The capture of the ferry had taken a great weight off our minds. As I stepped onto the stone-paved street of the town and saw the dark silhouettes of houses, I suddenly felt parched, my legs ached, and my stomach rumbled with hunger. If only we could find a place to have a good square meal and then a sound sleep! I was thinking of discussing our next step with the political instructor when the deputy battalion commander came up.

“To consolidate our position at the ferry and extend our defence sector,” he said, “the regimental commander orders you to advance another seven and a half kilometres through the mountains towards Huili. There you can guard against enemy attack.”

Our men quickly assembled in the street. All declared themselves able to go on, but we were so famished that we felt exhausted. This was not surprising as we had marched more than 100 kilometres at a stretch and had nothing to eat but cold rations. There was no time now to do any cooking and no eating-house in sight; we just had to stick it out. As we trudged along, however, I noticed a trade sign hanging in front of a door and straining my eyes saw that it was a confectionery.

I opened the door and went in. All was dark inside. And when I called for the shop-keeper no one answered. Most likely he had been frightened away by the gunfire. I lit an oil-lamp and found quite a few stacks of local pastries on the shelves. I thought:

“As there’s no one about, I’ll have to serve myself.”

I gathered together all the confectionery, about 15 kilogrammes of it. There were more than 100 of us in the company so each man got only a few ounces of the food. Some popped their shares into their mouths and finished them off in a twinkling.

“Aiya! Far too little. Didn’t even leave a taste behind as it went down,” one of them complained.

“Don’t grumble. You got that only because we’re the spearhead company,” another remonstrated.

After we had finished eating, our quartermaster worked out the cost, wrapped up some silver dollars, wrote a note on a slip of paper, and put these carefully in the drawer of the cash-desk. Then we blew out the lamp, closed the door, and continued on our way.

Once out of the town, we started up a mountain path on the left leading to a gully. Having advanced along this for eight kilometres we came to a patch of fairly level ground and decided to bivouac there. Each squad detailed a few men to gather firewood, fetch and boil water, and do the cooking. The others, hugging their rifles, fell sound asleep.

How long I slept I don’t know, but I was awakened by a hand shaking me. I opened my eyes and found it was the deputy battalion commander.

“Company Commander Hsiao, hurry up!” he said. “We’re to continue the advance.” That made me sit up with a start and ask,

“Is there some enemy movement?” He pointed at a high peak in the distance and said,

“Twenty kilometres along this path will bring you to that peak. If the enemy occupies that height, they’ll be in a position to make things hot for us. So the regimental commander has ordered us to occupy that height before dawn, to extend our position and strengthen our hold on the ferry.”

“Our regiment and the leading comrades of the central organizations can cross within one day, can’t they?” I asked in surprise. “Why need we strengthen our hold on the ferry?” He smiled at that and said,

“It’s not so simple. Our whole main force is to cross there.”

“What!” I exclaimed. “The whole First and Third army groups?” He nodded.

“That’s right. That’s the plan now.”

Now everything was clear. Why had our leading comrades called that hasty meeting before we set out? Why had Vice-Chairman Chou spent a sleepless night and asked all those questions about our company? He was considering not only the crossing of our Central Column but the movements of the whole army. The thought elated me, but also brought home to me our heavy responsibility as vanguard company for the whole army. I immediately notified all the platoon leaders, telling them to get their men to have a quick meal and then prepare to set off.

Our men were roused from their sleep. Hearing that they were to set out at once, some of them seemed a bit cross. Our political instructor then explained the significance of our task and why we had to capture the height to consolidate our position. They were immediately all enthusiasm.

“Slog on another twenty kilometres and bivouac on the height!” somebody boomed.

“Capture the peak to cover our whole army’s crossing!”

“Fight our way up to the summit to guarantee victory!”

Then they went off to hurry up the preparation of the meal so that they could eat and go. Nobody wanted to delay their departure.

*

At dawn, though nearly on our last legs, we made it to the summit. From there we overlooked a whole range of hills and the path to Huili twisting and turning between them. We decided to occupy two hills on either side of the path, to control the way from Huili to the ferry.

So we marched on towards these hills and when we were nearly there the squad in front reported an approaching enemy unit. After a skirmish another 20 minutes passed. Then we saw a large enemy force on its way up.

This showed the brilliance of our higher command. Had we spent the night below in the gully, we’d have had to pay a heavy price today to capture this position.

As the enemy were uncertain of our strength they dared not attack. We held our fire too, both sides confronting each other without any action. Between three and four that afternoon we sighted our Fourth Company and the heavy machine-gun company of the special service battalion; As they drew near we saw, walking in front, our regimental commander Chen Keng and the political commissar Sung Jen-chiung. They seemed very pleased with us.

“Good show!” they cried. While they inspected our positions I reported to them the enemy situation.

A few minutes later the regimental commander summoned us and the cadres of the Fourth Company and heavy machine-gun company to assign us tasks. Our company was to launch an attack from the hill on the right, to engage the enemy on that side of the path while the Fourth Company attacked from the hill on the left. The four machine-guns of the heavy machine-gun company were to cover us from the two hills. After routing the enemy we must pursue them until further orders.

With our regimental chief in overall command, our heavy machine-guns opened fire. And as soon as the bugle sounded our whole company charged forward, firing as we ran. The enemy caved in quickly. In panic they fled helter-skelter. We chased them for nearly 10 kilometres. Some were killed, others flopped down on the ground pretending to be dead, yet others fell over cliffs to their death. When we reached a hill behind a village, a cavalryman brought the regimental commander’s order:

“Stop the pursuit and bivouac where you are.”

So we bivouacked on the slope behind the village. By then we were really tired out. Once we sat down we felt unable to get up. No one complained any more of hunger or thirst:

But when it was nearly dark, our men started shouting and ran down the slope. I saw that a unit was passing the foot of the hill and its vanguard was already approaching the village, but the troops in the rear had not yet appeared on the scene. Our men had heard that this was the Third Army Group and roused themselves from sleep

to get up and watch. They raised great shouts of welcome although our comrades-in-arms could not possibly hear them. Once again, all our fatigue after our forced march, combat and pursuit was forgotten.

*

The next day our Central Committee leaders and members of the general staff crossed the river and stayed in a village we had passed during our pursuit. Our whole regiment also got to the other side safely. We heard from some newcomers that the First Army Group at the Lungchieh Ferry had found it impossible to cross there because the river was too wide at that point and enemy planes could fly low to strafe them; while the Third Army Group at the Hungmen Ferry could not cross there either as the current was too swift; thus both had eventually crossed at the Chiaoping Ferry. After reaching the opposite bank the Third Army Group had marched left towards Huili.

204.147 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Red Army Men Dear To The Yi People \fn{by Aerhmuhsia (before 1934-)} China (M) 3

In March 1934, we Yis and the poor Han people in Yuehsui County, unable to stand the cruel rule and exploitation of the reactionary Kuomintang government and army, rose simultaneously in the three districts of Haitang, Wangchiatang and Paoan. Four thousand strong, we wiped out three companies of Kuomintang troops and for three days surrounded the county town. Soon after we had broken into the town, however, the enemy sent up reinforcements from Hsichang. We suffered a setback and had to retreat to the forest on a mountain in the eastern part of the county, where we lived the hard life of hunters for a year.

By May 1935, it was rumoured that the Red Army was coming. Some said the Red Army would have it out with the Kuomintang and the landlords and help the poor; but others described the Red Army as man-killers and arsonists. Were there actually troops who fought the Kuomintang on behalf of the poor? We had no way of knowing. Finally we decided to send three men to investigate.

When the men returned they reported that the Kuomintang troops had withdrawn from the town, the rich families had moved away and it was true that the Red Army was coming: Local Kuomintang officials were endeavouring to coerce the people into moving, saying that the Red Army and Communists would “communize everything” and forbidding them to ask questions about the Red Army. Not knowing the facts, some people had moved away too.

After all, what did we know about the Red Army? We could only make guesses. One thing we did know, and that was that the Red Army fought the Kuomintang. If not, why should those brutes and murderers fly off in such a hurry? As for “communizing property,” we who had nothing were not afraid of that. Besides, after a year in the forest we’d had enough of living like savages and preferred to help the Red Army fight the Kuomintang so as to get our own back. So we left the mountain and returned to the county town.

*

Yuehsui was a shambles. The houses of those who had opposed the Kuomintang and landlords had been destroyed. The troops had looted the town before they fled. Many a house was gutted, its door gaping. The deserted streets were strewn with the debris of tiles, planks, straw and rags. Those lucky enough to have so far escaped disaster were hiding behind their bolted doors and closed windows.

One morning, we were asking in a shop for news of the Red Army when from the distance we heard the thud of hoofs. Peeping out, we saw five horses coming. On each rode a spirited youngster in a black tunic, an octagonal visored cap studded with a red star, and straw sandals. Each had a rifle slung across his shoulder and a cartridge-belt around his waist. As soon as they saw us, they alighted.

“Friends,” they said, all smiles, walking towards us, “you’ve had a hard time.” We hesitated at first but then, seeing how friendly they were, we went over to meet them.

“Don’t be afraid, folk,” they said. “We’re Red Army men out to destroy the Kuomintang diehards for the sake of the people of all our different nationalities.”

“The Red Army!” we exclaimed, and at once surrounded the five smiling Red Army men. Hand grasping hand, we scrutinized each other, they looking at our woollen cloaks and hair knotted upon our heads and we staring at the red stars on their caps.

“We heard that you folk here, especially our Yi brothers (this was the first time we had ever been called brothers!), were cruelly oppressed by the Kuomintang diehards. Before the enemy fled they must have tried to frighten you by spreading rumours. We hope you’ll go about your business as usual. Our troops will be putting up here for a few days and we guarantee you won’t suffer any loss.” Smiling, they shook hands with us, and escorted by a crowd which had gathered at the news went on to visit different families in the town.

Gradually the shops in the streets opened. The news of the arrival of the Red Army men was passed from mouth to mouth. In the afternoon, to the accompaniment of stirring battle songs, a Red Army detachment marched into the town. People lined the streets, clapping and staring. Some of the Red fighters wore civilian clothes, but all looked fresh and vigorous, smiling and waving greetings as they marched. When they reached the entrance of the drum tower they sat down to rest and at once were surrounded by a curious crowd. Some fighters started chatting with us; others picked up children and fondled them. When the crowd that had gathered round us was many rows deep, a fighter with a Mauser hanging from his belt mounted the steps to address the gathering.

“Fellow-countrymen! We are the Chinese Workers’ and Peasants’ Red Army led by the Chinese Communist Party. We used to be poor folk like you, ground down by the reactionary officials, landlords and capitalists. When we couldn’t stand it any longer we joined the Red Army. Unless we overthrow the Kuomintang reactionaries and liberate the whole of China, nobody will live in peace and happiness.

“Now the Japanese imperialists are invading our country and the Chiang Kai-shek government refuses to resist them. To save the nation, we are going north to fight the Japanese. We welcome our brothers from all nationalities who love our motherland to join the Red Army.”

The crowd stirred. The terms “Join the Army!”, “Fight the reactionaries!”, and “Fight the Japanese imperialists!” were new to us. I felt very excited on hearing they had really come to fight the Kuomintang. I was tempted to join them, but on second thoughts I decided to wait a little longer before making up my mind.

“Look! The Red Army is opening the prison. Hurry!”

People began to run towards the county *yamen*, shouting. I raced there too. The place was already crowded to overflowing. In the hall and in the courtyard before the prison burned fires on which the fighters, their faces flushed from the blaze, were throwing bundles of Kuomintang official documents. We watched delightedly amid joyful shouts of

“Long live the Red Army!”

Hoisting a tremendous log, a team of stalwart Red Army men went up to the tall, grim iron gate of the prison. They straddled in front of it, raising their battering-ram. Then one of them shouted:

“Ready—go!”

Bang! The log battered the gate, which fell with a crash to the ground.

“Long live the Red Army! Long live the Red Army!” people shouted.

*

Tense with excitement, I pushed my way through the crowd towards the prison. It was fearfully dark inside. From the gloom came the clanking of chains and a revolting stomach-turning stench. The Red fighters strode in undeterred with torches and hammers, calling out as they entered:

“Fellow-countrymen, you’ve been through hell! We’re the Red Army, come to save you.”

I followed them in. What a heart-rending sight it was! Emaciated, with long dishevelled hair, the prisoners lay stark naked or at best with a piece of rag around their loins in puddles of mud, excrement and foul water. They were chained with heavy handcuffs and fetters.

The Red fighters carefully knocked off their chains and carried them out into the fresh air. Many of us helped and together we brought out about 200. They were all our Yi brothers. Among them were the headmen of various tribes. Some had been in prison for six or seven years and some for more than a decade. Many had been cruelly done to death in various ways.

And what were their “crimes”? Failure to carry out the Kuomintang policy of “pitting the Yis against the Yis”; refusal to kill their brothers from other tribes or to provide young girls for the Kuomintang officials according to “regulations”; or inability to pay the endless exorbitant taxes. The Kuomintang had instituted a “rotation” system to terrify the people. If the headman of a certain tribe was found “guilty” of one of the above-mentioned “offences,” he would be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and every succeeding head of the tribe and his sons and grandsons would, in rotation, serve part of the time. Actually, it was death either way—in prison, or when released, from the after-effects of torture and imprisonment. In this way, certain tribal groups had become extinct.

The harrowing sight of the survivors as well as news of those tortured to death evoked storms of weeping and wailing from their relatives who were present. The families of the dead caught hold of the Red Army men, begging them to avenge their loved ones. The Red fighters, with tears in their own eyes, assured them,

“Fellow-countrymen, we shall remember your trust and wipe out the savage Kuomintang to avenge all who have suffered at their hands.” Carried away by furious indignation I cried impulsively:

“I’ll join you to fight the Kuomintang!”

The oppressive atmosphere was rent by my sudden cry. Then many of them followed my example.

“I’ll join up too to fight the Kuomintang!” was the cry.

The Red Army fighters clapped to welcome us and said that we could register presently.

Just then, along came many soldiers carrying medicine cases, food, garments and bolts of cloth, and baskets filled with silver dollars, ingots and coppers. Full of gratitude the crowd watched while the Red Army men helped the released prisoners to put on the clothes, and gave them food. A bolt of cloth and a dozen silver ingots were also given each. Then they dressed the wounds of those who were injured.

“Dear fellow-countrymen!” the soldier with the Mauser spoke up again. He had a broad face, dark, bushy eyebrows, and a pleasant way of speaking.

“All these things were squeezed from the labouring people by reactionary Kuomintang officials and landlords; we’re distributing them to you now to help you get over your difficulties and develop production. Tomorrow we’re going to open the granary. We hope you’ll come with bags, and tell those who aren’t here today to come as well. You grew that grain yourselves, it’s only right you should have it!” Shouts of joy greeted this speech.

“Thanks to the Red Army!”

“Long live the Red Army!”

Subsequently, I discovered that the speaker was Political Instructor Liu Chih-chun. He led us to company headquarters and fetched a man of medium height.

“These three comrades will be in your squad,” he said pointing to three of us. “Take good care of them, they are Yi comrades.” To us he said,

“Don’t be afraid. It’ll be like in your home.” And pointing at the other man, he added,

“This is Comrade Ho Hsiang-jung, your squad leader.” Then he walked away with the other new volunteers.

*

Three days later, the troops set out. The whole town turned out to see us off, bringing gifts of pigs’ heads, mutton, beef and wine which they pressed us to accept. The troops declined repeatedly, saying:

“We have to fight battles on our way, so we can’t take all these things.”

But more people came with presents. Tears of gratitude in their eyes they stood on both sides of the road, mostly old men and women, holding cups of wine.

“The Red Army’s done so many good things for us during your few days here,” they said. “Yet now you won’t drink even a mouthful of wine. How can you refuse?” Finally our commander ordered us to sip a mouthful of wine each before leaving.

Now another crowd of men carrying swords, spears and sticks came and demanded to join us. We recruited only 400 vigorous youngsters and tried to persuade the others to go back. But when we started for Haitang, many of them still followed us.

Two days later, while approaching Haitang, we were informed that the people there had intercepted and surrounded the fleeing Kuomintang county head and a few leaders of the Kuomintang party branch at Yuehsui, together with two companies of the “peace-preservation corps.” They were waiting for us to go and wipe them out.

When we reached Haitang, we saw our Yi brothers everywhere, armed with whatever weapons they had, waving their cloaks in welcome. Shots were raining down thick and fast, for the enemy entrenched behind the earthen walls and fortifications were putting up a stubborn resistance. Just in time, I noticed a Kuomintang soldier aiming at our squad leader as he reloaded his rifle. I raised my gun and fired. The enemy dropped dead behind the wall. Startled by the report behind him, the squad leader looked back at me and immediately understood. Without saying a word, he smiled at me and quickly charged forward with the others.

The county head and four leaders of the Kuomintang county branch were captured. The two companies of the Kuomintang “peace-preservation corps” had fled but were driven back by the Yi people. Holding high axes, knives and forks, the brave people, charged the enemy from all directions, and the Red Army fighters who had already taken the township struck from the rear. Attacked on both sides, the two companies of enemy soldiers were soon annihilated.

*

We set out towards Tashupao next morning before sunrise. Men and women, old and young, flocked around us on the way: After we reached Tashupao, we had to cross the Tatu River. When this was made known to the local people, they wanted to cross with us. We did our best to explain that this was impossible, and after picking out a dozen of our smartest Yi brothers as guides we made the rest promise to go home after they’d seen us off. However, when we reached the river, we found that all the boats had been destroyed by the enemy.

That same night the local people brought timber and made dozens of rafts. At dawn next morning when our troops started to cross, a huge crowd of Yis gathered on the shore and with tears in their eyes watched our fighters' departure.

"Be sure to come back," they shouted. When the last of us were on the rafts, some of them cried unrestrainedly.

"Good-bye, fellow-countrymen! We'll be back!" we called as we waved to them from the rafts.

"Come ... back ... soon ..."

Their voices floated sadly across the broad river. We looked back as we marched, and shouted confidently:

"We'll surely come back soon!"

204.150 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Crossing The Great Lingshan Mountains \fn{by Hsiao Hua (before 1934-)} China (M) 2

In the spring of 1935, having successfully forced a crossing of the turbulent Chinsha River in northern Yunnan Province, the Central Red Army drove with lightning speed into Sikang Province. On its way to the north, the Red Army captured Hsichang, Yuehsui and Mienning counties. The troops of the Szechuan warlords who tried to check the advance of the Red Army were routed at the first encounter and fled pell-mell before us.

However, the Red Army was still in a critical position. The Kuomintang troops, in hot pursuit of us, had reached the Chinsha River. A second Kuomintang detachment was marching at the double towards the Tatu River in an attempt to cut our forces off. Unless the Red Army could quickly cross the Tatu, which lay ahead, it would be compelled to turn westward and enter the Szechuan-Sikang border, where conditions were even worse. It was imperative to force the Tatu in the shortest possible time.

This formidable task was assigned to several detachments. A section of the Fifth Regiment of the Second Division, and the reconnaissance company of the army group headquarters, under the command of Tso Chuan, were to march from Yuehsui to Tashupao on the Tatu River, with orders to hold down and distract the attention of the enemy force in Fulin on the opposite side of the river. An advance party under the command of Liu Po-cheng and Nieh Jung-chen and consisting of the First Regiment of the First Division and the engineer company was to take Anshunchang, a ferry on the upper reaches of the river. This would enable the main force of the Central Red Army to cross the river under cover.

I was put in charge of a work team which was to join the advance party, our task being to carry on political work among the troops as well as propaganda among the local inhabitants along the route of the march.

*

Between Mienning and the Tatu River lies the Greater Liangshan area inhabited by the Yi people, a minority nationality of southwestern China. It was a backward area, as the Yis still remained in a slave society. Frequent armed clashes took place between the various tribes arising from the slave-owners' greed for land, slaves and livestock. The cunning Han merchants used to take advantage of the honest and simple Yi people to deceive and fleece them mercilessly in business transactions. Moreover, the Kuomintang warlords launched constant "punitive" campaigns against the Yis, working terrible havoc among them.

All this contributed to the creation of mistrust and enmity towards the Han people, and a deep-seated prejudice had developed. The Yis were particularly opposed to any Han "government troops" entering their territory. It would be very difficult for them to quickly come to an understanding of the true nature of the Red Army.

Under such circumstances, it was not easy to pass through this area smoothly, but if we were to gain time we had no alternative. The only thing that could tide us over the difficulty was the Party's policy towards minority nationalities. We had to win over the Yis by persuasion and strive to pass peacefully.

The advance party investigated the Yi people's customs and habits, and conducted general education among the Red Army men on the Party's policy towards minority nationalities. We also found an interpreter, with whose help we would enter into negotiations with the Yi leaders.

*

All preparations completed, our advance party entered the Yi area on the morning of May 22. As we marched along the narrow, winding mountain path, we saw peaks towering above the clouds, valleys overgrown with lush forests and the ground covered with luxuriant wild plants and a thick layer of fallen leaves. Steep cliffs overhanging rapid torrents were often spanned by a narrow single-plank bridge, making the passage extremely difficult. The climate was changeable; now the sky would be overcast, then suddenly there would be a drizzling rain. It was malaria country.

Shortly after we entered the Yi area, we saw thousands of people on the mountain slopes. They were brandishing homemade shotguns, spears and clubs, shouting and running about in the forests, apparently attempting to stop the Red Army. We were compelled to close our ranks and continue our march cautiously in order to be prepared against a surprise attack.

When we reached Kumatzu about 15 kilometres inside the Yi area, our way was blocked by a crowd of people shouting words we could not understand. Their gestures and excited expressions, however, indicated that if we tried to force our way forward an armed clash was inevitable. At that moment, startling news came from the rear, adding tension to the situation. The engineer company, lagging about 100 metres behind the main force, had been attacked by the Yis. Our men were unarmed, and all their bridge-building and other equipment had been taken away. However, the Yis had refrained from hurting them. Eventually the engineers were compelled to withdraw from the Yi area and retreat to their starting point.

As soon as our advance party stopped, the Yi people began to close in from all directions. We asked the interpreter to explain to them that the Red Army was totally different from the Kuomintang, and that its sole purpose was to pass through the Yi area on a northward march. It would not rob or kill the Yis, nor would it stay even one night in their area. In spite of all these explanations, the Yis waved their hands and weapons and continued to protest,

“No passing!”

In the midst of this confusion, we saw a cloud of dust rising at the mouth of the narrow valley before us. A tall, middle-aged Yi on a black mule was galloping towards us at the head of a group of people. He was lightly tanned and had a linen cape thrown over his back. The noisy crowd calmed down a little as he drew nearer. I was told that the man was the fourth uncle of Hsiao Yeh Tan, chief of the local Yi tribe.

With this headman before me, I thought it advisable to discuss the problem and find a proper solution. I asked the interpreter to tell him that the commander of the Red Army wished to speak to him. The Yi readily agreed to talk. He jumped off his mule and signalled the crowd to disperse.

I explained that the Red Army fought for the oppressed, that our purpose in entering the Yi area was to go north and that we would not harass the local people. Knowing that the Yis had a high regard for brotherhood, I told him that Commander Liu Po-cheng, who was personally leading a big army in a northern expedition, was passing through, and would like to become a sworn brother of the Yi chief.

Listening to my explanation of our reasons for entering the area, the Yi looked rather doubtful. However, his doubts were dispelled as he looked around at the well-disciplined Red Army men and saw no sign of the looting and killing as often practised by the Kuomintang “government troops.” Reassured, he was all smiles on hearing that the commander of a big army desired to enter into an alliance with the Yi chief, and gave his consent.

*

There were at that time along the route of the Red Army’s advance two Yi tribes, the Kuchi and the Lohung, who were constantly at war with each other. The chief of the Kuchi tribe, Hsiao Yeh Tan, hoped by alliance with the Red Army to secure help to defeat the Lohung tribe. We, however, aimed to unite with all the people of Yi nationality and to smooth out the difficulties in the way of our advance. As a token of sincerity, we presented him with a pistol and several rifles, and in return he gave us his mount, the black mule.

Thus were the negotiations successfully completed. When I went to see Comrades Liu Po-cheng and Nieh Jung-chen, I found them still worrying about the possibility of conflicts between the Red Army and the Yis. If the advance party failed to reach an agreement with the Yis, it would be impossible for the main force of the Red Army to pass through peacefully. Everyone was endeavouring to devise a plan for this peaceful passage. They were overjoyed when I reported our successful negotiations.

Commander Liu Po-cheng immediately mounted his horse and set out to meet Hsiao Yeh Tan. Hsiao Yeh Tan and other Yi chiefs hurriedly stepped forward to greet him. When I introduced Commander Liu to them, Hsiao Yeh Tan fell to his knees in salutation. Commander Liu alighted from his horse, amiably helping Hsiao Yeh Tan to his feet again. Then he proceeded to reiterate the Red Army’s purpose in entering the Yi area and his willingness to become Hsiao Yeh Tan’s sworn brother. He also promised that after overthrowing the Kuomintang reactionaries, the Red Army would help the Yi people to free themselves from nationality oppression and to build their own happy life.

Preparations for the ceremony of concluding the alliance were very simple. Two bowls of clear water and a majestic-looking cock were secured. The cock’s beak was broken and its fresh blood sprinkled into the bowls, reddening the water.

The ceremony was to be held beside a lake in the small mountain valley. The lake water, clear as a mirror, reflected the nearby thick forests. A spring breeze rippled the water, which, beating gently against the rocks on the shore, seemed like the rhythm of a song of praise for the forthcoming memorable event.

When everything was ready, Commander Liu, Hsiao Yeh Tan and his uncle came to the shore of the lake. The three men knelt side by side on the ground before the bowls of water. The blue sky and the clear lake served as the altar, the inspiration being the sincere desire for fraternal unity between the different nationalities in China. Commander Liu held high one of the bowls while calling out his oath,

“To Heaven above and Earth below. I, Liu Po-cheng, pledge my willingness to become a sworn brother of Hsiao Yeh Tan ...”

As soon as he finished speaking he drank the blood-stained water at one gulp. Hsiao Yeh Tan and his uncle took the other bowl and drained it in like manner. The ceremony ended.

The afterglow of the setting sun turned the lake water crimson. There was an atmosphere of friendliness and unity, and in spite of the chilly evening breeze from the Greater Liangshan Mountains, everyone felt a warm glow.

It was already late, impossible for the Red Army to march through the Yi area before nightfall. The command of the advance party decided to withdraw 15 kilometres from the Yi area and put up for the night at Tachiao in the Han people’s area. Hsiao Yeh Tan and his uncle were welcomed as honoured guests to the camp site of the Red Army. Knowing that the Yis were great drinkers, we bought up all the wine in the nearby village, but even after draining the last jar the guests were only slightly tipsy.

*

Early the next morning Hsiao Yeh Tan returned home, leaving his uncle behind to act as our guide. The news about the conclusion of the alliance was already widespread. The Yi people believed in the sincerity of the Red Army and were no longer afraid. Instead of being suspicious and blocking our way as they had done the day before, they now flanked the mountain path, watching the long columns of the Red Army march away to the north. Strictly disciplined as always, the Red Army advanced at a quick pace and with a light heart, carefully avoiding the slightest offence against the local people. After a forced march of nearly 50 kilometres, the Red Army was out of the Yi area. It was already dark.

No sooner had the Red Army troops reached Chalochieh, the first Han village out of the Yi area, than they ran into part of an armed band organized by local landlords. In the darkness these thugs, who lived by plaguing the people on the adjoining borders of the Han and Yi areas, mistook the Red Army for the Kuomintang troops. They had never seen the Red Army before, nor had they met their own “government troops.” The district head of Chalochieh, a sallow-faced opium addict, came to welcome us with bodyguards.

We decided to take advantage of the situation and posed as Kuomintang troops; hurriedly putting on what disguise we could, we marched into the village.

The muddle-headed Kuomintang district chief entertained us with a proper banquet, during which he described the road ahead and also the enemy situation at Anshunchang. We were particularly impressed by the information that there was only one small boat at Anshunchang, which cast anchor on the southern bank at night but was left on the other side during the daytime. It seemed that unless we could take the enemy by surprise and seize that boat, we would have to sprout wings to fly across the Tatu River. After obtaining the necessary information, we disarmed these villainous oppressors of the people and tied them up.

*

We were quite exhausted after our day’s forced march on only one meal, but we could not stay. To gain time and strive for victory, the Red Army resumed its march under cover of darkness and advanced towards the Tatu River.

204.152 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Forced Crossing Of The Tatu River {by Yang Teh-chih (before 1934-)} China (M) 3

In May 1935, after crossing the Chinsha River and passing Huili, Tehchang and Luku, the Workers’ and Peasants’ Red Army reached Mienning. Our First Regiment of the First Division of the First Army Group was to be the vanguard unit with the task of forcing the Tatu River. Liu Po-cheng and Nieh Jung-chen came to lead the advance unit as commander and political commissar respectively, to strengthen the leadership. The engineer and artillery companies of our army group came under the command of the First Regiment, which I led. On receiving this order, we set out despite rain from a village more than 80 kilometres from the river.

Tradition has it that Shih Ta-kai's troops met their doom at the Tatu River, a tributary of the Yangtze. We were in a perilous position too, being pursued by hundreds of thousands of Chou Hun-yuan's, Hsueh Yueh's and Wu Chi-wei's troops while the "crack forces" of the Szechuan warlords Liu Hsiang and Liu Wen-hui guarded all ferries on the Tatu. Chiang Kai-shek boasted:

"With the Chinsha behind, the Tatu in front and our armies hemming them in on either side, the Communists can't get away—not even if they grow wings."

*

It was wishful thinking—that we would end up like Shih Ta-kai. After marching for a whole day and night we halted on a hillside several kilometres from Anshunchang, within sound of the swirling waters of the Tatu. The forced march of over 70 kilometres in the rain had fagged our men out, so that the minute they halted, they dropped to the ground and fell asleep. It was already past 10 o'clock at night. I hurriedly sought out some local people to find out the situation.

What they told me coincided with the information gathered by our scouts. Anshunchang was a small market-town of about 100 families. It was guarded by two enemy companies to prevent the Red Army from crossing the river there. All the boats except one for the enemy's own use had been taken away or scuttled. An enemy regiment was stationed on the opposite shore, its main force being 7.5 kilo metres downstream. Three so-called backbone regiments defended the town of Luting upstream and there were two more of the Szechuan warlord Yang Sen's regiments further downstream. Our only way to cross the Tatu was by capturing Anshunchang and seizing that one boat.

The order came now from command headquarters: Make a surprise attack on the enemy at Anshunchang tonight, seize the boat and force a crossing. Commander Liu Po-cheng and Political Commissar Nieh lung-chen gave us special directions:

"This crossing concerns the lives of tens of thousands of Red Army men. You must overcome all difficulties to carry out your task, and open up a way to victory for the whole army."

"We're not Shih Ta-kai but the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army led by the Communist Party and Chairman Mao. We can conquer all enemies and all natural barriers. We'll write a glorious page in the annals of the Chinese revolution at the Tatu River," pledged Li Lin, the regimental political commissar.

*

The fighters were roused from their sleep and we marched on through the light rain and darkness. We had now divided our forces. The Second Battalion led by Political Commissar Li was to go downstream and make a feint to attract the main force of the enemy regiment on the opposite shore; the First Battalion under my command was to take Anshunchang and then force a crossing; the Third Battalion would remain where it was to protect command headquarters.

We advanced along muddy paths in pitch darkness for about six kilometres till we were near Anshunchang. Then I made the First Battalion divide into three groups and advance by different routes.

The enemy at Anshunchang had never dreamed that the Red Army would get there so quickly. They thought we hadn't left the Haitzupien minority nationality area, and they were not on their guard.

"Which unit are you from?" an enemy sentry challenged our advance party.

"We are the Red Army! Hand over your weapons and you'll be spared!" With this thunderous cry our men charged the enemy.

As enemy rifles cracked, ours opened up too from all directions. The roar of the Tatu and the yells of the warlord troops were drowned by our fierce barrage. The enemy first resisted stubbornly, but many were killed or captured and soon the rest fled. In less than half an hour we finished off the two enemy companies. As the battle went on, I walked into a hut by the road.

"Who goes there?" I heard someone cry. My orderly guessed it was an enemy. He cocked his rifle and shouted:

"Don't move! Hand over your weapons."

