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A HARP WITH A THOUSAND STRINGS

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ETCHING OF A TORMENTED AGE

(Allen & Unwin)

CHINA BUT NOT CATHAY

DRAGONBEARDS VERSUS THE BLUEPRINTS

(Reflections on Post-War Culture)

THE SPINNERS OF SILK (Short Stories)

(Allen & Unwin)

A HARP WITH A THOUSAND STRINGS

(A .CHINESE ANTHOLOGY IN SIX PARTS)

Compiled by
HSIAO CH'IEN

PILOT- **PRESSS** LTD

A HARP WITH A THOUSAND STRINGS

By HSIAO CH'EN

Published June, 1944, by
Ltd., 45 Gt. Russell Street,
London, W.C.1

A number of Books on China have been published lately, books on her political upheavals and on her heroic struggle since 1931. It is inevitable that some of these should overlap, since their material comes from the Chinese Year Books and other similar sources. Side by side with these documents there is still room for this unique anthology. It does not set out to tell you the population and area of China, nor about her rulers in the past, nor the guerrillas now fighting behind the Japanese lines. There are enough books which deal with these facts. This anthology selects certain aspects of Chinese culture and its effect on the West:

- (1) A European View of China from Marco Polo to Aldous Huxley.
- (2) Chinese Themes in English Literature from Coleridge, Defoe to Auden and E. M. Forster.
- (3) A Chinese View of China containing a selection from Chinese biographies and autobiographies.
- (4) Cultural Links between China and the West in various fields discussed by Eileen Power, E. R. Hughes, Arthur Waley and others.
- (5) A Short Survey of Chinese Culture ranging from Fine Arts, Literature, to Butterflies and Flowers.
- (6) A Selection of Folk-Lore and Traditional Writings, such as proverbs, nursery rhymes, humorous and satirical writings and fantasies.
(A Selection of Chinese Folk Music and a Chronological Chart of Chinese culture is appended.)

This book can be left to recommend itself. All we need say is that had there been a similar book in Chinese about Britain, the Chinese would find us infinitely less alien. The reader is particularly advised that this book is not a collection of eulogies of China. It contains a great many misinterpretations, a number of purely imaginative descriptions, and a certain amount of sheer ill-will, such as the passages chosen from Lord Elgin and the eloquently contemptuous essay from De Quincey. But we believe that understanding between nations cannot be achieved by omitting all unpleasantness. Although these extracts are by no means exhaustive, the range of the anthology is so wide that it caters both for the serious reader and for those who want a soothing bedside book.



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Hsiao Ch'ien was formerly the literary editor of the *Takungpao*, the most notable liberal newspaper in China. He was a lecturer in Chinese at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, from 1939 to 1942, and has been doing research on the English novel at King's College, Cambridge. He is now the correspondent of the *Takungpao* in Britain. Besides several volumes of short stories and a novel in Chinese he is the author of *Etching of a Tormented A* (Allen & Unwin) and *China but* (Pilot Press), and *Dragon* (Pilot Press), and *The Blueprint* (Pilot Press).

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PREFACE

THIS is a preface to an anthology about China, It is appropriate that China should be the subject of an anthology, for China is the land of countless anthologies. Probably no other country has produced so many, over so long a period. It is also appropriate that this anthology should have a preface; for China is also the home of prefaces. A Chinese book without one is unthinkable. In old days many books had five or six prefaces by different hands.

Anthologies in China, as elsewhere, have had, in one way, a baleful effect. Readers were often content to know a poet by the few, sometimes ill-chosen, poems that represented him in the anthologies, and complete works were little read. Students of Chinese literature who have made discoveries did so because they did not allow the anthologies to do their choosing for them. On the other hand, early Chinese anthologies such as the *Wen Hsiian* ("choice of literature") and *YU Tai Hsin Yung* ("New Songs of the Jade Terrace") have preserved much that would have been lost or at least remained inaccessible, Mr. Hsiao's collection has in many cases performed a similar service. Much that it contains would, especially in this time of book-shortage, be hard to come by elsewhere; for example, Sun Yat-sen's description of his imprisonment in Victorian London.

The writing of prefaces was cultivated as a special art in China. Every author's complete works included a collection of prefaces, some of which were written for other people's books. I say "some," because the Chinese word for preface has a somewhat wider meaning than our word. The Chinese *hsu* ("preface") is in fact an essay, the content of which was usually slight and conventional; but in the style a great elegance and concision were demanded. The writing of a preface for a friend's book was not merely an occasion for the display of literary adroitness; it was a courtesy that could not be refused. This explains the existence of the present preface which though in style it dare not hope to compete with Li Han's "Preface to the Collected Works of Han Yu" and the other graceful prefaces of Chinese antiquity, is no less than they a willing act of friendship.

ARTHUR WALEY

NOTES BY THE COMPILER

THE melody played on this harp is the melody of China. It is a melody often played nowadays, but generally only on one string. This time many fingers pluck many strings: imaginative fingers, curious fingers, fingers animated by admiration or distaste. From it all, perhaps you will pick out a new tune of your own; still better, perhaps you will contemplate the vast range of these variations.

The purpose of this anthology is to surprise you into a deeper understanding of China. You will find here China eulogized, China patronised, China Chastised; and you may well wonder what China is really like, since it will seem to you that everyone has his own China. A book of this kind about England is certainly needed in China. For many very different impressions of England are current there! If only they could be collated, England would become three-dimensional. She is not simply a seafaring, mercantile, exploiting invader, backed by a powerful fleet; nor is she only the land of Shakespeare and Byron. She is both these things, and much else besides, since we must not leave out the common people of England whose stories do not appear in the Oxford Book of English Verse, and who buy and sell no shares on the Stock Exchange. Their voice is heard in the old story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and the new song of "Roll out the Barrel"; in the traditional ballads of the countryside and in the doggerel of the "Lambeth Walk." This is the kind of picture of China I am giving you through the writers of to-day and yesterday: a panorama taking in confessions and observations, reports of revolutions and comments on butterflies; China seen by erudite or casual visitors from Elizabethan times until the present day; China arrogant, China humiliated, China serene and enchanting, and China in turmoil. How interesting it is to compare impressions of Soochow, the Venice of China, in the 13th century, in Marco Polo's account, with the record left by Jesuit priests in the 17th century, and with Lord Elgin's comments when he visited the same place in the 19th century. Contrasting the picture of Peking given by Sir John Mandeville in the 13th century with Mr. Sitwell's, 600 years later, we see how much has been subject to change, yet how much is still the same.

The idea, I hope you will agree, is a good one, though it has been impossible to carry it out as thoroughly as I could wish, partly on account of the restriction of paper rationing, and partly because certain ancient books were inaccessible: buried in the crypts of various cathedrals: certain authors refused permission to reproduce their work, and certain copyrights could not be obtained from America. But some of

the blame for the shortcomings of this book must be laid at my own door. One of the chief pitfalls for me has been the labyrinth of archaic English spelling. At first I did not realize its complexity, or I would not have attempted to give my readers a sense of period by retaining the varying spelling of the extracts. Owing to difficulties of printing, I have had to forego the elegant long "s." The readers are warned against other orthographical inconsistencies. I must also tender my apologies to the authors for whose works I have coined new titles. In the case of the selections from Count Keyserling, and in many of the biographical sections, it will be obvious that I have done so. For longer articles like Mr. B. S. Allen's *China in English Literature* I have provided sub-titles. In the case of the Pekingese rhymes, all the titles are mine, there being none in the originals. The stories chosen from the "Dragon Book" have been classified. I am presumptuous enough to believe that Prof. E. D. Edwards will treat me leniently. But in the first part, *China in the English Imagination*, which consists chiefly of selections from the classics, I have made no alterations.

To read the letters of Goldsmith in conjunction with those of Lowes Dickinson is both interesting and revealing. In their broad humanism they seem almost contemporary, in spite of the gap of more than a hundred years. Mr. Dickinson seems to have tried to epitomize the life of an ordinary Chinese. There is no attempt in his letter to satirize Europe through a puppet Chinese, as both Goldsmith and Voltaire did, but Dickinson's "Chinese spy" also is morally superior to the people he is visiting. One would feel this an impertinence if the letters were really written by a "Chinaman." As this is not the case it becomes an example of a peculiarly European form of modesty which surpasses the Chinese, since it has its origin not in etiquette but in an absence of moral complacency.

How real do these idealized figures seem to the modern Chinese? In many ways, the mood of the 20th century Chinese has been one of national deprecation. One can distinguish a defensive attitude in the Chinese abroad when they are in hostile company, but in reality, unlike their grandfathers who behaved arrogantly towards the Westerners, they are often self-reproachful to the point of complete abasement. An instance of this is the portrait of a "standard Chinese" drawn by Lu Hsun in his famous novel "A h Q." The modern Chinese affors his country's traditional sluggishness, its nepotism and general inefficiency. This attitude is the cause of such progress as we have made in this century. We have become impatient to the point of exasperation with ourselves as a nation.

The general tendency among Europeans, especially cultured Europeans, to idealize China, is as old as the contact between the two continents. The tide of adulation reached its height in the 18th

century, when the whole of Europe rang with the praise of China, from Abbe Raynal to Oliver Goldsmith. It was natural enough that some people found this chorus annoying. When Boswell suggested to Dr. Johnson that China had arts, the great critic answered curtly, "They have pottery"; and when his biographer spoke of the vast vocabulary of the Chinese language, the Doctor replied, "It is only more difficult from its rudeness; as there is more labour in hewing down a tree with a stone than with an axe." Since then, European opinions of China have been divided. In the 19th century, especially in the second half, there were many unpleasant and humiliating encounters for China between herself and Europe, and it was no wonder that the general attitude in Europe was one of contempt, rather than admiration. It was soon after this time that Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Lowes Dickinson visited China. Their favourable report astonished the British and American diplomats and even some Chinese. The extract from Mr. E. M. Forster's "Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson" throws a great deal of light on this situation.

In the early twenties, after the appearance of a Chinese translation of "Alice in Wonderland," Mr. Shen Tsung-wen wrote a satirical novel called "Alice in China," in which he transported that delightful character to China and made her ridicule some of the absurdities of the Chinese. Alice is hardly recognizable and has little "Englishness" left, but she served the author's purpose. I cannot believe that any Englishman would think the moral superiority of Alice in that novel typical of English visitors to China.

John Wesley once said dryly about the Chinese, "They are no better than other men." This remark is a blank form which can be filled in by the history of many thousand years.

In working on this anthology, it often seemed to me that I was marshalling an array of people, most of them now lying peacefully in some churchyard, and setting them to the task of praising China. Yet nothing could be further from my purpose. Actually, being anxious to present some critical views, I have cut Mr. Lowes Dickinson drastically, and kept de Quincey's denunciations of China almost intact. There are other passages by Sinophobians, but none so eloquent as de Quincey's: the opium eater, in defence of the Opium War, raised the interesting question of China's ignorance of English culture.

During frequent excursions to the Oriental bookshops opposite the British Museum, one of my most interesting discoveries was a collection of anti-Chinese literature. I believe that many unpalatable truths can be extracted from harsh sayings. Alas, most of my discoveries proved to be pamphlets written by Japanese propagandists trying to convince the Western world that brutality was the proper treatment for the Chinese. But from that time onwards I began to

take an interest in writings that some of us would much rather ignore. I found, for instance, a few articles in the "National Review," but none with the poignancy of de Quincey's. After dealing contemptuously with Chinese arrogance, de Quincey condescends to admit that "they (the Chinese) have seen nothing whatever of our national grandeur," especially of "our magnificent and ancient literature." For those interested in Anglo-Chinese friendship this kind of thing provides much food for thought.

With the exception of the few writers or professors who have touched our shores, usually in the course of a world tour, we have in the past had little contact with your scholars; the Britishers we see most of teach us to sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" or set up businesses. The fact that English has been the first foreign language taught in our schools for half a century is something, but not enough. With the language alone, the most one can hope for is the position of clerk in an English firm; it is contact with your literature that counts most. The story of a disillusionment of my own will perhaps throw some light on this.

Driven out of Shanghai by the Japanese advance, I visited Hongkong for the first time in 1937. At that time the Harbour of Fragrance (the Chinese name for Hongkong) was celebrating the 100th year of British rule. It was a Saturday and the Chinese residents were spring-cleaning their houses by order of the authorities, and the smell of the disinfectant forced on one's attention the cleanliness of the city. Having lost all my books in the burning of Shanghai, the first thing I looked for was a public library. How disappointed I was to find neither library nor museum in that prosperous port! I was told by a friend that there had once been a tiny reading-room, close to the great skyscraper of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, which had been pulled down to make room for a car park! Hongkong was acquired by the British as a result of the Opium War which de Quincey defended. But now, with the exception of a single university far beyond the reach of the ordinary Hongkongese, it seemed that even a tiny reading-room had not been sufficiently used as a cultural outpost.

By chance, my next stopping-place was Indo-China. Compared with British rule in Hongkong, French administration seemed to me not only inferior, but actually stupid and corrupt. The streets were dirty, custom officials everywhere expected handsome bribes, and passengers had to bargain with ticket-collectors over the weight of their luggage. The train service was even worse than the Peking-Suiyuaf line, the most deplorable of Chinese railways. But my most unpleasant memory is of the way the police kicked and beat up people, and of how they interned the 26 Chinese passengers on my boat, *M.M. Jean Labourd*. I was kicked myself, and I lost my freedom for seven

days, simply because of my Chinese nationality. Yet with all this inefficiency and injustice, the French had a remarkably good museum and fine Ecole de L'Extreme Orientale in Hanoi, and I once met an Annamite who would shut his eyes like a Buddha and recite Victor Hugo or Lamartine with gusto and many tears.

The fear that Chinese civilization was static, expressed by J. S. Mill, seems to be an echo of Tennyson's lines:

Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay.

The Chinese genius for the assimilation of other races is well known. How a civilization like that of China, entirely unrelated to others, has managed to exist for so many thousand years without a break is a fascinating historical speculation. But whatever the reason may be, China also owes a great deal to her power of *being* influenced, without losing her essential character. The influx of Indian culture in the 6th and 7th centuries enriched Chinese architecture, inspired new schools of painting, and brought new life to the literature which is the direct ancestor of the present vernacular writing. Another great event was the arrival of the Jesuits in China in 1539, and the infiltration from the West reached its height at the end of the last century when the last obstinate resistance against the impact of western civilization collapsed, owing to military defeats, and China opened her doors to commercial as well as cultural influences. Since then, China has become more and more a part of the world, which to Westerners may seem a pity, but can only be seen as a blessing by the Chinese themselves. Here lies the astuteness of Mill's remark: Chinese civilization would have remained stationary, if not stagnant, if it had not received fresh influences from outside, this time by conscious design on the part of China. It is not surprising that some of our well-intentioned Western friends fear that we may become mere plagiarists. They do not realize how much thought has been expended on the preservation of the indigenous qualities of our civilization, the processes at work within China that I have outlined in "The Dragonbeards versus The Blueprints." Most Chinese are confident that this unique civilization will never remain stationary nor become merely imitative. We shall be compelled! by necessity to evolve a new civilization of our own, capable of survival, not consciously esoteric, yet preserving all that is valuable.

Part Two: Travel.

The log-book kept by the five Jesuit Fathers on their travels from central China to the Imperial capital is unfortunately more of a

day-to-day account than an impressionistic description. They recorded the number of leagues they had travelled, the size of the herds they saw, the number of arches supporting the bridges they crossed. Yet there is a leisurely flavour, a genuine poise lacking in travellers of the present day. How observant they were of shades of colour in the soil, the shape of the terrain, and the flora and fauna of this land of whose wonders they had read in Marco Polo!

An interesting fact is the way in which these priests, strange-looking people preaching an alien religion, were received during the whole of their journey, which covered almost half the Chinese Empire. Everywhere they were welcomed by governors and magistrates, who provided them with all they needed. Everywhere they were met by a curious but friendly people; there was no sign of hostility. Contrasting this with the situation 250 years later, at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, when any Christian was the equivalent of a traitor, one must ask why the change took place. The answer is that while the missionaries in the 17th century were pure evangelists, 250 years later Christianity was reinforced by the political and military privileges extracted by the Christian powers during the course of various wars, each of which ended in a treaty of unilateral interest. With this present war that epoch has come to an end. In other words, we have returned to the position in the 17th century, with the advantage of added understanding and mutual reliance. This should do much to reassure those who are sceptical about the future.

Lord Macartney is another writer whose observations are amazingly objective and detached. Modern travellers are apt to regard the landscape and customs of a foreign country in the light of their experience at home, noting similarities, and rejecting everything unfamiliar. This attitude is less evident in earlier periods, though there was plenty of suspicion on both sides. The Chinese officials thought the British "restless, enterprising, dangerous," and the British envoy was constantly worried lest the subtle Chinese should trick him into kowtowing to the Emperor. Yet in spite of mutual suspicion, there was plenty of mutual admiration. The Chinese were impressed by the medical miracles performed by British physicians, while Lord Macartney thought the custom of inter-marriage between the Chinese Imperial family and commoners a wonderful thing. A noticeable figure in his account is Master George Staunton, aged 13, the only member of the party who could speak Chinese. Without him, there would have been even more embarrassments, and one cannot help asking whether there are enough Master George Stauntons in readiness to-day.

Diplomacy, one gathers, is largely the art of getting what you want without loss of temper. Lord Elgin's mission to China was clearly

an unpleasant one, and the Chinese official who received him was scarcely at ease. Yet how admirably they both behaved, and what charmingly allusive "conversations" they held! Do such things go on to-day? Never having been a member of an Ambassador's entourage, I cannot answer that question from experience, but nevertheless I am sure we could find many modern versions of this kind of polite fencing. The real difference between yesterday and to-day is that relations have been established between the ordinary men and women of different countries. The hope for the future lies in the possibility that this new sympathy will have its influence on the relations between nations.

It seems that when Keyserling arrived in China, he was disgusted with the upheavals of 20th century Europe. He arrived in China at a time of great unrest and all he looked for was stability. He sat on the steps of the Altar of Heaven and rhapsodized over the symbol of the Dragon. He was excited by a Siberian sandstorm, amused by rickshaws, and enthralled by that eloquent Royalist, Ku Hung-ming. Governed by these impressions he rashly concluded that China needed a political head in the shape of an Emperor, and an ethical teacher in the person of Confucius. This pronouncement was made just at the time when the Chinese were dethroning the former and questioning the latter.

Part Three: Biographies and Autobiographies.

The gallery of portraits and self-portraits is limited by the fact that I could only draw upon work already available in English. There are several other passages I should have liked to include, notably "Forty Years of My Life," by Dr. Hu Shih, and "The Memoir of Ting Ling," by Shen Tsung Wen; but there are no English translations, and I am not in possession of the originals. But even from the extracts I have been able to include one can trace the drastic changes of the last 100 years: the change in marriage customs, in family relations, and in the general pattern of life among people in various professions. We see the exquisitely tranquil existence of Yun in the *Portrait of an Eighteenth Century Wife*, the picture of a sensitive, well-bred woman, whose background is not unlike the drawing-rooms of Jane Austen. We find a sort of timid tenderness and pleasure in the classical, rather than the philistine manner. Alas, like the Elizabethan age, this one is over, and it is no good hankering after it. Then we see the life of a modern *Girl Soldier*; a restless life full of shouting and marching. The individuality of *The Wife of Chiao Chung-ching* is quite submerged in the strict ethical code of the society in which she lives. Even Tan Shu-hwa, the rebel in *Father and Son*, written two thousand years later, is obliged to submit

to his step-mother's choice of a wife. But the girl in *Ship Companions*, although she was born probably only a decade later than the boy, was able to reject the man chosen for her. So great have been the changes in these few years.

Ancestor worship is a custom which has always been associated with China in the minds of foreigners. Chiang Yee tells us how he was shown, as a child, the genealogy of his family dating back as far as the second century. This attitude is natural in an agricultural, non-seafaring nation; one section of the Confucian Code says that while parents are alive, children should not leave them. But few Chinese of this generation are historically-minded to that extent and as the country becomes more and more industrialized, and people move about more freely, ancestor worship is bound to decline, if not to disappear altogether. The public cemeteries which now exist in China would have shocked "our forefathers, for until forty or fifty years ago even beggars were buried in family graves. In a south-western suburb of Peking there is a sad sight—the graves of many soldiers killed in the civil wars: "To be buried there, with complete strangers!" one of the older generation sighed to me as we passed the place. But nevertheless public cemeteries have been generally accepted in the last twenty years.

The profiles of the father and the rebellious son are drawn against a curious background of events in 1915, when the Emperor was no longer on the throne and the Republic had not yet become quite a Republic. The interior was full of traps baited by the reactionaries and it is amusing to read of the game of hide-and-seek that went on. As far as his marriage was concerned Tan was born at a bad time; it was as though he had been born in the depression between the end of a stable empire and the establishment of a new and emancipated republic.

- The brief passages from the life of a Chinese *Girl Soldier* are representative of the most fervent period of women's emancipation: when women were anxious to prove themselves able to do everything that men could do. This has happened everywhere, and we are always left with the question left unanswered by Ibsen—"Where could Nora go after she had left her doll's house?" But the question is now rapidly being answered by events. Another stage in the emotional life of young Chinese is expressed in Ping Ying's chapter-title* *Down with Love*. From the beginning of the Republic until 1925, love, having been rescued from the contempt of Confucius, was regarded as "the holy thing." Love lyrics made up almost half of the early vernacular poetry, many of them extremely naive, and people used to throw themselves into rivers after seeing plays about frustrated love-affairs. But the fires of revolution destroyed this attitude and

scores of left-wing novels were written about the sacrifice of individual love for the sake of the revolution.

Part Four: East and West.

The relation between East and West is of such great interest in itself that if I had devoted to it the whole of this book I should not have explored more than a small part. Instead, I was compelled to abbreviate Miss Eileen Power's essay, that perfect blend of history and imagination. An essay on Chinese influences in European art had to be deleted at the last moment, and the short passage chosen from Mr. E. R. Hughes' "The Invasion of China by the West" hardly does justice to his interesting book. The article on *China in English Literature* has also had to be drastically cut. But I want to draw my readers' attention especially to the short and intimate essay by Mr. Arthur Waley, in which he illustrates Anglo-Chinese cultural relations in the early twenties by describing the friendship he cultivated with a Chinese student in this country, the late Hsu Chih-mo, the poet. Since I have lived in this country, over twenty years after Hsu Chih-mo left England, I have found many traces of his stay here, from Essex to Devon. Scrolls covered with his calligraphy hang in studies, books can be found with his inscriptions and here and there I have come across bundles of his letters. It was through him that Katherine Mansfield found hundreds of admiring readers in China, for Hsu's first literary work when he returned home was to translate her exquisite stories. That was when I was yet a mere child, and hardly acquainted with the English alphabet. But even so the stories of this English Chekov cheered my lonely childhood. One hears a great deal about planning these days, but I have an idea that, so far as culture is concerned, a link between one or two individuals can do more than any number of conferences or commissions.

Part Five: Introducing Essentials.

Like the previous section, this could easily occupy much more space. There are very many kinds of restaurants. In Peking, for instance, there is Pien Yi Fang, which specializes in roast duck, other restaurants where nothing but roast beef is served, others which have only pork dishes on their bill of fare, as in London, there is Scott's for sea-food and Simpson's for saddle of mutton and under-cut of beef. I have heard people say they like nothing better than to sit down to a single dish of chicken's feet nicely done with mustard sauce. But such specialization is for the initiated, and the dish I am

putting before my readers is frankly an *hors d'œuvre*, a mixture of tastes. To some it will be just a pleasant bedside book, to others it will be an introduction to poetry, through Mr. Waley's brilliant essay, or to art, through the interpretation of Mr. Roger Fry. I have only provided a sip here and there, and for longer draughts my readers must go to the original brewers.

Part Six: Folklore.

The inclusion of this "people's corner" is chiefly meant to please two ladies: Mrs. R. C. Trevelyan, of The Shiffolds, likes proverbs, and complains that too few of these are available, except to Orientalists, and Miss Kay Murphy loves international nursery rhymes. Since both these ladies combine irreproachable taste with an enjoyment of homely things, I am sure that in pleasing them I shall please many. But in this as in other sections this book can do only a little. Proverbs and rhymes, like most other subjects, can be made the subject of academic research. For example, Professor R. D. Jameson, of Tsing Hwa University, Peking, has traced Cinderella throughout the whole of Asia, comparing some 300 Chinese versions with those of the Annamites. Unfortunately nursery rhymes and stories and folk ballads occupy an obscure place in Chinese literary history. But in their rustic way they often exhibit an exuberant sense of humour combined with homely beauty. One should remember that the first collection of Chinese poetry, later sanctified by Confucius as one of the five classics, was "The Book of Songs" (translated by Arthur Waley), the best part of which consists of folk songs collected by the official song-gatherers from villages along the Yellow River, and later edited by Confucius. Not until the rise of the vernacular movement in 1917 did the popularity of this spontaneous literature revive, and its value receive recognition. In the early twenties, Dr. Hu Shih and Mr. Ku Chi-kang (passages from whose autobiography can be found in *The Gallery of Portraits and Self-Portraits*), started to collect these folk rhymes systematically. Professor Liu Fu also made a collection of folk-tales, such as the cycle of stories with that romantic figure, Hsu Wen-ch'ang, as its subject. It was at this time, too, that a number of the vernacular poets tried their hands at new folk ballads.

Twenty years before folk-literature was taken seriously in China, an Italian diplomat, Baron Guido Vitale, began to collect and translate these rhymes. I have seen other translations; among them, "Chinese Ditties," by E. J. C. Werner. This produced in 1922 in Peking, has many interesting items, ranging from the Yellow River to the Pearl River in South China. Being a late collection, many of the

verses reflect contemporary events. For instance, this one comes from the Chinese Boxers of 1901, the contemporary guerrilla forces:

Dig up the rails
Pull up the telegraph poles:
And see the foreigner in the soup!

Another represents a people's judgment on the downfall of the Manchu Empire:

At the end of the Ming dynasty
There was no green grass;
At the end of the Manchu dynasty
There was no ignorant person.

This means that, while the fall of the Ming dynasty was caused by a fortunate calamity, the Manchus lost their throne by their own folly.

Coming from Peking, I know most of these nursery rhymes by heart. But it saddens me to read them in translation, for not only do they lose most of their lovely nonsensical quality, but their musical sound as well. In including them, therefore, I have resigned myself to the loss of most of their charm as nursery rhymes. They have, however, a sociological interest, if they have little music for my readers, I hope they will at least give an impression of everyday life in the old capital.

I intended to include a section of riddles and puns, but decided against it, both on account of the lack of space and of the copious footnotes which would have been necessary. Homonyms in English are the exception, but in Chinese they are nearly the rule. Most Chinese characters are not matched by other characters with exactly the same sound but a different meaning; some have over fifty. In this lies the great difficulty of Latinizing the Chinese language, but here also lies the enjoyment of our myriad puns which the foreigner cannot enjoy. For instance, the colloquial Chinese term for a duster (tan tse) is the same as the sound for courage. So, if a person is being foolhardy one would say, "You are a bunch of chicken-feathers on the end of a flag-pole," meaning "What a huge duster!" or "What colossal nerve!" Again, the Chinese word for "rush" (pen) is the same in sound as the word for "stupid." So the expression "an old lady walking towards her chicken coop" ostensibly meaning "to rush for eggs," really implies "You stupid egg!" Often these common sayings are gently sarcastic. For example, if a person is slow and phlegmatic, he is likened to "an old lady attending a funeral," and an ignorant person is described as "a

frog sitting at the bottom of a well." Some of the common sayings are very crude; when a person is classified as "only half-human" the expression will be "a farmer who has never seen a stilt-walker." Such investigations eventually lead to a study of Chinese metaphors.

There have been some casual translations of the homophonic expressions of the Chinese language, in particular those which appear in "The Proverbs and Common Sayings of the Chinese" by Arthur H. Smith (1888), but a thorough study has yet to be made. Research into the common sayings of Peking alone would be of interest to the philologist as well as the ethnologist.

My selection of tales and jokes is hardly representative of the immense treasure of the original; nor does it in any way exhaust what is available in English. But if what you read whets your appetite, there are innumerable books to gratify it. Many amusing stories can be found in Dr. Linyutang's mammoth anthology "The Wisdom of India and China," and Prof. Herbert Giles's "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." For folk literature in general, there is, among others, Professor E. D. Edwards' "The Dragon Book," of which I am glad to see a new edition. Few people realize that nearly all the popular novels which all Chinese know by heart have been translated. But there is "Monkey," a 16th century Chinese novel which received the James Tate Black Prize for the best novel of 1942, "All Men are Brothers," "The Romance of the Three Kingdoms," two translations of "Golden Lotus" (Chin Ping Mei) and several of "The Dream of the Red Chamber."

Little of our classical music has been rendered into European notation and I am not sure that this is possible. Fortunately some folk-songs are available, and I am very grateful to Mrs. Clara Young for permission to use her translation of the *Autumn Lament*; (I was not able to secure the personal permission of her collaborator, Dr. T. Z. Koo, as he is at present in a Japanese internment camp in Hongkong). The other songs have the romanized Chinese words besides the English translations, which will amuse those who wish to see for themselves the monosyllabic quality of the Chinese language.

PART ONE

CHINA THROUGH THE ENGLISH IMAGINATION

(CHINA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE)

KUBLA KHAN

S. T. COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm with ceaseless turmoil seething.
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

HORÆ CONFUCIANÆ

SHERARD VINES

I. OF MALICE

Usurious purple! that will grudge
 Vermilion all his sheen,
 And glut his dragon-paunch with fires
 Extracted from more gracious heights!

CHINA THROUGH THE ENGLISH IMAGINATION

In grandeur, or in hours of state
Lurk poisoned tongues, barb-whispering leaves;
They rattle, and a kingdom falls
Clanging with crowns, turned sour with dust.

Dark music thundering to eclipse
Light's chord, poised fine on crimson shoes,
Confounds itself, inciting our
Dismay at cruel, monstrous things.

II. WHILE TIEN'S LUTE SANG

Tien's lute, even when flung aside, maintained
Its last quiet cadence through Tien's reply,
Glowing on the spring air.
"This yellow month," he said, "I long
To join with youths and pleasant boys,
Correct, in ceremonial cap and gown.
So would our staid companionship
In ritual dress of puberty
Pass down to the River Ii,
And wash away polluting influences
In the golden River Ii.
Next, we would loiter a few cool moments
Enjoying the sweet breeze among the rain altars,
And so turn singing home."

III. THE PROPRIETY OF MARRIAGE

Elegant coral of the field,
Bright Peach Tree, of which the delicate bells
Shake upon the season's breath
A thousand wedding cantilenes
Shrill as the bride's laughter.

A young woman passes in her tiara
Of seed-pearls and kingfisher plumes
Beneath your luxury, paradoxical
With candied flesh and glassy leaf,
There to catch fragrance on her way
To dispense Order and Economy
Within the porch of her husband's mansion.

From TRIFORIUM,
(Cobden-Sanderson, 1928, London.)

Notes by the poet:—References to the Confucian Analects are:

I. Book XVII, Chap, xviii. The colour purple and the songs of Chang "drown" the lighter vermilion and the music of the Ya (elegant or correct odes); their "malice suggests malicious tongues that wantonly destroy kingdoms."

II. Book XI, Chap, xxiv, 7. Tien won Confucius' praise by the humility expressed in his wishes.

III. Chap, ix of Tsang's Commentary on the Great Learning. Of the description of the bride's homecoming Tsang remarks, "Let the household be rightly ordered, then the people of the State may be taught."

TO A CHINESE GIRL

RONALD BOTTERALL (1906-)

Your grapnel eyes dredging my body through
Haul up the uncharted silt, efface
The mud flats of impeding residue.

Thus trenching you rive up my yesterdays:
Exposed to sun, your eastern sun, not mine,
Compromise shrivels in Confucian rays.

Fitly proportioned pigments will combine
In deeper values, but vague ampersands
Choke the lacunae of our strict design.

Unhurrying time our universe expands,
We plot in vain the ever-changing centre,
Our grain-concorded star-strewn cloud disbands

And we are left, ourselves our own tormentor.
By dextrous montage photographs contrive
To bill East-West cohering as a centaur

And overtly strike off the imperial gyve;
For the poised whip you have your amulet:
Blacking out details of your negative

You decorously project a silhouette.
*But piercing through the envelope I defined
Clarity when your hair ran streaming jet
Irradiated by a luminous wind.

THOUGHTS ON THE JAPANESE INVASION OF
CHINA, 1938

WILLIAM PLOMER (1903-)

Taut paper and clean wood enclose
A neat, sweet domestic place
Where slant sun and magic snows
Alter the shadow on the well-loved face.

Warm wine in a little cup,
A red leaf fell, a white sleeve fluttered,
Morning smoke was wafted up,
More, more was felt than uttered.

Why, then why the rape of a child,
The lidless eyes, the screaming man,
The ricefield village all defiled
To a cold, elaborate, zestful plan?

Because shy fingers end in claws,
Behind soft lips are teeth that bite,
And a vast uneasy longing roars
Up like a bomber through the night.

From the Gods was stolen the seed of fire,
The Dragon flew in the face of the Sun—
One god is Hope, a hardened liar,
Another is Love, the unconquered one.

JOURNEY TO A WAR (COMMENTARY)

W. H. AUDEN (1907-) AND CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD (1904-

Season inherits legally from dying season;
Protected by the wide peace of the sun, the planets
Continue their circulations; and the galaxy

Is free for ever to revolve like an enormous biscuit:
With all his engines round him and the summer flowers,
Little upon his little earth, man contemplates

The universe of which he is both judge and victim;
A rarity in an uncommon corner, gazes
On the great trackways where his tribe and truth are nothing.

Certainly the growth of the fore-brain has been a success:
He has not got lost in a backwater like the lampshell
Or the limpet; he has not died out like the super-lizards.

His boneless worm-like ancestors would be amazed
At the upright position, the breasts, the four-chambered heart,
The clandestine evolution in the mother's shadow.

"Sweet is it," say the doomed, "to be alive though wretched,"
And the young emerging from the closed parental circle,
To whose uncertainty the certain years present

Their syllabus of limitless anxiety and labour,
At first feel nothing but the gladness of their freedom,
Are happy in the new embraces and the open talk.

But liberty to be and weep has never been sufficient;
The winds surround our griefs, the unfenced sky
To all our failures is a taciturn unsmiling witness.

And not least here, among this humorous and hairless people
Who like a cereal have inherited these valleys:
Tarim nursed them; Thibet was the tall rock of their protection,

And where the Yellow River shifts its course, they learnt
How to live well, though ruin threatened often.
For centuries they looked in fear towards the northern defiles,

But now must turn and gather like a fist to strike
Wrong coming from the sea, from those whose paper houses
Tell of their origin among the coral islands;

Who even to themselves deny a human freedom,
And dwell in the estranging tyrant's vision of the earth
In a calm stupor under their blood-spotted flag.

Here danger works a civil reconciliation,
Interior hatreds are resolved upon this foreign foe,
And will-power to resist is growing like a prosperous city.

For the invader now is deadly and impartial as a judge:
Down country footpaths, from each civic sky,
His anger blows alike upon the rich, and all

Who dwell within the crevices of destitution,
On those with a laborious lifetime to recall, and those,
The innocent and short whose dreams contain no children.

While in an international and undamaged quarter,
Casting our European shadows on Shanghai,
Walking unhurt among the banks, apparently immune

Below the monuments of an acquisitive society,
With friends and books and money and the traveller's freedom,
We are compelled to realise that our refuge is a sham.

For this material contest that has made Hongkew
A terror and a silence, and Chapei a howling desert,
Is but the local variant of a struggle in which all,

The elderly, the amorous, the young, the handy and the thoughtful,
Those to whom feeling is a science, those to whom study
Of all that can be added and compared is a consuming love,

With those whose brains are empty as a school in August,
And those to whom the urge to action is so strong
They cannot read a letter without whispering, all

In cities, deserts, ships, in lodgings near the port,
Discovering the past of strangers in a library,
Creating their own future on a bed, each with his treasure,

Self-confident among the laughter and the *petits verres*,
Or motionless and lonely like a moping cormorant,
In all their living are profoundly implicated.

This is one sector and one movement of the general war
Between the dead and the unborn, the Real and the Pretended,
Which for the creature who creates, communicates, and chooses,

The only animal aware of lack of finish,
In essence is eternal. When we emerged from holes
And blinked in the warm sunshine of the Laufen Ice Retreat,

Thinking of Nature as a close and loyal kinsman.
On every acre the opponents faced each other,
And we were far within the zone where casualties begin.

Now in a world that has no localized events,
Where not a tribe exists without its dossier,
And the machine has taught us how, to the Non-Human,

That unprogressive blind society that knows
No argument except the absolute and violent veto,
Our colours, creeds and sexes are identical,

The issue is the same. Some uniforms are new,
Some have changed sides; but the campaign continues:
Still unachieved is *Jen*, the Truly Human.

This is the epoch of the Third Great Disappointment:
The First was the collapse of that slave-owning empire
Whose yawning magistrate asked, "What is truth? "

Upon its ruins rose the Universal Churches:
Men camped like tourists under their tremendous shadows,
United by a common sense of human failure,

Their certain knowledge only of the timeless fields
Where the Unchanging Happiness received the faithful,
And the Eternal Nightmare waited to devour -the wicked.

In which a host of workers, famous and obscure,
Meaning to do no more than use their eyes,
Not knowing what they did, then sapped belief;

Put in its place a neutral dying star,
Where Justice could not visit. Self was the one city,
The cell where each must find his comfort and his pain,

The body nothing but a useful favourite machine
To go upon errands of love and to run the house,
While the mind in its study spoke with its private God.

But now that wave which already was washing the heart,
When the cruel Turk stormed the gates of Constantine's city,
When Galileo muttered to himself, "*sed movet*"

And Descartes thought, " I am because I think,"
 Today, all spent, is silently withdrawing itself:
 Unhappy he or she who after it is sucked.

Never before was the Intelligence so fertile,
 The Heart more stunted. The human field became
 Hostile to brotherhood and feeling like a forest.

Machines devised by harmless clergymen and boys
 Attracted men like magnets from the marl and clay
 Into towns on the coal-measures, to a kind of freedom,

Where the abstinent with the landless drove a bitter bargain.
 But sowed in that act the seeds of an experienced hatred,
 Which, germinating long in tenement and gas-lit cellar,

Is choking now the aqueducts of our affection.
 Knowledge of their colonial suffering has cut off
 The Hundred Families like an attack of shyness;

The apprehensive rich pace up and down
 Their narrow compound of success; in every body
 The ways of living are disturbed; intrusive as a sill,

Fear builds enormous ranges casting shadows,
 Heavy, bird-silencing, upon the outer world,
 Hills that our grief sighs over like a Shelley, parting

All that we feel from all that we perceive,
 Desire from Data; and the Thirteen gay Companions
 Grow sullen now and quarrelsome as mountain tribes.

We wander on the earth, or err from bed to bed
 In search of home, and fail, and weep for the lost ages
 Before Because became As If, or rigid Certainty

The Chances Are, The base hear us, and the violent
 Who long to calm our guilt with murder, and already
 Have not been slow to turn our wish to their advantage.

On every side they make their brazen offer:
 Now in that Catholic country with the shape of Cornwall,
 Where Europe first became a term of pride,

North of the Alps where dark hair turns to blonde,
In Germany now loudest, land without a centre
Where the sad plains are like a sounding rostrum,

And on these tidy and volcanic summits near us now,
From which the Black Stream hides the Tuscarora Deep,
The voice is quieter but the more inhuman and triumphant.

By wire and wireless, in a score of bad translations,
They give their simple message to the world of man:
" Man can have Unity if Man will give up Freedom.

*The State is real, The Individual is wicked;
Violence shall synchronize your movements like a tune,
And Terror like a frost shall halt the flood of thinking.*

*Barrack and bivouac shall be your friendly refuge.
And racial pride shall tower like a public column
And confiscate for safety every private sorrow.*

*Leave Truth to the police and us; we know the Good;
We build the Perfect City time shall never alter;
Our Law shall guard you always like a cirque of mountains,*

*Your ignorance keep off evil like a dangerous sea;
You shall be consummated in the General Will,
Your children innocent and charming as the beasts."*

All the great conquerors sit upon their platform,
Lending their sombre weight of practical experience:
Ch'in Shih Huang Ti who burnt the scholars' books,

Chaka the mad who segregated the two sexes,
And *Genghis Khan* who thought mankind should be destroyed
And *Diocletian* the administrator make impassioned speeches.

Napoleon claps who found religion useful,
And all who passed deception of the People, or who said
Like Little *Frederick*, "I shall see that it is done."

While many famous clerks support their programme:
Plato the good, despairing of the average man,
With sad misgivings signs their manifesto;

Shang-tzu approves their principle of Nothing Private;
The author of *The Prince* will heckle; *Hobbes* will canvass,
With generalizing *Hegel* and quiet *Bosanquet*.

And every family and every heart is tempted:
The earth debates; the Fertile Crescent argues;
Even the little towns upon the way to somewhere,

Those desert flowers the aeroplane now fertilizes,
Quarrel on this; in England far away,
Behind the high tides and the navigable estuaries;

In the Far West, in absolutely free America,
In melancholy Hungary, and clever France
Where ridicule has acted a historic role,

And here where the rice-grain nourishes these patient households
The ethic of the feudal citadel has impregnated,
Thousands believe, and millions are half-way to a conviction.

While others have accepted *Pascal's* wager and resolve
To take whatever happens as the will of God,
Or with *Spinoza* vote that evil be unreal.

Nor do our leaders help; we know them now
For humbugs full of vain dexterity, invoking
A gallery of ancestors, pursuing still the mirage

Of long dead grandeurs whence the interest has absconded,
As Fahrenheit in an odd corner of great Celsius' kingdom
Might mumble of the summers measured once by him.

Yet all the same we have our faithful sworn supporters
Who never lost their faith in knowledge or in man,
But worked so eagerly that they forgot their food

And never noticed death or old age coming on,
Prepared for freedom as *Kuo Hsi* for inspiration,
Waiting it calmly like the coming of an honoured guest.

Some looked at falsehood with the candid eyes of children,
Some had a woman's ear to catch injustice,
Some took Necessity, and knew her, and she brought forth Freedom.

Some of our dead are famous, but they would not care:
Evil is always personal and spectacular,
But goodness needs the evidence of all our lives,

And, even to exist, it must be shared as truth,
As freedom or as happiness. (For what is happiness
If not to witness joy upon the features of another?)

They did not live to be remembered specially as noble,
Like those who cultivated only cucumbers and melons
To prove that they were rich; and when we praise their names,

They shake their heads in warning, chiding us to give
Our gratitude to the Invisible College of the Humble,
Who through the ages have accomplished everything essential.

And stretch around our struggle as the normal landscape,
And mingle, fluent with our living, like the winds and waters,
The dust of all the dead that reddens every sunset;

Giving us courage to confront our enemies,
Not only on the Grand Canal, or in Madrid,
Across the campus of a university city,

But aid us everywhere, that in the lovers' bedroom,
The white laboratory, the school, the public meeting,
The enemies of life may be more passionately attacked.

And, if we care to listen, we can always hear them:
*"Men are not innocent as beasts and never can be,
Man can improve himself but never will be perfect,*

*Only the free have disposition to be truthful,
Only the truthful have the interest to be just,
Only the just possess the will-power to be free.*

*For common justice can determine private freedom,
As a clear sky can tempt men to astronomy,
Or a peninsula persuade them to be sailors.*

*You talked of Liberty, but were not just; and now
Your enemies have called your bluff; for in your city
Only the man behind the rifle had free-will.*

*One wish is common to you both, the wish to build
A world united as that Europe was in which
The flint-faced exile wrote his three-act comedy.*

*Lament not its decay; that shell was too constricting:
The years of private isolation had their lesson
And in the interest of intelligence were necessary.*

*Now in the clutch of crisis and the bloody hour
You must defeat your enemies or perish, but remember,
Only by those who reverence it can life be mastered;*

*Only a whole and happy conscience can stand up
And answer their bleak lie; among the just,
And only there, is Unity compatible with Freedom."*

*Night falls on China; the great arc of travelling shadow
Moves over land and ocean, altering life:
Thibet already silent, the packed Indias cooling,*

*Inert in the paralysis of caste. And though in Africa
The vegetation still grows fiercely like the young,
And in the cities that receive the slanting radiations*

*The lucky are at work, and most still know they suffer,
The dark will touch them soon: night's tiny noises
Will echo vivid in the owl's developed ear,*

*Vague in the anxious sentry's; and the moon look down
On battlefields and dead men lying, heaped like treasure,
On lovers ruined in a brief embrace, on ships*

*Where exiles watch the sea: and in the silence
The cry that streams out into the indifferent spaces,
And never stops or slackens, may be heard more clearly,*

*Above the everlasting murmur of the woods and rivers,
And more insistent than the lulling answer of the waltzes,
Or hum of printing-presses turning forests into lies;*

*As now I hear it, rising round me from Shanghai,
And mingling with the distant mutter of guerrilla fighting,
The voice of man: " O teach me to outgrow my madness.*

*Its better to be sane than mad, or liked than dreaded;
 Ifs better to sit down to nice meals than to nasty;
 Ifs better to sleep two than single; its better to be happy.*

*Ruffle the perfect manners of the frozen heart,
 And once again compel it to be awkward and alive,
 To all it suffered once a weeping witness.*

*Clear from the head the masses of impressive rubbish;
 Rally the lost and trembling forces of the will,
 Gather them up and let them loose upon the earth,*

*Till they construct at last a human justice,
 The contribution of our star, within the shadow
 Of which uplifting, loving, and constraining power
 All other reasons may rejoice and operate."*

AUTUMN ON NAN-YUEH

(With the exiled Universities of Peking)

WILLIAM EMPSON (1907-)

*The soul remembering its loneliness
 Shudders in many cradles . . .
 . . . soldier, honest wife by turns,
 Cradle within cradle, and all in flight, and all
 Deformed because there is no deformity
 But saves us from a dream.*

W. B. YEATS

If flight's as general as this
 And every movement starts a wing
 ("Turn but a stone," the poet found
 Winged angels crawling that could sting),
 Eagles by hypothesis
 And always taking a new fling,
 Scorners eternal of the ground
 And all the rocks where one could cling,
 We obviously give a miss
 To earth and all that kind of thing,
 And cart our Paradise around
 Or all that footless birds can bring.

I have flown here, part of the way,
 Being air-minded where I must
 (The Victorian train supplies a bed;
 Without it, where I could, I bussed),
 But here for quite a time I stay
 Acquiring moss and so forth—rust,
 And it is true, I flew, I fled,
 I ran about on hope, on trust,
 I felt I had escaped from They
 Who sat on pedestals and fussed.
 But is it true one ought to dread
 This timid flap, that shirk, that lust?
 We do not fly when we are clay.
 We hope to fly when we are dust.

The holy mountain where I live
 Has got some bearing on the Yeats.
 Sacred to Buddha, and a god
 Itself, it straddles the two fates;
 And has deformities to give
 You dreams by all its paths and gates.
 They may be dreamless. It is odd
 To hear them yell out jokes and hates
 And pass the pilgrims through a sieve,
 Brought there in baskets or in crates.
 The pilgrims fly because they plod.
 The topmost abbot has passed Greats.

"The soul remembering" is just
 What we professors have to do.
 (The souls aren't lonely now; this room
 Beds four and as I write holds two.
 They shudder at the winter's thrust
 In cradles that encourage 'flu.)
 The abandoned libraries entomb
 What all the lectures still go through,
 And men get curiously non-plussed
 Searching the memory for a clue.
 The proper Pegasi to groom
 Are those your mind is willing to.
 Let textual variants be discussed;
 We teach a poem as it grew.

A HARP WITH A THOUSAND STRINGS

Remembering prose is quite a trouble
But of Mrs. Woolf one tatter
Many years have failed to smother.
As a piece of classroom patter
It would not repay me double.
Empire-builder reads the yatter
In one monthly, then another:
"Thank God I left" (that is my smatter)
"That pernicious hubble-bubble
If only to hear baboons chatter
And coolies beat their wives." A brother
I feel and it is me I flatter.

They say the witches thought they flew
Because some drug made them feel queer.
There is exorbitance enough
, And a large broomstick in plain beer.
As for the Tiger Bone, the brew
With roses we can still get here,
The village brand is coarse and rough,
And the hot water far from clear.
It makes a grog. It is not true
That only an appalling fear
Would drive a man to drink the stuff.
Besides, you do not drink to steer
Far out away into the blue,
The chaps use drink for getting near.

Verse has been lectured to a treat
Against Escape and being blah,
It struck me trying not to fly
Let them escape a bit too far.
It is an aeronautic feat
Called soaring, makes you quite a star
(The Queen and Alice did) to try
And keep yourself just where you are.
But who was bold enough to meet
Exactly who on Phoebus' car
Slung on a Blimp to be a spy
I ask before I cry Hurrah?

I pushed the Yeats Up to the top
Feeling it master of a flow
Of personal chat that would not end
Without one root from which to grow.

CHINA THROUGH THE ENGLISH IMAGINATION

That excellent poet's organ stop
Has very wisely let us go
Just scolding all. He does not send
Any advice so far below
But yet this Dream, that's such a flop.
As all the latest people know.
He makes no leak we ought to mend
Or gas-escape that should not blow,
But what they fly from, whence they drop,
The truth that they forsake for show.

Besides, I do not really like
The verses about "Up the Boys,"
The revolutionary romp,
The hearty uproar that deploys
A sit-down literary strike;
The other curly-headed toy's
The superrealistic comp.
By a good student who enjoys
A nightmare handy as a bike.
You find a cluster of them cloy.
But all conventions have their pomp
And all styles can come down to noise.

Indeed I finally agree
You do in practice have to say
This crude talk about Escape
Cannot be theorised away.
Yeats is adroit enough to see
His old word Dream must now leave play
For dreams in quite another shape.,
And Freud, and that his word can stay.
That force and breadth of mind all we
Can't hope for, whether bleak or gay;
We put his soundings down on tape
And mark where others went astray.
So dreams it may be right to flee,
And as to fleeing, that we may.

So far I seem to have forgot
About the men who really soar.
We think about them quite a bit;
Elsewhere there's reason to think more.
With Ministers upon the spot
(Driven a long way front the War)

A HARP WITH A THOUSAND STRINGS

And training camps, the place is fit
For bombs. The railway was the chore
Next town. The thing is, they can not
Take aim. Two hundred on one floor
Were wedding guests cleverly hit
Seven times and none left to deplore.

Politics are what verse should
Not fly from, or it goes all wrong.
I feel the force of that all right,
And had I speeches they were song.
But really, does it do much good
To put in verse, however strong
The welter of a doubt at night
At home, in which I too belong?
The heat-mists that my vision hood
Shudder precisely with the throng.
England I think an eagle flight
May come too late, may take too long.
What would I teach it? Where it could
The place has answered like a gong.

What are these things I do not face,
The reasons for entire despair,
Trenching the map into the lines
That prove no building can be square?
Not nationalism nor yet race
Poisons the mind, poisons the air,
Excuses, consequences, signs,
But not the large thing that is there.
Real enough to keep a place
Like this from owning its new heir;
But economics are divines,
They have the floor, they have the flair.

Revolt and mercy fired no sparks
In the Red argument at all;
Only what all of us desire,
That the whole system should not stall.
The real impressiveness of Marx
Lay in combining a high call
With what seemed proof that certain fire
Attended all who joined with Saul.

Stalin amended his remarks
By saying that they would not fall
But must be trod into the mire
(And till his baby state could crawl
It must not venture on such larks).
This let them back against a wall.

The tedious triumphs of the mind
Are more required than some suppose
To make a destiny absurd
And dung a desert for a rose.
It seems unpleasantly refined
To put things off till someone knows.
Economists have got the bird
And dignity and high repose.
One asked me twenty years to find
The thread to where the monster grows.
But we wait upon the word
They may too late or not disclose.

"This passive style might pass perhaps
Squatting in England with the beer.
But if that's all you think of, what
In God's name are you doing here?
If economics sent the Japs
They have the rudder that will steer;
Pretence of sympathy is not
So rare it pays you for a tear.
Hark at these Germans, hopeful chaps,
Who mean to split the country dear."
It is more hopeful on the spot.
The "News," the conferences that leer,
The creeping fog, the civil traps,
These are what force you into fear.

Besides, you aren't quite good for nowt
Or clinging wholly as a burr
Replacing men who must get out,
Nor is it shameful to aver
A vague desire to be about
When the important things occur. . . .
And no desire at all to tout
About how blood strokes down my fur—

We have a Pandarus school of trout
That hangs round battles just to purr—
The Golden Bough, you needn't doubt,
" Ate crucifixions what they were? " . . .

I said I wouldn't fly again
For quite a bit. I did not know.
Even in breathing tempest-tossed,
Scattering to winnow and to sow,
With convolutions for a brain,
Man moves and we have got to go.
Claiming no heavy personal cost
I feel the poem would be slow
Furtively finished on the plain.
We have had the autumn here. But oh
That lovely balcony is lost
Just as the mountains take the snow.
The soldiers will come here and train.
The streams will chatter as they flow.

(Nan-yeuh is a sacred mountain about seventy miles south-west of Changsha; the Arts Departments of the Combined Universities were housed on it for a term, and then we moved further back to Yunnan. The " two fates " are the opposed ideals of personal immortality and of extinguishing yourself or merging into a world soul; the mountain was a god before it became the cradle of what the Japanese call the Zen sect. Those of the beggars who are too deformed to walk are carried up in baskets and placed along the pilgrims' route up the mountain. "Flying" of course is being used here for escaping ordinary troubles as well as other things, and the pilgrimage is a holiday. The abbot of the monastery on the summit might quite naturally have passed Greats, though I don't know that he literally has done. *Like a gong* maybe reads as rather too easy a sentiment. The claim is that public opinion in England during this decade has been commonly right while independent of its political leaders and the machinery of propaganda, e.g., the outcry over the Hoare-Laval pact and the swing-round of the Trade Unions to rearmament then. Chinese wines aren't drunk except during meals; the point about Tiger Bone was that I found it made a good drink to sit over when drowned in hot water. The tiger bones in it are supposed to make you brave. I hope the gaiety of the thing comes through; I felt I was in very good company.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE

DANIEL DEFOE (16617-1731)

. . . I MUST confess, I travelled more pleasantly afterwards, in the deserts and vast wildernesses of Grand Tartary, than here; and yet the roads here are well paved, and well kept, and very convenient for travellers: but nothing was more awkward to me, than to see such an haughty, imperious, insolent people, in the midst of the grossest simplicity and ignorance; for all their famed ingenuity is no more. My friend, Father Simon, and I, used to be very merry upon these occasions, to see the beggarly pride of those people: for example, coming by the house of a country gentleman, as Father Simon called him, about ten leagues off from the city of Nanquin, we had, first of all, the honour to ride with the master of the house about two miles; the state he rode in was a perfect Don Quixotism, being a mixture of pomp and poverty.

The habit of this greasy Don was very proper for a scaramouch, or merry-andrew, being a dirty calico, with all the tawdry trappings of a fool's coat, such as hanging sleevees, tassels, and cuts and slashes almost on every side: it covered a rich taffety vest, as greasy as a butcher, and which testified, that his honour must needs be a most exquisite sloven.

His horse was a poor, lean, starved, hobbling creature, such as in England might sell for about thirty or forty shillings; and he had two slaves followed him on foot, to drive the poor creature along: he had a whip in his hand, and he belaboured the beast as fast about the head as his slaves did about the tail; and thus he rode by us with about ten or twelve servants; and we were told he was going from the city to his country seat, about half a league before us. We travelled on gently, but this figure of a gentleman rode away before us; and as we stopped at a village about an hour to refresh us, when we came by the country seat of this great man, we saw him in a little place before his door, eating his repast; it was a kind of garden, but he was easy to be seen; and we were given to understand, that the more we looked on him, the better he would be pleased.

He sat under a tree, something like the palmetto-tree, which effectually shaded him over the head, and on the south side; but under the tree also was placed a large umbrella, which made that part look well enough: he sat lolling back in a great elbow-chair, being a heavy corpulent man, and his meat being brought him by two women slaves; he had two more, whose office, I think, few gentlemen in Europe would accept of their service in, viz., one fed the 'squire with a spoon,

and the other held the dish with one hand, and scraped off what he let fall upon his worship's beard and taffety vest, with the other; while the great fat brute thought it below him to employ his own hands in any of those familiar offices which kings and monarchs would rather do than be troubled with the clumsy fingers of their servants.

I took this time to think what pain men's pride puts them to, and how troublesome a haughty temper, thus ill-managed, must be to a man of common sense: and, leaving the poor wretch to please himself with our looking at him, as if we admired his pomp, whereas we really pitied and contemned him, we pursued our journey; only Father Simon had the curiosity to stay to inform himself what dainties the country justice had to feed on, in all his state; which he said he had the honour to taste of, and which was, I think, a dose that an English hound would scarce have eaten, if it had been offered him, viz., a mess of boiled rice, with a great piece of garlick in it, and a little bag filled with green pepper, and another plant which they have there, something like our ginger, but smelling like musk, and tasting like mustard; all this was put together, and a small lump or piece of lean mutton boiled in it; and this was his worship's repast, four or five servants more attending at a distance. If he fed them meaner than he was fed himself, the spice excepted, they must fare very coarsely indeed.

As for our mandarin with whom we travelled, he was respected like a king; surrounded always with his gentlemen, and attended in all his appearances with such pomp, that I saw little of him but at a distance; but this I observed, that there was not a horse in his retinue, but that our carriers' pack-horses in England seem to me to look much better; but they were so covered with equipage, mantles, trappings, and such like trumpery, that you cannot see whether they are fat or lean. In a word, we could scarce see anything but their feet and their heads.

I was now light-hearted, and all my trouble and perplexity that I had given an account of being over, I had no anxious thoughts about me; which made this journey much the pleasanter to me; nor had I any ill accident attended me, only in the passing or fording a small river, my horse fell, and made me free of the country, as they call it; that is to say, threw me in; the place was not deep, but it wetted me all over. I mention it, because it spoiled my pocket-book, wherein I had set down the names of several people and places which I had occasion to remember, and which not taking due care of, the leaves rotted, and the words were never after to be read, to my great loss, as to the names of some places which I touched at in this voyage.

At length we arrived at Pekih: I had nobody with me but the youth, whom my nephew the captain had given me to attend me as a servant, and who proved very trusty and diligent, and my partner had nobody

with him but one servant, who was a kinsman. As for the Portuguese pilot, he being desirous to see the court, we gave him his passage, that is to say, bore his charges for his company; and to use him as an interpreter, for he understood the language of the country, and spoke good French and a little English; and, indeed, this old man was a most useful implement to us everywhere; for we had not been above a week at Pekin, when he came laughing: "Ah, Seignior Inglese," said he, "I have something to tell you, will make your heart glad." "My heart glad!" said I, "what can that be? I do not know any thing in this country can either give me joy or grief, to any great degree." "Yes, yes," said the old man, in broken English, "make you glad, me sorrow"; sorry he would have said. This made me more inquisitive. "Why," said I, "will it make you sorry?" "Because," said he, "you have brought me here twenty-five days' journey, and will leave me to go back alone; and which way shall I get to my port afterwards, without a ship, without a horse, without pecune?" So he called money, being his broken Latin, of which he had abundance to make us merry with.

It was the beginning of February, our style, when we set out from Pekin. My partner and the old pilot had gone express back to the port where we had first put in, to dispose of some goods which we had left there; and I, with a Chinese merchant, whom I had some knowledge of at Nanquin, and who came to Pekin on his own affairs, went to Nanquin, where I bought ninety pieces of fine damasks, with about two hundred pieces of other very fine silks, of several sorts, some mixed with gold, and had all these brought to Pekin against my partner's return: besides this, we bought a very large quantity of raw silk, and some other goods; our cargo amounting, in these goods only* to about three thousand five hundred pounds sterling, which, together with tea, and some fine calicoes, and three camel-loads of nutmegs and cloves, loaded in all eighteen camels for our share, besides those we rode upon; which, with two or three spare horses, and two horses loaded with provisions, made us, in short, twenty-six camels and horses in our retinue.

The company was very great, and, as near as I can remember, made between three and four hundred horses and camels, and upward of an hundred and twenty men, very well armed, and provided for all events. For, as the eastern caravans are subject to be attacked by the Arabs, so are these by the Tartars; but they are not altogether so dangerous as the Arabs, nor so barbarous when they prevail.

The company consisted of people of several nations, such as Muscovites chiefly; for there were about sixty of them who were merchants or inhabitants of Moscow, though of them some were Livonians; and, to our particular satisfaction, five of them were Scots, who appeared

also to be men of great experience in business, and very good substance.

When we had travelled one day's journey, the guides, who were five in number, called all the gentlemen and merchants; that is to say, all the passengers, except the servants, to a great council, as they termed it. At this great council every one deposited a certain quantity of money to a common stock, for the necessary expense of buying forage *on the way*, where it was not otherwise to be had, and for satisfying the guides, getting horses, and the like. And here they constituted the journey, as they called it, viz., they named captains and officers to draw us all up, and give the command in case of an attack, and gave every one their turn of command. Nor was this forming us into order any more than what we found needful upon the way, as shall be observed in its place.

The road all on this side of the country is very populous, and is full of potters and earth-makers; that is to say, people that tempered the earth for the China ware; and, as I was going along, our Portuguese pilot, who had always something or other to say to make us merry, came sneering to me, and told me, he would shew the greatest rarity in all the country; and that I should have this to say of China, after all the ill-humoured things I had said of it, that I had seen one thing which was not to be seen in all the world beside. I was very importunate to know what it was; at last he told me, it was a gentleman's house, built all with China ware. "Well," said I, "are not the materials of their building the product of their own country; and so it is all China ware, is it not?" "No, no," says he, "I mean it is a house all made of China ware, such as you call so in England; or, as it is called in Our country, porcelain." "Well," said I, "such a thing may be. How big is it? Can we carry it in a box upon a camel? If we can, we will buy it." "Upon a camel!" said the old pilot, holding up both his hands, "why there is a family of thirty people lives in it."