Not knowing how many we were, the enemy soldiers surrendered their guns. It so happened that these men were in charge of the boat. I told the orderly to escort them to the First Battalion, who were to secure the boat. After some hard work the First Battalion seized the boat, the only one there and our only hope of ferrying our men across the river.

*

I went down to the riverside after Anshunchang had been taken. Cliffs towered on either side of the Tatu, which was about 300 metres wide at this point, and a dozen metres deep. Spume leaped into the air as huge waves broke on reefs. It was out of the question to cross right away, as there were no boatmen and we were not prepared.

I quickly reported to higher command for instructions while going ahead with preparations for the crossing. That evening I paced the roadside hut at Anshunchang, then sat beside the oil-lamp racking my brains over the problem of crossing the river.

I considered swimming it, but its waters were rapid and rough. There were many whirlpools too, which would suck any swimmer down. Neither would building a bridge do. With the flow at four metres per second, even driving a stake would be difficult, let alone the piles of a bridge. The only way was the ferry boat.

I ordered Sun Chi-hsien, commander of the First Battalion, to look up some boatmen. He sent men out who located first one boatman and then another. By dawn they had found a dozen or so.

The rain let up. Clusters of white clouds floated in the azure sky. Water seethed and raced between the steep cliffs on both banks. By daylight the river looked more forbidding than ever. Through field-glasses everything on the opposite shore was clearly visible.

There, about half a kilometre from the ferry, was a tiny hamlet of four or five households enclosed by walls about half a man's height. Near the ferry were several forts surrounded by black rocks. I reckoned that the main enemy force was concealed in the hamlet, planning to make a counter-charge when our vanguard approached that shore, and force it into the river.

"He who strikes the first blow gets the upper hand," I decided.

I ordered the artillery battery to place their three mortars and several heavy machine-guns in advantageous positions. The light machine-guns and crack shots also moved into position by the riverbank under cover. Now our firepower was ready, but crossing still remained a serious problem. There was only one boat; an assault team of brave and resolute men must be formed. I gave the First Battalion commander the task of picking the team. When word of this reached our men they promptly surrounded the battalion commander, each asking to join. Sun Chi-hsien had a hard time explaining that not all could be on it.

"What shall we do?" he asked me.

I was torn between being pleased and being worried—pleased because all our soldiers were so fearless, worried because this was causing a delay.

"It's up to you to say which unit is to go," I told Sun. He decided to send men from the Second Company, who assembled quietly outside our command post to hear which of them had been chosen.

"Company Commander Hsiung Shang-lin, Second Platoon Leader Tseng Hui-ming, Third Squad Leader Liu Chang-fa, Deputy Squad Leader Chang Ke-piao, Fourth Squad Leader Kuo Shih-tsang, Deputy Squad Leader Chang Cheng-chiu, fighters Chang Kuei-cheng, Hsiao Han-yao ..."

Sixteen names were called. Sixteen heroes stepped out and stood in a line, all determined robust men, fine cadres and fighters of the Second Company. Suddenly a fighter broke from the ranks.

"Let me go too! I must go!" he cried, running towards the battalion commander.

It was a Second Company orderly. The battalion commander looked at me. Moved by the scene I nodded my agreement.

"Very well," Sun told him. The orderly brightened up and with a smile bounded forward to join the others.

So an assault team of 17 heroes was formed. They were equipped each with a broadsword, a tommy-gun, a pistol, half a dozen grenades and some work tools. Hsiung Shang-tin was to head the team.

*

The critical moment had come. Hsiung Shang-lin and his men jumped onto the boat.

"Comrades! The lives of tens of thousands of Red Army men depend on you. Cross resolutely and wipe out the enemy."

Amid cheering the boat left the south bank.

The enemy opened fire in alarm at the boat.

"Give it to them!" I ordered.

Chao Chang-cheng, our crack gunner, had already trained his gun on the enemy fortifications. With two bursts he sent a fort flying into the air. Our other machine-guns and rifles also spoke. Shells showered on the enemy fortifications; machine-gun fire swept the opposite shore. Meanwhile the boatmen rowed with all their might.

The boat plunged forward through the surging waters. Bullets landed around it, sending up spray. The eyes of everybody on shore were intent on the assault team.

Suddenly a shell dropped beside the boat, creating a great wave which rocked the craft violently. My heart was in my mouth. But after some pitching and tossing the boat resumed its normal course. As it sped swiftly towards the opposite shore, the enemy concentrated their fire on it. Cleaving the waves, through the rain of bullets, it continued on its way.

A volley of shots swept the boat. I saw through my field-glasses a fighter clutch his arm. As I was wondering how badly hurt he was, the boat was caught in an eddy and hurled onto a big rock. I watched while some of the boatmen tried to push off from the rock. White waves were churning round their little craft: If the eddy carried it downstream into a whirlpool, it was bound to overturn.

“Punt clear!” I couldn’t help shouting. Everyone on shore shouted too, to spur them on.

Four boatmen jumped into the rolling waters. They rammed their backs against the boat to hold it while four other boatmen punted for all they were worth. Sweating and straining, they got the boat clear of the rock and on its way.

The boat drew nearer and nearer to the opposite shore until it was only five or six metres away. Regardless of the fierce enemy fire our heroes stood up, ready to jump ashore. An enemy unit came rushing out from the hamlet. Obviously, they wanted to wipe out our landing party.

“Fire!” I ordered the gunners.

Wham! Wham! With two great blasts Chao Chang-cheng’s shells exploded right in the middle of the enemy. Then Li Teh-tsai’s heavy machine-gun sounded again. One by one the enemy soldiers fell right and left.

“Fire! Let them have it!”

Shouts rang out on the riverbank. The enemy retreated, scattering in panic.

“Fire! Fire! Lengthen the range!” I ordered again.

We pumped another shower of metal at them, and the boat landed under cover of our heavy barrage. The 17 heroes flew ashore and with their tommy-guns and grenades cut down the enemy charging towards them. Our men occupied the defence works at the ferry.

The enemy didn’t give up. They launched another counter-attack to drive us back into the river before we could gain a foothold. We poured our shells and bullets on the opposite shore once more. The enemy fell in the smoke while our heroes charged with a threatening roar. Seventeen broadswords flashed as they slashed this way and that, forcing the opium-addicted Szechuan warlord troops to retreat into the mountains to the north. We had won control of the ferry.

The boat returned presently to the south bank. Sun Chi-hsien and the machine-gunners ferried across, and then it was my turn. By now darkness was falling. The boatmen rowed faster to ferry across more boatloads of Red Army men. Pursuing to follow up our victory, we captured two more boats downstream, and these helped in ferrying across the troops behind us.

*

The First Regiment’s successful crossing of the Tatu greatly facilitated the lightning-quick seizure of Luting Bridge by the Fourth Regiment on our left flank. By means of that bridge tens of thousands of Red Army men crossed the Tatu River, that great natural barrier, shattering Chiang Kai-shek’s dream of our meeting the same fate as Shih Ta-kai. The heroic deeds of our 17 heroes will be remembered always.

The success of this action was due to the wise leadership of the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao, the correct command of Liu Po-cheng and Nieh Jung-chen, the people’s support, the resolute carrying out of higher authorities’ orders by the commanders and fighters of the First Regiment and their display of a heroic, stubborn fighting style. This event in history tells us that only by acting according to Chairman Mao’s directives can we overcome all difficulties on our way forward and gain victory.

204.156 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Lightning Attack On Luting Bridge {by Yang Cheng-wu (before 1934-)} China (M) 4

On May 25, 1935, the First Regiment of the Red Army’s First Division made a successful crossing of the Tatu River at Anshunchang. The current was too rapid to permit the building of a bridge there, and it would take many days to transfer our thousands of men to the other side, as only a few small boats were available to serve as ferries.

Chiang Kai-shek had ordered Yang Sen and other Szechuan warlords to rush up their troops and prevent our crossing. At the same time he had sent Hsueh Yueh and Chou Hun-yuan in hot pursuit of us. Decades before, the famous general of the Taiping Revolution, Shih Ta-kai, and his army had been annihilated by the Ching soldiers at Anshunchang. Chiang Kai-shek had dreams of causing the Red Army to meet a similar fate.

It was imperative to capture the bridge at Luting and ensure swift crossing of the river to prevent encirclement by the enemy. At such a critical moment, this task was given to the vanguard Fourth Regiment of our left-route

army. The First Division, our right-route army, which had already crossed the river, would advance north along the east bank of the river in co-ordination with our efforts to capture Luting Bridge.

*

Early in the morning of May 27 our regiment set out from Anshunchang, heading along the west bank towards the bridge, about 160 kilometres away. We had three days to reach it. The road twisted like a sheep's gut around the mountains, and was full of ups and downs. To the left, sheer cliffs rose into the clouds, the higher slopes being covered with perpetual snow which dazzled the eyes and gave off an intense cold. On the right was the tempestuous, dozen-metre-deep Tatu River. One misstep could be fatal, but no one worried about the danger. We had only one thought and that was to take Luting Bridge as soon as possible.

We had marched about 15 kilometres when the enemy troops on the opposite side of the river began firing at us. So we made a detour of six kilometres through the mountains in order to avoid needless losses.

After covering about 30 kilometres, we were confronted with a large mountain. Our vanguard ran into a company of the enemy troops and, after a brief, fierce clash, routed them. We climbed about six kilometres and reached the summit. On the other side was a narrow, deep stream. The enemy had destroyed the bridge over the stream, and fording was impossible. We felled some trees, constructed a temporary bridge and were soon across.

Cheered by our first victory, we marched with a spring in our step. We continued our climb in the teeth of spasmodic firing. Suddenly, one of our scouts came hurrying back to report.

"There's a big hollow in the mountain ahead of us on the left. It's being held from above by an enemy unit about the size of a battalion. They're blocking our advance."

At once, Regimental Commander Wang Kai-hsiang and I led a few officers forward at the double to investigate. The mountains rose in sheer cliffs, and there was only a narrow path between them, climbing like a ladder into the sky. Forts had been built both on the summits and at the pass.

As there was a river on our right, it was impossible to circle around from that direction. The heights directly ahead looked impregnable. On the left was a sharp cliff sparsely covered with shrubs and brambles. The mountain continued to rise steeply from the top of the cliff.

After careful scouting, we decided to send a party up from the left to circle around, attack the enemy from the rear and take the pass from behind. While one company, led by Third Battalion Commander Tseng Ching-lin and the secretary of the general Party branch Lo Hua-sheng, was climbing around from the left flank, two others began making a sham direct assault. The enemy replied with fierce machine-gun fire and sealed the mouth of the pass. But less than an hour later firing sounded from the rear. Then we made an earnest frontal attack, putting the enemy in a pincers, and drove them out of their fortifications. We pursued them relentlessly, destroying three companies at the foot of the cliff. We captured one battalion and one company commander, and took over 200 other prisoners.

*

The next day we had breakfast an hour earlier than originally scheduled, and set out at 5 a.m. After marching two or three kilometres, we received the order from the Military Commission to take Luting Bridge on the 29th.

"The twenty-ninth!"

That was the next day, and we were still 120 kilometres from Luting Bridge. We would have to cover two days' march in one, for no one had thought that the advance would become so urgent. One hundred and twenty kilo metres in 24 hours is a tremendous effort on foot, and it was made tougher by strong enemy resistance to be overcome on the way.

But orders are orders. It was a critical task to the whole army and should be carried out. Time was precious. Originally there were two enemy regiments holding the bridge, but we had seen two more brigades along the other side of the river hurrying to reinforce them. Part of the enemy reinforcements had been left behind to block our First Division, while the main body was racing towards the bridge. Our hope of victory lay in getting there first. Otherwise, it would be very difficult, or impossible, for the Red Army to cross at Luting.

It was a race against time. Since our military and political officers had no time to stop for a meeting they could only consult with each other during the march. It was decided to issue a number of rallying cries:

"The Fourth Regiment has a glorious battle record. We must complete our mission and maintain our good name!"

"Learn from the First Regiment, which captured Anshunchang. Compete with them and take Luting Bridge!"

"Our mission is difficult but glorious. We must pass the test!"

Six o'clock the following morning was fixed as the deadline for achieving our objective. Rushing to the front of the column, Lo Hua-sheng and I ascended a mound and read the order to the marching ranks. The fighters then

hurried past at great speed. Still I got a clear view of their grim and determined faces. The shouting of the slogan: "We must complete our mission and take Luting Bridge!" resounded above the roaring of the river and echoed among the hills.

Meanwhile the fighters marched on at a greater speed. During the march I saw groups of men gather together and talk animatedly as they ran on. They were the company Party branch committee and the Party groups holding a meeting while on the march. The situation was too urgent to stop for a formal one. Our men called such "flying meetings" to discuss how to complete their mission.

The meeting was hardly over when a mountain, called Fierce Tiger Ridge, was sighted ahead. This meant an ascent of 20 kilometres, and a descent as long the other side. It was a dangerous climb, with the Tatu River on the right, towering cliffs on the left, and just a narrow twisting trail for footpath. This trail formed the approach from Anshunchang to Luting Bridge.

An enemy battalion held the path where it cut through the summit. We crossed at the height of the foggy season when the mist was so thick that nothing could be seen beyond five steps. The enemy got panicky and fired at random. We decided to take advantage of the cover provided by the fog and hold our own fire. Then, when we got closer, we threw out showers of hand-grenades and used our bayonets. Terrified, the enemy turned and fled.

Our vanguard battalion chased right into the village of Mohsimien where they ran into an enemy battalion and a regimental headquarters unit camping there. In less than no time they routed the enemy and occupied the village.

The enemy had destroyed a bridge over the stream to the east of the village, and it took us two hours to repair it. Then off we went, covering 25 kilometres without a stop. It was about seven in the evening when we arrived at a little hamlet at the edge of the Tatu which was inhabited by a dozen families. We had still 55 kilometres to go to reach Luting Bridge.

*

Suddenly, the sky blackened and a driving rain poured down amidst the roar of thunder. Our men had not eaten all day and could not walk as fast as usual. Their pace was further slowed down by the slippery mud at night. The pack-animals loaded with food and supplies lagged even farther behind. As we came down Fierce Tiger Ridge we saw the enemy on the other side of the river still racing neck and neck with us. We had to get to the bridge first, and must solve the problem of how to do it.

The more difficult our problems, the more we had to rally the men and convince them of the need to press on. We called upon all Communists, Youth Leaguers, and other activists to set an example. We told them about the hardships ahead of them and emphasized the necessity of reaching Luting Bridge by six o'clock the next morning. Every man prepared a staff for himself, to assist him to walk quicker and reach our destination on time. As there was no time to cook, we ate the rice ration raw, washing it down with cold water.

The call to reach our destination by six o'clock the next morning roused the men's fighting spirit. But I was worried about the difficulties of marching 55 kilometres over slippery mud in pitch darkness.

Suddenly, a few flickering lights appeared through a dip in the mountains on the opposite side of the river and soon grew into a long string of torches. The enemy were making a forced march by torchlight. I thought we could follow their example. I was contemplating a conference with the regimental commander, the chief-of-staff and the general Party branch secretary, when another idea flashed across my mind:

The enemy across the river might signal to us to identify ourselves. Should they discover we were the Red Army, there would be a fight and our march would be delayed.

"Take the bull by the horns."

We decided to pretend we were the three enemy battalions we had already defeated. We bought reed fence from the folk in the hamlet and issued some of it to each man to make torches. Each squad was allowed to light a torch, and none must be wasted. Our aim was to cover at least five kilometres per hour. We directed our bugler to be prepared to sound the calls used by the enemy. The enemy troops were all Szechuanese so we picked out some Szechuan natives from our own ranks and from among the prisoners, to shout back replies to any questions. In order to march on quickly, we left our luggage, heavy weapons and draught animals behind, including the regimental commander's horse, and mine. Management Department Chief Ho Ching-chih and Adjutant Teng Kuang-han led a platoon behind us for rearguard.

I had a leg wound which had caused me some inconvenience on the march. The comrades, especially the regimental commander, urged me to continue on horseback. But how could I ride, when it was officers' duty to set an example! Instead of riding I issued a challenge:

"We will all march together, comrades. Let's see who walks the fastest and gets to Luting Bridge first!"

Taking up the gauntlet, the men held their torches high and pressed forward.

Our torches and those of the enemy on the other side of the river looked like two writhing fiery dragons crimsoning the waters of the Tatu. We heard the sharp notes of an enemy bugle, followed by the cry:

“Which unit are you?”

Our bugler blew the appropriate call and our Szechuan men shouted an answer. The enemy soldiers were fooled, never guessing that the gallant Red Army which they hoped to wipe out was marching parallel with them. The two hostile armies marched like that for nearly 15 kilometres.

About midnight the rain grew heavier and the torches on the opposite bank disappeared. We concluded that the enemy had found the going too hard and had encamped. This news spread quickly through the regiment and caused many comments among our men:

“This is our chance! March on! Faster!” In single file, we pushed ahead for all we were worth.

The rain pelted mercilessly and torrents rushed down the Tatu River. The twisting path along the side of the mountain was now as slippery as oil. Our walking sticks were of little use as we could not get a grip with them on the path, and we were slipping, falling and rolling rather than marching forward. Our weary men were dozing on their feet. A soldier would slowly come to a halt and the comrade behind would push him and yell,

“Keep going! You’re falling behind!”

The man would suddenly awaken and hurry to catch up. Finally, the men took off their puttees and tied themselves together in a long chain with them, each helping the other along.

After an all-night forced march we reached our destination on time. We captured the western bank and its approaches to Luting Bridge. In 24 hours, in addition to fighting and repairing wrecked bridges, we had marched 120 kilometres. An exploit of winged feet!

*

After we had occupied several buildings and a Catholic church to the west of the bridge, our men prepared for the coming battle. When Regimental Commander Wang and I went out with the battalion and company officers to study the location, we were taken aback by the difficulties to be overcome. The reddish waters, cascading down the mountain gorges of the river’s upper reaches, pounded against ugly boulders rising from the river bed and tossed white foam high into the air. The roar of the rushing torrent was deafening. In such a current even a fish could not keep steady for long. Forging or crossing in boats was out of the question.

We examined the bridge. It was made of 13 iron chains, each link as thick as a rice bowl. Two chains on each side served as hand-railings, while the other nine formed a catwalk. Planks had originally been laid across the nine chains but were now gone, taken away by the enemy, and only the black swinging chains remained. At the head of the bridge two lines of a poem were inscribed on a stone slab:

Towering mountains flank Luting Bridge,
Their summits rising a thousand *li* into the clouds.

The town of Luting was built half along the shore and half on the mountain slope, located directly beyond the eastern end of the bridge and surrounded by a wall more than seven metres high. Its west gate faced the end of the bridge. Luting was garrisoned by two enemy regiments, and strong fortifications had been built along the mountain slope. Machine-gun emplacements close to the bridge kept us under continual fire, and mortar shells rained down on us. The enemy soldiers were confident that their position was impregnable and yelled sneeringly:

“Let’s see you fly over! We’ll give you our arms if you can do it!” Our soldiers shouted back:

“We don’t want your weapons. It’s the bridge we want!”

Back from our survey we soon set a battalion in position to seal off the narrow path and prevent the movement of any enemy reinforcements on the eastern bank of the river. That was the only path between the mountainside and the river along which they could come. Then we went among our companies to begin our battle rallies. Enthusiasm ran high, each company submitting a list of volunteers for an assault party, and each wanting the men of their particular unit to be given the task of taking the bridge.

All the officers of the regiment met in the church at noon to decide on the composition of the assault party. Discussion had just started when enemy mortar shells blew a big hole in the roof of the building where we gathered. Shell fragments and bits of broken tile showered down on us, but not one of us moved.

“The enemy is urging us on,” I said. “We must drive across the bridge immediately. Now let’s decide which company shall be responsible for the assaults.”

Liao Ta-chu, commander of the Second Company, jumped to his feet. A taciturn man, he forced himself to speak, his dark, sunburned face flushed with the effort, and his short wiry frame trembled with excitement as he said:

“The First Company was commended as a model for their forced crossing of the Wuchiang River. We’d like to emulate them and distinguish ourselves in the battle to take Luting Bridge.”

“You’ve got to give the assault mission to the Third Company,” interrupted Wang Yu-tsai, the quick-tempered commander of that company, spluttering like a machine-gun. “Our Third Company has done well in every battle. We guarantee to take Luting Bridge.” Standing as solid as an iron turret, he added plaintively,

“If you do not give the assault mission to the Third Company, I dare not go back and face my men.”

A heated debate followed, no company willing to yield to another. It was left to the leaders to decide. Commander Wang and I talked it over. Then he stood up and announced that the Second Company would be given the mission. I then rose and said:

“If it’s fighting you want, there’s plenty more to come. You’ll each get your chance. At the Wuchiang River it was the First Company that led off; this time we’ll let the Second Company start. The assault party will be formed of twenty-two men, Communists and non-Party activists, and will be led by Company Commander Liao. It seems like a good arrangement to me. What do the rest of you think?”

The response was a burst of applause from all present. Commander Liao jumped for joy. Only the Third Company commander was not satisfied.

“The Third Company’s job is not easy either,” I assured him. “You have to go over directly behind the Second Company and lay planks across those chains so that the rest of the men can charge into the town. Is that all right?”

The commander smiled.

Men fight better on a full stomach, so I told the company commanders to give each man a good meal. After the meeting, Lo Hua-sheng, secretary of the general Party branch, went to the Second Company to help with their preparations for the assault.

*

The attack began at four in the afternoon. The regimental commander and I directed it from the west end of the bridge. The buglers of the regiment gathered together to sound the charge, and we opened up with every weapon we had. The blare of the bugles, the firing and the shouts of the men reverberated through the valley. The 22 heroes, led by Commander Liao, crept across on the swaying bridge chains in the teeth of intense enemy fire. Each man carried a tommy-gun or a pistol, a broadsword and 12 hand-grenades. Behind them came the men of the Third Company, each carrying a plank in addition to full battle gear. They fought and laid planks at the same time.

Just as the assault party reached the bridgehead on the opposite side, huge flames sprang into the sky outside the town’s west gate. The enemy was trying to throw a fire barrier across our path. The blaze reddening the sky, licked fiercely around the end of the bridge.

The outcome of the attack hung by a hair. Our assault party hesitated for a few seconds and the men standing by the regimental commander and me shouted in unison:

“It’s a critical moment, comrades!. Charge in! Don’t be afraid of the fire! Don’t hesitate! Charge in! The enemy is crushed!”

The shouts gave the heroes courage, confidence and strength. With the clarion call of the bugles, our assault party swiftly plunged into the flames. Commander Liao’s cap caught fire. He threw it away and fought on. The others also dashed through the flames, closely behind Liao. In the street fighting that followed, the enemy brought their full weight to bear, determined to wipe out our assault party. Our gallant men fought until all their bullets and grenades were spent.

There was a critical pause as the Third Company came charging to their rescue. Then Regimental Commander Wang and I sped across the bridge with our reinforcements and entered the town. Within two hours we had destroyed the greater part of the two enemy regiments while the remainder fled in panic. By dusk we had completely occupied the town of Luting and were in control of the bridge.

*

Our main task now was to guard against an enemy counterattack and to hold on to the bridge. We knew there were a couple of enemy regiments at nearby Tachienlu, so we sent a battalion in that direction to act as an outpost guard. We then sent another battalion south along the river to hold off the two enemy brigades hurrying towards the bridge. About 10 p.m. we heard the battalion’s advance party open fire. Assuming the enemy reinforcements had arrived, we prepared for a bitter battle.

Then our fighters encountered a wounded man of the Third Regiment of our First Division. Only then did we realize that the First Division had already arrived. We had tensed up for a fierce struggle, and now everyone could relax and celebrate. Our First Division had caught up with the enemy brigades at Chulinping, 30 kilometres south of Luting, and a battle ensued. The enemy fled in panic.

We at once dispatched men to welcome Chief of Staff. Liu Po-cheng and Political Commissar Nieh Jung-chen into the town. It was a very happy reunion. Although it was two o'clock in the morning, the commanders insisted on inspecting the bridge. Carrying a lantern, I accompanied them across. General Liu examined almost every detail of the iron chains as if to imprint the entire bridge on his mind. On the way back, he stopped in the middle and held a chain to one side to look at the turbulent waters below. Tapping his foot against the boards, he murmured,

“We’ve given plenty of blood and energy to get you, Luting Bridge, but we’ve got you! We’ve won out!”

Among the captured enemy documents we found an urgent directive issued by the Szechuan warlord Liu Wen-hui. It stated that the Communist troops were fated to become the second Shih Ta-kai, for ahead of them was the Tatu River and behind, the Chinsha, and it was now the time to annihilate them.

The enemy’s dream ended in smoke, for though we followed the same route as Shih Ta-kai, history did not repeat itself. Ours was a people’s army led by the Communist Party and Chairman Mao.

Our main force marched up the following day. Then our great leader Chairman Mao, Vice-Chairman Chou En-lai and Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh arrived with the central organs, and thousands of our troops marched across Luting Bridge.

204.160 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: A Pair Of Cloth Shoes\fn{by Chiang Yao-hui (before 1934-)}
China (M) 1

The Red Army had arrived at the foot of the Great Snow Mountains. The local people called them the Fairy Mountains, stating that only immortals could pass them. Another legend has it that during a drought in this area, the local people went into the mountains to pray for rain but had not fasted before they went. The mountain gods were enraged and detained them. Such stories were so vividly told that they seemed real. Thus to some of our men the Great Snow Mountains were also shrouded in mystery.

To dispel the mystery, the army group commanders gave us a talk about the mountains, telling how Chairman Mao had said that the “Fairy Mountains” were nothing to fear. Our Red Army should have the pluck to compete with immortals, and these mountains had to be crossed. That boosted our morale.

Before the climb, the higher authorities stated that each man must take good care of his feet and have two pairs of shoes. This order was to be strictly carried out.

Apart from the straw sandals I was wearing, I had a pair of cloth shoes tied to my belt. As I weighed them in my hand I remembered a song popular in the central base area in Kiangsi:

I give my love the shoes I’ve made,
As he sets off for the front;
In stitches fine I’ve said inside:
Long live the Red Army!

This song made me think of our departure from the base area. We were all very sorry to be leaving the local people, who were as dear to us as our own flesh and blood. They felt the same way about us. When they heard that we were leaving, they came early in the morning to say good-bye, bringing all sorts of presents.

One old man caught hold of me and thrust a pair of cloth shoes into my hands. They were sturdy shoes, on which were stitched the words:

“For our Red Army fighters. Kill the invaders!” The old man’s lips quivered for a minute before he said,

“Take these shoes, son: On the feet of a Red Army man they will be ‘seven-league boots’ to carry you as far and as high as you need to go.” I looked at the old man, then at the shoes, so moved that words failed me.

*

I had carried these shoes at my belt ever since, never letting them out of my sight. In times of difficulty, they had often given me fresh courage to advance against the enemy. My foot had been injured in the last battle we fought in Kiangsi. In those days we had neither drugs nor stretchers so I had limped along on my bad foot. Once when I felt I could go no farther, I had taken the shoes from my belt and put them on for the first time. The soft

soles felt wonderful! The thought of the trust placed in us by the people of the base area had made me forget my pain. Before long my wound had healed, and as the soles of the shoes were wearing thin, I had wrapped them up and tied them to my belt again.

Our company had led the attacks in storming Tsunyi. When the battle was at its height, I felt a sudden pain at my waist and found that a bullet had pierced the shoes and grazed my skin beneath. But for the shoes, I would have had a nasty wound.

The other comrades congratulated me on owning a pair of “life-savers.” I was pleased not to have been wounded, but was sorry for the big hole left in my shoe. After that, I had treasured my shoes more than ever.

Now we were going to climb the Great Snow Mountains. The voice of that old man was again ringing in my ears and I felt strong. Well, we in the Red Army all had “seven-league boots.” They had brought us from Juichin in Kiangsi to the province of Szechuan: Today they would carry us across these mountains, which even birds couldn’t surmount.

It was barely dawn when we started the ascent. All we could see above was mist and the peak was lost in the clouds. As we went higher, the weather changed and a blizzard sprang up. Coming from Kiangsi, I had seldom seen such heavy snow and I was fascinated by the scene. However, the going became rougher and rougher, and hailstones as big as eggs started crashing down. Our thin uniforms were no protection against them and the raging wind cut like a knife: I lost my interest in the snow as I panted along, exhausted, each step a painful effort.

We dared not stop to rest. Once three men stopped and huddled together for warmth, but they never got up again. Tears stung my eyes to think of them swallowed up by the snow.

I was a gunner, and the 22.5-kg. mortar barrel on my shoulder made climbing very hard. I strained forward step by step, treading in the footprints which seemed like a ladder in the snow. My feet went numb with cold, and several times I tripped and fell. But whenever I looked at the cloth shoes on my feet my heart warmed—the people of the base area were helping me along.

When we had finally crossed the Great Snow Mountains, I sat down under a tree and inspected my “seven-league boots.” They were a pitiful sight—coated with mud. Luckily, apart from the bullet-hole, they were still intact. I took them off, scraped off the mud and tied them to my belt again, then continued the march.

204.161 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Nine Company Cooks On The Long March \fn{by Hsieh Fang-tzu (before 1934-)} China (M) 2

During the Long March I was quartermaster of a company in the Third Army Group. There were only nine cooks in our mess squad. Their leader, a short, dark and taciturn man, was named Chien. The deputy leader, Liu, was of medium height and fond of telling jokes. The one who fetched most of the water was named Wang. These three were from my own native province, Kiangsi. The names of the others I no longer remember.

We marched and fought almost every day. The company leaders had ordered that no one in the mess squad was to carry more than 20 kilogrammes so that they would not get too tired. But the cooks hid grain in the pots and pans so that each man was carrying 30 to 40 kilogrammes at least.

At one of our Communist Party group meetings they criticized me, the quartermaster, for not thinking enough of the soldiers. What were the men to eat if we got to a place where we couldn’t buy grain? They were right and I let the cooks carry as much as they wanted to.

On the march Deputy Squad Leader Liu was always cracking jokes or singing. Much laughter, accompanied by the clank of pots, pans and other utensils, made the mess squad the jolliest in the company and earned it the name “our theatre troupe.” Sometimes the cooks were in such high spirits that they would start racing each other, whooping and yelling as if they had nothing at all on their shoulder-poles.

Yet they worked the hardest. When the men halted for rest, they promptly built fires and boiled water for drinking. When we reached a camp site, they set up their stove and got busy splitting firewood, washing vegetables and cooking. They got no more than two or three hours of sleep a night.

In the mountains of Kwangsi there were few peasant dwellings and it became difficult to buy grain. The cooks often had to travel far ahead of the troops to get it, usually unhusked, which meant additional work for them. Once they spotted a small unused millstone in a village and bought it from its peasant owner—another 70 kilogrammes to carry.

Later on, Deputy Squad Leader Liu picked up a sieve and a winnowing, battered and obviously discarded, and added them to the load swinging from his shoulder-pole. Now the mess squad acquired another name, “our travelling mill.”

*

Outside Tucheng in Kweichow Province, the army had to intercept enemy troops on a hill. Our company was cut off from our mess squad by a line of enemy fire. Several times the cooks attempted to take meals to the soldiers but were beaten back by machine-gun fire.

A day and night passed. Liu paced around the stove impatiently, then stopped and conferred with the others in a low voice. He came to me and said,

“Listen, Chief, Wang and I are going to make another try.”

They strapped the food packs on their backs and went out. As we watched them from a hilltop, the two ran right into the line of fire. We were just about to cheer when Wang pitched to the ground and rolled over. Liu also fell. We were sad believing the two comrades had been killed. At midnight the two suddenly appeared in front of us!

“We went to the King of Hell to report for duty,” Liu said, grinning, “but the little devils guarding the gate wouldn’t let us in.”

They had faked the fall and then picked themselves up and run hard. Their courage and quick wit got the food to the men.

After we left Kweichow, Squad Leader Chien had some trouble with his eyes, which had become red and swollen. But he continued to bear his loads, walking with the aid of a stick. At first his eyes were just watery, then they bled, but he went about his work as usual.

When we came to the formidable snow-clad mountains we were told to carry the lightest possible loads on the climb. Utensils not absolutely necessary were left behind and we carried the company’s food enough only for two days’ consumption, some fresh ginger and hot peppers, and firewood.

“It took the army a whole day to climb the first of these mountains. The air was rarefied, the slopes were covered with perpetual snow, and icicles hung from the trees. At the summit some men sat down to rest and could not get up again. The cooks immediately made them chew fresh ginger and drink hot pepper soup, and pulled them to their feet. The cooks had become nurses.

“We won’t let one man die in the snow mountains” was the mess squad’s slogan.

But while reviving the soldiers, two cooks collapsed. We did everything we could but they never opened their eyes again. This was the first time that I saw the comrades of our mess squad dying right before my eyes;

*

Before entering the terrible marshlands the army had a longer rest at Maoerhkai. The mess squad collected enough food for 10 days and bought some *chingko* barley for emergency use. On the second day of our struggle through the marshlands, Squad Leader Chien told me,

“Chief, the swamp is ruining the men’s feet. We must have hot water every night for them to soak their feet in.”

I had thought of the same thing but I also saw that the cooks were having a hard time carrying their loads and cooking. They didn’t rest as much as the others. I said no, but when we stopped to bivouac for the night they had the hot water ready anyway. The soldiers were very appreciative.

One morning, as I was walking behind a cook who was carrying the big copper pot, he suddenly swayed and fell to the ground. He never got up again. Another cook, tears running down his face, picked up the pot and walked on. The weather often changed in the marshlands. Blinding windstorms alternated with icy rain. This noon the rain was so heavy that the troops were forced to halt.

The cooks found a sheltered spot and set up the pot to make ginger broth and pepper soup. The cook who had picked up the pot from his fallen mate took a bowl of ginger broth to a soldier, then pitched over and stopped breathing. Two more comrades gone in half a day!

On the evening of the fifth day our company commander was talking about sending a few soldiers to help the mess squad. The cooks got wind of it and sent their leader Chien over.

“You can’t take more men from combat, Commander,” he said. “You need everyone you’ve got for fighting. We can carry on by ourselves.”

The commander was quiet. After several battles, our 100-man company had been reduced to less than 40 men. It was true, he couldn’t spare more men.

*

A little after midnight Chien quietly got up and began to boil water for the dawn march. The day before he had been running a high temperature. I tried to make him sleep some more but he wouldn’t. So I got up also to help him. His gaunt face made me think of many things in the past. We had been neighbours back in Kiangsi. He had

no family or relatives and lived by himself. Then the Red Army came and he joined the revolution. He would come to my house and say,

“Aren’t you going to join the Red Army, Hsieh? Chiang Kai-shek is trampling all over us, ‘encircling and suppressing’ us at every turn. Are you going to swallow all that?” He said many things that showed me the only way out for us poor people was revolution. I joined too.

On the Long March he always took the heavier loads and would not let anybody relieve him. In camp he was always taking work away from others so they could rest. He became a bag of bones. We urged him to take care of his own health too.

“Don’t worry about me,” he always said. “I can eat and I sleep well. Nothing will knock me down.”

He put his whole heart into getting more food for the soldiers. Even when we were on the march for weeks without stopping he always managed to give the men an extra good meal every now and then. All the salt fish and pork we expropriated from despotic landlords he saved for the soldiers, never tasting any himself.

“With Old Chien in the kitchen,” the men said, “we don’t have to worry about food.”

Chien’s voice brought me back to the present.

“Go and get some sleep, Hsieh,” he said, “I can handle it.”

In the flickering light of the flames I saw beads of sweat on his forehead. I was about to ask him how he felt when he suddenly whispered,

“Give me some water.”

As I lifted the lid of the pot, I heard a noise behind me. I turned around to see Chien crumpled up on the ground. I bent down and shook him, calling his name. The fire under the pot was now roaring but Chien’s body quickly grew cold. Many of our finest comrades died on the battlefield, others under enemy torture. Just as heroically our mess squad leader died at his post—the stove.

The cooks were awakened by my calls. The company commander and the men came. They stood around Chien in tears.

*

The next day another cook hung the copper pot from his shoulder-pole and we continued our march. In the evening there was hot water for drinking and washing.

When we reached northern Shensi, however, the copper pot was hanging from my shoulder-pole. The company commander saw it and bowed his head. The men saw it and wept silently. They knew that all the cooks had died.

In the most difficult days of the Long March many men of our company had died in battle, not a single one from hunger. The copper pot, a symbol of our cooks’ sacrifices, was kept in our company as an invaluable relic of the Long March.

204.163 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: How We Captured Lutzukou Pass (by Hu Ping-yun (before 1934-)) China (M) 3

There was the sound of rapid firing over Lutzukou, a strategic pass in southwestern Kansu. Men of the Sixth Company, assembled nearby, were awaiting orders to go into action. Though we had marched 100 kilometres without rest and fought the enemy twice, we were on our mettle.

Orders came for all officers above the company rank to go at once to the regimental headquarters. As soon as we arrived there, in dense forest, the mobilization meeting began. Regimental Political Commissar Yang Cheng-wu, the chief speaker at the meeting, said frankly:

“On our left flank are over twenty thousand enemy cavalymen under Yang Shih-szu, while Hu Tsung-nan’s main forces are concentrated on the right. Lutzukou Pass is the only route to the north. If we fail to break through there, we shall not be able to join the Red Army forces in northern Shensi or reach the front line in time to fight the Japanese invaders.” After a pause, he continued very seriously:

“Neither the Wuchiang River nor the Tatu has barred the march of the Red Army. We have crossed snow-bound mountains and the marshlands. Are we going to let Lutzukou stop us?”

“No! No! We’ve got to capture Lutzukou!”

“No mountain of swords or ocean of fire shall stop us!” answered the men, and the Sixth Company was given the task of forcing the pass.

“Are you sure you can fulfil this task?” asked the regimental commander.

“Sure!” we officers replied.

“Good!” said the commander, “I’ll place a few more heavy and light machine-guns at your disposal!”

We hurried back to our position by a rugged mountain path. Our hearts were light in spite of the approaching dusk and the chill in the air. We were very much moved by the confidence which the Party, our leaders and the whole army placed in us. We told the men that our company had been chosen as the main force in the forthcoming assault. They were all pleased and got ready for action—tying the grenades in clusters of two or three and polishing their bayonets and broadswords till they glittered. Morale was high. We were ready to take 10 passes, let alone this one at Latzukou.

At sundown the regimental and battalion commanders took us company and platoon officers on a reconnaissance tour to study the terrain, ascertain enemy activities and work out battle tactics. Our company then took over the position, relieving the Second Company. Latzukou was an ideal stronghold strategically. We looked up the hill and examined the pass. It was over 30 metres wide, flanked by overhanging cliffs and precipices and surrounded by high mountains. Obviously, there was no other passage. Below the pass in a ravine flowed a deep, rapid stream. Spanning it was a wooden bridge, which was the only entrance to the pass.

The Kansu warlord Lu Ta-chang had posted two full battalions to guard the bridge and the pass, and had built solid forts on the bridge itself. The western side of the bridge was heavily fortified; there was a cordon of blockhouses in triangular formation on the eastern slopes. To the rear of the pass was a depot containing huge stocks of ammunition and provisions. Lu's main force was quartered in the county town of Minchow, north of Latzukou, and could easily be rushed to reinforce the pass. But none of this scared the Red Army men.

"Even if Latzukou proves a mountain of swords we'll fight our way up. Even if Lu Ta-chang is armoured in steel we'll smash him!" they vowed.

*

The battle started at nightfall, when our machine-guns went into action. Under our intensive covering barrage, the First Platoon leader and 30 brave fighters quietly moved near the bridge to await the order to charge. The cunning enemy defenders concealed in their pillboxes did not return our fire but waited till our shooting stopped. As our men charged towards the bridgehead, they let loose a fierce counter-offensive, raining hundreds of grenades upon us.

Handicapped by the unfavourable terrain we could not fan out. We made repeated charges and suffered about a dozen casualties. The machine-gunners took up the challenge of the young First Platoon leader:

"Fire, pin them down!"

The glow from the machine-gun fire pierced the darkness and the valley echoed with explosions. Sparks flashed ceaselessly as our bullets hit the rocks around the enemy positions. But the enemy gunfire continued as devastating as ever. Hand-grenades were continuously exploding in our path. Every step forward was extremely difficult. Chairman Mao and the army group leaders sent one man after another to our position for the latest progress report. They were anxious to know the nature of our difficulties and whether we wanted any reinforcement.

We were deeply moved by their concern. Our company officers discussed how to break the enemy resistance and decided to reorganize our firepower and assault forces for a renewed attack. We made repeated charges but still could not get to the bridgehead. Grenades fell thick and fast. The 50-metre stretch of cliff path to the bridgehead was covered with shrapnel and unexploded grenades, some of which had been thrown over so hurriedly that they were not uncapped. Shrapnel piled up in places.

The battle raged till after midnight, and though we made over a dozen assaults we could not break through. About 2 a.m. we received orders from the higher command to withdraw temporarily for some rest and preparations for a new offensive.

*

The cook prepared a good meal from flour captured from the enemy 7.5 kilometres from the pass, but none of us had any appetite. It was dark all around. All we could see were the gleaming waves on the turbulent stream. I heard several fighters whispering.

"The enemy's got a stranglehold on the cliff path all right." It was the clear crisp voice of a young man.

"I don't think a head-on assault alone will dislodge them," commented another.

The conversation of the fighters set me thinking. I talked this over with Lo Hua-sheng, secretary of the regimental general Party branch who had been fighting together with us all along, and we decided to call a meeting of all Party and Youth League members to form a "dare-to-die" corps as the solution to our present problem. It would carry out assaults in continuous waves of a few men each time. When the enemy was worn out, we would launch the main assault and capture the bridge.

The secretary had hardly made the proposal before the Party and League members declared that they would capture the pass, open up the way northward and fight the Japanese invaders. More than 20 men promptly volunteered to join the “dare-to-die” corps. We picked 15 of the staunchest and bravest men and organized them into three shock teams. The First Platoon leader suggested that the corps advance in two columns.

Just at this crucial moment we received the good news that the First and Second companies had climbed the steep cliff on the right side of the pass and engaged the enemy from the rear. This gave us added courage and strength. The members of the “dare-to-die” corps pledged in unison:

“To avenge our fallen comrades, we will keep fighting until the pass is ours.”

Each fighter carried a pistol and over 100 bullets. A row of hand-grenades was fastened to his belt, and he carried a broadsword at his back. The corps advanced in two columns, one moving along the cliffs at the edge of the stream in an attempt to grope its way to the abutment and then cross the stream by swinging from one pier to another. The other, consisting of two teams, were to advance to a spot quite near the bridge ready at a signal from the first column to launch a pincer attack, wipe out the enemy and capture the bridge.

*

Deep in the night, the darkness blotted out everything. The roar of the surging stream drowned out all other sound. The enemy, no doubt thinking we were exhausted after a day and half a night of fruitless attacks, had retired to their blockhouses and forts for a short rest. Our first column fighters edged forward step by step by holding on to the shrubs growing out of the crevices in the cliffs. Their clothes were soaked with sweat and spray, their hands and faces lacerated by the brambles on the cliff-face: Still they moved steadily on towards the abutment, each man keeping in line by watching the white towel around the neck of the man in front. When the advancing party got near the bridge, a small tree snapped in the grasp of a fighter. Our men prepared for action in case the enemy had heard the sound. The enemy made no move, however, and our fighters resumed their climb, growing tenser as they neared the bridge. Feeling their way to the bridge abutment, the heroes gripped the beams underneath and, hand over hand, moved from one pier to another.

A man fell into the stream with a loud splash. This time the enemy heard the sound, quickly hurled grenades and fired their machine-guns blindly at the stream, splashing water in all directions. Exposed to the enemy now, the other four men of the party could no longer advance but hid behind a boulder jutting from the cliff, awaiting an opportune moment to go on.

As soon as I heard the shooting and saw the enemy was directing his machine-gun fire towards the stream, I led 10 men of the First Platoon in a surprise attack on the bridge. We hurled a volley of grenades on the enemy defence works and broke into their ramparts near the bridgehead. Taken totally unawares, the enemy defenders were panic-stricken and thrown into confusion.

We then fought our way to the bridgehead and the four fighters came out of hiding, braving the enemy fire to climb onto the bridge. Wielding their broadswords, they shouted battle cries and went into hand-to-hand fighting against the enemy. They performed wonders with those weapons on that narrow and crowded bridge. The First Platoon leader brandished his sword like a skilful fencer. Suddenly he was hit by a bullet. He staggered momentarily but regained his footing and shouted at the top of his voice:

“Charge! Comrades, charge! The enemy’s collapsing.”

We were so angry when our First Platoon leader was wounded that we killed many more enemies with our broadswords, and they were unable to hold out.

In the thick of the fighting, a white signal flare went up over the mountain behind the enemy line. This was the sign that the First and Second companies had succeeded in their detour. In quick succession three red signal flares shot up behind us, telling us that the general assault was to be launched. Before they faded out there was the mingled sound of bugle-blowing, firing of heavy and light machine-guns and mortars, and battle cries. Fighting tooth and nail against the enemy, our warriors became bolder. The swift movement of their broadswords scared the enemy out of their wits. Thinking they had been besieged they threw away their weapons and ran helter-skelter.

*

Near dawn, members of our “dare-to-die” corps continued in hot pursuit of the enemy, who was running desperately towards the rear. The enemy troops there dared not shoot when they saw droves of their own men fleeing towards them. The path was strewn with weapons and ammunition. Our fighters’ spirits rose even higher as they pursued, forgetful of their fatigue and hunger. Some cast aside their grenades and dashed forth to fight with only their broadswords. They chased the enemy right up to their barracks and depot, and finally occupied the entire length of Latzukou Pass.

The First and Second companies soon returned from over the mountains. They smiled broadly in the elation of victory, and shouted:

“Comrades! We’ve broken through the formidable pass of Latzukou!”

204.166 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: An Awakened Mountain City\fn{by Tso Chi (before 1934-)}
China (M) 2

After the Second and Sixth army groups made a forced crossing of the Yachih River, an upper tributary of the Wuchiang, they occupied one important town after another, including Chienhsi, Tating and Pichieh. Within 20 days the Red Army had opened up vast guerrilla areas.

The main reason why we had been able to create such favourable conditions was that the Party organization of the Second Front Army headed by Comrades Jen Pi-shih and Ho Lung had adopted correct and flexible strategy and tactics.

At that time, the enemy placed his best-armed troops directly in our path in hopes of a head-on confrontation. But after leaving Sangchih in Hunan Province we had used the method of feinting to the east while attacking in the west. We had avoided the enemy’s main forces and advanced boldly. However, at an opportune moment we would strike a telling blow at the enemy that came to pursue or intercept us. The enemy was afraid to make rash moves.

On February 9, 1936 the advance unit of our Sixth Army Group in a series of lightning moves occupied Pichieh, wiping out the enemy “peace-preservation corps” in the city. Later, the rest of our army flowed into the city. And so it was that those golden days in Chienhsi, Tating and Pichieh were won.

*

Pichieh is a county near the border of Kweichow and Yunnan provinces in which are key road junctions of Yunnan, Kweichow and Szechuan. The county town is surrounded by mountains with rows of terraced fields at their foot. At that time there was no way to measure the height of those mountains. When we asked the distance we had to go, the local people invariably said that it was 35 kilometres this side of the mountain and more than 25 kilometres on the other.

Here the life of the people was extremely poor and harsh. The lack of transportation caused many people to seek a living by carrying firewood and rock salt. Their earnings were so meagre that it was impossible for them to keep alive. Between harvest seasons they had to eat wild greens to tide over the days. I remember when we arrived in Pichieh and saw the family of one of the local residents, there was a young girl of 17 or 18 sitting by the *kang* on a strip of rag—her only clothing. At our approach she ran for cover into the inner room, her head hanging low in shame. Seeing this, we asked one of the women there to take her some clothes. The landlords and gentry in this area forced the peasants to grow opium, oppressed and exploited the poor people so that not only had they neither food nor clothing, but their health was ruined. The people sang this song of accusation:

Never are there three clear days,
No three feet of level land.
Never are there three cents in the people’s hand.

We had just camped at this place when we heard that the higher command wanted to set up a local armed force to resist the Japanese and organize the masses to do the same. The comrades welcomed this and were encouraged, and the entire army plunged into this battle. Every division and regiment organized propaganda teams against the aggressor. The army group headquarters staff organized themselves into several work teams. Comrade Yeh Chang-kun and I formed a group. Everyone of us followed instructions and did propaganda work to agitate for resistance against the Japanese invaders. We all raced to see who could do more propaganda work, collect the most money and recruit more people into the Red Army. This type of propaganda work was familiar to every Red Army commander and fighter, and in fact had never been interrupted. This applied especially to the great call of the Party:

“Resist Japan and save the nation.”

As we proceeded on the Long March, we lost count of the slumbering mountain villages and cities it awoke. I remember the winter of the previous year when we passed Chenchi, Hsupu, Hsinhua and Hsikuangshan in Hunan Province. In just two or three days we had organized the Anti-Japanese Great League, the Anti-Japanese Volunteers, the Workers’ Association, etc. And when we pulled out from Hsikuangshan, we set up a workers’

contingent of more than 1,000 men. At that time, although I only did propaganda work, unclear as to the overall purpose of the command, I had a vague idea that going north to resist Japan was a prelude to a great revolutionary upsurge.

The propaganda teams set out! The work teams set out! It became extremely lively in the city of Pichieh. The Red Army work team and propaganda team cadres were on the streets and in the squares putting on skits and plays, singing songs, dancing, writing slogans and making speeches from morning to night. They let the people know the Red Army's various policies by all sorts of methods. But being far away from the central organizations, we got very little information about the international and domestic political situation: We combed the newspapers of the White areas (some were progressive) for articles about the movement to resist Japan and save the nation in Peking, Nanking, Shanghai and other places throughout the country in order to analyse correctly and formulate simple propaganda guidelines, slogans and calls.

Paper was scarce, and we used waste and coarse homemade paper. Doors and bamboo strips served as our slogan boards and ashes and charcoal provided our ink. I have lost count of the propaganda speeches we gave the workers and peasants. When we spoke on the streets or in the residential districts, we always first chatted about everyday things and asked detailed questions in order to make friends. The masses grew close to us in feeling, and it was easier for them to accept what we said. Gradually, they would gather round; as their number increased our speakers became more animated, and enthusiasm mounted.

In early 1935 when our Central Red Army reached this area, the workers, peasants and students had all reacted to different degrees to the Party's education. Therefore, when we talked about the Kuomintang's policy of non-resistance to Japan, many a time we heard from among the crowd the angry shouts of "Down with Japanese imperialism!" before we had finished. We not only did work in spreading the movement to resist Japan and save the nation, we gave many specific examples to illustrate "why the poor are poor and the rich are rich," to reveal to the masses of people the secret of rich and poor. We called on the oppressed to unite and liberate themselves from exploitation.

Within a few days the masses were awakened. The students were especially enthusiastic and active. They joined us in popularizing the Communist Party's united front policy and exposing Chiang Kai-shek's treacherous policy of "internal pacification before resistance to foreign invasion." Often they held their own meetings and called on their schoolmates to rise up, oppose Chiang and resist Japan. They encouraged their schoolmates to join the Red Army. Landlords' farmhands would slip out quietly at night to tell us the crimes of the landlords in oppressing and exploiting the peasants, and where there were hidden stockpiles and secret caches of the landlords' silver dollars, cloth, grain and other valuables. Acting on these reports, and after careful investigation and receiving the approval of the political department, we distributed part of the unearthed booty among the masses, who said it was "the property returning home again."

With this kind of revolutionary viewpoint there developed an upsurge in revolutionary enthusiasm; it also created a fervour to join the Red Army: They would pledge to struggle to the end against the landlords and gentry, and the Kuomintang. The new recruits into the Red Army mounted rapidly in number, the headquarters staff of our army group alone increasing by 1,000 men. Including the new recruits into the divisions, the number exceeded 3,000. When we were about to leave Pichieh we set up the Independent First and Fourth regiments. Some girl students repeatedly requested for permission to join us, but because we were continuing the Long March, we could only thank them and convince them to return home.

In our 20 days in Pichieh we also did work among the upper stratum of the people to form a national united front against Japan. In the town and surrounding areas were many enlightened personages and some local armed units who at this critical moment of saving the country also had some feeling for resisting Japan and demonstrated more or less their dissatisfaction with the Kuomintang's treacherous policy of discriminating against people who disagreed with Chiang Kaishek. The Party grasped this opportune time, explained to them in clear terms at meetings and through personal contacts the Communist Party's stand for resisting Japan, and other policies, and encouraged them to step forth and unite with people of all walks of life so as to organize an allied resistance army for national salvation.

At the same time, we used the post offices in the Kuomintang areas to send notices from the Political and Administrative Committee of the Second Front Army to people of all circles, as well as Committee letters to the high-ranking Kuomintang officers in the southwestern provinces, calling on the Kuomintang officers to sign a ceasefire agreement with us and join us in resisting Japan.

After several days of propaganda work, many people came to know our Party's stand. Outstanding was the veteran Kuomintang member Mr. Chou Su-yuan, whose enthusiasm for resisting Japan took him everywhere on

anti-Japanese propaganda missions. Later, when the Kweichow Resist-Japan-and-Save-the-Nation Army was formed, he was elected its commander-in-chief, and when the Red Army left Pichieh, he joined us on the Long March. In spite of the hard conditions, he finally crossed the snow-capped mountains and wilderness together with us and joined the Central Red Army in the Shensi-Kansu Border Region.

204.168 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Snow In June \fn{by Tien Kuo-hao (before 1934-)} China (M) 1

After crossing the Chinsha River and several days' arduous march, our Red Army came to the area of snowy mountains. It was in sweltering summer. The sun blazed down on us so, it seemed we were carrying stoves on our backs. We were dripping with sweat, but our nostrils and lips were parched. The path zigzagged upwards. A very high mountain we'd been seeing from afar for a fortnight now appeared even taller. When we reached its foot we could no longer see the top, only icy white snow with a dazzle from the setting sun which hurt our eyes.

According to the local people, we had a 35-kilometre march ahead of us to cross over to the other side. When it was dark we continued the long climb up the winding trail in the dim moonlight. Our troops were strung out far ahead and behind. The encouraging shouts and cheerful songs of the propagandists reverberated in that bushy ravine, intermingling with the neighing of the horses. Though our spirits were high, we had to proceed slowly, picking our way along the twisting path in the deepening obscurity, for one misstep meant a long drop down the gorge.

Although we trudged on steadily all night, daylight caught us still less than half-way to the peak. We received the order to rest. After gulping down a few mouthfuls of fried flour, we marched on.

The path became steeper until it seemed almost vertical. Although our vanguard had cleared the way, it wasn't exactly easy going for our horses and mules. The overhanging rocks could come crashing down on our heads at any moment if we happened to brush carelessly against them. Mountain torrents roared, throwing up great clouds of spray.

*

Near noon we reached the half-way point. Then we went round a bend. Ahead, two tall mountains nestled together, sandwiching our little trail between them. On either side a few emerald-green pine trees jutted from the rocky cliffs. The path was bordered by lush weeds only a few inches high, and here and there yellow flowers proudly swayed in the soft breeze: It seemed like spring, except for the gusts of cool breeze in the shade, which was like autumn setting in and made us forget it was June.

In another two hours we were in the deep of winter. The snow became thicker with every step and the path more slippery. I heard the old ailing comrade from Kweichow behind me panting as he struggled to negotiate the slope. I was reaching out for his gun when my deputy squad leader came up to take his bedroll. But the old man refused. He braced himself and continued laboriously on his way.

Then we came to a spot where the snow had frozen about two feet deep. Beneath it water gurgled. Then the tortuous trail became steeper and narrower. One wrong step and we'd go flying down the face of the mountain never to be seen again. Our feet, shod in straw sandals soaked through by the snow, were now completely numb.

As the air became thinner, I felt as if a boulder had been placed on my chest. We advanced slowly, stopping for breath every few steps. I looked back at the old comrade behind me. Sweat was streaming down his forehead and he seemed too exhausted to take another step. Finally he sank to the ground. Our political instructor rushed up and, putting the old man's arm over his shoulder, slowly helped him up, like a mother her small child.

"Keep on a while longer, comrade," the instructor urged gently. "Crossing the mountain means victory. We just can't give up here."

"I can make it." Moved, the old comrade pushed aside the instructor's supporting arm and staggered on.

Our spirits soared when we finally reached the peak at three o'clock in the afternoon. But the dark clouds gathering in the southwest suddenly rushed towards us, bringing first a hailstorm and then a heavy snowfall. The weather was so changeable! Our thin uniforms were soon soaking wet and frozen in spots. As blasts of bitter cold wind set our teeth chattering, our instructor and company commander told us to wrap our quilts round ourselves. As if bent on making things difficult for us, the wind blew harder. Every step in the knee-deep snow was a terrible effort and our billowing quilts, like sails in the wind, made us stagger. We held on to each other as we plodded on.

"An ancient poet said in one of his verses that getting to Szechuan is harder than ascending to Heaven," the instructor muttered to himself. "This is even worse." It's hard to say what our little messenger behind him understood by that, but he retorted,

"Instructor, we're already way up in the sky. We're walking on clouds, aren't we?" We all burst out laughing.

Towards evening the snow subsided. The setting sun irradiated the summit to the west and the reflection of its rays on the snow was blinding.

I thought the descent would be easier, but I soon found out I was wrong. We had to be extremely careful lest we slip and go skidding down the slope. Because of a second's inattention, one of our comrades went hurtling some 30 metres. We were all watching anxiously when he spiritedly rose to his feet and shouted:

"Come on. Try the 'slide.'" And so we all slid down.

By nightfall we'd triumphed over wind and snow without losing a single comrade. Within the space of one day we'd experienced spring, autumn, and winter with its snowstorm. At the foot of the mountain, the heat fell upon us again.

204.169 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: A Party Branch Committee Meeting \fn{by Chien Chih-an (before 1934-)} China (M) 1

There was not a single grain of rice in the whole company, and Tehjung \fn{In western Szechuan Province} was still several days' march further. For the first time our company had to grapple with the pangs of hunger and were on the verge of starvation: The detachments marching in front of us had passed the word along that horse bones and the undigested barley in horse manure could be used as food. But as we were the rearguard, our company could hardly expect to be lucky enough to find any horse bones or manure. More and more comrades were straggling behind, and hunger was getting the upper hand. We were glad to make soup of wild tubers and even of grass. It was a bitter brew, but somewhat better than plain water.

"Endure hunger and march on for the revolution and victory" was our slogan. But at the same time we all had visions of a big "feast" in store for us when we got to Tehjung. The sick comrades who could still keep on their feet dragged themselves painfully along. Those who could no longer walk were helped along by their comrades. Tehjung had practically become a "land of plenty" in our minds, and on it we pinned our hopes.

*

However we were sadly disappointed when we arrived there. It turned out to be a bleak, desolate place of no more than three houses. We searched the hamlet but were unable to find a single grain of food.

I looked at the men's sallow, swollen faces and felt as if a knife were plunged into my heart. I knew that all my comrades were strong-willed and as unbreakable as a rod of steel. I believed that as long as they breathed they would go forward, even on their hands and knees. But ahead of us were several months of difficult travelling. Anxieties and worries filled my mind. Could we make it on wild green soup alone?

Chang Hsien-yun, the company commander, and I were both upset and restless as the search for food went on. Suddenly the company sergeant dashed out of a cattle-pen. He seemed to have discovered a secret of immense value. He beckoned us and said excitedly,

"Company Commander and Political Instructor! Come and take a look at this." We hurried over and found a corner of the cattle-pen roughly covered with hay.

"Look at these," said the sergeant, pointing to a few scattered grains of barley.

He gently removed a dried crust of cattle dung and the fresh earth beneath, revealing a wooden board. He hastily lifted the board. Underneath was a large jar of barley. He was beside himself with joy.

"Shall I get a spade?" he asked excitedly.

"Just a moment," I said. "We must observe discipline when dealing with the masses and not take anything from the Tibetan nationality people without permission."

The company commander did not say a word, but his expression told me that he was thinking of the same problem. The sergeant said, anxiety written large on his face:

"What are we going to do then? Our men have nothing to eat!"

I was in the same quandary. Looking at the grain, I could not tell what to do. Both the company commander and I remained thoughtful and silent. The sergeant looked at us, as though trying to find an answer from the expression in our eyes.

"Better call a meeting of the Party branch committee and discuss it," I suggested.

*

The company commander agreed. An emergency meeting of the Party branch committee was held just outside the cattle-pen. When the men heard that grain had been found, they beamed with joy. But after my talk about discipline they became pensive, and the smiles left their faces. Yang Cheng-hai, leader of the First Platoon, was the first to speak.

“The Tibetan people do not know what the Red Army is like, and they have been taken in by reactionary propaganda. That’s why they all keep out of sight. If we dig up their grain they will get a very bad opinion of us, and we shall play right into the hands of the counter-revolutionaries who are spreading evil rumours. The advance guard marching in front of us is just as hungry as we are. They managed without touching this grain. If they can hold out, so can we. A Red Army man must have moral integrity. We would rather die from hunger than touch it.”

The First Platoon leader had spoken the truth, and every man was silent. A few moments later Han Yao-chih, leader of the Second Platoon, said in a slow, steady tone,

“I agree with Comrade Yang, but we have more than a dozen sick comrades in our company. They cannot go on any longer without food. I wonder if it’s permissible for us to get some of the grain for our sick comrades.”

We all knew that some comrades had fallen sick the last few days because of hunger. Food, and not medicine, would be the remedy. Lai Yu-hsi was the worst sufferer, so weak that he was unable to walk. We had taken turns to help him on the march for two days. He was nothing but skin and bones.

We were tormented by the question: Was it right to stand and watch a class brother starve and die? It was obvious that we must have the grain, but at the same time it was necessary to observe discipline. After discussion, the Party branch committee decided to pay for the grain in silver dollars.

*

All the comrades on the Party branch committee immediately set to work and finally unearthed about 200 kilogrammes of barley. That would save our sick comrades, and the entire company too. Smiles came back to the faces of the fighters. The whole company bubbled like a cauldron of boiling water, giving new life to the remote Tehjung.

The Party branch committee decided that the sick comrades should get eight small bowls of grain each, the men five, and officers three. Our ration bags, which had been lying empty at the bottom of our sacks for days, now reappeared across our shoulders.

As payment for the grain, we decided to bury some silver dollars where it had been found. I asked the clerk to write a note. It was written on a piece of red paper like this:

Dear Sir,

We are terribly sorry to have dug up your barley. Please accept our payment of fifty silver dollars for it.

Second Company, Chinese Workers’ and Peasants’ Red Army

We wrapped the money in a piece of blue cloth, pasted the red-paper note outside and placed it in the grain jar. The sergeant, fearing it might not be enough, placed 12 additional silver coins in the jar for good measure. The problem solved, the members of the Party branch committee stood watching the reburial of the jar and did not disperse until everything appeared exactly as before.

204.170 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Joining Forces At Kantze \fn{by Tan Shang-wei (before 1934-)}
China (M) 2

It was already mid-May when our troops reached Taocheng in western Szechuan Province.

In the short space of some 200 days we’d passed through Hunan, Hupeh and Kweichow right up to Yunnan and Sikang, five provinces all told, fighting all the way. I have no idea how many lofty mountains and ragged peaks we’d scaled, nor how many streams and rivers we’d crossed. It was also beyond my reckoning how many pairs of straw sandals we’d worn out and how much raw corn and bitter wild fruit we’d eaten in those long months. We’d all weathered the beating rain and scorching sun, but they had taken their tolls. Which of us wasn’t pale and thin, sapped with exhaustion? Our clothes were now tattered, for there had never been a moment to patch them. Our hair was long and straggly for want of a chance to stop and cut it. Though the enemy had tried to halt our advance at all turns and often attacked from the rear, we had the leadership of the Party and the Second Front Army commanders and had broken out of the enemy encirclements and blockades, our very lives and blood mapping a way through to victory.

It’s hard to describe in words the trials we’d been through since setting out from the Hunan-Hupeh-Szechuan-Kweichow border area. Still, everyone had been in high spirits all the time. Even on arduous long-distance marches one often heard some comrade say in a low voice:

“If we only had a day to rest, we could make a couple of pairs of straw sandals each.” Such opportunities, however, were rare.