I was then curious, indeed, to see it; and when I came to it, it was nothing but this: it was a timber house, or a house built, as we call it in England, with lath and plaster, but all the plastering was really China ware, that is to say, it was plastered with the earth that makes China ware.

The outside, which the sun shone hot upon, was glazed, and looked v^{er}y well, perfectly white, and painted with blue figures, as the large China ware in England is painted, and hard, as if it had been burnt. As to the inside, all the walls, instead of wainscot, were lined with hardened and painted tiles, like the little square tiles we call gaily tiles? in England, all made of the finest China, and the figures exceeding fine indeed, with extraordinary variety of colours mixed with gold, many tiles making but one figure, but joined so artificially with

mortar, being made of the same earth, that it was very hard to see where the tiles met. The floors of the rooms were of the same composition, and as hard as the earthen floors we have in use in several parts of England, especially Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicester*shire, etc., as hard as stone, and smooth, but not burnt, and painted, except some smaller rooms, like closets, which were all, as it were, paved with the same tile; the ceilings and in a word, all the plastering-work in the whole house, were of the same earth; and, after all, the roof was covered with tiles of the same, but of a deep shining black.

This was a China warehouse indeed, truly and literally to be called so; and, had I not been upon the journey. I could have staid some days to see and examine the particulars of it. They told me there were fountains and fish-ponds in the garden, all paved at the bottom and sides with the same, and fine statues set up in rows on the walks, entirely formed of the porcelain earth, and burnt whole.

As this is one of the singularities of China, so they may be allowed to excel in it; but I am very sure they excel in their accounts of-it; for they told me such incredible things of their performance in crockery-ware, for such it is, that I care not to relate, as knowing it could not be true. One told me, in particular, of a workman that made a ship, with all its tackle, and masts, and sails, in earthen-ware, big enough to carry fifty men. If he had told me he launched it, and made a voyage to Japan in it, I might have said something to it indeed; but as it was, I knew the whole story, which was, in short, asking pardon for the word, that the fellow lied; so I smiled, and said nothing to it.

This odd sight kept me two hours behind the caravan, for which the leader of it for the day fined me about the value of three shillings; and told me, if it had been three days journey without the wall, as it was three days within, he must have fined me four times as much, and made me ask pardon the next council day: so I promised to be more orderly; for, indeed, I found afterwards the orders made for keeping all together were absolutely necessary for our common safety.

In two days more we passed the great China wall, made for a fortification against the Tartars; and a very great work it is,, going over hills and mountains in an endless track, where the rocks are impassable, and the precipices such as no enemy could possibly enter, or, indeed, climb up, or where, if they did, no wall could hinder them. They tell us, its length is near a thousand English miles; but that the country is five hundred, in a straight measured line, which the wall bounds, without measuring the windings and turnings it takes: it is about four fathoms high, and as many thick in some places.

I stood still an hour, or thereabouts, without trespassing on our orders, for so long the caravan was in passing the gate; I say, I stood

still an hour to look at it, on every side, near, and far off, I mean, what was within my view; and the guide of our caravan, who had been extolling it for the wonder of the world, was mighty eager to hear my opinion of it. I told him it was a most excellent thing to keep off the Tartars, which he happened not to understand as I meant it, and so took it for a compliment: but the old pilot laughed. "O Seignior Inglese," said he, "you speak in colours." "In colours!" said I, "what do you mean by that?" "Why you speak what looks white this way, and black that way; gay one way, and dull another way: you tell him it is a good wall to keep out Tartars; you tell me, by that, it is good for nothing but to keep out Tartars; or, will keep out none but Tartars. I understand you, Seignior Inglese, I understand you," said he, joking; "but Seignior Chinese understands you his own way."

"Well," said I, "Seignior, do you think it would stand out an army of our country people, with a good train of artillery; or our engineers, with two companies of miners? Would they not batter it down in ten days, that an army might enter in battalia, or blow it up into the air, foundation and all, that there should be no sign of it left?" "Ay, ay," said he, "I know that." The Chinese wanted mightily to know what I said, and I gave him leave to tell him a few days after, for we were then almost out of their country, and he was to leave us in a little time afterwards; but when he knew what I had said, he was dumb all the rest of the way, and we heard no more of his fine story of the Chinese power and greatness while he staid.

After we had passed this mighty nothing, called a wall, something like the Picts wall, so famous in Northumberland, and built by the Romans, we began to find the country thinly inhabited, and the people rather confined to live in fortified towns and cities, as being subject to the inroads and depredations of the Tartars, who rob in great armies, and therefore are not to be resisted by the naked inhabitants of an open country.

And here I began to find the necessity of keeping together in a caravan, as we travelled; for we saw several troops of Tartars roving about; but when I came to see them distinctly, I wondered how that the Chinese empire could be conquered by such contemptible fellows; for they are a mere herd or crowd of wild fellows, keeping no order, and understanding no discipline, or manner of fight.

We travelled near a month after this, the ways being not so good as at first, though still in the dominions of the Emperor of China; but lay, for the most part, in villages, some of which were fortified, because of the incursions of the Tartars. When we came to one of these towns (it was about two days and a half's journey before we were

to come to the city of Naum), I wanted to buy a camel, of which there are plenty to be sold all the way upon that road, and of horses also, such as they are, because so many caravans coming that way, they are very often wanted. The person that I spoke to to get me a camel, would have gone and fetched it for me; but I, like a fool, must be officious, and go myself along with him. The place was about two miles out of the village, where, it seems, they kept the camels and horses feeding under a guard.

I walked in on foot, with my old pilot in company, and a Chinese, being desirous, forsooth, of a little variety. When we came to this place, it was a low marshy ground, walled round with a stone wall, piled up dry, without mortar or earth among it, like a park, with a little guard of Chinese soldiers at the doors. Having bought a camel, and agreed for the price, I came away; and the Chinese man that went with me led the camel, when on a sudden came up five Tartars on horseback; two of them seized the fellow, and took the camel from him, while the other three stepped up to me and my old pilot; seeing us, as it were, unarmed, for I had no weapon about me but my sword, which could but ill defend me against three horsemen. The first that came up stopped short upon my drawing my sword (for they are arrant cowards); but a second coming upon my left, gave me a blow on the head, which I never felt till afterwards, and wondered, when I came to myself, what was the matter with me, and where I was, for he laid me flat on the ground; but my never-failing old pilot, the Portuguese (so providence, unlooked for, directs deliverances from dangers which to us are unforeseen), had a pistol in his pocket, which I knew nothing of, nor the Tartars neither; if they had, I suppose they would not have attacked us; but cowards are always boldest when there is no danger.

The old man, seeing me down, with a bold heart stepped up to the fellow that had struck me, and laying hold of his arm with one hand, and pulling him down by main force a little towards him with the other, he shot him into the head, and laid him dead on the spot; he then immediately stepped up to him who had stopped us, as I said, and before he could come forward again (for it was all done as it were in a moment) made a blow at him with a scymitar, which he always wore, but missing the man, cut his horse into the side of his head, cut one of his ears off by the root, and a great slice down the side of his face. The poor beast, enraged with the wounds, was no more to be governed by his rider, though, the fellow sat well enough too; but away he flew, and carried him quite out of the pilot's reach; and at some distance, rising upon his hind legs, threw down the Tartar, and fell upon him.

In this interval the poor Chinese came in, who had lost the camel, but he had no weapon; however, seeing the Tartar down, and his

horse fallen upon him, he runs to him, and seizing upon an ugly ill-favoured weapon he had by his side, something like a pola-axe, but not a pole-axe either, he wrenched it from him, and made shift to knock his Tartarian brains out with it. But my old man had the third Tartar to deal with still; and, seeing he did not fly as he expected, nor come on to fight him, as he apprehended, but stood stock still, the old man stood still too, and falls to work with his tackle to charge his pistol again; but as soon as the Tartar saw the pistol, whether he supposed it to be the same or another, I know not; but away he scoured, and left my pilot, my champion I called him afterwards, a complete victory. *

By this time I was a little awake; for I thought, when I first began to awake, that I had been in a sweet sleep: but, as I said above, I wondered where I was, how I came upon the ground, and what was the matter: in a word, a few minutes after, as sense returned, I felt pain, though I did not know where; I clapped my hand to my head, and took it away bloody; then I felt my head ache; and then, in another moment, memory returned, and every thing was present to me again.

I jumped up upon my feet instantly, and got hold of my sword, but no enemies in view. I found a Tartar lie dead, and his horse standing very quietly by him; and looking further, I saw my champion and deliverer, who had been to see what the Chinese had done, coming back with his hanger in his hand. The old man, seeing me on my feet, came running to me, and embraced me with a great deal of joy, being afraid before that I had been killed; and seeing me bloody, would see how I was hurt; but it was not much, only what we call a broken head; neither did I afterwards find any great inconvenience from the blow, other than the place which was hurt, and which was well again in two or three days.

We made no great gain, however, by this victory; for we lost a camel, and gained a horse: but that which was remarkable, when we came back to the village, the man demanded to be paid for the camel; I disputed it, and it was brought to a hearing before the Chinese judge of the place; that is to say, in English, we went before a justice of the peace. Give him his due, he acted with a great deal of prudence and impartiality; and having heard both sides, he gravely asked the Chinese man that went with me to buy the camel, whose servant he was? "I am no servant," said he, "but went with the stranger." "At whose request?" said the justice. "At the stranger's request," said he. "Why then," said the justice, "you were the stranger's servant for the time; and the camel being delivered to his servant, it was delivered to him, and he must pay for it."

I confess the thing was so clear, that I had not a word to say; but

admiring to see such just reasoning upon the consequence, and so accurate stating the case, I paid willingly for the camel, and sent for another: but you may observe, I sent for it; I did not go to fetch it myself any more; I had enough of that

The city of Naum is a frontier of the Chinese empire: they call it fortified, and so it is, as fortifications go there; for this I will venture to affirm, that all the Tartars in Karakathay, which, I believe, are some millions, could not batter down the walls with their bows and arrows; but to call it strong, if it were attacked with cannon, would be to make those who understand it laugh at you

We wanted, as I said, above two days' journey of this city, when messengers were sent express to every part of the road, to tell all travellers and caravans to halt, till they had a guard sent to them; for that an unusual body of Tartars, making ten thousand in all, had appeared in the way, about thirty miles beyond the city.

This was very bad news to travellers; however, it was carefully done of the governor, and we were very glad to hear we should have a guard. Accordingly, two days after, we had 200 soldiers sent us from a garrison of the Chinese on our left, and three hundred more from the city of Naum, and with those we advanced boldly: the three hundred soldiers from Naum marched in our front, the two hundred in our rear, and our men on each side of our camels with our baggage, and the whole caravan in the centre: in this order, and well prepared for battle, we thought ourselves a match for the whole ten thousand Mogul Tartars, if they had appeared; but the next day, when they did appear, it was quite another thing.

It was early in the morning, when marching from a little well situated town, called Changu, we had a river to pass, where we were obliged to ferry; and had the Tartars had any intelligence, then had been the time to have attacked us, when, the caravan being over, the rear-guard was behind; but they did not appear there.

About three hours after, when we were entered upon a desert of about fifteen or sixteen miles over, behold, by a cloud of dust they raised, we saw an enemy was at hand; and they were at hand indeed, for they came on upon the spur.

The Chinese, our guard on the front, who had talked so big the day before, began to stagger, and the soldiers frequently looked behind them; which is a certain sign in a soldier; that he is just ready to run away. My old pilot was of my mind; and being near me, he called out: "Seignior Inglese," said he, "those fellows must be encouraged, or they will ruin us all; for if the Tartars come on, they will never stand it." "I am of your mind," said I, "but what course must be done?" "Done," said he, "let fifty of our men advance, and flank them on each wing, and encourage them, and they will fight like brave

fellows in brave company; but without it, they will every man turn his back." Immediately I rode up to our leader, and told him, who was exactly of our mind; and accordingly fifty of us marched to the right wing, and fifty to the left, and the rest made a line of reserve; for so we marched, leaving the last two hundred men to make another body to themselves, and to guard the camels; only that, if need were, they should send an hundred men to assist the last fifty.

In a word, the Tartars came on, and an innumerable company they were; how many, we could not tell, but ten thousand we thought was the least. A party of them came on first, and viewed our posture, traversing the ground in front of our line; and as we found them within gunshot, our leader ordered the two wings to advance swiftly, and give them a salvo on each wing with their shot, which was done; but they went off, and I suppose went back to give an account of the reception they were like to meet with; and, indeed, that salute clogged their stomachs; for they immediately halted, stood awhile to consider of it, and, wheeling off to the left, they gave over the design, and said no more to us for that time; which was very agreeable to our circumstances, which were but very indifferent for a battle with such a number.

Two days after this we came to the city of Naum, or Naunm: we thanked the governor for his care for us, and collected to the value of 100 crowns, or thereabouts, which we gave to the soldiers sent to guard us; and here we rested one day. This is a garrison indeed, and there were nine hundred soldiers kept here; but the reason of it was, that formerly the Muscovite frontiers lay fierer to them than they do now, the Muscovites having abandoned that part of the country (which lies from the city west, for about two hundred miles) as desolate and unfit for use; and more especially, being so very remote, and so difficult to send troops hither for its defence; for we had yet above two thousand miles to Muscovy, properly so called.

After this we passed several great rivers, and two dreadful deserts, one of which we were sixteen days passing over, and which, as I said, was to be called No Man's Land; and on the 13th of April, we came to the frontiers of the Muscovite dominions. I think the first city, or town, or fortress, whatever it might be called, that belonged to the Czar of Muscovy, was called Argun, being on the west side of the river Argun.

CHINESE ARCHITECTURE

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

(As an Introduction to Sir William Chambers' *Chinese Architecture*)

IT is difficult to avoid praising too little or too much. The boundless panegyrics which have been lavished upon the Chinese learning, policy, and arts, shew with what power novelty attracts regard, and how naturally esteem swells into admiration. I am far from desiring to be numbered among the exaggerators of Chinese excellence. I consider them as great, or wise, only in comparison with the nations that surround them, and have no intention to place them in competition either with the antients or with the moderns of this part of the world; yet they must be allowed to claim our notice as a distinct and very singular race of men: as the inhabitants of a region divided by its situation from all civilised countries, who have formed their own manners, and invented their own arts, without the assistance of example.

(1783)

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M.¹ was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry ante-

diluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand, Miich less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

" You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fife, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say? "

" O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste--O Lord"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off! till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself/ which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and" they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in

every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in the process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditice*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prceludjum*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one, he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stQppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for'a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling fefuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest to take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domicilate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very cox-combry of charity school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing old grey imposter.

Our ancestors were nice in their methods of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline has gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely), what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) super-added a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But,

banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

CHINA

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

WHAT nation is it, beyond all that ever have played a part on this stage of Earth, which ought, supposing its vision cleansed for the better appreciation of things and persons, to feel itself primarily interested in these Grecian denunciations? What other than China? When Coleridge, in lyric fury, apostrophised his mother-country in terms of hyperbolic wrath, almost of frenzy—

" The nations hate thee! "

every person who knew him was aware that in this savage denunciation he was simply obeying the blind impulse of momentary partisanship; and nobody laughed more heartily than Coleridge himself, some few moons later, at his own violence.

But *in* the case of China, this apostrophe—*The nations hate thee!*—would pass by acclamation, without needing the formality of a vote. Such has been the inhuman insolence of this vilest and silliest amongst nations towards the whole household of man, that (upon the same principle as governs our sympathy with the persons and incidents of a novel or a drama) we are pledged to a moral detestation of all who can be supposed to have participated in the constant explosions of unprovoked contumely to ourselves. A man who should profess esteem for Shakespeare's Iago, would himself become an object of disgust and suspicion. Yet Iago is but a fabulous agent; it was but a dream in which he played so diabolic a part. But the offending Chinese not only supported that flesh-and-blood existence which Iago had not, but also are likely (which Iago is not, in any man's dreams) to repeat their atrocious insolences as often as opportunities offer. Our business at present with the Chinese is—to speculate a little upon the Future immediately before us, so far as it is sure to be coloured by the known dispositions of that people, and so far as it ought to be coloured by changes in our inter-relations, dictated by our improved knowledge of the case, and by that larger experience of Chinese character which has been acquired since our last treaty with their

treacherous executive. Meantime, for one moment let us fix our attention upon a remarkable verification of the old saying adopted by Southey, that "curses come home to roost." Two centuries have elapsed, and something more, since our national expansion brought us into a painful necessity of connecting ourselves with the conceited and most ignorant inhabitants of China. From the very first our connection had its foundations laid in malignity; so far as the Chinese were concerned, in affected disdain, and in continual outbreaks of brutal inhospitality. That we should have reconciled ourselves to such treatment, formed, indeed, one-half of that apology which might have been pleaded on behalf of the Chinese. But why, then, *did* we reconcile ourselves? Simply for a reason which offers the other half of the apology—namely, that no thoroughly respectable section of the English nation ever presented itself at Canton in those early days as candidates for any share in so humiliating a commerce. On reviewing that memorable fact, we must acknowledge that it offers some inadequate excuse on behalf of the Chinese. They had seen nothing whatever of our national grandeur; nothing of our power; of our enlightened and steadfast constitutional system; of our good faith; of our magnificent and ancient literature; of our colossal charities and provision for every form of human calamity; of our insurance system, which so vastly enlarged our moneyed power; of our facilities for combining and using the powers of all (as in our banks the money of all) common purposes; of our mighty shipping interest; of our docks, arsenals, lighthouses, manufactories, private or national. Much beside there was that they could not have understood, so that not to have seen it was of small moment; but these material and palpable indications of power and antiquity, even Chinamen, even Changs and Fungs, Chungs and Fungs, could have appreciated; yet all these noble monuments of wisdom and persevering energy they had seen absolutely not at all. And the men of our nation who had resorted to Canton were too few at any time to suggest an impression of national greatness. Numerically, we must have seemed a mere vagrant tribe; and, as the Chinese even in 1851, and in the council-chamber of the emperor, settled it as the most plausible hypothesis that the English people had no territorial home, but made a shift (like some birds) to float upon the sea in fine weather, and in rougher seasons to run for "holes," upon the whole, we English are worse off than are the naked natures that affront the elements:—

" If on windy days the raven
 Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven
 On the bosom of a cliff.

"Though almost with eagle pinion
 O'er the rocks the chamois roam,
 Yet he has some small dominion
 Which no doubt he calls his home."

Yes, no doubt. But, worse off than all these—than sea-horse, raven, chamois—the Englishman, it seems, of Chinese ethnography has not a home, except in crevices of rocks. What are we to think of that nation, which by its supreme councils could accredit such follies? We in fact suffer from the same cause, a thousand-fold exaggerated, as that which injured the French in past times amongst ourselves. Up to the time when Voltaire came twice to England, no Frenchman of eminence, or distinguished talents, had ever found a sufficient motive for resisting his home-loving indolence so far as to pay us a visit. The *court* had been visited in the days of James I by Sully; in those of Charles II by De Grammont; but the nation for itself, and with an honourable enthusiasm, first of all by Voltaire. What was the consequence? No Frenchman ever coming amongst us—except (1) as a cook; (2) as a hair-dresser; (3) as a dancing-master—was it unnatural in the English to appreciate the French nation accordingly?—

"*Paulum sepultce distat inertice
 Celata virtus.*"

What they showed us, *that*, in commercial phrase, we carried to their account; what they gave, for *that* we credited them; and it was unreasonable to complain of *our* injustice in a case where so determinately they were unjust to themselves. Not until lately have we in England done any justice to the noble qualities of our French neighbours. But yet, for this natural result of the intercourse between us, the French have to thank themselves. With Canton the case was otherwise. Nobody having freedom could be expected to visit such a dog-kennel, where all alike were muzzled, and where the neutral ground for exercise measured about fifteen pocket-handkerchiefs. Accordingly, the select few who had it *not* in their power to stay away, proclaimed themselves *ipso facto* as belonging to that class of persons who are willing to purchase the privilege of raising a fortune at any price, and through any sacrifice of dignity, personal or national. Almost excusably, therefore, the British were confounded for a time with the Portuguese and the Dutch, who had notoriously practised sychophantic arts, carried to shocking extremities. The first person who taught the astonished Chinese what difference might happen to lurk between nation and nation was Lord Anson—not yet a lord; in fact, a simple commodore, and in a crazy old hulk; but who,

in that same superannuated ship, had managed to plough up the timbers of the Acapulco galleon, though by repute bullet-proof, and eventually to make prize of considerably more than half-a-million sterling for himself and his crew. Having accomplished this little feat, the commodore was not likely to put much value on the "crockery ware" (as he termed the forts) of the Chinese. Not come, however, upon any martial mission, he confined himself to so much of warlike demonstration as sufficed for his own immediate purposes. To place our Chinese establishments upon a more dignified footing was indeed a most urgent work; but work for councils more deliberate, and for armaments on a far larger scale. As regarded the present, such was the vast distance between Canton and Peking, that there was no time for this Anson aggression to reach the ears of the emperor's council, before all had passed off. It was but a momentary typhoon, that thoroughly frightened the flowery people, but was gone before it could influence their policy. By a pleasant accident, the Manilla treasure, captured by Anson, was passing in waggons in the rear of St. James's Palace during the natal hour of the Prince of Wales (George IV); consequently we are within sight, chronologically, of the period which will round the century dated from Lord Anson's assault. Within that century is comprised all that has ever been done by war or by negotiation to bring down upon their knees this ultra-gasconading, but also ultra-pusillanimous, nation. Some thirty and more years after the Anson skirmish, it was resolved that the best way to give weight and splendour to our diplomatic overtures was by a solemn embassy, headed by a man of rank. At that time the East India Company had a monopoly interest in the tea trade of Canton, as subsequently in the opium trade. What we had to ask from the Chinese was generally so reasonable, and so indispensable to the establishment of our national name upon any footing of equality, that it ought not for a moment to have been tolerated as any subject for debate.

With a government capable of frauds like these, and a people (at least in the mandarin class) trained through centuries to a conformity of temper with their government, we shall find, in the event of any more extended intercourse with China, the greatest difficulty in maintaining the just equation of rank and privilege. But the difficulty as regards the people of the two nations promises to be a trifle by comparison with that which besets the relations between the two crowns. We came to know something more circumstantially about this question during the second decennium of this nineteenth century. The unsatisfactoriness of our social position had suggested the necessity of a second embassy. Probably it was simply an accidental difference in

the temper of those forming at that time the imperial council, which caused the ceremonial *ko-tou* of court presentation to be debated with so much more of rancorous bigotry. Lord Amherst was now the ambassador, a man of spirit and dignity, to whom the honour of his country might have been safely confided, had he stood in a natural and intelligible position; but it was the inevitable curse of an ambassador to Peking, that his official station had contradictory aspects, and threw him upon incompatible duties. His first duty was to his country; and nobody, in so many words, denied *that*. But this patriotic duty, though a *conditio sine qua non* for his diplomatic functions, and a perpetual restraint upon their exercise, was not the true and efficient *cause* of his mission. That lay in the commercial interests of a great company. This secondary duty was clearly his paramount duty, as regarded good sense of the situation. Yet the other was his paramount duty, as regarded the sanctity of its obligation, and the impossibility of compromising it by so much as the shadow of a doubt or the tremor of a hesitation. Nevertheless, Lord Amherst was plied with secret whispers (more importunate than the British public knew) from the East India Company, suggesting that it was childish to lay too much stress of a purely ceremonial usage, of no more weight than a bow or a curtsy, and which pledged neither himself nor his country to any consequences. But, in its own nature, the homage was that of a slave. Genuflections, prostrations, and knockings of the ground nine times with the forehead, were not modes of homage to be asked from the citizen of a free state, far less from that citizen when acting as the acknowledged representative of that state.

For one moment, let us pause to review this hideous degradation of human nature which has always disgraced the East. That no Asiatic state has ever debarbarised itself, is evident from the condition of WOMAN at this hour all over Asia, and from this very abject form of homage, which already in the days of Darius and Xerxes we find established, and extorted from the compatriots of Miltiades and Themistocles.

It has not been observed, so far as we know, that it was Peter I of Russia, vulgarly called Peter the Great, who prepared for us that fierce necessity of conflict, past and yet to come, through which we British, standing alone—but henceforth, we may hope, energetically supported by the United States, if not by France—have, on behalf of the whole western nations, victoriously resisted the arrogant pretensions of the East. About four years after the death of our Queen Anne, Peter despatched from St. Petersburg (his new capital, yet raw and unfinished), a very elaborate embassy to Peking, by a route which measured at least ten thousand versts; or, in English miles, about two*

thirds of that distance. It was, in fact, a vast caravan, or train of caravans, moving so slowly that it occupied sixteen calendar months in the journey. Peter was by natural disposition a bully. Offering outrages of every kind upon the slightest impulse, no man was so easily frightened into a retreat and abject concessions as this drunken prince. He had at the very time of this embassy submitted tamely to a most atrocious injury from the eastern side of the Caspian. The Khan of Khiva—a place since made known to us all as the foulest of murdering dens—had seduced by perfidy the credulous little army despatched by Peter into quarters so widely scattered, that with little difficulty he had there massacred nearly the whole force; about three or four hundreds out of so many thousands being all that had recovered their vessels on the Caspian. This atrocity Peter had pocketed, and apparently found his esteem for the khan greatly increased by such an instance of energy. He was now meditating by this great Peking embassy two objects: first, the ordinary objects of a trading mission, together with the adjustment of several disputes affecting the Russian frontier towards Chinese Tartary and Thibet; but, secondly, and more earnestly, the privilege of having a resident minister at the capital of the Chinese emperor. This last purpose was connected with an evil result for all the rest of Christendom. It is well known to all who have taken any pains in studying the Chinese temper and character, that obstinacy—obstinacy like that of mules—is one of its foremost features. And it is also known, by a multiplied experience, that the very greatest importance attaches in Chinese estimate to the initial movement. Once having conceded a point, you need not hope to recover your lost ground. The Chinese are, as may easily be read in their official papers and acts, intellectually a very imbecile people; and their peculiar style of obstinacy is often found in connection with a feeble brain, and also (though it may seem paradoxical) with a feeble moral energy. Apparently, a secret feeling of their own irresolution throws them for a vicarious support upon a mechanic "resource of artificial obstinacy. This peculiar constitution of character it was, on the part of the Chinese, which gave such vast importance to what might now be done by the Russian ambassador. Who was he? He was called M. de Ismaeloff, an officer in the Russian guards, and somewhat of a favourite with the czar. What impressed so deep a value upon this gentleman's acts at this special moment was, that a great crisis had now arisen from the appraisal of the Christian nations. None hitherto had put forward any large or ostentatious display of their national pretensions. Generally for the scale of rank as amongst the Chinese, who know nothing of Europe, they stood much upon the casual proportions of their commerce, and in a small degree upon old concessions of some past Chinese ruler, or upon occasional en-

croachments that had become settled through lapse of time. But in the East all things masqueraded and belied the home character. Popish peoples were, at times, the firmest allies of bigoted Protestants; and the Dutch, that in Europe had played the noblest of parts as the feeble (yet eventually the triumphant) asserters of national rights, everywhere in Asia, through mean jealousy of England, had become but a representative word for hellish patrons of slavery and torture.[^] All was confusion between the two scapes of appreciation, domestic and foreign, European and Asiatic. But now was coming one that would settle all this in a transcendent way ; for Russia would carry in her train, and compromise by her decision, most of the other Christian states. The very frontier line of Russia, often conterminous with that of China, and the sixteen months' journey, furnished in themselves exponents of the Russian grandeur. China needed no interpreter for *that*. She herself was great in pure virtue of her bigness. But here was a brother bigger than herself. We have known and witnessed the case where a bully, whom it was found desirable to eject from a coffee-room, upon opening the window for that purpose, was found too big to pass, and also nearly too heavy to raise, unless by machinery; so that in the issue the bully maintained his ground by virtue of his tonnage. That was really the case oftentimes of China. Russia seemed to stand upon the same basis of right as to aggression. China, therefore, understood her, and admired her; but for all *that* meant to make a handle of her. She judged that Russia, in coming with so much pomp, had something to ask. So had China. China, during that long period when M. de Ismaeloff was painfully making his way across the steppes of Asia, had leisure to think what it was that she would ask, and through what temptation she would ask it. There was little room for doubting. Russia, being incomparably the biggest potentate in Christendom (for as yet the United States had no existence), seemed, therefore, to the Chinese mind the greatest, and virtually to include all the rest. What Russia did, the rest would do. M. de Ismaeloff meant doubtless to ask for something. No matter what it might be, he should have it. At length the ambassador arrived. All his trunks were unpacked; and then M. de Ismaeloff unpacked to the last wrapper his own little request. The feeble-minded are generally cunning; and therefore it was that the Chinese council did not at once say yes, but pretended to find great difficulties in the request, which was simply to arrange some disorders on the frontier, but chiefly to allow of a *permanent* ambassador from the czar taking up his residence at Peking. At last this demand was granted—but granted conditionally. And what now might be the little condition? "O, my dear fellow—between you and me, such old friends," said the Chinese minister, "a bauble not worth speaking of; would you oblige

me, when presented to the emperor, by knocking that handsome head of yours nine times—that is, you know, three times three—against the floor? I would take it very kindly of you; and the floor is padded to prevent contusions." Ismaeloff pondered till the next day; but on that next day he said, "I will do it"—"Do what, my friend?"—"I will knock my forehead nine times against the padded floor," Mr. Bell of Antermomy (which at times, he writes Auchtermomy), accompanied the Russian Ambassador, as a leading person in his suite. A considerable section of his travels is occupied with this embassy. But, perhaps from private regard to the ambassador, whose character suffers so much by this transaction, we do not recollect that he tells us in so many words of this Russian concession. But, M. de Lange, a Swedish officer, subsequently employed by the Czar Peter, does. A solemn court-day was held. M. de Ismaeloff attended. Thither came the allegada or Chinese prime minister; thither came the ambassador's friends and acquaintances; thither came, as having the official *entree*, the ambassador's friend Hum-Hum, and also his friend Bug-Bug; and, when all is said and done, this truth is undeniable—that there and then (namely, in the imperial city of Peking, and in Anno Domini 1720), M. de Ismaeloff did knock his forehead nine times against the floor of the Tartar Khan's palace. M. de Lange's report on this matter has been published separately; neither has the fact of the prostration and the forehead-knockings to the amount of nine ever been called in question,

Now, it will be asked, did Ismaeloff absolutely consent to elongate himself on the floor, as if preparing to take a swim, and then knock his forehead repeatedly, as if weary of life—somebody counting all the while with a stop watch, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on? Did he do all this without capitulating—that is, stipulating for some ceremonial return upon the part of the Chinese? O no; the Russian ambassador, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and our own at the end of it, both bargained for equal terms; and here are the terms: The Russians had, with good faith, and through all its nine sections, executed the *ko-tou*: and he stipulated, before he did this, that any Chinese seeking a presentation to the czar, should, in coming to St. Petersburg, go through exactly the same ceremony. The Chinese present all replied with good faith, though doubtless stifling a little laughter, that *when* they or any of them should come to St. Petersburg, the *ko-tou* should be religiously performed. The English lords, on the other hand—Lord Macartney, and subsequently Lord Amherst—declined the *ko-tou*, but were willing to make profound obeisances to the emperor, provided these obeisances were simultaneously addressed by a high mandarin to the portrait of George III. In both cases a man is shocked: by the perfidy of the Chinese in offering, by

the folly of the Christian envoys in accepting, a mockery so unmeaning. Certainly the English case is better; our envoy escaped the degradation of the *ko-tou*, and obtained a shadow; he paid less, and he got in exchange what many would think more. Homage paid to a picture, when counted against homage paid to a living man, is but a shadow; yet a shadow wears some semblance of a reality. But, on the other hand, for the Russian who submitted to an abject degradation, under no hope of any equivalent, except in a contingency that was notoriously impossible, the mockery was full of insult. The Chinese do not travel; by the laws of China they cannot leave the country. None but starving and desperate men ever *do* leave the country. All the Chinese emigrants now in Australia, and the great body at this time quitting California, in order to evade the pressure of American laws against them, are liable to very severe punishment (probably to decapitation) on re-entering China. Had Ismaeloff known what a scornful jest the emperor and his council were enacting at his expense, probably he would have bamboozed some of these honourable gentlemen, on catching them within the enclosed court of his private residence.

However, in a very circuitous way, Ismaeloff *has* had his revenge; for the first step in that retribution which we described as overtaking the Chinese was certainly taken by him. Russia, according to Chinese ideas of greatness, is the greatest (that is, broadest and longest) of Christian states. Yet, being such, she has taken her dose of *ko-tou*. It followed, then, *a fortiori*, that Great Britain should take *hers*. Into this logic China was misled by Ismaeloff. The English were waited for. Slowly the occasions arrived; and it was found by the Chinese, first, doubtfully, secondly beyond all doubt, that the *ko-tou* would not do. The game was up. Out of this catastrophe, and the wrath that followed it, grew ultimately the opium-frenzy of Lin, the mad Commissioner of Canton; then the vengeance which followed; next the war, and the miserable defeats of the Chinese. All this followed out of the attempts to enforce the *ko-tou*, which attempt never would have been made but for the encouragement derived from Ismaeloff, the ambassador of so great a power as Russia. But finally, to complete the great retribution, the war has left behind, among other dreadful consequences, the ruin of their army. In the official correspondence of a great officer with the present emperor, reporting the events of the Tae-ping rebellion, it is repeatedly declared that the royal troops will not fight, run away upon the slightest pretext, and in fact have been left bankrupt in hope and spirit by the results of their battles with the British. Concurrently with this ruin of the army, the avowed object of this great rebellion is to *exterminate* the reigning dynasty; and, if that event should be accomplished, then the whole of this ruin will

have been due exclusively to its memorable insolence (the demoniac *hybris* of Greek tragedy) towards ourselves. Should, on the other hand, the Tae-ping rebellion, which has now stood its ground for five years, be finally crushed, not the less an enormous revolution—possibly a greater revolution—will then have been accomplished in China, virtually our own work; and fortunately it will not be in our power to retreat, as hitherto, in a false spirit of forbearance, from the great duties which will await us. The Tae-ping faction, however, though deadly and tiger-like in the spirit of its designs, offers but one element among many that are now fermenting in the bosom of Chinese society. We British, as Mr. Meadows informs us {*the Chinese and their rebellions*), were regarded by the late emperor—by him who conducted the war against us—as the instruments employed "by Heaven" for executing judgment on his house. He was in the right to think so; and our hope is that in a very few years we shall proclaim ourselves through Southern Asia as even more absolutely the destroyers of the wicked government which dared to promote and otherwise to reward that child of hell who actually *flayed alive* the unhappy Mr. Stead. That same government passed over without displeasure the similar atrocity of the man who decapitated nearly two hundred persons—white, brown, and black, but all subjects of Great Britain, and all confessedly and necessarily unoffending, as being simply shipwrecked passengers thrown on the shore of China from the "Nerbudda" Indiaman. That same government gave titles, money, and decorations, to a most cowardly officer, on the sole assumption (whether simply false or only exaggerated) that he had secretly poisoned one thousand British troops stationed in the island of Chusan.

A dreadful echo lingers on the air from our past dealings with the Chinese—an echo from the cry of innocent blood shed many years ago by us British adulterating wickedly with Chinese wickedness. -Not Chinese blood it is that cries from the earth for vengeance, but blood of our own dependant, a poor humble serving man, whom we British were bound to have protected, but whom, in a spirit of timid and sordid servility to Cantonese insolence, we, trembling for our Factory, menaced by that same wicked mob that even now is too likely to win a triumph over us, and coerced by the agents of the East India Company (always upright and noble in its Indian—always timid and cringing in its Chinese policy), surrendered to the Moloch that demanded him. The case was this: Always, as against aliens, the Chinese have held the infamous doctrine that the intention, the motive, signifies nothing. If you, being a foreigner, should, by the bursting of your rifle, most unwillingly cause the death of a Chinese, you must die. Luckily we have, since 1841, cudgelled them out of this hellish doctrine; but such was the doctrine up to 1840. Whilst this law prevailed

—namely, in 1784—an elderly Portuguese gunner, on board a Chinaman of ours lying close to Whampoa, was *ordered* to fire a salute in honour of the tlay, which happened to be June 4, the birthday of George III. The case was an extreme one; for the gunner was not firing a musket or a pistol for his own amusement, but a ship's gun under positive orders. It happened, however, that some wretched Chinese was killed. Immediately followed the usual insolent demand for the unfortunate gunner. Some resistance was made; some disputing and wrangling followed; the Mephistopheles governor looking on with a smile of deadly derision. A life was what he wanted—blood was what he howled for: *whose* life, *whose* blood, was nothing to him. Settle it amongst yourselves, said he to the *gentlemen* of the Factory. They *did* settle it: the poor, passive gunner, who had been obliged to obey, was foully surrendered—was murdered by the Chinese, under British connivance; and things appeared to fall back into their old track.

Since then our commerce has leaped forward by memorable expansions. I that write these words am not superstitious; but this one superstition has ever haunted me—that foundations laid in the blood of innocent men are not likely to prosper.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

BY far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state: this namely, that they do attempt to make their Men of Letters their Governors. It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very unsuccessful; yet a small degree of success is precious; the very attempt how precious. There does seem to be, all over China a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for everyone: a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves—forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the Official Persons, and incipient Governors, are taken. These are they whom they try first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope: for they are the men that have already shown intellect. Try them: they have not governed or administered

as yet; perhaps they cannot; but there is no doubt they have some Understanding—without which no man can. Neither is Understanding a tool, as we are too apt to figure; "it is a hand which can handle any tool." Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying. Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one's scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs: this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noblehearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get him for governor, all is got; fail to get him, though you had Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got.

These things look strange, truly; and are not such as we commonly speculate upon. But we are fallen into strange times; these things will require to be speculated upon; to be rendered practicable, to be in some way put in practice. These, and many others. On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old Empire of Routine has ended; that to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay, are fallen into incompetence; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been. When millions of men can no longer by their utmost exertion gain food for themselves, and "the third man for thirty-six weeks each year is short of third-rate potatoes," the things which have been must decidedly prepare to alter themselves. I will now quit this of the organisation of Men of Letters.

ON LIBERTY

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873)

IT is not progress that we object to; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we are the most progressive people who ever lived. It is individuality that we war against: we should think we had done wonders if we had made ourselves all alike; forgetting that the unlikeness of one person to another is generally the first thing which draws the attention of either to the imperfection of his own type, and the superiority of another, or the possibility, by combining the advantages of both, of producing something better than either. We have a warning example in China—a nation of much talent, and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been

provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers. They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing, as far as possible, the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honour and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world. On the contrary, they have become stationary—have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at—in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules; and these are the fruits. The modern regime of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them, which, when it exists, exists as the effect, not as the cause; but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another: they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who travelled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. Europe is, in my judgment, wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and many-sided development. But it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree. It is decidedly advancing towards the Chinese ideal of making all people alike.

GENERAL GORDON

LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-1932)

DURING the year 1883 a solitary English gentleman was to be seen, wandering, with a thick book under his arm, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. His unassuming figure, short and slight, with its half-gliding, half-tripping motion, gave him a boyish aspect, which contrasted, oddly, but not unpleasantly, with the touch of gray on his hair and whiskers. There was the same contrast—enigmatic and attractive—between the sunburnt brick-red complexion—the hue of the seasoned traveller—and the large blue eyes, with their look of almost childish sincerity. To the friendly inquirer, he would explain, in a low, soft, and very distinct voice, that he was engaged in elucidating four questions—the site of the crucifixion, the line of division between the tribes of Benjamin and Judah, the identification of Gibeon, and the position of the Garden of Eden. He was also, he would add, most anxious to discover the spot where the Ark first touched ground, after the subsidence of the Flood: he believed, indeed, that he had solved that problem, as a reference to some passages in the book which he was carrying would show.

This singular person was General Gordon, and his book was the Holy Bible.

In such complete retirement from the world and the ways of men, it might have seemed that a life of inordinate activity had found at last a longed-for, a final peacefulness. For month after month, for an entire year, the General lingered by the banks of the Jordan. But then the enchantment was suddenly broken. Once more adventure claimed him; he plunged into the whirl of high affairs; his fate was mingled with the frenzies of Empire and the doom of peoples. And it was not in peace and rest, but in ruin and horror, that he reached his end.

The circumstances of that tragic history, so famous, so bitterly debated, so often and so controversially described, remain full of suggestion for the curious examiner of the past. There emerges from those obscure, unhappy records an interest, not merely political and historical but human and dramatic. One catches a vision of strange characters, moved by mysterious impulses, interacting in queer complication, and hurrying at last—so it almost seems—like creatures in a puppet show to a predestined catastrophe. The characters, too, have a charm of their own: they are curiously English. What other nation on the face of the earth could have produced Mr. Gladstone and Sir Evelyn Baring and Lord Harrington and General Gordon?

Alike in their emphasis and their lack of emphasis, in their eccentricity and their conventionality, in their matter-of-factness and their romance, these four figures seem to embody the mingling contradictions of the English spirit. As for the *mise-en-scene*, it is perfectly appropriate. But first let us glance at the earlier adventures of the hero of the piece.

Charles George Gordon was born in 1833. His father, of Highland and military descent, was himself a Lieutenant-General; his mother came of a family of merchants, distinguished for their sea-voyages into remote regions of the Globe. As a boy, Charlie was remarkable for his high spirits, pluck, and love of mischief. Destined for the Artillery he was sent to the Academy at Woolwich, where some other characteristics made their appearance. On one occasion, when the cadets had been forbidden to leave the dining-room and the senior corporal stood with outstretched arms in the doorway to prevent their exit, Charlie Gordon put his head down, and, butting the officer in the pit of the stomach, projected him down a flight of stairs and through a glass door at the bottom. For this act of insubordination he was nearly dismissed; while the Captain of his Company predicted that he would never make an officer. A little later, when he was eighteen, it came to the knowledge of the authorities that bullying was rife at the Academy. The new-comers were questioned, and one of them said that Charlie Gordon had hit him over the head with a clothes-brush. He had worked well, and his record was on the whole a good one; but the authorities took a serious view of the case, and held back his commission for six months. It was owing to this delay that he went into the Royal Engineers, instead of the Royal Artillery.

He was sent to Pembroke, to work at the erection of fortifications; and at Pembroke those religious convictions, which never afterwards left him, first gained a hold upon his mind. Under the influence of his sister Augusta and of a "very religious captain of the name of Drew," he began to reflect upon his sins, look up texts, and hope for salvation. Though he had never been confirmed—he never was confirmed—he took the sacrament every Sunday; and he eagerly perused the "Priceless Diamond," Scott's "Commentaries," and "The Remains of the Rev. R. McCheyne." "No novels or worldly books," he wrote to his sister, "come up to the 'Commentaries' of Scott. . . . I remember well when you used to get them in numbers, and I used to laugh at them; but, thank God, it is different with me now. I feel much happier and more contented than I used to do. I did not like Pembroke, but now I would not wish for any prettier place. I have got a horse and gig, and Drew and mysqjf drive all about the country. I hope my dear father and mother think of eternal things. . . . Dearest Augusta, pray for me, I beg of you."

He was twenty-one; the Crimean War broke out; and before the year was over he had managed to get himself transferred to Balacava. During the siege of Sebastopol he behaved with conspicuous gallantry. Upon the declaration of peace, he was sent to Bessarabia to assist in determining the frontier between Russia and Turkey, in accordance with the treaty of Paris; and upon this duty he was occupied for nearly two years. Not long after his return home, in 1860, war was declared upon China. Captain Gordon was despatched to the scene of operations, but the fighting was over before he arrived. Nevertheless, he was to remain for the next four years in China, where he was to lay the foundations of an extraordinary renown.

Though he was too late to take part in the capture of the Taku Forts, he was in time to witness the destruction of the Summer Palace at Pekin—the act by which Lord Elgin, in the name of European civilisation, took vengeance upon the barbarism of the East.

The war was over; but the British army remained in the country, until the payment of an indemnity by the Chinese Government was completed. A camp was formed at Tientsin, and Gordon was occupied in setting up huts for the troops. While he was thus engaged, he had a slight attack of small-pox. "I am glad to say," he told his sister, "that this disease has brought me back to my Saviour, and I trust in future to be a better Christian than I have been hitherto."

Curiously enough a similar circumstance had, more than twenty years earlier, brought about a singular succession of events which were now upon the point of opening the way to Gordon's first great adventure. In 1837, a village schoolmaster near Canton had been attacked by illness; and, as in the case of Gordon, illness had been followed by a religious revulsion. Hong-siu-tsuen—for such was his name—saw visions, went into ecstasies, and entered into relations with the Deity. Shortly afterwards he fell in with a Methodist missionary from America, who instructed him in the Christian religion. The new doctrine, working upon the mystical ferment already in Hong's mind, produced a remarkable result. He was, he declared the prophet of God; he was more—he was the Son of God; he was *Tien Wang*, the Celestial king; he was the younger brother of Jesus. The times were propitious, and proselytes soon gathered around him. Having conceived a grudge against the Government, owing to his failure in an examination, Hong gave a political turn to his teaching, which soon developed into a propaganda of rebellion against the rule of the Manchus and the Mandarins. The authorities took fright, attempted to suppress Hong by force, and failed. The movement spread. By 1850 the rebels were over-running the populous and flourishing delta of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and had become a formidable force. In 1853 they captured Nankin, which was henceforth their capital. The *Tien*

Wang established himself in a splendid palace, and proclaimed his new evangel. His theogony included the wife of God, or the celestial Mother, the wife of Jesus, or the celestial daughter-in-law, and a sister of Jesus, whom he married to one of his lieutenants, who thus became the celestial son-in-law; the Holy Ghost, however, was eliminated. His mission was to root out Demons and Manchus from the face of the earth, and to establish *Taiping*, the reign of eternal peace. In the meantime, retiring into the depths of his palace, he left the further conduct of earthly operations to his lieutenants, upon whom he bestowed the title of "Wangs" (kings), while he himself, surrounded by thirty wives and one hundred concubines, devoted his energies to the spiritual side of his mission. The Taiping Rebellion, as it came to be called, had now reached its furthest extent. The rebels were even able to occupy, for more than a year, the semi-European city of Shanghai. But then the tide turned. The latent forces of the Empire gradually asserted themselves. The rebels lost ground, their armies were defeated, and in 1859 Nankin itself was besieged and the Celestial King trembled in his palace. The end seemed to be at hand, when there was a sudden twist of Fortune's wheel. The war of 1860, the invasion of China by European armies, their march into the interior, and their occupation of Peking, not only saved the rebels from destruction but allowed them to recover the greater part of what they had lost. Once more they seized upon the provinces of the delta, once more they menaced Shanghai. It was clear that the imperial army was incompetent, and the Shanghai merchants determined to provide for their own safety as best they could. They accordingly got together a body of troops, partly Chinese and partly European and under European officers, to which they entrusted the defence of the town. This small force, which, after a few preliminary successes received from the Chinese Government the title of the "Ever Victorious Army," was able to hold the rebels at bay, but it could do no more. For two years Shanghai was in constant danger. The Taipings, steadily growing in power, were spreading destruction far and wide. The Ever Victorious Army was the only force capable of opposing them, and the Ever Victorious Army was defeated more often than not. Its first European leader had been killed; his successor quarrelled with the Chinese Governor, Li Hung Chang, and was dismissed. At last it was determined to ask the General at the head of the British army of occupation for the loan of an officer to command the force. The English, who had been at first inclined to favour the Taipings, on religious grounds, were now convinced, on practical grounds, of the necessity of suppressing them. It was in these circumstances that, early in 1863, the command of the Ever Victorious Army was offered to Gordon. He accepted it, received the title of General from the

Chinese authorities, and entered forthwith upon his new task. He was just thirty.

In eighteen months, he told Li Hung Chang, the business would be finished; and he was as good as his word. The difficulties before him were very great. A vast tract of country was in the possession of the rebels—an area, at the lowest estimate, of 14,000 square miles with a population of twenty millions. For centuries this low-lying plain of the Yang-tse delta, rich in silk and tea, fertilised by elaborate irrigation, and covered with great walled cities, had been one of the most flourishing districts in China. Though it was now being rapidly ruined by the depredations of the Taipings, its strategic strength was obviously enormous. Gordon, however, with the eye of a born general, perceived that he could convert the very feature of the country which, on the face of it, most favoured an army on the defence—its complicated geographical system of interlacing roads and waterways, canals, lakes and* rivers—into a means of offensive warfare. The force at his disposal was small, but it was mobile. He had a passion for map-making, and had already, in his leisure hours, made a careful survey of the country round Shanghai; he was thus able to execute a series of manoeuvres which proved fatal to the enemy. By swift marches and counter-marches, by sudden attacks and surprises, above all by the despatch of armed steamboats up the circuitous waterways into positions from which they could fall upon the enemy in reverse, he was able gradually to force back the rebels, to cut them off piecemeal in the field, and to seize upon their cities. But, brilliant as these operations were, Gordon's military genius showed itself no less unmistakably in other directions. The Ever Victorious Army, recruited from the riff-raff of Shanghai, was an ill-disciplined, ill-organised body of about three thousand men, constantly on the verge of mutiny, supporting itself on plunder, and, at the slightest provocation, melting into thin air. Gordon, by sheer force of character, established over this incoherent mass of ruffians an extraordinary ascendancy. He drilled them with rigid severity; he put them into a uniform, armed them systematically, substituted pay for loot, and was even able, at last, to introduce regulations of a sanitary kind. There were some terrible scenes, in which the General, alone, faced the whole furious army, and quelled it: scenes of rage, desperation, towering courage, and summary execution. Eventually he attained to an almost magical prestige. Walking at the head of his troops, with nothing but a light cane in his hand, he seemed to pass through every danger with the scatheless equanimity of a demi-God. The Taipings themselves were awed into a strange reverence. More than once their leaders, in a frenzy of fear and admiration, ordered the sharpshooters not to take aim at the advancing figure of the faintly smiling Englishman.

It is significant that Gordon found it easier to win battles and to crush mutineers than to keep on good terms with the Chinese authorities. He had to act in co-operation with a large native force; and it was only natural that the General at the head of it should grow more and more jealous and angry as the Englishman's successes revealed more and more clearly his own incompetence. At first, indeed, Gordon could rely upon the support of the Governor. Li Hung Chang's experience of Europeans had been hitherto limited to low-class adventurers, and Gordon came as a revelation. "It is a direct blessing from Heaven," he noted in his diary, "the coming of this British Gordon. . . . He is superior in manner and bearing to any of the foreigners whom I have come into contact with, and does not show outwardly that conceit which makes most of them repugnant in my sight." A few months later, after he had accompanied Gordon on a victorious expedition, the mandarin's enthusiasm burst forth. "What a sight for tired eyes," he wrote, "what an elixir for a heavy heart—to see this splendid Englishman fight! . . . If there is anything that I admire nearly as much as the superb scholarship of Tseng Kuo-fan it is the military qualities of this fine officer. He is a glorious fellow!" In his emotion, Li Hung Chang addressed Gordon as his brother, declaring that he "considered him worthy to fill the place of the brother who is departed. Could I have said more in all the words of the world?" Then something happened which impressed and mystified the sensitive Chinaman. "The Englishman's face was first filled with a deep pleasure, and then he seemed to be thinking of something depressing and sad; for the smile went from his mouth and there were tears in his eyes when he thanked me for what I had said. Can it be that he has, or has had, some great trouble in his life, and that he fights recklessly to forget it, or that Death has no terrors for him?" But, as time went on, Li Hung Chang's attitude began to change. "General Gordon," he notes in July, "must control his tongue, even if he lets his mind run loose." The Englishman had accused him of intriguing with the Chinese General, and of withholding money due to the Ever Victorious Army. "Why does he not accord me the honours that are due to me, as head of the military and civil authority in these parts?" By September the Governor's earlier transports have been replaced by a more judicial frame of mind. "With his many faults, his pride, his temper, and his never-ending demand for money, Gordon is a noble man, and in spite of all I have said to him or about him, I will ever think most highly of him. . . . He is an honest man, but difficult to get on with."

Disagreements of this kind might perhaps have been tided over till the end of the campaign; but an unfortunate incident suddenly led to a more serious quarrel. Gordon's

contested, but it had been constant; he had captured several important towns; and in October he laid siege to the city of Soo-chow, once one of the most famous and splendid in China. In December, its fall being obviously imminent, the Taiping leaders agreed to surrender it, on condition that their lives were spared. Gordon was a party to the agreement, and laid special stress upon his presence with the Imperial forces as a pledge of its fulfilment. No sooner, however, was the city surrendered than the rebel "Wangs" were assassinated. In his fury, it is said that Gordon searched everywhere for Li Hung Chang with a loaded pistol in his hand. He was convinced of the complicity of the Governor, who, on his side, denied that he was responsible for what had happened, "I asked him why I should plot, and go round a mountain, when a mere order, written with five strokes of the quill, would have accomplished the same thing. He did not answer, but he insulted me, and said he would report my treachery, as he called it, to Shanghai and England. Let him do so; he cannot bring the crazy Wangs back." The agitated Mandarin hoped to placate Gordon by a large gratuity and an imperial medal; but the plan was not successful. "General Gordon," he writes, "called upon me in his angriest mood. He repeated his former speeches about the Wangs. I did not attempt to argue with him. . . . He refused the 10,000 taels, which I had ready for him, and, with an oath, said that he did not want the Throne's medal. This is showing the greatest disrespect."

Gordon resigned his command; and it was only with the utmost reluctance that he agreed at last to resume it. An arduous and terrible series of operations followed; but they were successful, and by June, 1864, the Ever Victorious Army, having accomplished its task, was disbanded. The Imperial forces now closed round Nankin; the last hopes of the Tien Wang had vanished. In the recesses of his seraglio, the Celestial King, judging that the time had come for the conclusion of his mission, swallowed gold leaf until he ascended to Heaven. In July, Nankin was taken, the remaining chiefs were executed, and the rebellion was at an end. The Chinese Government gave Gordon the highest rank in its military hierarchy, and invested him with the yellow jacket and the peacock's feather. He rejected an enormous offer of money; but he could not refuse a great gold medal, specially struck in his honour by order of the Emperor. At the end of the year he returned to England, where the conqueror of the Taipings was made a Companion of the Bath. . . .

He arrived in England early in 1880 ill and exhausted; and it might have been supposed that after the terrible activities of his African exile he would have been ready to rest. But the very opposite was the case: the next three years were the most *mouvmentes* of his life.

He hurried from post to post, from enterprise to enterprise, from continent to continent, with a vertiginous rapidity. He accepted the Private Secretaryship to Lord Ripon, the new Viceroy of India, and, three days after his arrival at Bombay, he resigned. He had suddenly realised that he was not cut out for a Private Secretary, when on an address being sent in from some deputation, he was asked to say that the Viceroy had read it with interest. "You know perfectly," he said to Lord William Beresford, "that Lord Ripon has never read it, and I can't say that sort of thing, so I will resign, and you take in my resignation." He confessed to Lord William that the world was not big enough for him, that there was "no king or country big enough"; and then he added, hitting him on the shoulder, "Yes, that is flesh, that is what I hate, and what makes me wish to die."

Two days later, he was off for Peking. "Every one will say I am mad," were his last words to Lord William Beresford; "but you say I am not." The position in China was critical; war with Russia appeared to be imminent; and Gordon had been appealed to, in order to use his influence on the side of peace. He was welcomed by many old friends of former days, among them Li Hung Chang, whose diplomatic views coincided with his own. Li's diplomatic language, however, was less unconventional. In an interview with the Ministers, Gordon's expressions were such that the interpreter shook with terror, upset a cup of tea, and finally refused to translate the dreadful words; upon which Gordon snatched up a dictionary, and, with his finger on the word "idiocy," showed it to the startled mandarins. A few weeks later, Li Hung Chang was in power, and peace was assured. Gordon had spent two and a half days in Peking, and was whirling through China, when a telegram arrived from the home authorities, who viewed his movements with uneasiness, ordering him to return at once to England. "It did not produce a twitter in me," he wrote to his sister; "I died long ago, and it will not make any difference to me; I am prepared to follow the unrolling of the scroll." The world, perhaps, was not big enough for him; and yet how clearly he recognised that he was "a poor insect!" "My heart tells me that, and I am glad of it."

LOWES DICKINSON

E. M. FORSTER (1879-)

IF Dickinson visited America in the hope of self-development and India from reasons of curiosity, it was in a very different spirit that he approached China. He came to her as a lover, who had worshipped

from afar for years. In a life which contained much disillusionment, China never failed him. She stood firm as the one decent civilisation, and when he mourned over her it was not because she had disappointed him but because he had lived to see her destroyed by the violence and vulgarity of Europe. In his last years, her fate seemed to epitomise mankind's. If China could have been saved, he would have been persuaded that humanism is indestructible. His was an impersonal love; no private relationship coloured it, although he became friendly with many individual Chinese. It rested upon natural sympathy and intellectual affinity. He once amused the students at a Summer School by saying: "I am speaking to you about China, not because I know anything about the subject nor because I once visited the country, but because, in a previous existence, I actually was a Chinaman!" And when one looks at the portrait of him in his Chinese cap, or indeed as a boy, one realises a physical as well as a spiritual kinship. The Hellenist, the disciple of Shelley and of Goethe, is precipitated, with a slight alteration of focus, into a Confucian plane.

The first link in the connection was fortuitous. At the beginning of the century, previous to his first American visit, he was in a restless state of mind "such as usually, in my case as in those of greater men, precedes composition." He wanted to make some fundamental criticism of western civilisation, which should be read by the general public, and should have some kind of artistic form. He experimented in various ways, and tried to utilise one of Swift's myths in the form of "Letters from a Houyhnhnm." The gulf between his temperament and Swift's was too wide, and the medium proved unsuitable. Roger Fry then suggested that he should try a Chinese setting; China was in the foreground politically, owing to the Boxer riots and the European expeditions to suppress them, and he had read Giles' "Gems of Chinese Literature," and "La Gite Chinoise" by Eugene Simon. The suggestion bore fruit, the painful period of incubation ended, and at the same time as he was writing "The Meaning of Good" he produced the first four "Letters from John Chinaman" and sent them to the "Saturday Review" where they appeared anonymously.

A comedy then developed. He intended no deception, knowing that there was good precedent for that kind of form in literature, and not supposing anyone would be taken in. A correspondent of the "Saturday Review" pointed out that the letters could not really be by a Chinese and there the matter seemed to end. He added some more letters, and after he had sailed for America the little volume, soon to be famous, was published by his friend R. Brimley Johnson, with a grotesque picture of a Chinaman on the cover. "I didn't think much about the book for I was well accustomed to being ignored."

The presentation copies of this edition followed him over the

Atlantic to Niagara of all places, and when he was lying in bed in the hotel there his brother Arthur entered in a state of great animation.

My brother said that he had been reading the book, and that it was "wonderful." He did not know it was mine, and felt a natural disappointment when I revealed the fact. For who can think as much of the opinions of a friend or relative as they do of an unknown author? They know too much about him! I remember being much pleased and excited at the moment. But the book would I suppose have fallen as dead as my others, if George Trevelyan had not quoted it in an article in the "Nineteenth Century," which excited some attention. People then began to speculate as to whether it was really by a Chinaman, and a good many copies were sold. It then penetrated to America, and there everybody seems to have accepted naively its Chinese origin. It was attributed to the then Chinese ambassador; and Mr. Bryan, the famous politician, thought it worth while to write a special reply to it, in which he observed among other things, that clearly the writer had never seen the inside of a Christian home. Before publishing his book, he ascertained that the author was really an Englishman, and he said as much in his preface. But he thought his book none the less worth publishing, and it is not for me to dispute that it may have been.

Unlike much that he wrote, the "Letters from John Chinaman" appeared at the right psychological moment. The reaction from the Boer War and from economic Imperialism was just gathering force, and Englishmen were sensitive about aggression and exploitation to a greater degree than they would have been a few years before, and to a degree which became impossible for them after the Great War. For a short time his words travelled far beyond his usual liberal and academic surroundings, and, by their power and beauty, moved people to think of the flaw in European civilisation. For that, and not the wrongs of China, is his theme. "I still think this book well written and its contents true and important." There is said to be a translation of it into Gujarati by Gandhi. When this was reported to him he displayed no pleasure but characteristically remarked that he had written for the West, not for the East.

Besides being topical, "John Chinaman" is famous for the beauty of its prose, and particularly for the sumptuous yet delicate passage beginning "A rose in a moonlit garden . . .", a passage which has been quoted by Logan Pearsall Smith in his anthology. Here is oratory—so winged with poetry that the words nearly leave the earth, but they just remain on it, and rightly, for their purpose is persuasion. All that is delicate and noble challenges all that is brutal and vulgar,

and he employs for the contest neither appeals to the empyrean nor arguments of force, but the subtlest of all weapons, good taste. To Mrs. Moor he writes (February 9th, 1902):

My little J.C. book is approved by many people whose approval I value, and that gives me satisfaction. I am just beginning to realise that I have a certain faculty of appealing to what I call the "Ufe of the spirit," and that I have no other faculty. So I may as well do what I can in that line for the future, and let others, more competent, run the affairs of the nation. Only I can't illuminate the spirit—my own or anyone else's—without bringing an immense amount of the fuel of contemporary issues, worries, and controversies. G. Trevelyan sent J.C. to Meredith—and he says it is "excellent" and "might be thought timely, were the ears of England open." A most Meredithian phrase.

Though he never affected scholarship, and learnt no Chinese, he now began to attract educated Orientals who were visiting England, particularly students. An Anglo-Chinese society was formed at Cambridge—largely recruited, it is said, by Chinese from Singapore who knew less about China than he did, but the interchange of ideas flourished under his auspices. The Chinese amused and charmed him in a way in which Indians did not. "Clearly I'm Chinese and not Indian, though I believe I was Indian from the age of twenty to twenty-five and would have become an ascetic with the smallest encouragement," he tells R. C. Trevelyan. And as the time of his Kahn Fellowship tour approached, it was chiefly for China that he prepared himself.

TO O. P. ECKHARD

King's College,
June 12th, 1912.

We had an Anglo-Chinese dinner on Monday. The secretary of the Chinese legation, Mr. Kwei, was there. He sat next me and talked the whole time, and I hardly understood a single word. It was like a nightmare. One thing however I grasped after half an hour's explanation. He applied to my "Letters of John Chinaman" what I understood is a Chinese proverb: In another's wine cup I make my own complaint. This I think explains itself, and is quite true in its application. Mr. Kwei got drunk before the end; he began to embrace me, and I thought he would never have finished shaking hands. The net result is that I hope I shall get much assistance in my travels to China.

When we parted at Chhattarpur as already described, he went via Ceylon to Singapore, made a trip to Java and Sumatra, and then proceeded from Singapore to Hong Kong and Canton. As soon as he was among people whose features and physique were Mongolian, he felt happy. At Canton, Bob Trevelyan left him, and hurried back to Cumberland, in order to be in time for the Trinity Lake Hunt, an annual event to which he was romantically addicted. Dickinson found Trevelyan a delightful companion, yet he probably gained by being left alone on the threshold of China. He was thrown on his own resources, and was obliged to look at a country about which he had hitherto only read, written and dreamed. Canton he loved. Then came Shanghai and politics and an interview with Sun Yat Sen; he was too sensitive to be a good interviewer, and "didn't get much out of him!" Then a solitary voyage of ten days on the Yangtse, in pouring rain, which kept him in his cabin and obliged him to play many games of patience. Then a long railway journey to Peking.

At Peking he stopped several weeks, seeing much both of English and Chinese, and it would be possible, from his diary and letters home, to construct a complete account of his movements. But the movements of a tourist's body are not worth recording unless they generate movements inside his mind. Here are two typical reactions. The first is a rhapsody in free verse, such as often occurred to him while in the Far East. As soon as he got clear of heavy India little poems began to flit and glint as though winged by some new spirit in the depths of him. This particular poem records a visit to the Temple of Agriculture at Peking.

A TEMPLE

What do they hide?
The cypress avenue and the coral wall,
The green and amber roof, what do they hide?

A wooden plough and an altar consecrate to earth.

An emperor once held the plough,
An emperor made sacrifice.

The coral wall is falling now, falling the amber roof,
The cypresses decay, the altar crumbles;
Crumbles the altar consecrate to earth;
But Earth abides.

On the day previous, he had been taken to visit a very different type of temple. He writes of it to a friend:

Oh, but the most amusing thing I want to tell you, I went to a Chinese banquet, at which "sing-song-girls" were introduced. They are in fact superior accomplished and expensive tarts, rather pretty, and I shall suppose attractive to the normal man. But imagine me behaving as is expected on such occasions, with one of them on my knee at one time, and smoking the same cigarette; really it was rather funny, though very embarrassing. And though the girls are to be had, I gather it is only if they like you, and for large money. Some of them were wearing pearls and diamonds. We adjourned to their house—I suppose really a superior brothel—and had a second feast of Chinese dishes, very trying to a weak stomach. Most people seemed to leave without anything happening. They were all very "respectable" commercial Chinese.

One compares this banquet with the restaurant in Paris many years back, where in even greater discomfort he had met a French lady. And one contrasts it with the "girling" and "fussing" which had so revolted him in the mixed university at Wisconsin. What seemed important to him in sexual as in other relationships was the quality of the emotion aroused. He disliked vulgarity more than frivolity, more indeed than anything, and at all events these Chinese were never vulgar; they showed a well-bred combination of reticence and frankness in their levity as in the more serious intercourse of life. They understood personal relationships in the sense in which he and Cambridge understood them and America has failed to understand them, and that is why Chinese civilisation did not disappoint him, nor vary greatly from his preliminary vision.

Peking,

June 8th, 1913.

Dear Forster,

(Hand this on to Bob, if he enquires for me. I can *not* write to everyone, at least not in an interesting way. I get bored with repeating myself. But I was glad of Bob's letter by yours of the 22 May and will probably write later from Japan.)

Yours of 22 May. (That, I think, is the business method.)

China is a land of human beings. India, as it glimmers in a remote past, is supernatural, uncanny, terrifying, sublime, horrible, monotonous, full of mountains and abysses, all heights and depths, and for ever incomprehensible. But China! So gay, friendly, beautiful, sane, hellenic, choice, human. Dirty? Yes. Peking, the last day or two, is all but impossible even in a rickshaw—pools, lakes of liquid mud. One understands the importance of the sedan chair, and the wall side 150 years ago in Europe. Poor? Yes.

But never were poor people so happy (I speak with all the superficiality you care to credit me with). A Chinese house in Peking is beyond description exquisite: its court yard, with trees and flowering shrubs, its little rooms and hall, paper-windowed, perfect in proportion and design, its gaily painted wooden cloisters. And you approach them by a slum. A level, rational people—a kind of English with sensitiveness and imagination. An immense background, I admit, of ghosts and "devils—just to add spice to life—one prays to them, when things go a bit wrong, otherwise one laughs at them. No reaches into the infinite, but a clear, non-restricted perception of the beautiful and the exquisite in the Real. But the hand of the Powers, or rather the foot, is on her throat, I don't know whether she can pull through. Said one of them to me: "The Powers put their foot on China and say 'Get up, you brute!' 'I'll get up,' says China, 'when you take away your foot!' 'No! you get up, and I'll take away my foot!' " The same gentleman remarked: "British rule in India is excellent—at water closets." This, of course, is technically incorrect. He was mad, but a madman of genius. He called at 3, and talked till 7.30, when I had to dismiss him—remarking, at intervals, "but I came to hear you talk *—whereupon he was swept away even more on the flood. Yes, China is much as I imagined it. I thought I was idealising, but I now doubt it. Of course, Lama priests are sturdy beggars and buddhist priests aren't ipuch better. Then the country! Round Peking, it's Italy. You go out to the hills, and wander from monastery to monastery, each more exquisitely placed than the last. Happy people who have travelled in the interior tell even more wonderful tales. One province, Rose tells me, is a land of beautiful mountains, fields of flowers, and farmers tilling their own land who are also scholars and gentlemen. He told one of them about intensive methods of cultivating rice. And when they parted, the Chinaman said: "You, a stranger, have come to us and honoured and delighted us with your talk. I shall consecrate to you a corner of my farm, and try the experiment you suggest." Then they are the *only* democratic people—in their manners as well as their institutions—perfectly self-respecting, perfectly courteous and friendly, and altogether declining to be hustled into doing anything they think unreasonable. If such a people could be lifted on to a higher economic level, without losing these qualities, we should have the best society this planet admits of. Whereas I believe *everything* in India will have to be and ought to be swept away—except their beautiful dress and their beautiful brown bodies—there they *do* score off the ugly, but fascinating Chinese. But their caste! And their whole quality of mind. No, it's all wrong. *C'est magnifique*,

mais ce n'est pas la vie, any more than the Middle Ages were. I am rather surprised at all this that has tumbled out of my pen. I suppose the "Subconscious" has been working it up, unbeknown to me. Take it for what it is worth, and not too solemnly. It has truth in it—a little scintilla of that dry flint. Well, you did well in India. Does it seem like a dream, now you're home? I must get on to Japan before long, but plans are difficult to make. If you write, best address at 11, Edwardes Square. *Shall* you write a book on India? - I shall *not*. I shall write a book of essays called "East and West," gracefully alluding, in a remote way, to facts.

G. L. D.

He does not mention in this letter that he had lately had a serious accident. He had gone out one morning riding on a pony, been thrown, and fractured the base of his skull. He was carried back in a dazed state to his hotel, bleeding from nose and ears, and the consequences would have been serious but for the promptness and skill of his friend Yetts, who was at that time Acting Physician to the British Legation; he is now Professor of Chinese Art and Archaeology in the University of London. Yetts received him into his own house, performed a slight operation, and he made a rapid recovery. In a week he was writing again, and before a month elapsed he was strong enough to make an expedition which may be regarded as the soul of his visit to China.

This was a pilgrimage to the home of Confucius. Leaving Peking with Dr. Yetts on June 17th, he climbed, two days later the sacred mountain of T'ai Shan. It was dusk when they reached the top, They slept in a temple, saw the full moonrise, and the sunrise, and spent the next day wandering about. Moved by the beauty, freshness and antiquity of the mountain he experienced once more the enhanced sensibility that came to him through scenery. Mistra had turned him to dialogue, the Yosemite had inspired him with the idea of interpreting America. On T'ai Shan his feelings were definitely religious. He desired to worship, like the thousands of pilgrims who had preceded him. To worship whom or what? He discussed this in "Appearances." Writing to Mrs. Webb at the time he says:

Two cuckoos calling to one another across ranges and ranges of hills, bare and grey-green with sun. And me lying on the top of the most sacred mountain in China, where for four thousand years God has been worshipped, according to Chinese legend; where certainly Confucius came, and emperor after emperor, and streams of pilgrims year after year. A path lined with cypresses and flight after flight of rock stairs brings you to the top. And there we slept

in the temple with images of Taoist gods watching us and saw the full moon over the plain at the sunrise. And I have had one of the great days that come now and again. I wish I could communicate it to you. But it evaporates in words, so I got this down to show I was thinking of you.

The same day he writes another verse rhapsody; the most touching of the series.

ON T'AI SHAN

Not for the young alone
 Cuckoo, voice of the spring,
 Not for the young alone that liquid note:
 But for all whom the years have freed
 From the prison of youth and age,
 To the one Life freed that is not old nor young.
 The Life that on this spot
 Thousands of years have adored
 Thousands of years and millions of men, as I now
 stand and adore,
 While you, cuckoo, sing.

He descended from this altitude into rain and realism. They went on to Ch'ii-fu, where Confucius had been born, and where his descendent, the 76th Duke, still lived on a domain secured to him by the Chinese government. Their visit to the Duke had been officially arranged through the British Legation, but he slept, as so often happens in the East. His secretary asked them very politely to do their sight-seeing first, and Dickinson in his naivety would have consented, but Dr. Yetts saw they would "lose face" and he sent a message that they regretted missing the Duke and would retire. A friend of mine, only a year ago, found himself in an analogous position with an English Duke who had invited him to tea, and he sent a similar message, but his Duke sat tight. The Confucian Duke was more trammelled by etiquette. He knew that if the visitors went away in this fashion he himself would "lose face," and he immediately appeared fully dressed with his entourage—a handsomish rip of a man. An interview ensued, carried on amid much linguistic difficulty. How old was Mr. Dickinson, why was he not married, why had he no beard, etc. Then followed a symbolic incident: the offering of a copy of "John Chinaman." What did the representative of Confucius make of the austere little volume? Not much. An attempt was made to explain to him that the writer was a distinguished western sage, and he was understood to enquire what present he might give the sage

in return. Asked for a set of rubbings of the Confucian portraits and inscriptions, he agreed graciously, and after an interminable interval produced some raspberryade. The visitors then took their leave and Dickinson had his first and last experience of a Chinese inn. It was not too terrible, there were no vermin, and he felt happy. A great deal of time was spent in calling on and being called on by "a mandarin whose attentions and courtesy were rather overwhelming in our humble shed," and who showed them over the temples and the great cemetery of the K'ung clan. The Duke's present has not yet arrived.

Homage paid to Confucius, he went on to Japan, going via Kobe to Hyoto. Japan was more of a treat than China and he writes long happy letters home about its cleanliness and charm, and the gaiety and beauty of its people: "I really begin to look with horror on our civilisation, I suppose I shall recant and settle down into it again. Anyhow I'm fit for no other." But it is China which dominates his memories. A collision had of course occurred between the ideals which he had been fostering for the last twelve years, and the actualities, which included decay and mud. But the collision was not at all a severe one, and the picture given in "John Chinaman" continued, in its essentials, to satisfy him. Politeness, gaiety, imagination, good taste—these he found or thought he found. Dishonesty, dirt, immorality—these were disconcerting, but they did not strike at the root of civilisation, like the commercialism of the west. As he climbed T'ai Shan and passed "the pavilion of the phoenixes," "the fountain of the white cranes," "the tower of the quickening spirit," and reached on the summit a gate called "the portal of the clouds," he must have seen the full flowering of that fancy in names which budded so shyly in England: speedwell, travellers' joy. And as he looked at the exquisite calligraphy on the mountain rocks and at the pavilions set up where the views are loveliest, he reflected what the west will do to T'ai Shan when it gets hold of it: funiculars and advertisements. If vulgarity brought peace to China it might perhaps be bearable, might not be too high a price to pay for the destruction of good manners and beauty. But no: with vulgarity comes organised violence, commercialism is followed by aggressive imperialism, the body as well as the spirit must be destroyed wholesale. With these melancholy thoughts, which the events of the following year were to intensify, he returned to England by the trans-Siberian in the autumn of 1913. India had been impressive, Japan delightful, but China retained his heart.

During the war his interests became mainly European. After the Armistice and the establishment of the League of Nations he began to think of the beloved country again, and it is in connection with her, and with her alone, that his name has ever been the subject of

discussion in the British Parliament. When the first Labour Government was in power it appointed a committee to decide how the Boxer indemnity should be spent, and Dickinson, among others, consented to serve. The money was to be spent in the interests of the Chinese; and the phrase can be interpreted in various ways: it has in fact been interpreted as meaning that we ought to build military railways. He had other views; he had read much about the country, he had visited it, he had many Chinese friends, his qualifications seemed obvious. However, when the Conservatives came in they turned him and Bertrand Russell out and made two new appointments in their places. Since the Bill had not yet been passed, they were technically within their rights, still, it is, I believe, without precedent that one Government should thus alter the composition of a committee established by its predecessor. On December 18th, 1924, Mr. (now Lord) Ponsonby asked in the House of Commons " what was the reason of cancelling the invitations to serve on the Committee to be set up under the China Indemnity Bill? " The debate continued as follows:

Mr. Austen Chamberlain: The reason is that on reconsideration it was found that the composition of the Committee—the numbers of which it is important to keep small—was not sufficiently representative, and, in particular, that it included no member of practical experience of educational organisation in China.

Mr. Ponsonby: Considering that these gentlemen were both very well qualified for the post which had been offered them, was this decision really only because of their connection with the Labour party?

Mr. Chamberlain: I am not anxious to discuss the qualifications of these gentlemen unless the Hon. Gentleman forces me to 'do so. I have given a sufficient reason, in my opinion, for altering the composition of the Committee.

Mr. Riley: Have any other persons who were appointed to serve on the Committee been excluded?

Mr. Chamberlain: No.

Mr. Stephen: Is this an instance of the Class War?

Mr. Buchanan: I beg to give notice that I intend to ask leave to move the adjournment of the House on this question.

The Speaker ruled this out of order, and nothing was done. The Government was evidently determined to exclude Russell and Dickinson because they would have spent the money in the Chinese rather than in the British interest, but it is surprising that it could not effect its purpose less clumsily. Dickinson's friends felt some indignation at the way in which he was treated, but he himself remained un-

affectedly serene. Incapable of snubbing others, he was incapable of resenting a snub. He had offered his help and been rejected, and he passed on to other work.

In his later years when he was feeling the draught, which was often, he wore a little Chinese cap. The first of this series of caps was given him by his friend Hsu. Foreign trimmings do not as a rule suit the Britisher, but the little cap seemed natural and harmonious in his case even when it broke the line of tufted heads which compose the High Table at King's. The black silk of which it was made, the tiny red button crowning it, were a familiar and delightful sight in Hall, the best talk was in its neighbourhood and the talk never a monologue, it bobbed about Cambridge and reached London, it would be lost, found, trodden under foot, renewed. Never was a man less suitable than Goldie to become the subject of a legend: his whole career was a protest against that particularly silly form of fame. But if the legend-mongers ever do work him up it is on his mandarin's cap that they will concentrate, and perhaps they will relate how Confucius placed it on his brows in return for a copy of "John Chinaman."

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

LETTER XVIII.—*The story of a Chinese Matron.*

THE English love their wives with much passion, the Hollanders with much prudence. The English when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpecting serenity; they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain; and *Yiffrow* is not more a goddess on the wedding night, than after twenty years' matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry, in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and disappointed in that, dis-

dain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see, open hatred ensue; or what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments are exhibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves, either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through their whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will shew itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife in all the kingdom of Korea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing, their mouths were for ever joined, and to speak in the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which, in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all over in white) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. ^Alas, replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears; how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave; he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, how-

ever, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home; adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for his death; after some hours, however, she found spirit to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralise and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the meantime Hansi, and the young disciple, were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon-day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed

her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin, where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which, to all appearance, had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room: and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they both were apprised of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity, and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment. Farewell.

LETTER XXV.—*The natural rise and decline of kingdoms, exemplified in the history of the Kingdom of Lao.*

I was some days ago in company with a politician, who very pathetically declaimed upon the miserable situation of his country: he assured me, that the whole political machine was moving in a wrong track, and that scarce even abilities like his own could ever set it right again. "What have we," said he, "to do with the wars on the continent; we are a commercial nation; we have only to cultivate commerce like our neighbours the Dutch; it is our business to increase trade by settling new colonies: riches are the strength of a nation; and for the rest, our ships, our ships alone will protect us." I found it vain to oppose my feeble arguments to those of a man who thought himself

wise enough to direct even the ministry; I fancied, however, that I saw with more certainty, because I reasoned without prejudice: I therefore begged leave instead of argument, to relate a short history. He gave me a smile at once of condescension and contempt, and I proceeded as follows to describe, THE RISE AND DECLENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF LAO.

Northward of China, and in one of the doublings of the great wall, the fruitful province of Lao enjoyed its liberty and a peculiar government of its own. As the inhabitants were on all sides surrounded by the wall, they feared no sudden invasion from the Tartars; and being each possessed of property, they were zealous in its defence.

The natural consequences of security and affluence in any country is a love of pleasure; when the wants of nature are supplied, we see after the conveniences; when possessed of these, we desire the luxuries of life; and when every luxury is provided, it is then ambition takes up the man, and leaves him still something to wish for; the inhabitants of the country from primitive simplicity soon began to aim at elegance, and from elegance, proceeded to refinement. It was now found absolutely requisite for the good of the state, that the people should be divided: formerly the same hand that was employed in tilling the ground, or in dressing up the manufactures, was also in time of need a soldier; but the custom was now changed; for it was perceived, that a man bred up from childhood to the arts either of peace or war, became more eminent by this means in his respective profession. The inhabitants were therefore now distinguished into artisans and soldiers; and while those improved the luxuries of life, these watched for the security of the people.

A country possessed of freedom has always two sorts of enemies to fear: foreign foes who attack its existence from without, and internal miscreants who betray its liberties within. The inhabitants of Lao were to guard against both. A country of artisans were most likely to preserve internal liberty; and a nation of soldiers were fittest to repel a foreign invasion. Hence naturally arose a division of opinion between the artisans and soldiers of the kingdom. The artisans ever complaining, that freedom was threatened by an armed internal force, were for disbanding the soldiers, and insisted that their walls, their walls alone were sufficient to repel the most formidable invasion: the warriors, on the contrary, represented the power of the neighbouring kings, the combinations formed against their state, and the weakness of the wall which every earthquake might overturn. While this altercation continued, the kingdom might be justly said to enjoy its greatest share of vigour: every order in the state, by being watchful over each other, contributed to diffuse happiness equally and balanced the state. The arts of peace flourished, nor were those of war neglected; the

neighbsuring powers, who had nothing to apprehend from the ambition of men whom they only saw solicitous not for riches but freedom, were contented to traffic with them: they sent their goods to be manufactured in Lao, and paid a large price for them upon their return.

By these means this people at length became moderately rich, and their opulence naturally invited the invader; a Tartar prince led an immense army against them, and they as bravely stood up in their own defence; they were still inspired with a love of their country; they fought the barbarous enemy with fortitude, and gained a complete victory.

From this moment, which they regarded as the completion of their glory, historians date their downfall. They had risen in strength by a love of their country, and fell by indulging ambition. The country possessed by the invading Tartars, seemed to them a prize that would not only render them more formidable for the future, but which would increase their opulence for the present; it was unanimously resolved, therefore, both by soldiers and artisans, that those desolate regions should be peopled by colonies from Lao. When a trading nation begins to act the conqueror, it is then perfectly undone: it subsists in some measure by the support of its neighbours; while they continue to regard it without envy or apprehension, trade may flourish; but when once it presumes to assert as its fight what is only enjoyed as a favour, each country reclaims that part of commerce which it has power to take back, and turns it into some other channel more honourable, though perhaps less convenient.

Every neighbour now began to regard with jealous eyes this ambitious common-wealth, and forbade their subjects any future intercourse with them.* The inhabitants of Lao, however, still pursued the same ambitious maxims; it was from their colonies alone they expected riches; and riches, said they, are strength, and strength is security. Numberless were the migrations of the desperate and enterprising of this country to people the desolate dominions lately possessed by the Tartar; between these colonies and the mother country, a very advantageous traffic was at first carried on, the republic sent their colonies large quantities of the manufactures of the country, and they in return provided the republic with an equivalent in ivory and ginseng. By this means the inhabitants became immensely rich, and this produced an equal degree of voluptuousness; for men who have much money will always find some fantastical modes of enjoyment. How shall I mark the steps by which they declined? Every colony in process of time spreads over the whole country where it first was planted. As it grows more populous, it becomes more polite; and those manufactures for which it was in the beginning obliged to others, it learns to

dress up itself: such was the case with the colonies of Lao; they in less than a century became a powerful and a polite people, and the more polite they grew, the less advantageous was the commerce which still subsisted between them and others. By this means the mother country being abridged in its commerce grew poorer but not less luxurious. Their former wealth had introduced luxury; and wherever luxury once fixes, no art can either lessen or remove it. Their commerce with their neighbours was totally destroyed; and that with their colonies was every day naturally and necessarily declining; they still, however, preserved the insolence of wealth, without a power to support it, and persevered in being luxurious while contemptible from poverty. In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness.

Their former opulence only rendered them more impotent, as those individuals who are reduced from riches to poverty, are of all men the most unfortunate and helpless. They had imagined, because their colonies tended to make them rich upon the first acquisition, they would still continue to do so; they now found, however, that on themselves alone they should have depended for support; that colonies ever afforded but temporary affluence, and when cultivated and polite are no longer useful. From such a concurrence of circumstances they soon became contemptible. The emperor Honti invaded them with a powerful army. Historians do not say whether their colonies were too remote to lend assistance, or else were desirous of shaking off their dependence. But certain it is, they scarce made any resistance; their walls were now found but a weak defence; and they at length were obliged to acknowledge subjection to the empire of China.

Happy, very happy might they have been, had they known when to bound their riches and their glory; had they known that extending empire is often diminishing power, that countries are ever strongest which are internally powerful; that colonies by draining away the brave and enterprising, leave the country in the hands of the timid, and the avaricious; that walls give little protection, unless manned with resolution; that too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and that there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire. Adieu.

LETTER XXXL—*The Perfection of the Chinese in the Art of Gardening. The description of a Chinese garden.*

The English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate them; Nature is now followed with greater assiduity than formerly; the trees

are suffered to shoot out into the utmost luxuriance; the streams no longer forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the valleys; spontaneous flowers take place of the finished parterre, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

Yet still the English are far behind us in this charming art; their designers have not yet attained a power of uniting instruction with beauty. A European will scarcely conceive my meaning, when I say that there is scarce a garden in China which does not contain some fine moral, couched under the general design, where one is not taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept resulting from the disposition of the groves, streams or grottos. Permit me to illustrate what I mean by a description of my gardens at Quamsi. My heart still hovers round those scenes of former happiness with pleasure; and I find a satisfaction in enjoying them at this distance, though but in imagination.

You descended from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such a manner, that they were impenetrable to the eye; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in porcelain, statuary, and painting. This passage from the house opened into an area surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees, and shrubs, but all so disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of Nature. As you proceeded forward on this lawn, to your right and left hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design; and before you lay a temple built rather with minute elegance than ostentation.

The right-hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness; ivy clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress hung over it; time seemed to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone: two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding its access; dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter the spectator from approaching; and the perspective view that lay behind, seemed dark and gloomy to the last degree; the stranger was tempted to enter only from the motto: *PERVIA VIRTUTI*.

The opposite gate was formed in a very different manner; the architecture was light, elegant, and inviting; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars; all was finished in the most exact and masterly manner; the very stone of which it was built, still preserved its polish; nymphs, wrought by the hand of a master, in the most alluring attitudes, beckoned the stranger to approach; while all that lay behind, as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself contributed to invite him; for over the gate was written these words, *FACILIS DESCENSUS*.

By this time I fancy you begin to perceive that the gloomy gate

was designed to represent the road to Virtue; the opposite, the more agreeable passage to Vice. It is but natural to suppose, that the spectator was always tempted to enter by the gate which offered him so many allurements; I always in these cases left him to his choice; but generally found that he took to the left, which promised most entertainment.

Immediately upon his entering the gate of Vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as he walked farther on, he insensibly found the garden assume the air of a wilderness, the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, he appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to hang over his head, gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of unburied bones, and terrifying sounds, caused by unseen waters, began to take place of what at first appeared so lovely; it was in vain to attempt returning, the labyrinth was too much perplexed for any but myself to find the way back. In short, when sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what he saw, and the imprudence of his choice, I brought him by a hidden door, a shorter way back into the area from whence at first he had strayed.

The gloomy gate now presented itself before the stranger; and though there seemed little in its appearance to tempt his curiosity, yet encouraged by the motto, he generally proceeded. The darkness of the entrance, the frightful figures that seemed to obstruct his way, the trees of a mournful green, conspired at first to disgust him: as he went forward, however, all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance, beautiful cascades, beds of flowers, trees loaded with fruit or blossoms, and unexpected brooks, improved the scene: he now found that he was ascending and, as he proceeded, all Nature grew more beautiful, the prospect widened as he went higher, even the air itself, seemed to become more pure. Thus pleased, and happy from unexpected beauties, I at last led him to an arbour, from whence he could view the garden, and the whole country around, and where he might own, that the road to Virtue terminated in Happiness.

Though from this description you may imagine, that a vast tract of ground was necessary to exhibit such a pleasing variety in, yet be assured I have seen several gardens in England take up ten times the space which mine did, without half the beauty. A very small extent of ground is enough for an elegant taste; the greater room is required if magnificence is in view. There is no spot, tho' ever so little, which a skilful designer might not thus improve, so as to convey a delicate allegory, and impress the mind with truths the most useful and necessary. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.—*The Chinese philosopher praises the justice of a late sentence, and instances the justice of the King of France in the case of the Prince of Charolais.*

When Parmeno, the Grecian, had done something which excited an universal shout from the surrounding multitude, he was instantly struck with the doubt, that what had their approbation must certainly be wrong; and turning to a philosopher who stood near him, *Pray, Sir, says he, pardon me; I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity.*

You know that I am not less than him a despiser of the multitude; you know that I equally detest flattery to the great; yet so many circumstances have concurred to give a lustre to the latter part of the present English monarch's reign, that I cannot withhold my contribution of praise; I cannot avoid the acknowledging the crowd for once just, in their unanimous approbation.

Yet think not that battles gained, dominion extended, or enemies brought to submission, are the virtues which at present claim my admiration. Were the reigning monarch only famous for his victories, I should regard his character with indifference; the boast of heroism in this enlightened age is justly regarded as a qualification of a very subordinate rank, and mankind now begin to look with becoming horror on these foes to man; the virtue in this aged monarch which I have at present in view, is one of a much more exalted nature, is one of the most difficult of attainment, is the least praised of all kingly virtues, and yet deserves the greatest praise; the virtue I mean is JUSTICE; a strict administration of justice, without severity and without favour.

Of all virtues this is the most difficult to be practised by a king who has a power to pardon. All men, even tyrants themselves, lean to mercy when unbiassed by passions or interest, the heart naturally persuades to forgiveness, and pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility; what a thorough love for the public, what a strong command over the passions, what a finely conducted judgment must he possess who opposes the dictates of reason to those of his heart, and prefers the future interest of his people to his own immediate satisfaction.

If still to a man's own natural bias for tenderness, we add the numerous solicitations made by a criminal's friends for mercy; if we survey a king not only opposing his own feelings, but reluctantly refusing those he regards, and this to satisfy the public, whose cries he may never hear, whose gratitude he may never receive, this surely is true greatness! Let us fancy ourselves for a moment in this just old man's place, surrounded by numbers, all soliciting the same favour, a favour that Nature disposes us to grant, where the induce-

ments to pity are laid before us in the strongest light, suppliants at our feet, some ready to resent a refusal, none opposing a compliance; let us, I say, suppose ourselves in such a situation, and I fancy we should find ourselves more apt to act the character of good-natured men than of upright magistrates.

What contributes to raise justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is seldom attended with a due share of applause, and those who practise it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame; the people are generally well pleased with a remission of punishment, and all that wears the appearance of humanity; it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy: they know it to be very difficult, at once to compassionate, and yet condemn an object that pleads for tenderness.

I have been led into this common-place train of thought by a late striking instance in this country of the impartiality of justice, and of the king's inflexible resolution of inflicting punishment where it was justly due. A man of the first quality in a fit either of passion, melancholy, or madness, murdered his servant; it was expected that his station in life would have lessened the ignominy of his punishment; however, he was arraigned, condemned, and underwent the same degrading death with the meanest malefactor. It was well considered that virtue alone is true nobility; and that he whose actions sink him even beneath the vulgar, has no right to those distinctions which should be the rewards only of merit; it was perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

Over all the east, even China not excepted, a person of the same quality guilty of such a crime, might, by giving up a share of his fortune to the judge, buy off his sentence; there are several countries, even in Europe, where the servant is entirely the property of his master; if a slave kills his lord, he dies by the most excruciating tortures; but if the circumstances are reversed, a small fine buys off the punishment of the offender. Happy the country where all are equal, and where those who sit as judges have too much integrity to receive a bribe, and too much honour to pity from a similitude of the prisoner's title or circumstances with their own. Such is England; yet think not that it was always equally famed for this strict impartiality. There was a time even here when title softened the rigours of the law, when dignified wretches were suffered to live, and continue for years an equal disgrace to justice and nobility.

To this day in a neighbouring country, the great are often most scandalously pardoned for the most scandalous offences. A person is still alive among them who has more than once deserved the most ignominious severity of justice. His being of the blood royal, how-

ever, was thought a sufficient atonement for his being a disgrace to humanity. This remarkable personage took pleasure in shooting at the passengers below, from the top of his palace; and in this most princely amusement he usually spent some time every day. He was at length arraigned by the friends of a person whom in this manner he had killed, was found guilty of the charge, and condemned to die. His merciful monarch pardoned him in consideration of his rank and quality. The unrepenting criminal soon after renewed his usual entertainment, and in the same manner killed another man. He was a second time condemned; and strange to think, a second time received his majesty's pardon! Would you believe it? A third time the very same man was guilty of the very same offence; a third time therefore the laws of his country found him guilty—I wish for the honour of humanity I could suppress the rest!—A third time he was pardoned! Will you not think such a story too extraordinary for belief, will you not think me describing the savage inhabitants of Congo? Alas, the story is but too true, and the country where it was transacted, regards itself as the politest in Europe! Adieu.

LETTER XLII.—*The history of China more replete with great actions than that of Europe.*

Must I ever continue to condemn thy perseverance, and blame that curiosity, which destroys thy happiness! What yet untasted banquet, what luxury yet unknown, has rewarded thy painful adventures! Name a pleasure which thy native country could not amply procure; frame a wish that might not have been satisfied in China! Why then such toil, and such danger, in pursuit of raptures within your reach at home.

The Europeans, you will say, excel us in sciences and in arts; those sciences which bound the aspiring wish, and those arts which tend to gratify even unrestrained desire. They may perhaps outdo us in the arts of building ships, casting cannons, or measuring mountains, but are they superior in the greatest of all arts, the art of governing kingdoms and ourselves?

When I compare the history of China with that of Europe, how do I exult in being a native of that kingdom which derives its original from the sun. Upon opening the Chinese history, I there behold an ancient extended empire, established by laws which Nature and reason seem to have dictated. The duty of children to their parents, a duty which Nature implants in every breast, forms the strength of that government which has subsisted from time immemorial. Filial obedience is the first and greatest requisite of a state; by this we become

good subjects to our emperors, capable of behaving with just subordination to our superiors, and grateful dependents on heaven; by this we become fonder of marriage, in order to be capable of exacting obedience from others in our turn: by this we become good magistrates; for early submission is the truest lesson to those who would learn to rule. By this the whole state may be said to resemble one family, of which the emperor is the protector, father, and friend.

In this happy region, sequestered from the rest of mankind, I see a succession of princes who in general considered themselves as the fathers of their people; a race of philosophers who bravely combated idolatry, prejudice, and tyranny, at the expense of their private happiness and immediate reputation. Whenever an usurper or a tyrant intruded into the administration, how have all the good and great been united against him! Can European history produce an instance like that of the twelve mandarines, who all resolved to apprise the vicious emperor Tisaing of the irregularity of his conduct? He who first undertook the dangerous task was cut in two by the emperor's order; the second was ordered to be tormented, and then put to a cruel death; the third undertook the task with intrepidity, and was instantly stabbed by the tyrant's hand: in this manner they all suffered, except one. But not to be turned from his purpose, the brave survivor entering the palace with the instruments of torture in his hand, *Here*, cried he addressing himself to the throne, *here, O Tisaing, are the marks your faithful subjects receive for their loyalty; I am wearied with serving a tyrant, and now come for my reward.* The emperor, struck with his intrepidity, instantly forgave the boldness of his conduct, and reformed his own. What European annals can boast of a tyrant thus reclaimed to lenity!

When five brethren had set upon the great emperor Ginsong alone; with his sabre he slew four of them; he was struggling with the fifth, when his guards coming up were going to cut the conspirator into a thousand pieces. *No, no.* cried the emperor, with a calm and placid countenance, *of all his brothers he is the only one remaining, at least let one of the family be suffered to live, that his aged parents may have some body left to feed and comfort them.*

When Haitong, the last emperor of the house of Ming, saw himself besieged in his own city by the usurper, he was resolved to issue from his palace with six hundred of his guards, and give the enemy battle; but they forsook him. Being thus without hopes and choosing death rather than to fall alive into the hands of a rebel, he retired to his garden, conducting his little daughter, an only child, in his hand, there, in a private arbour, unsheathing his sword, he stabbed the young innocent to the heart, and then dispatching himself, left the following words written with his blood on the border of his vest. *Forsaken by*

my subjects, abandoned by my friends, use my body as you will, but spare, O spare, my people.

An empire which has thus continued invariably the same for such a long succession of ages, which though at last conquered by the Tartars, still preserves its ancient laws and learning; and may more properly be said to annex the dominions of Tartary to its empire, than to admit a foreign conqueror; an empire as large as Europe, governed by one law, acknowledging subjection to one prince, and experiencing but one revolution of any continuance in the space of four thousand years; that is something so peculiarly great, that I am naturally led to despise all other nations on the comparison. Here we see no religious persecutions, no enmity between mankind, for difference in opinion. The disciples of Lao Kium, the idolatrous secretaries of Fohi, and the philosophical children of Confucius, only strive to show by their actions the truth of their doctrines.

Now turn from this happy peaceful scene to Europe, the theatre of intrigue, avarice, and ambition. How many revolutions does it not experience in the compass even of one age; and to what do these revolutions tend but the destruction of thousands? Every great event is replete with some new calamity. The seasons of serenity are passed over in silence, their histories seem to speak only of the storm.

There we see the Romans extending their power over barbarous nations, and in turn becoming a prey to those whom they had conquered. We see those barbarians, when becoming Christians, engaged in continual wars with the followers of Mahomet; or more dreadful still, destroying each other. We see councils in the earlier ages authorising every iniquity; crusades spreading desolation in the country left, as well as that to be conquered. Excommunications freeing subjects from natural allegiance, and persuading to sedition; blood flowing in the fields and on scaffolds; tortures used as arguments to convince the recusant: to heighten the horror of the piece, behold it shaded with wars, rebellions, treasons, plots, politics, and poison.

And what advantage has any country of Europe obtained from such calamities? Scarce any. Their dissensions for more than a thousand years have served to make each other unhappy, but have enriched none. All the great nations still nearly preserve their ancient limits; none have been able to subdue the other, and so terminate the dispute. France, in spite of the conquests of Edward the Third, and Henry the Fifth, notwithstanding the efforts of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, still remains within its ancient limits.. Spain, Germany, Great Britain, Poland, the states of the north, are nearly still the same. What effect then has the blood of so many thousands, the destruction of so many cities, produced? Nothing either great or considerable. The Christian princes have lost indeed much from the

enemies of Christendom, but they have gained nothing from each other. Their princes, because they preferred ambition to justice, deserve the character of enemies to mankind; and their priests, by neglecting morality for opinion, have mistaken the interests of society.

On whatever side we regard the history of Europe, we shall perceive it to be a tissue of crimes, follies, and misfortunes, of politics without design, and wars without consequence; in this long list of human infirmity, a great character, or a shining virtue, may sometimes happen to arise, as we often meet a cottage or a cultivated spot in the most hideous wilderness. But for an Alfred, an Alphonso, a Frederic, or an Alexander III we meet a thousand princes who have disgraced humanity.

LETTER LXXXIII.—*Some cautions on life taken from a modern philosopher of China.*

You are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure dissuades from application, but rob not by present gratification all the succeeding period of life of its happiness. Sacrifice a little pleasure at first to the expectance of greater. The study of a very few years will make the rest of life completely easy.

But instead of continuing the subject myself, take the following instructions borrowed from a modern philosopher of China.¹ "He who has begun his fortune by study will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported; thus a man being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

"There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another, a common coarse stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every blemish that may have given rise to his calumny.

"Yet with all the pleasures and profits which are generally pro-

¹ A translation of this passage may also be seen in Du Halde, vol. ii, fol. p. 47 and 48. This extract will at least serve to shew that fondness for humour which appears in the writings of the Chinese.

duced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study. They often seem dragged to what wears the appearance of application. Thus being dilatory in the beginning, all future hopes of eminence are entirely cut off. If they find themselves obliged to write two lines more polite than ordinary, their pencil then seems as heavy as a millstone, and they spend ten years in turning two or three periods with propriety.

" These persons are most at a loss when a banquet is almost over; the plate and the dice go round, that the number of little verses which each is obliged to repeat may be determined by chance. The booby, when it comes to his turn, appears quite stupid and insensible. The company divert themselves with his confusion; and sneers, winks and whispers are circulated at his expense. As for him, he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, stares at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever considering himself as the burthen of all their good humour.

" But it is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any considerable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are some who study for one day with intense application, and repose themselves for ten days after. But wisdom is a coquette, and must be courted with unabating assiduity.

" It was a saying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book, without reaping some advantage by it. I say with them, that every book can serve to make us more expert, except romances, and these are no better than instruments of debauchery. They are dangerous fictions, where love is the ruling passion.

"The most indecent strokes there pass for turns of wit; intrigue and criminal liberties for gallantry and politeness. Assignations, and even villainy, are put in such strong lights, as may inspire even grown men with the strongest passion; how much more therefore ought the youth of either sex to dread them, whose reason is so weak, and whose hearts are so susceptible of passion!

"To slip in by a back-door, or leap a wall are accomplishments that when handsomely set off enchant a young heart. It is true the plot is commonly wound up by a marriage, concluded with the consent of parents, and adjusted by every ceremony prescribed by law. But as in the body of the work there are many passages that offend good morals, overthrow laudable customs, violate the laws, and destroy the duties most essential to society, virtue is thereby exposed to the most dangerous attacks.

" But, say some, the authors of these romances have nothing in view, but to represent vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Granted. But will the greater number of readers take notice of these punish-

ments and rewards? Are not their minds carried to something else? Can *it* be imagined that the art with which the author inspires the love of virtue, can overcome that crowd of thoughts which sway them to licentiousness? To be able to inculcate virtue by so leaky a vehicle, the author must be a philosopher of the first rank. But in our age we can find but few first-rate philosophers.

"Avoid such performances where vice assumes the face of virtue; seek wisdom and knowledge without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wise while he continues in the pursuit of wisdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his enquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a step without first examining the ground with his staff.

"The world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder; without this last the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy; vigilance and economy, of riches and honour; riches and honour, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleness; and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life." Adieu.

LETTER XCIX.—*A visit from a little beau. The indulgence with which the fair sex are treated in several parts of Asia.*

I lately received a visit from the little beau, who I found had assumed a new flow of spirits with a new suit of clothes. Our discourse happened to turn upon the different treatment of the fair sex here and in Asia, with the influence of beauty in refining our manners and improving our conversation.

I soon perceived he was strongly prejudiced in favour of the Asiatic method of treating the sex, and that it was impossible to persuade him, but that a man was happier who had four wives at his command, than he who had only one. "It is true," cries he, "your men of fashion in the East are slaves, and under some terrors of having their throats squeezed in a bow-string; but what then, they can find ample consolation in a seraglio; they make indeed an indifferent figure in conversation abroad, but then they have a seraglio to console them at home. I am told they have no balls, drums, nor operas, but then they have got a seraglio; they may be deprived of wine and French cookery, but they have a seraglio; a seraglio, a seraglio, my dear creature; wipes off every inconvenience in the world.

" Besides, I am told, your Asiatic beauties are the most convenient women alive, for they have no souls; positively there is nothing in Nature I should Eke so much as ladies without souls; soul, here, is the utter ruin of half the sex. A girl of eighteen shall have soul enough to spend an hundred pounds in the turning of a trump. Her mother shall have soul enough to ride a sweepstake match at a horse-race; her maiden aunt shall have soul enough to purchase the furniture of a whole toy-shop, and others shall have soul enough to behave as if they had no souls at all."

With respect to the soul, interrupted I, the Asiatics are much kinder to the fair sex than you imagine; instead of one soul, Fohi, the idol of China, gives every woman three, the Bramines give them fifteen; and even Mahomet himself, no where excludes the sex from Paradise. Abulfeda reports, that an old woman one day importuning him to know what she ought to do in order to gain Paradise; *My good lady*, answered the Prophet, *old women never get there*. What, never get to Paradise? returned the matron in a fury. *Never*, says he, *for they always grow young by the way*.

No, Sir, continued I, the men of Asia behave with more deference to the sex than you seem to imagine. As you of Europe say grace, upon sitting down to dinner, so it is the custom in China to say grace, when a man goes to bed to his wife. *And may I die*, returned my companion, *but a very pretty ceremony; for seriously, Sir, I see no reason why a man should not be as grateful in one situation as in the other*. Upon honour, I always find myself much more disposed to gratitude, on the couch of a fine woman, than upon sitting down to a sirloin of beef.

Another ceremony, said I, resuming the conversation, in favour of the sex amongst us, is the bride's being allowed after marriage, *her three days of freedom*. During this interval, a thousand extravagances are practised by either sex. The lady is placed upon the nuptial bed, and numberless monkey tricks are played round to divert her. One gentleman smells her perfumed handkerchief, another attempts to untie her garters, a third pulls off her shoe to play hunt the slipper, another pretends to be an idiot, and endeavours to raise a laugh by grimacing; in the meantime, the glass goes briskly about, till ladies, gentlemen, wife, husband, and all are mixed together in one inundation of arrack punch.

"Strike me dumb, deaf, and blind," cried my companion, "but very pretty; there's some sense in your Chinese ladies' condescensions; but among us, you shall scarce find one of the whole sex that shall hold her good humour for three days together. No later than yesterday I happened to say some civil things to a citizen's wife of my acquaintance, not because I loved, but because I had charity; and

what do you think was the tender creature's reply? Only that she detested my pigtail wig, high-heeled shoes, and sallow complexion. That is all. Nothing more! Yes, by the heavens, though she was more ugly than an unpainted actress, I found her more insolent than a thorough bred woman of quality."

He was proceeding in this wild manner, when his invective was interrupted by the man in black, who entered the apartment, introducing his niece, a young lady of exquisite beauty. Her very appearance was sufficient to silence the severest satirist of the sex; easy without pride, and free without impudence, she seemed capable of supplying every sense with pleasure; her looks, her conversation were natural and unconstrained; she had neither been taught to languish nor ogle, to laugh without a jest, or sigh without sorrow. I found that she had just returned from abroad, and had been conversant in the manners of the world. Curiosity prompted me to ask several questions, but she declined them all. I own I never found myself so strongly prejudiced in favour of apparent merit before; and could, willingly have prolonged our conversation, but the company after some time withdrew. Just, however, before the little beau took his leave, he called me aside, and requested I would change him a twenty pound bill, which as I was incapable of doing, he was contented with borrowing half a crown. Adieu.

LETTER CX.—*Some projects for introducing Asiatic employments into the courts of England.*

There are numberless employments in the courts of the Eastern monarchs utterly unpractised and unknown in Europe. They have no such officers, for instance, as the Emperor's ear-tickler, or tooth-picker; they have never introduced at the courts the Mandarin appointed to bear the royal tobacco-box, or the grave director of the imperial exertitions in the seraglio. Yet I am surprised that the English have imitated us in none of these particulars, as they are generally pleased with everything that comes from China, and excessively fond of creating new and useless employments. They have filled their houses with our furniture, their public gardens with our fire-works, and their very ponds with our fish; our courtiers, my friend, are the fish and the furniture they should have imported; our courtiers would fill up the necessary ceremonies of a court better than those of Europe, would be contented with receiving large salaries for doing little, whereas some of this country are at present discontented though they receive large salaries for doing nothing.

I lately, therefore, had thoughts of publishing a proposal here, for the admission of some new Eastern offices and titles into **their court**

register. As I consider myself in the light of a Cosmopolite, I find as much satisfaction in scheming for the countries in which I happen to reside, as for that in which I was born.

The finest apartments in the palace of Pegu are frequently infested with rats. These the religion of the country strictly forbids the people to kill. In such circumstances therefore they are obliged to have recourse to some great man of the court, who is willing to free the royal apartments even at the hazard of his salvation. After a weak monarch's reign, the quantity of court vermin in every corner of the palace is surprising, but a prudent king and a vigilant officer soon drives them from their sanctuaries behind the mats and tapestry, and effectually frees the court. Such an officer in England would, in my opinion, be serviceable at this juncture; for if, as I am told, the palace be old, much vermin must undoubtedly have taken refuge behind the wainscot and hangings. A minister should therefore be invested with the title and dignities of Court-vermin killer; he should have full power either to banish, take, poison, or destroy them, with enchantments, traps, ferrets, or ratsbane. He might be permitted to brandish his besom without remorse, and brush down every part of the furniture without sparing a single cobweb however sacred by long prescription. I communicated this proposal some days ago in a company of the first distinction, and enjoying the most honourable offices of the state. Among the number were the inspector of Great Britain, Mr. Henriques, the Director of the Ministry, Ben. Victor, the Treasurer, John Lockman, the Secretary, and the Conductor of the Imperial Magazine. They all acquiesced in the utility of my proposal, but were apprehensive it might meet with some obstructions from court upholsterers and chamber-maids, who would object to it from the demolition of the furniture, and the dangerous use of ferrets and ratsbane.

My next proposal is rather more general than the former, and might probably meet with less opposition. Though no people in the world flatter each other more than the English, I know one who understand the art less, and flatter with such little refinement. Their panegyric, like a Tartar feast, is indeed served up with profusion, but their cookery is unsupportable. A client here shall dress up a fricassee for his patron, that shall offend an ordinary nose before it enters the room. A town shall send up their address to a great minister, which shall prove at once a satire on the minister and themselves. If the favourite of the day sits, or stands, or sleeps, there are poets to put it into verse, and priests to preach it in the pulpit. In order therefore to free both those who praise, and those who are praised, from a duty probably disagreeable to both, I would constitute professed flatterers here as in several courts of India. These are appointed in the courts of their princes, to instruct the people where to exclaim with admira-

tion and where to lay ati emphasis of praise. But an officer of this kind is always in waiting when the Emperor converses in a familiar manner among his Rajahs and other nobility. At every sentence, when the monarch pauses, and smiles at what he has been saying, the Karamatman, as this officer is called, is to take it for granted, that his majesty has said a good thing. Upon which he cries out, Karamat! Karamat! a miracle, a miracle, and throws up his hands and his eyes in ecstasy. This is echoed by the courtiers around, while the Emperor sits all this time in sullen satisfaction, enjoying the triumph of his joke, or studying a new repartee.

I would have such an officer placed at every great man's table in England. By frequent practice he might soon become a perfect master of the art, and in time would turn out pleasing to his patron, no way troublesome to himself, and might prevent the nauseous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergy here, I am convinced, would relish this proposal. It would provide places for several of them, And indeed by some of their later productions many appear to have qualified themselves as candidates for this office already.

But my last proposal I take to be of the utmost importance. Our neighbour, the Empress of Russia, has, you may remember, instituted an order of female knighthood. The Empress of Germany has also instituted another; the Chinese have had such an order time immemorial. I am amazed the English have never come into such an institution. When I consider what kind of men are made knights here, it appears strange, that they have never conferred this honour upon women. They make cheesemongers and pastry-cooks, Knights; then why not their wives? They have called up tallow-chandlers to maintain the hardy profession of chivalry and arms; then why not their wives? Haberdashers are sworn, as I suppose all Knights must be sworn, *never to fly in time of mellay or battle, to maintain and uphold the noble estate of Chivalry, with horse harnishe and other Knightly habiliments*. Haberdashers, I say, are sworn to all this, then why not their wives? Certain I am their wives understand fighting and feats of mellay and battle better than they, and as for Knightly horse and harnishe, it is probable, both know nothing more than the harness of a one horse chaise. No, no, my friend, instead of conferring any order upon the husbands, I would knight their wives. However, the state should not be troubled with a new institution upon this occasion. Some ancient exploded order might be revived, which would furnish both a motto and a name, the ladies might be permitted to choose for themselves. There are for instance, the obsolete orders of the *Dragon* in Germany, of the *Rue* in Scotland, and the *Porcupine* in France, all well-sounding names, and very applicable to my intended female institution, Adieu.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

THE globe we inhabit is divisible into two worlds; one hardly less tangible, and far more known than the other—the common geographical world, and the world of books; and the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and romance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of book should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinderton.

China, sir, is a very unknown place to us—in one sense of the word unknown; but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea, and *china*, and ko-tous, and pagodas, and mandarines, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the teacups, and the novel of Ju-Kiao-Li, have made us well acquainted with it; better a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With *one* China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers Cathay, "seat of Cathian Can," the country of which Ariosto's "Angelica" was princess-royal; yes, she was a Chinese, "the fairest of her sex, Angelica." It shows that the ladies in that country must have greatly degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig. I will deviate here into a critical remark, which is, that the Italian poets seem to have considered people the handsomer the farther you went north. The old traveller, it is true, found a good deal of the beauty that depends on red and white, in Tartary and ottief western regions; and a fine Complexion is highly esteemed in the swarthy south. But "Astolfo," the Englishman, is celebrated for his beauty by the Italian poets: the unrivalled "Angelica" was a Chinese, and the handsomest of Ariosto's heroes "Zebrina," of whom he writes the famous passage, "that nature made him, and then broke the mould," was a *Scotchman*. The poet had probably seen some very handsome Scotchman in Romagna. With this piece of "bribery and corruption" to your national readers, I return to my subject.

From a letter written to "Tait's Magazine," in 1833.

LETTERS FROM JOHN CHINAMAN

GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON (1862-1932)

I

. . . FAR away in the East, under the sunshine such as you never saw (for even such light as you have you stain and infect with sooty smoke), on the shore of a broad river stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands; but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or gray, modest, cheerful, and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift their blue- or red-tiled roofs out of a sea of green; while here and there glitters over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river, crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges ^v and junks, bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village-markets. For prosperous peasants people all the district, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before, them. The soil on which they work, they may say, they and their ancestors have made. For see! almost to the summit what once were barren hills are waving green with cotton and rice, sugar, oranges and tea. Water drawn from the river-bed girdles the slopes with silver; and falling from channel to channel in a thousand bright cascades, plashing in cisterns, chuckling in pipes, soaking and oozing in the soil, distributes freely to all alike fertility, verdure and life. Hour after hour you may traverse, by tortuous paths, over tiny bridges, the works of the generations who have passed, the labours of their children of to-day; till you reach the point where man succumbs and Nature had her way, covering the highest crags with a mantle of azure and gold and rose, gardenia, clematis, azalea, growing luxuriantly wild. How often here have I sat for hours in a silence so intense that, as one of our poets has said, " you may hear the shadows of the trees rustling on the ground "; a silence broken only now and again from far below by voices of labourers calling across the watercourses, or, at evening or dawn, by the sound of gongs summoning to worship from the temples in the valley. Such a silence! Such sounds! Such perfume! Such colour! The senses respond to their objects; they grow exquisite to a degree you cannot well conceive in your northern climate; and beauty pressing in from without moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself. If in China we have manners, if we have art, if we have morals, the reason, to those who can see, is not far to seek. Nature has taught us; and so far, we are only more fortunate than you. But, also, we have had the grace to learn her lesson; and that, we think, we may ascribe to our intelligence. For, consider, here in this lovely

Valley live thousands of souls without any law save that of custom, without any rule save that of their own hearths. Industrious they are, as you hardly know industry in Europe; but it is the industry of free men working for their kith and kin, on the lands they received from their fathers, to transmit, enriched by their labours, to their sons. They have no other ambition; they do not care to amass wealth; and if in each generation some must needs go out into the world, it is with the hope, not commonly frustrated, to return to the place of their birth and spend their declining years among the scenes and faces that were dear to their youth. Among such people there is no room for fierce indecent rivalries. None is master, none servant; but equality, concrete and real, regulates and sustains their intercourse. Healthy toil, sufficient leisure, frank hospitality, a sense of beauty fostered by the loveliest Nature in the world, and finding expression in gracious and dignified manners where it is not embodied in exquisite works of art—such are the characteristics of the people among whom I was born. Does my memory flatter me? Do I idealise the scenes of my youth? It may be so. But this I know; that some such life as I have described, reared on the basis of labour on the soil, of equality and justice, does exist and flourish throughout the length and breadth of China.

II

. . . What I wish to point out is the fact that, by virtue of this institution, we have inculcated and we maintain among our people of all classes a respect for the things of the mind and of the spirit, to which it would be hard to find a parallel in Europe, and of which, in particular, there is no trace in England. In China, letters are respected not merely to a degree but in a sense which must seem, I think, to you unintelligible and overstrained. But there is a reason for it. Our poets and literary men have taught their successors, for long generations, to look for good not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in Nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, the scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides for ever away, with its freight of music and light, into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature.

This we have; this you cannot give us; but this you may so easily take away. Amid the roar of looms it cannot be heard; it cannot be seen in the smoke of factories; it is killed by the wear and the whirl of Western life. And when I look at your business men, the men whom you most admire; when I see them hour after hour, day after day, year after year, toiling in the mill of their forced and undelighted labours; when I see them importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal cares, I reflect, I confess, with satisfaction on the simpler routine of our ancient industry, and prize, above all your new and dangerous routes, the beaten track so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure, even while we pace it, to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.

PART TWO

SIX CENTURIES OF EUROPEAN TOURISTS

(A SELECTION OF TRAVELS)

MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS

OF THE GREAT AND ADMIRABLE PALACE OF THE GRAND KHAN, NEAR
TO THE CITY OF KANBALU

THE Grand Khan usually resides during three months of the year, namely, December, January, and February, in the great city of Kanbalu,¹ situated towards the north-eastern extremity of the province of Cathay; and here, on the southern side of the new city, is the site of his vast palace, the form and dimensions of which are as follows. In the first place is a square enclosed with a wall and deep ditch; each side of the square being eight miles in length, and having at an equal distance from each extremity an entrance-gate, for the concourse of people resorting thither from all quarters. Within this enclosure there is, on the four sides, an open space one mile in breadth, where the troops are stationed; and this is bounded by a second wall, enclosing a square of six miles, having three gates on the south side, and three on the north, the middle portal of each being larger than the other two, and always kept shut, excepting on the occasions of the emperor's entrance or departure. Those on each side always remain open for the use of common passengers. In the middle of each division of these walls is a handsome and spacious building, and consequently within the enclosure there are eight such buildings, in which are deposited the royal military stores; one building being appropriated to the reception of each class of stores. Thus, for instance, the bridles, saddles, stirrups, and other furniture serving for the equipment of cavalry, occupy one storehouse; the bows, strings, quivers, arrows, and other articles belonging to archery, occupy another; cuirasses, corselets, and other armour formed of leather, a third storehouse; and so of the rest. Within this walled enclosure there is still another, of great thickness, and its height is full twenty-five feet. The battlements or crenated parapets are all white. This also forms a square four miles in extent, each side being one mile,

¹ Peking.

and it has six gates, disposed like those of the former enclosure. It contains in like manner eight large buildings, similarly arranged, which are appropriated to the wardrobe of the emperor. The spaces between the one wall and the other are ornamented with many handsome trees, and contain meadows in which are kept various kinds of beasts, such as stags, the animals that yield the musk, roe-bucks, fallow-deer, and others of the same class. Every interval between the walls, not occupied by buildings, is stocked in this manner. The pastures have abundant herbage. The roads across them being raised three feet above their level, and paved, no mud collects upon them, nor rain-water settles, but on the contrary runs off, and contributes to improve the vegetation. Within these walls, which constitute the boundary of four miles, stands the palace of the Grand Khan, the most extensive that has ever yet been known. It reaches from the northern to the southern wall, leaving only a vacant space (or court), where persons of rank and the military guards pass and repass. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty. The paved foundation or platform on which it stands is raised ten spans above the level of the ground, and a wall of marble, two paces wide, is built on all sides, to the level of this pavement, within the line of which the palace is erected; so that the wall, extending beyond the ground plan of the building, and encompassing the whole, serves as a terrace, where those who walk on it are visible from without. Along the exterior edge of the wall is a handsome balustrade, with pillars, which the people are allowed to approach. The sides of the great halls and the apartments are ornamented with dragons in carved work and gilt, figures of warriors, of birds, and of beasts, with representations of battles. The inside of the roof is contrived in such a manner that nothing besides gilding and painting presents itself to the eye. On each of the four sides of the palace there is a grand flight of marble steps, by which you ascend from the level of the ground to the wall of marble which surrounds the building, and which constitute the approach to the palace itself. The grand hall is extremely long and wide, and admits of dinners being there served to great multitudes of people. The palace contains a number of separate chambers, all highly beautiful, and so admirably disposed that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement to the system of their arrangement. The exterior of the roof is adorned with a variety of colours, red, green, azure, and violet, and the sort of covering is so strong as to last for many years. The glazing of the windows is so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal. In the rear of the body of the palace there are large buildings containing several apartments, where is deposited the private property of the monarch, or his treasure in gold and silver bullion, precious stones, and pearls, and also his vessels of gold and silver

plate. Here are likewise the apartments of his wives and concubinaes; and in this retired situation he despatches business with convenience, being free from every kind of interruption. On the other side of the grand palace, and opposite to that in which the emperor resides, is another palace, in every respect similar, appropriated to the residence of Chingis, his eldest son, at whose court are observed all the ceremonials belonging to that of his father, as the prince who is to succeed to the government of the empire. Not far from the palace, on the northern side, and about a bow-shot distance from the surrounding wall, is an artificial mount of earth, the height of which is full a hundred paces, and the circuit at the base about a mile. It is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees; for whenever his majesty receives information of a handsome tree growing in any place, he causes it to be dug up, with all its roots and the earth about them, and however large and heavy it may be, he has it transported by means of elephants to this mount, and adds it to the verdant collection. From this perpetual verdure it has acquired the appellation of the Green Mount. On its summit is erected an ornamental pavilion, which is likewise entirely green. The view of this altogether—the mount itself, the trees, and the building, form a delightful and at the same time a wonderful scene. In the northern quarter also, and equally within the precincts of the city, there is a large and deep excavation, judiciously formed, the earth from which supplied the earth for raising the mount. It is furnished with water by a small rivulet, and has the appearance of a fish-pond, but its use is for watering the cattle. The stream passing from thence along an aqueduct, at the foot of the Green Mount, proceeds to fill another great and very deep excavation formed between the private palace of the emperor and that of his son Chingis; and the earth from hence equally served to increase the elevation of the mount. In this latter basin there is great store and variety of fish, from which the table of his majesty is supplied with any quantity that may be wanted. The stream discharges itself at the opposite extremity of the piece of water, and precautions are taken to prevent the escape of the fish by placing gratings of copper or iron at the places of its entrance and exit. It is stocked also with swans and other aquatic birds. From the one palace to the other there is a communication by means of a bridge thrown across the water.

OF THE CITIES OF SIN-GUI AND VA-GIU

Sin-gui¹ is a large and magnificent city, the circumference of which is twenty miles. The inhabitants are idolaters, subjects of the Grand Khan, and use his paper money. They have vast quantities of raw

¹ Soochow.

silk, and manufacture it, not only for their own consumption, all of them being clothed in dresses of silk, but also for other markets. There are amongst them some very rich merchants, and the number of inhabitants is so great as to be a subject of astonishment. They are, however, a pusillanimous race, and solely occupied with their trade and manufactures. In these indeed they display considerable ability, and if they were as enterprising, manly, and warlike, as they are ingenious, so prodigious is their number, that they might not only subdue the whole of the province (Manji), but might carry their views still further. They have amongst them many physicians of eminent skill, who can ascertain the nature of the disorder, and know how to apply the proper remedies. There are also persons distinguished as professors of learning, or, as we should term them, philosophers, and others who may be called magicians or enchanters. On the mountains near the city, rhubarb grows in the highest perfection, and is from thence distributed throughout the province. Ginger is likewise produced in large quantities, and is sold at so cheap a rate, that forty pounds weight of the fresh root may be had for the value, in their money, of a Venetian silver groat. Under the jurisdiction of Sin-gui there are sixteen respectable and wealthy cities and towns, where trade and arts flourish. By the name of Sin-gui is to be understood "the city of the earth," as by that of Kin-sai, "the city of heaven." Leaving Sin-gui, we shall now speak of another city, distant from it only a day's journey, named Va-giu,¹ where, likewise, there is a vast abundance of raw silk, and where there are many merchants as well as artificers. Silks of the finest quality are woven here, and are afterwards carried to every part of the province. No other circumstances presenting themselves as worthy of remark, we shall now proceed to the description of the principal city and metropolis of the province of Manji, named Kin-sai.