One morning we fell in at the square northwest of Taocheng, ready to set off. While we waited, our political commissar, Wang Chen, suddenly appeared before the troops to speak. He seemed extremely happy as he mounted the earthen mound which served as a speaker's platform in the square and said with a heavy Hunanese accent:

"Comrades, I've got a bit of good news for all of you." The square was silent as he continued:

"The Fourth Front Army has reached Kantze in northwestern Szechuan and they've already sent the Thirty-second Corps to Lihua to meet us. Let's put all our energy into this march to Kantze and join forces with the Fourth Front Army!"

"Join forces at Kantze!"

The words were repeated over and over again in excitement; some soldiers even jumped for joy. This good news was unexpected. We'd been worried about not having anywhere to rest and recover, nor any way to replenish our supply of straw sandals and grain. Now, however, in an instant everything seemed possible.

Our hopeful ranks set out on the march to Lihua. The area was a flat, lush, green expanse, with the local Tibetans' flocks and cattle grazing everywhere. Distant echoes of herdsmen's songs floated through the air, and the golden roofs of the lamaseries complemented the distant snow-clad mountains, forming what seemed to be a beautiful painting. On either side of the road from Taocheng to Lihua were Tibetans on horseback welcoming us, some holding butter and *tsamba* (roasted highland barley) for us to eat. Whenever one of our cavalry soldiers came up, they'd stop his horse and offer him chicken. Because we couldn't speak any Tibetan there was nothing for it but to ask an interpreter to thank them for us. Then with thumbs stuck up in approbation, the Tibetans said:

"Very good!"

Our casualties couldn't walk, so the Tibetans sent them on horseback to the place where we were to camp. They really treated us like their own brothers. We felt full of energy and by midday had completed the trip we'd originally thought would take the whole day. At a place called Chiawa, just south of Lihua, we met with a spearhead unit from the 32nd Corps.

We rested at Lihua for half a day, cleaning up and doing a bit of study on the Party's policy towards minority nationalities as well as points to remember when we joined up with the Fourth Front Army.

When our 17th Division got to our billets at Kanhaitzu, near Kantze, we found the rooms all swept spotlessly clean and thick straw mattresses on the beds. It turned out that this was where the men of the Fourth Front Army had been living; they'd cleaned the rooms out that morning for us to use. Old Yang, the cook, said:

"The comrades of the Fourth Front Army have collected plenty of kindling for us too, and the pair of water jars are full to the brim. They've even prepared a pot of boiled water for us."

As soon as we arrived we heard there was going to be a large "joining-of-the-forces meeting," and official notification of the meeting soon came through.

*

That day we assembled in record time. Before the duty officer had given the order, we were already outside waiting in neat ranks. The notification from Headquarters stated that our troops should be tidily dressed, lined up according to height and should enter the meeting place in four columns. From a distance we could see a large streamer against the red wall of a lamasery:

"Salute the heroic fighters of the Second Front Army!"

Many battalions had mustered in the square, there were the strains of singing with the overtones of female voices. I can only remember two lines from the song:

Come! Second and Sixth corps join forces!
Raise high your red flag and march on!

When we entered the meeting ground, all turned to us. Raising their arms in the air the men shouted again and again:

"Welcome the Second Front Army from the Hunan-Hupeh-Szechuan-Kweichow-Yunnan region!"

"Long live the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army!"

The Tibetan people crowded along the road with butter and *tsamba* held out in welcome. Seeing the friendliness on the faces of our comrades-in-arms of the Fourth Front Army, and hearing their words of encouragement, we soon forgot all about our accumulated weariness of the past months.

And so it was that two fraternal army units joined forces at the most crucial time! They had been unknown to each other, but both had been through countless dangers and numerous skirmishes. Who of us could not but be

deeply moved. Each person had volumes to say of the experiences of the last months, but no one knew where to start.

“Quieten down, comrades! Let’s ask Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh to say a few words.”

A hush fell over the massed troops. Commander-in-Chief Chu mounted the dais amidst the thunderous applause of the soldiers, their faces beaming with excitement. He wasn’t very tall, not at all like I’d imagined him—imposing and serious. Though his face was quite sallow and thin, it was radiant with a kindly smile. His clothing was very simple, a brown homespun jacket and straw sandals like we were wearing. He really seemed very approachable, just like one of us soldiers. He scanned the assembly a moment before speaking in a clear and forceful voice with strong Szechuanese accent:

“Comrades! I congratulate you on your victorious march over the snow-bound mountains, and also welcome you to Kantze to join up with the Fourth Front Army. This is not our final destination, however. We must continue pressing northward. To do that we must unite as one, for without unity we can achieve nothing. Moreover, before us lies the sparsely inhabited marshlands. For this trek we’ll need to be fully ready to overcome all difficulties.”

At this point he gave us an introductory sketch of the Kantze area, and also told us some good news: Chairman Mao had already led the First Front Army successfully over the marshlands and had reached the anti-Japanese outpost—the Shensi-Kansu region.

Every word the Commander-in-Chief said left a deep impression on all of us. After supper the theatrical troupe of the Fourth Front Army political department put on a show for us. The performance was excellent, consisting of a song called “Welcoming Our Brothers” and a “Red Army Dance.” Every soldier in the Second Front Army was very moved, for this was the first time in seven or eight months that we’d had the chance to sit down at ease to watch a performance of any sort.

After we’d eaten, each one of us was issued with either a woollen sweater or a pair of woollen socks, items which to people like us from the south were quite a luxury. Some of us who were from the countryside had never even seen such thick woollen sweaters or socks before. Someone asked our company political instructor:

“Where did these come from?” He replied:

“The Fourth Front Army comrades were worried that we’d freeze when we got to the marshlands, so they made them for us. They’ve spent the last few days and nights carding, washing and twisting the wool into thread to make them.”

In Taocheng we’d been worried about not having enough clothing. Now we not only had it, but food and accommodation as well—everything we needed. We were all very touched, each of us inspecting and trying on the new woollen garments time and again. Then someone suggested we pack those woollens away till we got to northern Shensi, where we could give them to our comrades in the First Front Army. After some discussion, we all agreed to this proposal and with great care put them away.

I’d been given a pair of socks. Looking at the closely woven yarn, I realized the work and deep feeling which comrades of the Fourth Front Army had put into making them. They themselves hadn’t been in Kantze very long, and their gear was no better than ours. In fact, apart from a bamboo hat each, they had no more than we had. They needed warm clothing to keep out the cold no less desperately than we but they had put our needs before their own. When I thought of this my eyes moistened with emotion.

That night every company held a cadres meeting and a meeting of the Party groups to discuss how to get strong unity and overcome our difficulties so as to complete our glorious task. The soldiers all expressed determination to surmount all natural obstacles with a heroic and indomitable spirit, and press on to the north to fight the Japanese invaders.

204.172 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Our Supply Station On The Marshlands \fn{by Yang Yi-shan (before 1934-)} China (M) 2

It was early autumn 1936. We had marched for several days and reached Kechu River on the marshlands around the upper reaches of the Yellow River. The unit was spread over the marshlands, relaxing and preparing to press on towards northern Shensi. At daybreak the soldiers started striking tents. We washed our faces in the cold river water to refresh ourselves, then roused the exhausted yaks, watered and loaded them. Our troops quietly fell in, ready to set off.

Suddenly there was the sound of hurried footsteps. I looked up. A “little devil” was running in our direction, shouting something. Probably greeting comrades of his, I thought, but to my surprise he was calling to me.

“Comrade! Are you Yang Yi-shan?”

“Yes!”

“Come quickly. Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh wants to see you.” He pointed ahead.

I hurried that way. A powerfully built man was standing with his back to the choppy river, his oxhide cape flapping in the wind. At the sound of my rapid footsteps Chu Teh turned to greet me, and I walked still faster towards him.

“Are you in charge of supplies, comrade?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Then you’re assigned to be in charge of the supply station here?”

“That’s right.”

“Good. It’s an important task, comrade. Tens of thousands of our Red Army are still in the rear, and Headquarters has decided that the units directly under our Fourth Front Army should leave all their transport yaks for them. It’ll take us six more days to cross the marshlands, so each man can be given no more than half a kilogramme of beef or mutton per day counting the hide. The rest must be left for the rearguard troops, or they’ll never make it across the marshlands.” He stressed each word as he continued:

“Boil the sheep carcasses thoroughly so the skin can be eaten with the meat. Oxhides need especially thorough boiling. Intestines and tripe must all be eaten too.” Chu Teh climbed a mound to address the troops, raised one hand and declared,

“Comrades, as you all know, crossing the marshlands is the toughest part of our march. But the comrades of the Second Front Army, our rearguard, are worse off than we are. They won’t even have wild herbs to eat, for the route’s being stripped bare by the forward troops.

“Headquarters has decided to leave them all the sheep and yaks taken from the enemy yesterday. We’ll also leave them our transport yaks, so you’ll have to carry on your backs whatever you can’t leave behind.”

Cheers rang out before he finished speaking. Our fighters eagerly unloaded the yaks and handed the animals over to us for use by their brother units. Then they set off. Before leaving, Chu Teh reminded me:

“You’ve got your work cut out for you, comrade. Be sure to tell your superiors to see to it that nothing is thrown away. Even the tiniest scrap of oxhide is precious.”

*

So over 300 of us including the men from a battalion of the 30th Corps remained behind to set up the supply station. We pitched our tents and hid the animals in grass as tall as ourselves, leaving a patrol headed by a political commissar to guard them.

The whole Fourth Front Army had now come through. We know it wouldn’t be long before the Second Front Army vanguard arrived, so we got busy making preparations. But the enemy cavalry surprised us with an attack at dawn. We repulsed them, but they carried off a lot of our yaks.

The Second Front Army headquarters led by Commander Ho Lung arrived some five days later. Before we could even see the troops, we heard shouts in the distance—they’d probably spotted our tents. Though we’d been awaiting them eagerly for days, we felt unhappy now that they had arrived, for we’d lost so many precious yaks to the enemy. Ho Lung had no sooner arrived than he demanded:

“Who’s in charge of supplies?”

“I am, Commander.” I ran up.

Then he asked for a detailed report on the arrangements for distributing the animals. I told him the instructions I’d received and about the yaks we’d lost in the enemy attack.

“That doesn’t matter,” he responded with a wave of his hand. “There’s no difficulty that can stop us.”

Then he asked several of us to study the food supply problem again. After calculating carefully, Ho Lung decided to reduce the half-kilogramme daily ration and asked the men to do their best to make up the difference by catching fish. After distributing the beef and mutton to the fighters we prepared the commander’s ration, which I took to his bodyguard. But Ho Lung refused it, saying:

“Take it back!” When I insisted on his accepting it, questioning how he could march the long distance without it, Ho Lung took the meat and returned it himself.

“Don’t worry, comrade,” he reassured me. “I’ll provide my own food supply. Keep my share for the men who’re coming.” Seeing my puzzled expression, he threw back his head and laughed, then went through the motions of a man landing a fish.

“Wait and see,” he joked, “we’ll round out our rations.” And, true enough, whenever the troops stopped for a rest, he went fishing.

*

The last unit of the Second Front Army came through, and our task was completed. We marched on in the footsteps of our comrades.

We must have walked for three days when we came to a densely wooded mountain. We pushed on over a muddy path obscured by the tracks of wild animals, then soon even our guide could not find the way. There's no trail ahead.

"What are we going to do?" the point man ran back and asked.

This was to be expected. But if we didn't continue we would be further separated from the main force and our difficulties would increase. We decided to press on. Then we spotted some of our troops ahead. Our main force, we thought. What luck! When we got nearer, we realized it was a company of the Sixth Army Group that had been assigned sentry duty while the others marched on. Obviously out of food by the time they had completed their mission and too weak to go on, most of them were lying on the ground, some even unconscious. We rushed over to help them sit up, clasping them gently.

"Go on, comrades," their political instructor murmured. "Keep on. We don't want to hold you back." He paused.

"Just to see you, comrades, is a great comfort to us. When you catch up with our main force, tell the leaders for us that we completed the task entrusted to us by the Party."

But how could we leave them dying like that! We still had one yak left to carry our guns. We'd been reluctant to kill it, but now we gave it to them.

Not long after we left the marshlands we encountered this company again. The fighters cheered, jumped for joy, then rushed to embrace each other. Happy in our victory, we shouted together:

"We've made it! At last we're past the marshlands!"

204.175 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: On The Tangling Mountains \fn{ by Wu Hsien-en (before 1934-) } China (M) 2

When we came to the foot of the Tangling Mountains, Headquarters ordered us of the supply department to reach the other side before half past two the following afternoon, to prepare food for the troops.

At three o'clock in the morning, we made a "hearty" breakfast of two-thirds of our grain ration—less than six ounces each—boiled with wild greens. At half past three, we set out by the light of the setting moon and stars. The vanguard battalion took the lead, followed by the light casualties on horseback and the stretcher teams carrying the seriously wounded. We marched in single file up the winding mountain path, over sharp stones which pierced right through our straw sandals.

A cold wind blowing by fits and starts from the valley lashed dust into our faces and warned us that a storm was brewing. We should have to race to cross the mountain in time. For delay would not only mean spending a night with empty stomachs in the wind and snow, but failure in our mission. I kept taking out my watch to estimate our speed and urging the men to hurry. It was time, though, that went faster and faster, while our advance became slower and slower. The men's legs refused to obey them. Their swollen feet seemed weighted with lead. Every step took superhuman effort.

This was not astonishing, because in a month's hard marching we had not had a single square meal or one night's good sleep. The men had to tighten their belts as their stomachs grew emptier, and they drowsed off as they walked. They kept transferring the packs over their shoulders and the sticks in their hands from one side to another—even a mug seemed to weigh half a ton. The stretcher-bearers had the worst of it, for though their shoulders were red and sore they had to watch the path ahead of them like hawks and take care not to tilt the stretchers.

None wished to speak, fearing their strength would be blown away by the wind once they opened their mouths. Even "story-teller" Wang and Sun Ta-kang, the lively messenger, fell silent. The only sound from them was puffing and panting.

"Why so quiet, Sun Ta-kang?" Political Commissar Chang who walked behind me asked suddenly.

"I know why," Wang cut in. "He's homesick."

I was baffled. Young Sun had never shown any sign of homesickness since joining the army at the age of 13. Sun looked bewildered too as Wang went on slowly:

"The Tangling Mountains remind him of his home, the Flower and Fruit Mountains." \fn{ A play on his name; the Flower and Fruit Mountains are the home of Monkey Sun, the hero of the Pilgrimage to the West (a 16th century novel) to whom magical

powers are attributed} Political Commissar Chang and I both laughed. Sun ran over with new strength to have it out with Wang. And the men behind came forward to hear the joke. Quickening his pace Wang shouted,

“Sun Ta-kang is going to request Monkey Sun to move the Tangling Mountains to make way for the troops behind us.” Cheerful laughter rang out instantly in the quiet valley.

When next I took out my watch to check the time, Political Commissar Chang was winding his. There was a glint of satisfaction in his eyes. Each step forward in crossing this mountain was a step towards victory.

Suddenly a stir went through the ranks ahead. Then bad news was passed back: A storm had risen on the mountain!

In no time, a gigantic pillar of dust shot up from behind the mountain and shut out the sun. The wind, howling like a raging beast, flung snow and gravel into our faces. Linking hands, our men dropped to the ground. The mugs on our backs clanged under the onslaught of the sand. Darkness fell, though it was only noon. The messenger from the vanguard battalion came up panting to report:

“The storm has forced many of the comrades to take cover in the ravine.”

Because of this, we had to give the order to bivouac.

*

After dark the wind abated by degrees. We lit fires and set about boiling water for the wounded, changing their dressings, or drying clothes soaked with sweat. The horses started nibbling at the bark of trees before their grooms had time to fetch twigs and grass. We killed two horses and gave the meat to the wounded, the hide and bones to the staff. We kept our small store of grain for the next day’s breakfast, to give us energy to cross the summit.

Before setting out we had heard that wind on this mountain was invariably followed by snow, and now, in fact, it began snowing heavily. Late that night the political commissar and I made the rounds of the sleeping men. The snow was thick, the trees were hung with icicles more than a foot long, many fires had been extinguished by the snow, and some of our men were buried in it as they slept. We lost no time in making sure that the wounded were safe and in searching for men under snowdrifts.

After this inspection, we returned to our tent. The political commissar had never been robust. Now his breath was coming in gasps, his face and neck were red with exertion. I patted his back, bent by 27 gruelling years as a hired hand, till after a while his breathing became more regular.

“Old Wu!” He smiled and threw another branch onto our dying fire.

“I doubt if any painter in the world could do justice to such a magnificent snow scene.” He harked back to a heavy snowfall one night when he was working for the landlord. While he lay shivering in the stable, unable to sleep for the cold, the landlord had ordered him to cover his horses with quilts.

“But that’s ancient history,” he said. “Let’s come back to the present. Today’s report showed another fifteen stretcher-bearers lost—we’re up against it, all right. And tomorrow will be even more critical.”

“In this deep snow we shan’t be able to tell where the path ends and a precipice begins!” We were discussing the next day’s climb when we heard a voice behind us:

“Department Chief! Political Commissar!”

We turned and saw a man swathed in bandages crawling painfully towards us. The half of his body outside the tent was deep in the snow. He raised his head with difficulty, and by the gleam of the fire we recognized Battalion Commander Chang.

We hastened to carry him in, and propped him up between us by the fire. I could not imagine what had brought him, so seriously wounded, through the snow in the dead of night. He gazed from sunken eyes at each of us in turn.

“I heard; what you just said We all know the situation. I’ve thought, it over, and you must leave us here!” To forestall any objection, he added quickly:

“For the sake of the revolution!”

“Every man in the Red Army is a seed of revolution. As long as we’re alive we can’t abandon you!” The political commissar was racked by coughing.

“I’ve thought this out. To preserve our revolutionary strength”—he broke off to grit his teeth in agony as the sweat poured down his face. Roughly wiping it off, he gasped—“I’ve thought it all out. We’ve been carried all the way through Szechuan, adding so much to our men’s burden. How many have lost their lives because of us! I’m not going to see my comrades dying for me. You must live on ... to ... finish the revolution!”

His eyes slowly closed.

We called his name, but he was gone. Big flakes of snow were still falling. The fire had nearly flickered out.

*

When the long dark night was over and we had buried our comrade-in-arms, we set out again. Though the commissar was desperately weak, he continued by dint of tremendous effort to lead the way. Whenever we reached a steep and treacherous slope, he would wave to us to slow down.

“Steady there, comrades! Steady does it!” His directions were punctuated by violent coughing.

When we came to the foot of the cliff where our vanguard had camped the day before, we found frozen corpses in the snow. An arm with a clenched fist projected from a drift. Prizing apart the stiff fingers, we discovered a Party membership card and a silver dollar. On the card was written:

Liu Chih-hai, member of the Chinese Communist Party, admitted in March 1933.

Taking the card and the silver dollar, I bowed my head and breathed:

“Rest in peace, Comrade Chih-hai! I shall give your card and your last membership dues to the Party.”

*

The commissar stood on the edge of the cliff inspecting every stretcher that passed by. When our wounded saw him in such a precarious position, some of them were moved to tears by his concern for them, for he was not strong himself. The stretcher-bearers said:

“Don’t worry, Commissar! We pledge to carry out our mission!”

Our troops moved forward in an endless file, while the commissar stood on the height braving the icy wind. Between fits of coughing he encouraged the men, though every word took a fearful toll of his strength.

“Go all out, comrades! Forward! Forward!”

His hoarse voice was silenced abruptly as he slumped down in the snow. His orderly cried wildly:

“Commissar! Wake up!”

Slowly he opened his eyes and focussed them on the men round him, and on the advancing troops. He struggled to his feet.

“Go on!” he said, managing a smile. “I’m done for, comrades ... The people of all China are waiting ...”

He turned and pressed his face to the orderly’s cheek. Then, staggering to me, he wrung my hand. The next moment he had fallen lifeless.

We dug a trench in the snow and tearfully buried him. I wound the watch he had left, then marched on in the teeth of the north wind in the footsteps of my comrades.

204.176 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Battle For Paotso {by Cheng Shih-tsai (before 1934-)} China (M) 2

After the link-up of the Fourth Front Army with the Central Red Army at Maokung, we had a period of rest before continuing on our way north. Before our troops reached Maoerhkai the Kuomintang general Hu Tsung-nan had stationed troops in our path, at Chiuchisze Temple and Paotso, at the same time shifting his 49th Division from Sungpan to reinforce Paotso to block and prevent our troops from marching north or east.

In this situation, our higher command ordered us, the 30th Corps, to wipe out the 49th Division and capture Paotso, and we set out accordingly. Passing Maoerhkai where the central headquarters was located, we saw Chairman Mao and other leaders.

After Hsu Hsiang-chien, the battle commander, introduced us, Chairman Mao shook our hands. He wore an ordinary gray uniform and a cap. In his hand was a map showing the route north. Because we were in a temple, there were no desks, chairs or stools, and we had to spread the map on the ground. We gathered around the map, some sitting on a wooden board and others just squatting. Chairman Mao carefully inquired about the situation in our unit—how many had dropped out, how many men in a company, the fighters’ morale, their daily life, their food, and so on. Chairman Mao then issued instructions for carrying out the forthcoming battle assignments, and discussed again the question of setting up anti-Japanese base areas. He stated clearly that a countrywide upsurge to resist Japan was just around the corner and the entire situation was favourable to us.

Chairman Mao’s analysis of the prevailing situation and his concern for and closeness to the fighters left a deep impression on us which time has not erased. Filled with determination and unshakable confidence in victory, the commanders and fighters of our entire corps marched over the marshlands towards Paotso.

*

Defending Paotso was a regiment of Hu Tsung-nan’s Independent Brigade, whose headquarters was in a large lamasery. This lamasery was tight up against a hill 500-600 metres high. In front was a small river. Although it

was only 20 feet wide, because it was the rainy season in the marshlands, the water was deep and turbulent. It was a natural defence barrier. The enemy had controlled the high ground. In the woods on the mountain slope they had built six or seven strongpoints which linked up into a defence web.

The enemy in these strongpoints fired on our attackers from hidden gun pillboxes. They made us pay for every inch of advance. However, our fighters fought extremely courageously and stubbornly, and on that day seized in a hail of fire many enemy pillboxes and wiped out two of their companies.

By nightfall the scouts already knew the enemy's situation and enemy prisoners had volunteered a lot of information. They were thus able to map the disposition of the enemy forces and the route of their reinforcement. This map, along with three prisoners—a platoon leader and two squad leaders—was sent to the corps headquarters. The three knew our policy in regard to POWs\fn{Prisoners of war} and were not really scared. We interrogated the prisoners, correlated their confessions with the scouts' information and got a still better picture of the enemy situation.

We then went to look over the terrain. Although it was a moonlit night, fog tended to obscure the view and we could not see very far. Sometimes we rode on horseback, at other times we walked. After probing the area around Paotso we further surveyed the possible route of enemy reinforcements for Paotso.

We knew the 49th Division reinforcements were Hu Tsung-nan's main force—about 12,000 men. Our corps on the other hand had suffered hardships crossing the snow-bound mountains and marshlands for lack of grain, salt and oil, and had sustained huge losses. Their physical condition had greatly deteriorated. Also we had incorporated one division headquarters and one regiment into the First Front Army, leaving ourselves a total of little more than 13,000 men. For us to wipe out this better equipped and numerically even enemy would be very difficult indeed. In order to win the battle we would have to rely on correct judgement and meticulous planning. That night, therefore, we not only surveyed the terrain, we did much analysis and formed the battle plan especially carefully.

*

The next morning, except for a regiment to continue the attack on Paotso, the main force was spread along the route that the enemy reinforcement had to take—in the western hills. We also sent a small group of soldiers to seize the strategic height in the eastern hills.

According to the first information from the POWs the enemy reinforcements should have come along by the afternoon. But they did not. Our troops were tired out after the forced march and intensive preparations. And since the officers had not slept that night, they could hardly keep their eyes open. Everyone was thinking of ways to stay awake, while anxiously awaiting the forthcoming battle.

We waited another night and a whole morning before the enemy finally came along from Sungpan towards Paotso. The men's spirits immediately rose and they said in relief:

“Damn it! It's about time.”

It was noon when the sounds of battle were heard. In order to completely wipe out the enemy, we had decided to wait until the main body of the enemy contingent entered our ambush ring before closing the trap.

But the enemy was a cunning devil. He first used a portion of the troops to clear the way. The task of those troops was to force us to start the engagement and then seize the high ground, after which the main enemy forces would advance. We saw through this enemy manoeuvre and ordered our main force on the mountain to remain concealed and just use a regiment to engage the enemy in a series of skirmishes whose purpose was to inflict as many casualties as possible before withdrawing, so as to lure the enemy in deep. This mountain had many small crests and tall, dense pines ideal for concealment.

The arrogant enemy was like a blind man. Unable to ascertain our troop dispositions and itching to get to the rescue, they advanced quickly and fell right into our trap.

In the point-by-point resistance our troops had not only inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. They had also been able to determine the fighting ability and battle tactics of the enemy. The battle tactics of small groups of the enemy (company and platoon) were quite flexible, and they fought stubbornly. Their firepower was strong. Aside from their numerous light and heavy machine-guns giving covering fire at each assault, their mortars also kept up a supporting barrage. These, plus small artillery pieces and other weapons, would rake our positions and also our rear, so that a continuous rain of shells exploded around our command headquarters about one kilometre from the firing line.

To deal with this we decided to attack in many echelons of dispersed formation while concentrating our firepower on one point at the same time.

*

It was now 3 p.m. when the enemy main force entered our ambush ring. Our plan called for launching the massive assault before dusk, which was more advantageous to us, but the enemy's entering with his main force demanded that we advance our schedule.

At 5 p.m. our command headquarters gave the signal for the all-out assault. Our troops hidden along the mountainside all fired upon the enemy at once, the rifle and artillery fire and grenade explosions blending into one big roar. The 3.5-kilometre battle front became a sea of flame.

As for terrain, we were on high ground and could charge down, but the enemy had built defence works in his rear and occupied many small hillocks. The entire mountain was covered in large pine forest and thick undergrowth which hid the enemy troop movements from our view, and wherever we charged, the enemy concealed themselves in the woods, ravines and ditches from where they fought bitterly, contesting every inch of ground. We stepped up our attacks and managed to chop the enemy into three sections. At the same time we fired our scanty stock of mortar shells at enemy concentrations; our fighters used hand-grenades and bayonets in the bitter hand-to-hand fighting. When those up front fell, others charged forward in a see-saw battle. When the enemy captured a position, we would take it again.

The divisional and regimental reserves, staff officers, propaganda workers, cooks and animal caretakers all grabbed weapons and joined the battle. At first, the command headquarters kept in touch by telephone, but during the assaults the headquarters staff joined the troops and commanded the hotly contested battle directly.

The 268th Regiment, which had cut off the first section of the enemy, fought outstandingly. The enemy on the left and right mounted one attack after another, and the 268th was like a steel knife in the middle, counter-attacking time and again and repulsing one wave of attack after another. Our fallen heroes' blood lay spilled on the ground. One martyr, whose arm was broken, still clenched a broadsword in his other. The scene seared our minds.

This battle raged for seven or eight hours at least, till our troops were finally able to mop up all three sections. The enemy divisional commander, Wu Cheng-jen, was mortally wounded and jumped into the river; one regimental commander and one deputy regimental commander were taken prisoner.

*

After the enemy main force was wiped out, their logistics troops panicked and fled, and we sent a party of men hot on their heels. We also captured as war booty 800 yaks and horses laden with grain and ammunition.

Our troops attacking the surrounded Paotso at the same time launched several furious assaults on the enemy in the lamasery. It was 2 a.m. when all the enemy defenders were annihilated except for 200 who fled towards Nanping under cover of the heavy fog, setting fire to the lamasery granary on the way. Our troops captured the lamasery and quickly put out the fire. Some fighters raced into the granary and carried out the burned sacks, chewing and swallowing down mouthfuls of scorched grain as they did so, for they had withstood acute hunger to wipe out the enemy and win this victory.

We surrounded the 200-some enemy defenders on the high mountain behind the lamasery but, in order to keep our losses at a minimum, did not launch any attacks. After we captured the lamasery by assault, it was just as we figured—those enemy soldiers saw that all was lost and laid down their arms in droves.

The battle for Paotso was won. Of the 10,000-some enemy troops engaged, some 4,000 were killed and a few escaped, but all the rest were taken prisoner.

The victory at Paotso removed the obstacle in the way of the Red Army's march north, adding a new page to the glorious battle record of the Fourth Front Army.

204.179 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: The Battle Of Chihlochen \fn{ by Hsu Hai-tung (before 1934-) }
China (M) 2

By the end of November 1935 northern Shensi was in the grip of freezing winter. Encouraged by the slogan "Welcome the Central Red Army with a victorious battle!" the 15th Army Group in northern Shensi captured Changtsunyi and Tungtsun southwest of Yen-an, then took two smaller positions near by. Chairman Mao led the Central Red Army, that is, the First Front Army, to Tungtsun after the fighting, joining forces with the 15th Army Group, to everyone's satisfaction.

The Red Army's victorious march into northern Shensi spelled the failure of Chiang Kai-shek's and the imperialists' plan for annihilating the Red Army and ushered in a new upsurge in the Chinese revolution. In order to use the northwest as the base for China's revolution, Chairman Mao drew up a plan for a major battle of annihilation, the Battle of Chihlochen, immediately upon reaching northern Shensi.

At that time the situation in northern Shensi was this:

After the victory of northern Shensi's Red Army at Yulinchiao in Laoshan, five enemy divisions had launched an attack against us. One in the east marched along the Lochuan-Fuhsien road to the north while four in the west headed for Fuhsien County, northern Shensi, from Kansu's Chingyang and Haoshui along the Hulu River. Chairman Mao decided to concentrate the Red Army forces which had converged in northern Shensi to smash the enemy at the town of Chihlochen, north of Changtsunyi. We were to go there to survey the terrain before he made more definite dispositions.

*

According to Chairman Mao's instruction, all the officers above regimental rank of the Central Red Army and the 15th Army Group met west of Changtsunyi and set off for Chihlochen. We covered the 15 kilometres in less than an hour, then dismounted and climbed a mountain overlooking the town from the southwest.

Chihlochen, surrounded on three sides by mountains, was a small town of about 100 households. A road ran like a white ribbon from the west straight through its centre. To its east stood an ancient hamlet, the stone wall around which was almost intact although most of the houses there had collapsed. A sluggish stream ran through the northern part of the town.

We looked carefully through our field-glasses at the roads, hilltops, villages and stream. Every small height, tiny tree, ditch or isolated house was an object for commanders to observe and study, for we were well aware that unanticipated difficulties might crop up in battle if we overlooked any of these in our reconnaissance.

"This is very favourable terrain for us," was our general verdict. "The enemy will be putting their heads through a noose when they come to Chihlochen." As we walked from one height to another we arrived at a decision:

"Let the enemy in to Chihlochen and wipe them out there."

After some discussion we agreed to demolish the hamlet east of the town to prevent the enemy from using it as a stronghold. The 15th Army Group decided to send a battalion to carry out this task that evening. No orders had yet been issued, but from their experience our fighters guessed that a battle was going to be fought here. Knowing that shedding more sweat before a battle could reduce the bloodshed during it, they worked day and night, regardless of fatigue, to pull down the wall. Those fighters who had recently joined us after being taken prisoner asked softly,

"Is the enemy really coming?"

"Sure," our veteran soldiers answered. "Chairman Mao's got it all worked out."

To win the first victory after joining forces with the Central Red Army, the 15th Army Group left only one platoon to keep tabs on the enemy at Chihlochen, massing its main forces near Changtsunyi, building up their strength and making active preparations for combat. Their slogans were:

"Celebrate joining forces with a victory!"

"Welcome Chairman Mao with a victory in battle!"

"Learn from the Central Red Army in battle!"

In high spirits the Red Army waited for the enemy. On the third afternoon when all preparations on our side were complete, Niu Yuan-feng, commander of the enemy 109th Division, arrived with his troops at Chihlochen under cover of six planes.

That night Chairman Mao issued an order: Forced marches were to be made by the Central Red Army from the north and the 15th Army Group from the south to surround Chihlochen before dawn. Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Chou En-lai came in person to direct the battle at the front. From his command post on a hillside near Chihlochen, Chairman Mao gave special instructions to all the army leaders to wipe out the enemy.

"It's to be a battle of annihilation," he instructed us again after the battle started.

*

At daybreak, two units of the Red Army swooped down from the mountains on both sides of Chihlochen like two iron fists. Though on their guard, the enemy never expected us to get there so fast. When they waked up to the fact that they were surrounded, the heights on both sides of Chihlochen were already in our hands. They went north when our rifles clattered in the south and drew back again when firing broke out in the north too. Under our powerful attack, the enemy 109th Division, sandwiched in a valley filled with shots and shouting, crumbled and surrendered their weapons.

The 109th Division was from the Northeast and was an old "supply unit" for the Red Army. Many of their men and officers had been prisoners of the Red Army, though any who resisted fell under our bullets and bayonets.

Attacking on two sides for less than two hours, we occupied the township where the enemy divisional headquarters was stationed. Niu Yuan-feng escaped to the little hamlet east of the town and put up a stubborn resistance with little over a battalion of men.

Though we had demolished the hamlet, they had reconstructed it to some extent after their arrival the previous night. The complex terrain made it easy to defend. The first attempt by a small unit of Red Army men had failed. We were organizing a second attack when our messenger announced,

“Vice-Chairman Chou’s coming.”

The sun was high in the sky by now. Vice-Chairman Chou En-lai and several other comrades were observing the enemy-occupied hamlet through their field-glasses as they came down the hillside. We hurried over. The vice-chairman shook our hands and asked many questions about our first attack. Then he instructed us:

“We’ll leave the enemy alone for the time being if we can’t rout them right now. They’re like turtles in a jar. With no grain or water in the hamlet, they’re bound to make a break for it very soon. We’ll annihilate them on the move.”

The shots died down. Captured rifles and ammunition piled up on the hillside and in the town where we had assembled prisoners of war. Joy of victory filled the hearts of the fighters. Veterans and fighters of the Long March and other combats were in a happy mood, swapping battle stories.

Hiding in the hamlet, the enemy commander, Niu Yuan-feng, sent telegram after telegram urging his superior to send reinforcements. Little did he know that the 106th Division dispatched to rescue his 109th had been routed on its way to Chihlochen, with a whole regiment wiped out at Heishui Temple.

That night, giving up his hope for reinforcement, Niu and his remaining men broke through to the west. Our 75th Division gave chase immediately.

“We’ll drag Niu back like an ox,” our fighters swore.

Niu Yuan-feng and his remnant forces met their doom 12.5 kilometres away on a mountain in the southwest where Niu himself was captured.

“A battle in which the enemy is routed is not basically decisive in a contest with a foe of great strength. A battle of annihilation, on the other hand, produces a great and immediate impact on any enemy. Injuring all of a man’s ten fingers is not as effective as chopping off one, and routing ten enemy divisions is not as effective as annihilating one of them,”

The battle of Chihlochen once again proved the brilliance and correctness of Chairman Mao’s military thinking. The collapse of the entire 109th Division and a regiment of the 106th foiled the enemy’s plan of attacking northern Shensi and forced the 108th and 111th back to Kansu, and the 117th to withdraw from Fuh sien. The northern Shensi base area took on a new lease of life.

We left Chihlochen with our trophies and prisoners. Passing by the village where Chairman Mao was staying, we saw a light in his cave. The past days must have worn him out. Why was his lamp still lit so late at night? With deep respect I went over to his cave. I asked the guard at his door,

“Hasn’t the Chairman gone to bed?”

“No. He never sleeps at night.”

The guard showed me in. Chairman Mao was at work beside an oil-lamp with an old blue coat around his shoulders and an old map on a scale of 300,000 to 1 spread out on his desk. He must be considering a new move and new battles, I thought. Putting down his pencil, the Chairman offered me his big powerful hand.

“You must be tired,” he said with a smile.

“Why aren’t you resting at this late hour?” I asked.

“I’m used to staying up. But, have all our troops pulled out?”

He went on to tell me briefly the significance of this victory and the enemy’s present position, then asked with concern about the casualties and where the wounded were housed. Finally he urged me to see to it that the troops rested well and that all washed their feet. The concern that Chairman Mao showed for the fighters, and his meticulous style of work, left an indelible impression on me.

*

It was late at night when I left the Chairman’s cave. After riding off some distance I turned to look back. His light was still on.

The troops camped near Yangchuanyuan and held a celebration. The Central Red Army and the 15th Army Group mutually sent delegations to take part.

A meeting of cadres was held at Tungtsun on November 30, when Chairman Mao gave the report “The Battle of Chihlochen and the Present Situation and Our Tasks.”

Referring to the significance of this battle, he said that the victory had completely smashed the enemy's three converging attacks on northern Shensi, paved the way for the Party Central Committee and the Red Army to establish a broad base in the Northwest and boost the countrywide resistance against Japan. The Chairman also spoke of the factors determining this victory:

1. the two army groups were integrated and unified (this is basic);
2. the key tactical points of the campaign (the Hulu River and Chihlochen) were captured;
3. full preparation for battle;
4. we were one with the masses.

We said we had to add something, that the most important reason for the victory was the Chairman's correct military thinking and his wise leadership.

In the report, Chairman Mao also analysed the world and home situations in detail. He said that at present the Japanese imperialists were attacking north China in the hope of conquering the entire country, while the Kuomintang was holding a sell-out conference in Nanking. Our victory had told the Japanese imperialists that we would not allow them to conquer our north China and swallow up the whole country. Our victory also had told the Kuomintang that we would not allow them to sell out China. The Red Army pledged to unite the entire nation to defeat the Japanese imperialists with our weapons and blood.

Chairman Mao's resounding voice and his vivid, clear-cut words etched the hearts of the Red Army cadres. Chairman Mao's voice was the voice of the entire country. It represented the wish of each Red army fighter to resist Japan and save the nation.

204.182 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: A Warm Welcome by Ho Po-ling (before 1934-) } China (M) 1

One morning early in September 1936, our Ninth Regiment of the 73rd Division of the First Front Army left Reicheng in northern Kansu for Ruining, where we were to meet the north-bound Second and Fourth front armies. The long-awaited link-up of all our armies would soon take place. What a glorious mission we'd been given! We were so happy that our fatigue melted away.

The following evening we continued along the highway leading to Raiyuan County. Stars twinkled over the slumbering earth; in the silence we could hear each other's breathing. Our hearts beating fast with excitement, we stepped out. Soon the walls of Raiyuan came into sight, then gradually loomed higher as we approached.

Beyond the small village to the north of the county town was a long stretch of open highway. Suddenly word came along the line:

"Move quietly and get your rifles ready!"

We all tensed, prepared to fight. As we quickened our steps the town walls stood out more and more clearly, and soon the enemy soldiers' raucous shouts within the town were carried to us by the wind. There was no evading them, but having learned from an intelligence report that these were not regular troops, we counted on them being too cowardly to try stopping us. Our leaders decided to avoid an engagement so as to reach Huining as soon as possible and join up with the Second and Fourth front armies. Having received the order to fight only if attacked, we marched head high in orderly ranks right under the enemy's nose. And, as we expected, the enemy was impressed by our show of force and didn't dare open fire, let alone come out and pursue us. All they could do was to watch us march by.

After Haiyuan, we made our way towards Talachih and Kuocheng. Talachih was a fine place, with a lake amidst green hills on which herds of chestnut horses grazed, appearing like deep crimson clouds at sunrise. Flocks of sheep dotted the slopes like so many clusters of fluffy white clouds. Luscious watermelons, 10 to 15 kilogrammes each, lay in the fields beside the road, red apples swayed heavily on the trees, while the pears were extra juicy. It was really a lovely place.

Stopping at Talachih to wait for the Second and Fourth front armies, we spread out to mobilize the local people. Our Fourth Company, led by our regiment's political commissar Li Kuo-hou, went to Hungpaotzu, a small village between Talachih and Kuocheng. One day a report came in that an enemy regiment was marching on Hungpaotzu to prevent the link-up of our armies.

Welcoming this chance, we all resolved to annihilate the enemy and with the victory express our warm welcome to our Second and Fourth front armies. Political Commissar Li promptly gave the order to withdraw. We had just finished laying an ambush when the enemy came into sight. Very arrogant they looked, too, with their

cavalry strutting at the head of a long infantry column. As they streamed towards the village, we lay still, waiting for them to get nearer. Then we set up a barrage of fire, using all our weapons including three machine-guns.

Those haughty cavalymen now turned tail and showed themselves for the cowards they were. Our bullets cut them down and the riderless horses ran helter-skelter or reared wildly. The cavalry having been scattered, the foot soldiers broke ranks.

When our main force arrived on the evening of October 6, we attacked the enemy from both sides, swiftly wiping them out.

*

One night as we were sleeping soundly, a bugle call shattered the silence. Jumping up, we grabbed our rifles and ran outside to assemble. As we were marching along the road to Ruining, a propaganda team member standing at the side of the road shouted at the top of his voice:

“The Seventh Regiment has taken Ruining, comrades. But now the enemy’s sent two brigades to retake the city. Let’s go and wipe them out. Quick, comrades!” His voice was still ringing when another voice sounded ahead:

“That gunfire is coming from Ruining, comrades. Let’s celebrate our three front armies’ joining forces by victory in this battle.” As we were hurrying along, the order came:

“Leave your packs on the right side of the road.”

Relieved of that weight, we fairly raced along and reached the top of North Slope by dawn. The city lay just across the river. From our vantage point we could see that our forces had already defeated the enemy, and before we could even turn to descend the slope a rousing cheer rose from our comrades standing on the nearby heights:

“Long live the link-up of the Red Army units!”

Excited, we swarmed on to the heights. The vanguard troops of the Second and Fourth front armies had arrived. Red flags fluttering at their head, they were marching in long columns towards the city from the southeast.

Then red flags appeared at the city gate. With the red flag of the First Front Army’s Seventh Regiment in the forefront, the welcoming procession streamed out of the city to meet the approaching comrades.

Our joyful hearts pounded madly at the sight.

“Let’s go and meet them!” someone called, the shout coming like an order to charge.

We raced down the slope towards our comrades.

204.183 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: “Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: Northward Bound”^{fn}{by Liu Jen-sung (before 1934-)} China (M) 1

1

Our Fourth Corps of the Fourth Front Army arrived at Weiyuan one evening during our march through Kansu Province. We were bivouacking when a message came from Headquarters that Hu Tsung-nan had mobilized all his troops to pursue us, while two other Kuomintang divisions commanded by Lu Ta-chang and Mao Ping-wen had been sent from Lanchow. They were marching on Weiyuan to strike us a deadly blow, hoping thus to prevent us from joining forces with the First Front Army.

We promptly assembled, ready to continue our march and shake them off. Political Commissar Yeh of our division first said to us:

“Comrades, the enemy is out to stop our northward march. They think they would be able to prevent our joining forces with the First Front Army. They’re daydreaming. Today, we must show the same spirit as when we crossed the snowy mountains and the marshlands. We’ll give the enemy the slip and meet our First Front Army brothers.”

Encouraged by the news that we would soon be united with our comrades, we set off immediately, our energy redoubled, and marched swiftly along the moonlit road. During that forced march, we covered 115 kilometres in 24 hours, shaking off the enemy. But we were famished, having had nothing to eat on the march. Around us were nothing but loess hills sprouting only a few blades of grass and wormwood, and not a village was in sight.

Luckily there was a shower that day. As we tramped along we collected rain water, which we mixed with parched oatmeal. But the next two days not a drop of water fell. Too thirsty to keep up the brisk pace, we gradually slowed down.

“Hurry, comrades!” someone shouted up front. “We’ll soon meet our brother units! They’ve prepared something good for us to eat.”

We all knew that we still had several days’ march ahead of us, but the thought of joining forces with the others urged us on faster. Soon we spotted a small village in the distance—a heartening sight—but it turned out that an enemy battalion was stationed there. We got through after a fierce skirmish, but our hopes of finding water were dashed. Licking our cracked lips, we trudged on.

A small hut came into view on the top of a slope, and we stopped some distance away. Two messengers and I were sent to the hut in search of people or simply water. An old woman living there was startled when we ran up, but we explained that we were Red Army men going north to fight the Japanese aggressors, that we were looking for water, and that we hadn’t had any for four days and nights. We told her not to be afraid. The old woman obviously knew about the Red Army, for after looking us over from head to foot she exclaimed:

“What a hard life you good people have! There’s no water within ten kilometres of here unless it rains. But I have a bucketful. Take it to your men.”

She handed it to us. We looked at the water and hesitated, though our throats felt as if they were on fire.

“Granny,” said one of the messengers, “what about you ...?”

“It doesn’t matter,” she responded. “Not far from here is a small spring. It gives about a half bucketful a day—enough for my family of three.” The woman then fetched a small jar of honey and handed it to me.

“Mix this with the water for your men.”

Unspeakably grateful, I took the jar. Then I produced two silver dollars that I had to press on her several times before she would accept. We poured the honey into the water, then carried the bucket to our battalion. Instructor Li Ting-hsueh first scooped out half a bowl of water for a wounded soldier, then took a little himself. Raising the bowl high as if proposing a toast, he announced:

“Let’s sip some of this sweet water to moisten our throats. The most difficult part of the journey is behind us. Now, comrades, in a few days we’ll be united with the First Front Army!”

Our spirits soared. We set off again, marched another five days and nights, and at last met the First Front Army. Our hearts were filled with a sweetness not unlike the sweetness of the honey water we had tasted that day.

204.184 Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: Northward
Bound \fn{ by Liu Jen-sung (before 1934-) } China (M) 1

One morning early in September 1936, our Ninth Regiment of the 73rd Division of the First Front Army left Reicheng in northern Kansu for Ruining, where we were to meet the north-bound Second and Fourth Front armies. The long-awaited link-up of all our armies would soon take place. What a glorious mission we’d been given! We were so happy that our fatigue melted away.

The following evening we continued along the highway leading to Raiyuan County. Stars twinkled over the slumbering earth; in the silence we could hear each other’s breathing. Our hearts beating fast with excitement, we stepped out. Soon the walls of Raiyuan came into sight, then gradually loomed higher as we approached.

Beyond the small village to the north of the county town was a long stretch of open highway. Suddenly word came along the line:

“Move quietly and get your rifles ready!”

We all tensed, prepared to fight. As we quickened our steps the town walls stood out more and more clearly, and soon the enemy soldiers’ raucous shouts within the town were carried to us by the wind. There was no evading them, but having learned from an intelligence report that these were not regular troops, we counted on them being too cowardly to try stopping us. Our leaders decided to avoid an engagement so as to reach Huining as soon as possible and join up with the Second and Fourth front armies. Having received the order to fight only if attacked, we marched head high in orderly ranks right under the enemy’s nose. And, as we expected, the enemy was impressed by our show of force and didn’t dare open fire, let alone come out and pursue us. All they could do was to watch us march by.

After Haiyuan, we made our way towards Talachih and Kuocheng. Talachih was a fine place, with a lake amidst green hills on which herds of chestnut horses grazed, appearing like deep crimson clouds at sunrise. Flocks of sheep dotted the slopes like so many clusters of fluffy white clouds. Luscious watermelons, 10 to 15 kilogrammes each, lay in the fields beside the road, red apples swayed heavily on the trees, while the pears were extra juicy. It was really a lovely place.

Stopping at Talachih to wait for the Second and Fourth front armies, we spread out to mobilize the local people. Our Fourth Company, led by our regiment's political commissar Li Kuo-hou, went to Hungpaotzu, a small village between Talachih and Kuocheng. One day a report came in that an enemy regiment was marching on Hungpaotzu to prevent the link-up of our armies.

Welcoming this chance, we all resolved to annihilate the enemy and with the victory express our warm welcome to our Second and Fourth front armies. Political Commissar Li promptly gave the order to withdraw. We had just finished laying an ambush when the enemy came into sight. Very arrogant they looked, too, with their cavalry strutting at the head of a long infantry column. As they streamed towards the village, we lay still, waiting for them to get nearer. Then we set up a barrage of fire, using all our weapons including three machine-guns.

Those haughty cavalymen now turned tail and showed themselves for the cowards they were. Our bullets cut them down and the riderless horses ran helter-skelter or reared wildly. The cavalry having been scattered, the foot soldiers broke ranks.

When our main force arrived on the evening of October 6, we attacked the enemy from both sides, swiftly wiping them out.

*

One night as we were sleeping soundly, a bugle call shattered the silence. Jumping up, we grabbed our rifles and ran outside to assemble. As we were marching along the road to Ruining, a propaganda team member standing at the side of the road shouted at the top of his voice:

"The Seventh Regiment has taken Ruining, comrades. But now the enemy's sent two brigades to retake the city. Let's go and wipe them out. Quick, comrades!" His voice was still ringing when another voice sounded ahead:

"That gunfire is coming from Ruining, comrades. Let's celebrate our three front armies' joining forces by victory in this battle." As we were hurrying along, the order came:

"Leave your packs on the right side of the road."

Relieved of that weight, we fairly raced along and reached the top of North Slope by dawn. The city lay just across the river. From our vantage point we could see that our forces had already defeated the enemy, and before we could even turn to descend the slope a rousing cheer rose from our comrades standing on the nearby heights:

"Long live the link-up of the Red Army units!"

Excited, we swarmed on to the heights. The vanguard troops of the Second and Fourth front armies had arrived. Red flags fluttering at their head, they were marching in long columns towards the city from the southeast.

Then red flags appeared at the city gate. With the red flag of the First Front Army's Seventh Regiment in the forefront, the welcoming procession streamed out of the city to meet the approaching comrades.

Our joyful hearts pounded madly at the sight.

"Let's go and meet them!" someone called, the shout coming like an order to charge.

We raced down the slope towards our comrades.

204.184b Excerpt from Recalling The Long March: Our Three Front Armies Join Forces: Home At Last \fn{by **Chu Chia-sheng (before 1934-)**} China (M) 2

After battling our way for thousands of kilometers, our Second Front Army finally reached northern Shensi. Having fought no battle for several days in a row, we all wondered if we hadn't arrived in the revolutionary base area. But when our army pressed on day and night without even stopping to rest, we concluded otherwise. After a 36-hour forced march, we were all in. We were still pushing on when word passed down the line at midnight:

"Don't lag behind, comrades. We'll soon be meeting the First Front Army!"

This news spread like a gust of wind. Cheers broke out:

"We'll soon be home! Home at last!"

"We'll see Chairman Mao!"

"The First Front Army is just ahead!"

How could we remain calm now that this long-awaited day had come at last? Like arrows shot from a bow, we sped on.

I brought up the rear with a transport squad of our general affairs department and some of our men. When the news reached us, we put on a spurt and advanced by forced marches. But after so much fighting our ranks had thinned. Everyone shouldered double the regular load of 35 to 40 kilogrammes. Before long we had lagged

behind. We were very disheartened because we would not be able to see Chairman Mao sooner and arrive in time to join up with the First Front Army. Just before dawn we came to open terrain. A light shone ahead.

“Hey! A light!” we shouted all at once. Squad Leader Hsu of the transport squad was excited as he pointed ahead and said:

“The revolutionary road is becoming wider and wider, brighter and brighter. Comrades, our vanguard has probably met the First Front Army already. Let’s hurry!”

Encouraged by these words we went faster towards the light. Then a song rose up ahead:

Aiyali,
Wise is Chairman Mao’s strategy,
Duped and weary the enemy.
Aiyali.

It was over a year since we’d last heard this folk-song that was so popular in the Kiangsi revolutionary base areas. It was particularly moving now, and some fighters burst out:

“Comrades! Comrades!”

We spotted six men sitting round a blaze, some singing, others poking at something, their eyes fixed on the fire. At our shouts, they leaped up and ran towards us, calling:

“Comrades! You must be tired. Are you of the Second Front Army?”

“Right! Are you of the First Front Army?”

“Yes.”

We rushed towards each other shouting. Some of us put down our loads and dashed ahead to greet our comrades. We class brothers grasped each other’s hands, one at heart, embracing all the more warmly because our separation had been so long. The drumming of our hearts was like the beat of a song expressing the long and arduous path we had trodden. They took us to the fire and made us sit down. Handing round the potatoes they had baked, they apologized:

“Everything’s prepared for you up ahead. We only came to meet you. These potatoes aren’t much, but they’ll take the edge off. your hunger.”

The fire blazed in welcome. Though we were sitting out in the open, we felt very warm.

“We’re home at last!” we cried.

We said good-bye, then continued on our way. At sunrise we saw smoke curling up from the foot of distant hills and soon made out some caves in the hillside. At the village entrance a man was peering in our direction. He had spotted us, turned back, then returned with two others. Together they walked down and stood waiting by the roadside.

“Which unit are you from, comrades?” one man wearing an apron asked in a strong Fukien accent as we approached.

“The political department of the Sixth Army Group of the Second Front Army,” Squad Leader Hsu replied.

“You must be tired out, comrades. Come in and rest.” They showed us into a cave.

The table on the *kang* was neatly set with over a dozen bowls and chopsticks. They brought hot water, then handed round bowl after bowl of boiled millet and mutton stewed with potatoes.

“Eat up,” they urged. “Go ahead!” Although the food was tempting, none of us touched the bowls, for we didn’t want to accept such a feast. Besides we were in a hurry to catch up with our troops. A fighter stood up, turned to me and said:

“Let’s go, Department Chief.”

Our “hosts” didn’t know what to do. Worried, one of them called out:

“Squad Leader, the Second Front Army comrades want to leave!” The man with the Fukien accent hurried over and barred the way.

“You’re home now, comrades, what’s your hurry to leave?” he remonstrated. “You’ve come such a long way, and carrying such heavy loads, how can we let you continue on empty stomachs? If you refuse to eat, our political instructor will criticize us when he gets back.”

I had no choice but tell my men to sit down again. These comrades were from a mess squad of the First Front Army. When we sat down and began eating heartily, the squad leader was delighted and began talking eagerly.

“Before dawn this morning a lot of Second Front Army comrades passed through here. When we learned that you would be arriving soon we came and waited for you. We’ve sent socks, towels, tooth-brushes and tooth-paste

ahead for your army. And we've prepared this meal for you." He pointed to the many dishes on the table, then concluded:

"You must finish them all, lick every platter clean!" All of us burst out laughing.

As we were eating and laughing, the squad leader suddenly looked at me, then turned and took a piece of blue cloth from his knapsack. After carefully examining the cloth, he eyed me again, looking undecided. What is he up to? I wondered, puzzled: But one of the cooks understood.

"Squad Leader, I have some," he said and produced a small parcel wrapped in black cloth. After putting the grain it contained in the squad leader's cloth, he handed over the piece of black cloth with a smile.

"The quartermaster gave me this cloth when we crossed the Yellow River."

Waving the cloth, the squad leader walked over to me. I finally understood: He had noticed my torn jacket and wanted it mended. How thoughtful of him! Before I could refuse, he was standing before me, saying with concern:

"Use this to mend your jacket, comrade. Get yourself spruced up to see Chairman Mao."

I had worn that black jacket for two years, since December 1934 at Taoyuan in Hunan, and it was beyond repair. But I didn't refuse the squad leader's offer, which for me symbolized the unity and friendship of us class brothers. It would remind me of the victory of the Long March, the link-up of our armies, and the beginning of a new historical period in China's revolution.

AN AUTHOR WHOSE BIRTH YEAR WAS CONNECTED WITH SOME UNPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1935

207.72 Chinese Festivals \fn{by Dr. Y. C. Chang (before 1935-)} China (M) 7

The aim of this brief article is to acquaint the average newcomer to Peking with the prominent features of the more important festivals which have been observed throughout the ages and are based on the Chinese lunar calendar. The National Government has abolished the old calendar, but it will take some time before these different festivals would be disregarded as they are bound up with so many immemorial traditions and customs which are as strong as steel. However, from a visitor's point of view, the festivals are far from being uninteresting.

To start with, it has to be borne in mind that the moon or month in the Chinese lunar calendar is approximately a month behind the Roman calendar. Thus the 12th moon or month of the lunar calendar would be the 11th month or November of the Roman calendar.

As the Chinese worker or apprentice is not blessed with a half holiday on Saturday or a full day holiday on Sunday, he is consoled with the many Chinese festivals which are generally marked with feasts commensurate with the pockets of the employers. To those in the home, these occasions of feasting and merriment prove to be the means of breaking the serious monotony of everyday life in Chinese society.

There are six great festivals, three of the living and three of the dead. The three festivals of the living (*Jen Chieh-Jen*, meaning living and *chieh*, meaning festival), are:

The Chinese New Year.	1 st day to the 15 th day of the 1 st moon.
Dragon Boat Festival.	5 th day of the 5 th moon.
Harvest Moon (or Mid-Autumn) Festival.	15 th day of the 8 th moon.

The three festivals of the dead, (*Kuel Chieh-Kuei*, meaning spirits, and *chieh*, meaning festival):

Ch'ing Ming (Chinese Easter)	105 th day after Winter Solstice.
	15 th day of the 7 th moon.
	1 st day of the 10 th moon.

*

The greatest, longest, gayest, happiest and noisiest of them all is the New Year festival when frugality gives place to feasting and everyone takes as long a holiday as he can afford leisure. Reunion in every family takes the bitterness out of habitual separation: the long run of amusement redeems hardship of continuous work during the past twelve months. The beginning of Spring, *Li Ch'un*, is normally considered part of the New Year festival. *Li Ch'un* philosophically represents the idea of resurrection, the rebirth of the year, the beginning of life in general. Rejuvenation is supposed to take place in the household as well as in business. Individuals and firms strive to turn

over a new leaf, pay off old debts in money and in loyalty, and begin with a clean sheet, hoping that greater success and happiness will be achieved in the ensuing twelve months.

Thus, there is much preparation for celebrating the New Year. On the 8th day of the 12th moon, there is a preliminary feast leading to the great festival to come; it is called *La Pa Chieh*. Early at dawn, women in every household prepare the thick porridge, *chou*, with whole grains of several kinds, barring meal and flour. “Old rice” is preferred. The mixture of several grains signifies the idea of unity and brotherhood. When cooked, a steaming bowl is first offered to the ancestral tablets of the family. Then every member of the family gets a share. What is left over is sent to friends and relatives.

Buddhists adopt this feast as one in remembrance of the beloved *Kuan Yin*. Those at the “Lama Temple” (*Yung Ho Kung*) are experts in preparing this porridge. Parishioners receiving it give alms in return.

The 20th day of the 12th moon is the day especially reserved for “sweeping the ground”. A regular, genuine housecleaning takes place in every household. Rich people relacquar their front gates, whitewash their outer walls, and re-paper their windows while the poor scrub and patch to the best of ingenuity. The idea is to get rid of the dying year with its defects and failings. After the thorough housecleaning, provisions are laid in for the new year feasts. This busy preparation lasts for about three days.

On the 23rd or 24th day of the 12th moon (according to locality, North China or South China), every household, rich and poor, high and low, sacrifices to *Tsao Chun* the “Kitchen God” before this deity leaves for Heaven to report on the behavior of every family during the past 12 months. The kitchen god is worshipped throughout China. Originally identified with the inventor of fire, he is popularly recognized as the guardian of the hearth, the pivot of the Chinese home, and the Heavenly censor who metes out to every member of a family the length of his stay in this world and the amount of his worldly goods. Incense is burned at his shrine regularly at every new and full moon, apart from the great festivals. On the anniversary of his birthday, the 3rd day of the 8th moon, the cooks union of Peking burns incense at his temple outside *Hata Men*. His shrine is in every Chinese kitchen; it is just at a little corner behind the cooking stove.

At the precise hour (consult the Chinese old styled almanac when the kitchen god is supposed to ascend to Heaven on the 23rd day of the 12th moon to report to Heaven) the master, not the mistress, of every family bows before his shrine and gives him the best send-off possible. Food offerings are made to this Heavenly messenger in the hope that he will make a good report, ignoring the shortcomings of the entire household. Thus, he is supposed to arrive at the pearl throne of the Jade Emperor in Heaven good humored rather than critical.

“Boys will be boys, Your Majesty” is presumed to be his usual report made in a happy mood with the sympathy of a man of this mortal world.

The feast is regarded as being offered to *Hsieh Tsao*, to thank the kitchen god. It has to be remembered that on every occasion, mortals get the full benefit of the offerings as they eat them after the ceremony is over.

*

After the 24th day of the 12th moon, the “little new year” begins. People buy plants and flowers which have been embedded in hot houses so that the peonies will bloom at the right time. Sesamum and pine branches, talismans against the devil, are sold by peddlers. Everyone is busy getting presents, such as silks, ornaments and jewels for members of the family, and growing flowers, not cut blooms, fine tea, rare fruits, foods in the form of live fowls, ducks or well prepared dishes, for relatives and friends. Shops close their accounts for the year. Each individual exerts himself or herself to collect from and settle with others, as it is the tradition amounting to an unwritten law that liabilities must be met before the three great festivals of the living.

Anyone realizing that he would not be able to pay up would hide till New Year’s morning and would thus nominally be safe till the next festival of the living, the Dragon Boat Festival. But in actual practice, he has a very trying time in evading the persistence and vigilance of his creditors. As light signifies that it is still dark, a creditor may have an unpaid account held in one hand and a lantern in the other and chase his debtor until it is broad daylight, though the sun, the herald of another day, had already risen.

The haven for insolvent debtors is generally the courtyard in front of the temple of the City God where traveling troupes pitch their tents and give free shows in honor of the patron deity. As these shows are usually given from the 24th day to the 30th day of the month, the very last day of the year, huge crowds are attracted to the vicinity. A creditor detecting his debtor in the midst of the crowd would not dare to demand payment lest he would be set upon by an audience disturbed by his threats and demands.

*

During the last few days of the 12th moon, generally on the 30th, when all the excitement and worry of settlement of accounts are over, people paste “luck bringing inscriptions” on the prominent places of their walls.

Each one would choose a fortunate phrase suitable to his trade or calling and have it written on a strip of red paper. Temples would use yellow paper and those in mourning would use blue paper. As a rule, these lucky phrases have something to do with the gifts of sons, wealth and official promotion, the three Chinese ambitions of life under the old philosophy.

The characters representing felicity, honor, longevity, joy and riches, the five blessing that enter the door, are written on red strips of paper and pasted on the threshold of poor dwellings as talismen of the front doors.

Finally, new “gate gods” are put up on the double panels of the front doors. These brilliantly colored figures pictured in their full panoply of war are supposed to be guardians of the home against evil spirits.

The 29th day is set aside for visits to parents and relatives who do not live under the same roof. This traditional duty is always observed, however busy one may be. Pupils will also call upon their teachers, as respect due to them is second only to that due to parents. Those who are rich will devote part of the day to charity. People who are more fortunate will help their less fortunate relative to settle their accounts so as to enable them to pass the new year happily.

On the 30th day of the 12th moon, the last day of the year that is departing, the culinary technique of cooks is sorely tried as they have to prepare all sorts of delicacies to satisfy the appetite of the gods, guests and members of the household they happen to be serving. As no knife, chopper or sharp instrument should be used on new year’s day or, if possible, on the few days following (lest it should cut luck), dishes and delicacies have to be prepared in advance to last a number of days. Then cooking is finished, water is drawn from the wells to last the household for the next forty-eight hours, as all wells have to be closed during this period because the guardian, the household gods also have a holiday, and it is against tradition to disturb them.

A final dusting is given to the reception halls. Tables and chairs are polished. Carpets are swept. The best that the family possess in the way of curios, old porcelain, silk embroideries, paintings, scrolls and other valuable articles of decoration are well arranged to attract the attention of guests and visitors who will have opportunities of admiring to the best advantage the gift flowers, dwarf trees set out in pairs and similar ornaments. Curious lemons shaped like a half-closed hand and called “Buddha’s fingers” are laid in handsome porcelain bowls on shining grains of uncooked rice.

In South China, there are two peculiar customs. Young boys walk on the streets just after dark calling out: “I see my lazy habits!”

The idea is to wish for greater wisdom and diligence. Women will place a sieve upon an empty stove and on this sieve a basin of water and a looking glass. She then steals out to the street and listens carefully to what the first passers-by are saying. Good words would be omens for success and bad words would bring ill luck. This learning-by-the-mirror generally takes place before 8 PM, when the second watch of the night begins. (A night is divided into five watches.)