THE JOURNALS OF FRIAR ODORIC

As Quoted by

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

Of the land named Cathay and of the great riches thereof

AND from thence men go uppon a river that men call Ceremosan, and this river goeth throughe Cathay² & doth many times harme when it waxeth great. Cathay is a faire cuntry & rich, ful of goods and

¹ Chia-hsing?

* Northern China.

merchandises, thether come marchauntes everye yeare for to fetch spices and other merchandises more commonly than they do in other countreys. And ye shall understand that marchaunts that come from Venice or from Gene or from other places of Lombardy, or of Italy, they go by sea and land, xi monthes and more or they may come to Cathay.

Of a great citie named Cadon therein is the great Caanes palaice and sege

In the province of Cathay towards the East, is an olde citie, & beside that citie the Tartariens have made an other citie that men call Cadon,¹ y^t hathe xii² gates, and betwene eche two gates is a great myle, so those two cities the olde and the new is round about xx myle. In this citie is the palaice and sege of y^e great Caane in a full faire place and great, of which the wals about is two myle, and within that are many fayre places, and in the gardeyne of that palaice is a right greate hill on the which is an other palaice, and it is the fayrest that may bee founde in any place, and all about that hyll are many trees berynge divers fruites, and about that hyll is a great dyche, and there nere are many rivers on eche syde, and in those are many wylde foules that he may take and not go out of the palayce. Within y^e hall of that palaice are xxiiii pillars of gold and all the walks are covered with ryche skynnes of beastes that men call Panthera.

Those are fayre beastes and well smelling and of the smell of those skynnes, none evyll smell may come to the palayce, those skynnes are as redde as bloude, and they shine so against the Sonne that a man can scarcely beholde them and those skynnes are esteemed there as much as golde.

In the myddest of the palace is a place made that they call the Monture³ for the great Caane, that is well made with precious stones and great hanging about, and at the foure corners of that Montour are foure nedders⁴ of golde, & under that mountour and about are conduites of bevrage that they drink in the Emperour's courte. And the hall of that palayce is richly dight and wel, and firste at the upper ende of the hall is the throne of the Emperour right hie where he sitteth at meate (*at a*) table that is well bordered with gold and that bordure is full of precious stones and great pearles, and the greces on which he goeth up are of diverse precious stones bordred with golde.

¹ Others call it Sugarmago or Eugarmago.

² Pynson says 7.

³ This is a curious term, which can scarcely be translated. A French edition has *Mountaynette*, which Cotgrave says is a little mountain. A Latin edition says

⁴ *Ascensorium*,
Serpents.

At the left syde of his throne is the sege of his wife a degree lower than he sitteth and that is of Jasper bordred with gold and the sege of his seconde wife is a degree lower than the fyrste, and that is also of good Jasper bordred with golde and the sege of the thyrd wife is a degree lower than the seconde for alwaye he hathe three wives with him wheresoeuer he is, besyde these wives on the same side setteth other ladies of his kin eche one lower than other, as they are of degree, and all those that are wedded, haue a counterfaite¹ of a man's foote uppon their heads a cubite long and all made with precious stones, & about they are made with shining fethers of pecockes or such other in tokening that they are in subjection to man & under men's feete, & they that are not wedded haue none such. On the right side of the Emperour sitteth fyrste his sonne the which shall be Emperour after him, and he sitteth also a degree lower than the Emperour in such maner of seges as the Emperour sitteth, and by him sitteth other lordes of his kyn, eche one lower than other as they are of degree. And the Emperour hath his table by himselfe alone that is made of golde and precious stones, or of white Crystal or yelow, bordred with golde, and eche one of his wyves hath a table by hirsselfe. And under the Emperours table sitteth foure clerkes at his feete that wryteth all that the Emperour sayth be it goode or ylle. And at great feastes about the Emperours table, and all other tables in the hall is a vine made of gold that goeth all about the hall, and it hath many braunches of grapes lyke to grapes of the vine, some are white, some are yelow, some red, some grene, and some blacke, all the red are of rubies of cremes² or alabonce, the white are of cristall or byrall,³ the yelow are of topaces, the grene are of Emeraudes & Crysolytes, and the blacke are of Ouickes and Gerandes,⁴ & this vyne is made of precious stones so properly that it seemeth that it were a vyne growinge. And before the borde of the Emperour standeth great lordes and no man is so hardy to speke unto hym, except it be musicians for to solace the Emperour. And all the vessell that is served in his hall or chambres, are of precious stones and namely at tables where great lordes eate, that is to say, of Jasper, cristall, amatyst, or iyne golde, and the cuppes are of Emeraudes, saphyres, topaces, and many other maner of stones; and (of) silver haue they no vessell, for they praise silver but little to make vessell of, but they make of silver greces, pylers & paviments of halles & chambres. And ye shall understande that my felaw & I were in wages with him xvi moneths against the Kinge of Mancy,⁵ uppon whome he made warre, and the cause was we had so great desire to

¹ Representation. ² Grenas. ³ Beryl.

⁴ Ouickes, spelt in Pynson *O nichez*, probably means onyxes, Gerandes, spelt in one MS. *Garantez*, means geracites.

⁵Marco Polo gives a graphic description of the invasion and subjection of Manzi, or Southern China, in the year 1268, by Kiiblai's great general Bayan (great **or noble** **Hundred-eyes**).

see the nobilitye of his court, if it were suche as we heard speake of, and forsoth we founde it more richer & solempne than ever we harde speake of, and we should neuer haue beleved it, had we not seene it. But we shall understande the meat and drinke is more honest among us than it is in those countreys, for all the comons eate upon skines of beastes on theyr knees and eate but fleshe of all maner of beastes, & when they haue all eate they wipe theyr handes on their skirtes & they eate but once in the day & eate but little bread but the maner of the lordes is full noble and richly.

Wherefore that the Emperour of Cathay is called the great Caane

And ye shall understande why he is called y^e great Caane, ye knowe y^t all the worlde was destroyed with Noes floud but Noe his wife & children. Noe had three sons, Sem, Cham & Japhet. Cham when he saw his father naked when he slept, scorned him & therefore he was cursed and Japhet covered him againe. These three brethrene hadde all the land. Cham toke the best parte eastward that is called Asia. Sem toke Afryke and Japhet toke Europe. Cham was the mightiest and richest of his bretherne and of him are come the Paynim folke & divers maner of men of the yles, some headlesse, and other men disfigured, and for this Cham the Emperour there called him Cham and Lord of all. But ye shall understande that the Emperour of Cathay is called Caane, and not Cham, & for this cause, it is not long ago that all Tartary was in subjection and thrall to other nations about, and they were made herdemen to kepe beastes, and among them was vii linages or kindes,¹ the firste was called Tartary that is the best, the second linage is called Tamghot,² the third Furace,³ the the fourth Valaire, the fifth Semoth,⁴ the sixth Menchy,⁵ the seventh Sobeth.⁶ These are all holding of the great Caane of Cathay. Now it befell so that ther first linage was an olde man & hee was not ryche and men called him Chanius. This man lay and slept on a nighte in his bedde, and there came to him a knyghte, all white, sitting uppon a white hors, and sayde to him, Caane slepeste thou? God that is almighty sent me to thee, & it is his will that thou saye to the vii linages y^t thou shalt be theyr Emperour, for ye shall conquere all the lande about you, and they shall be in your subjection as you have bene in theirs. And when morow came he rose up and sayde it to the vii linages, and they scorned him and sayde he was a fole, and the next night the same knyghte came to the vii linages and bad them of gods behalfe to make Chanius their Emperour, and they shold be

¹ People or tribes.

² Tangut, or Tanghdt, is the name given to certain tribes of Thibetan extraction who lived on the north-west frontier of China.

* * * Called variously Eurache, Semoche, Megly, and Coboghe, whose relative positions can scarcely now be defined accurately.

out of all subjection. And on the morow they chose Chanius to be Emperour, and dyd him all worship that they might do, & called him Caane as the white knighte called him, and they sayde they would doe as he badde them. Then he made many statutes and lawes, the which he called Ysakan.¹ The firste statute was, that they shoulde be obedient to God almyghtie, and beleve that he should deliver them out of thraldome, and that they shoulde call on him in all their workes. Another statute was, y^t all men that might beare armes shoulde be nombred, and to eche x shoulde be a master, and to a hundred a master, and to a thousand a master. Then he commaunded to all the greatest and principallest of the vii linages, that they should forsake all that they had in heritage or lordship, and that they should hold them payed of that he wold give them of his grace, and they did so. And also he bad them y^t eche man should bringe his eldest sonne before him, and sleay his owne sonne with his owne handes, and smyte of their heads, and as sone they did his bidding. And when he saw they made no letting² of what he bad them, then bad he them folow his baner, and then he put in subjection all the landes about him.

*How the great Caane was hid under a tree, and so escaped his
enimies bicause of a byrd*

And it befell on a day that the Caane rode with a fewe men to see the lande that he had wonne, and he met with a greate multitude of his enimies and there he was caste downe of his horse, and his horse slayne, and when his men saw him at y earth³ they went⁴ he had been deade, and fledde, & the ennimies folowed after, and when he sawe his ennimies were fer,⁵ he hid him in a bushe, for the wod was thicke there, and when they were come againe from the chace, they went to seke among the wood if any were hid there, and they founde many, and as they came to the place where he was, they saw a birde sitte uppon a tree, the which byrd men call an Oule, and then sayd they, that there was no man, for the birde sat there, and so went they away, and thus was the Caane saved from death, & so he went awaye on a night to his owne men, which were glad of his comming, and from that time hitherwardes men of that countrey haue that byrde in great reverence, and for that cause they worship that byrd aboue all other birds of the worlde. And incontinent he assembled all his men, rode uppon his enimies and destroyed them, and when he had won all the landes that were aboute him, he helde them in subjection. And when the Caane had won all the lordes to mounte Belyan, the

¹ Others write it Ysya-Chan. Yasa(k) is the Mongol word for "The Code of Law."

³ Hindrance.

⁴ Weened—supposed, imagined.

⁵

On the ground.

Far away.

white knyghte came to him in a vision againe, and said unto him, Caan the will of God is, that thou passe the mounte Belyan, and thou shalt win many landes, and for thou shalt find no passage, go thou to mount Belian that is upon the sea side and knele ix times thereon against the east in the worship of God, & he shall shew thee a way how thou shalt passe, and Caan did so, & anon the sea that touched the hil, withdrew him, & shewed him a faire way of ix foote brode betwene the hill and the sea, & so he passed right wel with al his men, & then he wan the land of Cathay that is the best land and the greatest of all the worlde, and for those ix knelings and the ix foote of way, Caane and the men of Tartary have the number of ix in great worship.

Of the great Caanes letters and the wryting about his seale

Now when he had wonne the lande of Cathay he dyed, and then raigned after Cythoco¹ the eldest sonne of Caane, & his other brothers went to winne them landes in other countreys, and they wan the land of Pruisse, and of Russy & they dyd cal themselfe Caane, but he of Cathay is the greatest lorde of all the worlde and so he called him in his letters and sayth thus, *Caane filius del excelsi, universam terram coulentium summus imperator, & dominus dominantium*: That is to say, Caane Gods son, Emperour of all those that tyll all the lande, and Lorde of all lordes. And the writing about his great seale is, *Deus in celo & Caane super terram ejus fortitudo omnium hominum imperatoris sigillum*: That is to say, God in heaven, Caan uppon earth, his strength the seale of the Emperour of all men. And the wryting about his privy seale is, *Dei fortitudo omnium hominum imperatoris sigillum*: That is to say, The strength of God, seale of the Emperour of all men. And if it be so that they be not christen, yet the Emperour and the Tartarins beleve in God Almightye.

Of the governaunce of the countrey of the great Caane

Now haue I tolde you why he is called the great Caane, now shall I tell you of the governinge of his courte when they make great feastes, and he kepeth foure principall feastes in the yeaere, the fyrste of his byrth, the seconde when he is borne to the Temple to be circumcised, the third is of his ydoles when they begin to speake, and the fourth when the ydole begimieth fyrst to do myracles, & at those tymes he hath men well arayed by thousands and by hundreds and eche one wote well what he shal do. For there is fyrst ordeined 4000 rich barons and mighty for to ordeine the feast & to serve the Emperour & all these barons haue crowns of gold well dight with precious stones and pearles,

¹ In other editions Ecchecha. In reality, Ogstay, 1227—1241, who succeeded his father in 1229, and reigned over the Tartars till 1241.

and they are clad in clothes of golde & camathas¹ as richly as they may bee made & they may well have suche clothes for they are there of lesse pryce than wollen cloth is here. And these foure thousande barons are departed in foure parties, & eche company is clad in diverse colour ryght richely, and when the first thousand is passed and hath shewed them, then come the seconde thousande, and then the thirde thousande & then the fourth, and none of them speketh a word. And on the one side of the Emperours table sitteth many phylosophers of many sciences, some of Astronomic, Nygromancie,² Geometry, Pyromacy,³ & many other sciences, and some haue before them Astrolabes⁴ of golde or of precious stones full of sande or of coles brenning, some haue horologes⁵ well dight and richly, and many other instruments after their sciences. And at a certaine houre when they see time, they say to men that stand before them, make peace, and then saye those men with a loude voyce to all the hall, now be styll awhile, and then saith one of the philosophers, eche man make reverence and encline to the Emperour, that is Gods sonne, and lorde of the worlde, for now is time and houre, and then all men enclyne to him, and knele on the earth, and then the Phylosopher biddeth them rise up againe. And at another houre another philosopher biddeth them put their fingers in theyr eares and they do so, and at another houre another philosopher biddeth that all men shall laye their hande on their heads, and they do so, and then he biddeth them take them away and they doe so, and thus from houre to houre they bid divers thinges. And I asked privily what it shoulde meane and one of the masters said that the enclining and the kneling on the earth at that time hath this token, that all those men that kneled so shall evermore be true to the Emperour, that for no gift nor thretning they shal never be traitours nor false to him and the putting of the finger in the eare hath this token, that none of those shall here any yll spoken of the Emperour or his counsayll. And ye shall understande that men dight nothing, as clothes, bread, drinke nor no such things to the Emperour but at certaine hours that the Philosophers tell, and if any man reyse war against the Emperour in what countrey so ever it bee these Philosophers know it sone, & tell y^e Emperour or his counsail and he sendeth men thether, for he hath many men. Also he hath many men that kepeth birdes, as gerfaukons,⁶ sperhaukes,⁷ faucons,⁸ gentils,⁹ lavers, sacres,¹⁰ popyniayes¹¹ that can speake, and many other, ten thousande olyphants, baboynes, marmosets, and other and he hath ever aboute him many Physicions more than two hundred that are Christen men

¹ A rich silken or thread stuff.

² Necromancy, or foretelling events by pretended communion with the dead.

³ Divination by fire. ⁴ An astronomical instrument.

⁶ Gerfalcons. ⁷ Sparrow-hawks. ⁸ Falcons.

¹⁰ Sakers, or peregrine hawks. ¹¹ Parrots.

⁹ Timepieces. Gentles.

& xx sarasyns, but yet he trusteth more to Christen men than in Sarasyns. And there is in that countrey many Sarasins and other Servaunts that are Christen and converted to the faith, through preching of good Christen men that dwel there, but there are many that will not that men wete¹ that they are Christen.

Of the great ryches of the Emperour and of his dispending

This Emperour is a great lorde, for he may dispend what he will without nombre, bicause he spendeth nother sylver nor golde & maketh no money but of lether or skynnes, and this same money goeth through all his lande, and of the silver & gold buylded he his palaces. And he hath in his chambre a piller of golde in the which is a Ruby, and carbuncle of a foote² long, the which lighteth all his chambre by night & he hath many other precious stones & rubies, but this is the most.³ This Emperour dwelleth in the sommer towards the North in a citie that men call Saydus and there it is colde enoughe, and in the winter he dwelleth in a citie that men call Camalach, and there it is right hot, but for the most part is he at Cadon, that is not farre thence.

Of the ordynaunce of the lordes of the Emperour when he rideth from one countrey to another to warre

And when this great Caane shall ryde from one countrey to another they ordeyne foure hostes of people, of which the fyrst goeth before a daies journey; for that hoste lyeth at even where the Emperour shall lye on the morow, and there is plenty of vitailles. And another host commeth at the right side of hym and an other at the left side, and in eche hoste is much folke. And then commeth the fourth hoste behind hym a bowe draught, and there is more men in that than in any of the other. And ye shall understande that the Emperour rideth on no horse, but when hee will go to any seacrete place with a privy meyny⁴ where he will not be knowne, but he rideth in a chariot with four wheles & there uppon is a chamber made of a tree that men call *Lignum aloes* that commeth out of Paradise terrestre, & that chamber is covered with plates of fyne gold, and precious stones and perles, and foure Olyfhants & foure Oxen all white go therein, and five or sixe great lordes ride about him, so that none other men shal come nigh him, except the Emperour call any, and in the same manner with a chariot & such hostes rideth the Empres by another side, and the Emperours eldest sonne in that same aray, and they haue so much people that it is a great marvaile for to see.

¹ Will not let men know.

² Others say half a foot. There were always rumours in the East of wonderful rubies, especially one belonging to the King of Ceylon, which Kublai Khan is reported to have coveted, and wished to⁴ purchase.

³ The greatest.

Private retinue.

How the empyre of the great Caane is departed¹ into xii provinces & how that they do cast ensence in the fyre where the great Caane passeth through the cities & townes in worship of the Emperour

The land of the great Caane is departed in xii provinces, and euery province hath more than two thousande cities and townes. And when the Emperour rideth through the countrey, & he passeth through cities & townes, eche man maketh a fyre before his house, & caste therein ensence & other things that giue good smell to the Emperour. And if any men of relygion that are Christen men dwel nere as the Emperour cometh they mete him with procession, with crosse and holye water, and they Singe *Veni creator spiritus* with a loude voyce, and when he seeth them comming he commaundeth the lordes that they ride nere to him to make way that the religious men may come to him, and when he seeth the crosse, he doeth of² his hat that is made of precious stones and greate perles, & that hat is so riche that it is marvaile to tel, and then he enclineth to the crosse, & the prelate of the religious men sayth orisons before him and giveth him the benison³ with the crosse, and he enclineth to the benison ful devoutly, and then the prelate giveth him some fruite to the number of ix in a platter of gold,⁴ peares or apples or other fruite, & then the Emperour taketh one thereof and the other he giveth to his lordes, for the maner is such there, that no strange man shall come before the Emperour but he giue him somewhat, after the olde law that sayth, *Non accedat in conspectu meo manis*.⁵ That is to say, No man come into my sight idle. And then y^e Emperour biddeth these religious men that they shall goe forth, so that the men of his hoste defyle them not, and those relygious men that dwell where the Empresse or the Emperour sonne cometh, they do in the same maner.

How the great Caane is the mightiest lord of all the worlde

This great Caane is the myghtiest lorde of the worlde, for Prester⁶ John is not so great a lorde as he, nor the Sowdan of Babilon, ne y^e Emperour of Percy.⁷ In this lande a man hath a hundred wives & some xi,⁸ some more some lesse, & they take of their kin to wives, all saue their sisters, their mothers & daughters and they take also wel theyr stepmother if their father be dead, and men & women haue all one maner of clothing, so that they may not bee knowne, but y^t

¹ Partitioned.

⁴ Others say silver.

⁶ In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a firm belief that ruling over a vast population in the Far East was a most wealthy and powerful monarch of that name, who claimed to be descended from one of the three kings who adored the infant Christ.

⁷ Persia.

²

Take off.

³

Blessing.

⁵ Misprint for *vacuus*, empty-handed.

⁸

Others say 60.

women that are wedded beare a token on theyr heads, & they dwell not with their housbandes, but he may lye by which he will. They have plenty of all maner of beastes save swine, and forsoth they wyl (*have*) none, and they beleve well in God that made all thing, & yet have they ydoles of golde and sylver, and to those Idols they offer theyr fyrst mylke of beastes.

Of other maners of this countrey

This Emperour the great Caane hath three wives, and the principall wife was Prester Johns daughter. And the people of this countrey begin to doe all theyr thinges in the newe Moone, and they worshippe muche the Sonne and the Moone, those men ryde commonly without spoores, & they holde it a great sinne to breake one bone¹ with another, and to spyll mylke on the grounde, or any other lycour y* men may drinke.² And when they haue eaten they wipe their handes uppon theyr skyrts, for they haue no table clothes except it be right great lordes, and when they haue all eaten they put their dishes or platters not washed in the pot or cauldron with flesh that is left when they haue eaten, until they will eate another time, & rich men drink milke of mares, of asses, or other beastes, and other beverage that is made of milke and water together, for they haue neither beere nor wine. And when they go to warre, they warre full wysely, and eche man of them bereth two or three bowes and many arowes and a great hatchet, gentilmen haue short swords,⁸ and he that flyeth in batayle they sleay him, & they are ever in purpose to bring all the land in subjection to them, for they say prophecies say that they shall be overcome by shot of archers, and that they shall turne them to their law, but they wot not what men they shall be, and it is great peril to pursue the Tartaries when they flee, for they will shoot bchinde and slea men as well as before, and they have small eyen⁴ as little birdes, and they are commonly false for they holde not their promise. And when a man shal die among them, they stick a speare in the earth beside him, and when he draweth to the death, they go out of the house till he dead, and then they put him in the earth in the field.

How the Emperour is brought unto his grave when he is dead

And when the Emperour is dead, they set him into a carte⁵ in the middes of his tente, and they set before him a table covered with a cloth, & there upon they set flesh and other meat & a cup full of milke of a mare, and they set a mare with a coke by him, & a horse sadled & bridled, and they lay upon the horse golde & silver, and all

¹ A bone.

³ Other editions say spears.

² A passage is here omitted.

⁴ Eyes.

⁵ Other editions sax a chair.

about him they make a greate grave, and with all the things they put him therein, as the tente, hors, golde & silver, and all that is aboute him & they say, when he cometh in to another worlde he shall not be without an house, nor hors, ne silver nor gold, and the mare shall give him milke & bringe forth more horses till he be well stored in the other worlde, & one of his chamberlaines or servants is put with him in the earth for to doe him service in the other worlde, for they belieue that when hee is dead he shall go to another world, and be a greater lord there than here; & when he is laid in the earth no man shall be so hardy for to speake of him before his frendes.¹

When the Emperour is dead how they chose and make an other

And then when the Emperour is dead the seaven linages gather them together, and they touch his son or the next of his Wood, & they say thus, We wyll, and we ordeyne, and we pray thee that thou wilt be our lord & Emperour, and he enquireth of them and sayth, if ye will that I raigne upon you, then must ye doe all that I bidde you to doe. And if he bid that any shall be slaine, he shall be slaine, & they aunswere all with one voyce, y^t ye bid shall be done. Then saith ye Emperour, fro henceforth, my word shall cut as my sword, and then they set him in a chaire, & crowne him, & then all the good townes thereabout send to him presents, so much that he shall haue more than a C Camelles² laden with gold and silver, beside other Jewels y^t he shall haue of lords, of precious stones & gold without number & horse, & riche clothes of Camacas and Tarins,³ & such other.

THE NARRATIVE OF GALEOTTO PERERA

TAKEN FROM "THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS," EDITED BY
RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553-1616)

Certaine reports, of the province of China learned through the Portugals there imprisoned, and chiefly by the relation of Galeotto Perera, a Gentleman of good credit, that lay prisoner in that Countrey many -yeeres. Done out of Italian into English by Richard Willes.

BEFORE that we doe come to Cinceo wee have to passe through many places, and some of great importance. For this Countrey is so well inhabited neere the Sea side, that you cannot goe one mile but you

¹ i.e. his name is never mentioned.

² Other editions say 60 chariots.

³ Tartarins, a kind of silken fabric.

shal see some Towne, borough or hostry, the which are so abundantly provided of all things, that in the Cities and townes they live civilly. Neverthelesse such as dwel abroad are very poore, for the multitude of them every where is so great, that out of a tree you shall see many times swarme a number of children, where a man would not have thought to have found any one at all.

From these places in number infinite, you shall come unto two Cities very populous, and, being compared with Cinceo, not possibly to be discerned which is the greater of them. These cities are as well walled as any Cities in all the world. As you come in to either of them, there standeth so great and mighty a bridge, that the like thereof I have never seene in Portugal nor else where. I heard one of my fellowes say, that hee tolde in one bridge 40. arches. The occasion wherefore these bridges are made so great is, for that the Countrey is toward the sea very plaine and low, and overflowed ever as the sea water encreaseth. The breadth of the bridges, although it bee well proportioned unto the length thereof, yet are they equally built, no higher in the middle then at either ejide, in such wise that you may see directly from the one ende to the other: the sides are wonderfully well engraved after the maner of Rome-workers. But that we did[^] most marveile at was therewithall the hugenesse of the stones, the like whereof, as we came in to the Citie, we did sec many set up in places dis-habited by the way, to no small charges of theirs, howbeit to little purpose, whereas no body seeth them but such as doe come by. The arches arc not made after our fashion, vaulted with sundry stones set together: but paved, as it were, whole stones reaching from one pillar to an other, in such wise that they lye both for the arches heads, and galantly serve also for the high way. I have bene-astonied to beholde the hugenesse of the aforesaid stones: some of them are xii. pases long and upward, the least ii. good pases long, and an halfe.

The ways echwhere are galantly paved with foure-square stone, except it be where for want of stone they use to lay bricke: in this voyage wee travailed over certaine hilles, where the wayes were pitched, and in many places no worse paved then in the plaine ground. This causeth us to thinke, that in all the world there bee no better workemen for buildings, then the inhabitants of China. The Countrey is so well inhabited, that no one foote of ground is left untilld: small store of cattell have we seene this day, we saw onely certaine oxen wherewithall the countrey men do plow their ground. One ox draweth the plough alone, not onely in this shire, but in other places also, wherein is greater store of cattell. These countrey men by arte do that in tillage, which we are constrained to doe by force. Here be solde the voydings of close stooles, although there wanteth not the dung of beastes: and the excrements of man are good marchandise

throughout all China. The dungfarmers seek in every streete by exchange to buy this durtie ware for herbs and wood. The custome is very good for keeping the Citie cleane. There is great aboundance of hennes, geese, duckes, swine, and goates, wethers have they none: the hennes are solde by weight, and so are all other things. Two pound of hennes flesh, geese, or ducke, is worth two foi of their money, that is, d. ob. sterling. Swines flesh is sold at a penie the pound. Beefe beareth the same price, for the scarcitie thereof, howbeit Northward from Fuquieo and farther off from the seacoast, there is beefe more plentie and solde better cheape; We have had in all the Cities we passed through, great abundance of all these victuals, beefe onely excepted. And if this Countrey were like unto India, the inhabitants whereof eate neither henne, beefe, nor porke, but keepe that onely for the Portugals and Moores, they would be sold here for nothing. But it so falling out, that the Chineans are the greatest eaters in all the world, they do feed upon all things, specially on porkc, which, the fatter it is, is unto them the lesse lothsome. The highest price of these things aforesaid I have set downe, better cheape shal you sometimes buy them for the great plentie thereof in this countrey. Frogs are solde at the same price that is made of hennes, and are good meate amongst them, as also dogs, cats, rats, snakes, and all other uncleane meates.

The Cities be very gallant, specially neere unto the gates, the which are marveilously great, and covered with iron. The gatehouses are built on high with towers, & the lower part thereof is made of bricke & stone, proportionally with the walls, from the walls upward the building is of timber, and many stories in it one above the other. The strength of their townes is in the mightie walles and ditches, artillerie have they none.

The streetes in Cinceo, and in all the rest of the Cities we have seene are very faire, so large and so straight, that it is wonderfull to behold. Their houses are built with timber, the foundations onely excepted, the which are layd with stone: in ech side of the streetes are pentises or continuall porches for the marchants to walke under: the breadth of the streets is neverthelesse such, that in them 15. men may ride commodiously side by side. As they ride they must needs passe under many high arches of triumph that crosse over the streetes made of timber, and carved diversly, covered with tiles of fine clay: under these arches the Mercers do utter their smaller wares, & such as list to stand there are defended from raine and the heate of the Sunne. The greater gentlemen have these arches at their doores: although some of them be not so mightily built as the rest.

I shall have occasion to speake of a certaine order of gentlemen that are called Louteas. I wil first therefore expound what this word

signifieth. Loutea is as much to say in our language as Sir, and when any of them calleth* his name, he answereth Sir: and as we do say, that the king hath made some gentleman, so say they, that there is made a Loutea. And for that amongst them the degrees are divers both in name and office, I will tell you onely of some principals, being not able to advertise you of all.

The maner how gentlemen are created Louteas, and do come to that honour and title, is by the giving of a broad girdle, not like to the rest, and a cap, at the commaundement of the king. The name Loutea is more generall & common unto mo, then the equalitie of honour thereby signified agreeth withall. Such Louteas as doe serve their prince in weightie matters for justice, are created after trial made of their learning: but the other which serve in smaller affaires, as Captaines, constables, sergeants by land and sea, receivers and such like, whereof there be in every citie, as also in this, very many, are made for favour: the chiefe Louteas are served kneeling.

The whole province of China is divided, as I have said, into 13. shires, in every shire at the least is one governour called there Tutan, in some shires there be two.

Chiefe in office next unto them be certaine other named Chians, that is, high Commissioners as you would say, or visiters, with full authoritie in such wise, that they doe call unto an accompt the Tutans themselves, but their authoritie lasteth not in any shire longer then one yere. Neverthesse in every shire being at the least 7. cities, yea, in some of them 15. or 16. beside other boroughes and townes not well to be numbred, these visiters where they come are so honoured and feared, as though they were some great princes. At the yeres end, their circuit done, they come unto that Citie which is chiefe of others in the shire, to do justice there: finally busying themselves in the searching out of such as are to receive the order of Louteas, whereof more shalbe said in another place.

Over and besides these officers, in the chiefe City of ech one of these aforesaid 13. provinces, is resident one Ponchiassi, Captaine thereof, and treasurer of all the kings revenues. This Magistrate maketh his abode in one of the foure greatest houses that be in all these head Cities. And although the principall part of his function be to be Captaine, to be treasurer of the revenues in that province, & to send these revenues at appointed times to the Court: yet hath he notwithstanding by his office also to meddle with matters appertaining unto justice.

In the second great house dwelleth an other Magistrate called Anchiassi, a great officer also, for he hath dealings in all matters of justice. Who although he be somewhat inferior in dignitie unto the Ponchiassi, yet for his great dealings and generall charge of justice,

whosoever seeth the affaires of the one house and the other might judge this Anchiassi to be the greater.

Tuzi, an other officer so called, lieth in the thirde house, a magistrate of importance, specially in things belonging unto warfare, for thereof hath he charge.

There is resident in the 4. house a fourth officer, bearing name Taissu. In this house is the principall prison of all the Citie. Ech one of these Magistrates aforesaide may both lay evill doers in prison, & deliver them out againe, except ye fact be heinous & of importance: in such a case they can do nothing, except they do meet al together. And if the deed deserveth death, all they together cannot determine thereof, without recourse made unto the Chian wheresoever hee be, or to the Tutan: and eftssoones it falleth out, that the case is referred unto higher power. In all Cities, not onely chiefe in ech shire, but in the rest also, are meanes found to make Louteas. Many of them do study at the prince his charges, wherefore at the yeeres ende they resort unto the head Cities, whither the Chians doe come, as it hath bene earst saide, as well to give these degrees, as to sit in judgement over the prisoners.

The Chians go in circuit every yere, but such as are to be chosen to the greatest offices meete not but from three yeeres to three yeeres, and that in certaine large halles appointed for them to be examined in. Many things are asked them, whereunto if they doe answere accordingly, and be found sufficient to take their degree, the Chian by and by granteth it them: but the Cap and girdle, whereby they are knowen to be Louteas, they weare not before that they be confirmed by the king. Their examination done, and triall made of them, such as have taken their degree wont to be given them with all ceremonies, use to banquet and feast many dayes together (as the Chineans fashion is to ende all their pleasures with eating and drinking) and so remaine chosen to do the king service in matters of learning. The other examimates founde insufficient to proceed are sent backe to their studie againe. Whose ignorance is perceived to come of negligence and default, such a one is whipped, and sometimes sent to prison, where lying that yeere when this kinde of acte was, we found many thus punished, and demaunding the cause thereof, they saide it was for that they knew not how to answere unto certaine things asked them. It is a world to see how these Louteas are served and feared, in such wise, that in publike assemblies at one shrike they give, all the servitors belonging unto justice tremble thereat. At their being in these places, when they list to moove, be it but even to the gate, these servitors doe take them up, and carry them in seates of beaten-gold. After this sort are they borne when they goe in the City, either for their owne businesse abroade, or to see ech other at home. For the dignitie they

have, and office they doe beare, they be all accompanied: the very meanest of them all that goeth in these seates is ushered, by two men at the least, that cry unto the people to give place, howbeit they neede it not, for that reverence the common people have unto them. They have also in their company certaine Sergeants with their Maces either silvered or altogether silver, some two, some foure, other sixe, other eight, conveniently for ech one his degree. The more principal and chiefe Louteas have going orderly before these Sergeants, many other with staves, and a great many catchpoules with rods of Indish canes dragged on the ground, so that the streets being paved, you may heare afarre off as well the noyse of the rods, as the voyce of the criers. These fellowes serve also to apprehend others, and the better to be knowen they weare livery red girdles, and in their caps peacocks feathers. Behinde these Louteas come such as doe beare certaine tables hanged at staves endes, wherein is written in silver letters, the name, degree, and office of that Loutea, whom they follow. In like maner they have borne after them hattes agreeable unto their titles: if the Loutea be meane, then hath he brought after him but one hat, and that may not be yealowe: but if he be of the better sort, then may he have two, three, or foure: the principall and chiefe Louteas may have all their hats yealow, the which among them is accorapted great honour. The Loutea for warres, although he be but meane, may notwithstanding have yealow hats. The Tutans and Chians, when they goe abroad, have besides all this before them ledde three or foure horses with their guard in armour.

Furthermore the Louteas, yea and all the people of China, are wont to eate their meate sitting on stooles at high tables as we doe, and that very cleanly, although they use neither table-clothes nor napkins. Whatsoever is set downe upon the boord is first carved before that it be brought in: they feede with two sticks, refraining from touching their meate with their hands, even as we do with forkes: for the which respect they lesse do neede any table clothes. Ne is the nation only civill at meate, but also in conversation, and in courtesie they seeme to exceede all other. Likewise in their dealings after their maner they are so ready, that they farre passe all other Gentiles and Moores: the greater states are so vaine, that they line their clothes with the best silke that may be found. The Louteas are an idle generation, without all maner of exercises and pastimes, except it be eating and drinking. Sometimes they walke abroad in the fields to make the souldiers shoot at pricks with their bowes, but their eating passeth: they will stand eating even when the other do draw to shoot. The pricke is a great blanket spread on certaine long poles, he that striketh it, hath of the best man there standing a piece of crimson Taffata, the which is knit about his head: in this sort the winners be honoured, and

the Louteas with their bellies full returne home againe. The inhabitants of China be very great Idolaters, all generally doe worship the heavens; and, as wee are wont to say, God knoweth it: so say they at every word, Tien Tautee, that is to say, The heavens doe know it. Some doe worship the Sonne, and some the Moone, as they thinke good, for none are bound more to one then to another. In their temples, the which they do call Meani, they have a great altar in the same place as we have, true it is that one may goe round about it. There set they up the image of a certaine Loutea of that countrey, whom they have in great reverence for certaine notable things he did. At the right hand standeth the divel much more ugly painted then we doe use to set him out, whereunto great homage is done by such as come into the temple to aske counsell, or to draw lottes: this opinion they have of him, that he is malicious and able to do evil. If you aske them what they do thinke of the soules departed, they will answere that they be immortall, and that as soone as any one departeth out of this life, he becommeth a divel if hee have lived well in this world, if otherwise, that the same divel changeth him into a bufle, oxe, or dogge. Wherefore to this divel they doe much honour, to him doe they sacrifice, praying him that he will make them like unto himselfe, and not like other beastes. They have moreover another sort of temples, wherein both upon the altars and also on the walls do stand many idols well proportioned, but bare headed: these beare name Omithofon, accompted of them spirits, but such as in heaven do neither good nor evill, thought to be such men and women as have chastly lived in this world in abstinence from fish and flesh, fed onely with rise and salates. Of that divel they make some accompt: for these spirits they care litle or nothing at all. Againe they holde opinion that if a man do well in this life, the heavens will give him many temporall blessings, but if he doe evil, then shall he have infirmities, diseases, troubles, and penurie, and all this without any knowledge of God. Finally, this people knoweth no other thing then to live and die, yet because they be reasonable creatures, all seemed good unto them we speake in our language, though it were not very sufficient: our maner of praying especially pleased them, and truely they are well ynough disposed to receive the knowledge of the trueth. Our Lord grant for his mercy all things so to be disposed, that it may sometime be brought to passe, that so great a nation as this is perish not for want of helpe.

Our maner of praying so well liked them, that in prison importunately they besought us to write for them somewhat as concerning heaven, the which we did to their contentation w^t such reasons as we knew, howbeit not very cunningly. As they do their idolatry they laugh at themselves. If at any time this countrey might be joynd

in league with the kingdoms of Portugale, in such wise that free accesse were had to deale with the people there, they might all be soone converted. The greatest fault we do finde in them is Sodomie, a vice very common in the meaner sort, and nothing strange amongst the best. This sinne Were it left of them, in all other things so well disposed they be. that a good interpreter in a short space might do there great good: If, as I said, the countrey were joyned in league with us.

Furthermore the Louteas, with all the people of China, are wont to solemnize the dayes of the new and full Moones in visiting one another, and making great banquets: for to that end, as I earst said, do tend all their pastimes, and spending their days in pleasure. They are wont also to solemnize ech one his birth day, whereunto their kindred and friends do resort of custome, with presents of jewels or money, receiving againe for their reward good cheare. They keepe in like maner a generall feast with great banquets that day their king was borne. But their most principall and greatest feast of all, and best cheare, is the first day of their new yeere, namely the first day of the new Moone of February, so that their first moneth is March, and they reckon the times accordingly, respect being had unto the reigne of their princes: as when any deed is written, they date it thus, Made such a day of such a moone, and such a yeere of the reigne of such a king. And their ancient writings beare date of the yeeres of this or that king.

Now will I speake of the maner which the Chineans doe observe in doing of justice, that it may be knowen how farre these Gentiles do herein exceed many Christians, that be more bounden then they to deale justly and in trueth. Because the Chinish king maketh his abode continually in the City Pachin, his kingdome so great, & the shires so many, as tofore it hath bene said: in it therefore the governours and rulers, much like unto our Shiriffes, be appointed so suddenly and speedily discharged againe, that they have no time to grow naught. Furthermore to keepe the state in more securitie, the Louteas that governe one shire are chosen out of some other shire distant farre off, where they must leave their wives, children and goods, carying nothing with them but themselves, True it is, that at their comming thither they doe finde in a readinesse all things necessary, their house, furniture, servants, and all other things in such perfection and plentie, that they want nothing. Thus the king is well served without all feare of treason.

In the principall Cities of the shires be foure chiefe Louteas, before whom are brought all matters of the inferiour Townes, throughout the whole Realme. Divers other Louteas have the managing of justice, and receiving of rents, bound to yelde an accompt thereof unto the greater officers. Other do see that there be no evil rule kept in the

Citie: ech one as it behoveth him. Generally all these doe imprison malefactours, cause them, to be whipped and racked, hoysing them up and downe by the armes with a cord, a thing very usuall there, and accompted no shame. These Louteas do use great diligence in the apprehending of theeves, so that it is a wonder to see a theefe escape away in any City, towne or village. Upon the sea neere unto the shoare many are taken, and looke even as they are taken, so be they first'whipped, and afterward layde in prison, where shortly after they all die*for hunger and cold. At that time when we were in prison, there died of them above three-score and ten. If happely any one, having the meanes to get food, do escape, he is set with the condemned persons, and provided for as they be by the King, in such wise as hereafter it shalbe said.

Their whips be certaine pieces of canes, cleft in the middle, in such sort that they seem rather plaine then sharpe. He that is to be whipped lieth grovelong on the ground: upon his thighes the hangman layeth on blowes mightily with these canes, that the standers by tremble at their crueltye. Ten stripes draw a great deale of blood, 20. or 30. spoile the flesh altogether, 50. or 60. will require long time to bee healed, and if they come to the number of one hundred, then are they incurable.

The Louteas observe moreover this: when any man is brought before them to be examined, they aske him openly in the hearing of as many as be present, be the offence never so great. Thus did they also behave themselves with us: For this cause amongst them can there be no false witsnesse, as dayly amongst us it falleth out. This good commeth thereof, that many being alwayes about the judge to heare the evidence, and beare witsnesse, the processe cannot be falsified, as it happeneth sometimes with us. The Moores, Gentiles, and Jewes have all their sundry othes, the Moores do sweare by their Mossafos, the Brachmans by their Fili, the rest likewise by the things they do worship. The Chineans though they be wont to sweare by heaven, by the Moone, by the Sunne, and by all their Idoles, in judgement neverthesse they sweare not at all. If for some offence an othe be used of any one, by and by with the least evidence he is tormented, so be the witnesses he bringeth, if they tell not the trueth, or do in any point disagree, except they be men of worship and credit, who are beleaved without any further matter: the rest are made to confesse the trueth by force of torments and whips. Besides this order observed of them in examinations, they do feare so much their King, and he where he maketh his abode keepeth them so lowe, that they dare not once stirre. Againe, these Louteas as great as they be, notwithstanding the multitude of Notaries they have, not trusting any others, do write all great processes and matters of importance them-

selves. Moreover one vertue they have worthy of great praise, and that is, being men so wel regarded and accompted as though they were princes, yet they be patient above measure in giving audience. We poore strangers brought before them might say what we would, as all to be lyes and fallaces that they did write, ne did we stand before them with the usuall ceremonies of that Countrey, yet did they beare with us so patiently, tha't they caused us to wonder, knowing specially how litle any advocate or Judge is wont in our Countrey to beare with us. For wheresoever in any Towne of Christendome should be accused unknowen men as we were, I know not what end the very innocents cause would have: but we in a heathen Countrey, having our great enemies two of the chiefest men in a whole Towne, wanting an interpreter, ignorant of that Countrey language, did in the end see our great adversaries cast into prison for our sake, and deprived of their Offices and honour for not doing justice, yea not to escape death: for, as the rumour goeth, they shalbe beheaded. Somewhat is now to be said of the lawes that I have bene able to know in this Countrey, and first, no theft or murther is at any time pardoned: adulterers are put in prison, and the fact once proved, are condemned to die, the womans husband must accuse them: this order is kept with men & women found in that fault, but theeves and murderers are imprisoned as I have said, where they shortly die for hunger and cold. If any one happely escape by bribing the Gailer to give him meate, his processe goeth further, and commeth to the Court where he is condemned to die. Sentence being given, the prisoner is brought in publike with a terrible band of men that lay him in Irons hand and foot, with a boord at his necke one handfull broad, in length reaching downe to his knees, cleft in two parts, and with a hole one handfull downward in the table-fit for his necke, the which they inclose up therein, nailing the boord fast together; one handfull of the boord standeth up behinde in the necke: The sentence and cause wherefore the fellow was condemned to die, is written in that part of the table that standeth before.

This ceremony ended, he is laid in a great prison in the company of some other condemned persons, the which are found by the king as long as they do live. The bord aforesaid so made tormenteth the prisoners very much, keeping them both from rest, & eke letting them to eat commodiously, their hands being manacled in irons under that boord, so that in fine there is no remedy but death. In the chiefe Cities of every shire, as we have erst said, there be foure principall houses, in ech of them a prison: but in one of them, where the Taissu maketh his abode, there is a greater and a more principal prison then in any of the rest: and although in every City there be many, nevertheless in three of them remaine onely such as be condemned to die.

Their death is much prolonged, for that ordinarily there is no execution done but once a yeere, though many die for hunger and cold, as we have seene in this prison. Execution is done in this maner. The Chian, to wit, the high Commissioner or Lord chiefe Justice,* at the yeres end goeth to the head City, where he heareth againe the causes of such as be condemned. Many times he delivereth some of them, declaring ye boord to have bene wrongfully put about their necks: the visitation ended, he choseth out seven or eight, not many more or lesse of the greatest malefactors, the which, to feare and keepe in awe the people, are brought into a great market place, where all the great Louteas meete together, and after many ceremonies' and superstitions, as the use of the Countrey is, are beheaded. This is done once a yeere: who so escapeth that day, may be sure that he shall not be put to death all that yeere following/and so remaineth at the kings charges in the greater prison. In that prison where we lay were alwayes one hundred and mo of these condemned persons, besides them that lay in other prisons.

These prisons wherein the condemned caytifes do remaine are so strong, that it hath not bene heard, that any prisoner in all China hath escaped out of prison, for in deed it is a thing impossible. The prisons are thus builded. First all the place is mightily walled about, the walles be very strong and high, the gate of no lesse force: within it three other gates, before you come where the prisoners do lye, there many great lodgings are to be seene of the Louteas, Notaries, Partitions, that is, such as do there keepe watch and ward day and night, the court large and paved, on the one side whereof standeth a prison, with two mighty gates, wherein are kept such prisoners as have committed enormous offences. This prison is so great, that in it are streetes and Market places wherein all things necessary are sold. Yea some prisoners live by that kinde of trade, buying and selling, and letting out beds to hire: some are dayly sent to prison, some dayly delivered, wherefore this place is never void of 7. or eight hundred men that go at libertie.

Into one other prison of condemned persons shall you go at three yron gates, the court paved and vaulted round about, and open above as it were a cloister. In this cloister be eight roomes with yron doores, and in ech of them a large gallerie, wherein every night the prisoners do lie at length, their feet in the stocks, their bodies hampered in huge wooden grates that keep them from sitting, so that they lye as it were in a cage, sleepe if they can: in the morning they are losed againe, that they may go into the court. Notwithstanding the strength of this prison, it is kept with a garrison of men, part whereof watch within the house, part of them in the court, some keepe about the prison with lanterns and watch-bels answering one another five times every night,

and giving warning so lowd, that the Loutea resting in a chamber not neere thereunto, may heare them. In these prisons of condemned persons remaine some 15, other 20. yeres imprisoned, not executed, for the love of their honorable friends that seeke to prolong their lives. Many of these prisoners be shoormakers, and have from the king a certaine allowance of rise: some of them worke for the keeper, who suffreth them to go at libertie without fetters and boords, the better to worke. Howbeit when the Loutea calleth his checke roll, & with the keeper vieweth them, they all weare their liveries, that is, boords at their necks, yronned hand and foot. When any of these prisoners dieth, he is to be seene of the Loutea and Notaries, brought out of a gate so narrow, that there can but one be drawen out there at once. The prisoner being brought forth, one of the aforesaid Parthions striketh him thrise on the head with an yron sledge, that done he is delivered unto his friends, if he have any, otherwise the king hireth men to carry him to his buriall in the fields.

Thus adulterers and thieves are used. Such as be imprisoned for debt once knowen, lie there until it be paid. The Taissu or Loutea calleth them many times before him by vertue of his office, who understanding the cause wherefore they do not pay their debts, appointeth them a certaine time to do it, within the compasse whereof if they discharge not their debts being debtors in deed, then they be whipped and condemned to perpetuall imprisonment: if the creditors be many, and one is to be paid before another, they do, contrary to our maner, pay him first of whom they last borrowed, and so ordinarily the rest, in such sort that the first lender be the last receiver. The same order is kept in paying legacies: the last named receiveth his portion first. They accompt it nothing to shew favour to such a one as can do the like againe: but to do good to them that have litle or nothing, that is worth thanks, therefore pay they the last before the first, for that their intent seemth rather to be vertuous then gainefull.

When I said, that such as be committed to prison for theft and murther were judged by the Court, I ment not them that were apprehended in the deed doing, for they need no triall, but are brought immediatly before the Tutan, who out of hand giveth sentence. Other not taken so openly, which do need trial, are the malefactors put to execution once a yere in the chiefe cities, to keepe in awe the people: or condemned, do remaine in prison, looking for their day. Theeves being taken are caried to prison from one place to another in a chest upon mens shoulders, hired therfore by the king, the chest is 6. hand-fuls high, the prisoner sitteth therein upon a bench, the cover of the chest is two boords, amid them both a pillery-like hole, for the prisoners necke, there sitteth he with his head without the chest, and

the rest of his body within, not able to moove or turne his head this way or that way, nor to plucke it in: the necessities of nature he voydeth at a hole in the bottome of the chest, the meate he eateth is put into his mouth by others. There abideth he day and night during his whole journey: if happily his porters stumble, or the chest do jogge or be set downe carelessly, it turaeth to his great paines that sitteth therein, al such motions being unto him hanging as it were. Thus were our companions caried from Cinceo, 7. daies journey, never taking any rest as afterward they told us, & their greatest griefe was to stay by the way: as soone as they came, being taken out of the chests, they were not able to stand on their feet, and two of them died shortly after. When we lay in prison at Fuquieo, we came many times abroad, & were brought to the pallaces of noble men, to be seene of them & their wives, for that they had never seene any Portugale before. Many things they asked us of our Country, and our fashions, & did write every thing, for they be curious in novelties above measure. The gentlemen shew great courtesie unto strangers, and so did we finde at their hands, and because that many times we were brought abroad into the City, somewhat wil I say of such things as I did see therein, being a gallant City, and chiefe in one of the 13. shires aforesaid. The City Fuquieo is very great, & mightily walled with square stone both within and without, and, as it may seeme by the breadth therof, filled up in the middle with earth, layd over Vith brick & covered with tyle, after the maner of porches or galleries, that one might dwel therein. The staires they use are so easily made, that one may go them up and down a hors-backe, as eftsoones they do: the streets are paved, as already it hath bin said: there be a great number of Marchants, every one hath written in a great table at his doore such things as he hath to sel. In like maner every partisan painteth out his craft: the market places be large, great abundance of al things there be to be sold. The city standeth upon water, many streames run through it, the banks pitched, & so broad that they serve for streets to the cities use. Over the streams are sundry bridges both of timber & stone, which being made level with the streets, hinder not the passage of the barges too and fro, the chanel is so deepe. Where the streames come in and go out of the city, be certaine arches in the wal, there go in and out their Parai, that is a kind of barges they have, & that in the day time only: at night these arches are closed up with gates, so do they shut up al the gates of the City. These streames and barges do ennoblsh very much the City, and make it as it were to seeme another Venice. The buildings are even, wel made, high, not lofted, except it be some wherein marchandize is laid. It is a world to see how great these cities are, and the cause is, for that the houses are built even, as I have said, & do take a great

deale of roome. One thing we saw in this city that made us al to wonder, and is worthy to be noted: namely, over a porch at the comming in to one of the aforesaid 4. houses, which the king hath in every shire for his governors, as I have erst said, standeth a tower built upon 40. pillers, ech one whereof is but one stone, ech one 40. handfuls or spans long: in bredth or compasse 12, as many of us did measure them. Besides this, their greatnesse is such in one piece, that it might seemc impossible to worke them: they be moreover cornered, and in colour, length and breadth so like, that the one nothing differeth from the other. This thing made us all to wonder very much.

We are worit to cal this country China, and the people Chineans, but as long as we were prisoners, not hearing amongst them at any time that name, I determined to learne how they were called: and asked sometimes by them thereof, for that they understood us not when we called them Chineans, I answered them, that al the inhabitants of India named them Chineans, wherefore I praied them that they would tel me, for what occasion they are so called, whether peradventure any city of theirs bare that name. Hereunto they alwayes answered me, y^t they have no such name, nor ever had. Then did I aske them what name the whole Country beareth, & what they would answere being asked of other nations what countrymen they were? It was told me that of ancient time in this country had bin many kings, & though presently it were al under one, ech kingdom nevertheles enjoyed that name it first had, these kingdomes are the provinces I spake of before. In conclusion they said, that the whole country is called Tamen, & the inhabitants Tamegines, so that this name China or Chineans, is not heard of in y* country. I thinke that the neernesse of another province therabout called Cochinchina, & the inhabitants therof Cochinesses, first discovered before China was, lying not far from Malacca, did give occasion to ech of the nations, of that name Chineans, as also the whole country to be named China. But their proper name is that aforesaid.

I have heard moreover that in the City of Nanquim remaineth a table of gold, and in it written a kings name, as a memory of that residence the kings were wont to keepe there. This table standeth in a great pallace, covered alwayes, except it be on some of their festivall dayes, at what time they are wont to let it be seene, covered neverthelesse as it is, all the nobilitie of the City going of duetie to doe it every day reverence. The like is done in the head Cities of all the other shires in the pallaces of the Ponchiassini, wherein these aforesaid tables doe stand with the kings name written in them, although no reverence be done thereunto but in solemne feastes.

I have likewise understood that the City Pachin, where the king

maketh his abode, is so great, that to go from ofte side to the other* besides the Suburbs, the which are greater then the City it selfe, it requireth one whole day a horseback, going hackney pase. In the suburbs be many wealthy marchants of all sorts. They told me furthermore that it was moted about, and in the motes great stofe of fish, whereof the king maketh great gaines.

It was also told me that the king of China had no king to wage battel withall, besides the Tartars, with whom he had concluded a peace more then 80. yeres ago. Neverthesse their friendship was not so great, that the one nation might marry with the other. And demanding with whom they married, they said, that in olde time the Chinish kings when they would marry their daughters, accustomed to make a soiemne feast, whereunto came all sorts of men. The daughter that was to be married, stood in a place where she might see them all, and looke whom she liked best, him did she chuse to husband, and if happely he were of a base condition, hee became by and by a gentleman: but this custome hath bene left long since. Now a dayes the king marrieth his daughters at his owne pleasure, with great men of the kingdome: the like order he observeth in the marriage of his sonnes.

They have moreover one thing very good, and that which made us all to marveile at them being Gentiles: namely, that there be hospitals in all their Cities, alwayes full of people, we never saw any poore body begge. We therefore asked the cause of this: answered it was, that in every City there is a great circuit, wherein be many houses for poore people, for blinde, lame, old folke, not able to travaile for age, ffor having any other meanes to live. These folke have in the aforesaid houses ever plentie of rice during their lives, but nothing else. Such as be received into these houses, come in after this maner. When one is sicke, blinde or lame, he maketh a supplication to the Ponchiassi, and proving that to be true he writeth, he remaineth in the aforesaid great lodging as long as he liveth: besides thi& they keepe in these places swine and hennes, whereby the poore be relieved without going a begging.

I said before that China was full of rivers, but now I minde to confirme the sam6 anew: for the farther we went iiito the Countf ey, the greater we found the rivers. Sometimes we were so farre off from the sea, that where we came no sea fish had bene seene, and salt was there very deare, of fresh water fish yet was there great abundance, and that fish very good: they keep it good after this maner. Where the rivers do meete, and so passe into the sea, there lieth great store of boats, specially where no salt-water commeth, and that in March and April. These boates are so many that it seemeth wonddrfull, ne serve they for other then to take Small fish. By the rivers sides they

make leyres of fine and strong nettes, that lye three handfuls under water, and one above to keepe and nourish their fish in, untill such time as other fishers do come with boates, bringing for that purpose certaine great chests lined with paper, able to holde water, wherein thsy cary their fish up and downe the river, every day renuing the chest with fresh water, and selling their fish in every City, towne and village where they passe, unto the people as they neede it: most of them have net leyres to keepe fish in alwayes for their provision. Where the greater boates cannot passe any further forward, they take lesser, and because the whole Countrey is very well watered, there is so great plenty of divers sorts of fish, that it is wonderfull to see: assuredly we were amazed to behold the maner of their provision. Their fish is chiefly nourished with the dung of Bufles and oxen, that greatly fatteth it. Although I said their fishing to be in March and April at what time we saw them do it, neverthesse they told us that they fished at all times, for that usually they do feed on fish, wherefore it behoveth them to make their provision continually.

When we had passed Fucjuien, we went into Quicin shire, where the fine clay vessell is made, as I said before: and we came to a City, the one side whereof is built upon the foote of a hill, whereby passeth a river navigable: there we tooke boat, and went by water toward the Sea: on ech side of the river we found many Cities, Townes and villages, wherein we saw great store of marchandize, but specially of fine clay: there did we land by the way to buy victuals and other necessities. Going downe this river Southward, we were glad that wee drew neere unto a warmer Countrey, from whence we had bene farre distant: this Countrey we passed through in eight dayes, for otir journey lay downe the streame. Before that I doe say any thing of that shire we came into, I will first speake of the great City of Quicin, wherein alwayes remaineth a Tutan, that is a governour, as you have seene,' though some Tutans do governe two or three shires.

That Tutan that was condemned for our cause, of whom I spake before, was borne in this Countrey, but he governed Foquieri shirfc: nothing it availed him to be so great an officer. This Countrey is so great, that in many places where we Went, there had bene as yet no talke of his death, although he were executed a whole yere before. At the Citie Quanchi whither we came, the river was so great that *ii* seemed a Sea* though it were so litle where we tooke water, that We needed small boats. One day about 9. of the clocke, beginning to row neere the walls* with the streame, we came at noone to a bridge made of many barges, overlanked al together with two mightie cheihes. There stayed we untill it was late, but we saw not one go either up thereon or downe, except two Louteas that about the going downe of the Sunne, came and set them downe therfe, the one on one side, the!

in the case of the purest love, and proves superficiality, even in the case of the profoundest inclination. The Upanishad teaches: "The husband is not dear for the husband's sake but for the self's own sake." And this doctrine, and not Western romanticism, is right. Of course, a particular individual man can be the exponent of the highest to another—hereupon rests the possible divinity of marital love—but it remains in itself a pure question of the species, and to make it into a personal one can only be done at the expense of personality. Moreover, experience teaches the man better than to treat generalities individually. Most men with distinguished minds complain that women do not do them justice in that capacity, but merely as "famous" people or as productive, powerful beings, and highly talented girls complain similarly that men only value their typical qualities. The fact is that in sexual love the species manifests itself; a personal view of this impulse implies a metaphysical misconception. This does not occur often in the East. For this reason, love has rarely produced such fair blossoms there as among us; they flourish only where their significance is overestimated, and personally I would be sorry to miss them. But I am too honest to justify my preferences objectively: I know, rather, that the view of the wise men of the East, which accords to the species what is due to it, while basing his self-consciousness in other spheres, is the higher and more beneficial attitude.

3. *The Spirit of Chinese Classicism.*

To-day at last the spirit of Chinese classicism has taken hold of me.—There is no method of approach from the outside to the spirit of a living culture, it is a monad without windows; the man who has not been possessed by it will never acquire it. And this spirit seems proportionately more exclusive as the word has become flesh. It is just possible to understand Protestantism without being converted to it; Catholicism is only understood by him who has at any rate felt in a Catholic way in certain moods; in the same sense, French civilisation is more exclusive than German culture. As to Chinese culture: if any apparently abstract entity can lay claim to concrete reality, then it is the "spirit" of this culture. It is independent to such a degree that the individuals who are animated by it almost cease to be individuals: they give the effect of mere representatives.—What I had often experienced as a fact outside of myself became my personal experience this morning, when I tarried, in the company of a scholar, learned in the classics, in the temple of Kung Fu Tse.

In the courtyards of this temple, which are decorated by the mortuary tablets of all the sages of the country, the great state examinations have taken place ever since the Yuan Dynasty, and the

name of every one who passed them with honours is handed down to posterity upon a stone tablet. Next door, in a peaceful hall, the works of the nine classics are engraved upon the enduring marble. Every year in this very place the emperor used to read his own poems aloud. There is an atmosphere of culture in this place, of an intensity such as, to the best of my belief, I have never known. It penetrated into my being irresistibly. And as I entered into the soul of my literary companion, who explained the monuments and descriptions to me with a voice trembling with reverence, and who read to me now and again, with eyes shining with enthusiasm, famous messages from the classics, I conjured up the spirit for which I had been searching.

What an unique spirit! It is, no matter how unexpected it may sound, the incarnate spirit of classical philology, and yet it is no pale ghost, but quite a substantial creature, perhaps the most solid that I have met with for a long time in this sphere; its density seems to me to be considerably greater than that of the scholar who serves as my intermediary. Here, then, the spirit of a definite literary tradition has actually become the soul of a vital section of men. I can turn whichever way I like, I can strike whatever chords of my being I choose; this spirit will not release me. I experience everything as the expression, explanation, completion or illustration of classical wisdom, and in the very form which makes its peculiar style. And, strange to say, I should feel oppressed, but I cannot say that I do; it seems to me as if my possibilities of experience were not in any way restricted; they only seem to have taken on a different colour.—But no: of course I am confined within narrower bounds, only I am no longer able to perceive it; I have exchanged my normal consciousness against another one; and I ought to know, as a philosopher, that the rose, from her point of view, is not in a position to realise in what way she is inferior to the violet. All that I can recognise immediately, and what should stand the test of objective criticism, is that I am infinitely more unequivocal than usual; I react to all impressions according to a unified plan, all my ideas spring from an identical source, and, above all, I find no hesitation whatsoever in the process of expressing myself: where as a rule I search laboriously for corresponding forms, I now slip into traditional forms instinctively, and I feel nevertheless that I am expressing myself intrinsically, originally and personally.

This is a very significant experience: as far as its general quality is concerned, it is not new to me: the spirit of Catholicism possesses one in just this way. It too does not give to one's consciousness new content, but rather creates a new form of consciousness; it too is so all-penetrating that it takes hold of every impulse of the soul; it too has the power of leading over all personal experiences into objective

fosms, so that even the freest spirit does not feel necessarily tied by its dogmata, and that the most spontaneous and vital individual not infrequently finds a means of personal expression in the observance of traditional ritual; this spirit too really creates a special variety of men. But this is more intelligible in the case of Catholicism, for its spirit represents an organism so highly developed and so universally and delicately-differentiated, that it includes within it the possibilities of the richest individuality. The spirit of Chinese classicism, however, must be described as poor; its fundamental ideas are few in number, and its ramifications are scanty. How is it that nevertheless I do not experience a feeling of poverty, and that the Chinese scholar, potentially at any rate, is a complete being? For the Puritan, the child of an equally poor spirit, is not complete, nor is the Buddhist, not to mention the European classical philologist, who also belongs to the same genus as the Chinese scholar.—The cause is, what I have recognised again and again as the main characteristic of Eastern wisdom: the concentration, to which it owes its origin, and the concentration with which it is studied. The teaching of the wise men of China is sparse and monosyllabic, not because it excludes, but because it condenses; its dicta, understood in the way in which the cultivated Chinese understand them, contain within themselves the quintessence of all that could possibly be meant. And this is true of its expression as well as of its meaning. The more profoundly a connection of facts is understood, the nearer one approaches the point of intersection of the co-ordinates which serve to determine it, and the less concepts are in question. In the case of our arithmetical means of expression (in which we must necessarily represent also Chinese wisdom) this does not appear always quite clearly; in the case of the algebraic method of the Chinaman, however, it is so obvious that the classical expression appears as the only possible one from the point of view of everyone who has seized its meaning. And this is the aim and result of the specifically Chinese training. It sounds grotesque to us that a man should devote ten or twenty years to the study of Confucius alone: he does not study the way we do; he meditates every individual sentence until its meaning has permeated his inner being, and when he has reached his goal, it does not mean that he has understood Confucius in our sense, but that the spirit of the great teacher has taken complete possession of him, just as a great passion takes possession of men. In this process philology acquires a new meaning. If it can be presupposed that the spirit of a culture has been acquired, then really nothing else matters than to turn all one's attention to its expression, and when this expression can be found to perfection in classical literature, then philological study is really the gateway to humanity. Our philologists credit European classical studies with

similar importance; they too assert that men of classical education who are masters of Latin and Greek, and know their Cicero, are a match for all the problems of life. But this is no longer true in Europe. The spirit of Greece and Rome is not our spirit at all, but its ancestor. Ahd, no matter how perfect that spirit was, it does not help others to perfection, as does the Chinese spirit, because its roots do not go so deep. This spirit embodies significance as it were in itself, beyond the realm of appearances, the other does so in the form of a particular phenomenon which differs in quality from that other which is our existence. For this reason the classical philologist cannot be a complete being in modern Europe, and classical education is not essential to perfect development of personality, and of little use in acquiring the mastery of life, no matter how valuable its possession may be otherwise. In China it makes men perfect and fits them, moreover, for practical life. It was with very good reason that, until the great revolution, all official posts were occupied by doctors of philology, and the passing of the literary state-examinations was regarded as an absolute proof of competence. The Chinaman who had inwardly assimilated the spirit of his classics was a match for [^]11 the manifestations of early Chinese life, in the same way as Americans are a match for their own if they are possessed completely by the spirit of initiative, no matter how mediocre the rest of their knowledge.

But, on the other hand, this spirit is a mature organism. It can procreate itself and act—but it cannot become rejuvenated; it will not tend to the salvation of the China which no longer contains the world within it. It is, moreover, in spite of all its advantages, too much a spirit of philistinism.

4. *East and West Compared*

I spend many hours each day with Ku Hung-Ming and his friends and supporters. He is a man of such wit and such a fiery temperament that I am sometimes reminded of a Latin. To-day he was explaining at great length how wrong the Europeans, and especially the sinologists are, in considering the development of Chinese culture quite by itself, without comparison with that of the West: for both have evolved, according to him, within the frame of an identical formula. In both there has been an equivalent of antiquity and medievalism, renaissance and enlightenment, reformation and counter-reformation, Hebraism and Hellenism (to use the terms of Matthew Arnold), rationalism and mysticism; and the parallel is to be drawn even in detail: even in China, for instance, there has been a Bayard. I do not know Chinese history sufficiently in order to test the soundness of these comparisons, and I rather suspect Ku Hung-Ming, as I do the majority of his countrymen, of practising rather too cheap a form of

intellectualism, such as flourishes, for instance, in Southern Italy. This much, however, is true: all historical conditions are special manifestations, brought about by particular circumstances, of the natural forms of human life, which are the same everywhere; and since all possible combinations of circumstances vacillate round a few types whose sequence appears to be subject to one rule, it cannot but be that all peoples of comparable temperament also pass through comparable stages. Now Western Europeans and Chinamen are singularly comparable; they belong essentially to an identical fundamental type, the type of the "men of expression," to which the Indians and the Russians, for instance, do not belong. It must be possible, therefore, to establish historical parallels. Nevertheless, my attitude towards the value of such comparisons is sceptical. Time may possess one single significance in itself—it certainly is not so in reference to men. The Chinese are men of long, and we of short, breath, for us mobility, for them quiescence is the normal condition. How, then, can one make valid comparisons? We boast of our rapid progress: thanks to it, we will probably always remain barbarians, since perfection is possible only within given limits and we are perpetually changing ours. Nor do I accept it as agreed that we will continue to advance for long at the same rate: every direction in life is limited inwardly; we too will one day reach the end, and probably earlier than we think.—I have often heard the following argument, especially in India: since all cultures we are aware of start at a relatively high level—and this is correct—this presupposes that there has been before an exceedingly long period of slow ascent. Most certainly not! Every idea contains within itself, not only in theory but *de facto*, the whole of its consequences; it strives for actuality; it becomes embodied wherever matter permits it to do so, so that, as soon as the mental processes are set in motion at all, they take place with great rapidity. For this reason, as long as consciousness is asleep, aeons may pass before anything new happens; this may occur either in the primordial state or, as in China, at a certain level of culture which has once been reached. But once it has been awakened, development takes place with extreme rapidity. How long was the span of time from the awakening of the Greek spirit to its perfection? A century. How long did it take from the discovery of the principle of aviation until it was applied perfectly in practice? Not ten years. In the same sense it may very well be that we too shall shortly come to an end, and stop progressing at a level of development which will be not nearly so far ahead of that of China as we suppose. For in the modern sense of the word we too are progressive people only for the last hundred years.

Ku Hung-Ming does not miss a single opportunity of having a dig at Laotse. His fundamental thesis is that Confucius is the infinitely

greater of the two because he understood significance as profoundly as" Laotse, but did not retire from the world, but expressed his profundity in his mastery of it. If Confucius really had been, and had achieved, what Ku asserts of him, then, of course, he would be incomparably greater. However, this is not so. It would appear to be contradictory to nature that the same man should live altogether in profundity and prove himself, at the same time, to be a mighty organiser of the surface; each one of these problems requires a special physiological organisation, and I know of no accredited case in which a man possessed both to a similar degree. Kung Fu Tse and Laotse represent the opposite poles of possible perfection; the one represents the perfection of appearance, the other perfection of significance; the former, perfection within the sphere of the materialised, the latter, within the non-materialised; therefore they cannot be measured with the same gauge. But Confucius must no doubt appear greater to the Chinese because they are practical to the extreme as a nation, and to this extent they have no direct relation to profundity as such. The more I see of the Chinese, the more I notice how uninteresting their thoughts are. Their thinking is not their essential quality: their existence is the expression of their depth. Thus Ku Hung-Ming is far more important as a man than as a writer and as a thinker.

A SACRED MOUNTAIN

LOWES DICKINSON

IT was midnight when the train set us down at Tai-an-fu. The moon was full. We passed across fields, through deserted alleys where sleepers lay naked on the ground, under a great gate in a great wall, by halls and pavilions, by shimmering, tree-shadowed spaces, up and down steps, and into a court where cypresses grew. We set up our beds in a veranda, and woke to see leaves against the morning sky. We explored the vast temple and its monuments—iron vessels of the Tang age, a great tablet of the Sungs, trees said to date from before the Christian era, stones inscribed with drawings of these by the Emperor Chien Lung, hall after hall, court after court, ruinous, overgrown, and the great crumbling walls and gates and towers. Then in the afternoon we began the ascent of Tai Shan, the most sacred mountain in China, the most frequented, perhaps, in the world. There, according to tradition, legendary emperors worshipped God. Confucius climbed it six centuries before Christ, and sighed, we are

told, to find his native State so small. The great Chin-Shih-Huang was there in the third century B.C. Chien Lung in the eighteenth century covered it with inscriptions. And millions of humble pilgrims for thirty centuries at least have toiled up the steep and narrow way. Steep it is, for it makes no detours, but follows straight up the bed of a stream, and the greater part of the five thousand feet is ascended by stone steps. A great ladder of eighteen flights climbs the last ravine, and to see it from below, sinuously mounting the precipitous face to the great arch that leads on to the summit, is enough to daunt the most ardent walker. We at least were glad to be chaired some part of the way. A wonderful way! On the lower slopes it passes from portal to portal, from temple to temple. Meadows shaded with aspen and willow border the stream as it falls from green pool to green pool. Higher up are scattered pines. Else the rocks are bare—bare, but very beautiful, with that significance of form which I have found everywhere in the mountains of China.

To such beauty the Chinese are peculiarly sensitive. All the way up the rocks are carved with inscriptions recording the charm and the sanctity of the place. Some of them were written by emperors; many, especially, by Chien Lung, the great patron of art in the eighteenth century. They are models, one is told, of calligraphy as well as of literary composition. Indeed, according to Chinese standards, they could not be the one without the other. The very names of favourite spots are poems in themselves. One is "the pavilion of the phoenixes"; another "the fountain of the white cranes." A rock is called "the tower of the quickening spirit"; the gate on the summit is "the portal of the clouds." More prosaic, but not less charming, is an inscription on a rock in the plain, "the place of the three smiles," because there some mandarins, meeting to drink and converse, told three peculiarly funny stories. Is not that delightful? It seems so to me. And so peculiarly Chinese!

It was dark before we reached the summit. We put up in the temple that crowns it, dedicated to Yu Huang, the "Jade Emperor" of the Taoists; and his image and those of his attendant deities watched our slumbers. But we did not sleep till we had seen the moon rise, a great orange disc, straight from the plain, and swiftly mount till she made the river, five thousand feet below, a silver streak in the dim grey levels.

Next morning, at sunrise, we saw that, north and east, range after range of lower hills stretched to the horizon, while south lay the plain, with half a hundred streams gleaming down to the river from the valleys. Full in view was the hill where, more than a thousand years ago, the great Tang poet Li Tai-po retired with five companions to drink and make verses. They are still known to tradition as the "six idlers of the bamboo grove"; and the morning sun, I half thought,

still shines upon their symposium. We spent the day on the mountain; and as the hours passed by, more and more it showed itself to be a sacred place. Sacred to what god? No question is harder to answer of any sacred place, for there are as many ideas of the god as there are worshippers. There are temples here to various gods: to the mountain himself; to the Lady of the mountain, Pi-hsia-yuen, who is at once the Venus of Lucretius—"goddess of procreation, gold as the clouds, blue as the sky," one inscription calls her—and the kindly mother who gives children to women and heals the little ones of their ailments; to the Great Bear; to the Green Emperor, who clothes the trees with leaves; to the Cloud-compeller; to many others. And in all this, is there no room for God? It is a poor imagination that would think so. When men worship the mountain, do they worship a rock, or the spirit of the place, or the spirit that has no place? It is the latter, we may be sure, that some men adored, standing at sunrise on this spot. And the Jade Emperor—is he a mere idol? In the temple where we slept were three inscriptions set up by the Emperor Chien Lung. They run as follows: •

"Without labour, oh Lord, Thou bringest forth the greatest things."

"Thou leadest Thy company of spirits to guard the whole world."

"In the company of Thy spirits Thou art wise as a mighty Lord to achieve great works."

These might be sentences from the Psalms; they are as religious as anything Hebraic. And if it be retorted that the mass of the worshippers on Tai Shan are superstitious, so are, and always have been, the mass of worshippers anywhere. Those who rise to religion in any country are few. India, I suspect, is the great exception. But I do not know that they are fewer in China than elsewhere. For that form of religion, indeed, which consists in the worship of natural beauty and what lies behind it—for the religion of a Wordsworth—they seem to be pre-eminently gifted. The cult of this mountain and of the many others like it in China, the choice of sites for temples and monasteries, the inscriptions, the little pavilions set up where the view is loveliest—all go to prove this. In England we have lovelier hills, perhaps, than any in China. But where is our sacred mountain? Where, in all the country, that charming mythology which once in Greece and Italy, as now in China, was the outward expression of the love of nature?

"Great God, I'd rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn."

That passionate cry of a poet born into a naked world would never have been wrung from him had he been born in China.

And that leads me to one closing reflection. When lovers of China—"pro-Chinese," as they are contemptuously called in the East—assert that China is more civilised than the modern West, even the candid Westerner, who is imperfectly acquainted with the facts, is apt to suspect insincere paradox. Perhaps these few notes on Tai Shan may help to make the matter clearer. A people that can so consecrate a place of natural beauty is a people of fine feeling for the essential values of life. That they should also be dirty, disorganised, corrupt, incompetent, even if it were true—and it is far from being true in any unqualified sense—would be irrelevant to this issue. On a foundation of inadequate material prosperity they reared, centuries ago, the superstructure of a great culture. The West, in rebuilding its foundations, has gone far to destroy the superstructure. Western civilisation, wherever it penetrates, brings with it water-taps, sewers, and police; but it brings also an ugliness, an insincerity, a vulgarity never before known to history, unless it be under the Roman Empire. It is terrible to see in China the first wave of this Western flood flinging along the coasts and rivers and railway lines its scrofulous foam of advertisements, of corrugated iron roofs, of vulgar, meaningless architectural forms. In China, as in all old civilisations I have seen, all the building of man harmonises with and adorns nature. In the West everything now built is a blot. Many men, I know, sincerely think that this destruction of beauty is a small matter, and that only decadent aesthetes would pay any attention to it in a world so much in need of sewers and hospitals. I believe this view to be profoundly mistaken. The ugliness of the West is a symptom of disease of the soul. It implies that the end has been lost sight of in the means. In China the opposite is the case. The end is clear, though the means be inadequate. Consider what the Chinese have done to Tai Shan, and what the West will shortly do, once the stream of Western tourists begins to flow strongly. Where the Chinese have constructed a winding stairway of stone, beautiful from all points of view, Europeans or Americans will run up a funicular railway, a staring scar that will never heal. Where the Chinese have written poems in exquisite calligraphy, they will cover the rocks with advertisements. Where the Chinese have built a series of temples, each so designed and placed as to be a new beauty in the landscape, they will run up restaurants and hotels like so many scabs on the face of nature. I say with confidence that they will, because they have done it wherever there is any chance of a paying investment. Well, the Chinese need, I agree, our science, our organisation, our medicine. But is it affectation to think they may have to pay too high a price for it, and to suggest

that in acquiring our material advantages they may lose what we have gone near to lose, that fine and sensitive culture which is one of the forms of spiritual life? The West talks of civilising China. Would that China could civilise the West!

IN THE YANGTZE GORGES

LOWES DICKINSON

AT the upper end of the gorge poetically named "Ox Liver and Horse Lungs," I watched the steamboat smoking and splashing upstream. She had traversed in a few hours the distance I, in my houseboat, had taken three days to cover; and certainly she is much more convenient and much more comfortable. That, however, is not necessarily an advantage. What may be urged with some force is that travelling by steamboat is more humane. It dispenses with human labour of a peculiarly dangerous and strenuous kind. Twenty-eight boatmen are attached to my single person. A big junk may have a crew of two hundred. When the wind is not fair they must row or tow; and towing is not like towing along the Thames! Suddenly you see the men leap out and swarm up a precipice. Presently they appear high above, creeping with the line along a ledge of rock. And your "boy" remarks nonchalantly, "Plenty coolie fall here. Too high place." Or they are clambering over boulders, one or two told off to disentangle the line wherever it catches. Or they are struggling along a greasy slope, their bare feet gripping the mud, hardly able to advance a step or even to hold their own. As a labour-saving machine one must welcome the advent of the steamboat, as one is constrained to welcome even that of the motor-omnibus. But from the traveller's point of view it is different. Railways and steamboats enable more of us to travel, and to travel farther, in space. But in experience he travels farthest who travels the slowest. A mediaeval student or apprentice walking through Europe on foot really did see the world. A modern tourist sees nothing but the inside of hotels. Unless, that is, he chooses to walk, or ride, or even cycle. Then it is different. Then he begins to see, as now I, from my houseboat, begin to see China. Not profoundly, of course, but somehow intimately. For instance, while my crew eat their midday rice, I stroll up to the neighbouring village. Contrary to all I have been taught to expect, I find it charming, picturesque, not so dirty after all, not so squalid, not so poor. The people, too, who, one thought, would insult or mob the

foreigner, either take no notice or, if you greet them, respond in the friendliest way. They may, of course, be explaining to one another that you are a foreign devil, but nothing in their countenance or manner suggests it. The children are far better-mannered than in most European countries. They may follow you, and chatter and laugh; but at least they have not learnt to beg. Curiosity they have, and gaiety, but I detect no sign of hostility. I walk down the long street, with its shops and roomy houses—far roomier and more prosperous-looking than most Indian villages—and come to the temple. Smilingly I am invited to enter. There are no mysteries in Chinese religion. I begin to wonder, indeed, whether there is any religion left. For everywhere I find the temples and monasteries either deserted or turned into schools or barracks. This one is deserted. It is like a series of lumber-rooms, full of dusty idols. The idols were once gaudy, brightly painted "to look like life," with beards and whiskers of real hair. But now their splendour is dimmed. The demons scowl to no purpose. To no purpose the dragons coil. No trespasser threatens the god behind his dingy curtains. In one chamber only a priest kneels before the shrine and chants out of a book while he taps a bronze vessel with a little hammer. Else, solitude, vacuity, and silence. Is he Buddhist or Taoist? I have no language in which to ask. I can only accept with mute gestures the dusty seat he offers and the cup of lukewarm tea. What has happened to religion? So far as I can make out, something like the "dis-establishment of the Church." The Republic has been at work; and in the next village I see what it has been doing. For there the temple is converted into a school. Delightedly the scholars show me round. On the outside wall, for him who runs to read, are scored up long addition sums in our Western figures. Inside, the walls are hung with drawings of birds and beasts, of the human skeleton and organs, even of bacteria! There are maps of China and of the world. The children even produce in triumph an English reading-book, though I must confess they do not seem to have profited by it much. Still, they can say "cat" when you show them a picture of the creature; which is more than I could do in Chinese. And China does not change? Wait a generation! This, remember, is a tiny village in the heart of the country, more than 1,000 miles from the coast. And this is happening all over the Celestial Empire, I suppose. I start to return to my boat, but have not gone a quarter of a mile before I hear a shout, and looking back find half the school following me and escorting their teacher, who speaks English. He regrets to have missed my visit; will I not return and let him show me the school? I excuse myself, and he walks with me to the boat, making what conversation he can. One remark I remember—"China a good place

now; China a republic." And I thought, as we exchanged cards, that he represented the Republic more essentially than the politicians whom foreigners so severely criticise. Anyhow, Republic or no, China is, being transformed. And there is something other than steamboats to attest it.

Which brings me back to my starting-point. On the steamboat you have no adventures. But on the houseboat you do. For instance, the other day the rope broke as we were towing up a rapid, and down we dashed, turning round and round, and annihilating in five minutes the labour of an hour. I was afraid, I confess; but the boatmen took it as a matter of course. In some way, incomprehensible to me, they got us into the bank, and, looking up, the first thing I saw was an embankment in construction—the railway from Ichang to Chungking. When it is finished we shall go by train—not even by steamboat—and so see nothing except tunnels. Certainly, we shall not be compelled to pass the night in a small village; nor permitted to see the sunset behind these lovely hills and the moon rising over the river between the cliffs of the gorge. Nor shall we then be delayed, as I was yesterday, till the water should run down, and so tempted to walk into the country. I made for a side valley, forded a red torrent, and found myself among fields and orchards; green of mulberries, green of fruit trees, green of young corn; and above, the purple hills, with all their bony structure showing under the skin of soil. I followed a high path, greeted by the peasants I met with a charming smile and that delightful gesture, whereby, instead of shaking your hand, they clasp theirs and shake them at you. I came at last to a solitary place, and, sitting down, watched the evening light on the mountains; and they seemed to be saying something. What?

"Rocks that are bones, earth that is flesh, what, what do you mean
Eyeing me silently?

Streams that are voices, what, what do you say?

You are pouring an ocean into a cup. Yet pour, that all it can hold
May at least be water of yours."

At dusk I got back to the river, and found that a wind had sprung up and the junks were trying to pass the rapid. There must have been fifty of them crowded together. They could only pass one by one; and the scene was pandemonium. The Chinese are even noisier than the Italians, and present the same appearance of confusion. But in some mysterious way an order is always getting evolved. On this occasion it seemed to be perfectly understood which boat should go first. And presently there she was, in mid-rapid, apparently not advancing an inch, the ropes held taut from a causeway a quarter of

a mile off. At last the strain suddenly ceased, and she moved quickly up stream. Another followed. Then it was dark. And we had to pass the night, after all, tossing uneasily in the rough water. Soon after dawn we started again. I went across to the causeway, and watched the trackers at work—twenty each on two ropes, hardly advancing a step in five minutes. Then the boat's head swung into shore, the tension ceased; something had happened. I waited half an hour or so. "Nothing doing," in the expressive American phrase. Then I went back. We had sprung a leak, and my cabin was converted into a swimming-bath. Another hour or so repairing this. Then the rope had to be brought back and attached again. At last we started for the second time, and in half an hour got safely through the hundred yards of racing waters into the bank above. At ten I got my breakfast, and we started to sail with a fair wind. It dropped. Rain came on. My crew (as always in that conjuncture) put up their awning and struck work. So here we are at 1 p.m., in a heavy thunder-shower, a mile from the place we tried to leave at six o'clock this morning. This is the ancient method of travelling—4,000 years old, I suppose. It is very inconvenient! Oh, yes—BUT—

THE FRAGMENTS

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

WHEN you travel in China I think nothing amazes you more than the passion for decoration which possesses the Chinese. It is not astonishing that you should find decoration in memorial arches or in temples; here the occasion for it is obvious; and it is natural enough to find it in furniture; nor does it surprise, though it delights you, to discover it on the commoner objects of household use. The pewter pot is enriched with a graceful design; the coolie's rice bowl has its rough but not inelegant adornment. You may fancy that the Chinese craftsman does not look upon an article as complete till by line or colour he has broken the plainness of a surface. He will even print an arabesque on the paper he uses for wrapping. But it is more unexpected when you see the elaborate embellishment of a shop-front, the splendid carving, gilt or relieved with gold, of its counter, and the intricate sculpture of the signboard. It may be that this magnificence serves as an advertisement; but it does so only because the passer-by, the possible customer, takes pleasure in elegance; and you are apt to think that the tradesman who owns the shop takes pleasure in it too.

When he sits at his door, smoking his water pipe and through his great horn spectacles reading a newspaper, his eyes must rest with good humour sometimes on the fantastic ornamentation. On the counter, in a long-necked pot, stands a solitary carnation.

You will find the same delight in the ornate in the poorest villages where the severity of a door is mitigated by a charming piece of carving, and where the trellis of the windows forms a complicated and graceful pattern. You can seldom cross a bridge, in however unfrequented a district, without seeing in it the hand of an artist. The stones are so laid as to make an intricate decoration, and it seems as though these singular people judged with a careful eye whether a flat bridge or an arched one would fit in best with the surrounding scene. The balustrade is ornamented with lions or with dragons. I remember a bridge that must have been placed just where it was for the pure delight of its beauty rather than for any useful purpose, since, though broad enough for a carriage and pair to pass over it, it served only to connect a narrow path that led from one ragged village to another. The nearest town was thirty miles away. The broad river, narrowing at this point, flowed between two green hills, and nut trees grew on the bank. The bridge had no balustrade. It was constructed of immense slabs of granite and rested on five piers; the middle pier consisted of a huge and fantastic dragon with a long and scaly tail. On the sides of the outer slabs, running the whole length of the bridge, was cut in very low relief a pattern of an unimaginable lightness, delicacy and grace.

But though the Chinese take such careful pains to avoid fatiguing your eye, with sure taste making the elaborateness of a decoration endurable by contrasting it with a plain surface, in the end weariness overcomes you. Their exuberance bewilders. You cannot refuse your admiration to the ingenuity with which they so diversify the ideas that occupy them as to give you an impression of changing fantasy, but the fact is plain that the ideas are few. The Chinese artist is like a fiddler who with infinite skill should play infinite variations upon a single tune.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE PEKING DAY

OSBERT SITWELL

IF you descend into these streets you will find a blue figure or two in every alley, and the larger streets thronged, mostly with men; young men hurrying about their business and old men, with scanty

beards and with the happy faces of the old (for, in China, age is respected: perhaps because it is respectable), so different from the broken, sad look of old eyes in Europe. Here all wear the traditional dress of the Chinese, thick padded robes, sometimes with fur collars, surmounted at this season with triangular fur hats, similar to those in the portraits of Flemish merchants by Van Eyck or his followers. In the *hutung* near by you see an old woman in black silk trousers and a blue, short jacket walking with difficulty, hobbling along with the help of a cane on her unemancipated feet, which all her life have been tortured and stunted, while, with her, but hardly able to endure the slowness of her pace, comes a young girl, similarly clad, with a jade flower in her hair, and with feet which, though never bound, are scarcely less small than those of her mother.

From every street rise the sounds of gongs and drums being beaten in a thousand different ways (each with its own significance to the initiated), of flutes and pipes and multifarious cries, the wooden clack of rattles, the jingle of bells, the hum of the tuning-fork, the clink of metal on metal. These indicate the presence of the ubiquitous street-vendors who supply Peking housewives with necessities and luxuries, the whole day long and right through the night, at their very door-steps: and though the instrument, tuning-fork or drum, may be shared by a score of occupations, the effect of its playing differs as much as the trades it represents. There are, too, auditory tokens of that opposite kind of itinerant dealer, who wishes to buy; the parchment drum of the ambitious seeker for jade and jewels, who taps out a special rhythm as he wails his wants, or, humbler and more easily gratified, the unaccompanied growl of "I will give money for foreign bottles, I also buy scrap iron and broken glass." But the cries of the vendors were, of course—for the supply always seems to me to outstrip demand—much more plentiful and heterogeneous than those of the purchasers.

It was not, however, until I descended to ground, after a week of my hotel, in a Chinese house situated in the Tartar City (a lovely house belonging to someone who became, in contradiction of the usual landlord-tenant quarrels, a most valued friend) that I grew aware of the full multiplicity of these cries and signals by means of percussion, wind and stringed instruments; they were as numerous and diverse as the sounds of the insect world, of bee and moth and beetle and cicada, and the crepitations and whirrings of all those other nameless winged creatures of a summer night in a warm land. There, in the Alley of Sweet Rain—Kan-Yu-Hutung—in that delightful and typical collection of rooms on the ground floor—all roofed with herring-bone patterns of grey tiles—and of paved garden courts, approached by a red door hidden in a blank grey wall in a grey alley, it was possible to

distinguish every one of them. . . . And, notwithstanding my hatred of noise, I liked them—cries as well as accompaniments—from the first moment of hearing them, although, judged by Western standards, they would be ranked as by no means musical. It is true that I did not understand their meaning, but then neither did the majority of active citizens of Peking: for it is said that the cries of the western end of the city, for example, differ so entirely from those of the eastern as to be incomprehensible if transposed, one to the other, and, further, many of them are antiquated in style and language, and formalised beyond recognition except by those familiar with them. (Think, as for that, of how difficult it is to interpret the words of our only remaining traditional London street cry of "Lavender, sweet lavender! ")• . . Be this as it may, I liked listening to them, and this narrow, grey lane, with its trees and grey-brown walls, was seldom without one of these strange and romantic cries—some of them, at night, seeming unearthly in the extreme—or of these other arrangements of notes and rhythms that gathered an indefinable quality, an added tinkle and tang and crispness, from the dry and sparkling air of Peking.

Many of these sounds continued until dawn; a matter of habit, for, though the night-life of the wealthy Chinese is now more limited than formerly, Peking, like all great cosmopolitan centres (and, though it may no longer be the official capital of the Chinese Republic, it must always, whatever happens, remain the metropolis of the whole of middle and north-eastern Asia), has to cater for innumerable wants at all hours of day and night, and it was necessary for the vendors between them, to cover the entire enormous ground space—about twenty-five square miles—of this vast town. A few go silently (and here silence, so rare, is almost the best identification of a trade) on their rounds, the seller of ankle ribbons, for example, or those who deal in shoes or shoe leather, or sell whips. Others cease their cries, or mute their instruments, at dusk.

Among this division, whose music dies with the daylight, can be ranked the barber, who, unlike his European counterpart, does not open his mouth, but twangs at a tuning-fork with a short steel rod; the seller of hats in winter and of fans in summer, who plays a huge, ingenious apparatus of bells strung on a framework of wire which dwarfs completely the portable store upon which it is erected; the mender of porcelain, who, like so many of his brother hawkers, carries slung across his shoulders a pole, from each end of which hang his means of livelihood, and who rings a gong by means of pellets, which swing upon cords to the rhythm of his step; loudest of them all, the Punch and Judy showman, with his booth, and with the clamorous gongs and cymbals that proclaim it; the purveyor of pretty trifles such as especially recommend themselves to women, who manipulates

a jangling contrivance with a wooden handle; the sharpener of knives, who clashes long, rectangular metal plates together or blows down a trumpet; the trudging quack doctor with his bell; the clothier with his wooden mallet; the seller of toys, which jog and dangle from the top of a tall stick as he calls out, "Buy, Small Man, they are lifelike, they have eyes and arms! "; the hawker of green-glazed jars, who shouts his wares and adds a proposal to take old ones in part exchange, and the men from Shansi, who offer, with deep-throated notes, iron pots such as are only made in that province; the pedlar of kettles, who carries his goods slung from the end of a pole, and taps the curving metal belly of one of them, as he goes along, with a rod, so that it rings out like a bell; the maker of "sugared horse blossoms"—a sweet compounded of sugar, oil and flour, plaited to resemble a horse's tail decked out for a feast day—who screams out his delicacies at the top of his voice; the seller of wooden gourds, who bangs them together; the fortune-teller, who divines character or prophesies the events of a career, according to his particular art, whether by the lines of your face, by judging of the manner in which falling grains of sand dispose themselves, by clairvoyance or augury, and who, to denote his approach, taps a piece of wood against the top of a short stick; or, another member of the large group devoted to magic, the blind palmist, who may choose to herald his coming either by playing a flute, beating a small gong, or plucking the strings of a kind of fiddle; all these still their music with the coming of darkness, though they are not more numerous than those whose cries and crepitations continue throughout the entire night.

PEKING: SERENADE AND AUBADE

OSBERT SITWELL

WE stayed on in Peking until the beginning of the summer, when the peonies were nearly over, and had long been sheltered from the sun by mat awnings, and every day the temperature had stood at ninety in the shade.

The memories of the city that return to me chiefly, and most easily, are two.

One was of an evening just before I left. I was standing on the terrace of the observatory, examining the bronze seventeenth-century instruments. (Unfortunately the last of those of an earlier period, which Marco Polo saw, have been removed.) Since the winter had

passed, I had not been here, and, turning round, I discovered that the whole panorama of streets and temples and courts had sunk beneath the motionless green tide of leaves. Gone were the grey houses and bare twigs, and in their place stretched a still and silent forest, which, for the moment and at this extremity of the city, Ufe seemed entirely to have deserted. Not a voice spoke.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall
No more they move or stir.

My other memory, perhaps more true to the character of Peking, the Capital of the North, is of a winter's night, and its sounds; which an accidental note or clinking together of metal or wood sometimes revives for me with the instantaneous and false lucidity of a dream. . . . No less than the day, the Peking night has its own music, in no way muted by the snow that wavers down in the glow of lanterns and braziers. Some sounds, such as the cries of the sellers of water in summer and charcoal in winter, persist, hour in and hour out, for the whole twenty-four, and form a background for the different acronychal clamour that now rises. But, for the most part, directly one system of sound is born, the other dies.

Many of those whose trade is entirely nocturnal carry lanterns and little stoves, for it is their business to supply nourishment at all hours to ricksha coolies and night workers, or they may specialise in foods suitable to the palate of the various revellers of the city, drunkards and opium-smokers; articles specially spiced and suited to their condition. Thus you will observe Mohammedans—if you are wise enough to know them—retailing cakes fried in oil to their co-religionists. Then, again, at the time of every feast (and several fall to each lunar month) the delicacies associated with it are on sale everywhere. Thus at the New Year the dumplings mentioned more than once in these pages were in great demand, and, a fortnight later, at the time of the Lantern Festival, there were little white balls, made of sugar and barley-flour surrounding a kernel of walnut and red fruit jelly—but, in all truth, the foods attached to the Chinese calendar by long Peking custom are not to be numbered. (In the matter of cakes, alone, there are New Year cakes, spring cakes, sun cakes, elm-seed cakes, dragon-scale cakes, cold fried pastries—to be eaten when wheat ripens—flower cakes, moon cakes—some more than a foot in diameter, and with prints of the Three-Legged Toad and the Rabbit of the Moon, creatures which inhabit that cold planet, pasted upon them—mimosa cakes, powdered with points of red sugar, rose cakes,

cakes of the Five Poisonous Creatures and wistaria cakes.) Thus, nearly every fortnight, there is, in addition to the ordinary articles of consumption, some special food, with its own special cry to advertise it, for the citizen to buy in the streets.

But before entering their cold darkness to consider all these things more closely, we must first take notice, if only for an instant, of the beauty and strangeness of the particular scenes which the Peking night frames. We must glance at the blind singer or flute-player, as he walks home, sounding his gong, and prodding at the ground so carefully with his long staff; he needs no lamp, for darkness and light are the same to him, and this shows in the wary, staring blankness of his upturned mask, as he slowly rounds a corner into one of the broad, well-illuminated thoroughfares. Or let us turn to regard the seller of chestnuts, who, in a narrow lane, bends over his stove, and how its glow catches the furry edges of his cap and the upper part of his head, emphasising the gleam of his narrow, up-slanting eyes as they strain out, beyond the range of the nimbus round him, to search for possible customers in the darkness, or his gesture, of putting one hand up to his ear, as he gives a deep, hollow cry: or we can observe in an alley, the flicker of his lantern upon the deep golden, tarpaulin face of the old, bearded, trudging pedlar, who has so little to offer, but whose whole countenance is creased with thousands of dead smiles that come to life again with each new one, as he greets a buyer. And we must look, too, with attention at the beauty of the lamps and lanterns themselves, and examine the bowls and plates handled by those who deal in cheap foods, for the ordinary coolie china of Peking is among the most lovely articles of everyday use in the modern world: not coarse, after the manner of peasant pottery elsewhere, but little green celadon bowls and plates of exquisite workmanship, though without decoration, or with a fish or a spray of flowers sketched on them with a fantastic grace.

Now, of a winter's night was the time for "hot salted fish"—usually a euphemism for a portion of the smoked head of a pig—"succulent beef" and "rose-flavoured night-balls," and their vendors were in no mood to pass over the merits of them in silence. The country boys, too, come into Peking at this season to sell the crab-apples they have plucked; little, sour, scarlet fruits, like red beads, which, as though in reality they were such, they carry strung in several huge necklaces round their necks, the ends hanging down on each side in front of them, as low as their hands; and could be heard crying, in rough, rustic accents, "Only two strings left!" Other hawkers were offering with free voice "hard biscuits," which are only sold at night, though very popular with those gathered together for "red and white ceremonies" (weddings and funerals), and are the

monopoly of those same men from Shantung whom in the day-time we have heard crying " sugared horse blossoms"; and others, again, were dispensing radishes and water-chestnuts—true men from Peking, these, with that particular burr in their tones, as they called out, which marks them. A few vendors were boiling eggs over a stove, and were shouting about it, though this, you would have thought, was a simple accomplishment, and one that did not need the extravagant musical pæans they lavished upon it: while, with the humility of the great, a clashing together of brass cups—their manipulator carries them in his right hand and, with a dexterity born of a lifetime's practice, throws one up into the other—announced that the chief of all street vendors was drawing near; who, with his free hand, was pushing along a barrow loaded with many articles besides the one he chooses to cry: " Fruits in Syrup! " (This call he changes in summer to " Sour Prune Soup.") Others, strolling about with trays, were shouting, in preparation for the Lantern Festival, their willingness to sell paper lanterns, many of them in the shape of a fish, with green gills and red scales, and the seller of turnips was bearing along his supply in a basket (which, in a month or two, when the heat comes, he exchanges for a wooden tub of water, wherein, scraped and planed, they look as cool and frosty as winter moons), at the same time whinnying out repeatedly, "Roots that taste like pears, if bitter they may be returned! " There were, too, more prosaic, but no less enthusiastic, proposals to furnish bowls of hot soup, of varying quality, peanuts, sweets of a hundred different kinds, dried melon and sunflower seeds, cigarettes, sarsaparilla, and regional dishes such as " fried bean curd "; this last, consisting of squares of crushed beans fried in oil of sesame, being a favourite delicacy of the Peking night-worker. Fruit was scarce in the street at this season, both by day and night, but pears were being sold (different to any I have eaten elsewhere, being of a hard and yellow flesh, and seeming to possess a scent rather than a flavour), and the vendor of persimmons, too, was doing a good trade, as he stood under a lamp and wailed out at intervals, his large round basket full of this flame-coloured autumn fruit, whose glow survives into winter to remind us of the warmth of the suns that make blossom the peony and lotus, and ripen peach and melon. . . . But these festival pleasures are as yet far ahead. Roasted chestnuts are being sold, and dumplings and hot soup against the bitter-rinded wind that sweeps round each corner, and against the snow that every now and then flickers down to the ground, thickening the silence under the cries and grasshopper-like clickings and clinkings.

SHANGHAI

ALDOUS HUXLEY

I HAVE seen places that were, no doubt, as busy and as thickly populous as the Chinese city in Shanghai, but none that so overwhelmingly impressed me with its business and populousness. In no city, West or East, have I ever had such an impression of dense, rank, richly clotted life. Old Shanghai is Bergson's *elan vital* in the raw, so to speak, and with the lid off. It is Life itself. Nothing more intensely living can be imagined. There are as many people—there are very likely more—in an equal area of London or Lahore, of Glasgow or Bombay; but there is not so much life. Each individual Chinaman has more vitality, you feel, than each individual Indian or European, and the social organism composed of these individuals is therefore more intensely alive than the social organism in India or the West. Or perhaps it is the vitality of the social organism—a vitality accumulated and economised through centuries by ancient habit and tradition—perhaps it is the intense aliveness and strength of the Chinese civilisation, which give to individual Chinamen their air of possessing a superabundance of life beyond the vital wealth of every other race. So much life, so carefully canalised, so rapidly and strongly flowing—the spectacle of it inspires something like terror. All this was going on when we were cannibalistic savages. It will still be going on—a little modified, perhaps, by Western science, but not much—long after we in Europe have simply died of fatigue. A thousand years from now the seal-cutters will still be engraving their seals, the ivory workers still sawing and polishing; the tailors will be singing the merits of their cut and cloth, even as they do to-day; the spectacled astrologers will still be conjuring silver out of the pockets of bumpkins and amorous courtesans; there will be a bird market, and eating-houses perfumed with delicious cooking, and chemists' shops with bottles full of dried lizards, tigers' whiskers, rhinoceros horns and pickled salamanders; there will be patient jewellers and embroiderers of faultless taste, shops full of marvellous crockery, and furriers who can make elaborate patterns and pictures out of variously coloured fox-skins; there will still be letter-writers at the street corners and men whose business it is to sit in their open shops inscribing words of ancient wisdom on long red scrolls—and the great black ideographs will still be as perfectly written as they are to-day, or were a thousand years ago, will be thrown on to the red paper with the same apparent recklessness, the same real and assured skill, by a long fine hand as deeply learned

in the hieratic gestures of its art as the hand of the man who is writing now. Yes, it will all be there just as intensely and tenaciously alive as ever—all there a thousand years hence, five thousand, ten. You have only to stroll through old Shanghai to be certain of it. London and Paris offer no such certainty. And even India seems by comparison provisional and precarious.

PART THREE

A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS AND SELF-PORTRAITS

(EXTRACTS FROM BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES)

THE EVOLUTION OF CHINESE WOMEN

3rd CENTURY A.D.

THE WIFE OF CHIAO CHUNG-CHING

THE FATE OF A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW IN 3RD CENTURY CHINA

Period: The second dynasty after the disappearance of feudalism in China when the country was unified under the iron hand of the Emperor of Ch'in. Until the beginning of this century, the ethical code of the country was predominantly Confucian in that filial piety came before love between husbands and wives. Like the Christian code of offering both cheeks to one's enemy, this "Parents first" principle was just as difficult to practise. As a result, a married son was apt to be torn between the two loves, while the daughter-in-law, a victim of maternal possessiveness, might revenge it on the next generation. The popularity of this poem explains why the modern Chinese were thrilled by Dumas' "La Dame Aux Camellias."

At the end of the Han Dynasty, in the middle of the *Men an* period, about A.D. 208, Chiao Chung-ch'ing of Lu Chiang hamlet, a petty clerk in the Prefecture had a wife of the Liu Clan. On account of Chung-ch'ing's mother, she was repudiated. She swore an oath not to remarry. Forced to betrothal by members of her clan, she sank in the waters and died. Chung-ch'ing, hearing this, strangled himself by hanging from a tree in the courtyard. People of the time, pitying them, told their story in this verse.

*A peacock flies East of South,
Flies five li, flutters back and forth.*

(The young wife speaks to her husband:)

"Ten and three could weave silk threads;
 Ten and four learned to cut out clothes;
 Ten and five swept strings of *k'ung hou* lyre;
 Ten and six hummed lines of Classics: *Poems, Writings'*,
 Ten and seven became wife of my Lord.
 Now, in heart's centre, is often bitter grief.
 My Lord has become Prefect's Clerk,
 Preserving chastity, my passion never alters,
 Lowly wife remains in empty bridal chamber.
 We see each other, indeed, but rarely,
 You come, can never bear to go, bear to go.
 At cock-crow I enter loom to weave,
 Nightly, nightly, do not attain to rest,
 In three days cut off five rolls of silk.
 Not because my weaving is slow, but
 Because they dislike me, Husband's Honored Parents reprimand.
 In my Lord's household 'tis difficult to be a wife.
 Unworthy One cannot endure being ordered, driven like a beast;
 Tis vain to stay;—useless!
 Pray tell Honored Father, Venerable Mother,
 Time has come, I should be sent away, returned to father's household."

Prefect's Clerk, on hearing this,
 Ascends Guest Hall to tell The Mother:

" Son assists with salary that is but poor,
 Yet has good fortune in possessing such a wife.
 She knotted hair, came to my pillow, sleeping-mat;
 Until descent to Yellow Springs, we shall join hands in companionship.
 Three or two years has she lived with, served us,
 From life's beginning, to its end, is a long time.
 Wife has acted without deceit, disloyalty.
 What are your wishes? Why is affection not thick? "

The Mother answers Prefect's Clerk:

" Why so much chatter, chatter?

This wife has no knowledge of Rites, or honorable behaviour,
 Herself takes initiative, assumes to discriminate.

My ideas have long been treasured in my bosom, heart is divided in
 hate.

You! do you have your own way?

In household, to East is a virtuous maiden

Calls herself Lo-fu from Land of Ch'in.
Her body is admired, unequalled!

I, The Mother will beg her for you.
Then can quickly send away this one;
Send her away, let her go, be cautious, do not keep her."

Prefect's Clerk kneels a long time; speaks:
"I lie prostrate in order to inform my mother:
If this wife be sent away,
To end of old age, will not take another."

The Mother, hearing these words,
In rage, pounds bed with her fist:
"Is miserable son without veneration?
How dare he utter aid-wife words?
Already, toward me, you fail in gratitude, rule of right conduct.
You will not follow me! . . . indeed? "

Prefect's Clerk maintains dark silence, without sound.
Once more lifts two hands in reverence, returns, enters bedroom door.
Begins to utter words, to converse with young wife,
Grief grips throat, he gulps, cannot speak.

(Commanding himself says:)

"I, myself, do not drive away Loved One,
Compelling, insisting, there is . . . The Mother.
For a short time, only, shall my Loved One, to father's house retire.
I must now serve in Prefect's office,
Ere long should come back, return home.
When I come back will go out to meet, will take you.
This thought treasure deep in your heart,
Act carefully, do not oppose my words."

(Young wife says to Prefect's Clerk:)

"I cannot come a second time; perplexity, confusion would result
from repetition.
Formerly, in sunlight time of year's revolution, I first
Left father's house, came to your honorable gateway.
Began work, complied with wishes of Honorable Father, Venerable
Mother.
Careful of every thought, could I dare make my own decisions?
By day, by night, exerted myself to the utmost;—then rested.
Am lonely, depressed; bitterness, evil fortune, are knotted in my
heart.

Words I have spoken are without guilt or fault.
 To the end, have sustained, nourished, the parents; fulfilled all obligations.
 Now suffer being driven like a beast, sent away.
 How say, come a second time, return? . . .
 Unworthy One has embroidered short coat; it reaches the hips.
 Leaves and hill-flowers shine thereon, are brilliant.
 Has red openwork silk gauze, bed-curtain,
 At four corners hang fragrant bags of perfume.
 Has bamboo boxes, six or seven tens,
 Leaf-green jade beads strung on bright silk cords.
 Each thing, each thing, in itself is different,
 Of its class, of its class, at centre of perfection. .
 If my person be unworthy, the things also are poor,
 Not good enough to present to my successor.
 Nevertheless retain, keep them; I leave them to be used.
 From now on, no reason for our meeting;
 Forever, forever, may you be peaceful, tranquil,
 Long, long may we not die in each other's hearts."

Cock crows, in sky is light of sun about to rise,
 Young wife leaves bed, dresses with care, puts on make-up,
 Dons long embroidered skirt.
 For own use, for own use, takes four, five of all her possessions.
 Below, on her feet, treads on gleaming silk shoes;
 Above, on her head, wears shining shell combs.
 Her waist is supple as lustrous white silk;
 In ears are bright moons, ear-pendants of pearls linked to jade.
 Fingers like pared roots of the leek,
 Lips like vermilion of cinnabar.
 Dainty, dainty, she takes tiny footsteps,
 The essence of beauty! World holds not her pair.
 Ascending Guest Hall to The Mother she raises hands in reverence.
 Anger of "The Mother has not ceased.

(Young wife speaks:)

"Formerly, in childhood, girlhood, time,
 At birth, when small, came out from hamlet in the wilds;
 Had, originally, no teaching, nor did I hear flowing words of instruction.
 Felt, therefore, demon of shame in my heart at marrying son of high household.
 Received from Mother many gifts of silk and of gold,
 Cannot endure Mother drive me away as a beast to the battue.

This day I go, return to father's house,
I think of you, Mother, bearing toil and trouble of all within the home."

She then takes leave of husband's little sister;
Tears drop, a string of pearls:
" When first I came, a new wife,
Husband's little sister was protected in her pen.
This day, when I suffer being driven forth, sent away.
Husband's little sister is as tall as am I.
Exert your strength, with all heart sustain Honorable Father,
Venerable Mother,
Lovingly" care for the parents.
In first half of moon—seventh day, in second half of moon—ninth
day,
When playing games, do not forget me."

She goes out from door, steps into hooded cart—departs.
Tears fall one hundred and more lines.
In front, Prefect's Clerk rides his horse;
Behind, young wife drives in hooded cart.
Now he hears, now he hears not, iron-bound wheels, rumble, rumble.
Together they meet at mouth of Great Road.
He dismounts from horse, steps within covered cart,
Lowers head to her ear, whispers:
" Take an oath! we shall not remain in separate lands,
For a brief day you must return, must, to father's house, go,
While I to Prefectural office repair.
Not long, should come back, return home.
Take this oath! Heaven will not requite us with evil."

Young wife says to Prefect's clerk:
" My Lord stirs passion, his love, his love, is treasured in bosom;
As he sees the records, my Lord already knows
It is not long till I may hope he comes.
My Lord is a rooted rock,
Unworthy One is sweet flag, is grass growing in the river bed;
Soft as floss silk is sweet flag, is grass growing in the river bed;
Not turning, not stirring, is the rooted rock.
I have an elder brother, son of my own father,
In nature, and behaviour, scorching heat of his cruelty is fierce as
thunder.
Perhaps he will not like thoughts treasured in my bosom,
To harass my affections, he may oppose."

She raises hands in reverence to say farewell, long he consoles, he consoles.

Two lovers unable to part, unable to part!

Young wife passes through Great Gate, ascends Guest Hall in father's house,

Enters, draws back; is without "face," lacks right behavior.

The Mother strikes hands together in great annoyance,

Did not expect daughter thus repudiated.

"Ten and three taught you to weave,

Ten and four you could cut out clothes,

Ten and five swept strings of *k'ung hou* lyre,

Ten and six knew Rites, correct behavior.

Ten and seven bequeathed you in marriage,

Words were spoken, an oath cannot be broken.

Now what is your fault, your crime,

That you are not kept, a wife; are thus returned home? "

Lan Chih—Fragrant Spear-Orchid—mortified, says to The Mother:

" Daughter is truly without fault, without crime."

Greatly grieved, scornful is The Mother.

Ten and more days after young wife's return to father's house,

District Magistrate calls go-between to come,

Says: " Have number three young son,

Elegant, refined, the world has not his pair;

His years, ten and eight or nine,

His-words, many—his talents quick."

The Mother speaks to The Daughter:

" Daughter may go, accede to this proposal."

The Daughter restrains tears, replies:

" At time when Lan-Chih—Fragrant Spear-Orchid—first returned,

Saw Prefect's Clerk who repeated three times

An oath that we knotted: never to separate, to part.

Would you, to-day, oppose love's right action?

Fear this affair is utterly shameless.

You, yourself can cut short the letter received,

Quietly, quietly, you can say thus. . . ."

The Mother tells Go-between Person:

" Poor, unworthy, is this daughter.

Was married, was returned to door of father's house.

If unable to be wife of Prefect's Clerk

How could she, with District Magistrate's young Lord, unite?

Luckily you can ask, widely, for another bride,
It will not do for me to make a promise."

Go-between Person leaves. Several days later
Comes an Assistant Magistrate, as messenger, seeking.
Says: "In household of Lan—Spear-Orchid—there is a young woman,
Her forebears on register are statesmen, are statesmen."
Says: "There is number five young gentleman,
Proud, refined, not yet has he taken bride at dusk.
Assistant Magistrate is commanded to act as go-between,
To speak words with her father, the Deputy Official.
In truth I refer to great Prefect's family
Which has this young Lord, worthy of regard.
They already desire the Knot of Great Rightness
Have ordered me to enter your honorable gate."

The Mother thanks Go-between Person; speaks, saying:
"My daughter has sworn an oath,
How can an old woman reply? "

The Elder Brother hears of this,
Perplexed, in heart's centre burns fire of rage.
Lifting up words speaks to The Younger-Sister:
"Why should you not discuss this plan?
In first marriage obtained Prefect's Clerk;
In second marriage obtain High Officer;
Unimportance of one, importance of other are wide apart as Earth
and Heaven.

Proposal is sufficient to glorify your person.
If you do not act rightly, marry, how is it becoming?
What is your desire? Where will you dwell? Speak! "

Lan Chih—Fragrant Spear-Orchid—lifts head, replies:
"Custom is truly as Elder Brother says:
Withdrew from father's household, served The Son-in-Law.
Midway on Life's Road, return to Brother's gate.
He may judge, decide; will satisfy jny Brother's thoughts,,
How should I assume responsibility of decision?
Although the Prefect's Clerk and I agreed
To unite forever, we have no affinity."

Now, The Brother and The Go-between make harmonious accord,
Promise to arrange marriage at dusk relationship.
Go-Between steps down from seat of honor, withdraws;
Nods assent, nods assent, again agrees, agrees.
Enters Official Residence, tells Lord Prefect:

"Lower Officer has fulfilled your orders, your commands.
Words, fires of discussion, had real affinity."

When Lord Prefect hears this report
In heart's centre greatly he rejoices. Happily
Looks at Calendar, consults Books:
"Convenient, profitable, within this very moon,
Cyclical signs are correct, are in mutual accord.
Good fortune comes on three tens day,
It is already two tens and seven.
My staff may go, complete wedding plans."

The words spoken, quick the preparations,
Incessant like silk threads joined, like silk drawn out, speedy as
driven clouds
Black water-bird, red-headed crane boats lashed in squares;
At the four corners hornless dragon banners
Flitter, flutter, curl, follow the wind.
Gold chariot with wheels of jade,
Dancing, prancing, dark-dappled horses,
Saddles flower decorated, gold engraved.
The square-hole cash despatched, three times one hundred times, ten
thousand,
All strung on bright green cords.
Varied silks, three times one hundred rolls.
In the markets buy rare meats for many guests.
Serving people four hundred or five
In crowds, in crowds, come to Prefectural Gate.

The Mother speaks to The Daughter, says:
"Lord Prefect's writing, this moment, is received.
Bright to-morrow comes to lead you out.
Why are upper garments, lower garments, not yet made?
You cannot, not accomplish affairs which are arranged."

The Daughter, silent, without sound,
Covers mouth with kerchief, gulps down sobs;
Her tears flow, like water running in channels.
Moves her couch, inlaid with strass figures,
Takes it out, places it, beneath front window.
Left hand seizes scissors, measure,
Right hand grasps damask, openwork silk gauze.
At daybreak makes long embroidered skirt,
At nightfall makes unlined gauze robe.

A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS AND SELF-PORTRAITS

Dusk, dusk, sun will soon be hidden
Thoughts sunk in grief, goes out from door, weeps.

Prefect's Clerk hears the news, alters his plans,
Begs leave of absence to go home a short time.
Has not traversed two or three *li*
When saddled horse piteously neighs.
Young wife recognizes sound of horse
Treads on her shoes, sees him, whom she did not expect.
Unhappy, very, from afar gaze at each other,
She knows it is her beloved who has come.
Lifts hand, strikes horse's saddle,
Sighs, moans, Clerk's heart is wounded.

(She says:)

" Since my Lord parted from me, and after,
Affairs of men cannot be computed.
It is, really, not as we first intended,
Nor that which my Lord understands.
I have kinsmen, father, mother,
Who urge me, force me, as do my brothers.
They make me promise to another person.
How could I hope, for my Lord's return? "

Prefect's Clerk says to young wife:
" Congratulate my Loved One, she has high promotion.
Rooted rock in its place is firm,
Can there remain one thousand years and more;
Sweet flag, grass growing in the river bed, are soft as floss silk,
What they will do at day-dawn, at nightfall, is undetermined.
Loved One has this day, triumph, riches;
I, alone, face Yellow Springs."

Young wife says to Prefect's Clerk:
" What is the meaning coming from these words?
Both of us have suffered urging, forcing,
As my Lord acts, so Unworthy One will act.
At Yellow Springs, below, we will see each other.
Do not, not fulfill this day's words."
They clasp hands, then take divided roads.
Each, each, returns to household door.

When living people undertake "until death parting,"
The misery, the misery, who can describe?

Of those who consider, within this world parting,
A thousand, ten thousand, do not carry it out.

Prefect's Clerk returns to his home,
Goes up to Guest Hall, raises two hands in reverence to The Mother,
says:

"This day great wind is cold,
Wind harms trees, plants.
Fear frost may kill 'spear-orchid' in the court.
Son goes, this day, to Shadow world, Shadow World,
Hereafter will mother be alone.
The reason? She made a plan; it was not good.
Cease to annoy my spirit, my soul.
May your life be long as Southern Mountain rocks,
May your four limbs, in death, lie straight."

The Mother, hearing this,
Scatters tears, makes moaning sound; says:
"You are son of a great house,
Of scholars, officials, at Palace pavilion.
Verily, you should not die for a wife!
Passion of the high, the low, can fade.
In house to East, there is a virtuous maiden,
Exquisite, refined, she captivates all in city, in suburbs.
I, The Mother, will beg her for you,
Between dawn and dusk, it shall be done."

Prefect's Clerk raises hands, in reverence, goes;
Long he sighs, in empty bridal room;
Makes his plans as he stands there,
Turns head, moves toward door,
Grief in heart urges, drives him.

This day oxen low, horses neigh.
Soon after yellow dusk, young wife enters bright green tent
At margin of stream, at margin of stream.
Silent, silent, all people are at rest.
"My life is this day cut short,
Soul goes, body long remains."
Grasps skirt, slips off silk shoes,
Raising body walks into clear green pool.

Prefect's Clerk hears of this happening;
Heart knows separation, division has come.

Turns his head, walks back and forth beneath a tree;
Hangs himself from the Southeast branch.

Two households beg they be buried together,
Buried together on Flower Mountain slope.
East, West, plant pine and cypress trees,
Left, right, sow seed of *wu lung* trees.
Branches, branches, join in canopy,
Leaves, leaves, interlock each other.
In the centre, fly a pair of birds,
Their names *yuan yang*—birds of love—
Lifting its head, each to the other calls.
Nightly, nightly, when Fifth Watch is reached,
Passers-by halt their tread, listen. . . .
Widowed wife rises, walks, is irresolute, doubts where to go.

After world people we tell of these happenings,
That they be warned, this tale do not forget.

Between A.D. 114 and 120 Pan Chao died, her years in the vicinity of seventy. The Empress decreed a mourning period and, herself, wore half-mourning for the great lady Ts'ao Ta Ku. All recognized that a bright luminary had faded from the literary Heavens.

How different the fate of Pan Chao to that of her spiritual descendant Ch'iu Chin. For the one: peace, a life of study and intellectual attainments, honor, respect, appreciation and length of years. Although her desire that women be educated was not fulfilled, her example has shone, a light, to succeeding ages. For the other: strife, a life of struggle to break down customs in her eyes wrong, final frustration, and an early death of violence at the hands of men. Yet what Ch'iu Chin desired is already being fulfilled. Her courage and self-abnegation, qualities not demanded of Pan Chao, illumine the path her sisters tread.

WOMAN

Fu HSUAN (DIED A.D. 278)

How sad it is to be a woman!
Nothing on earth is held so cheap.
Boys stand leaning at the door
Like Gods fallen out of Heaven.
Their hearts brave the Four Oceans,
The wind and dust of a thousand miles.

No one is glad when a girl is born:
 By *her* the family sets no store.
 When she grows up, she hides in her room
 Afraid to look a man in the face.
 No one cries when she leaves her home—
 Sudden as clouds when the rain stops.
 She bows her head and composes her face,
 Her teeth are pressed on her red lips:
 She bows and kneels countless times. -
 She must humble herself even to the servants.
His love is distant as the stars in Heaven,
 Yet the sunflower bends toward the sun.
 Their hearts more sundered than water and fire—
 A hundred evils are heaped upon her.
 Her face will follow the years' changes:
 Her lord will find new pleasures.
 They that were once like substance and shadow
 Are now as far as Hu from Ch'in.¹
 Yet Hu and Ch'in shall sooner meet
 Than they whose parting is like Ts'an and Ch'en.¹²

Translated by Arthur Waley

1780»s

PORTRAIT OF AN 18th CENTURY WIFE

THE "WEDDED BLISS" OF SHEN FU

Period: In the heyday of the Manchu Dynasty when there was a highly cultivated and enlightened Emperor on the throne, considerable economic prosperity and social stability in the nation. In the absence of oppression from outside and worries at home, men strove to be refined and women accomplished.

Place: Soochow, in Central China, the beautiful city girdled by rivers that inspired the poets of many centuries.

I WAS born in 1763, under the reign of Ch'ienlung, on the twenty-second day of November. The country was then in the heyday of peace and, moreover, I was born in a scholars' family, living by the side of Ts'anglang Pavilion in Soochow. So altogether I may say the

¹ Two lands.

² Two stars.

gods have been unusually kind to me. Su Tungp'o said: "Life is like a spring dream which vanishes without a trace." I should be ungrateful to the gods if I did not try to put my life down on record.

Since the "Book of Poems" begins with a poem on wedded love, I thought I would begin this book by speaking of my marital relations and then let other matters follow. My only regret is that I was not properly educated in childhood; all I know is a simple language and I shall try only to record the real facts and real sentiments. I hope the reader will be kind enough not to scrutinize my grammar, which would be like looking for brilliance in a tarnished mirror.

I was engaged in my childhood to one Miss Yu, of Chinsha, who died in her eighth year, and eventually I married a girl of the Ch'en clan. Her name was Yiin and her literary name Suchen. She was my cousin, being the daughter of my maternal uncle, Hsinyii. Even in her childhood, she was a very clever girl, for while she was learning to speak, she was taught Po Chiiyi's poem, "The P'i P'a Player," and could at once repeat it. Her father died when she was four years old; and in the family there were only her mother (of the Chin clan) and her younger brother K'ech'ang and herself, being then practically destitute. When Yiin grew up and had learnt needle-work, she was providing for the family of three, and contrived always to pay K'ech'ang's tuition fees punctually. One day, she picked up a copy of the poem "The P'i P'a Player" from a paper basket, and from that, with the help of her memory of the lines, she learnt to read. Between her needlework, she gradually learnt to write poetry. One of her poems contained the two lines:

"Soaked in autumn, one's figure becomes thin,
Touched by frost, the chrysanthemums grow fat."

When I was thirteen years old, I went with my mother to her maiden home and there we met. As we were two young innocent children, she allowed me to read her poems. I was quite struck by her talent, but feared she was too clever to be happy. Still I could not help thinking of her all the time, and once I told my mother, "If you choose a girl for me, I won't marry any one except cousin Su." My mother also liked her for being so gentle, and gave her her gold ring as a token for the betrothal.

This was on July 16 in the year 1775. In the winter of this year one of my girl cousins was going to get married and I once again accompanied my mother to her maiden home. Yun was of the same age as myself, but ten months older, and as we had been accustomed to calling each other "elder sister" and "younger brother" from childhood, I continued to call her "Sister Su."

At this time the guests in the house all wore bright dresses, but Yun alone was clad in a dress of quiet colour, and had on a new pair of shoes. I noticed that the embroidery on her shoes was very fine, and learnt that it was her own work, so that I began to realize that she was gifted at other things, too, besides reading and writing.

Of a slender figure, she had drooping shoulders, and a rather long neck, slim but not to the point of being skinny. Her eye-brows were arched and in her eyes there was a look of quick intelligence and soft refinement. The only defect was that her two front teeth were slightly inclined forward, which was not a mark of good omen. There was an air of tenderness about her which completely fascinated me.