The final setting is the worshipping of Heaven and Earth, the household gods headed by the kitchen god, and the ancestral tablets. When these solemn rites are over, a meal is taken in common by all members of the family. No outsider, even the most intimate of friends, is welcomed to this supper, which is the family feast to say goodbye to the year. All disputes and misunderstandings amongst those partaking the feast are to be forgotten, so that the new year may be welcomed in with a spirit of unity, peace and joy.

At midnight on the 30th day of the 12th moon, members of a family proffer new year wishes to one another; among old fashioned people, this is performed with as much ceremony as the presentation at an imperial court; The master and the mistress of the house seat themselves on two stiff chairs in the reception hall of the house when all those living under the roof *kowtow* to them according to the order of precedence, men before women and old before young. (The *kowtow* has in many families been superseded by three very courteous bows.)

After that, the triple rites of worshipping Heaven and Earth, of the household gods and of the ancestral tablets again take place between 3 a.m. and 5 a.m. when the master of the house would during his solemn bows to the gods murmur some phrases such as

“May the new year bring us fortune.” This is the ceremony of opening the door of fortune.

The whole stage is thus set for welcoming the new year, when the ceremonies are followed with firing of crackers, the noise of which is supposed to drive away the bad gods, spirits, devils and fairies, and to bring good luck, and to welcome the new coming gods and spirits and, to call for rejoicing and peace. When the New Year Sun rises, one will find the streets deserted and shops closed instead of the usual noise and ordinary sights met with in Chinese cities on ordinary days. The first day of the first moon, that is to say the first day of the new year, is generally spent at home. It is the occasion of a gathering of the family. It is the custom that one should begin

and end the year in one's own home. However far one may be from the family threshold, it is his duty to return there for the family gathering whenever possible.

*

Wells are reopened on the second day with prayers to the spirit guarding the wells. On the same day, the god of wealth is worshipped. Many in Peking would flock to the temple of the money god and show their allegiance and respect for him in public. They would go to the *Wu Hsien Ts'ai Shen Miao* outside of Chang I Men. Many people also worship the Muslim God of Money.

In regard to the *Wu Hsien Ts'ai Shen*, five gods of riches, there are different versions of the story concerning them but the one most popularly believed in is to the effect that they were adopted brothers who were able in making money, who were very generous and helped and protected the poor. They were veritable Robin Hoods. They were adepts at stealing, but they only stole from rich people and officials who were cruel, addicted to "squeeze", and parsimonious. Many of the poor, helpless and weak living in the vicinity of Chang I Men received their help and called them the five gods of money. Many who received their aid promised to build them a temple. So a temple was built on the site where they performed their good deeds of charity. A temple still stands on the same site today though these five adopted brothers lived in the time of the Ming Emperors, about 500 years ago.

After the third day, people would go out again. But the big business firms would remain closed until the 16th, whilst the smaller shops would open for business on the 7th or thereabouts.

*

During the holidays, there is the usual round of festivities and New Year calls when people would go out dressed in their very best. The official ending of the New Year holiday is the Feast of Lanterns, which is the popular name for the feast of the first full moon of the year which is celebrated on the fifteenth of the first month. In celebration of this feast people hang lanterns over their doors and put up fir branches to attract prosperity and longevity.

In the Southern provinces, lantern fairs are generally held in the public gardens. People would go there to buy a lantern and suspend their votive offering in a temple near their house. Those desirous of sons, not daughters, have their names and addresses painted in their purchases which are sent to them at the end of the month after they have been continuously lit at the ever-burning lamps of some temple. The messenger who brings such a lantern to the purchaser is accompanied by singers. A dinner is generally held in honor of the occasion and the lantern is suspended in front of the ancestral tablet. The shops of "lantern street", outside Ch'ien Men show beautiful lanterns during this holiday. The varieties displayed to attract holiday crowds and customers are very numerous in regard to shapes, sizes, materials, decorations and prices.

Pious people present new lanterns to the temples, especially to that of *Chen Wu Ta Ti* near An Ting Men. This god was a soldier prince who abandoned his profession and became a follower of the True Way. On one occasion he wavered in his determination and started on his way home when he met an old woman who told him that anything could be accomplished through persistence. He retraced his steps to the mountains to continue in his search for the truth and the highest attainment. He is reputed to have followed the spiritual command "if thy eye offend thee, pluck it out" by removing his own five vital organs and lived thereafter heartless, lung-less and liver-less, without apparent inconvenience. This hero is therefore referred to as the Buddha without vitals.

Thus, the feast of lanterns is a fitting close to the lengthy new year: holidays.

*

But the 19th day of the first moon has great significance in everyday life due to the fact that it is the only of this festive moon on which newly married daughters may visit their parents, as it is a day of meeting. They are supposed to follow the examples of the lesser deities as the hundred gods foregather on this day to make a group visit to the Jade Emperor, the Taoist God of Heaven. This meeting or gathering of the 100 gods is celebrated in the homes with the burning of paper ladders and paper money so as to enable the deities to ascend to Heaven easily and quickly.

*

Ch'ing Ming, or Spring Festival, (the Chinese words signify purity and brightness), falls early in the third moon, though sometimes late in the second moon. It is fixed one hundred and five days after the Winter Solstice. On the eve of the Spring festival, people generally observe the *Han Shih*, Cold Food Feast, when nothing hot is eaten and no fires are lighted for 24 hours..

Ch'ing Ming is the first feast of the dead. Its character is entirely different from that of old times when it was a sort of orgiastic festival of life-renewal to celebrate the Spring mating season. Now it is a sort of All Souls' Festival when it is customary for every Chinese to visit and sweep his ancestral tombs. Early in the morning of

Ch'ing Ming, all male members of every household go to worship their ancestral tombs at the hills, hence the expression *Pai-shan*, worshipping at the hill. After worship, the people return home for a feast of reunion.

The Dragon Boat Festival takes place on the fifth day of the fifth moon. It is a festival of the living and is called *Tuan Yang Chieh* or *Wu Yueh Chieh* (feast of the fifth moon). (The name "Dragon Boat Festival" is a misnomer used by foreign visitors to China.)

This festival of the Summer Solstice is celebrated in commemoration of a high minded statesman of the time of the "Seven Nobles of the Contending Kingdom", in the Chow Dynasty, three centuries before Christ. This minister after serving his king faithfully for many years was finally dismissed from court in disgrace when the king disliked his sound proposals. The monarch turned a deaf ear to his remonstrance for reforms and good counsel. The loyal patriots of those days believed in the shameful conduct of their lord, the king, when all other means of persuasion failed. When Ch'ü Yuan, this minister, found that he was powerless to check the abuses of his time, he penned a famous poem detailing his anxieties, and jumped into Tung T'ing lake in Hunan province on the fifth day of the fifth moon.

Fishermen witnessing the tragedy rushed to the spot to save him but failed to recover even his body. To show their admiration for his great sacrifice, people threw rice into the water to feed his ghost. Nevertheless the ghost seemed to be dissatisfied as it was said to have appeared to the group of worshippers on the banks one day saying

"I am Ch'ü Yuan. I have been unable to receive the generous offerings which you and others have presented to me because of a huge reptile which immediately seizes and devours everything that is cast into the lake. I entreat you therefore to wrap such offerings in small pieces of silk, and to carefully bind the same by means of five threads, each of a different color. The reptile will not dare to touch offerings bound in such a manner."

Such a request is more or less the origin of the triangular shaped rice cakes folded in bamboo leaves that are being offered to Ch'ü Yuan on this day.

Dragon-boat races, though held primarily in his honor, are meant to commemorate all those lost in the waters from time immemorial. In South China where rivers and lakes are numerous, they provide popular amusement for a few days during the festival, beginning from the 5th day of the 5th moon.

*

The festival of the weaving lady and her lover, the cowherd, who meet once a year on the seventh night of the seventh moon, begins on the 6th day of the seventh moon and ends the next day. The lovers of this romantic story are identified with two stars, one on either side of the milky way, a luminous river called the silver stream of Heaven. This star goddess of Chinese mythology was, once upon a time, a weaving lady who devoted her time to weaving garments for the god. One day she left her loom and with her sister descended to earth to bathe in a stream. Near by, a poor cowherd was watching his cow at pasture. This cow happened to be a magical cow as it suddenly spoke to its master in a human voice saying:

"Yonder Master, there are seven maidens, daughters of Heaven. The seventh is most beautiful and wise. She spins the cloud-silk for the gods and presides over the weaving of earthly maidens. If you go and take away her clothes while she bathes, you may become her husband and gain immortality."

The cowherd went to look for the maidens and hid the loveliest of the red robes that he found. Thus after bathing, the youngest found herself earth bound when her sisters flew back to Heaven. But she was not displeased as she recognized her long desired for lover and lord. They were married with the sanction of Heaven obtained through the kind office of the magical cow.

They lived happily together for three years when two star-children were born to them. The sounds of the loom and shuttle were heard no more in Heaven. So the gods became angry and ordered the weaving lady back to Heaven to her former work. The cowherd was very sad, but the devoted cow told him that it would lay down its life for him, and that if he would wrap himself in its skin when it dies he can follow his beloved to Heaven.

So it came to pass. But when the cow boy reached the sky, the celestial mother-in-law traced a line across the Heavens which became the Silver Stream of Heaven, and the two lovers, changed into stars, found themselves separated by the stream, doomed to live apart forever. Their pitiful case was submitted to the Jade Emperor of Heaven who, in his mercy, decided that they should be allowed to meet once a year, namely on the seventh night of the seventh moon.

The cowherd is worshipped on the sixth night of the seventh moon while the weaving lady, the patroness of women and of needlework, is worshipped on the seventh night of the seventh moon. This feast is, however, meant for women and children only.

*

On the 15th day of the 7th moon, we have another great, festival of the dead. It is the Festival of Hungry Ghosts, or All Souls' Day. Spirits who do not have human descendants to care for them have to suffer unless someone attends to their needs. Thus, the faithful satisfy all their wants, so that they would not maliciously interfere with human affairs. Spirit tablets of childless ghosts are collected in special temples where they are placed in a special room looked after by a caretaker who burns incense before them.

The feast begins on the 15th day and lasts until the 26th day of the seventh moon. During this period, people visit and repair the graves of their ancestors. In popular parlance, it has become identified with the *Yü Lan Pen* of the Buddhist religion, when for one whole month, souls are released from Hell to enjoy the feasts prepared for them. On the last night of the sixth moon, the mouth of the pit opens to release souls, but it is closed again on the last night of the seventh moon.

At the *Yü Lan Hui* or *Yü Lan Pen*, the Mongolian festival, Buddhist priests hold masses for the dead. These services are very impressive. Visitors in town should avail themselves of the opportunity to visit some of the Buddhist temples in Peking where such rites are solemnized.

Rich families will invite priests to say mass in their homes in the evenings during this Festival of the Hungry Ghosts. Lanterns resembling little boats or lotus buds are launched upon the water of lakes, rivers, streams and seas for those who have been drowned. The festival of hungry ghosts ends on the 30th day of the seventh moon when the gates of Hell close once more so that spirits have to endure torment for another year.

*

Now we come to another great festival of the living. It is the third one we have referred to. It is the Mid-Autumn Festival and takes place on the 15th day of the eighth moon, which is also the birthday of the moon. This is mainly a harvest festival when offerings are made in the form of moon cakes and fruits which are round in shape. The Moon hare or rabbit is also worshipped during this festival. When the worship ends, the feasts begin, generally at midnight when the moon is brightest and is highest. Festivities last for two or three days and the evenings are reserved for moon-viewing parties.

The animal and human inhabitants of the moon are interesting figures of Chinese mythology. The cinnamon tree in the moon is supposed to be 500 feet high. It is presumed to be immortal. The Taoist Wu Kang was sent to the moon to cut down the cinnamon tree. Thus, his punishment is eternal. The white or jade rabbit in the moon is supposed to continuously pounding moon medicine and making moon ointment. The big toad in the moon is supposed to be producing the famous Chinese medicine, *Ch'an Suo*

Then there is the old matchmaker, Yueh Lao, in the moon who presides over all marriages made on earth. His duty is to attach betrothed couples with a red cord which binds them for life. The adage says

“Marriages are made in Heaven but prepared in the moon!”

The Mid-Autumn festival is largely associated with the union between husbands and wives or between persons of the same family. Outsiders are not supposed to share the moon cakes which typify a round or complete family circle. By worshipping the moon, women do honor to all the mythological deities in the moon who represent love; beauty, happiness, and marriage.

*

The first of the tenth moon is the last of the three great festivals of the dead. Families again visit the graves of their ancestors but their duty is not considered so necessary as at *Ch'ing Ming*, or the Festival of Hungry Ghosts. The ceremony known as Burning the Clothes is strictly observed whether the graves are visited or not. As the dead are supposed to have the same needs as the living, warm garments and other household necessities are sent to them at the beginning of winter. Paper imitations of padded clothing, packed in parcels with paper imitation money for current expenses in the Shadowy World and carefully addressed to the recipients for whom they are intended, are burnt. When all rites have been observed there is a festive dinner for the members of the family.

*

It is appropriate that this brief description of some of the leading Chinese festivals should conclude with a passing reference to the winter festival or the winter solstice which marks the end of the agricultural and astronomical year.

Before the downfall of the monarchy, it was the imperative duty of the Emperor to make sacrifice to Heaven once every year on the 15th day of the 12th moon. He left his palace and, followed by his ministers and state officials, proceeded to the Temple of Heaven to offer up burnt offerings. He also presented an explanatory report to Heaven on those of his subjects who had been punished by death, as this time of the year was used as the occasion for executing all those who had received the death penalty. The prayer concluded with a request for pardon from Heaven for himself and his people as well as a request for Heaven's blessing for the coming year.

FESTIVAL CALENDAR

New Year Festival Day	1 st Moon, 1 st day to the 15 th day
Star Festival	1 st Moon, 8 th day
Feast of Lanterns	1 st Moon, 15 th day
Rats' Wedding Day	1 st Moon, 18 th day
Gathering of the Gods	1 st Moon, 19 th day
<i>Lung T'ai T'ou</i> (The Dragon Raises His Head After His Long Sleep) (Feast in the villages)	2 nd Moon, 2 nd day
[Festival of Erh Lang] (Dog lovers visit the temple of Erh Lang, nephew of the Heavenly King and his dog which "howls at the sky")	2 nd Moon, 3 rd day
Spring Festival, <i>Ch'ing Ming</i> (Chinese Easter Sunday)	105 th day after Winter Solstice
Anniversary of the Birthday of Hsi Wang Mu. Queen of the Western Heaven	3 rd Moon, 3 rd day
Buddha's Birthday	4 th Moon, 8 th day
Han Chung-li's Birthday (One of the Eight Immortals)	4 th Moon, 10 th day
Lü Tung Pin's Birthday (One of the Eight Immortals)	4 th Moon, 14 th day
Birth of the God of Medicine	4 th Moon, 28 th day
Miao-feng Shan Pilgrimage	4 th Moon, 1 st to 15 th day
Dragon Boat Festival	5 th Moon, 5 th day
Feast of the Heavenly Gifts	6 th Moon, 6 th day
Milky Way Marriage Festival	7 th Moon, 7 th day
The Spirit's Festival*	
Mid-Autumn Festival	8 th Moon, 15 th day
Anniversary of the Birthday of Confucius	8 th Moon, 28 th day
The Picnic Festival	9 th Moon, 9 th day
Birthday of Mohammed	9 th Moon, 17 th day
God of Money	9 th Moon, 17 th day
The Spirit's Clothing Festival (The Third Festival of the Dead)	10 th Moon, 1 st day
The Congee Festival	12 th Moon, 8 th day
The Festival of the God of the Kitchen	12 th Moon, 23 rd day

*No date is indicated in the calendar. Presumably it was of a variable nature.

FOLK-TELLERS WHOSE BIRTH YEARS WERE CONNECTED WITH SOME UNSPECIFIED DATE BEFORE 1971-1990; BUT WHOSE TALES, BECAUSE OF THE INHERENT PURITY OF ORALLY TRANSMITTED FOLKLORE, REMAIN SUBSTANTIALLY UNCHANGED FROM THEIR EARLIEST TELLING

146.10 1. Nü Wa And The Rainbow 2. Yao The Great Seeks A Successor 3. Great Yü And The Flood 4. Ch'ü Yüan And His Brothers 5. The Mystery Of The Little Pavilion 6. The Crock Of Gold 7. The Fruit That Turned Into Jewels And Gold: Seven Folktales (by Chou Li-hsuang aka Mrs. Kwok (before 1971-) } Peking, China (F) 10

1

In the very beginning of China's history, men believed that waters covered the whole world, that Heaven lay in the regions to the North-West, and that Earth fell from Heaven into the regions to the South-East, as a result of which, the seas lay to the South-East and the big rivers all flowed towards them. In those days, rain fell so heavily and so unceasingly and the waters flowed so continuously from the North-West that men said,

"The floor of Heaven has given way."

Then they besought the strongest of the Immortals, the one whom they looked upon as holding the highest place among the Saints of Heaven to help them. She was Nü Wa, the sister of Emperor Fu Hsi of ancient days. When it had rained so long without ceasing that men had no dry land on which to dwell, they appealed to her to help them.

When Nü Wa heard their petition she piled up an enormous heap of stones and placed a very big fire underneath the heap, a fire so big that the stones all melted. Then she used her supernatural strength to carry the melted stones aloft into Heaven where she used them to repair the split in the floor. And because Nü Wa had piled up different kinds of stones, the melted stones were of different colors so that the patched strip in the floor of Heaven had seven colors.

From the time when Nü Wa mended the floor of Heaven until this very day no disastrous flood-rains have

descended upon men and, every time rain falls, they can see for themselves the multi-colored patch in the floor of Heaven and remember the beautiful colors of the stones that Nü Wa melted down to help them so long ago.

It is for this reason that in many places in China people have built temples in honor of Nü Wa. And when men today see the seven-colored strip of melted stones with which she patched the floor of Heaven they call it the “Rainbow.”

2

In ancient times (c. 2357BC) there lived in China a man named Yao. Although he was a man of outstanding ability he was also a man of great uprightness of character who always put himself at the service of others. When quarrels arose in which distinctions between right and wrong, truth and falsehood were in question, people called upon him to judge the case and pronounce a suitable sentence upon the guilty one. Thus whenever problems arose, he was asked to help solve them. Eventually the people asked him to be their king.

Whenever Yao had to sentence a guilty man, the form of punishment he imposed was a very simple one. He took a branch broken from a tree and used it to draw a big circle upon the ground. Then he commanded the guilty man, saying,

“Step inside this circle. I forbid you to put foot outside again for the next three days. In three days’ time I will return to release you.” At Yao’s command, the guilty person would go obediently and stand inside the circle and, for the next three days, his relatives would bring food and hand it to him as he stood or sat within the circle which had become his prison.

Although Yao had become king he did not live in a splendid palace, neither did he wear ceremonial royal robes or fare sumptuously every day. He lived in a very simple way. In every place Yao visited as he moved among his people, the common people prepared the best room they had for him to stay in and set out their best foods for him to eat.

Many years passed by in this way, and then Yao realized that he was getting old; so he looked around for a man to succeed him.

Now he had a good friend whose name was Ts’ao Fu, a man of great integrity and one who also had shown that he had equally great practical ability, for in those days, when a great flood came and the waters rose and drowned many of the inhabitants, and wild beasts roamed about and devoured many of the survivors, Ts’ao Fu built his house up in a tree. When the flood waters subsided, Ts’ao Fu studied times and seasons and so learned and taught others the right time of year for planting the five grains and the right time of year for harvesting them. Every day he got up at sunrise and worked till sunset and, at the season’s end, when his own crops were gathered in, he spent his time helping those who did not have a good harvest, saying whenever he did so,

“If I help men in this way, when my time of need comes, they will, in their turn, help me.” Then the day came when Yao came and said to him,

“My friend, I am getting old and cannot go on serving my people much longer: I know you are a man upright of heart and devoted to the service of your fellow men. I would therefore like you to become king in my stead.” When Ts’ao Fu had listened carefully to all that Yao had to say, he replied,

“Do I understand that you want me to become king in your stead?” And Yao replied,

“That is indeed what I mean.”

When Ts’ao Fu heard this he ran off at once to the river bank, bent low, and began to wash out his ears with great thoroughness. When Yao saw him doing this, he asked,

“Why are you washing out your ears like that?” And Ts’ao Fu replied,

“Your words have clogged up my ears like dirt. I don’t want to listen to what you ask me to do. I prefer to keep my simple freedom. I want to be free to do as I like, when I like. I have no desire to control or govern other people’s affairs, and certainly no desire for position and power. Whenever I see a man sitting within the circle you have drawn, I feel uneasy for myself. I’ve no desire to put myself inside the circle you yourself now sit in. It is for this reason, my friend, that I refuse to change places with you.”

While Ts’ao Fu was still speaking, a country fellow named Hsü Yü came along leading his ox to the river to drink. Now Hsü Yü was also a man of outstanding intelligence and integrity. He was also a man who loved to live in simplicity and freedom, so much so, that he built his house upon a raft so that he could move freely from place to place and tie up whenever and wherever he liked. When the waters rose and the floods came, his raft floated on the surface of the waters and his wooden house became a kind of houseboat. On this particular day, when he came leading his ox to the river to drink, he saw Ts’ao Fu scrubbing out his ears, so he asked,

“Why are you scrubbing out your ears like that?” And Ts’ao Fu replied,

“Yao has just been to see me to ask me to be king in his stead. I feel that his words are dirt in my ears, so I’ve come here to scrub the dirt out.”

Now Hsü Yü’s first intention was to lead his ox to the river to drink at the place where he first saw Ts’ao Fu, but when he heard what Ts’ao Fu said he stepped back from the water and led his ox to drink further upstream. When Ts’ao Fu saw him do this, he asked,

“Stop awhile! Why are you leading your ox away upstream like that?” And Hsü Yü replied,

“I am afraid lest the water you are washing out your ears with should flow to where my ox would be drinking; and he would get the taste into his system. You see, I too am not interested in position and power.”

So you see, Yao had no way of abdicating. He knew that both the men who had refused to succeed him were good men, but neither of them was interested in position nor power. All they wanted was to spend a life in independence and simple comfort and in the enjoyment of the benefits and happiness that Heaven might bestow upon them.

3

In ancient China, at the very beginning of recorded history, there was a great flood. The rain fell, the dikes broke, and the waters rose until the flood covered the face of the whole earth. So the Emperor Shun\fn{C.2255BC.} called upon one of his ministers, a man named Yü, and commanded him to control the flood.

Now this man Yü\fn{Yü the Great, c.2205BC.} was a man upright of heart and faithful towards his fellow men. He was like Shun in that he traveled to every place to inspect the dikes in person and to survey the damage done by the flood. He then worked out a scheme to make the flood-waters drain off into the gorges and so flow off into the river. He applied his whole mind to thinking out how he could get the waters to drain away into deep channels so that the dry land would appear once more.

It took him ten years of hard work before he completed the task of draining off the flood-waters. Then he returned home. Three times he passed by his own door, and each time he knew he must not go in—and this in spite of the fact that he loved his wife and children dearly. Finally he called to them to come to the door and speak with him there. When they came in answer to his call, his wife, standing at the door, said,

“Why don’t you come in? We can talk together more comfortably inside.” Yü replied,

“I can’t. I’m too fond of my home. So fond of it that I know, if I once enter it, I shall not want to leave it again—and I have work waiting for me to do elsewhere. That’s why I am staying outside and why I am asking you, my beloved wife and children, to come out to me here. I just want to see you again, to see for myself whether you are well and strong and to find out if you have any problems. That done, I will be on my way again satisfied.”

After he was assured of these things, he returned to his task.

Some years after this, when the Emperor Shun grew old, he abdicated in favor of Yü. In the time of Yao, Shun and Yü, emperors did not discuss policy and authority with their advisors. But although their word alone was law, they were not despotic, neither did they inflict heavy penalties for the infringement of their laws. The extremest form of prison consisted of confining the offender for three days within a circle drawn upon the ground in a public place. The culprit was then overcome with shame for he was seen by all the passersby who stood and stared at him and exhorted him to mend his ways.

Although the laws of those days seem to us to be rather crude and simple, life was, nevertheless, well-ordered. There was no organized pattern of society and all men looked upon quarrels and conflicts as the deepest kind of dishonor. So in those days, men were content that their lives should be regulated by simple laws.

4

In the Ch’ü Period\fn{Ch’ü was a feudal state which flourished in Hupeh between 730-256BC.} there lived a man named Ch’ü Yüan who was the younger brother of the King of Ch’ü. The King of Ch’ü relied heavily upon Ch’ü Yüan who held a very important post in the government of the kingdom. Nevertheless, Ch’ü Yüan and his elder brother did not see eye to eye on many matters.

In those days, the Kingdom of Ch’ü consisted of only a small area in the South-East of Central China, so the King of Ch’ü planned to enlarge his borders and make his kingdom a more powerful one. To do this, he embarked upon a prolonged war with the neighboring States. When this happened Ch’ü Yüan, although he had a strong love of his own country and a keen pride in it, did not approve of his brother’s action in offending Heaven by waging a war of aggression. So he exhorted his brother,

“You ought not to act in this way. It is not right for you to deprive others of their lives just to enlarge your own

domain.”

But the King of Ch’ü refused to listen to his younger brother’s advice and, year after year, he waged a ceaseless war in which countless young men were slain until the homes of his kingdom were desolate for they were inhabited by fatherless children and widows. Many families were left destitute.

When Ch’ü Yüan saw this he took his own property and sold it to buy food for the destitute people to eat. But, because his elder brother persisted in waging war year after year, the number of destitute people increased year by year also, and the time came when Ch’ü Yüan resources were all used up. Finally, Ch’ü Yüan could bear the burden of sorrow no longer so he went to plead with his elder brother once more:

“Brother,” he said, “you should call a halt to this war. If you go on in this way, you will have no young men left in your kingdom; the only young people left will be young widows and their children. Then, when the time comes when neighboring States declare war upon you, you will have no army to fight back with. My chief and only concern is to help feed your starving people. I have used up all I used to have and now have nothing to help them with.”

This was indeed true for, although Ch’ü Yüan was the King’s brother, he had given up all his possessions and lived very simply, in a thatched hut. So he spoke from his heart when he said,

“I have used up all I used to have. If you go on in this way any longer I have no way left of helping you. You must call a halt to this war.” The King of Ch’ü first listened to what his younger brother said, and then burst out in great anger,

“I do what pleases me and shall continue to do so. When I have added other regions to my kingdom, those who dwell in those regions will become my subjects and then it will be of no importance at all that I have only a few of my present subjects left alive.”

Ch’ü Yüan looked at his elder brother in silence and realized that he was powerless to make him change his mind either by persuasion or by threats. So he went away sadly, wondering what he could do to compel his brother to heed his advice. Then on the fifth day of the fifth lunar month, Ch’ü Yüan went to the bank of the river and said to the people who stood by,

“I am about to jump into the river and commit suicide to make my brother realize that I am sacrificing my life because he will not listen to my counsel for the good of his people.” With these words he plunged into the river and disappeared beneath the current.

When those who stood by saw him plunge into the river, they tried at once to haul him out and save his life. But when they got him onto the bank, he was already dead.

When Ch’ü Yüan stood at the river bank on the verge of plunging to his death, he had composed a poem. Those who then stood there read the poem, and as they read, they learned that he had sacrificed his life because his elder brother would not heed his advice. Then their hearts overflowed with sorrow and distress, for all men loved Ch’ü Yüan.

After Ch’ü Yüan’s death people felt that he had given them rice to eat when he himself had nothing left to eat, so they decided to commemorate his self-sacrifice and death in this way: On the anniversary of his death the members of every household would take a handful of rice to the river bank and throw it in for him to eat. But some people felt that this wasn’t a good way of giving food to Ch’ü Yüan because the fishes and other water-creatures would devour it; so instead they wrapped their rice-cakes in broad, fragrant bamboo leaves to prevent the fishes and other water-creatures from eating them, and every family took its fragrant packets of rice down to the river and cast them into the waters for Ch’ü Yüan to eat.

And from those days until now, on the fifth day of the fifth lunar month, every family wraps up glutinous rice-cakes in broad fragrant bamboo leaves to make *tsung-tau*, that is, three-cornered glutinous rice dumplings, in memory of Ch’ü Yüan, though they eat them themselves and no longer throw them into the river for him to eat.

About ten miles to the south of Peking there is an open stretch of hilly country which is almost completely uninhabited. Only an occasional woodcutter normally disturbs its peace. In a secluded part of this district there is a bamboo grove and, set deep in the grove, there is a very beautiful miniature pavilion. The brickwork under the eaves is carved with pictorial designs.^{fn{ A feature of imperial buildings and the houses of noble families in North and North-East China during the period of the Warring States (403-221C), and the succeeding Ch’in and Han Dynasties (221BC-264AD), flourishing once more during the Ming Dynasty (1368-1628). }} The nine pillars supporting the roof are painted with beautiful floral designs, while the curving roof is composed of glazed tiles. The whole building stands on a small, stepped

platform.

Children love to play around the miniature pavilion, and grown-ups are very fond of it; but it is so small that nobody is able to go inside. It does have a small doorway, but one built so low that a person would have to bend double to pass through it.

Other buildings which, apparently, used to stand in the vicinity, have long ago crumbled into dust, but the little pavilion stands intact and beautiful. People had long wondered why it was built at all and why it had been so well preserved.

Then one day a man who was out for a walk, saw the little pavilion and became curious about it. So he sat down in the bamboo grove and studied the outside of it very carefully.. Then he mounted the steps onto the little *verandah*, bent down, and crawled through the doorway.

Once inside, he stood up, listened, and looked. He felt there was a mysterious atmosphere about the place.. He sat in silence for a while trying to penetrate the mystery. Then, because it was getting dusk, he got up, crept out through the doorway again, and went home..

He had decided upon a plan.

About four days later, a woodcutter happened to pass that way carrying his load of brushwood balanced from either end of his carrying pole. It was about noon, and very hot, so he stopped to rest for a while on the steps of the little pavilion. While he sat there, leaning against one of the pillars, he heard a low, long-drawn out moaning sound,

“*Aaah! Ai-yaah!*”

“That’s somebody in pain!” he said aloud, very surprised to hear any sound at all in that place.. He stood up and looked around, but could see no one; yet he was certain he had heard the sound.

He now heard it again, but more faintly this time. Again he searched all around the place, and still found no one. Finally he decided that the sound was coming from inside the little pavilion, so he stooped down and crawled in through the low doorway, and looked around him. He remembered that, when he had been inside once before, he had seen a square flagstone in the center of the flooring. The flagstone had been removed and there was now a large, square hole in the floor.

He listened again. The sound was coming from somewhere down below! He was very frightened, but in spite of his fear he moved forward and peered down into the hole. It was very dark down there, and he couldn’t discern a thing, so he called down,

“Is anybody there?”

Nobody answered, but he was certain that somebody had fallen down the hole. So he hurried back to the nearby town to ask the magistrate to send some *yamen* runners, \fn{The precursors of modern policemen.} saying,

“There’s someone dying somewhere down inside the little pavilion in the bamboo grove. Please come quickly! It’s very dark down there below—I’ve no idea what the trouble is!”

So the magistrate ordered four *yamen* runners to go with the woodcutter back to the little pavilion and find out what the trouble was. When they got to the little pavilion they also heard the sound as if someone was very ill and in great distress or pain, so they all five crawled in through the little door. By this time, the sun was low in the sky and shone directly with a level, sunset light upon the square hole in the middle of the pavement. There was just enough light to enable them to see what was down below. There they discerned a strong ladder lying flat on the floor below. So they set to work and, using the woodcutter’s ropes, managed to get the ladder set up against the side of the hole. Then, taking their courage in both hands, the five men, one by one, made the descent.

When their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness they saw that they were standing in a very large underground chamber and that, in the wall of one side, there was a heavy two-leaved door. The door was ajar, so they crossed the room and pushed it further open to find out what lay beyond it.

And there, across the entrance, a young man was lying. Two of the *yamen* runners picked him up and lifted him onto the back of a third runner who carried him out and up the ladder.

The men who remained below then looked around them more carefully and discovered that this second chamber was also a very spacious one with a big reservoir in the center. The waters of the reservoir were black and there was an exquisitely made and beautifully fashioned boat floating in the middle of it and on the deck of the boat was a tent-like structure about the size of a one-roomed house. They could also see, on the shore of the reservoir, men lying dead or dying. They also discerned a gang-plank leading from the shore to the boat, so they crossed over to investigate what might be on board.

They peered through the windows of the cabin and there saw an elaborate coffin. There seemed to be nobody about—so they couldn’t figure out what had killed the men lying on shore. This being so, they went back on shore

to examine the dead bodies and found that each one of them had been pierced by tiny poisoned arrows which seemed to have been shot at them from the boat.

When they had completed their investigation they went back and reported their findings to the magistrate. The city magistrate at once sent a team to investigate further, to deal with the situation, to encoffin and bury the dead men, and have the wounded man sent to a doctor for treatment.

About a month later, when the young man, whose cries had attracted the attention of the woodcutter, had recovered from his wounds, the magistrate questioned him closely.

“What made you take that group of men down there?” he asked. “And what happened? What were you looking for?”

Now this young man was the same who, out of curiosity and interest, had crept inside the little pavilion and had been intrigued by its mysterious atmosphere. On that occasion, he had planned to return, so he replied frankly,

“It was like this. When I first saw the little pavilion, I was attracted by its unusual character and felt that there was some mystery attached to it so, a day or two afterwards, I hired a long ladder and iron-tipped poles and went back with a group of men to investigate further. We went in through the low doorway and prised up the flagstone which was in the center of the floor. Then we descended into the lower chamber.

“This lower chamber was a very big place and, over on the left of it, we saw a heavy, two-leaved door set within door-posts and a lintel of stone. The door was shut. There was no sign of a lock or keyhole on the outside; and we were unable to push it open.

“I, Sir, have made a study of Chinese antiquities and ancient Chinese architecture, so I recognized this type of door and the means whereby it was kept fastened. It was of the type which is kept firmly shut by means of two large, stone balls suspended on the inner side of the door. The weights rise and fall on their chains whenever the door is opened or closed. When the door is shut or, as we would say today, locked, each of the two stone balls comes to rest, each in its own socket in the ground near the center of the doorway where the two halves of the heavy door meet. I realized that it needed special measures to get this door open from the outside.

“I then noticed the edge of two slanting depressions in the ground at the foot of the door. So my men used their iron-pointed poles to probe beneath the thick door until they struck against the stone balls. Then we went on boring into the sockets until we loosened the stone balls a little and, using all our strength, managed to get the door ajar—making a space just wide enough for two of my men to squeeze through. They then lifted the two stone balls out of their sockets and so we were able to get the door open.

“When, at last, we all stood inside, we saw that we were in a big underground chamber, in the center of which there was a reservoir of dark water and, floating on the reservoir, an elaborate boat with a pavilion-like tent on its main deck. We took up some planks which were lying around and made a gang-plank on which we crossed onto the boat. We peered through the paper windows of the tent and there, inside we saw a splendid coffin with a large incense-burner set against the foot of it.

“‘Whose coffin can this be?’ we asked one another. ‘Such an elaborate coffin must be that of a very important person—but there’s no inscription anywhere to tell us anything!’

“I looked more closely at the incense-burner, and saw that it was wrought in a very curious and old design, and that it was made of bronze and other precious metals.

“‘Let’s carry this incense-burner away with us,’ exclaimed my men to one another.

“‘No! Don’t touch it!’ I cried. ‘It is a sacred object belonging to the dead!’

“I was afraid some evil might befall us. Besides I could see that there was some strange movement inside the incense-burner. Even as I spoke, I ran back across the gang-plank and towards the door.

“But I had spoken too late. The men had already put hands on the incense-burner and were trying to lift it to carry it away. Then there was a whirring sound and, with the sound, the incense-burner let loose a cloud of poisoned arrows which struck the men on the boat as well as those who stood on shore. Because I had run further off, I was hit by only one of the arrows and fell where the woodcutter and your men found me.” In answer to further questions he continued,

“I felt sure that, inside that coffin, there are many funerary jewels, and other valuable objects belonging to the dead man. But we did not open it to find out.”

At the conclusion of the questioning, the magistrate commanded several *yamen* runners to conduct him to the place so that he could examine the evidence for himself. But the runners were so afraid that they pleaded,

“Do be careful, Sir! If we proceed to touch and open this coffin, we may be killed by poisoned arrows too!”

The magistrate allowed them to take precautions. So they provided themselves with wooden shields and very long, flat-ended, iron-tipped poles.

On arrival in the inner underground chamber, they first rolled up the side of the tent nearest the door. Then, sheltering behind their shields, they used their long poles to prise up the coffin-lid from a safe distance. No sooner had they raised the lid, than a cloud of arrows rained out upon them. But, at the first whirring sound, they retreated to a safe distance and, from behind their shields, watched the arrows stream out from inside the coffin. They waited until the last arrow had fallen before they dared to cross the gang-plank and complete their opening of the coffin.

Inside, they found the skeleton of a very tall man. The grave-clothes were almost rotted away but, from the vestiges that remained, they could see that the man had been an official of the Imperial Court. And encoffined with him was a very large quantity of precious objects—pieces of jewelry, unmounted precious stones, jade bracelets, pieces of jade and other valuable ornaments.

According to old Chinese custom, when a person died, his family would enclose pieces of jade, jewels and other rare and precious objects in the coffin for the use of the dead person in the next world and to ensure their own happiness and the prosperity and happiness of their descendants in this. Then, in order that their descendants should remember the place of burial and honor the memory of their ancestors, they would erect a memorial over the place.

The members of this man's family evidently felt that no one would ever venture to damage or spoil the beautiful little pavilion which they had built to mark the last resting place of their distinguished relative.

It seems that, in the long course of years, the family had died out, and no one was left who remembered why the little pavilion had been built or what lay beneath it.

The young man had solved that mystery, but no one has ever solved the mystery of the poisoned arrows which flew out from the incense-burner and the coffin.

The people of that district now love and protect the little pavilion and, in doing so, remember the traditional reverence that Chinese people have for their own ancestors.

6

Long, long ago there was a father who had a very dull-witted, fifteen years old son whom he called Little Treasure. This man also had a field, a very fertile field which produced such excellent harvests that many people of the village wanted to buy his field from him. These men said, each in his own way,

“You are getting on in years. Sell me your field and I will take care of your son after you are no more.” But the father said to himself,

“I know that my Little Treasure is a slowwitted fellow; but I know even more truly that if I do not sell my field to these men they will cheat my son out of it when I am dead. What is the best thing for me to do? I have no relatives or close friends who will protect my interests.” After thinking the matter over, he called his son to him and said,

“Little Treasure, you are now fifteen years old. In five years' time you will reach manhood. But I must leave you before that time comes. So remember what I am going to say to you. Listen carefully and do not forget my words.” The boy replied,

“What is it that you want me to remember, father?” The father said,

“Whatever else you do, do not sell this field, for deep beneath its surface I have buried a crock of gold as your inheritance. Go out every day, day after day, to plough it, to fertilize, to plant and to reap. If you do that, you will grow stronger and stronger so that by the time you are twenty, you will be strong enough to dig down deep and get the crock of gold I have buried there for you. When you have found the gold you will be able to build a house and look around for a wife.

“Remember, for the next five years, don't think of marriage, but go out to work as I have said. This year, plough diligently, plant and sow according to the season. Do the same next year. Do the same year after year for five years—and at the end of the fifth year you will reach the crock of gold.” The slowwitted boy listened carefully to what his father said and then replied,

“Father, I understand. No matter what happens I will not part with this field, but will till it faithfully and well year by year.” Not long after that, the father died.

And so from that time on, day after day, year after year the son ploughed his field, planted it, and harvested his crops each season. Every year he had enough to eat and more, and with the surplus he bought cloth to make his clothes. He did this faithfully for five years until he was twenty years old. By that time through hard work he had grown big and strong and his field had become more and more fertile.

Then, one day, he dug up in the middle of his field a big stone. And engraved on the stone were these words:

Use the earth faithfully and well,
The earth will yield all you need,
Both to eat and for daily use.

When Little Treasure saw the stone and read what was engraved upon it, he turned it over saying, "Perhaps my father's crock of gold lies buried beneath this stone."

Using all his strength, he heaved the stone over. And there, underneath the stone, lay an earthenware pot. He took up a large stick and broke it open and there, inside lay a very small number of gold coins and with them a message which read:

My son, use this money to build a house
And having built it, to seek a good wife.
May you and your wife together
Dwell in harmony in your new home
And with one mind inherit true happiness.

Little Treasurer, by that time a young man, then understood that the crock of gold his father had buried for him deep below the surface of the field was indeed true gold. After five years of hard work he had grown wise. So he took the money from the pot and used it to build himself a house. And he had enough to pay a middle-man to arrange a marriage for him.

When all this was done, he settled down happily in his new home.

7

This story which I now tell you is one which has been handed down as part of my own family history. The present direct descendants of the family, children and grandchildren, my own nieces and nephews, all firmly believe it is true. As for me, I am uncertain whether to believe it or not. What do you think?

About a hundred and fifty years ago, an ancestor of my sister's husband began his adult life as a small shopkeeper. It was indeed a small shop for it consisted of just two rooms; the outer room he used as a shop and the inner room was the smaller one in which he lived, cooked his meals, ate and slept. Nevertheless he was a very honest man and fair in all his dealings.

On New Year's Eve, when the watchman was going on his rounds beating his gong for the second watch, and the shopkeeper was in the act of putting up his shutters for the night, a man wheeling a barrow drew up and stood at his elbow.

"Good evening," he said, addressing the shopkeeper. "I'm a fruit hawker. I've a lot of fruit unsold and there's not much chance of there being any more customers about at this hour, but I've nowhere to leave my barrow for the night. There's no room at the inn; and I'm afraid my fruit will all be frost-bitten and spoiled if I leave it standing outside overnight in this bitter weather. Can I leave my barrow of fruit with you till morning? I'll come back early tomorrow to collect it." The shopkeeper was a good hearted fellow, so he agreed to help.

"Certainly," he said. "We're both in a very small way of business, and neither of us can afford to lose money in times like these. If you leave your fruit outside all night in weather like this it will, as you say, get frost-bitten and will go bad. You see, I'm just shutting up my shop for the night. Here, before I shut the door, trundle your barrow inside. You can leave it in the shop overnight; it won't be in anybody's way for, as you know, it's New Year's Day tomorrow, so there won't be any business for a day or so. I'm sorry my place isn't big enough for me to put you up as well."

"Don't worry about me," said the hawker. "I only need to leave my barrow of fruit in a safe place."

And even while he was saying this, he trundled his barrow into the shop, lodged it firmly and turned to go. But just as he was moving towards the door, the shopkeeper put a hand on his shoulder and said,

"There's only fruit in your barrow, eh?"

"That's right," responded the hawker. "Nothing but fruit." With these words he uncovered the barrow so that the shopkeeper could see what was in it—mangoes, oranges, apples, pears and other winter-season fruits. The man then replaced the cover, said good night, and went away, while the shopkeeper finished shutting up his shop and then went to bed.

The next morning he got up very early and opened his shop door in case the hawker should come betimes for his load of fruit in the hope that there might be the odd customer about wanting to buy fruit for the New Year. But the shopkeeper didn't expect any customers of his own on New Year's Day.

He waited until noon, but the man didn't turn up. So he went inside, ate his dinner, prepared some packets of sweetmeats to give as small gifts and then set out to say "Happy New Year" to his neighbors and to his friends who lived nearby. But he was very uneasy about leaving the place.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "suppose the man comes while I'm out! I wish I knew what was the best thing to do!"

So he made his New Year calls very short ones and was soon back home again. There was no one waiting outside his door. He opened his door. There was no one inside either—and the barrow of fruit was still there.

"I wish that man would come," he muttered. "If he doesn't soon turn up, his fruit will all go bad."

But the man did not come that day; neither did he come the next day; nor on the third day. When on the fourth day the man still hadn't come, the shopkeeper was truly anxious, and said aloud,

"This man has surely met with an accident. I think I ought to do something to help him out. I'll sell his fruit for him and give him the money when he turns up. If I don't, he'll lose his fruit; and if I do, he'll at least have the money."

So on the evening of the fourth day he removed the cloth cover from the barrow and was amazed and frightened at what he saw revealed. The barrow was loaded, not with fruits of various kinds, but with gold and jewels, precious stones, jade and rubies.

When he saw this, he was astounded and his heart beat fast for fear.

As soon as he recovered from his surprise, he wheeled the barrow and its contents into his inner room in order to give the treasure greater security. Then he took out a big sheet of paper and, in large characters, wrote:

**WILL THE PERSON WHO STORED
A BARROW LOAD OF FRUIT WITH ME OVERNIGHT
PLEASE RETURN TO CLAIM IT.**

He pasted the notice on the wall at the side of his shop door. Then went inside again and spent the rest of the day watching the door and keeping watch over the load of treasure. He was afraid to leave the premises lest the precious things should be stolen. He dared not go out, not even to buy food supplies; he just ate the provisions he already had in the house.

He kept guard in this way for two whole months, and still the fruit hawker didn't turn up. At the end of two months he had no alternative but to examine the treasure-hoard more closely. When he had done so, he took out two of the small jewels and went to ask a friend what he thought of them.

"What's your opinion of these?" he asked. The friend examined the jewels closely and then said,

"This is a very fine piece of jade. And this is a real pearl. Both are very valuable. Where did you get them?"

The shopkeeper was very guarded in his reply. All he said was,

"I don't really know—a friend has left them with me. I think he wants to sell them." But in his heart he thought,

"I have picked out only the smallest and the least significant things to show him. If these two things are as valuable as all that, what are the rest worth?"

So, after thanking his friend he went thoughtfully and silently home. At home he thought the matter over carefully.

"What's the best thing to do to keep this treasure-hoard safe against the owner's return? My best plan is to sell two of the smallest jewels and, with the money, to build a strong room to keep the rest in." He thought the matter over for a day or so and finally decided to ask his friend's opinion again.

"Are these two jewels valuable or not?" Without hesitation the friend confirmed his first opinion,

"These things are very valuable."

So the shopkeeper asked his friend to help him to sell them; and the friend agreed to do so. In this way he obtained several hundred *taels* for the jade ornament and the pearl and, with the money, he had a strong room built next door to his little shop. When the new place was ready, he wheeled the barrow and its precious load inside and locked the door, saying as he did so,

"I can now look after my shop and keep an eye on the treasure at the same time. I'll not stay in the new room

or I'll lose my customers, and that would be bad for business."

He kept watch in this way for a whole year; and still the owner did not turn up. Then, when New Year's Eve came round once more, he said to himself,

"Surely he will turn up today!" But New Year's Eve came and went, and still the owner didn't turn up.

"What kind of return is this for the favor I granted the man!" he thought.

Then he considered his own position: he hadn't taken the treasure-hoard to the magistrate's—should he do so now? On second thoughts, he decided,

"No. If I do so the magistrate will confiscate the lot, and then, if the owner turns up, I will be totally unable to hand anything over to him except the empty barrow."

So he pondered the matter for a long time. What was the right thing for him to do under these circumstances—the right thing for the owner and the right thing for himself—without letting other people take advantage of either of them?

He finally decided to invest part of the treasure in his own shop, and set himself up in business in a bigger way. The first thing he did was to have his little shop and the new room next door knocked into one to form a grocery store. Then he stocked it well with dry goods, saying to himself,

"Now I'm a rich man I will repay my debt by making others' lives easier. If I do business on a big scale, my profits will be correspondingly big. Then I'll be able to keep my prices low and my margin of profit as small as possible. That will be my way of helping people."

So he opened a big grocery store in which, while his rice and wheaten goods were of the finest quality, his prices were amazingly low. By so doing, he made his fortune. He made so much money that he couldn't possibly use it all, not ever. Besides, he had most of the barrow-load of treasure left, and was still worried as to what he should do with it. At last he decided to have a big notice made. Then he got a good calligraphist to write in large characters:

**A WHELLBARROW LOAD OF FRUIT
HAS BEEN LEFT HERE.
WILL THE PERSON WHO LAYS CLAIM TO IT
PLEASE ENQUIRE WITHIN
AND TAKE DELIVERY OF IT.**

He posted the finely-written notice at the side of his shop door and waited. The notice hung there for three years, and still no one turned up to claim the mysterious wheelbarrow.

Because the fruit hawker still hadn't turned up, the shopkeeper invested his profits in two saw-mills. This was a farsighted thing to do for, at that time, a lot of timber was being brought into the district and there was a big demand for it, at a reasonable price, to meet the big demand for new houses.

Again, his enterprise prospered and he became such a rich man that people began to say that his house had changed into a treasure vault in which he had an endless store of silver ingots. The fact of the matter was, that he still had the barrow and most of the treasure-hoard left on his hands. He was afraid to use any of it except the one or two pieces he had used to set himself up in business with.

The man who told me this story was my sister's husband, the great, great, great grandson of the shopkeeper who lived five generations ago. At the time of his telling it to me, the normal currency was still in the form of silver ingots, and people who went out to buy things in any quantity carried their silver ingots wrapped up in coarse linen cloth. My sister's husband's family was extremely wealthy, so one day I asked my brother-in-law to tell me truly where the family got its inherited wealth from. In reply he told me the story of his grandfather's grandfather which I have just told you. What do you think of it? I was inclined to disbelieve it, so I asked him,

"Did your grandfather's family ever find out anything about the owner of the barrow and the hoard of treasure?" But he said he had no means of answering that question.

"What I do know," he said, "is that my grandfather's grandfather began by using two of the jewels from the hoard to open up a rice shop and, after that, a saw-mill and, after that, a wide range of businesses, but I don't know how he disposed of the barrow and the remainder of the contents. I do know as a fact, however, that he believed the wealth he acquired was not his own for his own personal use and that when the Emperor of his day decided to repair and build the walls around Peking he contributed a great deal of money. The City Walls were planned to be built on foundations thirty feet deep and were to be very long, very broad and very high. (If you

have been to Peking you will have seen them.) The roadway around the top was to be twenty feet wide so that three carts could be driven side by side around the circumference of the city. The Emperor needed a vast amount of money for materials and to pay the tremendous number of workmen, so he sent out an edict commanding all the wealthy men of Peking to contribute towards the cost.

“When the edict was issued,” he continued, “my grandfather’s grandfather contributed a vast amount of money so that the famous Ch’ien Men and several other parts of the City Walls of Peking were paid for by him.”

What I myself know is that the family inherited and carried on the family business until it was inherited by my eldest sister’s husband, the one who told me the story that I have now told you. I know also that my eldest sister would go every morning to pay her respects to her husband’s mother and that, every time she went, the old lady would present her with a piece of jewelry—sometimes a ring, at other times a necklace, at others a pair of earrings—and that every time my eldest sister served her mother-in-law with a cup of clear tea the old lady would invariably return the empty cup to her with a valuable gem or a piece of jewelry in the bottom of the cup.

I know also that there was in the family home a large piece of jade carved into the shape of a Chinese cabbage. I’ve seen it with my own eyes. The top part of the carving was green graduating to pure white at the base. It was a very large piece of jade, genuine jade.

I was unable to find out whether the family had bought it at some time or whether it was, as they said, part of the treasure that the fruit hawker had left behind so many years ago. All I can vouch for is that the story I have told you is the story told to me by my own brother-in-law when I asked him to tell me how his family became so rich.

130.64 1. *Clan-de-Cline* 2. It’s A Boy! It’s A Girl! 3. Gone Finshing 4. Lord Mu Climbs The Granary 5. Lord Mu Eats Shit: Five Tales About Ayidan \fn{by Zhao Jingxiu (before 1979-)} Lijiang Prefecture, Lijiang Naxi Autonomous County, nr. Lijiang City, northern Yunnan Province, China (F) 4

1

Ayidan, who was exceptionally intelligent and witty since birth, was a tenant in the house of Lord Mu. \fn{Head of the Mu clan, at one time he sole aristocratic clan among the Naxi, treating other clans as of low birth and as serfs or slaves of the Mu. } He was often ordered about by the lord to do heavy and arduous work, yet never got enough to eat, let alone a mite of cash for his labor.

The only property to speak of in Ayidan’s house was a dilapidated, treadle-operated rice-pounder. His wife depended on it to keep the family alive by husking rice and pounding *erkuai* \fn{Rice cakes shaped with a rice pounder, from which noodles are made. } for the neighbors. As the years went by, and the rice-pounder gradually began to break down, Ayidan got to thinking about how he might try to get his wages back from Lord Mu so as to have his rice-pounder repaired.

All the while he was thinking, he was well aware that Lord Mu was a miser with a heart of stone—to squeeze even a pittance out of him would just about drive him to his death. Despite the fact that so many had toiled and sweated for him so long, did anybody ever see Lord Mu paying his numerous tenants and farm hands a single copper? It was plainly hopeless to get any wages back from him. Yet how was Ayidan to support his family if he forsook the unpaid wages?

“No,” he told himself. “The wages are owed me! I must try and find some means to get my money out of him!”

Now Lord Mu had a treadle-operated rice-pounder made of oak, brand new and solidly built. When it started up pounding, it sang out merrily *gu-ga-gan, gu-ga-gan, gu-ga-gan*, thumping away ever so smoothly and efficiently.

“How nice it would be,” thought Ayidan, “if I could take this new rice-pounder back to my house as a partial payment for my wages after so many years of hard work!”

One morning, a farmhand was pounding *erkuai* cakes with the new treadle pounder for Lord Mu’s breakfast. *Gu-ga-gan, gu-ga-gan* it sang, while Lord Mu was still in his bedroom, sleeping away.

“My lord! My lord! An ominous sign! An ominous sign!” reported Ayidan, his voice uneasy, as he rushed into Lord Mu’s bedroom.

“What’s all this nonsense about an ominous sign?” Lord Mu called out, nearly panic-stricken, his voice tremulous, and his head halfway protruding from beneath his quilt. It seemed he had just been awakened from a sound sleep.

“Get out, you! Can’t you see Lord Mu is sleeping?”

“Listen, please, my lord ... ‘Mu-clan-de-cline, \fn{Mu jia bai.} Mu-clan-de-cline, Mu-clan-de-cline—”

“You scoundrel! *What* did you say?”

“That rice-pounder is saying something ominous! ‘Mu-clan-de-cline.’ You just listen, my lord.”

Thrusting his head completely out of the quilt, Lord Mu listened attentively, one ear cocked toward the sound.

“Mu-clan-de-cline, clan-de-cline, clan decline! Mu clan decline!” The longer Lord Mu listened to the rice-pounder, the clearer the message!

“Don’t you see, my lord? It’s a bad omen indeed!” Ayidan added. Disgruntled and wearing a frown, Lord Mu mumbled for a while, then shouted out an order:

“Quick! Go and get an ax. Have the treadle pounder hacked up into kindling and burnt!”

“Now wouldn’t that be a pity, my lord?”

“Well then, what? Oh, how I loathe this!” Lord Mu himself was having a rather tough time letting go of his rice-pounder that way.

“Well, the rice-pounder in my house always says something auspicious: ‘Mu-clan-ex-pand! \fn{Mu jia sheng.} Clan expand! Mu clan expand!’”

“Hey now, how about swapping yours for mine?”

“If that’s what would please your lordship,” said Ayidan, feigning reluctance.

“I say swap, so swap we shall! No regrets! Carry mine off and bring yours back today!” ordered Lord Mu, his voice resolute, revealing at once a faint, self-satisfied smile on his greedy face.

Wearing a grin, Ayidan left immediately to carry out Lord Mu’s instructions.

2

One winter morning, when it was not quite broad daylight, Ayidan went to Lord Mu’s house. A chilling breeze blew from the snow-covered mountains, numbing Ayidan’s cheeks, and making him shiver. He tightened his belt, tucked both his hands deep inside his sleeves, and hugged his chest tightly, trying to keep warm. He could not stop his teeth from chattering.

“Open the door! Open—”

Before Ayidan had shouted a second time, the door opened, much to his surprise.

“How could it be that today the door is opened so quickly?” Suddenly, he felt suspicious.

“What great good fortune! Many children! Prosperity and longevity!”

Lord Mu stood in the doorway, blocking the way, holding in both hands a brass ladle full of ice-cold water. Mumbling incoherently, he thrust the ladle at Ayidan’s mouth. It was not until then that Ayidan understood: Lord Mu’s wife had given birth last night to a child, and he, Ayidan, was the “first visitor.” According to Naxi custom, the first person visiting a house following a birth has to drink cold water to protect the child from ever getting into disputes, and to ward off disasters and difficulties. Thus the child will enjoy lifelong happiness. After the cold water, the first visitor is invited to drink rice wine and eat eggs and stuffed dumplings. Since it was the Naxi custom, Ayidan could not avoid drinking down that big ladle of ice-cold water.

“Boy or girl?” Ayidan asked.

“It’s a boy,” Lord Mu sighed unhappily.

“A young master of the house. *Ai-ya!*”

Lord Mu was displeased because he was mindful of a Naxi belief that the first visitor determines a child’s entire destiny. If the first visitor is a high official or a nobleman, the child will also become one. If the first visitor is a poor man or a slave, the child will surely suffer. Today, who should the young master of the house meet as his first visitor?—none other than Ayidan, the farmhand.

Lord Mu was furious. He completely disregarded the rules of etiquette by not inviting Ayidan to drink wine or eat eggs or stuffed dumplings. Having been so insulted by Lord Mu, Ayidan hated him to the limit, and thought up a way to take revenge.

“I’m going to give you a taste of cold water!” he exclaimed under his breath.

By the end of December, New Year’s was just around the corner, and the Mu clan was busy making preparations for the celebrations. But at this very time, and for several days running, Ayidan did not turn up. Many things were to be done at Lord Mu’s house, but there was no one to do them. Lord Mu got very anxious, and he sent for Ayidan several times, yet Ayidan never appeared. Lord Mu had to go call Ayidan himself

“Ayidan! Ayidan!” he shouted, pushing the door open.

“What great good fortune! A noble lord as first visitor! Many children! Great prosperity!” Ayidan came out shouting, and was all smiles as he held a big ladle full of ice-cold water in both hands, and brought it to Lord Mu’s mouth.

Lord Mu had not drunk plain, cold water ever since he was old enough to know better, but now he simply had to observe the custom. He felt stuck by the awkward situation, and just managed to force himself to swallow a mouthful of water so as to be obliging.

Who would have expected it, but Ayidan kept on shouting, “What great good fortune! What great good fortune!” all the while keeping the ladle close to Lord Mu’s mouth.

There was no escape. Lord Mu made himself drink the whole ladleful, but it wasn’t easy.

“Now it’s your turn to have a taste of ice-cold water!” Ayidan cursed Lord Mu inwardly, though putting on a cheerful face.

After he swallowed the water, Lord Mu began to shiver and belch, over and over again. He did not feel well at all.

“Ayidan, is it a boy or a girl?” Lord Mu assumed Ayidan’s wife had given birth to a child, so he pretended to be solicitous.

“What great luck you bring me!” Ayidan replied, his face wreathed in a smile. “Male and female both, spotted four-eyed dogs!”

Ayidan pointed to a corner as he spoke. Lord Mu took a look—Ayidan’s dog had given birth to a litter of puppies, four or five in number. They were crawling about under their mother’s belly, whimpering after her milk.

Lord Mu got so angry he wanted to grab Ayidan and beat the hell out of him, but by then Ayidan had slipped away. The only creature left behind was the bitch, baring her teeth and watching Lord Mu’s every move.

3

It was not just once or twice that Lord Mu was tricked by Ayidan. Many was the time the lord wanted to beat him, but he never succeeded. One morning, just as Lord Mu finished his breakfast, he saw Ayidan coming to work. He said to him,

“Ayidan, you are great at poking fun. If you can pull off a joke right now, you won’t have to work today.”

“Eh? Where would I find the time to fool around joking, my lord? I must be off!” Ayidan acted as though he were in a great rush.

“Where are you going?”

“Haven’t you heard, my lord? The lake water at Sandbar Flat has dried up. I’m going to catch some fish!”

“Oh! Has it? Hurry up and saddle my horse, Ayidan. I’m going too!”

“I’m so slow on foot, while you’re so fast on horseback, my lord. Please get someone else to saddle your horse for you, while I get a head start.”

With that, Ayidan charged off; pretending he was greatly rattled. As soon as Lord Mu heard the lake was running dry, he started to get worried.

“Better be early if I want to catch the fish first,” he muttered.

Then he ordered that one saddle horse and two pack animals be readied for him straight away. In a single breath he galloped the distance, more than twenty li. About seven miles. When he reached Sandbar Flat, all he could see was a vast expanse of gleaming water, waves beating on waves. In the distance a few boats were bobbing up and down, rafts of wild ducks were quacking here and there, flying about or flapping their wings on the water.

But there wasn’t a sign of Ayidan. Lord Mu had been fooled once again.

4

In June it was extremely sultry. The tenants and servants in Lord Mu’s house were streaming with sweat from threshing wheat. Ayidan was sweeping out the granary, where wheat bundles had just been unloaded around the roof posts. He was so hot he had to keep wiping away the sweat from his brow with his sleeves. The only person with nothing to do was Lord Mu. He sauntered over to the threshing floor and said to Ayidan,

“Say, Ayidan. You fooled me the other day into going to Sandbar Flat. Do you think you can play another trick on me today? Hey! If you ca’t, you’ll end up a dead dog.”

Lord Mu was joking, but his tone was menacing. He stood there panting, his left hand holding his side, and his

right hand unfastening the breast buttons of his long silk gown. Now he cast a sidelong glance at Ayidan, his crafty eyes squinting.

“Ai-ya! My good lord! Please don’t bring that up. I’ll never dare to make fun of you again.” Ayidan pretended to be begging off

“From now on, you’d better behave yourself!” Lord Mu figured that this time he had put the fear of death in Ayidan, so he acted very cocky.

“I’m not afraid of you,” said Ayidan, raising his head slightly, “and I’m still capable of making fun of you. But —”

“But what?”

“My father will beat me! He said that if I keep offending you every day, I’ll get in trouble. He always has an eye on me now. If he learns that I offended you again, he will give me a thrashing when I get home tonight.”

“Don’t worry about that! I’ll tell him not to beat you.”

“Never mind doing that, my good lord! But how about if you climb to the top of the granary and see whether my father is at home. If he’s out, I won’t get caught.”

Lord Mu took off his sandals and struggled up the framework of the open-air granary shed, wearing his red silk socks.

“It’s OK, Ayidan! Your father is not home.”

Lord Mu was on the peak of the granary, his hands and feet were shaking, and he was about to fall. Down below, Ayidan cursed Lord Mu under his breath:

“Now it’s your turn to find out how tough it is to climb the granary.” But while cursing Lord Mu in secret, he casually remarked out loud,

“That’s right, my lord. My father left home early this morning to plow. He won’t be back till dusk.”

“Then why did you deceive me like this?” asked Lord Mu, desperately, up on the peak of the granary.

“Didn’t you tell me to make fun of you once more?” Ayidan smiled, pleased with himself

5

Lord Mu always considered himself wise, but he was fooled by Ayidan over and over again. He felt extremely bad about this and intended to find some pretext whereby he could get even with Ayidan, but no matter how much he stewed, he still could not figure out what to do. At last he came up with a mean idea.

“Ayidan,” he said, “I was taken in by you several times, but it’s just because you were lucky. Now I want you to fool me one more time. Make me eat shit if you can. You’ve got three days. If you succeed in doing it, you won’t have to do any hard work for one whole year. If not, ha! I’ll—”

Ayidan didn’t even wait for Lord Mu to finish his sentence.

“I can do it!” he cut in. “I can. I can. And it won’t take me three days either. One is all I need.”

“Just as you say. One day! And no going back on your word!”

Lord Mu was delighted, for he thought that this time he was guaranteed to get one up on Ayidan. But Ayidan was as calm as ever. He kept mulling over how to make Lord Mu eat shit so as to let him know just how tough a peasant could be. Early the next day, Lord Mu got up, washed his face, and was about to have breakfast, when Ayidan came running in, panting and shouting,

“Fire! Fire! The ancestral temple is on fire. Help!”

On hearing the alarm, Lord Mu’s family members and servants also joined Ayidan in the shouting and ran outside. Lord Mu was terror stricken. When he looked up toward the temple, he saw nothing but columns of thick smoke pouring from its eaves. He treasured the things inside: the shrine engraved with beautiful dragons and phoenixes; the ancestral tablet painted red, with words engraved in gold; the sacrificial utensils on the altar made of gold, silver, jade gems, and precious stones. The thought of all these treasures flashed through his mind and made him run as quickly as he could to the temple.