I asked for the manuscripts of her poems and found that they consisted mainly of couplets and three or four lines, being unfinished poems, and I asked her the reason. She smiled and said: "I have had no teacher in poetry, and wish to have a good teacher-friend who could help me to finish these poems." I wrote playfully on the label of this book of poems the words: "Beautiful Lines in an Embroidered Case," and did not realize that in this case lay the cause of her short life.

That night, when I came home from my relatives' place in the country, whither I had accompanied my female cousin the bride, it was already midnight, and I felt very hungry and asked for something to eat. A maid-servant gave me some dried dates, which were too sweet for me. Yun secretly pulled me by the sleeve into her room, and I saw that she had hidden away a bowl of warm congee and some dishes to go with it. I was beginning to take up the chopsticks and eat it with great gusto when Yun's cousin Yuheng called out: "Sister Su, come quickly!" Yun quickly shut the door and said: "I am very tired and going to bed." Yuheng forced the door open and seeing the situation, said with a malicious smile at Yun, "So, that's it! A while ago I asked for congee and you said there was no more, but you really meant to keep it for your future husband." Yun was greatly embarrassed and everybody laughed at her, including the servants. On my part, T rushed away home with an old servant in a state of excitement.

Since the affair of the congee happened, she always avoided me when I went to her home afterwards, and I knew that she was only trying to avoid being made a subject of ridicule.

On the twenty-second of January in 1780, I saw her on our wedding night, and found that she had the same slender figure as before. When her bridal veil was lifted, we looked at each other and smiled. After the drinking of the customary twin cups between groom and bride, we sat down together at dinner and I secretly held her hand under the table, which was warm and small, and my heart was palpitating. I

asked her to eat and learnt that she had been keeping fast for several years already. I found that the time when she began her fast coincided with my small-pox illness, and said to her laughingly: "Now that my face is clean and smooth without pock-marks, my dear sister, will you break your fast?" Yun looked at me with a smile and nodded her head;

That day, we were kept busy entertaining guests and towards evening, music was played. After midnight, on the morning of the twenty-fourth, I, as the bride's brother, sent my sister away and came back towards three o'clock. The room was then pervaded with quietness, bathed in the silent glow of the candle-lights. I went in and saw Yun's woman servant taking a nap behind the bed, while Yun had taken off her bridal costume, but had not yet gone to bed. Her beautiful white neck was bent before the bright candles, and she was absorbed reading a book. I patted her on the shoulder and said: "Sister, why are you still working so hard? You must be quite tired with the full day we've had."

Quickly Yun turned her head and stood up saying: "I was going to bed when I opened the book-case and saw this book and have not been able to leave it since. Now my sleepiness is all gone. I have heard of the name of 'Western Chamber' for a long time, but to-day I see it for the first time. It is really the work of a genius, only I feel that its style is a little bit too biting."

"Only geniuses can write a biting style," I smiled and said.

The woman servant asked us to go to bed and left us and shut the door. I began to sit down by her side and we joked together like old friends after a long separation. I touched her breast in fun and felt that her heart was palpitating too. "Why is Sister's heart palpitating like that?" I bent down and whispered in her ear. Yun looked back at me with a smile and our souls were carried away in a mist of passion. Then we went to bed, when all too soon the dawn came.

As a bride, Yun was very quiet at first. She was never sullen or displeased, and when people spoke to her, she merely smiled. She was respectful towards her superiors and kindly towards those under her. Whatever she did was done well, and it was difficult to find fault with her. When she saw the grey dawn shining through the window, she would get up and dress herself as if she had been commanded to do so. "Why?" I asked. "You don't have to be afraid of gossip, like the days when you gave me that warm congee." "I was made a laughing-stock on account of that bowl of congee," she replied, "but now I am not afraid of people's talk; I only fear that our parents might think their daughter-in-law lazy."

Although I wanted her to lie in bed longer, I could not help admiring her virtue, and so got up myself, too, at the same time with

her. And so every day we rubbed shoulders together and clung to each other like an object and its shadow, and the love between us was something that surpassed the language of words.

So the time passed happily and the honeymoon was too soon over. At this time, my father Chiafu was in the service of the Kueich'i district government, and he sent a special messenger to bring me there, for, it should be noted that, during this time, I was under the tutorship of Chao Shengtsai of Wulin. Chao was a very kindly teacher and to-day the fact that I can write at all is due entirely to his credit.

Now, when I came home for the wedding, it had been agreed that I could go back any time. So when I got this news, I did not know what to do. I was afraid Yun might break into tears, but on the other hand she tried to look cheerful and comforted me and urged me to go, and packed up things for me. Only that night I noticed that she did not look quite her usual self. At the time of parting, she whispered to me: "Take good care of yourself, for there will be no one to look after you."

When I went up on board the boat, the peach and pear trees on the banks were in full bloom, but I felt like a lonely bird that had lost its companions and as if the world was going to collapse around me. As soon as I arrived, my father left the place and crossed the river for an eastward destination.

Thus three months passed, which seemed to me like ten insufferable long years. Although Yun wrote to me regularly, still for two letters that I sent her, I received only one in reply, and these letters contained only words of exhortation and the rest was filled with airy, conventional nothings, and I felt very unhappy. Whenever the breeze blew past my bamboo courtyard, or the moon shone upon my window behind the green banana leaves, I thought of her and was carried away into a region of dreams.

My teacher noticed this, and sent word to my father, saying that he would give me ten subjects for composition and let me go home. I felt like an exiled prisoner receiving his pardon.

Strange to say, when I got on to the boat and was on my way home, I felt that a quarter of an hour was like a long year. When I arrived home, I went to pay my respects to my mother and then entered my room. Yun stood up to welcome me, and we held each other's hands in silence, and it seemed then that our souls had melted away or evaporated like a mist. My ears tingled and I did not know where I was.

It was June, then, and the rooms were very hot. Luckily, we were next door to the Lotus Lover's Lodge of the Ts'anglang Pavilion on the east. Over the bridge, there was an open hall overlooking the water, called "After My Heart"—the reference was to an old poem:

"When the water is clear, I will wash the tassels of my hat, and when the water is muddy, I will wash my feet." By the side of the eaves, there was an old tree which spread its green shade over the window, and made the people's faces look green with it; and across the creek, you could see people passing to and fro. This was where my father used to entertain his guests. I asked for permission from my mother to bring Yun and stay there for the summer. She stopped embroidery during the summer months because of the heat, and the whole day long, we were either reading together, or discussing the ancient things, or else enjoying the moon and passing judgments on the flowers. Yun could not drink, but could take at most three cups when compelled to, and I taught her literary games in which the loser had to drink. We thought there could not be a more happy life on earth than this.

I am by nature unconventional and straightforward, but Yun was a stickler for forms, like the Confucian schoolmasters. Whenever I put on a dress for her or tidied up her sleeves, she would say, "So much obliged," again and again, and when I passed her a towel or a fan, she must receive it standing up. At first I disliked this and said to her: "Do you mean to tie me down with all this ceremony? There is a proverb which says, 'One who is overcourteous is crafty.'" Yun blushed all over and said: "I am merely trying to be polite and respectful; why do you charge me with craftiness?" "True respect is in the heart, and does not require such empty forms," said I, but Yun said, "There is no more intimate relationship than that between children and their parents. Do you mean to say that children should behave freely towards their parents and keep their respect only in their heart?" "Oh! I was only joking," I said. "The trouble is," said Yun, "most marital troubles begin with joking. Don't you accuse me of disrespect later, for then I shall die of grief without being able to defend myself." Then I held her close to my breast, and caressed her and then she smiled. From then on our conversations were full of "I'm sorry's" and "I beg your pardon's." And so we remained courteous to each other for twenty-three years of our married life like Liang Hung and Meng Kuang of old, and the longer we stayed together, the more passionately attached we became to each other. Whenever we met each other in the house, whether it be in a dark room or in a narrow corridor, we used to hold each other's hands and ask, "Where are you going?" and we did this on the sly as if afraid that people might see us. As a matter of fact, we tried at first to avoid being seen sitting or walking together, but after a while, we did not mind it any more. When Yun was sitting and talking with somebody and saw me come, she would rise and move sideways for me to sit down together with her. All this was done naturally almost without any consciousness, and although at first we felt uneasy about

it, later on it became a matter of habit. I cannot understand why all old couples must hate each other like enemies. Some people say, "if they weren't enemies, they would not be able to live together until old age." Well, I wonder!

On the seventh night of the seventh moon of that year (1780)

, Yun prepared

might together worship the Grandson of Heaven¹ in the Hall called "After My Heart." I had carved two seals with the inscription, "That we might remain husband and wife from incarnation to incarnation." I kept the seal with positive characters, while she kept the one with negative characters, to be used in our correspondence. That night, the moon was shining beautifully and when I looked down at the creek, the ripples shone like golden chains. We were wearing light silk dresses and sitting together with a small fan in our hands, before the window overlooking the creek. Looking up at the sky, we saw the clouds sailing through the heavens, changing at every moment into a myriad forms, and Yun said: "This moon is common to the whole universe. I wonder if there is another pair of lovers quite as passionate as ourselves looking at the same moon to-night?" And I said: "Oh! there are plenty of people who will be sitting in the cool evening and looking at the moon, and perhaps also many women criticising or enjoying the clouds in their chambers; but when a husband and wife are looking at the moon together, I hardly think that the clouds will form the subject of their conversation." By and by, the candle-lights went out, the moon sank in the sky, and we removed the fruits and went to bed.

The fifteenth of the seventh moon was All Souls' Day. Yun prepared a little dinner, so that we could drink together with the moon as our company, but when night came, the sky was suddenly overcast with dark clouds. Yun knitted her brow and said: "If it be the wish of God that we two should live together until there are silver threads in our hair, then the moon must come out again to-night." On my part I felt disheartened also. As we looked across the creek, we saw will-o'-the-wisps flitting in crowds hither and thither like ten thousand candle-lights, threading their way through the willows and smartweeds. And then we began to compose a poem together, each saying two lines at a time, the first completing the couplet which the other had begun, and the second beginning another couplet for the other to finish, and after a few rhymes, the longer we kept on, the more nonsensical it became, until it was a jumble of slapdash doggerel. By this time, Yun was buried amidst tears and laughter and choking on my breast, while I felt the fragrance of the jasmine in her hair assail my nostrils. I

¹ The seventh day of the seventh moon is the only day in the year when the pair of heavenly lovers, the Cowherd (* grandson of heaven *) and the Spinning Maid are allowed to meet each other across the Milky Way.

patted her on the shoulder and said jokingly, "I thought that the jasmine was used for decoration in women's hair because it was round like a pearl; I did not know that it is because its fragrance is so much finer when it is mixed with the smell of women's hair and powder. When it smells like that, even the citron cannot remotely compare with it." Then Yun stopped laughing and said: "The citron is the gentleman among the different fragrant plants because its fragrance is so slight that you can hardly detect it; on the other hand, the jasmine is a common fellow because it borrows its fragrance partly from others. Therefore, the fragrance of the jasmine is like that of a smiling sycophant." "Why, then," I said, "do you keep away from the gentleman and associate with the common fellow?" And

replied, "I am amused at the gentleman that loves the common fellow." While we were thus bandying words about, it was already midnight, and we saw the wind had blown away the clouds in the sky and there appeared the full moon, round like a chariot wheel, and we were greatly delighted. And so we began to drink by the side of the window, but before we had tasted three cups, we heard suddenly the noise of a splash under the bridge, as if someone had fallen into the water. We looked out through the window and saw there was not a thing, for the water was as smooth as a mirror, except that we heard the noise of a duck scampering in the marshes. I knew that there was a ghost of someone who had been drowned by the side of the Ts'anglang Pavilion, but knowing that Yun was very timid, dared not mention it to her. And Yun sighed and said: "Alas! Whence cometh this noise?" and we shuddered all over. Quickly we shut the window and carried the wine pot back into the room. A lamp light was then burning as small as a pea, and the curtains moved in the dark, and we were shaking all over. We then put out the light and went inside the bed curtain, and Yun already ran up a high fever. Soon I had a high temperature myself, and our illness dragged on for about twenty days. True it is that when the cup of happiness overflows, disaster follows, as the saying goes, and this was also an omen that we should not be able to live together until old age.

On the fifteenth of the eighth moon, or the Mid-Autumn Festival, I had just recovered from my illness. Yun had now been a bride in my home for over a year, but still had never been to the Ts'anglang Pavilion itself next door. So I first ordered an old servant to tell the watchman not to let any visitors enter the place. Toward evening, I went with Yun and my younger sister, supported by an amah and a maid-servant and led by an old attendant. We passed a bridge, entered a gate, turned eastwards and followed a zigzag path into the place, where we saw huge grottoes and abundant green trees. The Pavilion was situated on the top of a hill. Going up by the steps to

the top, one could look around for miles, where in the distance chimney smoke arose from the cottages against the background of clouds of rainbow hues. Over the bank, there was a grove called the "Forest by the Hill," where the great officials used to entertain their guests. Later on, the Chengyi College was erected on this spot, but it wasn't there yet. We brought a blanket which we spread on the Pavilion floor, and then sat around together, while the watchman served us tea. After a while, the moon had already arisen from behind the forest, and the breeze was playing about my sleeves, while the moon's image sparkled in the rippling water, and all worldly cares were banished from our breasts. "This is the end of a perfect day," said Yun. "Wouldn't it be fine if we could get a boat and row around the Pavilion!" At this time, the lights were already shining from people's homes, and thinking of the incident of the fifteenth night of the seventh moon, we left the Pavilion and hurried home. According to the custom at Soochow, the women of all families, big and small, came out in groups on the Mid-Autumn night, a custom which was called "pacing the moonlight." Strange to say, no one came to such a beautiful neighbourhood at the Ts'anglang Pavilion.

My uncle Such'un died early without an heir, and my father made me succeed his line. His tomb was situated on Longevity Hill in Hsi-k'uatang by the side of our ancestral tombs, and it was our custom to go and visit the grave every spring. As there was a beautiful garden called Koyiian in its neighbourhood, Miss Wang begged to come with us. Yun saw that the pebbles on this hill had beautiful grains of different colours, and said to me: "If we were to collect these pebbles and make them into a grotto, it would be even more artistic than one made of Hsiianchow stones." I expressed the fear that there might not be enough of this kind. "If Yun really likes them, I'll pick them for you," said Miss Wang. So we borrowed a bag from the watchman, and went along collecting them. Whenever she saw one, she would ask for my opinion. If I said "good," she would pick it; and if I said "no," she would discard it. Very soon we had a fairly full bag and Miss Wang was perspiring all over. "If we get any more, we shan't be able to carry them home," she said. "I have been told," said Yun, as we were going along, "that mountain fruits must be gathered by monkeys, which seems quite true." Miss Wang was furious and stretched both hands as if to scratch her. I stopped her and said to Yun by way of reproof: "You cannot blame her for being angry, because she is doing all the work and you stand by and say such unkind things." Then on our way back, we visited the Koyiian Garden, in which we saw a profusion of flowers of all colours. Wang was very childish; she would break a flower branch for no reason, and Yun scolded her, saying: "You are not going to put it in a vase

or in your hair. Why destroy flowers like that? " "Oh! what's the harm? These flowers don't feel anything." "All right," I said, "you will be punished for this one day by marrying a pock-marked bearded fellow for your husband to avenge the flowers." Wang looked at me in anger, threw the flowers to the ground, and kicked them into the pond. "Why do you all bully me?" she said. However, Yun made it up with her, and she was finally pacified.

My younger brother Ch'it'ang married the daughter of Wang Hsu-chou. It happened that on the wedding day, she wanted some pearls. Yun took her own pearls, which she had received as her bridal gift, and gave them to my mother. The maid-servant thought it a pity, but Yun said: "A woman is an incarnation of the female principle, and so are pearls. For a woman to wear pearls would be to leave no room for the male principle. For that reason I don't prize them." She had, however, a peculiar fondness for old books and broken slips of painting. Whenever she saw odd volumes of books, she would try to sort them out, arrange them in order, and have them rebound properly. These were collected and labelled "Ancient Relics." When she saw scrolls of calligraphy or painting that were partly spoilt, she would find some old paper and paste them up nicely, and ask me to fill up the broken spaces.¹ These were kept rolled up properly and called "Beautiful Gleanings." This was what she was busy about the whole day when she was not attending to the kitchen or needle-work. When she found in old trunks or piles of musty volumes any writing or painting that pleased her, she felt as if she had discovered some precious relic, and an old woman neighbour of ours, by the name of Feng, used to buy up old scraps and sell them to her. She had the same tastes and habits as myself, and besides had the talent of anticipating my wishes, doing things without being told and doing them to my perfect satisfaction.

Once I said to her: "It is a pity that you were born a woman. If you were a man, we could travel together and visit all the famous places of the world."

"Oh! this is not so very difficult," said Yiin. "Wait till I am middle-aged. Even if I cannot accompany you to the five sacred mountains then, we can travel to the nearer places, like Huch'iu and Lingyen, as far south as the West Lake and as far north as P'ingshan (in Yangchow)."

"Of course this is all right, except that I am afraid when you are middle-aged, you will be too old to travel."

"If I can't do it in this life, then I shall do it in the next."

"In the next life, you must be born a man and I will be your wife."

¹ The author was a painter, and for a time painted for his living. Some of his paintings still remain.

"It will be quite beautiful if we can then still remember what has happened in this life."

"That's all very well, but even a bowl of congee has provided material for so much conversation. We shan't be able to sleep a wink the whole wedding night, but shall be discussing what we have done in the previous existence, if we can still remember what's happened in this life then."

"It is said that the Old Man under the Moon is in charge of matrimony," said Yun. "He was good enough to make us husband and wife in this life, and we shall depend on his favour in the affair of marriage in the next incarnation. Why don't we make a painting of him and worship him in our home?"

So we asked a Mr. Ch'i Liut'i, who specialised in portraiture, to make a painting of the Old Man under the Moon, which he did. It was a picture of the Old Man holding a red silk thread in one hand and a walking-stick with the Book of Matrimony suspended from it in the other. * He had white hair and a ruddy complexion, apparently bustling about in a cloudy region. Altogether it was a very excellent painting of Chi's. My friend Shih Chofang wrote some words on it and we hung the picture in our chamber. On the first and fifteenth of every month, we burnt incense and prayed together before him. I do not know where this picture is now, after all the changes and upsets in our family life. "Ended is the present life and uncertain the next," as the poet says. I wonder if God will listen to the prayer of us two silly lovers.

At this time, there was an old peasant woman living on the east of Mother Gold's Bridge and the north of Kenghsiang. Her little cottage was surrounded on all sides by vegetable fields and had a wicker gate. Outside the gate, there was a pond about thirty yards across, surrounded by a wilderness of trees on all sides. This was the old site of the home of Chang Shihch'eng of the Yuan Dynasty. A few paces to the west of the cottage, there was a mound filled with broken bricks, from the top of which one could command a view of the surrounding territory, which was an open country with a stretch of wild vegetation. Once the old woman happened to mention the place, and kept on thinking about it. So she said to me one day: "Since leaving the Ts'anglang Pavilion, I have been dreaming about it all the time. As we cannot live there, we must put up with the second best. I have a great idea to go and live in the old woman's cottage." "I have been thinking, too," I said, "of a place to go to and spend the long summer days. If you think you'll like the place, I'll go ahead and take a look. If it is satisfactory, we can carry our beddings along and go and stay there for a month. How about it?" "I'm afraid mother won't allow us." "Oh! I'll see to that," I told her. So the next day, I went there

and found that the cottage consisted only of two rooms, which could be partitioned into four. With paper windows and bamboo beds, the house would be quite a delightfully cool place to stay in. The old woman knew what I wanted and gladly rented me her bedroom, which then looked quite new, when I had repapered the walls. I then informed my mother of it and went to stay there with Ylin.

Our only neighbours were an old couple who raised vegetables for the market. They knew that we were going to stay there for the summer, and came and called on us, bringing us some fish from the pond and vegetables from their own fields. We offered to pay for them, but as they wouldn't take any money, Yun made a pair of shoes for them, which they were finally persuaded to accept. This was in July when the trees cast a green shade over the place. The summer breeze blew over the water of the pond, and cicadas filled the air with their singing the whole day. Our old neighbour also made a fishing line for us, and we used to angle together under the shade. Late in the afternoons, we would go up on the mound to look at the evening glow and compose lines of poetry, when we felt so inclined. Two of the lines were:

" Beast-clouds swallow the sinking* sun,
And the bow-moon shoots the falling stars."

After a while, the moon cut her image in the water, insects began to cry all round, and we placed a bamboo bed near the hedgerow to sit or lie upon. The old woman then would inform us that wine had been warmed up and dinner prepared, and we would sit down to have a little drink under the moon. After we had a bath, we would put on our slippers and carry a fan, and lie or sit there, listening to old tales of retribution told by our neighbour. When we came in to sleep about midnight, we felt our whole body nice and cool, almost forgetting that we were living in a city.

About half a // from my home, there was a temple to the God of Tungt'ing Lake, popularly known as the Narcissus Temple, situated in the Ch'uk'u Alley. It had many winding corridors and a small garden with pavilions. On the birthday of the God, every clan would be assigned a corner in the Temple, where they would hang beautiful glass lamps of a kind, with a table in the centre, on which were placed vases on wooden stands. These vases were decorated with flowers for competition. In the day time, there would be theatrical performances, while at night the flower-vases were brilliantly illuminated with candle-lights, a custom which was called "Illuminated Flowers." With the flowers and the lanterns and the smell of incense, the whole place resembled a night feast in the Palace of the Dragon King. The people

there would sing or play music, or gossip over their tea-cups. The audience stood around in crowds to look at the show and there was a railing at the curb to keep them within a certain limit.

I was asked by my friend to help in the decorations and so had the pleasure of taking part in it. When Yun heard me speaking about it at home, she remarked: "It is a pity that I am not a man and cannot go to see it." "Why, you could put on my cap and gown and disguise yourself as a man," I suggested. Accordingly she changed her coiffure into a queue, painted her eyebrows, and put on my cap. Although her hair showed slightly round the temples, it passed off tolerably well. As my gown was found to be an inch and a half too long, she tucked it round the waist and put on a *makua* on top. "What am I going to do about my feet?" she asked. I told her there was a kind of shoes called "butterfly shoes," which could fit any size of feet and were very easy to obtain at the shops, and suggested buying a pair for her, which she could also use as slippers later on at home. Yun was delighted with the idea, and after supper, when she had finished her make-up, she paced about the room, imitating the gestures and gait of a man for a long time, when all of a sudden she changed her mind and said: "I am not going! It would be so embarrassing if somebody should discover me, and besides, our parents would object." Still I urged her to go. "Who doesn't know me at the Temple?" I said. "Even if they should find it out, they would laugh it off as a joke. Mother is at present in the home of the ninth sister. We could steal away and back without letting anyone know about it."

Yun then had such fun looking at herself in the mirror. I dragged her along and we stole away together to the Temple. For a long time nobody in the Temple could detect it. When people asked, I simply said she was my boy cousin, and people would merely curtsy with their hands together and pass on. Finally, we came to a place where there were some young women and girls sitting behind the flower show. They were the family of the owner of that show, by the name of Yang. Yun suddenly went over to talk with them, and while talking, she casually leant over and touched the shoulder of a young woman. The maid-servants near by shouted angrily: "How dare the rascal!" I attempted to explain and smooth the matter over, but the servants still scowled ominously on us, and seeing that the situation was desperate, Yun took off her cap and showed her feet, saying, "Look here, I am a woman, too!" They all stared at each other in surprise, and then, instead of being angry, began to laugh. We were then asked to sit down and have some tea. Soon afterwards we got sedan chairs and came home.

When Mr. Ch'ien Shihcho of Wukiang died of an illness, my father wrote a letter to me, asking me to go and attend the funeral. Yun

secretly expressed her desire to come along, since on our way to Wukiang, we would pass the Taihu Lake, which she wished very much to see. I told her that I was just thinking it would be too lonely for me to go alone, and that it would be excellent* indeed, if she could come along, except that I could not think of a pretext for her going. "Oh! I could say that I am going to see my mother," Yun said. "You can go ahead, and I shall come along to meet you." "If so," I said, "we can tie up our boat beneath the Bridge of Ten Thousand Years on our way home, where we shall be able to look at the moon again as we did at the Ts'anglang Pavilion."

This was on the eighteenth day of the sixth moon. That day, I brought a servant and arrived first at Hsiikiang Ferry, where I waited for her in the boat. By and by, Yun arrived in a sedan chair, and we started off, passing by the Tiger's Roar Bridge, where the view opened up and I saw sailing boats and birds on the sand-banks. The water was a white stretch, joining the sky at the horizon. "So this is Taihu!" Yun exclaimed. "I know now how big the universe is, and I have not lived in vain! I think a good many ladies never see such a view in their whole life-time." As we were occupied in conversation, it wasn't very long before we saw swaying willows on the banks, and we knew we had arrived at Wukiang.

I went up to attend the funeral ceremony, but when I came back, Yun was not in the boat. I asked the boatman and he said: "Don't you see someone under the willow trees by the bridge, watching the cormorants catching fish?" Yiin, then, had gone up with the boatman's daughter. I followed her there, and saw that she was perspiring all over, still leaning on the boatman's daughter and standing there absorbed looking at the cormorants. I patted her shoulder and said, "You are wet through." Yun turned her head and said, "I was afraid that your friend Ch'ien might come to the boat, so I left to avoid him. Why did you come back so early?" "In order to catch the renegade!" I replied.

We then came back hand-in-hand to the boat, and when we stopped at the Bridge of Ten Thousand Years, the sun had not yet gone down. And we let down all the windows to allow the river breeze to come in, and there, dressed in light silk and holding a fan, we sliced a melon to cool ourselves. Soon the evening glow was casting a red hue over the bridge, and the distant haze enveloped the willow trees in darkness. The moon then came up, and all along the river we saw a stretch of lights coming from the fishing boats. I asked my servant to go astern and have a drink with the boatman.

The boatman's daughter was called Suyiin. She was quite a likeable girl, and I had known her before. I beckoned her to come and sit together with Yun on the bow of the boat. We did not put on

any light, so that we could better enjoy the moon, and there we sat drinking and playing literary games with wine as forfeit. Suyiin just stared at us, listening for a long time before she said: "Now I am quite familiar with all sorts of wine-games, but have never heard of this one. Will you explain it to me?" Yun tried to explain it by all sorts of analogies to her, but still she failed to understand. Then I laughed and said: "Will the lady teacher please stop a moment? I have a parable for explaining it, and she will understand at once." "You try it, then!" "The stork," I said, "can dance, but cannot plow/, while the buffalo can plow, but cannot dance. That lies in the nature of things. You are making a fool of yourself by trying to teach the impossible to her." Suyiin pummelled my shoulder playfully, and Yun said: "Hereafter let's make a rule: let's have it out with our mouths, but no hands! One who breaks the rule will have to drink a big cup." As Suyiin was a great drinker, she filled a cup full and drank it up at a draught. "I suggest that one may be allowed to use one's hands for caressing, but not for striking," I said.

then playfully pushed Suyiin into my lap, saying, "Now you lean caress her to your full." "How stupid of you!" I laughed in reply. "The beauty of caressing lies in doing it naturally and half unconsciously. Only a country bumpkin will hug and caress a woman roughly." I noticed that the jasmine in her hair gave out a strange fragrance, mixed with the flavour of wine, powder and hair lotion, and remarked to her: "The 'mean little fellow' stinks all over the place. It makes me sick." Hearing this, Suyiin struck me with her fist in a rage, saying:

"Who told you to smell it?"

"She breaks the rule! Two cups-!" Yun shouted.

"He called me 'mean little fellow.' Why shouldn't I strike him?" explained Suyiin.

"He really means by the 'mean little fellow' something which you don't understand. You finish these two cups first and I'll tell you."

When Suyiin had finished the two cups, Yun told her of our discussion about the jasmine at the Ts'anglang Pavilion.

"Then the mistake is mine. I must be penalised again," said Suyiin. And she drank a third cup.

Yun said then that she had long heard of her reputation as a singer and would like to hear her sing. This Suyiin did beautifully, beating time with her ivory chop-sticks on a little plate. Yun drank merrily until she was quite drunk, when she took a sedan-chair and went home first, while I remained chatting with Suyiin for a moment, and then walked home under the moonlight.

LAST POEM

Po CHU-YI (772-846)

They have put my bed beside the unpainted screen;
 They have shifted my stove in front of the blue curtain.
 I listen to my grandchildren, reading me a book;
 I watch the servants, heating up my soup.
 With rapid pencil I answer the poems of friends,
 I feel in my pockets and pull out medicine-money.
 When this superintendence of trifling affairs is done,
 I lie back on my pillows and sleep with my face to the South.

Translated by Arthur Waley

1920's

A GIRL SOLDIER

HSIEH PING-YING

Period: Around 1927-1928, when the Revolutionary Army, under General Chiang Kai-shek, began its campaign from Canton and swept over the whole country, crushing one warlord after another.

Place: A barrack for girl soldiers in South China.

1. Down With Love

As soon as we had learned to sing the song of "Struggle," everyone of us liked to hum all the time this chorus:

"Train quickly to become the vanguard of the people,
 To wipe away the old ways, and down with love.
 Accomplish the Socialist Revolution, you great women! "

And every time we sang the phrase "Down with love!" we would always shout specially loudly, as if we wanted to warn all our friends that during the time of our mission we were not giving any thought to love.

The spring wind is soft and warm and intoxicating, and the Goddess of Spring brings sweet seeds of love with her which she spreads in the hearts of young men and women. But in the meantime there was the

god who came to spread hot blood over the brave soldiers, male and female. With him came the harsh sound of the bugle, which wakened them from their dreams and told them to kill their enemies. We came out of rosy palaces and went toward the Socialist battleground, where many skeletons were laid. In this place were discarded our narrow ideas of life, which widened out to become a universal love for the oppressed people of the whole world, a life of comradeship.

Nevertheless, there were a few boy and girl comrades who were in love with each other, but there was one guiding principle before them. One must ask oneself first of all whether the lover was standing on the same side of the front, whether they were sincerely revolutionary and would sacrifice all for the cause. In short, their love must be a revolutionary love.

It only stands to reason that the girls who had been oppressed by the old moral code would look immediately for some kind of new thought when they had just come out from their iron cage. But in practice it was not so. Neither did they think that love was all important, nor had for them its mysteries. Their most urgent need was this—revolution." On revolution they had put their future and their happiness. They knew that unless the old system was completely shattered, womankind would never be freed. To create a happiness which could be enjoyed by all members of society was the most urgent need of mankind. Personal love is a private and selfish affair and is of no consequence. While we were all quite ready to sacrifice our lives for the welfare of the masses, we considered love as a plaything entirely belonging to the idle rich.

That was our thought and that was our understanding of love.

One early morning, during my second month of training, the officer on duty handed me a very thick letter. It was from *him*—that image which had haunted me in the days of my first love. I felt the letter to be very heavy, like a piece of lead in my hand. My friends looked at me and smiled, and they said it must be another sweet love letter from one of my admirers. At that time I was editing the daily paper of the Military School, and consequently I used to receive letters very often. When I looked at the handwriting on the envelope, I felt as if my hand had touched an electric wire. My mind was absorbed and I felt uneasy, but I anxiously waited until we were dismissed and then I went to a corner of the parade ground to read the letter.

Good heavens, what was he doing! The notepaper was full of bloodstains, the handwriting was awful. I had no courage to finish the letter and hurriedly put it in my pocket. Had the letter come a few months ago I would have treasured it above all things in the world, but now, alas, I had no time for such things. I had dedicated my life to the masses. The complete trend of my thought was now altered.

I would really have liked to tear this letter into a thousand pieces, or to burn it so that nothing of it would be left, but conflicting thoughts again entered my mind and at last I was impelled to re-open the letter and to read its passionate words.

He hoped that T would accept his earnest love and he would join me for ever, wherever I might go.

While I was in a dilemma, the sound of the bugle came to me, and I ran to the training ground.

"Whose love letter is that?" Shu Yun asked me in a whisper.

⁴⁴ "No." I shook my head resolutely, but I was almost in tears.

Shu Yun was my best friend, and we had no secrets from each other. On that night I showed her the blood-stained letter, and she said:

⁴⁴ "Alas, what a pity that he is not one of our comrades!"

It was from reliable sources that we knew he was acting contrary to our cause. Alas, what was there to be said? This was the end.

Prompted by my sentiments, I eventually wrote an answer to him, asking him to come to Wu Chang immediately to join us in our work. But the letter was gone for a month, then for two months, and still no reply came. I realised that his letter must have been prompted by his temporary feelings, and that nothing could change his ideals. I could not possibly love a man who was not my comrade. I must banish his image from my mind for ever. In fact, he was one of my enemies, and I should treat him with cruelty. This was a time when we should place reason before sentiment. If our cause was the same, then we could be friends, otherwise we must be enemies. Finished was my dream of first love, banished was that adorable image, banished for ever.

2. *Setting Out*

All of a sudden we had an order saying that twenty girls were to be picked out to organise a publicity party to join the Northern Punitive Expedition. Our objective was Honan.

"Report! I want to join the expedition!"

"Report! I am a Northerner. I am specially suitable for publicity work with the Northern people."

"Report! I am very robust. I want to join the expedition."

The lieutenant's room was as busy as a beehive with so many of us going in and coming out.

"You all stop! We all have to join in the expedition sooner or later, but this time I need only twenty of you who are specially robust, or can run very quickly and write or make up public speeches. Those who are not selected will have a chance later on."

Each one of us hoped that she would be selected. I was particularly happy because I thought I was the best. I could run and I could scribble a little bit. Surely I would be selected.

Next morning, when the lieutenant was reading out the names of those to go to Honan, my name came second. My heavens, I hoped I was not wrong! There was no other Hsieh Ping-Ying among the girls. I was nearly crazy with joy. As soon as we were dismissed I went to pack my things and to write a letter to my third elder brother telling him of my departure. On the third day he came to see me. I was surprised and happy to see him.

"I received your letter last night. It was written in such an heroic manner that I gave it immediately to the printers to be set up in type so that it could be published in my paper. I immediately left for the station to catch the 8.30 to come here to see you." There was a tremor in his voice and the tears were not far from his eyes. I was afraid that it would be infectious, so I turned my eyes away to the slogan poster, "A Revolutionary should not shed tears but only shed blood."

"Our second elder brother is probably in Honan now. I think I am sure to meet him there. My third elder brother, I think you had better go too. If we could all meet in the front line, how happy we should be!" I forced a smile when I said this to him.

"The news that you are setting out has been kept from our family. I am sure that if our parents knew that you are going they would be very sorry indeed."

I cannot explain, but I felt that my heart was as hard as stone. Instead of feeling sorrowful, I felt happy and excited.

"Could you get leave so that you can come out with me to have a drink?"

"No. Now that we are soon to set out we should adhere to discipline more strictly."

"Well, I had better get back to Changsha immediately."

"All right. We will have a drink when I return after the victory."

Bidding me farewell he went away with tears in his eyes. When my schoolmate, who was on duty at the door, saluted him, he forgot to return the salute.

Waiting, waiting, waiting! The day for us to set out never came. Those twenty girls who were selected were very anxious to go, but nothing happened. Suddenly a very urgent order came saying that the enemy was now near Ting Su Bridge, and that we should all set out for battle, as otherwise our enemy might come to Wu Chang.

On that very night our commander-in-chief lectured us in the dormitory. We were organised into the Central Independent Division, and all of us set out next morning, except about thirty girls who were left behind to look after the publicity and nursing work.

At five o'clock in the morning we were ready. Outside the door of the girls' quarters it was like a seething river. Thousands of people crowded there to see us and bid us farewell. Among the excited and

huge crowd there were one or two elderly ladies who were crying and shouting to the officials:

"My girl cannot go to fight. I have only one daughter."

"My girl cannot go. If she dies, I will die too."

It was a very noisy place. You could hear the sound of bugles, laughter, crying and shouting.

"Elderly lady, do not be down-hearted, we will come back victorious."

"Elderly lady, do not trouble about your daughter. We all have parents. Why should you cry?"

"Forward, march!"

The formation started out amidst loud cheers and to the sound of the bugles.

"Kill the enemy and come back in victory!" Loud shouting came to us from the crowd. "Kill the enemy and come back in victory!"

We shouted back to them, and it was in this spirit that we went to the battle-field.

Fierce fighting was going on at the Ting Su Bridge. When I looked out of the train on which we were travelling, I saw there were wounded comrades covered with blood lying on stretchers. They looked tragic, and sometimes their faint cries were more tragic than their looks. I also saw dead people, and soldiers who had lost their limbs. Some of the girls wanted to get permission from the sergeant to leave the train and give first aid to the wounded, and some offered to bury the dead.

"No, the train will start immediately. There is more important work in front for us to do. The first aid people will come and attend to them here very soon." Our sergeant said this with dignity, which made us feel more heroic than ever. I began to realise the cruelty and horror of war.

For three days we had never had a proper meal. We had started at six o'clock after a very hurried breakfast, and then we had to march until eight or nine o'clock at night before we stopped to eat something. Now that we were marching forward we began to know that the life of a soldier is the most terrible of any for human beings, and we were considered fortunate if we got from time to time some very coarse rice with the husks on, which was sure to be mixed with a lot of sand and dust. As for anything to go with the rice, these things were lacking because they were not very easy to carry. In most cases it was just a handful of strong-smelling preserved beans sprinkled with salt. Under ordinary circumstances these things would not have gone down our throats, but strange to relate, when we were really hungry we enjoyed the coarse rice and strong-smelling beans better than chicken, fish or meat. They went down our throats quicker than the best

of rice, and the only trouble was that we did not have enough of them.

The month of June is the time when men die of the heat. Perspiration like rain ran down our cheeks and our backs, and our clothes soon became as wet as if we had been plunged into water. We felt as if the soles of our feet were walking on hot stones, and the skin was peeling from our faces. "Hot! Devilishly hot!" was heard everywhere. But we were not dismayed, nor would we turn back or desert. Every one of us was willing to endure present sufferings, looking for a happier time when our victory should come. Sometimes a pail of dirty, muddy water would serve us not only to wash in, but to wash our clothes and also to quench our thirst. Sometimes it would only ooze out as a swampy pool. This kind of life seemed to be full of meaning and full of interest, and I began to write my diary of the war.

During the time of our forward march I would snatch a few minutes now and again, either in the day-time when we were taking a short rest, or I would sacrifice a short while during our times for sleeping, and by the light of an oil lamp which was very dim, I would write down the happenings of the day, using a wretched pen and whatever paper I could get hold of, and using one of my knees as a writing-desk. I intended to send these pages of my diary to the literary editor of the *Central Daily News*, that long-bearded old man, Mr. Sun Fu Yuan, but unfortunately one day my little bundle containing my blanket, my water-bottle and my food box, all disappeared while I was away for a short time. At first I thought it must be one of my school-mates who had taken it for me, but later on, when I had enquired from everybody in turn and none of them knew anything of it, I realised at last that it was gone. It was very hard on me, because I had suffered many difficulties to write that diary, and as I never had time to read what I had written I could not remember what was in it. Because of this unfortunate incident, and because of our forced marches, which averaged from eighty to a hundred and twenty // a day, I was never able to continue to write. Although I had written a few letters about this march, I kept no detailed records of the life of that time.

I had a very queer habit. Whatever I had written once, I hated to write a second time. Even when I could remember very distinctly what I saw and did, I would not record it once more. Therefore a second diary of the war could never be written.

1930's

SHIP COMPANIONS

HAN SUYING

AN ENGAGEMENT DURING 1937 AND THE INFLUENCE OF JAPANESE
INVASION ON THE WOULD-BE BRIDE'S PACIFISM

Period: From the 1920's when matrimony was not wholly freed from the shackles of tradition to the eve of the Japanese War, when a conciliation of personal happiness had to be made with national service during the crisis.

Place: Peking, where they both were brought up, and London, where, by chance, they met again.

WHEN Pao left home for England he was unmarried and unpromised. This was unusual for the son of a family proud in tradition, to whom the continuity of the line was everything. He was young; he was leaving home for a period of years. If custom and the wishes of his mother had prevailed, Pao would already have knelt at the ancestral altar with a girl of his parents' choice. When he went abroad his wife would have remained in the home in filial attendance upon his mother. If all went well she would have given a son to the family within the allotted period of months. Strange to return, after years of the social freedom of the West, with mind subtly changed by contact with another civilization—to come back to a wife who is a stranger and to a solemn-eyed child shy of the father he has never seen!

Pao's mother greatly desired a daughter-in-law. As early as his sixteenth birthday she began looking about among families of their acquaintance for a bride for him. But Pao was not one to brook coercion. When he was told a fiancée had already been selected, the negotiations almost completed, Pao ran away from home and was gone for two months. His mother gave him a year or two to outgrow this schoolboy reluctance, then resumed her quest of the perfect daughter-in-law. But he was no more amenable the second time. His mother, with what she doubtless considered daring unconventionally, offered to arrange a meeting with the girl she had chosen. "She is very beautiful," she promised, "you will see for yourself."

Pao answered, "Mother, how can I marry a girl I know not, I love not? Live with her intimately, day after day for all my life, share with a stranger my thoughts and hopes? I do not care so much

whether she is pretty; I must know her heart and that I cannot know in one brief interview. I must choose a wife who will uphold the honour of our house, who will give me children to be proud of. There must be respect and understanding between us. I shall not wish, later when I have achieved some success, to put aside the wife I was married to in my youth and take a new, a younger and more clever wife, as many men do. Nor, should I dislike the wife my family gave me, could I console myself with concubines. Marriage should be indissoluble—a contract to be entered into once, neither by the man nor by the woman to be repeated in a lifetime. It is the sacred giving of one's word. Therefore, with knowledge of the responsibilities, I must choose for myself. It is a thing no one can do for me."

His mother was astounded; these were the dangerous modern views of the new generation. But Pao is and has always been a traditionalist. It was no aping of Western ways that influenced him, but a considered and thoughtful reappraisal of Chinese ideals of family life. He was independent enough to think for himself, to choose what good should be conserved, what fault should be remedied. His mother did not yet understand his position. This was nothing but a transient phase, she thought; let a few years pass and this youthful rebellion would be forgotten. A third time before he left home she urged betrothal, having made certain inquiries by letter of a family with a marriageable daughter. But Pao was more stubborn than ever. He refused even to listen to the name of the young lady. This third choice of Pao's mother for a daughter-in-law was myself. . . . Pao sailed for England, heart-whole and free from any family-made agreement.

Of the engagement which did not take place I knew little at the time. I knew only that my uncle (who had become my guardian upon the death of my parents a year or two earlier) was entertaining various offers for my hand. But I did not believe in marriage of any kind. In the university I had tasted freedom; I was launched upon a scientific course and was determined to devote my life to a career. If I had followed my own natural bent, I should have tried for a degree in literature. But, with all my generation, I burned to serve my country and saw no utility or power in empty words. Science was our god, a beneficent god to make of China a rich and happy nation. With test-tube and microscope and dynamo we would bring wealth and comfort to all the millions of the poor, eradicate misery and disease. Therefore I laid aside the books I loved, the poetry and plays and novels, and spent my days in the laboratory and my evenings poring over formulae and diagrams.

But I was never made for abstract research. I had to use this science as a tool for some practical end. Suddenly in a chance visit to the hospital, calling upon a friend who had a new baby, I discovered

the use for my biology and chemistry. Midwifery ... I remembered the *chieh~sen-po*, "the old woman who meets the birth," with her long black finger-nails and her huskily whispered charms against all the devils that threaten mother and baby. Ineffective, often, for I remembered white lanterns at the gate and a long black coffin carried forth, or a tiny rough box or small bundle wrapped in old matting taken away to be buried. And here all was shining, exquisite cleanliness, and a compassionate easing of pain and a watchfulness against danger, with all the resources of science to safeguard the new life and the mother in her stress. This was my calling.

I brushed aside my uncle's matrimonial plans for me and prevailed upon him to send me to England for advanced training in obstetrics. Days of lectures in the class-room; days in the laboratory, watching the changing colours in test-tubes held against the light of the window. Outside the rain, the eternal English rain; the shining wet pavements; the umbrellas jostling in the street. Days in the clinic, listening to the heart tones of the unborn; under my touch sensing its life and movement. Days in the delivery-room, bent over a groaning and agonized woman; the harsh smell of ether, the sweetish odour of chloroform, the strong, sharp reek of lysol and alcohol; the breathless moments before the emergence of the new life; the suspense of that interval before the first gasping cry of the newborn; the utter joy of achievement when all was safely accomplished. Days in the wards and nurseries, watching the greedy pleasure of babies at the breast, the rapt delight in the faces of the mothers—everywhere white cleanness and the smell of flowers. There was also the tragic side—the sudden terror of haemorrhage or the ghastly convulsions and coma of eclampsia, death darkening the threshold of life. But how seldom! Not as in my country, where women longing for children yet approach their hour with dread and misgiving, where two or three in a hundred are doomed to die in childbirth; and where of the babies born a half will not live until their first birthday. When I held in my hands these blue-eyed babies, bald-headed or with a wisp of blond down, I thought of our dark-haired Chinese babies with their slit-shaped black eyes so wise-looking, and I wished for them and their mothers this same care and defence against death. With my knowledge of the beauty and terror of birth, I grew in the daily realization of the worth of life, the irreplaceable value of each new life thus brought into being through love and pain.

Something happened to my thinking about this time. I have to tell this, because when I first wrote this book I did not wish it to be taken as propaganda to enlist war aid for our cause or stir up hatred against our enemies. I became a pacifist. In spite of my ardent love of country, my indignation at the encroachments of Japan, already

entrenched in Manchuria, and my passion for freedom, I became convinced that war is utterly evil, never justifiable. I came to this belief through a strange liberation and enlargement of spirit from reading Jeans and Eddington, the great philosophical scientists. I probably did not understand one-half of what I read, but as I read of worlds beyond worlds and star suns, gold and white and coloured fire, I realized what an infinitesimal dark dust speck in the great winds of the universe was our small planet, Earth. I escaped in fancy to other habitable worlds, peopled by radiant, kindly beings of more than human wisdom, living at peace in their shining crystal cities, beautiful with fountains and strange, glowing flowers.

But if, in all the universe, there is no habitable world but earth, what then? No place else where life exists, no other home for humankind where it may develop in beauty and dignity? I was checked in my flight, brought back to earth. I began to search for a pattern for life, an ideal loveliness man[^] might attain. I read history for the answer—Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Chinese, European—looking for a time and place which offered the perfect pattern. There were many hints of a Golden Age—we had it in our own legends of the Emperors Shen and Wu who reigned four thousand years ago—but always it was a lost Golden Age, its records blurred by antiquity. When history crystallized into definite dates and events it became a lamentable recital of crimes, of wars, of aggressions, of beautiful cities and great civilizations destroyed without reason. In China no less than in other nations—though through all Chinese history there runs a saving vision, the contempt of the solitary sage for power and riches won by force. Or, again, where the high aloofness of a Buddha or the profound compassion of a Jesus has influenced, though ever so faintly the course of the world's history, there are dissenters from the chorus of glorification of waste, tragedy, and ruthlessness which is war. With this minority I took my stand, and found myself one of a group who called themselves pacifists.

The pattern for peace did not exist, except in the mind. All Golden Ages of antiquity were myth. We of this generation, we of the future, must shape in actual living the new design of peace and co-operation between one nation and another. We must renounce war, even in self-defence. For any war may mask behind that name, leading to revenge and hatred. At this time I discovered the Bible, and this was the word that summed up all, the sentence I read over and over again, that brought tears to my eyes, so beautiful it was—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. . . ."

The clarity and sureness of conviction I held then is lost. . . . I have learned that war is not the ultimate evil, that there is degradation beyond the horror of killing. A time was to come when I should

realize, little by little, what the domination of evil does to an invaded country, when I was to hear of the opium dens and houses of prostitution in Peking, my home—protected, promoted by Japan for the debauching of our youth. Then I could no longer hold to my belief in absolute pacifism. With grief but without hate, like millions of other peace-loving Chinese. I have consented in my heart to a war of resistance against this corruption and enslavement.

But it was while I was still in the vehement all-or-nothing phase of pacifism that I met Pao again. We were guests together in a group of British and foreign students enjoying the hospitality of a country house in Kent. My room-mate, a Chinese girl, introduced us: "Miss Han, Mr. Tang." We bowed; the names meant nothing; there are thousands of Tangs and millions of Hants in China. In casual talk we did not discover we were already known to each other. Nor did I know, for Pao was not in uniform, that he had come to England on a government appointment to study military science. From some remark he dropped, I assumed he was studying engineering. I was not enlightened until a day or two later when we were among those attending a lecture on China. The speaker, a clergyman who was a confirmed pacifist, expanded on the theme, "Love your enemies." His kind eyes beaming behind his glasses, he exhorted us to love the Japanese.

Now there is a point here which needs to be made clear we have no racial hatred for the Japanese, such as I have observed in Europe between nations at odds. Even now, after three years of war, of massacre, of unspeakable treatment we have suffered at the hands of the invaders, we still do not hate the Japanese. True, our soldiers rush upon the enemy with the cry, "Sha! " "Kill! " Our slogans urge, "Resist! " But we do not retaliate. We discriminate between the oppressed, misguided people and their venal overlords. We have never felt it necessary to loathe the Japanese people, even though we have suffered so much at their hands. True, we call them "small devils," but we do not kill our prisoners as they have done. We expect to win this war, but we do not intend to invade in turn, occupy Japan and cripple her economically. We hope when peace comes—a peace not dictated by an arrogant victor, but a just treaty agreed upon in mutual respect—that Japan and China will bury all bitterness and, with no desire for revenge, begin to see things the same way.

So to the Chinese students present, schooled as we were in humiliation by Japan's aggressions of many years, the estimable clergyman's views were the babblings of a well-intentioned amateur. Pao listened with scowling brows, refuting in his mind the theories of the speaker. I listened, agreeing in principle but unsatisfied, wishing for a more profound analysis than these charming generalities. When the lecture was over, Pao and I strolled together in conversation.

Pao said, " We may love our enemies, but we must fight them first! "

I could not accept this assumption of inevitability of war with Japan. Hotly I protested against all use of violence. Pao answered (cynically, I thought), "Then all the good people will be killed off and evil will flourish unchecked."

I flared in reply, " What I hate most is this worship of force! If you kill in turn, how are you better than your enemies? I would rather die than defend my ideal by violence. I hate this pride in the martial virtues; all this glorification of murder! They dress it up in gaudy uniforms and decorate it with flags and call it patriotism and valour and national honour! I think it is loathsome and stupid; whoever admires it is unable to think clearly! "

Pao gave me one black look, swung round, and walked away without a word.

I was startled and angry and mortified. " Your friend Mr! Tang is very rude," I told my room-mate.

" How? "

I related the incident. She laughed at my discomfiture. " But didn't you know he was sent by the Chinese government to study artillery at Sandhurst? Your ideas would be fire to his gunpowder! He is very proud, very patriotic, and very young. He is a soldier and the son of a soldier." She named Pao's father.

Light dawned on me. " Is he of (*hat* Tang family? " I exclaimed. " Why, I know him! We lived in the same street in Peking, played together when we were children. . . ."

When we met again Pao preserved a stony silence, barely bowing to me with frigid politeness. But I could see behind the mask of the stern young soldier the face of the small boy who had been my prince and captain when we played war in the dusk under the willows in the quiet by-street in Peking. " Don't you know me, Tang Yen? " I said, using his child-name. " Don't you remember the canal in the Forbidden City and the battles we fought along its banks? I wasn't a pacifist then."

All that summer—the summer of 1937—we met at intervals, usually in the company of others, seldom alone. There are never a great many Chinese students in England; they naturally drift together, so Pao and I were sure to see something of each other. We quarrelled at every encounter, and on every subject. In any discussion of more than casual moment our ideas struck sparks. I wrote of my contacts in my letters home, mentioning Pao's name among others without special emphasis. My uncle replied in stilted, formal phrases: " This gentleman's honoured mother approached us some three years ago in view of a possible connection between our families, involving yourself and her son. Since the contract did not take place, it is better

now that you avoid him entirely. It would not be proper for you to know each other."

The joke was too good to keep. Pao had already told me of his mother's three-times-thwarted attempts to negotiate a marriage for him. At the first opportunity I drew him out again upon the subject of engagements. Pao expounded with great earnestness; I listened demurely, then murmured, "Do you know the name of your third rejected fiancée? It is Han Suyin."

Pao stared at me in startled horror. "Good heavens! Yourself! "

I felt my cheeks burn with a hot blush. "Yes, but do not think anything of it," I stammered, "I, also, would have been unwilling." I talked on rapidly against my mounting embarrassment. "It is of no personal significance. I did not know, myself, of the inquiry until my uncle wrote me recently. But at that time I had already decided I would never marry. So the whole thing is of no consequence."

Pao looked relieved. "I do not believe in marriage either," he said. Then, gravely but with a devastating frankness, "We are really fortunate that this engagement came to nothing. We should never have suited each other; we cannot agree on anything. I think you are wise in your decision, for you must know your temper is really quite difficult."

"It is very much like your own! " I retorted.

"That is what I said," answered Pao.

I lived that summer in a world that has since crashed in flames, China was far away in time and distance. I lived in the peace and quiet of an England where no invader had set foot since the Norman William, where no threat of conquest had seriously disturbed her serenity since the time of the Spanish Armada. It was a pleasant land of rose gardens and green lawns, of abundant food, of rosy children, calm, beautiful girls, and gracious ladies hospitably pouring tea in their drawing-rooms. I had friends, interesting work, leisure for play. It was an interval of happy tranquillity, the more dear and lovely in retrospect because it now belongs to an irretrievable past.

In July there was brief mention in the news of a skirmish on the outskirts of Peking. There had been an interchange of shots between Chinese soldiers and Japanese who were manoeuvring without warrant. By the terms of an outdated treaty various foreign governments were permitted to maintain garrisons in the north to keep open the road from Peking to the sea. The Japanese had stretched this to justify the posting of thousands of troops in the northern provinces. This was not the first time their army of occupation had clashed with the rightful inhabitants of the country.

To me it was merely another incident. I must have been blind that I did not know the signs of gathering fury in the East. I must have

been lulled and made unperceptive in the atmosphere of peace about me. I had forgotten the tense insecurity of China. But Pao knew at once that war, long expected, had come. He applied at the Chinese Embassy in London for permission to return home without delay. The Embassy cabled the Military Training Department for advice, and the reply came back from Marshal Pai Chiang-hsi: "Complete training before return to China."

Letters from Peking were few and uninformative; Japanese censorship was strict. Life continued in some fashion, but hedged about and restricted on every side. There was no career, no future possible for ambitious youth. All universities but two were closed and those two under constant surveillance, their students suspect, in danger of arrest. Of my friends and class-mates, many migrated to Free China; others, chafing under the soul-destroying repression of the Japanese regime, fled to join the guerrillas. From those who had left Peking we had letters telling of a life that was not life--deadening existence for those others remaining, for whom physical escape was impossible. I read of one and another of those friends seeking escape in opium dreams or the release of tension in sensual excesses. Everywhere flourished openly the houses of prostitution and opium dens, under Japanese auspices. First the monotony, the despair, all the strong currents of life dammed and stagnant; then perversion and decay of all decency.

When I read of these things and understood the pervasive evil of alien rule whose only aim is exploitation, I could not be a pacifist. We must resist as one resists disease—building up barriers against its further encroachment; fighting the poison that drains our strength; restoring, reclaiming for health and function, areas already infected. I could not stand apart, coolly indifferent. I had to be *in* the struggle, a part of China's resistance. I had to return to China. Even if there were nothing of significance I could do, I had to *be* there to share the suffering and the hazards. I was Chinese. . . .

So when Pao told me he had his sailing fixed for September—his course was finished and he could go—I said, "I am going back too." We knew each other very well by this time. We had discovered that, although we could always be angry in hot argument, we still sought each other again for stimulus and excitement and a certain deep understanding. It was a rainy evening in August. Pao had called for me at my boarding-house in South Kensington; we were going to a Show. Both of us loved the theatre. But a word had been said that precipitated crisis. We went down the stairs and into the street, silent. We walked on and on, into the heart of London. We needed the soothing of rain to help us to bear our thoughts. Cars rushed past, their headlights flaring upon the wet asphalt, their wheel tracks

instantly erased by the rain. Streets lights were moons with an aura of fog. We walked on, hands in coat pockets, staring straight before us.

"Han Suyin," Pao said at last, in a choked voice, "you must not return to China. You have been thinking a lot of fine things about love of country and dying for ideals. But it is not like that, noble and beautiful. War is a terrible thing. You have said yourself it is filthy and wasteful and cruel. You cannot endure even to look at the picture of it in a newspaper or on the screen. You must remain abroad, enjoy plays and music and interesting books. What can you do in China, one girl, alone? What can you do that is worth giving up life for death?"

"Tang Pao," I said, "you are not a good friend of mine! You should not persuade me against this choice. I, also, am a Chinese. How shall I live in ease and cheerfulness in a foreign country when my people suffer trouble and distress?"

We were talking Chinese. Brushing shoulders with passers-by, we were alone together, isolated by speech in our own language.

"But what is it has changed you?" cried Pao. "You who were so bitter against all war—now you will put on a uniform and shoulder a rifle and recruit a girls' battalion!"

"I am not going back to fight," I answered, "I do not know whether I am going back to nurse the wounded. What is the good of saving wounded soldiers and sending them back to face the bombs and cannon again? I think I could even be indifferent to the conquest of China by Japan, if Japan had a civilization superior to our own to give us. In a hundred years we should have absorbed them. But Japan will not give us anything of good. She has no distinctive culture; in the beginning she borrowed her culture from China and now she borrows from the West. Japan can teach us only evil. She will use us; she will destroy our youth, all those who should be our leaders of the future. She will make us a nation of peasants and coolies, a tool for her use. Against this aggression China is right to resist. I am young and I want to be there, to be a part of this resistance."

Pao walked on in silence. Then he turned abruptly to me. "You are a very stubborn girl!" he said. "You will not be understood; you will not be thanked. For those who work for China there is only bitterness, hard drudgery, perhaps an empty glory after death. Even Sun Yat-sen found it so."

"I know this. But it is my country. I must return."

"But who will take care of you, Han Suyin? War is not for women. I think of my mother—she is in conquered territory; she cannot escape. My old mother and my little brother, no one looks

after them. And you—what family have you except in far-away Szechwan? "

"I do not need anyone," I said. "I am a woman, but I am an adult person also. I will be responsible for myself."

"If you must go back," Pao said, "I would like to be with you. Might we take passage on the same ship? I would like to take care of you. Han Suyin, let us be friends for ever: "

"But I need no one!" I answered. "Tang Pao, you think disdainfully of women when you wish only to protect us! "

"Han Suyin, your temper is awful! You cannot consider any question impersonally. You cannot argue without spitting fire! Will you not be kind to me a little? " He quoted from a poem of Li Po's: "'In the wind and the rain, what pleasure to be ship companions! To the evening moon we lift our wine-cups, petitioning for life. . . .' Suyin, if I do not protect you too much, if it is only that I wish to be with you . . . would you marry me? It might not be for very long. I shall probably be killed quite soon." And Pao tried to look tragic.

"I'd rather you were not! " I said.

Pao's face cheered. "Then you wish it will be many years? For life? One never knows how long that is. Han Suyin, shall we be married? "

The street lamp glistened on passing umbrellas, on the rubber rain-coat of the policeman at the corner, on the shining cars, the wet pavement. The rain drizzled down, more mist than rain. We stood and stared at each other, hands in our coat pockets. Without a kiss, without touching of hands, we exchanged our promises. Perhaps, being Chinese, we bowed a slight, formal bow to each other. We felt very solemn. Pao and I were engaged. We were both a little startled that it had happened. We had been prejudiced against marriage, for we thought it would hamper our work for China. But under the rain-haloed light on a London street corner we realized that without each other our work would be hollow and meaningless.

Though we had become engaged without consulting our families, we felt that it would be best to wait for their sanction before we were married. All our tradition was against a hasty wedding. Also I had a feeling, perhaps sentimental, that I wanted to be home in China to begin this new life with Pao.

In two or three weeks we were eastward bound on a small French steamer with uncommonly bad food. For the first few days, however, this was of no importance to me. I was desperately seasick. On the third day, when I lay spent and pale on a deck chair, Pao found nothing better to do than feed me with very small, very hard, very green apples saved from his lunch. For pride's sake I swallowed them, with dire consequences. . . .

Behind us Europe swirled into the current of a mill-race rushing toward war. Hitler had taken Austria and was reaching toward the Sudetenland. Czechoslovakia and Poland saw their new and hard-won freedom threatened. In England our friends were being fitted with gas-masks. We were happy to be homeward bound while ships might still move freely on the seas.

1940's

THREE PROFILES

THE SOONG SISTERS

EMILY HAHN

Period: During the Battle of Britain and when Free China was frequently being bombed by Japanese bombers.

Place: Chungking, the war-time capital.

COMPARISONS may be pdious, but they are necessary in writing about the Soong sisters. During their sojourn in the glare of Chungking footlights the ladies were observed and compared constantly, of course. Those among the women working for them who had schoolgirl "crushes" on one or another would quarrel and grow heated as they claimed superior beauty or virtue for each of their idols, and a typical photograph shows the long-suffering sisters sitting on a lawn drinking tea, surrounded by a dense crowd of standing admirers who could only stare and beam down at them, too shy to say a word.

Of the three, Madame Kung has probably the most spontaneous and kindly manner—the sort of manner which is known in America as "human." Madame Chiang is more intense in her moments of communication, and Madame Sun is often overwhelmed by shyness. Like Madame Chiang, Eling's photographs do not do justice to her face, which is most attractive because of its nobility, vividness and colouring. Her eyes express her wit and the keen, sympathetic interest she takes in her surroundings. Though she is short, like most Chinese women, her fine figure and dignified walk always give a first impression of height. One must know her well to see that she has her moments of childlike pleasure in small things—an escape from routine, a victory in some good-natured battle of words.

She has had children; the other two have not. There is, therefore,

a hint of authority and added ease in her manner when she visits the war orphanages; she seems to take charge of the entire party, and the children recognise her seniority.