Just then Ayidan was at the temple struggling hard to unlock the big brass lock. As soon as Lord Mu got there, he pushed Ayidan out of the way to unlock it himself. Strangely enough, the lock seemed to be deliberately mocking Lord Mu. It refused to open. He started to get really worried. By now there was more and more dense smoke, choking people and burning their eyes. It was terrible. Ayidan promptly made a suggestion.

“It won’t be hard to open the door if you would just wet the key with a little of your saliva.”

On hearing this idea, Lord Mu quickly pulled out the key and stuck it in his mouth a few times to get it good and wet. Ayidan burst out laughing.

“Forget about the fire! What you ought to be worrying about now is you’ve just eaten shit!”

With that, Ayidan swaggered off Lord Mu stamped his foot in anger, but he had to hold his temper. He was too embarrassed in front of the crowd of people, and could only take this insult and humiliation in silence. He ran home, pinching his nose and spitting all the way, to rinse out his mouth with soda.

As a matter of fact, the “fire” in the Mu clan ancestral temple was set by Ayidan when he swept the temple in the morning. He took some pine needles and tree leaves and put them in a big incense burner. Then he set it on fire so that thick smoke gradually built up. After that, he stuffed the bronze lock with moist, sticky, human shit, so that Lord Mu would eat it when he panicked.

And so the story of how Ayidan made Lord Mu eat shit spread among the Naxi people. Even now, grownups and children alike delight in hearing this story.

It is said that from then on, Lord Mu never again dared to bully Ayidan.

130.59 Adan, Haowa and Shisi: A Folktale\fn{by Wang Fuchen (before 1980-)} Yinchuan, Ningxia Hui Autonomous Region, China (M) 1

It is said that long, long ago, the earth was wrapped in total darkness; there were no flowers yet, no songbirds, no humankind, or other living beings. Then suddenly, one day, a rumbling noise was heard, a red light flashed between heaven and earth. And from this red light slowly came forth a man and a woman. The man was Adan\fn{Adam.} and the woman was Haowa\fn{Eve.}

Adan formerly was one of Allah’s angels and Haowa was a female angel. One day these two were walking together, somewhere among deep rosy clouds, near the heavenly fruit orchard. From a hundred steps away they smelled a wonderful fragrance, and they became intoxicated by that scent. They crossed the rainbow bridge and came to a garden in which trees stood laden with deep red and bright yellow fruits. These fruits began to fascinate them!

Adan was so excited that he then picked two grain-fruits (*mai-guo*) and gave one to Haowa, who immediately put hers into her mouth. She was so eager that she swallowed it whole, without chewing. Adan took only a bite out of his—but, while his bite was swallowed only halfway down his throat, he was caught doing it. Heavenly beings are not permitted to eat anything. They will cease to be holy and pure if they do so. Because Adan and Haowa together transgressed against this heavenly rule, God decreed that henceforth they should live on earth.

The world was shrouded in utter darkness and the sea of misery had no bounds. Adan and Haowa survived only with great difficulty. While kneeling and squatting upon a frozen river they prayed to Allah by way of reciting Quranic verses, five times in the course of each day.

One hundred years passed, and five hundred more years followed these. Allah was moved by the sincerity and piety which Adan and Haowa displayed toward him. And the merciful God therefore commanded, and instantly the earth and the sky broke apart. Between earth and sky, in the east, dawn cracked forth and the radiant sun arose to shine. The bright moon and the twinkling stars appeared in the evening. The world was now illuminated so that Adan and Haowa could see and recognize each other. They threw themselves into each other’s arms with boundless joy. But then, in her excitement Haowa slipped and ended up sitting upon the ice. Adan also slipped and dropped to his knees upon that primeval glacier. In that position they continued to pray every day. Each time before they prayed they cleansed their hands and their feet—namely, their hands which formerly touched the forbidden fruit. They rinsed their mouths because with these they had eaten the fruit.

Another five hundred years passed, and because they repented Allah agreed to forgive them. But some distinct characteristics remained associated with their bodies. Adan’s throat was bulging a little on account of the half-swallowed fruit. His knees had become cold because he slipped and landed on his knees upon the ice. All the while, the belly of Haowa was enlarged because she had swallowed the fruit whole. Her buttocks became cold as a result of her initial fall upon that frozen river. Moreover, because both have expressed a desire to eat, Allah gave them a sensation of hunger.

Allah also let them become husband and wife, to help each other, and to live together day and night—to let them satisfy their needs by way of working. He let the earth reward them fairly, in proportion to their efforts.

Adan cut through mountains to channel in water. He cultivated wastelands and turned them into fruitful fields. He modified the earth in accordance with the model of heaven and paradise. Haowa reached out and picked a rose-colored cloud and cut it up into many kinds of little flowers, similar to those that bloomed in the garden of paradise. She scattered them all over the world. God also gave to them the grain-fruit that formerly they stole and ate. And so, by careful cultivation, grains became their stable food. By their untiring hands the wilderness was

transformed into a landscape of picturesque mountains and rivers.

Adan and Haowa gave birth to seventy-two twins—a boy and a girl for each set of twins. At the thirty-seventh birth, however, they received only a son, named Shisi. The family worried very much over the marriage prospects of this single boy; he had no wife. Moreover, many places on this vast earth were still uninhabited. Adan discussed this situation with his sons and daughters and resolved to send some of them to the heavenly paradise to obtain more fruits—so that by way of eating these his daughters, as well, would be enabled to bear children. He also wanted them to obtain Allah’s further instructions. But all his children just stood and looked at each other and kept silent, all except Shisi. He was single and carefree, and he bravely volunteered.

“My dear Father and Mother, for the sake of my kind brothers and sisters I will go and bring back the heavenly fruits, and also receive Allah’s further instructions—even though I may risk my life and barely escape death.”

Shisi climbed mountains and waded across rivers; he endured severe cold and extreme heat; he suffered from hunger. For countless days and over a vast distance he trudged onward. Despite blisters on his feet and swelling in his legs, Shisi refused to abandon his goal of finding Allah. With each step forward he prayed.

One day he was so exhausted that he fell to the ground, and he fell asleep at the top of a high mountain. There he had a dream, and in this dream he saw a white serpent, the body of which was a hundred *zhang* (C.1,000 feet.) long and as thick as a barrel. The serpent raised its head and wiggled its body, and then it spoke to Shisi:

“Handsome lad, do not be afraid. I am a heavenly messenger, sent to you by Allah to bring you to paradise. Please, climb upon my back and prepare for a ride—but close your eyes!”

Shisi did as he was told, and with the speed of a gust of wind he arrived at the gate of paradise, carried by that serpent. By the gate stood the angel Haole. After having understood the request which Adan had sent, Haole prayed silently to Allah. He made a gesture while heaving and swaying his white beard. Instantly a howling whirlwind began blowing up dust. It darkened the sky and concealed everything. It swept Adan (and Haowa), including their seventy-two sons and daughters, up into the sky and dropped them onto every corner of the earth. Allah also dropped onto the earth the five cereals, together with the six domestic animals. (Rice, two kinds of millet, wheat, and beans; Pigs, cattle, goats, horses, fowl, and dogs.) From that moment onward the earth enjoyed paradisaical prosperity.

As for Shisi, having been brave and unselfish, he was invited by Allah to remain in the heavenly paradise as one of his angels.

130.68 The Rainbow: A Folktale (by Xu Jiarui (before 1980-)) Dehong Dai-Jingpo Autonomous Prefecture, Western Yunnan Province, China (M) 2

In a De’ang family there once was a lovely, intelligent girl. Ever since she was little, she could weave *sarongs* with every kind of flower on them. The flowers she wove looked exactly like real flowers blooming in the mountains. As she grew up, many men came to seek her hand in marriage. The families they came from were much better off than her own, yet she refused them all.

The man she preferred worked as a cowherd for others. Her father did not like him, but though her mother did not approve of the poor boy either, she went along with her daughter’s wishes, for the girl was the mother’s only daughter and dearly beloved.

The young man was beside himself with joy, knowing the mother consented to the marriage. Soon a difficult problem arose, however. Although the young woman’s father was destitute, he could not stand some herd boy who was even poorer than himself; so he tried every means possible to make things difficult for the couple.

According to the De’ang custom, a suitor has to offer a young woman’s father all sorts of betrothal gifts—such as wine, cloth, and a horse—before he can marry her. But the young herdsman was not the least bit dismayed by this requirement. The couple talked the matter over, and decided that she would stay at home weaving *sarongs*, while he would go to some faraway place to work as a hired hand. When three years were up, he would be back with hard-earned gifts, and they could get married.

The maiden came to see off her lover as he was setting out on his journey. She stayed with him league after league, going over one mountain after another, until at last they came to a deep gorge where they had to separate. The girl sang this parting song:

My love is like this valley stream,
and I the lotus fair.
As water ebbs my petals fade,

but roots press down full deep.
So when the stream flows high next year,
my buds will bloom, not weep.

Thus they parted. Day after day the maiden expected her lover to come back. The agreed upon three years went by, but he had not returned. Four, then five years passed, and still there was no sign of him.

She fell ill, and could neither eat nor weave *sarongs*. Her father wanted to look for another man for her, to be his son-in-law, but when he did find one from a rich family, this made the maiden's sickness even worse, and she wept night and day. As the time for the wedding was drawing near, she said to her mother,

"I cannot do anything else but wait for the cowherd to return. If he never does, I will have no choice but to end my life. After I die, do not bury me, and do not nail up my coffin. I will wait for him still, even after I have died."

Distraught and sick at heart, her mother consented to her wishes. The day before the wedding, the maiden became sicker, and she felt sadder still. She repeated her request to her mother.

"Do not bury me. I will still wait for him."

With these words, she breathed her last. Her mother was profoundly upset, and would not permit anyone to bury her daughter or nail up her coffin. But the father was hard-hearted, and would have none of this nonsense. He insisted his daughter be buried at once.

"I told you not to press her," the mother said, "or to interfere with her choice, but you kept putting her in a corner, until you drove her to death! If you could wait just one more day, and let the young man come to have a last look at her, she would have died without any regrets."

But the father was stubborn. He nailed the coffin shut, and ordered young men in the village to bear it away. However, when they arrived, they could not lift the coffin.

Suddenly, noise was heard coming from the coffin, followed by a burst of smoke which curled up in the air, turning into a red snake. The father saw the snake, and so did all the young men of the village. Everyone was stupefied.

What the mother saw, however, was not the snake in the sky, but her daughter sleeping quietly inside the coffin. Initially, her face looked sad and melancholy, but a moment later, she seemed to see her daughter smiling. Once more the mother urged her cruel husband to delay the burial one night. He had no alternative this time, but had to give in against his will.

The next day, the young man returned. Ever since learning that his beloved had taken sick, he had been trying to fight his way back, but there were all sorts of hardships along the way. He climbed innumerable high mountains, and battled tigers, leopards, and boas he encountered. He even lost his way in the jungle, and it took him three days and three nights to find his way out. When he came to the Mekong River, he found a surging torrent and not a soul or a ferryboat in sight. Felling a big tree, he pushed it into the river and jumped in after it. By clinging to the tree, he crossed the Mekong.

Rushing into the girl's house, he saw the coffin and threw himself upon it. All of a sudden, it opened. and a red snake came out and embraced him. The two were transformed into a band of smoke, a five-color rainbow that twisted up into the sky.

All the father saw, however, was a red snake. Only the mother could see her daughter and the young man embracing happily, while the villagers wept for the maiden.

From that time on, De'ang parents no longer interfere with their daughters, but allow them the freedom to marry whomever they wish.

130.63 The Cloud That Longs For A Husband: A Folktale\fn{by Li Xinghua (before 1980-)} Dali Bai Autonomous Prefecture, Western Yunnan Province, China (F) 1

Princess Awa, daughter of the king of Nanzhao,\fn{An independent Bai state, and the center of Bai culture, from the 8th-10th century AD, with its capital in Dali, on the shore of Er Hai in western Yunnan. Its territory included what are now Yunnan Province, and parts of Schuan, Guizhou, Hunan, and Guanxi Provinces, and Burma.} was fond of walking in the outskirts of the city of Dali. Every day, before having supper, to relieve her boredom she would lead the palace ladies and maidens on a walk out the west gate of the city.

One day, as she was strolling about outside the city, she met a young woodcutter face-to-face, as he was coming down from the mountain slopes, carrying two bundles of firewood on a shoulder pole. As chance would have it, the place they met was Phoenix Bridge. The woodcutter took a look at the princess, and the princess

glanced furtively at the woodcutter, too. He saw that she was an exquisitely beautiful young maiden, and he fell in love with her, as she did with him. Each loved the other, yet neither said a word.

After Princess Awa returned to her father's vast palace, she could not stop thinking about the woodcutter. She missed him so much during the day, she lost her appetite, while at night she lay in bed with her eyes open, never sleeping a wink.

Every day, when the woodcutter came back from chopping firewood, he would stop on Phoenix Bridge for a rest. The princess, figuring that he was about to come down from the mountains, would go and wait for him there.

When the king of Nanzhao learned that his own daughter had fallen in love with a poor beggar of a woodcutter, he was furious. Immediately, he betrothed the princess to his favorite minister, and ordered that within three days she must be married. She became distraught when she heard this news. Speaking to her father, the king, she cried,

"I've fallen in love with a woodcutter, and have decided to live with him all my life. I will not marry anyone else, not even if my life depends on it!"

But no matter how Princess Awa wept and complained, she could not touch the Nanzhao king's stony heart in the slightest way. The same day that she spoke to her father, she mounted a big high-spirited horse, and just before supper went to Phoenix Bridge to meet her woodcutter. She poured out her heart:

"I don't want to marry anyone except you. I want only to live with you, all my life. But now my father has promised me to another man. Can you find some way to rescue me?"

The woodcutter was an unusually kindhearted man, and he was much moved by her deep affection.

"Don't be unhappy. Since you're willing to live with me, I will carry you on my back to my home. My house is located on the other side of a mountain—a place nobody else lives, and nobody else can find."

"Are you sure you can carry me on your back?" asked the princess.

"Of course I can do it!" With that, the woodcutter picked her up and dashed straight toward the other side of Dragon Spring Peak in the Cang mountain range west of Er Hai. As a matter of fact, the woodcutter was not an ordinary man at all, but one with fairy powers. He lived in a cave behind the Cang Mountains. He walked swift as a roaring wind with the princess on his back. After they had traveled some distance, a pair of wings suddenly grew out from under his arms, and at once they soared up into the sky. In an instant, they flew to the cave situated on Jade Mountain behind Dragon Spring Peak. They married and became a devoted couple, living in a cave, completely cut off from the outside world.

When the palace ladies and maidens realized that Princess Awa had been carried off by the woodcutter, they hurriedly reported it to the Nanzhao king. He immediately led his men and horses in pursuit, going up the Cang mountain range along three routes, starting from Dragon Spring Peak, Harmony Peak, and Jade Mountain. At that time, it was snowing heavily on the crest of the mountains, the blinding snow was nearly waist deep, and the men slipped at every step. They were simply unable to ascend, and the weather was freezing cold. How could the Nanzhao king catch up with a man who grew wings and could fly? The king never even caught a glimpse of him. Finding themselves frustrated in their search in the mountains, the troops knocked on every door and ransacked every household on the plain below. Failing to find the woodcutter there as well, there was nothing left for them to do but return dejectedly.

The woodcutter and Princess Awa lived together in the cave. With the help of his wings, he would go all about, finding good things for her to eat. He even flew as far as Chicken Claw Mountain to steal winter melon and preserved fruit for her. But the cave was terribly cold, and Princess Awa could not stand the freezing air which pierced her to the bone. The woodcutter racked his brain to find a way to keep his wife warm, but still he could not get rid of the cold air in the cave.

"I've heard it said," he told her, "that Luo Quan, elder of the Luo Quan Temple, has in his possession a magic garment that guards his mountain. It can ward off floods and it exudes warmth. Let me go and steal it for you!"

The princess was sorely anxious.

"After you go off; how can I manage by myself?" The woodcutter comforted her, saying,

"Don't worry! I'll soon be back!"

He spread his wings and, in the twinkling of an eye, flew east of Er Hai to Luo Quan Temple. Picking up the magic garment from the meditation seat of the elder of the temple, he draped it over his arm, then swiftly took off. As he was flying over Er Hai, Luo Quan chased after him carrying his staff; and hit him squarely with a blow that cast him down into a crack between two rocks in the lake beneath the temple. As soon as he fell, he turned into a stone mule, stuck inside the crack, and remained there, never able to move again.

Meanwhile, every day, Princess Awa waited anxiously for her husband to return home. She looked and looked,

to the left and to the right, yet she never saw him coming. In a few days, after suffering from constant hunger and cold, she died in the cave.

Once the princess was dead, her wronged spirit would never rest. It soared straight up into the sky, and turned into a white cloud in the form of a winnowing fan flying over the top of Jade Mountain. This cloud came to be called the “cloud that longs for a husband.” It is different from other clouds in that, as soon as it appears, the stone mule in ErHai begins braying.

Local people say that this “cloud that longs for a husband” appears every year in November and December. At this time, travelers do not dare ride in a boat to visit their relatives, and fishermen do not attempt to catch yellow croakers or net edible seaweed in Er Hai, for they are afraid that the wronged spirit of Princess Awa might blow through the air, stirring up

181.35 A Journey Of Bitterness\fn{by Lily Wang (before 1989-)} “the Fuzhou area in southeast China” (F) 2

I left China mainly for non-financial reasons. When I was in China, I met an overseas man in a barbershop where I was working, and we developed a very close relationship. Later, he went back to America. When he was about to leave, he promised he would return in a year to marry me and bring me to America. However, I did not hear from him again. I believed he looked down on me.

Later, through a flashy guy who came frequently to my hair salon to get his hair done, I made contact with a snakehead\fn{A slang term for one who engages in human smuggling} from Tingjiang. I heard say that he was really cool and very good at what he was doing.

When I first made contact, the agreement was for US\$30,000, US\$1,000 up front as deposit and the balance payable on arrival in America. All expenses during the trip were to be included. The first part of the trip would be by air. Then we would enter the U.S. by land, via auto.

At first the snakehead supplied me with tourist documents for Hong Kong so I could enter Hong Kong from Shenzhen on a tourist bus. Supposedly it was for a ten-day tour, but in reality all the passengers were destined for other countries. After I arrived in Hong Kong, I was picked up and delivered to a guesthouse by a Cantonese-speaking Fuzhou man. The food and accommodations were quite good. We were also allowed to go out and have fun. Then the snakehead in Hong Kong gave me a passport to Bolivia, supposedly to visit relatives.

With that document we first went to Thailand. There were only five of us going from Hong Kong to Thailand: two women, three men. After we disembarked at the airport, we were picked up by a Fuzhou man, who brought the five of us to a guesthouse. The snakehead in Thailand then collected our passports and gave us Taiwan passports. We flew to Bolivia and waited for him there. The person who met us there was Chinese. We had absolutely no problems passing through customs. The man could speak the Fuzhou dialect. He was big and tall and treated us quite well. He picked us up and set us up in a private residence. Our food and accommodations were all provided by him.

A week passed and there was still no word about the next lap of our journey. Then one day he took me and the other woman out, saying he needed our help to buy food. So we accompanied him and we enjoyed ourselves on the outing. When it got dark, he said we were going to a nightclub. We felt absolutely no threat from him so we followed him. We had a good time.

Then suddenly someone else showed up and greeted us. He was Chinese too. It appeared that he knew our snakehead. When it got very late we wanted to go back and rest, but the two of them refused and said that we were going to stay at a good hotel. We became scared and said no. They said if we wanted to go back we could go by ourselves.

We were afraid. Using threats and coercion by turns, they “invited” us to a guesthouse. We knew everything was over, that we were completely at their mercy.

Afterward they said if we didn’t cooperate they would not help us, and furthermore, they would send us to some remote rural area far away. So that day the two of us fell prey to them. During the next fortnight, they took us out practically every night, and we had to go with them. Sometimes I was the only one “invited” out.

I was young then, and in a foreign country far from home. I was scared they would abandon me in some far-off place, and in order to continue my journey, I had no choice but to submit.

Finally the snakehead in Hong Kong made contact with him, telling him to send me to Hong Kong as soon as possible. I wept with joy when I heard the news because it meant I would soon leave this country and leave him as well.

Even as we boarded our boat in Bolivia, it seemed as if he could not bear to let me go. On the outside I was all

smiles to him, but inside I was seething with anger. I don't know how long the voyage was, but all the time I was foolishly going through my mind as to what had happened to me during those ten-odd days in Bolivia. As I faced the ocean, I felt no sense of fear.

On the boat they gave us fruit and candy. We disembarked in the night, and only then did we find out that we had arrived in Mexico. Once we set foot on land, we were met by a Mexican. We continued by car, making rest stops on the way to stretch our legs. Sometimes we traveled on mountain roads. During the trip our Mexican guide opened our luggage and confiscated at will the good things. At that time we were all secretly carrying American dollars on our persons. When he couldn't find any cash in our luggage, he gestured at us and said something. Though we didn't understand the language we knew full well he wanted money and shook our heads. He didn't do anything to us and we continued on our way.

On the mountain I just couldn't walk a step further and sat down. He screamed at me. It was terrifying. He had a cane in his hand and could have hit me with it at any time.

When we arrived at the U.S.-Mexican border, he told us to wade across the river. We women couldn't swim and we were afraid to go into the water. He spoke to us in English, but still we didn't dare do it. When the men in the group saw that we wouldn't go into the water, they also stopped. The Mexican finally gestured to show us that the water only came up to our chest.

I wasn't sure if I should believe him, but I was half pushed and half dragged into the water. Actually the water was not deep, but I was still scared. The guide waved at me to cross the river quickly. When we arrived on the other side, we were all wet and shivering with fear. After walking some distance we reached the highway, scaled a fence, and entered U.S. territory.

Some henchman hired by the snakehead came to meet us. He treated us quite well in the beginning. First, he picked us up in a car and took us to a private residence. After one night in Los Angeles, they sent us on a plane to New York early the next morning. In New York they kept us in a private villa. The food and the accommodations were fine.

A few days later the snake-head showed up. Afterward he and his snakehead cronies asked me to go out to dinner with them and bought me some clothes. He was still quite nice to me. The next few nights he had me accompany some of his friends to dinner and karaoke and then took me home.

Later I was frequently asked to accompany them when they went out, and then they asked me to spend the night, telling me that it would help retire my debt. If I didn't agree I would have to pay back the sum in full within a week, or I would be sold to a massage parlor. Since the snakehead was decent to me, the collector also showed me some consideration.

Eventually I moved in with the snakehead. I worked in a garment factory for a while, but later started working as a call girl, doing things I could not explain to you.

I am making \$4,000 a month now. I know I have become a very low-class person, but I cannot get out of this predicament. I had relatives here, but I rarely got in touch with them. Later, the friends of the snakehead sexually harassed me, but I didn't think I could report it to the police because of who I am.

I endured a lot during the journey. The price I had to pay to come to the U.S. was incalculable. My journey was a chronicle of bitterness.

It's too late for regrets now, and there is not enough money to buy back the life I lost. All this talk about love and affection in America is a big lie.

The same is true in China.

America is not a paradise; it's a hell.

130.60 The Festival Of Ascent: A Folktale^{fn}{ by Ma Guang Wen (before 1990-) } Yinchuan, Ningxia Hui

Autonomous Region, China (M) ²^{fn}{ Very often as a matter of course Siniatic peoples—and many other nationalities—would not reveal the year of their birth; sometimes they did not know, and then their neighbors would say they were over such-and-such an age; or sometimes that they were one hundred years old, simply because they were really very old, and to be an ancient one was at one time an honorable thing to be, indeed, a revered thing; but often enough it was because the possession of this knowledge in the wrong hands could lead to black magic being cast against them by some enemy. Who could know into whose possession such information might fall? In these cases where 19th or 20th century birth is certain, but not the exact or even the approximate year of birth, I have recorded the date of publication of the book in which I found their folktales (or autobiographical statements) made by the folktale or statement collector: H }

According to Yiben Abasi, a follower of the "Sacred Gate," the angel Gabriel, and the other angel^{fn}{ Probably Michael } told the holy man Muhammad that in ancient times lived a hero whose name was Shemuenei. He fought

a thousand months for the Muslim people.

Shemuenei had the teeth of camels. When he was thirsty, sweet water would come forth through his teeth, and when he was hungry food would exude through them as well. With such teeth he was able to endure and to defeat many enemies, and no enemy was able to defeat him. Therefore his enemies solicited Shemuenei's non-Muslim wife to kill him. They promised that if she succeeded they would give her many treasures of gold and silver.

Once, while Shemuemei was resting she tied him up with the strongest rope available. When he awoke he wanted to know who tied him up. She said that she did it, because she wanted to know whether he could break this rope. Then Shemuemei tensed his muscles and the rope broke.

Another time she tied him up with iron rods. When Shemuemei woke up he wanted to know again who tied him up. She admitted that she had done it, and again he asked her for the reason. She said she wanted to know whether he had still greater strength.

Then Shemuemei divulged to his wife that he was the army general of Allah.

"In this world no-one can defeat me, nor can anyone's strength match mine. Only my own strands of hair can bind me."

When his wife found out that only his own hair could bind him, she cut off his hair while he was asleep. And with it she tied him up. Then she invited his enemies into the house. The enemies tied him to a post, cut off his ears, dug out his eyes, cut out his tongue, and cut off his hands and feet.

After he had been tortured in this manner, Allah sent the angel Zhebolayile to see whether Shemuenei had any requests. Shemuenei pleaded,

"Allah, please help me move this pillar. Let this house fall down to kill my enemies and my wife."

So Allah gave him strength, and the house collapsed. His enemies and his evil wife were killed. Later Allah granted him again his ears, his eyes, his hands, and his feet. From that time on he continued fighting during daytime hours, and he prayed at night.

When holy man Muhammad heard this story, his admiration for Shemuenei was great. And he said,

"Allah! My followers do not live long enough to do an adequate number of good deeds. How would it be possible for them to attain that higher level?"

Thereupon Allah granted to the holy man Muhammad the wonderful night, the Night of Ascent. And he told him:

"If your followers observe my expectations, tonight, they will attain the same level of perfection that this hero had achieved. They will even surpass him."

When he heard this, Muhammad was exceedingly glad, and he thanked Allah, endlessly.

It has been said that there was another reason for Muhammad's ascent. Earth and Sky quarreled. The Earth said to Sky,

"I am stronger than you, because Allah has bestowed on me seas, rivers, mountains, trees, flowers, and variously shaped things." Sky was not convinced and said,

"I am much stronger than you, because I am adorned with the sun, with the moon and the stars." The Earth retorted,

"But I have the Kaaba, which all the holy men and their followers come to visit the year-round." Sky was speechless and then begged God,

"Allah! You are the Lord who has promised to answer all prayers. Please have the holy man Muhammad ascend to me, so that by way of becoming associated with him I might receive the same honor as Earth."

Allah granted his request. He ordered Zhebolayile and the other angel to get the Burelai, a heavenly horse, to carry Muhammad to heaven.

Zhebolayile put upon the horse a saddle inlaid with red gems, and a yellow jade bridle as well. He led this horse to the gate of the sage Muhammad, in Mecca. Thereupon the sage Muhammad was awakened, and Zhebolayile said,

"Sage, please get up. This is going to be a wonderful night for you. You are to these sincere people like the sun, and you are like the full moon on the fifteenth night."

Upon hearing these words, Muhammad got up quickly and opened the door. The angels Zhebolayile and Weicayilai stood by the door. Zhebolayile told Weicayilai:

"Go get some *zamzam* water and I will wash the heart of the holy man Muhammad."

He opened the chest of the sage and washed his heart three times and then led him to the Zamzam spring. There he told the guardian of that spring,

"Get some *zamzam* water for the sage to wash himself."

After Muhammad had purified himself, Zhebolayile told him that now he would take him to Allah. Muhammad got on the horse and followed Zhebolayile and, in this manner, they arrived at the gate of heaven. Zhebolayile knocked at the gate, and the angel who guarded the gate asked,

“Who are you?” Zhebolayile answered,

“I am Zhebolayile, the great angel. And this here is the holy man Muhammad.”

The first person whom Muhammad met in the first heaven was the sage Adan (Adam). Muhammad said, “Peace!” to him. Adan answered back with, “Peace,” and then offered his congratulations.

Muhammad was then led to the second heaven, the sky of which was of iron. Zhebolayile knocked at the gate. Again a guardian angel asked, “Who are you?” Zhebolayile answered,

“I am Zhebolayile, the great angel. And this here is the holy man Muhammad.” When the great angel opened the gate, Muhammad saw two handsome boys and asked,

“Who are these boys?” Zhebolayile answered,

“They are Yehaiya\fn{Perhaps Isaiah.} and Ersa\fn{Jesus.} who have been waiting at the gate to welcome you, Muhammad.” They greeted each other with “Peace.”

Then Muhammad was brought to the third heaven, which had a copper sky. They knocked at the door. The door opened, and the angel who guarded the gate asked,

“Who are you?”

They identified themselves. The angel opened, and they entered. There Muhammad saw a boy who looked like the moon on the fifteenth night. He asked Zhebolayile who he was. He was told that it was the sage Younusi.\fn{Younus.} They extended greetings to each other.

Then Muhammad came to the fourth heaven, which had a sky of gold. They knocked at the gate and a guardian angel asked, “Who are you?” and then invited them to enter. Muhammad stepped into a very bright courtyard. On the wall was written:

“There is no Lord but Allah, and Muhammad is Allah’s messenger.” Zhebolayile explained to Muhammad that this was the courtyard of the sage Yidereisi,\fn{Idris.} and he introduced him,

“This is the sage Yidereisi.” They shook hands and greeted each other with “Peace.”

Then Muhammad came to the fifth heaven, which had a sky made of green emerald. After their introduction to the guardian angel there they were permitted to enter. Muhammad met the holy man Harennai.\fn{Harun.} They said, “Peace,” to each other, and Harennai congratulated him, shaking his hand.

Muhammad then went to the sixth heaven, which had a sky of pearls and jewels. They knocked at the gate and introduced themselves to the guardian angel there. Upon entering Muhammad met a man, and Zhebolayile told him that this was the holy man Musa.\fn{Moses.} Muhammad greeted him, and Musa congratulated him for having come to heaven.

Muhammad and Zhebolayile then entered the seventh heaven. The sky was brightly lit. After introducing themselves to the guardian angel there they entered. Muhammad saw an old man sitting on an imperial dragon bed. Zhebolayile introduced him:

“This is your grandfather, the holy man Abraham.” Muhammad said, “Peace,” to him, and Abraham also responded with, “Peace.” Abraham then asked Muhammad to pass on his peace to his Muslim followers:

“Please tell them that in paradise the landscape is beautiful, that the water is sweet, that the ground is level, and that the seedlings of grain grow sturdy. Praise the Lord for his bright splendor! All worship belongs to Allah! There is no god but Allah! Allah is greatest! Unless we place our trust in the almighty Allah, our sins will not be forgiven and our efforts will be without strength!”

After that, Muhammad descended one heaven after another. He came again to the holy man Moses. The latter asked Muhammad what Allah had commanded that his followers should do. Muhammad told him that God expected his followers to prostrate themselves [fifty times a day]. Moses suggested that he should go back and ask Allah to reduce this requirement, because he himself had tried this, when he required Israel to do that many prostrations. They had failed. And neither would the followers of Muhammad be able to do them all. So Muhammad went to see Allah and implored that the number of pious prostrations be reduced for his followers. Allah readily took off five.

When Muhammad returned to Moses, the latter told him that these were still too many to accomplish and on that account Muhammad went back to Allah again. Then another five were taken off. But when Moses heard about this he told Muhammad that this many were still impossible to do. And in this manner Muhammad begged Allah nine times in succession.

Altogether Allah took off forty-five prayers of prostration. Only five remained.

The holy man Moses still insisted that Muhammad's followers were unable to do that many. But then Muhammad told him that he felt ashamed to beg for more reduction. This is why Muslims prostrate themselves for prayer five times a day.

In memory of that special night, however, the Muslims celebrate one day in the year which they have named the Festival of Ascent, or the Night of Ascent. On that night all Muslims, men and women alike, approach Allah and prostrate themselves [fifty times], they do something charitable, and they recite verses from the Qur'an.



† A recreation of Hong Xiu-quan's golden throne †