A most characteristic anecdote of her centres about a side street in Hongkong at night, when Madame Kung from the recesses of her limousine watched the crowd walking past, under the blazing lights of shop windows. She said suddenly in a startlingly angry tone, "Look at that man! "

A Chinese dressed in a long gown walked by the car, a baby in his arms. The child lay stretched out, wrapped in too many clothes, its face turned up to the invisible sky.

"Carrying them like that, so that their poor little eyes stare straight into the lights and are weakened," continued Madame. "Men will do it, every time. Men! "

She sighed for all the masculine stupidity in the world that *she* will never be able to conquer.

Madame Sun gives the impression of austerity and a self-control won through years of practice. Her personality is all in low tones—quiet clothes, a house stark in its simplicity, a deep reserve. When she does appear in public and makes a speech one feels that she has had to steel herself for the effort. Yet her voice when it comes out is strong and forceful, and so are her words. She can be downright, even violent, when occasion demands: when she is stirred to indignation, for example.

She is almost a legend with China's young radicals. A few of them know her and have the privilege of calling on her in the cool, underfurnished Kowloon house, where they drink tea and discuss painting, poetry and the principles of Dr. Sun. Their faces glow when they speak of her. There is probably as much jealousy and heart-burning among Madame Sun's adherents as there is in Madame Chiang's circle, though the Russian philosophy frowns upon this sort of personality idolizing.

In the first days of the sisters' Chungking visit, the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang in honour of Mesdames Kung and Sun gave a lawn-party to which all the leading women of Chungking, Chinese and foreign, were invited. It was a strenuous affair for everybody, but particularly for Madame Sun, who was mobbed by a special crowd of eager young students and women with Communist sympathies. Most of them had never seen Chingling and were overjoyed at this unexpected opportunity. They brandished autograph albums and cameras; they pushed so closely about her chair that she could not breathe; they hid her from sight as if they had been a swarm of locusts. Shyness and a sense of duty battled for right of way in her

face. Suddenly, as if she could bear it no longer, she broke from her adorers and ran like a young girl into the house.

Madame Chiang's beauty is unusual because of her eyes. They are truly enormous, the long outer corners extending to the edge of her cheekbones. Her famous chic is not the result of effort, but is a natural quality: Mayling looks smart in anything she wears, and is usually indifferent to her clothes.

"This dress?" she will say to an admirer. "I think it belonged to my niece Rosamonde. Yes, this is the one. I said in Hongkong that I liked it and she gave it to me."

She has tremendous vitality, but it is the expression of a grave, almost anxious earnestness, and during her spells of bad health she always fears that she will lose this energy, with the same unhappy foreboding that haunts the writer who thinks he has lost his will to work. She realizes it is her greatest gift, and she has dedicated it to her job. At forty she has not lost the student's capacity to seek the truth in all matters, and she never doubts the existence of that one truth. The schoolmate who said that Mayling "*kept up an awful thinking about everything*" described her perfectly. Sometimes in her eager concentration she is like a good little girl learning her lessons, but lately she has developed a shrewd, amused cynicism that has matured her and given her a greater understanding of the ways of statesmen.

Oddly enough, considering the work Fate has given her to do, Soong Mayling is of a reflective nature and was cut out to be a scholar rather than an active go-getter. Her real passion is for the art of translation. She spends much of her rare leisure reading ancient Chinese history, and can forget everything in the fascination of putting some of these anecdotes into English. Both languages attract her and she is always trying to reconcile them. She loves to tell these stories, and she does it with great vivacity and charm: her husband would rather listen to her recount an anecdote, though he had read it a thousand times, than read a new one. Her eyes, her gestures, her absorption in what she is saying, her genuine and naive desire to draw a moral precept from the story no matter how trivial it may seem—the result is bewitching. Charlie Soong must have had the same talent for narrative. There is a teacher's personality just as there is an actor's or a politician's, and it is this quality that Mayling possesses.

It is an amusing truth that in the Generalissimo's recent speeches, in which he follows the time-honoured custom of retailing the deeds of heroes, he quotes more and more from the lives of great Westerners, whereas the Americanized Mayling in her anecdotes is falling further and further under the spell of the ancient Chinese.

I remember her most vividly during an air raid, when I shared the shelter of the Chiang dugout with a few of her attendants. We sat at the mouth of the cave, watching the Japanese planes fly over the military airfield and drop their eggs. Madame Chiang was impatient with the necessity of staying under cover—there is nothing more boring, save unremitting fear—but every few minutes the dugout telephone rang and the Generalissimo called up from town to make sure that his wife was staying in the shelter like a good girl. He knew that she would be tempted to desert the damp cave and return to the house, and he wasn't risking it.

While we waited and listened to the drone of the planes Madame Chiang looked over the draft of "Resurgam," which she was getting ready for the press, and discussed the proper word for this or that idea. The appearance of these articles in the local Chinese press had made a great stir among the officials they criticized, and Madame Chiang was still stirred up by this excitement and perhaps slyly amused.

It was a clear, hot day. In spite of the explosions, the ringing telephone, and the possibility of machine gunning as the planes swept low, there was an atmosphere of quiet in that dugout which emanated from Soong Mayling herself. She has always been brave: recently she has found a new strength that is akin to spiritual peace, and her placid demeanour, even in a country of placid people, made a refreshing little island of that air-raid shelter.

The All Clear sounded and we were released. Pine trees and flower bushes surrounded the stone steps that we climbed to the house. Madame Chiang was thoughtful, and I wondered about her thoughts. Was she busy meditating revenge on the Japanese? Did she have a feeling of personal hatred for those venomous little silver insects that had just winged away toward Hankow?

Suddenly she asked, "Tell me, what is your idea of happiness? "

I didn't know. Hers, she said, was a life of uninterrupted work at reading, studying and writing. . . .

The telephone shrilled as we entered the house, and there was an immense heap of papers waiting on her desk.

The noise of girls shouting and applauding at a picnic in honour of the Soong sisters had spread three blocks and reached the door of the Chungking Hostel. We foreigners watched them marching back to their school afterward, several hundred of them in uniform. The Soongs had just time to keep their next appointment, a visit to a hospital for wounded soldiers. They paused in the prisoners' ward, where four Japanese patients sat in their kimonos in bed and stared at the ladies.

An American man approached Madame Chiang. "I've just arrived overland from Nanking, where I attended the inauguration of Wang Ching-wei," he said. "I've got some photographs here of the ceremony. Would you like to see them? "

"Oh yes," said Mayling; "I haven't seen any pictures of Wang since he—well, since he left us."

The three sisters crowded ground and examined the photographs, singling out this face and that as they recognized old acquaintances. They looked absorbed, fascinated; their faces, even in this unguarded moment, carefully schooled against bitterness. From their beds the Japanese prisoners stared solemnly, wondering what it was all about.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHINESE MEN

1890's

AN ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE OF SUN YAT-SEN

OR

LONDON AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

SUN YAT-SEN

Period: When the Manliu Empire, realising the hopelessness of its position, tried to prolong its life by arresting every insurgent.

Place: Victorian London, where Dr. Sun took refuge.

I LEFT Honolulu in June, 1896, for San Francisco, where I remained for a month before proceeding eastward. There I met many of my countrymen and was well received by them. I spent three months in America, and came to Liverpool by the S.S. *Majestic*. In New York I was advised to beware the Chinese Minister to the United States, as he is a Manchurian, and has but little sympathy with Chinese generally and a reformer in particular.

On October 1st, 1896, I arrived in London and put up at Maxell's Hotel in the Strand. I went next day to Mr. Cantlie's, at 46, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W., where I received a hearty welcome from my old friend and his wife. Lodgings were found for me at

8, Gray's Inn Place, Gray's Inn, Holborn. Henceforward I proceeded to settle down to enjoy my stay in London and to become acquainted with the many sights, the museums and the historical relics in this the very centre of the universe. What impressed me, a Chinaman, most was the enormous vehicular traffic, the endless and unceasing stream of omnibuses, cabs, carriages, wagons, and wheeled conveyances of humbler character which held the streets; the wonderful way in which the police controlled and directed the traffic, and the good humour of the people. The foot passengers are, of course, many, but they are not in such crowds as we find in Chinese streets. For one thing, our streets are much narrower, being, in fact, mere alleys; and, in the second place, all our goods are conveyed by human carriage, everything being slung from a bamboo pole carried across the shoulders. Yet even in the wide streets of Hong Kong our foot passenger traffic is in swarms.

I was just beginning to know Holborn from the Strand, and Oxford Circus from Piccadilly Circus, when I was deprived of my liberty in the fashion so fully described by the public press of the country.

I had been frequently at Mr. Cantlie's, almost daily in fact, and spent most of my time in his study. One day at luncheon he alluded to the Chinese Legation being in the neighbourhood, and jokingly suggested that I might go round and call there; whereat his wife remarked, "You had better not. Don't you go near it; they'll catch you and ship you off to China." We all enjoyed a good laugh over the remark, little knowing how true the womanly instinct was, and how soon we were to experience the reality. While dining one evening at Dr. Manson's, whom I had also known in Hong Kong, as my teacher in medicine, I was jokingly advised by him also to keep away from the Chinese Legation. I was well warned, therefore; but as I did not know where the Legation was, the warning was of little use. I knew that to get to Devonshire Street I had to get off the omnibus at Oxford Circus, and from thence go straight north up a wide street till I found the name Devonshire on the corner house. That was the extent of my knowledge of the locality at this time.

On Sunday morning, October 11th, at almost half-past ten, I was walking towards Devonshire Street, hoping to be in time to go to church with the doctor and his family, when a Chinaman approached in a surreptitious manner from behind and asked, in English, whether I was Japanese or Chinese. I replied, "I am Chinese." He then inquired, from what province I came, and when I told him I was from Canton he said, "We are countrymen, and speak the same language. I am from Canton." We then conversed in the Cantonese dialect. Whilst he was talking we were slowly advancing along the

street, and presently a second Chinaman joined us, so that I had now one on each side. They pressed me to go in to their "lodgings" and enjoy a smoke and chat with them. I gently demurred, and we stopped on the pavement. A third Chinaman now appeared and my first acquaintance left us. The two who remained further pressed me to accompany them, and T was gradually, and in a seemingly friendly manner, led to the upper edge of the pavement, when the door of an adjacent house suddenly opened and I was half-jokingly and half-persistently compelled to enter by my companions, one on either side, who reinforced their entreaties by a quasi-friendly push. Suspecting nothing, for I knew not what house I was entering, I only hesitated because of my desire to get to Mr. Cantlie's in time for church, and T felt I should be too late did I delay. However, in good faith I entered, and was not a little surprised when the front door was somewhat hurriedly closed and barred behind me. All at once it flashed upon me that the house must be the Chinese Legation, thereby accounting for the number of Chinamen in mandarin attire, and for the large size of the house; while T also recollected that the Minister resided somewhere in the neighbourhood of Devonshire Street, near to which I must then be.

I was taken to a room on the ground floor whilst one or two men talked to me and to each other. I was then sent upstairs, two men, one on either side, conducting and partly forcing me to ascend. I was next shown into a room on the second floor and told I was to remain there. This room, however, did not seem to satisfy my captors, as I was shortly afterwards taken to another on the third floor with a barred window looking out to the back of the house. Here an old gentleman with white hair and beard came into the room in rather a bumptious fashion and said:

"Here is China for you; you are now in China."

Sitting down, he proceeded to interrogate me.

Asked what my name was, I replied, "Sun."

"Your name," he replied, "is Sun Wen; and we have a telegram from the Chinese Minister in America informing us that you were a passenger to this country by the S.S. *Majestic*, and the Minister asks me to arrest you."

"What does that mean?" I enquired.

To which he replied:

"You have previously sent in a petition for reform to the Tsung-Li-Yamen in Peking asking that it be presented to the Emperor. That may be considered a very good petition; but now the Tsung-Li-Yamen want you, and therefore you are detained here until we learn what the Emperor wishes us to do with you."

"Can I let my friend know I am here?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "but you can write to your lodging for your luggage to be sent you."

On my expressing a wish to write to Dr. Manson, he provided me with pen, ink and paper. I wrote to Dr. Manson informing him that I was confined in the Chinese Legation, and asking him to tell Mr. Cantlie to get my baggage sent to me. The old gentleman, however—whom I afterwards learned to be Sir Halliday Macartney—objected to my using the word "confined," and asked me to substitute another. Accordingly I wrote: "I am in the Chinese Legation; please tell Mr. Cantlie to send my luggage here."

He then said he did not want me to write to my friend, and asked me to write to my hotel. I informed him that I was not at an hotel, and that only Mr. Cantlie knew where I was living. It was very evident my interrogator was playing a crafty game to get hold of my effects, and more especially my papers, in the hope of finding correspondence whereby to ascertain who my Chinese accomplices or correspondents were. I handed him the letter to Dr. Manson, which he read and returned, saying, "That is all right." I put it in an envelope and gave it to Sir Halliday Macartney in all good faith that it would be delivered.

Several hours after my imprisonment, one of the guard came into my room and told me that Sir Halliday Macartney had ordered him to search me. He proceeded to take my keys, pencil and knife. He did not find my pocket in which I had a few bank notes; but he took the few unimportant papers I had. They asked me what food I wanted, and at my request brought me some milk which I drank.

During the day two English servants came to light the fire, bring coals and sweep the room. I asked the first who came to take a letter out for me, and being promised that this would be done, I wrote a note addressed to Mr. Cantlie, 46, Devonshire Street, W. When the second servant came I did the same thing. I did not, of course, know till later what had happened to my letters, but both men said they had sent them. That (Sunday) evening an English woman came in to make up my bed. I did not address her at all. All that night I had no sleep, and lay with my clothes on.

On the following day—Monday, 12th October—the two English servants came again to attend to the room, and brought coals, water and food. One said he had sent the note with which I had entrusted him, while the other, Cole, said he could not get out to do so. I suspected, however, that my notes had never reached their destination.

On Tuesday, the 13th, I again asked the younger manservant—not Cole—if he had delivered my letter and had seen Mr. Cantlie. He said he had; but as I still doubted him, he swore he had seen Mr. Cantlie, who on receiving the note said, "All right!" Having no

more paper, I wrote with pencil on the corner of my handkerchief, and asked him to take it to my friend. At the same time I put a half-sovereign in his hand, and hoped for the best. I was dubious about his good faith, and I found that my suspicions were but too well-founded; for I ascertained subsequently he went immediately to his employers and disclosed all.

On the fourth day of my imprisonment Mr. Tang, as he is called, came to see me, and I recognised in him the man who had kidnapped me. He sat down and proceeded to converse with me.

"When I last saw you," he began, "and took you in here, I did so as part of my official duty; I now come to talk with you as a friend. You had better confess that you are Sun Wen; it is no use denying it; everything is settled." In a vein of sarcastic pseudo flattery he continued: "You are well known in China: the Emperor and the Tsung-Li-Yamen are well acquainted with your history; it is surely worth your while dying with so distinguished a name as you have made for yourself upon you." (This is a species of Oriental flattery scarcely perhaps to be appreciated by Western minds; but it is considered everything in China, how and under what name and reputation you *die*.) "Your being here," he proceeded, "means life or death. Do you know that?"

"How?" I asked. "This is England, not China. What do you propose to do with me? If you wish extradition, you must let my imprisonment be known to the British Government; and I do not think the Government of this country will give me up."

"We are not going to ask legal extradition for you," he replied. "Everything is ready; the steamer is engaged; you are to be bound and gagged and taken from here, so that there will be no disturbance; and you will be placed on board in safe keeping. Outside Hong Kong harbour there will be a Chinese gunboat to meet you, and you will be transferred to that and taken to Canton for trial and execution."

I pointed out that this would be a risky proceeding, as I might have the chance of communicating with the English on board on the way. This, however, Tang declared would be impossible, as, said he, "You will be as carefully guarded as you are here, so that all possibility of escape will be cut off." I then suggested that the officers on board might not be of the same mind as my captors, and that some of them might sympathise with me and help me.

"The steamboat company," replied Tang, "are friends of Sir Halliday Macartney's and will do what they are told."

In reply to my questions he told me that I should be taken by one of the "Glen" Line of Steamers, but that my departure would not take place that week (this was October 14th), as the Minister was unwilling to go to the expense of exclusively chartering the steamer,

and he wished to have the cargo shipped first, so that only the passenger tickets would have to be paid for.

"Some time next week," he added, "the cargo will be embarked and you will go then."

At twelve o'clock the same night Tang returned to my room and re-opened the subject. I asked him, if he was really a friend of mine, what he could do to help me.

"That is what I came back for," he replied, "and I want to do all I can, and will let you out by-and-by. Meantime," he continued, "I am getting the locksmith to make two duplicate keys, one for your room and one for the front door."

Tang had to take this step, he said, as the keys were kept by the confidential servant of the Minister, who would not part with them.

To my inquiry as to when he could let me out, he stated that it would be impossible till the following day, and that he could probably manage it at two a.m. Friday morning.

As he left the room he counselled me to be ready to get out on the Friday.

After his departure I wrote down a few words on a paper to give to the servants to take to Mr. Cantlie.

Next morning, Thursday, October 15th, I gave the note to the servant; but, as Tang told me on the afternoon of that day, it was handed by the servant to the Legation authorities.

Tang declared that by my action I had spoiled all his plans for rescuing me, and that Sir Halliday Macartney had scolded him very much for telling me how they intended to dispose of me.

I thereupon asked him if there was any hope for my life, to which he replied:

"Yes, there is still great hope; but you must do what I tell you."

He advised me to write to the Minister asking for mercy. This I agreed to do, and asked for pen, ink and paper. These Tang told Cole to bring me.

I asked, however, that Chinese ink and paper should be supplied me, as I could not write to the Chinese Minister in English.

To this Tang replied:

"Oh, English is best, for the Minister is but a figurehead; everything is in Macartney's hands, and you had better write to him,"

When I asked what I should write, he said:

"You must deny that you had anything to do with the Canton plot, declare that you were wrongly accused by the mandarins, and that you came to the Legation to ask for redress."

I wrote to his dictation a long letter to this effect in Tang's presence.

Having addressed the folded paper to Sir Halliday Macartney (whose name Tang spelt for me, as I did not know how) I handed it

to Tang, who went off with it in his possession, and I never saw the intriguer again.

This was no doubt a very stupid thing to have done, as I thereby furnished my enemies with documentary evidence that I had come voluntarily to the Legation. But as a dying man will clutch at anything, so I, in my strait, was easily imposed upon.

Tang had informed me that all my notes had been given up by the servants, so that none of them had reached my friends outside. I then lost all hope, and was persuaded that I was face to face with death.

During the week I had written statements of my plight on any scraps of paper I could get and throw them out of the window. I had at first given them to the servants to throw out, as my window did not look out on the street; but it was evident all of them had been retained. I therefore attempted to throw them out at my own window myself, and by a lucky shot one fell on the leaf of the back premises of the next house.

In order to make these missives travel further I weighted them with coppers, and, when these were exhausted, two-shilling pieces, which, in spite of the search, I had managed to retain on my person. When the note fell on the next house I was in hopes that the occupants might get it. One of the other notes, striking a rope, fell down immediately outside my window. I requested a servant—not Cole—to pick it up and give it me; but instead of doing so he told the Chinese guards about it, and they picked it up.

Whilst searching about, the letter on the leads of the next house caught their attention, and, climbing over, they got possession of that also, so that I was bereft of that hope too. These notes they took to their masters.

I was now in a worse plight than ever, for they screwed up my window, and my sole means of communication with the outside world seemed gone.

I therefore resolved to redouble my efforts, and made a determined advance to Cole, beseeching him to help me.

When he came in I asked him: "Can you do anything for me?"

His reply was the question: "What are you?"

"A political refugee from China," I told him.

As he did not seem to quite grasp my meaning, I asked him if he had heard much about the Armenians. He said he had, so I followed up this line by telling him that just as the Sultan of Turkey wished to kill all the Christians of Armenia, so the Emperor of China wished to kill me because I was a Christian, and one of a party that was striving to secure good government for China.

"All English people," I said, "sympathise with the Armenians, and

I do not doubt they would have the same feeling towards me if they knew my condition."

He remarked that he did not know whether the English Government would help me, but I replied that they would certainly do so, otherwise the Chinese Legation would not confine me so strictly, but would openly ask the British Government for my legal extradition.

"My life," I said to him, "is in your hands. If you let the matter be known outside, I shall be saved; if not, I shall certainly be executed. Is it good to save a life or to take it? Whether is it more important to regard your duty to God or to your master?—to honour the just British, or the corrupt Chinese Government?"

I pleaded with him to think over what I had said, and to give me an answer next time he came, and tell me truly whether he would help me or not.

He went away, and I did not see him till next morning. It may well be imagined how eager I was to learn his decision. While engaged putting coals on the fire he pointed to a paper he had placed in the coal scuttle. On the contents of that paper my life seemed to depend. Would it prove a messenger of hope, or would the door of hope again be shut in my face? Immediately he left the room I picked it up and read:

"I will try to take a letter to your friend. You must not write it at the table, as you can be seen through the keyhole, and the guards outside watch you constantly. You must write it on your bed."

I then lay down on my bed, with my face to the wall, and wrote on a visiting card to Mr. Cantlie. At noon Cole came in again, and I pointed to where my note was. He went and picked it up, and I gave him all the money I had about me—£20. Mr. Cantlie's note in reply was placed by Cole behind the coal scuttle, and by a significant glance he indicated there was something there for me. When he had gone I anxiously picked it up, and was overjoyed to read the words: "Cheer up! The Government is working on your behalf, and you will be free in a few days." Then I knew God had answered my prayer.

During all this time I had never taken off my clothes. Sleep came but seldom, only in snatches, and these very troubled. Not until I received my friend's cheering news did I get a semblance of real rest.

However, my final appeal on Friday morning, October 16th, had made an impression, for it was after that date that Cole began to interest himself in my behalf. Cole's wife had a good deal to do with the initiative, and it was Mrs. Cole who wrote a letter to Mr. Cantlie on Saturday, October 17th, 1896, and so set the machinery going. The note reached Devonshire Street at 11 p.m. Imagine the Doctor's feeling when he read the following:

There is a friend of yours imprisoned in the Chinese Legation here since last Sunday. They intend sending him out to China, where it is certain they will hang him. It is very sad for the poor man, and unless something is done at once, he will be taken away and no one will know it. I dare not sign my name; but this is the truth, so believe what I say. Whatever you do must be done at once, or it will be too late. His name is, I believe, Lin Yin Sen.

No time was evidently to be lost. Late as it was, after ascertaining Sir Halliday Macartney's address, Mr. Cantlie set out to find him. He little knew that he was going straight to the head centre of all this disgraceful proceeding. Luckily or unluckily for me, one will never know which, he found the house, 3, Harley Place, shut up. It was 11.15 p.m. on Saturday night, and the policeman on duty in the Marylebone Road eyed him rather suspiciously as he emerged from the compound in which the house stands. The policeman said that the house was shut up for six months, the family having gone to the country. Mr. Cantlie asked how he knew all this, and the policeman retorted that there had been a burglary attempted three nights previously, which led to close enquiries who the tenants were; therefore, the information he had, namely a six months' "anticipated" absence, was evidently definite and precise. Mr. Cantlie next drove to Marylebone Lane Police Office, and laid the matter before the Inspector on duty. He next went to Scotland Yard and asked to see the officer in charge. A Detective Inspector received him in a private room, and consented to take down his evidence. The difficulty was to get anyone to believe so improbable a story. The Police authority politely listened to the extraordinary narrative, but declared that it was impossible for Scotland Yard to take the initiative, and Mr. Cantlie found himself in the street about 1 a.m., in no better plight than when he set out.

Next morning Mr. Cantlie went to Kensington to consult with a friend as to whether or not there was any good in asking the head of the Chinese Customs in London to approach the Legation privately, and induce them to reconsider their imprudent action and ill-advised step.

Not receiving encouragement in that direction, he went again to 3, Harley Place, in hopes that at least a caretaker would be in possession, and in a position to at least tell where Sir Halliday Macartney could be found or reached by telegram. Beyond the confirmation of the policeman's story that burglary had been attempted, by seeing the evidence of "jemmies" used to break open the door, no clue could be found as to where this astute orientalised diplomatist was to be unearthed.

Mr. Cantlie then proceeded to Dr. Manson's house, and there, at his front door, he saw a man who proved to be Cole, my attendant at the Legation. The poor man had at last summoned up courage to disclose the secret of my imprisonment, and in fear and trembling sought out Mr. Cantlie at his house; but being told he had gone to Dr. Manson's, he went on there and met both the doctors together. Cole then presented two cards I had addressed to Mr. Cantlie, stating:

I was kidnapped on Sunday last by two Chinamen, and forcibly taken into the Chinese Legation. I am imprisoned, and in a day or two I am to be shipped off to China, on board a specially-chartered vessel. I am certain to be beheaded. Oh, woe is me.

Dr. Manson heartily joined with his friend in his attempt to rescue me, and proceeded to interrogate Cole. Mr. Cantlie remarked:

"Oh! if Sir Halliday Macartney were only in town, it would be all right. It is a pity he is away; where *can* we find him?"

Cole immediately retorted:

"Sir Halliday is in town, he comes to the Legation every day; it was Sir Halliday who locked Sun in his room, and placed me in charge, with directions to keep a strict guard over the door, that he should have no means of escape."

This information was startling, and placed the difficulty of release on a still more precarious footing. The proceedings would have to be still more carefully undertaken, and the highest authorities would have to be called in, were these crafty and masterful men to be outwitted.

Cole, in answer to further interrogations, said that it was given out in the Legation that I was a lunatic; that I was to be removed to China on the following Tuesday (that was in two days more); that he did not know by what line of ships I was going, but a man of the name of McGregor, in the City, had something to do with it. It also came out that two or three men dressed as Chinese sailors had been to the Legation during the week, and Cole had no doubt their visit had something to do with my removal, as he had never seen men of that description in the house before.

Cole left, taking a card with the names of my two friends upon it to deliver to me, in the hopes that its advent would allay my fears, and serve as a guarantee that Cole was actually working on my behalf at last. The two doctors then set out to Scotland Yard to try the effects of a further appeal in that direction. The Inspector on duty remarked: "You were here at 12.30 a.m. this morning. I am afraid it is no use your coming here again so soon." The paramount difficulty was to know where to go to represent the fact that a man's life

was in danger; that the laws of the country were being outraged; that a man was to be practically given over, in the Metropolis of the British Empire, to be murdered.

On quitting the premises they took counsel together, and decided to invade the precincts of the Foreign Office. They were told the resident clerk would see them at five p.m. At that hour they were received, and delivered their romantic tale to the willing ears of the courteous official. Being *Sunday*, of course nothing further could be done, but they were told that the statement would be laid before a higher authority on the following day. But time was pressing, and what was to be done? That night might see the tragedy completed and the prisoner removed on board a vessel bound for China. What was most dreaded was that a foreign ship would be selected; and under a foreign flag the British authorities were powerless. The last hope was that, if I were removed before they succeeded in rousing the authorities and the vessel actually got away, it might be stopped and searched in the Suez Canal; but, were I shipped on board a vessel under a flag other than British, this hope would prove a delusion. With this dread upon them, they decided to take the decisive step of going to the Legation, and telling the Chinese that they were acquainted with the fact that Sun was a prisoner in their hands, and that the British Government and the police knew of their intention to remove him to China for execution. Dr. Manson decided he should go alone, as Mr. Cantlie's name in connection with Sun's was well known at the Legation.

The Search for a Detective.

With all this in his mind Mr. Cantlie set forth again, this time to search out some means of having the Legation watched. He called at a friend's house and obtained the address of Slater's firm of private detectives in the City. Hither he went; but Slater's office was closed.

On Sunday it would seem no detectives are required. Can no trouble arise on Sunday in England? It must be remembered that the division of the month is but an artificial and mundane convenience, and crime does not always accommodate itself to such vagaries of the calendar as the portioning the months into weeks. However, there was the hard fact, Slater's office was shut, and neither shouting, bell-ringing, nor hard knocks could elicit any response from the granite buildings in Basinghall Street.

A consultation in the street with a policeman and the friendly cabman, who was taken into the secret of my detention, ended in a call at the nearest police station. Here the tale had to be unfolded again, and all the doubts as to the doctor's soberness and sanity set at rest before anything further could be attempted.

"Where was the place? "

"Portland Place, West."

"Oh! it is no good coming here, you must go back to the West End; we belong to the City police."

To the doctor's mind neither eastern nor western police were of any avail.

"However," he persisted, "could a detective not be obtained to watch the house? "

"No." It was out of the power of the City police to interfere in the West End work.

"Have you not some old police constable, a reserve man, who would be willing to earn a little money at a job of the kind? " Mr. Cantlie asked.

"Well, there might be—let us see."

And here a number of men fell good-naturedly to discussing whom they could recall to memory. Well, yes; they thought So-and-so would do.

"Where does he live? "

"Oh! he lives in Leytonstone. You could not get him to-night; this is Sunday, you know."

Sunday I should think it was, and my head in the balance. After a long discussion a man's name was suggested, and they got rid of the persistent doctor. The man's address was Gibston Square, Islington.

But before starting thence, Mr. Cantlie thought he would give the newspapers the whole talc, so he drove to the *Times* Office and asked for the sub-editor. A card to fill in was handed to him as to the nature of his business; and he wrote:

"Case of Kidnapping at the Chinese Legation! "

This was 9 p.m., and he was told no one would be in until 10 p.m.

Away then he went to Islington in search of his "man." After a time the darkly-lit square was found, and the number proving correct, the abode was entered. But again disappointment followed; for "he could not go, but he thought he knew a man that would."

However, as he strode forth with valiant intent, the Doctor encountered his expected "man" in the street, and immediately posted him. His Gibston Square friend had proved himself reliable and sent his deputy. The windows of the Legation, late as it was—past twelve at night—were still lit up, indicating a commotion within, the result, no doubt, of Dr. Manson's intimation that their evil ways were no longer unknown. The "man" was placed in a hansom cab in Weymouth Street, under the shadow of a house on the south side of the street, between Portland Place and Portland Road. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and both the Legation entrances could be clearly seen.

At 2 a.m. the Doctor got to bed, and having informed the Government, told the police, given the tale to the newspapers, posted private detectives for the night, his day's work was finished and practically my life was saved, although I did not know it.

The Government Intervene.

On Monday, October 19th, Slater's office was again asked for detectives, and, when they came, they were posted with instructions to watch the Legation night and day.

At 12 noon, by appointment at the Foreign Office, Mr. Cantlie submitted his statement in writing. The Foreign Office were evidently anxious that some less official plan of release should be effected than by their active interference, in the hopes that international complications might be averted.

On Thursday, October 22nd, a writ of *Habeas Corpus* was made out against either the Legation or Sir Haliiday Macartney, I know not which, but the Judge at the Old Bailey would not agree to the action, and it fell through.

On the afternoon of the same day a special correspondent of the *Globe* called at Mr. Cantlie's house and asked him if he knew anything about a Chinaman that had been kidnapped by the Chinese Legation. Well, he thought he did; what did the *Globe* know about it? The Doctor said he had given the information to the *Times* on Sunday, October 18th, five days before, and further supplemented it by additional information on Monday, October 19th, and that he felt bound to let the *Times* make it public first. However, Mr. Cantlie said, "Read over what you have written about the circumstance, and I will tell you if it is correct." The information the *Globe* had received proving correct, the Doctor endorsed it, but requested his name not to be mentioned.

Within two hours after the issue of the fifth edition of the *Globe*, Mr. Cantlie was interviewed by a Central News and a *Daily Mail* reporter. He was too reticent to please them, but the main outlines were extracted from him.

The real facts are these. Cole sent the following communication to Mr. Cantlie on October 19th, 1896: "I shall have a good opportunity to let Mr. Sun out on to the roof of the next house in Portland Place to-night. If you think it advisable, get permission from the occupants of the house to have someone waiting there to receive him. If I am to do it, find means to let me know." Mr. Cantlie went with this letter to Scotland Yard and requested that a constable be posted with himself on the roof of the house in question; but the Scotland Yard authorities, thinking it was an undignified proceeding, dissuaded him

from his purpose, and gave it as their firm conviction that I should walk out by the front door in a day or two.

Released.

On October 22nd Cole directed my attention to the coal scuttle, and when he left the room I picked up a clipping from a newspaper, which proved to be the *Globe*. There I read the account of my detention, under the heading: "STARTLING STORY! CONSPIRATOR KIDNAPPED IN LONDON! IMPRISONMENT AT THE CHINESE EMBASSY!" And then followed a long and detailed account of my position. At last the Press had interfered, and I felt that I was really safe. It came as a reprieve to a condemned man, and my heart was full of thankfulness.

Friday, October 23rd, dawned, and the day wore on, and still I was in durance. At 4.30 p.m., however, on that day, my English and Chinese guards came into the room and said, "Macartney wants to see you downstairs." I was told to put on my boots and hat and overcoat. I accordingly did so, not knowing whither I was going. I descended the stairs, and as it was to the basement I was being conducted, I believed I was to be hidden in a cellar whilst the house was being searched by the command of the British Government. I was not told I was to be released, and I thought I was to enter another place of imprisonment or punishment. It seemed too good to be true that I was actually to be released. However, Mr. Cantlie presently appeared on the scene in company with two other men, who turned out to be Inspector Jarvis from Scotland Yard, and an old man, the messenger from the Foreign Office.

Sir Halliday Macartney then, in the presence of these gentlemen, handed me over the various effects that had been taken from me, and addressed the Government officials to the following effect:

"I hand this man over to you, and I do so on condition that neither the prerogative nor the diplomatic rights of the Legation are interfered with," or words to that effect. I was too excited to commit them to memory, but they seemed to me then, as they do now, senseless and childish.

The meeting related above took place in a passage in the basement of the house, and I was told I was a free man. Sir Halliday then shook hands with us all, a post-Judas salutation, and we were shown out by a side-door leading to the area. From thence we ascended the area steps, and issued into Weymouth Street from the back door of the Legation.

In Weymouth Street a considerable crowd had assembled, and the ever-present newspaper reporter tried to inveigle me there and then into a confession. I was, however, speedily put into a four-wheeled cab, and, in company with Mr. Cantlie, Inspector Jarvis, and the

messenger, driven off towards Scotland Yard. On the way thither Inspector Jarvis gravely lectured me on my delinquencies, and scolded me as a bad boy, and advised me to have nothing to do any more with revolutions.

Abridged version of " Sun Yat-sen Kidnapped."

1890's

CHIANG KAI-SHEKS EARLY LIFE

HOLLINGTON K. TONG

Period: Towards the end of the Manchu Empire, when Dr. Sun Yat-sen was planning the revolution with his comrades.

Place: Fenghwa, a picturesque town in Chekiang, near the Lake District of China.

AROUND the names of men who have achieved fame solely by reason of their own efforts and without the adventitious advantage of birth or patronage, inevitably gather legends which are apt to gain in picturesqueness and piquancy what they lose in veracity. Chiang Kai-shek, President of the Executive Yuan, and Chairman of the National Military Council of the Republic of China, has been no exception. It is, comparatively speaking, only a few years since he became known outside his own country, but directly this happened there was an insistent demand that it should be explained who he was, what he stood for, and why he had won to leadership.

The demand was immediately met. It was immaterial to those who hastened to supply the required information that they had to trust to conjecture and imagination rather than to knowledge. The result has been that a fictitious Chiang Kai-shek has been presented to Western readers. What purport to be sketches of his career and analyses of his character have often been marked by partial knowledge, over-emphasis of what is immaterial, and neglect of essentials.

When the task was faced of preparing an authentic biography to correct current fabrications, an almost insuperable difficulty presented itself—his baffling diffidence. He naturally could, if he would, tell more about himself than any man living, but if the biographer were compelled to trust to information that he supplied, even after the most persistent and gruelling inquisition, the result would be meagre indeed. How true this is will be realised if a careful study be made of his

public utterances. Therein can be found few autobiographical details. When he refers to himself it is almost invariably only incidentally, simply as one of the instruments employed by Providence in the rejuvenation and reformation of the country.

Psychologists might explain this modesty, diffidence, or whatever it may be called, by inherent mental attributes. No doubt such explanation is satisfactory as far as it goes, but the influence of early environment, topographical and social, undoubtedly played a great part. What was that environment and what were the more important formative influences which were responsible for the tenacity of purpose and other salient characteristics which make Chiang Kai-shek conspicuous among the leaders in China? Perhaps the three greatest factors in the formation of a person's character are: (1) family influence, (2) time of birth, and (3) early topographical surroundings. It need hardly be explained that time of birth should not be interpreted in the narrow personal sense, but as meaning the historical period into which a child is born. It is material, therefore, to ascertain to what extent the subject of this biography was helped or hindered by fortune in these three respects.

Chiang was extremely fortunate in the family into which he had the good luck to be born. For generations his forbears had been farmers. His grandfather, who was extremely fond of Chiang, continued the family tradition, but also attained local renown as a scholar. His son (Chiang's father) followed in his footsteps.

Stories are still told in Chikow and its environs of the public spirit that was unceasingly shown by Chiang Kai-shek's father—Su-an. If it be true that blessings rest on the peace-makers, he must have been blessed indeed. When fellow villagers thought of going to law, it became an established practice for them to go to Mr. Chiang to lay the matter before him. If the issue related to a dispute between neighbours, he appealed to them simply as men. He pointed out that they were akin to each other, or were bound by traditional neighbourliness, and asked what advantage would be gained by giving money to avaricious *yamen* runners when their differences could be composed by a little mutual forbearance and commonsense. Often his counsel, entirely disinterested and the outcome of the goodness of his heart, prevailed, and expensive lawsuits that would have left a legacy of poverty and embitterment were avoided. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Chiang was accorded the position of an unofficial judge, whose decisions were accepted without reserve, and whose memory is venerated to this day.

Influences of heredity are questioned, but there is no doubt that a normal child, when he learns that the family of which he is a member has won esteem, if not distinction, in the past, determines that neither

by thought nor deed will he disgrace his forbears. It may, then, be supposed that Chiang received one of the most powerful inspirations of his young days when he learned that on his shoulders rested the reputation of an honoured family.

Of no inconsiderable importance is the fact that his upbringing fell almost entirely to the lot of his mother, who came from a family of good repute. With some truth it is said that children, especially boys, who are brought up by their mothers are frequently self-willed and inclined to rebel against discipline. When the mother is disposed to allow maternal love to blind her to her boy's faults, or at least constrain her to leave them uncorrected, she is laying up sorrow for herself and for him. Fortunately this was not the case with Chiang's mother. She was endowed with practical common sense, besides being an affectionate mother.

This was the third marriage of Chiang's father, and his wife had to give a mother's care to the offspring of one of her dead predecessors. Those who knew her best highly praised the affection that she showered upon those of the family to whom she was not allied by blood. The cruel shafts of wit often launched against step-mothers would have fallen pointless if directed against her. Two years after her marriage Chiang Kai-shek was born. Although he had no visible physical defect, it is related that in his childhood he was sickly; that on more than one occasion his life was despaired of. It was a matter of comment, however, that after being ill, he made rapid recovery, and that each illness was followed by periods of unusual liveliness and playfulness.

From stories which have been handed down it is evident that he was mischievous, and was a source of anxiety to his parents and grandfather. Occasionally his pranks nearly cost him his life. When only a little more than three years old he thrust a pair of chopsticks down his throat to see how far they could reach. They became stuck and were removed with great difficulty. The following morning his grandfather came to ask whether the vocal chords had been injured, whereupon the child jumped from his bed, crying: "I can speak. I am not dumb."

He was very fond of water. When he was six he frequently bathed in the mountain streamlet in front of the house, and in the swift current had several narrow escapes from drowning. In the winter of 1892 he was playing one day with a lump of ice in a large jar—these jars are usually placed under the eaves of Chinese houses to store rain water. He fell in, and extricated himself from the icy water only after much effort.

War games attracted him at this period, and it was remarked that when he and the children of neighbours played he was always the

"Commander-in-Chief." He directed the mimic campaigns with wooden sword and spear. In the intervals of play he ascended a hillock and told the other children historical tales. His mother and grandfather were so worried over his tendency to get himself into dangerous scrapes that they decided to send him to a tutor before he had reached school age.

Though his mother guided and shielded him in his childhood with never-failing devotion and affection, she early began to teach him to distinguish right from wrong, and to impress upon him that wrongdoing brought its own painful punishment. She was, according to Chiang Kai-shek himself, not so unwise as to risk spoiling the child by sparing the rod. If she learned that he had been inattentive and mischievous at school, she did not hesitate to use physical correction to emphasize her remonstrances. To this chastisement he submitted himself with good grace, recognizing, with that fairness of mind that has been a strong characteristic throughout his career, that it had been merited by his conduct.

In a touching panegyric which he wrote on June 25, 1921, after his mother's death, he gave a word picture of her. He laid stress upon the kindness that she showed to others who were in distress, particularly to widows and orphans. Although she was not well off, she gave freely to schools and hospitals, and was indefatigable in assisting work for public welfare. Although she had three living children of her own, she treated the girl and boy by a former wife with as much care and affection as she lavished on her own offspring.

In her spiritual life, Mrs. Chiang was a devout Buddhist. She was a strict vegetarian, and never omitted to offer worship daily, becoming increasingly fervent as the years sped on. Some have believed that the immunity from harm which she and her son enjoyed was a divine response to her piety. Frequently Chiang listened to discourses on Buddhism by his mother, and he has himself recorded that he devoted some time to religious and esoteric study.

After the death of Chiang's father in 1895, his mother bore the burden of bringing up the family gallantly and uncomplainingly, and few knew the heavy sacrifices that she made in order that her son should receive as good an education as could be obtained in the locality. Perhaps no better indication of her character can be found than her intimation to Chiang that she desired for him neither the accumulation of great riches, nor the attainment of high rank. "All that I pray for you," she said, "is that you should love your country and preserve the good name of your ancestors, who were men of reputation."

Thus, like the great Chinese sage Mencius, was Chiang Kai-shek brought up by his mother, and like that famous woman, she also was

a Woman of exceptional character. She required her youngster to assist in work about the house. Many years later he referred appreciatively to the disciplinary grounding that he received at this time. When addressing nearly 100,000 people at Nanchang in March, 1934, on the New Life Movement, he said, *inter alia*, "When I was a little boy, I was required by my parents and teachers to do many tasks such as sweeping and mopping the floor, cooking rice and preparing food in general, and even washing dishes. If I carelessly dropped a few grains of rice, or failed to fasten my clothing properly, I was severely taken to task."

Having given a brief account of the family influences to which the future leader was subjected, the time of his birth may be considered. This took place on October 31, 1887, at Chikow, in the district of Fenghwa, in Chekiang Province. Three years before he was born a war had been fought between China and France, in which the former was badly defeated. In those days means of communication were poor, and the news of China's defeat penetrated but slowly to outlying districts. Ultimately it reached his mother's ears in her rural retreat, and, high-minded and patriotic as she was, she was saddened by China's complete failure to prevail against Western prowess. Being a woman of education and more than usual susceptibility, it was natural that she should have shared in the resentment which was gradually arising throughout the Empire that the old order of things which had prevailed from time immemorial should have been rudely and successfully challenged. To what extent a child may be influenced by the pre-natal thoughts of the mother has never been determined, but it is not without interest to know that, before Chiang's birth, his mother had been mourning over China's humiliation, and perhaps dreaming of the day when the deliverer would be at hand.

A second defeat awaited China seven years after Chiang was born. In this case she was defeated by Japan. Notwithstanding his tender years, Chiang must have been vaguely alarmed by the whispered laments of his elders that the misrule of the Manchus had subjected their proud old country to further humiliation.

It is material, when considering the time at which Chiang Kai-shek entered the world, to remember that there was then a strong and general reaction to the humiliations which China had suffered and the exposure of her weakness. This took the form of a desire for reform and for the adoption of Western culture. Naturally, there was a demand that China should, as speedily as possible, obtain the benefit of Western military training, and secure similar equipment to that which had been used against her with such terrible effect. A movement for the introduction of Western learning was launched in

1896, under official auspices, and it was given great encouragement by Chang Chih-tung, the Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan.

The reform movement was undoubtedly much accelerated by a pamphlet, "To Learn," which this official wrote after the Sino-Japanese war. In the pamphlet he emphasized the significance of the lesson which the war should teach to the Chinese people. "Learn," he said, "the shame of being like Turkey (then the 'sick man' of Europe). Learn the necessity of becoming like Japan." At Chikow, the birth-place of Chiang Kai-shek, the pamphlet was eagerly studied by those who could read, and to the unlettered its contents were imparted by word of mouth.

Unfortunately, before the teaching of the enlightened Viceroy had time to become effective in arousing the people to their danger and the necessity of united effort, what looked like the dismemberment of the empire had begun. Germany established herself at Kiaochow Bay in 1898, Russia secured a lease of Port Arthur soon after, then Great Britain obtained a lease of Weihaiwei, and extended, by lease, the sphere of the Crown Colony of Hongkong. At the same time France obtained the lease of Kwangchow Bay, on the southern border of Kwangtung. Japan had already, as a result of the Chinese-Japanese war, gained control of Formosa, and claimed a "sphere of influence" in Fukien. All these Powers demanded the non-alienation of certain parts of China's territory, in which they claimed to possess special interests.

The Chinese, though they had not yet been thoroughly aroused, naturally regarded the threatened break up of their country by its partition into alien spheres of influence with dismay and indignation. So came the reform movement led by Kang Yu-wei, the renowned scholar. The old system of literary examinations was to give place to schools, and many other new measures were contemplated.

In 1900 the whole country, however, was thrown into turmoil by the Boxer Rising. Those who took part in that uprising, although ignorant, were undoubtedly patriotic. They received indirect, if not direct, encouragement from the Empress Dowager. When the movement was suppressed by foreign troops brought from the ends of the earth, a monstrously heavy indemnity was imposed upon China. There could be no further delay for reforms, but they were half-heartedly undertaken by the Manchus. In 1906 a special commission was sent to Japan and Western countries to study and report on constitutional and other matters.

This may appear to be a digression, but it is material to record that, even in his childhood, Chiang breathed an atmosphere created by actual or threatened foreign aggression, and eager hopes for reform and national rebirth. Undoubtedly he early developed a belief that

Western education was essential if China was to regain power and prestige.

Chiang saw the light of day in a hilly country. Chikow itself lies in a valley, though at some height above sea level, and close to his home were precipitous and forbidding cliffs. Above the little town towered mountains, snow-clad in winter, down whose sides in due season raced torrential streams broken by waterfalls of severe beauty. Though the winter is austere the soil is kindly, and fertile valleys enable the dour mountaineers to win a meagre, but sufficient livelihood by raising the grains and vegetables which are the chief products of the district. Through these valleys flow mountain streams which afterwards merge in broader rivulets upon which float the bamboo rafts that carry the hard-won fruits of the soil to the markets.

In these limpid streams could be seen schools of fish unceasingly fighting their way against the downward current like soldiers advancing in formation towards a hostile force. Chiang was often observed watching them with rapt attention. Once he was heard to mutter, noticing that the fish, after being swept backward time after time by the current, unflinchingly renewed their efforts to win their way up stream: "In the same way men have to fight against the odds of life, often repulsed but never despairing." Some elementary ideas regarding pertinacity, and even of military formation, were certainly inspired in his mind during the hours seemingly wasted in contemplation of the fish in the mountain stream that flowed past his native place. It may be recalled that the great Bruce was similarly inspired by the example of dogged perseverance given by a humble spider.

The belief that leaders of men are usually born amid mountains and clear streams has always been professed by China's sages, and, as we have seen, it was in just such an environment that Chiang Kai-shek was born. Food for thought is supplied by the knowledge that most of the world leaders of to-day who won their way to pre-eminence by their own efforts, were born in similar geographical surroundings. Perhaps men born in physically elevated regions are generally of sterner mould, and consequently better fitted for leadership, than those born in the lowlands.

Men who breathe the higher, rarer air are usually simple, straightforward, honest and hardworking, but they are wont to be reserved, proud and tenacious of their opinions. The people of Chikow were of this description, and they also had the strong clannish instinct that is found among mountain dwellers. Many generations of Chiangs have lived in Chikow, and to this day many families of that name are found there. Class distinction is scarcely known, the population of this agricultural district, with the exception of a few merchants, being sturdy farmers.

Generally, the families won their way by hard and unremitting work on the land. Like the early settlers in midwest America, they fought nature with their hoes, and forced her to yield. It was from such stock that Chiang sprang. Perhaps it would be worth the while of a thoughtful philosopher to determine to what extent the youth born in the city, who has only the works of men, which are necessarily impermanent, to contemplate, suffers in the battle of life in comparison with the young who are brought up amid the imperishable works of nature.

In order to understand why Chiang Kai-shek in after years had nothing of the shyness or awkwardness of a rustic, it is necessary to remember that Chikow is by no means an isolated hamlet—by the world forgotten. Actually, the town, which can now be reached from Shanghai by steamer and motor car in 10 hours, is the gateway of Ningpo and Shaohing. Daily through the town pass travellers from Ninghai, Tientai, Sinchang and Chenghsien. The residents of Chikow, therefore, are, in a sense, not wholly unsophisticated.

Having briefly touched upon the family influences, and the time and place of birth, we may speak of Chiang as a schoolboy. He early displayed attributes which differentiated him from his class-mates. Not that he showed any conspicuous ability in routine study—it must be admitted that, from all the evidence available, he did not at first make full use of the natural abilities that he possessed. It would appear from the testimony of those who knew him in those days that he rather sought for leadership in the playground than in the study.

Ethical characteristics, however, soon showed themselves. Even at the age of seven, he was remarkable for the zeal with which he championed the cause of those younger and weaker than himself. The story is still current of the vengeance that he wreaked on the school bully who had maltreated one of the smaller boys. Chiang Kai-shek left the class-room early, waited for the bully and gave him a severe thrashing. This was reported to the master by a countryman who happened to be passing when the incident occurred. The teacher severely punished Chiang, who bore the punishment without a murmur, and made no effort to excuse himself by explaining his motives.

As a result he gained a kind of moral leadership among the other boys, even among those older than himself. It is said that he was always ready to support his leadership with his fists if it were challenged. There is, however, no suggestion that he was domineering or bombastic. He undoubtedly loved to excel, and was always ready to play a part, and not a discreditable one, in the games in which young boys engage all the world over.

But there was no organized physical training in Chekiang—nor

elsewhere in China for that matter. At that time the shadow of the past still lay over the playground. Athletic prowess was not actually despised, but the importance of training the body as well as the mind was not recognized. In that simple little school among the mountains, physical instruction had never even been heard of. The country youth, however, suffered less from this defect of an educational system handed down from the past than his fellows in the towns. Breathing the pure air of the mountains, swimming in the cool, clear streams, and learning to be sure of foot while engaging in boyish adventures by fell and field, young Chiang unconsciously built up that physical fitness which in after days stood him in such good stead amid the rigours and hardships of campaigning.

An incident which occurred when he was attending the local school has been cited to show his early leaning towards democracy on the one hand and his fearlessness on the other. One of the teachers lecturing about America pointed out that the Presidents of the United States considered themselves as servants of the public and led simple lives without pomp. All the other students were astonished, but Chiang stood up and said: "The President of the United States of America is a man. There is nothing strange in his living in as simple a fashion as an ordinary citizen." A statement of this kind by a boy of ten, in a country where the head of the State was held to be semi-divine, naturally astonished the teacher.

After completing his studies at the village schools, Chiang was sent to the city of Fenghwa for more advanced tuition. At the Fenglu and Lungching High Schools he seems to have devoted more attention to his studies than before—at all events he succeeded in fully satisfying his examiners. Perhaps it should be noted that at this time a certain aloofness—that has often since been mistaken for pride—was manifested. Although he was ready to join in any game in which physical fitness was a requisite—he ran third in a race at the first inter-school athletic meet in Ningpo—he was averse to spending his time in empty talk. Often, while others were engaging themselves in the "tremendous trifles" that preoccupy schoolboys, he wandered away by himself and was evidently ruminating deeply. It was known, even at this period of his life, that he was determined to adopt a military career. He removed his queue to show his determination to go abroad for a higher education with the intention of ultimately helping to overthrow the Manchus. His relatives were alarmed as his action in the eyes of the authorities at that time seemed almost sacrilegious.

His mother had high ambitions for him—like Dr. Samuel Johnson's mother, "she had too much good sense to be vain of her son, but she knew his value." Quite possibly she felt some disappointment that he did not decide to follow civil life as a scholar, but that she was

quite resigned to his adoption of the career of a soldier was shown by the financial assistance she gave to her son during his military studies in Japan.

His farewell to civil school life dates from May, 1906, when he went from the Lungching High School to Japan to study military science. There he met Chen Chi-mei, a noted revolutionary leader, for the first time, and was initiated into revolutionary activities. He discovered, however, that he could not be admitted to a military academy in Japan as Chinese students were only admitted upon the recommendation of their Government. Consequently he returned to China and started to prepare himself for the competitive examination for admission to the Paoting Military Academy.

He passed his examinations with distinction and was admitted to the Academy in 1906. All the students except Chiang wore queues, a fact that naturally attracted the attention of the school authorities, but no disciplinary action was taken, though the absence of a queue in those days was supposed to indicate the possession of "dangerous thoughts."

The offensive behaviour of a Japanese instructor one day led to a scene. This man, who was lecturing on hygiene, placed a cubic inch of earth on his desk, and pointing to it said that it could support 400,000,000 microbes. He added that the lump of earth could be compared to China whose 400,000,000 people were like the 400,000,000 microbes in the lump of earth.

This degrading comparison so angered Chiang that he dashed up to the desk, broke the lump of earth into eight parts, and shouted: "Japan has 50,000,000 people. Are they like the 50,000,000 microbes living in an eighth of a cubic inch of earth?" The instructor was taken aback, and asked: "Are you a revolutionary?" To be a revolutionary in those days was to invite death, but Chiang calmly replied: "I wished to know whether your comparison was apt. You should not beg the question by raising another issue." The discomfited instructor was unable to reply, but later he asked the Director of the Academy to punish Chiang severely. The Director, however, knew that the Japanese instructor was in the wrong and he, therefore, merely ordered that Chiang should be given a mild reprimand.

At the Paoting Academy, Chiang threw himself enthusiastically into his studies, and his zeal and aptitude speedily won recognition from his instructors. His progress was so rapid that within a year he was selected, on merit alone, to be one of the carefully chosen students held to be qualified for more advanced study in military science in Japan.

When he arrived in Japan in 1907, he first attended the Shinbo Gokyo (Preparatory Military Academy) in Tokyo, which had been

specially instituted by the Chinese Ministry of War to prepare Chinese students for later study at a Japanese military academy. At the school he found it difficult at first to accommodate himself to the comparatively sparse and novel dietary. He learned that it was customary for the people of Japan to content themselves with one or two small bowls of rice, with the addition of tiny portions of fish and a small dish of cabbage or *daikon* (a species of radish). This, it may be supposed, was far from satisfying, but he determined to suit his system to the new conditions. By adopting the old expedient of tightening his belt, he accustomed himself, little by little, to the meagre fare. Ever since then he has been a moderate eater, and to this no doubt is attributable his freedom from the type of illness due to excess in this respect.

There were at this time more than 60 Chinese studying military science in Japan, but Chiang Kai-shek does not appear to have formed really close friendships with them. The aloofness to which reference has been made earlier, when speaking of his school days in Chekiang, was highly noticeable during his stay in Tokyo, and was resented by some of his classmates who failed to understand him. They made the mistake of thinking that his dislike of ordinary social amenities was due to pride, whereas from his earliest days he had been serious-minded and, while not averse to recreation, was impatient of time wasting.

He graduated from Shinbo Gokyo in 1909, and joined the 13th Field Artillery (Takada) Regiment of the Japanese Army as an expectant cadet for the Japanese Military College. He worked hard while doing regimental duty. The winter was very severe, but he always turned out promptly for early morning parade. Very often the parade ground was deep in snow. During this time Chiang performed all the menial duties of an ordinary recruit, from grooming horses to blacking his boots. He inured himself to hardship, fortifying himself with the thought that he would later experience much worse conditions on the battlefield.

The Japanese officers with whom he came in contact at this time do not appear to have been impressed by Chiang, except by his willingness to submit to rigid discipline. General Nagaoka, who was then commander of the division to which the Takada regiment belonged, a few years back published some reminiscences of Chiang Kai-shek.

He said: "I did not dream at that moment that Chiang would ever rise to the heights that he has attained. When I questioned his former regiment commander recently, the latter said that he had a premonition that Chiang would do well, but he never thought that he would become a great historical figure.

"I often wondered myself why what had appeared to be a commonplace cadet should have become such a great man. At last I hit upon the answer. In 1927, he resigned his posts in China and came to **Japan**. One afternoon I invited him to tea to meet his former regi-

ment commander. In his civilian attire Chiang looked like a young diplomat rather than a great soldier and statesman. He still addressed me and the other guests as his superior officers, although of course he knew that we had then no right to expect him to do so.

"Prior to his departure from Japan, he wrote four characters on a scroll which he signed. They might be translated: 'Do not be ungrateful for the instructor's teaching.' I have helped many Chinese, but none of them can be compared with Chiang, who even now does not forget the assistance and kindness rendered to him go many years ago. So I have concluded that it is largely due to this trait in his character that the young cadet who did not show any marked brilliance during his schooling in Japan has attained to his present position.

** When he came to Japan in 1927 he was under a political cloud. But he still cherished a high ambition and great hopes for the future. He was merely waiting for the opportune moment. To Chiang, who values friendship and kindness, I will ever pay respect."

Chiang, keen as he undoubtedly was to learn all that could be learnt in Japan of military science, spent much of his time with men of the Chinese revolutionary party, who were working for the overthrow of the Manchu regime. He became a member of the Tungmenghui, which later was reorganized into the Kuomintang. His sponsor was Chen Chi-mei, the noted revolutionary hero already referred to.

Most eventful of all was his meeting in Tokyo with Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Father of the Revolution. This took place at a meeting of the Tungmenghui, and it is greatly to be regretted that no artist was present to perpetuate the historic meeting of the great planner and the equally great executant. The two men were complementary, and Dr. Sun seems to have sensed immediately that the serious young man presented to him was destined to carry the revolution on when nothing but action would suffice. After one of Dr. Sun's passionate addresses, the young cadet and he talked over the projected Revolution at length. That the Leader was deeply impressed is shown by an observation that he made at the time to Chen Chi-mei. Indicating Chiang Kai-shek, he said: "That man will be the hero of our Revolution: we need just such a man in our revolutionary movement."

At that stage of his life, he was disciplining himself, consciously and unconsciously, to play his part in the Revolution when it should break out. He was pondering without interruption over the plans that sped through his fertile brain. With the natural impatience of youth, he was anxious for action. The period of four and a half years that he spent in Japan, first at a military school and later attached for training to an artillery unit, was far indeed from being wasted, but the day then seemed to be far distant when actual use could be made of the knowledge that he had acquired, and of the patriotic impetuosity which was

his by nature. He was, however, soon to have his dearest wish fulfilled.

The first shot of the Revolution which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty was fired on October 10, 1911, at Wuchang, but the echo was heard immediately at Tokyo. The moment had come. Chiang together with Chang Chun (Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1935-37), and one other Chinese cadet asked for 48 hours' leave of absence and went to Tokyo where they raised a few hundred dollars, as passage money. They bought cheap civilian suits which they put on in order to elude the gendarmes, who had already received instructions to search for them as they had not returned to barracks upon the expiration of their leave of absence. Shortly before they sailed for China, they returned their uniforms and swords in good condition by parcel post to their regiment headquarters.

1900's

THE CLAN BOOK OF A CHINESE FAMILY

CHIANG YEE

Period: Just before the Revolution had begun.

Place: Chiukiang, the Province famous for porcelain and pottery, on the bank of the Yangtze River.

ON the New Year's Eve of my twelfth year, immediately after the ceremony and the festival dinner, my father called me into his study and sent me to ask my grandfather whether I might be shown the family clan book. It is traditional in China for a child to be told, on reaching a certain age, something of the history of his family. The age differs from family to family but is rarely under ten. My grandfather gave his consent, and as my grandmother expressed a wish to be present at the event, my father thought it best to exhibit the clan book in the central hall, where our ancestral shrine stood, so that all the members of the household could attend if they desired. Except for those who were too young, they all came; for my father possessed great charm of manner and an excellent gift of story-telling. A painter by calling, he lived quite *in his own way* and seldom mingled with the other members of the family. In China an artist-or scholar holds a privileged position and is not obliged to conform, as are others, to every domestic regulation. When my father did join in family gatherings his company was invariably appreciated by all.

It was a memorable evening. All the lanterns in the hall were *til*,

and my father, after changing his dress and burning incense at the ancestral shrine, climbed up a ladder and took down very respectfully the wooden case in which the clan books were kept. There were thirty or forty volumes. He put them on the square table specially placed in the middle of the hall. Grandmother sat with a screen behind her in her usual dignified seat under the shrine. Grandfather was not present; he was tired and feeling his age. All the rest of the family—perhaps twenty persons—sat around the walls of the hall. My father seated himself at the table, with me standing on his right hand and two cousins, one a girl only two months older than me, the other a boy eight months younger, on his left. We could all three read a little of the classics and it was time for us to be initiated into the mysteries of the clan book. We were wearing our new silk robes, as was usual on New Year's Eve. I had a blue satin jacket without sleeves, a garment called *Pei Hsin* in Chinese, over my red gown. At that time I did not understand that this jacket was not so dignified as the one *with* sleeves, called *Ma Kua* and usually made of black silk; I liked the blue colour and had no thought for its significance. We were offered seats but we preferred to stand in order to see the words in the book.

Father passed quickly over the first few pages, which I know now were an introduction or preface written by some well-known person at the time when that edition of the clan book was printed, but he raised his voice and made a gesture of respect when the first name appeared. "This," he said, "so far as the records show, was our first ancestor." He did not speak the name, "Hsu," because it is not customary in China for a person to address or speak of an elder by name; he called him "Yuan-ching Kung." Yuan-ching was another name of our first ancestor, and Kung a respectful term used in referring to elders. Actually the first ancestor's full name was "Chiang Hsu, also named Yuan Ching." No member of my generation would be permitted to name him thus, and I only do so here to make the matter clear to my readers. "Yuan-ching Kung lived," continued Father, "at the end of the first century B.C. and was appointed by the Emperor Ai government-inspector and Governor of Yen Chai (a place bigger than the modern province). Unfortunately, this Emperor did not reign very long (6-2 B.C.) and there was a great disturbance in the time of his successor, when Wang Mang, a powerful minister, made himself regent for the boy-emperor. Yuan-ching Kung did not approve of Wang's action. He resigned his post, owing to ill health, and went back to his native place, 'Tu Ling' (a place near the modern capital city of Shensi province which in the Han dynasty, was Chang-An, the capital of China). Yuan-ching Kung kept to the confines of his own house, in front of which he made three footpaths

through a bamboo grove. Except for occasional visits to his two intimate friends, Chiu Chung and Yang Chung, he met nobody. One footpath he followed when he went to see his friends, the other two footpaths were used by his friends when visiting him. As they all became hermits their foregathering came to be a symbol of a poetic function; and the name of 'Three Footpaths' is often alluded to in later literature in reference to our Yuan-ching Kung. He was an upright and sincere man. His name was often mentioned in the capital when he held office, and this caused the unrighteous minister Wang Mang to be afraid of him and to try to do him injustice. Knowing he was no match for Wang, Yuan-ching Kung decided to become a farmer and desired all his offspring, too, to devote themselves to the cultivation of the fields. None of his literary works in book form has remained, but the rule he made for his family is printed in large characters in the clan book. It consists of only four words: 'Benevolence,' 'Righteousness,' 'Sincerity' and 'Endurance.' He commanded that each member of the family should be trained in these four qualities. Since then our family has always been called * The Hall of Three Footpaths."

At this point my father paused, and a cup of tea was handed to him by one of our servants. We all had something to eat and drink, my cousins and I preferring cake to tea. I pondered what Father had been saying. He had explained that before Yuan-ching Kung's time there were no records of ancestors in our family. But according to the early history of China, one of the sons of Duke Chou, brother of the Emperor Wu Wang (1134-1120 B.C.), was made prince of a State called Chiang, and the descendants of this prince used the name of the State for that of the family. As time went on the family became scattered all over the kingdom. That is why there are to-day so many Chiang families in existence.

According to the clan book, Yuan-ching Kung had three sons and two daughters. The sons were all excellent farmers and made the family prosper and increase. The two daughters married farmers and brought up their children according to our family rule.

Turning page after page my father remarked on this and that ancestor, until he came to a page over which he sighed deeply. The time was the end of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960-1276), when the Mongols were a scourge in the north of China, and there was also a serious epidemic in that region. Our ancestors decided to sell the land and move to the centre of China. That was how the family came to settle in Kiu-Kiang. For a very long time they lived and farmed on the north side of the Yangtze River, the community growing until the members numbered thousands. Splitting up, they built many houses close to each other, forming a village all the inhabitants of which shared

the family name of "Chiang-" They subscribed and collected money to build a big ancestral temple, and a school which we call I-hsueh of the Chiang family, in which all the children were educated. Then a member of the forty-seventh generation bought land on the south side of the river, where the modern city lies. As he had business in the city which occupied most of his time, he built a house on the south side and only crossed the river once a year to pay tribute to the ancestral temple. His house was considered an off-shoot of the original Chiang family and a temporary shelter to facilitate business. Whether temporary or not, every dwelling should have an ancestral shrine so that tribute can be paid twice a month according to custom. My father went on to say that this temporary house was the one in which we were living. According to the records it had had fewer rooms at first, most of the space being devoted to the garden. Now the house had sheltered more than ten generations.

Continuing his story to the present generation, my father pointed out how one of the fifty-first generation who did not follow the family rule as laid down by the first ancestor brought the family into disgrace. He was a youngest son, and being neglected, was always getting into difficulties. This reflected on the elders of the family, who were considered to have failed in their duty of bringing him up well; each member of the family therefore shared the shame. "Though I must not criticize my elders," my father went on, "I think our grandmother would like all of you to know this fact, so long as you remember the proverb which says that the private shame of a family should not be made known to outsiders." (Even as I write this I feel disloyal, though I address people of a different culture who will think none the worse of my family for the misdeeds of a remote ancestor!) At last my cousins' names and mine appeared. I was so excited and proud of being printed in the clan book that I moved nearer to Father's seat to have a good look at my own name. There it was, with only the date of my birth beside it. Father told me to step back again. He said that my name was added when I was about three years old. The latest volume of our clan book was reprinted every three years in order to keep it up to date. The whole clan book was reprinted every ten years, so that each new branch of the family might acquire a copy of it. The setting and printing were done entirely by members of the family and the whole set of woodblocks was kept in the ancestral temple. Father indicated that in the coming autumn he would take us across the river to pay our first tribute at the ancestral temple.

After he had finished his recital we all had our New Year's Eve fun. There were at that time in all more than fifty people, including a few servants, living in the house. No confusion existed in addressing one another, for we have special terms for elders and youngsters; *pai*, for

Father's elder brother; *Shu* for his younger brother; *Pai-mu*, wife of Father's elder brother; *Shen*, wife of Father's younger brother; *Ku*, Father's sister; *Yi*, Mother's sister; *Ke*, elder brother; 77, younger brother; *Chieh*, elder sister; *Mei*, younger sister; *Sao*, brother's wife, etc. We address each by the number of our position in the generation. Those above my generation address me by the family name. But those in the same generation I would address as "The third *Ke*" or "The seventh *Mei*" Boys and girls are numbered in their own sex. Thus I am the third and youngest son of my parents, the sixth in the boy group and the fifteenth in the whole generation. My father's generation numbered eleven. My youngest uncle was only one year older than me, and though he studied and played with us he was entitled to the respect and privileges of his generation.

As ours was not a wealthy family the elder members were kept very busy. There was not a special servant attached to each room in the house, as in most big Chinese families. The elder girls had to help their mothers with cleaning and washing, and the boys did some work for their fathers too. Any elder could order any younger member to do something for him, but it was not often that this right was implemented. Probably at that time my family could have afforded more servants than it had, but it was my grandmother's policy to make every one work to a certain extent. At festival times or on other important occasions the family joined hands with the servants. My memory of my grandmother, as she was in the days before I left home for college at Nanking, is that of a perpetually busy old lady, ever mindful of the family affairs and honour.

1910's

THE STRUGGLE OF A CHINESE HISTORIAN

PROF. KU CHI-KANG

Period: Eve of the Chinese Renaissance, when scholars, influenced by Western science, began to revalue the history and cultural heritage of China,

Place: The National University of Peking, then the hotbed of intellectual rebels.

The Scientific Attitude.

MY ambitions certainly soared high; I had in mind not only to reorganize and re-evaluate, by my unaided efforts, the whole of Chinese

culture, but simultaneously to grasp the meaning of the universe and find the *summum bonum* of life. As I look back on those aspirations, I can see that I really was, what in common parlance we call an "insane boaster! " How could it be that I could then harbour such thoughts of unfolding the mysteries of the universe and of man, and of solving problems that others had left unsolved? Yet nothing short of this could satisfy my insatiable thirst for knowledge.

In this quest I pressed forward with the impatience of a runner, whose arteries are almost bursting, or one impelled by an ambition to swallow %the waters of the Yellow River, or grasp the Five Sacred Mountains in his hand. Some of these emotions I recorded in my notebook as follows:

I am quite aware that the foolish K'ua Fu, who raced with the sun, succumbed of thirst by the way. But his ability to transmute his staff into the Forest of Teng was quite incomprehensible to such unreasoning creatures as the cicada and the magpie.

At another time I wrote:

While it is true that the sea of knowledge has no boundaries, we may, by laying hold of the opportunities that lie about us, cross five mountain peaks in one stride, or catch six leviathan on one hook, as did the giants of Lung-po.

In this manner I sped violently onward until it dawned on me that the universe is, after all, a mystery and that God, having no intention of disclosing ultimate principles to humanity, locked these securely in his treasure-box. Man was constituted for the purpose of expanding his innermost emotions, and his intellect was given him to be a kind of help in the attainment of these satisfactions, and has no reason for independent existence. Unfortunately man's desire for knowledge is greater than his ability to attain it; but he forces himself to achieve the unattainable by abandoning his emotions and talking about reason and knowledge. But this emphasis on reason is merely a vain fancy, something that man provides for his own satisfaction in view of the fact that it is impossible for him to arrive at ultimate meanings. By employing his reason to the utmost, man can certainly know much, but what he learns is after all elementary, and certainly has very little relation to the whole.

Theologians and philosophers proudly say to the scientist: " Your outlook on life is limited to physical phenomena, how can you compare with us, who are in touch with the Creator and with the ultimate principle of things? " Such language sounds plausible enough, if

one did not ask by what methods they arrive at their conclusions. Do they not proceed entirely from their imaginations? Those souls, who fancy themselves in direct communication with the Creator, still lack the positive evidence which can be adduced by scientists who, after years of investigation, apprehend the truth that underlies some minute physical object. The methods of the theologians would be justified if they did not claim to be promoting scholarship; but if they want to be characterized as scholars, they must be willing to begin with minute things first. Research may be compared to the gradual piling up of earth to make a mound, the higher one wishes to build it, the broader one must plan the foundations. But no matter how high the mound may be reared, it is useless to expect that it will ever brush the stars or touch the Great Dipper—and this despite the fact that it is possible to raise the level a little higher each day. The realization of this truth caused my over-exuberant spirit to rest with more tranquillity. I realized that there is no need for us to expend our energies in the vain search for ultimates. If each of us pursues his own task with industry and care, like the husbandman who slowly and painfully sets out one rice shoot after another, or like the workman who laboriously piles basket after basket of earth on the mound, then each may be said to be fulfilling his function in life. . . .

New Approach to Chinese Classics.

I fully realize that I am only a beginner in the historical field, and so cannot avoid disclosing a measure of superficiality, nevertheless, even a beginner has a right to his own values. He may consider matters that others never considered and emphasize features" that others never emphasized. He is in the position of a traveller, who for the first time comes to a strange land; everything about him is new, his interests are easily aroused, and many new questions come to his mind. But in the eyes of the natives everything is common-place; whatever they see and hear are regarded as natural phenomena of heaven and earth, and therefore incapable of stimulating their mental processes. Furthermore, the beginner can rely on his intuitive judgments and is comparatively free from the domination of traditional ideas. His interests are easily aroused by whatever he sees, and lead him to look for definite conclusions—unlike those profound scholars who, conscious of endless difficulties, hesitate to propound new theories for fear of exciting the wrath of their critics. A calf that has just been born knows not that the tiger is the enemy of his species, and so has not learned to fear. While there is danger in ignorance that underestimates the strength of the enemy, it must be granted that the venturesomeness of youth is, in a sense, a laudable characteristic. . . . I shall not consider my life to have been a success until

I can combine breadth of knowledge with an inquisitive spirit, and courage to set up independent ideas.

I am not one who is concerned with the apotheosis of any particular view; I find my chief satisfaction in employing rational judgments in the hope of arriving at impartial conclusions. There are men whose views I highly respect, but I respect them because they have outstanding qualities which serve to guide me—I have no intention of submitting my rational powers to their authority or dictation. The principles that I employ in passing judgment on the men of antiquity hold good for the men of our time. I have nothing that I worship in particular, therefore am also unwilling to view with prejudiced eyes men who do not happen to hold an influential position. Opposed to affiliating myself with any special school of thought, I am unwilling to apply traditional standards of praise or blame to scholars who have written honestly. There are those who argue that it is impossible to free oneself from some form of partiality, but I maintain that with respect to different schools of thought, one can take an impartial and objective point of view; and even granting this to be impossible, one should at least strive to reduce one's partiality to a minimum. There are those who believe that there is a real advantage in affiliating oneself with a specific school, on the ground that a school stands for a particular point of view, and gives its adherents definite hypotheses toward the solution of which they can direct their studies. They hold that the scholar will, at least, find the school useful to him in the beginning of his studies, even though in later life he may think it desirable to sever himself from it. Such arguments once had more point than they have to-day. In former years, when all branches of learning were in their infancy, when scholarship was not deeply impressed with the importance of facts, and had no proper historical method, there was no way to begin one's studies, or find even a dim guiding-light, except by affiliating oneself with some school. If, for example, anyone wished to combat the so-called Mao version of the "Odes," he had to base himself on three other ancient recensions known as Ch'i, Lu, and Han; and only after he had demonstrated his ability to establish his own point of view, could he break away from his allegiance. But all indications to-day are that one ought to liberate oneself as far as possible from this bondage. Now that we have such specialized studies as etymology, the grammar of ancient languages, and archaeology, we can go directly at the task of collecting data on the "Odes," and need not rely either on the Mao version or on the three mentioned above. It is true that, in order to understand the historical significance of these versions, it is necessary to make a special study of them, but such a study should be conducted for purposes of research and not as a sign of personal allegiance or loyalty.

In my opinion, learning is a gradual process in which one step must follow another, and in which no miracles can be performed; one must concentrate one's efforts in special fields, and must eliminate from one's mind all hope of acquiring anything by luck. In this process, one needs simply to inquire whether a matter is so or not so; not whether it ought to be so, or ought not to be so; every thought of personal advantage must be rigorously excluded, applying the same impartial standards of judgment to both the good and the bad. Doubtless much of what I have published is based on conjectures that have not yet been fully substantiated, but if, in the future, new evidence appears which necessitates a change in my theories, I am perfectly willing to revise them or, if need be, overthrow them. While I recognize that I am unable, because of inadequate training, to solve many of the problems that I have raised, I will not grant that my methods, or that my approach to them, are faulty. And while my hypotheses may seem to some unwarrantably bold, I will not admit that they were made carelessly, or in a spirit of levity. To be certain of eventual success I ask only the opportunity to pursue them yet more deeply.

The Scholar and the Patriot.

This whole question of "racial survival" is a very important one in history, but one on which it is impossible to reach definite conclusions without years of investigation. Living as I do in this period of turmoil, I share with others a patriotic desire to save the country, but having no personal aptitude for politics, and no ability in promoting great social movement, I find it impossible to make a contribution, except by helping toward a possible solution of this question. In all other problems I do not care to have anything to do with utilitarian aims, but this particular question I wish to submit to the investigation of politicians, educationalists, and social reformers, in the hope of attaining some results. For the purpose of obtaining data on it, I had in mind to go through local gazeteers and family genealogies, supplementing the written data by travel to different parts of the country to study folkways and the living conditions of the people.

The Wretched Life of a Historian:

I have studied some four foreign languages, but have not expended enough effort to master any one of them. Although in the last few years I have, from time to time, applied myself studiously to them, exposure, as Mencius said, "to one day's genial heat and ten days* excessive cold," has resulted in no startling progress. I fancy that in two or three years I might thoroughly master two of them. My only hope then is somehow to find five or six years in which to lay a

foundation in scholarship that will make it possible for me to speak with authority in my field. In fact my contribution to society would be greater if, instead of writing more books, I had opportunity to devote more time to study. With such a foundation, both my studies and my theories might reach the level of real scholarship and thus resemble more nearly an inexhaustible fountain. Of course, even under present conditions I am able to make a small contribution, but I fear that the results are like flowers that have developed in a greenhouse in advance of their season—blossoming before their time, they are in danger of fading all the more quickly.

While the above is a true statement of my ambition, I fear that this "love affair" is more or less "one-sided"; that society, the other partner to the arrangement, will not reciprocate. It insists on my being a producer and not a consumer; to speak very frankly, it does not really love me, it wants merely to use me. It says to me, "You have graduated from the university, your education is presumably complete—from now on you must be of some service." When a mule is fullgrown he is expected to recompense his owner by pulling a heavy cart, loaded with coal, rice, bricks, or stones until the load becomes utterly intolerable. When the beast can no longer draw it, the lash is applied until his hide is laid open and the blood flows forth. But of all this the owner is entirely oblivious—only when the animal's breath is exhausted and he falls dead in his tracks, can his work be said to be finished.

While I will not say that my experience has been as brutal as this, I must admit that the pressure which society has put upon me to produce results, can be adequately described only in the following parable: Having decided to travel to Europe via the Trans-Siberian Railway, I board the train at Vladivostok, and my heart is elated as I ponder on the long, eventful journey. A vision of boundless Siberian snows that merge into the horizon, and the glories of Paris and London, pass before my eyes. But scarcely has our train reached the little town of Chita when a swarm of men bursts into the railway carriage shouting wildly, "You have reached your destination, please get off!" I try to explain what my destination is. I remonstrate with them that I have only just started, when several reckless fellows unceremoniously push me off. I rehearse in detail the purpose of my journey, how disappointed I shall be to have it spoiled when it has just begun, but everyone laughs and says, "You have already left the boundaries of your country; surely you must be tired after going so far—please accommodate yourself to circumstances and stop here!" Imagine what one's feelings would be under those conditions!

I am constantly in the habit of saying that we should apply the scientific method to the re-evaluation of our national culture, and my

friends often laud me for doing so. But if I were asked what the scientific method really is, I fear that my analysis of it would not square with the zeal with which I proclaim the slogan. Hence I repeatedly ask myself, "What are the fundamental concepts that underlie the scientific approach?" In attempting to answer in terms of my development during the past twenty years, the following immutable and enduring impressions come to my mind. When I was twelve or thirteen years of age, I purchased several zoological and botanical charts, which impressed me with their clear and detailed classification of living organisms. When later I entered elementary school and began reading an introductory work on science, I was distressed by its unsystematic treatment of the subject. Meanwhile I observed at the home of a friend a text-book on mineralogy, which classified minerals very clearly according to their degrees of hardness, and while I did not know how the computations were made, I admired the systematic arrangement so much that I borrowed the book in order to copy it. After entering middle school I learned that the only method that chemistry has to ascertain what elements compose a given substance, is to study its reactions under different conditions and draw conclusions in the light of the observed phenomena. Moreover, through my study of logic, I learned that only by the application of the inductive method can one add to one's knowledge. Modern science begins with the building of hypotheses—basing itself on these working postulates, it proceeds to gather more evidence and, on the basis of this evidence, revises the assumption. By evolving thus from day to day truth is ultimately disclosed. Still later, when attending the lectures of Dr. Hu Shih, I discovered that the historical method consists in the apprehension of a given event from every conceivable angle and in every possible relationship—no event being regarded as having sprung up independently of other considerations. To be perfectly honest, these are the only features of the scientific method that have impressed themselves upon me.

What I want now to do is to apply these fragmentary concepts to the reorganization of our scattered and highly disordered historical materials; that is to say, by analysis, classification, comparison, and experimentation, discover the laws of cause and effect that made them what they are. Above all, I want to make bold use of hypothesis and induction, assembling evidence in support of new postulates, and so be in a position to put forth new theories. To speak somewhat presumptuously, perhaps, these are the methods that I regard as having received the baptism of modern science. Whatever doubts I have concerning the validity of these methods, all relate to their extraordinary simplicity—can it be that by such a few simple concepts one can attack problems in every field of study? With such doubts in

my mind I have not the courage to give an affirmative answer. For this reason I intend, when time permits, to make a thorough survey of the methods employed in the physical sciences, and apply the results to a searching criticism of my own thoughts and writings, so that I may be said to have actually acquired those methods and not merely proclaim an empty slogan.

When, during my youthful years, I studied the teachings of Confucius and Mencius, or read essays that appeared in the journal, "*The New People*" I had the ambition to become a great statesman. Later, as my tasks developed and altered I went in for literature and philosophy, and in the last few years have been keenly interested in natural science. But I marvel most at my intense love for truth, and my ability to carry on my work without fatigue or loss of interest. While it is generally said that Chinese civilization represents an unbroken accumulation of two or three thousand years of scholarship, we must confess that it is shockingly disorganized and that to obtain a genuine understanding of it is really very difficult. In trying to find my way through it, I feel as though I were in the position of a sorter of old rags and paper in a paper-factory, where the materials are unending, offensive, unclean, and disorderly. Being without suitable tools, the worker is reduced to sorting with his own bare hands. Yet I cannot say that I am ever disgusted with my task, or ever lose heart—I simply follow the programme which I laid down, and in that way manage to make moderate progress. My chief handicaps are my imperfect technique, and my inadequate talent and ability, which constantly give me the impression that, notwithstanding my high ideals, my accomplishments are still very meagre. If I can perfect my technique and develop my talents accordingly, I feel that my achievements will not be wholly insignificant.

The third difficulty under which I labour is the necessity of earning a living. I cannot say that I covet money, and I am sure that the amount of my salary is almost never in my consciousness. When I accepted my post in Peking, I was prepared to face the fact that my salary would be frequently in arrears, and that my livelihood would be precarious. In order to satisfy my scholarly tastes, I was disposed to lead a simple life with a minimum of physical comfort. But in recent years, as everyone knows, the finances of the Central Government have become extremely precarious, with the result that salaries have not been paid for months on end, and then only in fractions of the full amount. Under these conditions one has hardly enough for bare subsistence, to say nothing of a decent living. When I was still a student, I could turn to my grandmother or my father for money to browse at will among the bookstores, but now that I am working at my own profession, I have had to forego even that good fortune.

There are many works of reference that are absolutely indispensable to my studies, but I have no way to obtain them. Anyone knows for example, how essential to historical research are the "Twenty-four Dynastic Histories." While in former years I could afford only parts of this collection, I now have no access to it at all. When I come to the point where a book is urgently needed, and I can no longer endure to be without it, I am compelled to send a messenger to purchase it, and so avoid the agony of seeing other books on the shelves which I should have, but cannot afford to buy. Then, too, there are many places of historic interest which, in the interest of my studies, I ought to visit; but the high cost of travel makes it impossible for me to do so. Leaving out of consideration such far-away places as Ch'ang-an, Tun-huang, and Yii-tien, I cannot even visit places so accessible to Peking as Shanhaikuan and Hsii-shui-hsien, which were made famous as being the Great Wall sites of the Meng Chiang Nu episode. Even so small a sum as forty or fifty dollars would cover the expense of such an investigation, but after pondering it over for a year and a half, I have had to content myself to make the journey—only in imagination!

The uncertainty of my livelihood, coupled with reproaches I have incurred from various members of my family, have made it impossible for me, despite my keen desire to study, to concentrate on my work in quietness and tranquillity. To relieve, for the time being, the tenseness of the situation, I have had to rely on my meagre reputation as a writer to sell, from time to time, the products of my pen. But I hardly begin this task before I am burdened with a feeling of utter despair. Scholarship is my real vocation and I have no right to exploit it and thereby countenance insincerity and endure inward reproach, even for the sake of making a living. It is futile to talk about faithful and genuine scholarship if, in order to earn a bare subsistence, one is compelled to write daily several thousand words. I have decided that it is better in the end to suffer the tortures of economic distress than to endure the torments of self-reproach. This accounts for the fact that although I am utterly poor, I have not as yet written a great deal for mercenary ends. For the same reason I am disinclined to engage in meaningless social intercourse in the hope of currying the favour of others; or, by underhand methods, to seek official preferment. The future is not bright, and, as the philosopher Chuang-tzii said, "They may as well put me in a dried-fish shop at once!"

For my youthful obstinacy, I often drew upon me the reproach of my elders, who would say, "How will you ever be able, with such a disposition, to get along with others sufficiently well to make a living?" When at the age of twenty I reached manhood, I came to some conception of the uncertainty of life, I realized for the first

time what a price one has to pay for survival in human society. When, after studying the philosophy of Lao-tzu and Chuang-tzu, I perceived how in)erpetual conflict one's inborn nature is with human affairs, I became perfectly reconciled to submerge myself, and pretend at least to be one of those "cautious men of the village" whom Confucius contemptuously called "thieves of morality." The result is that relatives and elders, who once reproached me for my obstinacy, remark with one accord, "Chieh-kang is quite conventionalized!" Yet my efforts to suppress my innermost moods were, after all, but temporary; I realized that only work undertaken in pursuance of one's nature can be regarded as a true expression of one's nature. It is incumbent upon one to exercise one's own judgment in performing one's duty, for submission to outside influences can only mean moral downfall. No matter how severe the pressure of material poverty, I cannot willingly give up this characteristic stubbornness, wrong though it may be. This being the case, it is not unlikely that the warning which my elders launched against me will ultimately be fulfilled. . . .

Translated by Arthur W. Hummel.

OLD CITY

Ho CHI-FANG

A traveller came from over the frontiers.
 He compared the Great Wall to a troop of galloping horses.
 Manes tossed and neighing fiercely, turned to stone.
 (And by whose sorcery, whose maledictions?)
 Under their hooves new seedlings yearly sprout
 And' souls of ancient Tartar Kings repose
 In the northern gravel, and no whitened bones
 Of the men who died on foreign soil complain.

The Great Wall could not stop the flying gravel.
 Whirled by the desert wind beyond the borders,
 It blew into this antique city,
 Lashed lake-water to icicles and shook the forests,
 Agitated the hearts of wanderers.

A traveller crossed the marble bridge at midnight
 To grope for the white stone monument by the lake,
 (While moonlight groped for the crimson script thereon.)

Afterwards he inquired for the Jen Tzu willow
 But nobody cared to answer where it was;
 Too old the city, fain would he depart
 But stayed: he thought a tower rose before him,
 He would recline upon its balustrade. . . .

Translated by H. Acton and S. H. Ch'en.

THE SADNESS OF BEING A CHINESE

CHON TSO-JEN

The sadness of the Chinese!

Ah, what I am speaking about is the sadness of being Chinese.
 Not because foreigners have insulted me,
 Nor because my compatriot has oppressed me:
 He does not point out my name and beat me
 Nor does he call out my name and abuse me,
 He only comes upon me face to face
 Humming a nameless tune, and passes on.
 But when I sleep at home,
 He in his house beyond my wall
 Begins to fire off double-popping crackers.

Translated by H. Acton and S. H. Ch'en.

1910 s

FATHER AND SON: TWO REBELS

TAN SHIH-HUA'S LIFE TOLD BY S. TRETIAKOV

*Period: From the eve of the Revolution of 1911 to 1915—the birth of
 the widespread movement for emancipation.*

Place: Ssuchwan, China's largest province in the north-west.

1. My Father's Return from Japan.

SOMETHING in the middle of the night awakened me. The house was
 full of commotion.

An alarm? A fire? A death? An assault?

My mother's bed was empty. My grandmother was not there either.

"Grandma! Grandma! " I was frightened, ready to cry.

My grandmother came in, elated, and said:

"Get up. Your father is back."

My pants, robe, stockings, and slippers flew through the air. Quickly I was dressed. My grandmother took me by the hand and led me into the // *tang*. The room was black with people. We pushed through them to the middle, where there was a little more space. I stumbled over a suitcase, almost pulling my grandmother's arm from its socket. I lifted my eyes and saw father clad in a suit of European clothes, his hair cut short. The costume pleased me at once. He wore no braid, and looked at me with cold, austere eyes. He made not a step nor a gesture in my direction. Opposite father were my two uncles, and behind them moved the heads of the crowd.

Hands stretched out past my uncle's robe to touch the material of my father's jacket. One hand in a torn blue sleeve, the hand of a fisherman or a coolie, reached out to feel the back of my father's close-shorn head. Then it drew back timidly. My older uncle glowed with an unusual smile, like a bright oil lamp.

"Shih-hua, come here."

His smile continued to play irrepressibly over his face.

"Shih-hua, do you remember a verse I taught you to say? "

My mosquito voice sang out in the sudden stillness:

"What is your name?

Where did you come from?

Whom do you want? "

I stopped. My uncle turned proudly toward my father.

"Well, Ya-pu, didn't I teach him well? Your son can already recite T'ang verse."

My father bent down, lifted me in his arms, and half tenderly, half mockingly asked: "Do you just recite this verse, or do you understand it, too? "

Without taking my eyes away from his cold, inquiring glance, I answered: "I understand it."

"How? "

Looking past my father's ear, I began to stammer.

"Speak more clearly."

"My uncle explained it to me."

Father let me down on a large suitcase from which I could see everything.

The crowd grew tired of being quiet. The shadows on the walls began to move. A gawky, hoarse voice shouted laughingly; "Yang Kuei tze, Yang Kuei tze " (a faked foreign devil). My father seemed

an impostor to them. His face, speech, name—these were all ijective, but his appearance was that of a barbarian.

More and more people appeared from the darkness of the flight. Buttoning their robes as they came, the neighbours entered half awake, but all excited. The boatmen who had brought my father over the Yangtze stood about, their heavy arms crossed over their clay-covered shirts.

The big-footed carriers of *chiao*¹—the stretchers in which people travel over our paths—gossiped in subdued voices. Even the night watchman, who guarded the sleep of the five thousand inhabitants of Hsien-Shih, looked into the room over the shoulders of the people. The big gong he carried resounded softly as it struck his knee.

Almost crushed by the staring, pushing, breathing crowd, my father stepped forward and said: "Unfortunately, my parlour is small and I can not receive all my dear neighbours. But I can offer them a light amusement."

He bent over his suitcase, rustled the paper, dropped cardboard boxes on the floor, and took out a shining box. A glistening black disk under an enormous metallic flower began to turn. Suddenly from the flower-like horn came the strong, hoarse measures of a military song. The crowd rushed to the doors. Somebody was trampled underfoot. Then they began to laugh, got over their fright, and surrounded the gramophone. While my father wound it up and turned over the glistening disk, their curious fingers got into the horn, touched the nickel surface, felt the disk and the point of the needle. Some nodded disapprovingly. My father lifted his hand and reassured the people.

"There is nothing inside this box. It is difficult to explain in a few words how this machine works, but I promise to tell you about it in detail at a more convenient time."

The crowd forgave the gramophone for the time being, its human voice and howling orchestra. Leaving it under a slight suspicion, they turned to my father's baggage. They fingered the canvas cover of his suitcase. There are no canvas suitcases in Hsien-Shih, where all our belongings are packed in leather and wooden chests. They tried to lift the heavy case. In vain. Their eyes met in suspicion; they frowned; I heard the whispered word, "Gold."

Father took out a key. The bulging pod of the suitcase popped, opened, and, with a light rustle, glossy books slid out from its inside.

The people weighed them in their hands. What heavy books! Chinese books are as light as feather pillows. And they are made differently. In a Chinese book only one side of a long strip of paper is covered with hieroglyphics. It is then folded over like an accordion and bound. These foreign books were made of small, separate sheets

¹ A sedan chair.

of paper printed on both sides. The hieroglyphics in these books were different too. They turned the books in their hands, looked at them upside down, and laughed, unable to read the Japanese words.

"What a barbarous language! "

The noise, the shuffling of feet, the boom of many voices, did not stop until the grey dawn cut a square of light in the doorway of our room.

Sleep was closing my lids. I heard the voice of my younger uncle over my head.

"The boy should be in bed."

I clutched my grandmother's hand and stumbled out.

My father managed to conceal from the neighbours the goods that made his suitcase so heavy: black Japanese hand-grenades.

2. *My Father is "Dead."*

The summer of 1915.

There was a knock at the gate. In the courtyard stood my younger uncle, looking like a pilgrim. A basket of incense sticks and other offerings hung on his arm, and, to the great joy of the monks, a sedan chair was standing behind the gates. Giving me a warning glance, he said to the abbot: "I want to take a walk in the mountains, could I have your boy for a guide?" and he handed his basket to the gateman.

To be sure the monk could not hear us we hurried up the path leading into the woods.

"Shih-hua, your father wants to see you. Your step-mother has just moved to his new place." He told me how my father was living now, and added, "We'll arrange it this way. I'll leave my basket here, and to-morrow a man will stop here and ask the monks to send it down with the boy. Take it straight to the village where your father is now living."

If he hadn't spoken to me, I would never have recognised my father in this middle-aged, coarse-looking peasant, with calloused, brown hands and a long black beard. For the first time his face lit up with a smile at the sight of me. He was amazed to see me sunburned, long-armed, and tanned. My appearance was so unusual that my step-mother began to cry, hiding her face in a handkerchief. My father put a hand on her shoulder and said, "Don't cry. Everything is so much better now than it was six months ago."

My father's house had but three rooms. It stood alone in the field, surrounded by a bamboo grove in which was an ancient well full of clear cold water. A large opening was cut out in a rock and steps led down to the water. From this well, father carried buckets of water

daily to sprinkle his garden and, in time of drought, his fields as well. Half a dozen hens and ducks pecked at the ground near the porch.

My father said, looking at my uncle, "As soon as the danger is over, we must send Hua back to school. If he goes on like this much longer he will forget all he has learned there."

My uncle frowned. "It is not time yet. I think that the *taoyin*¹ might leave him alone if he were sure that you were dead. Don't you think it's about time for you to die?"

My father answered quietly: "I had thought of that. We must spread the rumour that I am dead. The question is, how to start it, and who would do it? If we had a good Ke-Lao member around we could make him do it."

He thought for a long time, trying to remember names, consulting my uncle about them, rejecting most of them. Again he thought, remembered new ones. He finally chose the name of a soldier, Fang.

"The talk of my death must not originate in our country. Tell Fang to go to Shanghai and begin spreading the rumour from there."

When we parted, father said to me: "You must obey the abbot and win his confidence. Then you will have more free time and we can see each other more often. It would be a good thing if I taught you a little; otherwise you will grow up a complete ignoramus."

Again the days went by as monotonously as the sound of the gongs at night. Day after day, week after week, month after month. I had been at the monastery a whole year. The monks were used to me now. My life was much freer and quieter. I was unusually fond of work. I would run voluntarily out to the woods to gather brush for the kitchen stove, and then, lifting the long tails of my robe, speed to my father. He would put paper, brushes, and ink before me, open a book and teach me subjects which I had already begun to forget.

Of course Fan, who had saved me from the soldiers of the *taoyin*, would have been the best man to organise the rumour about my father, but he was no longer in Szechuan. He was away somewhere fighting with one of the revolutionary groups against Yuan Shih-kai. But Comrade Fang was a very good executive. My younger uncle urged him to go. The discipline of Ke-Lao was still strong, and Fang went down the great Yangtze into Shanghai with its roaring steamers, the whistles of factories, and the sirens of thousands of black, beetle-like cars.

In Shanghai there were many merchants from Szechuan, trading in cabbages. The merchants were glad to see their countryman, and, moreover, such an interesting one. He knew so many stories and so much gossip that they could have listened to him all day and night.

They were most interested in his story about the famous Tan Ya-pu, who had broken the necks of the Manchus in Teh Chien and the adjoining districts.

"Tan Ya-pu," so ran Fang's story, "was already ill when he had to escape from the *taoyiris* soldiers. He was obliged to rest in the freezing cold of the rice-fields and the woods. The sharp bamboo stumps tore his clothes. Exhausted, he reached the river. Somehow or other, with his few last coppers, he went down the Yangtze to Shanghai, and from there he fled to Canton. But when he reached Canton and was safe, his strength gave out and he died.

The gossip ran from mouth to mouth. In a few weeks there were several people who said that Tan Ya-pu had died in their arms. These eye-witnesses remembered the expression of his face, his last words, and the place where he was temporarily buried until his relatives should arrive to carry his remains back to his native Szechuan. My father was well pleased with this invention. Not only his comrades, but his worst enemies, officials, landlords, and merchants, were shocked. Tan Ya-pu, who had overthrown the Manchus, dead? Their famous countryman dead?

The meetings of card-players in clubs and temples were replaced by meetings of mourners. My father's name and title were written in beautiful hieroglyphics on a large tablet buried under wreaths and flowers. There were touching funeral orations. The former members who had betrayed the revolution and sold out for the title of official and for a quiet, undisturbed life, addressed the crowd in lofty words. They enumerated the merits of the deceased, bringing tears to the eyes of listeners. Their own voices would tremble as if they had really lost a dearly prized friend.

The officials, whose eyes also glistened with moisture, said that the personality of my father was truly unique and wonderful, and that, even if it was true that at times he was too daring and dangerous to society, nobody would ever be able to withhold from the luminous name of Tan Ya-pu the glory of the fact that it was he who had liberated Teh Chien from the rule of the Manchus, and held the power in his own strong hands, never taking a half-penny for himself and never spilling a drop of his citizens' blood. The intellectuals of the town, wearing the insignia of mourning, arranged the wake-dinners and invited my younger uncle to tell them about the heroic deeds of his great brother. My uncle went. Why not? It was all for the best. The only thing he had to be wary of was to be sad enough in appearance and not to forget the original story. Even the *taoyin* who six months ago, was sending his soldiers to capture Tan for execution, dropped a tear in his soup. With the "death" of my father, the Government lost interest in me.

The bronze knocker at the monastery gate sounded three times. My older uncle, gay and red-cheeked from the cold winter air which persisted in the mountains, appeared in the doorway and called:

"Shih-hua, Tan Shih-hua! "

The monks were bewildered to see me run out to the sound of this name which they had never heard before.

"Put your clothes on, nephew. We are going to Teh Chien. You must continue your schooling."

The monks were amazed. What? Lao-su is not Lao-su at all, but Tan Shih-hua! He is no orphan, but a nephew of the esteemed Tan Sao-pu! He is not an errand-boy in a monastery, but a man who is soon to be graduated from the high school in Teh Chien!

The embarrassed abbot humbly said to my uncle:

"We had our doubts about Lao-su for a long time. He was such an extraordinary boy! Ask him if we didn't treat him well."

I could see regret in the eyes of the monks. A cheap and skilful farm-hand was leaving their monastery. Such a good clerk too.

My uncle and I went to see my "dead" father first. I had to say good-bye to him. From now on, our meetings would not be so easy to arrange. My father wiped his soil-covered hand on the bottom of his shirt and said: "Now you are really a 'Su'!" *Su* means "resurrection."

I was surprised at my father's gentleness. His closeness to the earth seemed to have made him more approachable.

In Tan Tsia Chen I took off the wide-sleeved robe of the monks. My uncle dressed me in the very last word in mourning clothes. I wore a black paper skull-cap with a white button and white slippers. I was to go back to Hsien-Shih garbed in these sad garments and to continue wearing them for three years.

The school inspector, who had not wanted to let me go two years ago, was now the head of the school. He met me almost crying with joy.

"Why did you run away two years ago? If you had told me your troubles then I could have helped you! "

I bowed politely. I knew that the day after my flight he had received orders to turn me over to the police.

In passing I saw the Chen sisters in Hsien-Shih. How they had grown since I had seen them last—Tsai-in, especially. She had the carriage of a grown-up person. It embarrassed me to think that I could still sit down next to her, put my head in her lap, and listen to her recite poems over my upturned face.

The sisters were glad to see me. They asked in unison: "Shih-hua, is it really true that your father is dead? Where were you, then, all these two years? "

" Yes, my father died. I spent two years in a monastery."

They would not believe me until I began reading prayers the way monks do in a temple. The giggling of the sisters stopped. They stared at me in amazement and then burst out into hilarious laughter:

"Ho-Shen!¹ Ho-Shen! Shih-hua is a Ho-Shen!" and the word Ho-Shen remained as my nickname.

For several days I attended school as a listener, trying to remember the forgotten subjects. I passed the examination after New Year and joined the life of the students again. I had to catch up on what I had missed during my two years' absence. My former comrades, now in different classes, surrounded me in a dense crowd. They asked me where I had been, cursed the *taoyin* and the Government, regretted my father's death, wanted to know all the details, and told me about the war in Europe, and what low scoundrels the Germans were.

I was overwhelmed by the news; I sat and repeated sad words about my father's death. Together with my comrades I cursed the Government and hated the Germans.

3. *My Engagement.*

My father was away on his long trips and campaigns. I grew completely estranged from my family. Somewhere in the house, without coming in touch with me, my sister was growing up.

My step-mother would lower her eyes every time she saw me. She felt guilty for my father who had forbidden my marriage to Tsai-in. At the same time her only thought was to marry me as soon as she could and to the best possible advantage.

The engagements of my comrades, fifteen-year-old boys, were being announced and celebrated one after another. Some of them—those who had money, for the most part—would give up for ever the study of tiresome geometry, geography, the English language, and ancient verse, and go with their young wives to the country, where they would learn how to run big estates. Some would stay in town, trying to make their way in the world, working in their uncles' offices. Every such engagement was an insult to my step-mother. At night she would cry. During the daytime she would run to our relatives, complaining of our poverty and our misfortune. She was ready to humiliate herself before the go-between, who occasionally came to our house to find out if there was a chance to engage me to some girl in Hsien-Shih or in a nearby village. My step-mother's answer was tearful and pathetic: "We are poor. We are ready to marry Shih-hua to any girl who would consent to marry him. You should ask the parents

¹ A monk.

of the girls, and not our needy family, which hasn't enough money for three meals a day. Ask them if they would care to have us as relatives."

Something was going on behind my back. I noticed the quick whisper of the go-between with her husband, whenever they met me on holidays in the streets of Hsien-Shih. There was something unpleasant in the jokes and remarks of my friends at the celebrations of their engagements.

The days of the New Year holidays flew by as casually as cards dealt by a skilful player. I tried to stay in the house as little as possible. It was crowded with relatives all the time and I sickened at the sight of their faces, which broadened with smiles whenever they looked at me. Their hands, which at the time of my flight had shoved an obsequious dollar or two into mine, were now trying to pat my back condescendingly. I bowed politely and would not talk. They would make fun of me. Who gave them the right to ridicule me? Let them gossip with my step-mother, let them drink their endless cups of tea, and tell each other about the illnesses of their children and last year's price of tangerines. I could always go off to my school-mates and play chess, recite poems, or talk about France and the university.

I came home about dinner-time. The fine odour of pungent dishes, * unusual from our house, surprised me. Why a special dinner to-night? Why so many people in the house? Besides the relatives who were there that morning, many neighbours had come and some guests from the country. Why did they all stare at me? I had nothing to do with the celebration. It was neither my birthday nor the day of my graduation. I was astonished by the fact that the guests greeted me somewhat solemnly and that the relatives did not joke as usual, but smiled significantly. I passed quickly into the reception-room. The guests were standing around their tables. They would not sit down, but all looked at one corner of the room. There stood a special table. At first glance one would think that a pile of burning coal had been scattered on it—it was so red. The relatives kept looking first at me, and then at the table, then at me again. I had to find out what it was all about. I walked straight to the table. Notebooks in glossy red bindings, books tied cross-wise with red ribbons, sticks of black chalk showing black ends from their leather coverings, brushes with red handles and red eggs were piled up on the table. It was clear to me. I had been engaged.

These small red things had been sent to me from the parents of some unknown girl in return for gifts that had evidently been presented to them by my step-mother. When had she had time to send all the things demanded by etiquette—silk gowns, pieces of silk

material, small packages of sticky sweets, and a pair of pink-coloured geese in a bamboo basket, the symbol of our future matrimonial faithfulness? (According to Chinese belief, there is no couple more faithful to each other than geese, neither on earth, nor in the water, nor in the air.)

The red colour of the presents made the blood rush to my head. Another moment and I would have burst out crying and thrown the things at my pathetic step-mother. But it was not in vain that since my babyhood I had been taught good manners by my uncle, my grandmother, and my mother, whose last words were: "Never fight, Shih-hua." On the surface I was silent as a black Japanese grenade, but like a grenade I was ready to explode. My aunts giggled. One of them said sympathetically: "See, Shih-hua, you are a grown-up man, and you need a fiancée."

This was more than I could stand.

"It seems that this fiancée was needed more by my step-mother," *t* said.

She was in the crowd of guests, busily giving orders to the servants. I heard how her whispers were suddenly choked by my outburst. She bit her lips and lowered her eyes; she was embarrassed, but did not lose her head. She did not have to retreat—the victory was hers. Plenty of fifteen-year-old boys cry in anger on the day of their engagement.

The chairs rumbled around the tables. Steam curled above the porcelain bowls. Behind my chair I stood like an automaton. The delicacies spread out in front of me on the table seemed more revolting than the rotten rice in the school. To sit down next to those people who a minute ago had thrown me into the burning furnace of these red presents! To listen to them chew their food and make their silly jokes! To offer them more and more dishes and smile into their mocking eyes.

"I don't want to! I won't do it! "

For the second time my step-mother asked me to sit down. Suddenly I sprang back and ran out of the room. I walked along the street, burning with anger. Oh, if only somebody would insult me so I could strike him in return and hit again and again till the blood streamed and he cried out in pain.

How dared they—all these aunts and my step-mother, this strange woman brought by my father from Chengtu—how' dared they decide what I should do! I was big enough to make decisions for myself. When my father forbade my marriage it was one thing, but when my step-mother behind my back made me an object of all this humiliating ridicule . . . Who was this girl? What girl were they going to place next me at the dinner-table and put into my bed on the night of the

wedding? Perhaps she was ugly? Illiterate? Stupid? Slovenly? I did not know who she was, nor from what village she came.

I went to my school-mate. He watched very quietly as I paced his room in excitement. Then he arranged the chessmen on the board.

"I was engaged to*day." I shouted to him the terrible words.

He was not perturbed. "Yes," he said. "The name of your fiancée is Yuan. Sit down and play."

But I could not sit down.

Two different thoughts tore at my brain. One thought was: I don't want a wife. The second was: What about my step-mother? She was doing what she considered a very important and necessary thing. She had arranged this engagement purely out of her love for me. She had no children of her own and that was why she was deciding things for us. But this feeling of sympathy was immediately destroyed by the first thought: I do not want a wife.

"Listen," I said to my comrade, "I am not going to marry."

"Nonsense," he answered quietly. "You will marry. You cannot break an engagement. If you break the engagement you'll ruin your family. The parents of your Yuan will start a case against the go* between. The go-between will blame your step-mother, and then she'll never stop paying the court. And you will be fortunate if the case ends with only a fine. The judges may be afraid your step-mother might run away—they know that all Tans are good at running away—and they might put her in prison for the duration of the trial. Stop pacing the room, Shih-hua; let's play chess. It is not becoming to a chess champion to be so shame-facedly upset over such an unimportant and inevitable thing."

I stopped in front of the chessboard, took a man in my hand, and made my first move. It was fortunate that Tsai-in was not in Hsien-Shih at that time. She was visiting some of her friends.

Vacation was over and I went back to school. In my absence a magnificent wedding stirred up the quiet Hsien-Shih. The older sister Chen was married to one of the richest landowners of the province. After the wedding the entire family Chen, and Tsai-in with them of course, went to visit the newly-married couple in the castle on their large country estate.

Thus ended my friendship with the sisters Chen. I often thought of Tsai-in, but I never tried to find out what happened to her.

4. *The Two Fathers.*

My step-mother met me in **our** half-empty house. My father was still in hiding under an assumed name. My little sister was visiting relatives; my uncle was away on a trip; my wife and **child were** staying with her family.

My step-mother lowered her voice, and told me, guiltily, about the little girl. My wife did not like her—the child was not a boy. She did not even want to nurse her, and they had had to hire a nurse. Unfortunately the nurse had turned out to be a filthy woman. Now the child was all covered with ringworms and sores.

The old hatred of my wife twisted my face. I listened impatiently to the words of my step-mother, and waited for the coolie who had been sent to my wife's family.

I heard steps in the court: at last!

A strange, slovenly woman, with disgustingly large breasts protruding from her robe, brought in a child dressed in a clean shirt. The woman—this was the highly-praised nurse—wanted to give the little girl to me. But I would not take her into my arms. Children are such small slippery things. We—the child and I—stared at each other.

My wife was standing in the doorway, bowing and smiling.

Without restraining my anger, without even greeting her, I turned to my step-mother, and pointed at the dirty spots behind the baby's ears. My step-mother paused a moment in reproach, and then said to my wife, "Is the child dirty again?"

My wife did not answer. Her face fell. She had grown thinner since last year. Without looking at the child, or at me, or my step-mother, she went to her room.

I passed woods and wood-cutters in the olive orchards and bamboo growths along the river. My father was hidden far away, in a fortified castle protected by hillocks and walls. A path to the gates went over a stone ridge. One man could have successfully defended the castle. People had to walk in single file over the ridge. Bullets could pick them off easily.

My father's room was small. He wore a white peasant-blouse with buttons down the side.

I said: "Hello, father,"

He answered: "Hello, father. You are also a father now, Shih-hua."

I looked at him bewildered. He was smiling, almost joking. I knew from his letters that he had forgiven me Peking, but still I expected to be rebuked. No. Nothing. He asked me how difficult the examinations were. How did I like to live in the university? Was it warm in the dormitory? How big was the library? How learned the professors?

"About the professors I don't know. They are out on strike."

He spoke slowly, and I listened to his words as one listens to a teacher.

"Although you have a strike at present, see to it, Shih-hua, that

you don't stop studying on that account. Study is the first thing. Studying is like rowing against a current, once you stop rowing you are carried down-stream. Accumulate knowledge, Shih-hua! Accumulate knowledge. I have sat here under a stranger's roof, and speculated for many a month trying to find out what was wrong with our revolutionary movement. We did not have enough knowledge. We did not think that the Manchus would give up so easily. We were preparing ourselves for a long fight. We valued science less than the ability to make bombs and to handle rifles. We worked as soldiers and as wreckers, but when the time to build came we were crushed. I had many comrades who were studying politics, economics, and law, but they evidently did not study them diligently enough. They still don't know what kind of Government we should have. The resolution passed. The skilful politicians still hold in their hands the key posts in the bureaucratic machines. They have kicked out the unskilful revolutionaries. If you want to rule in the future, my son, you must study every science, not only its theory but also its practice."

"Our professor, Li Tao-chao, organised a society for the study of Marxism at the university. Marx says that power should belong to those who produce, to the workers. Marx says that the political system cannot be changed without changing economic relations. For that reason we began educating the coolies in Peking."

"I don't know about your Marx. But what you say sounds reasonable. I never thought that suffrage for coolies and peasants could help them to improve their lives while they still were economically dependent on their masters. They would vote for their masters. How can a tenant vote against his landlord? He would lose his credit. As long as our peasants depend on pawnshops, on buyers and landlords, no matter how many votes they have, the masters will always win."

"But," I cried indignantly, "that is what we, the revolutionaries, exist for—to teach the poor how to use their rights."

"I don't know, Shih-hua. Perhaps things are different now. In our time you could count all the revolutionaries on your fingers. They were very few, and they were mainly students studying abroad. It is very good to have a circle for propaganda, but even revolutionary peasants need leaders, and only you, the students, can be their leaders. Who else will help peasants and coolies to build their Government; who will explain to them the three principles of Sun Yat-sen—Nationalism, Democracy, Socialism?"

I did not argue. It was difficult for me to argue with my father. He had thought over these matters more than I. I was pleased with my father, and a little proud of this conversation of two revolutionaries—two fathers. I approached the most ticklish point of our conversa-

tiouf—I wanted to know father's attitude to the subject I had chosen to study.

"I have selected the Russian section of the philological faculty."

"The Russian section? Good, Shih-hua. The Russians are a revolutionary people. When I was studying in Japan the Japanese had a war with Russia, and won the war. It was a stupid war. The people answered the defeat with a revolution. It was a fine revolution. Strikes. Peasants burned the estates of their landlords; workers built trenches in the cities. We, the Chinese revolutionaries, were happy over every victory of the Russian people. Study hard in that Russian section. Perhaps you will be able to go to that country and finish your education there."

"Only if I go there will I be able to grasp their literature fully."

At the word "literature," father made a grimace.

"Isn't there something more essential than literature? All right, you can study poetry and write stories if you want to so much. But couldn't you at the same time become an engineer, a chemist, a mechanic, or a lawyer? "

"It is difficult to combine the two, but, if you insist I study some practical profession also, I will do it. Perhaps law, perhaps military science, I can't tell yet, because I don't know the educational plans for the next year." I changed the topic of the conversation. "Are you out of danger? Perhaps it would be wiser to go to a new place? What are you going to do in the future? "

"The same as I did in the past," laughed my father. "The Kuo-mintang of Szechuan is underground at present. People come over to see me at times. I keep in touch. I encourage some, and remind others that we won't stay underground for ever. I wish I could go and see Sun Yat-sen. I haven't seen the old man for so long. But it is difficult: we have no money, and the war surrounds us."

And he looked at me with eyes that had grown much more gentle. The grey hair was now clearly noticeable in his beard and his moustache.

THE LAVNDRYMAN'S SONG

WEN YI-TOU

(One, two, three,)

Dresses must be washed clean,

(Four, five, six).

Dresses must be ironed smooth.

I can wash handkerchiefs wet with tears
And whiten shirts that were black with sins,
Verminous oil-stains and cinders of passion,
All things befouled within your abode,
Give me to wash, give me to wash.

Brass reeks so sickly and blood so rank,
Dirty things cannot be left unwashed,
Things that are clean become dirty again.
Have you the patience to endure it?
Rinse for them, rinse for them.

You say that laundering is too sordid,
Can it be that only Chinese men are sordid?
Your clergyman gave me the information
That Christ's papa was a carpenter.
Don't you believe it, don't you believe it?

Nothing great can be done with water and soap—
Laundering is not like invention of warships;
That it is not a favourable state I admit
To sweat in the rinsing of others' sweat.
Would you like to do it, would you like to do it?

A tear-drop shed for the fleeting years,
Till midnight the lamp in the laundry burns. . . .
It is not for you to decide if it's sordid,
Just look if a blemish or crinkle is there,
And ask the Chinese, ask the Chinese.

I can wash handkerchiefs wet with tears
And whiten shirts that were black with sins,
Verminous oil-stains and cinders of passion,
All things befouled within your abode
Give me to wash, give me to wash.

(One, two, three,)
Dresses must be washed clean,
(Four, five, six,)
Dresses must be ironed smooth.

Author's Note:—Laundering is a very common profession of the Chinese people in America. So Chinese students are often asked by Americans: "Is your father a washerman?" Many of them cannot

bear the insult. But really there is something mysterious about this profession, at least I have thought so. Therefore I have written "The Laundryman's Song."

Translated by H. Acton and S. H. Ch'en.

SELF-ACCOUNTS OF TWO YOUNG WRITERS

1. CHANG T' IEN-YI¹

"I WAS born in 1907. My family, having its home in Hunan, in the mid-Yangtze valley, used to belong to the land-owning class, but it began to decline after my grandfather's generation. My father had to take his family along while wandering adrift and away from home to struggle for existence; hence, since five years of age, I followed him and visited many places. It was not until I was eighteen that I finished my study in a middle school in Hangchow (Chekiang). I went along to Peking in 1924, but did not enter any school there. It was then that I began to have definitely my new belief (indicating Marxism) and gradually to grasp that single truth of history. Later I lived the career of petty office-worker, assistant in the army, reporter and staff writer on a newspaper, school teacher, and what-not.

"As my parents and one of my sisters were all enthusiastic readers of literature, I was naturally influenced by them in this way. While in middle school I once wrote some puerile and ridiculous stories. In 1925 a Peking newspaper published a piece of mine which was in imitation of the so-called Symbolism. I had then a funny and absurd notion that literature and action are two separate things. Later I stopped writing.

"In 1928 I began to train myself to write in the realistic way, and wrote 'A Dream of Three and a Half Days,' a short story. It was sent to the *Pen Liu (Rushing Torrent) Magazine*, edited by Lu Hsiin, and was published. This encouraged me greatly to continue my writing. My writings include the novels, 'One Year,' 'The Knights of Yangchinpeng,' and the collections of short stories, *Moving About,' *Counter-attack,' 'Round Union,' *Ch'ing Ming Festival,' etc., and two stories for children.

"The characters in my stories are taken from my friends, relatives, and those with whom I have had frequent contact. Formerly I had the weakness of making my characters act merely for the sake of

¹ Author of "Hatred" and "Mr. Hwa Wei" which appeared in *New Writing*, London.

bringing out the themes of my stories, thus neglecting their complex human natures. Recently I have attempted to correct this mistake. I shall remember the necessity for 'creation of types' and learn to do it.

"The authors who have influenced me most are Charles Dickens, Guy de Maupassant, Emile Zola, H. Barbusse, Leo Tolstoy, A. Chekhov, Maxim Gorki, and Lu Hsiin. New works from Soviet Russia, especially A. Fadeyev's 'Razgrom' (translated into English as 'The Nineteen'). have also greatly influenced me. As I read over the works of these writers I feel my humbleness. But for the same reason, I am all the more determined to learn and to write, as if I were under the guidance of professors.

2. T'IENTHUN¹

"I was born in Manchuria in 1908, in a not-too-small village separated by some seventy // of mountain paths from the nearest city. The population consisted of peasants, craftsmen, hunters, soldiers, and mounted highwaymen, i.e., bandits.

"My grandfather was a peasant and my uncles and my father were at first farmers, then carpenters, and later on merchants, army officers, and 'mounted bandits.' At times my family had property, at times we owned nothing at all. After the Mukden Incident (September 18, 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria), my father and three of his brothers—the youngest still clung to his carpentry—enlisted in the Volunteer Army against the Japanese. My third uncle is now imprisoned in 'Manchukuo.' The little property we had, including some houses and lands, has been confiscated by the 'Manchukuo' authorities.

"I received no systematic education, was invariably expelled by the authorities of every school I attended, and in all studied in school only six or seven years.

"In 1925 I joined the army, and remained a soldier for about six years. I was in the cavalry, infantry, gendarmery, artillery, and the cadet corps, and later became a junior officer. I joined the Volunteers in 1931 also, but after a while I began my literary career in a Manchurian city. I came to Shanghai in 1934.

"Besides my career in the army I have been a vagabond-tramp, a secretary, an apprentice to a professional boxer—one of those stunt-doers in open-air markets—a waiter, a millstone pusher in a bean-curd shop, and what-not. My ambition was to become a regular in the mounted-bandit corps, and though I did not succeed, and am now writing novels, I still cherish that hope, and perhaps some day it will be realised.

¹ Author of "Village in August" (Collins, 1943).

" My interest in literature began in childhood, and about ten years ago I began to write. I was then in the army. At first I diligently studied Chinese classical poetry, the *shih* and the *tz'u*, and later I read the works of Lu Hsiin and Kuo Mo-jo—the former's stories, the latter's poetry. Amongst the earliest works of new literature I read was Lu HsUn's 'Wild Grass/ which I have always loved most. Among foreign authors I have liked Goethe and Chekhov best. As I read more I discovered the Soviet writers, among whose works I especially liked Gorki's 'Mother' and A. Serafimovitch's 'Sheleznyi Potok,' both of which greatly moved me, especially the latter, which had a profound influence on me. I have read little of the works of contemporary Chinese writers other than Lu Hsiin and Kuo Mo-jo, hence I have not felt their influence.

"I am stirred by the characters of my own creation; for me they are real beings. I became completely absorbed in the environment and atmosphere built up by my own pen, and I confess that I find it interesting to be 'deceived' by my own art.

"The only 'purpose' of my literary work is to help liberate all oppressed people from their unhappy lot."

THE TATTOOED WALL

Liu HOU-TZE

Few countries have walls
 More magnificent than those of China!
 A veteran sailor,
 The pigment of war
 Grained into his chest,
 Needling his body with dragons and tigers
 A sign of his devotion to his love.
 He never belittles himself,
 And holds his head high in the street,
 Even if roof-beams and columns fall around him,
 The whole city about his feet,
 He with the strongest of voices,
 The largest of eyes,
 Calls to the passers-by in uniform
 And the unarmed citizens.
 Let him be as a revelation to these people,
 For he has survived the bloodiest fighting.

Every inch of his body bears its stains.
When they stop to stare at him
He tells them legends of tattooing;
Long ago they were wise,
Shielding themselves with tattoo
Against fierce beasts and all besiegers.
The wall of China to-day
Likewise stands as a guard.
Look, his chest is heaving,
There is a loud voice raised in the open.
Few countries have walls
More magnificent than ours!

(1942. Translated by C. Hsiao.)

PART FOUR

CULTURAL DEBTS ARE ALWAYS MUTUAL

(THE EAST AND THE WEST)

GEOGRAPHICAL

MARCO POLO

EILEEN POWER

. . . . THOUSANDS of miles away from Venice, across the lands and seas of Asia, a little south of the Yangtze River and close to the sea stood the city of Kinsai or Hangchow, the capital of the Sung emperors, who ruled Southern China, not yet (in 1268) conquered by the Tartars. Like Venice, Kinsai stood upon lagoons of water and was intersected by innumerable canals. It was a hundred miles in circuit, not counting the suburbs which stretched round it, and there was not a span of ground which was not well peopled. It had twelve great gates, and each of the twelve quarters which lay within the gates was greater than the whole of Venice. Its main street was two hundred feet wide, and ran from end to end of the city, broken every four miles by a great square, lined with houses, gardens, palaces, and the shops of the artisans, who were ruled by its twelve great craft guilds. Parallel with the main street was the chief canal, beside which stood the stone warehouses of the merchants who traded with India. Twelve thousand stone bridges spanned its waterways, and those over the principal canals were high enough to allow ships with their tapering masts to pass below, while the carts and horses passed overhead. In its market-places men chaffered for game and peaches, sea-fish, and wine made of rice and spices; and in the lower part of the surrounding houses were shops, where spices and drugs and silk, pearls and every sort of manufactured article were sold. Up and down the streets of Kinsai moved lords and merchants clad in silk, and the most beautiful ladies in the world swayed languidly past in embroidered litters, with

jade pins in their black hair and jewelled earrings swinging against their smooth cheeks.

On one side of this city lay a beautiful lake (famous in Chinese history, and still one of the fairest prospects upon earth), studded with wooded islands, on which stood pavilions with charming names: "Lake Prospect," "Bamboo Chambers," "The House of the Eight Genii," and "Pure Delight." Here, like the Venetians, the men of Kinsai came for pleasure parties in barges, nobly hung and furnished, the cabins painted with flowers and mountain landscapes, and looking out they saw on one side the whole expanse of the city, its palaces, temples, convents, and gardens, and on the other the stretch of clear water, crowded with coloured pleasure boats, over which came echoing the high, clear voices, and the tinkling instruments of the revellers. There is no space in which to tell of the King's palace, with its gardens and orchards, its painted pavilions, and the groves where the palace ladies coursed the game with dogs, and, tired of the pastime, flung off their robes and ran to the lake, where they disported themselves like a shoal of silver fishes. But a word must be said of the junks, which came sailing into the harbour four and twenty miles away, and up the river to the city; and of the great concourse of ships which came to Zaiton (perhaps the modern Amoy), the port of the province. Here every year came a hundred times more pepper than came to the whole of Christendom through the Levantine ports. Here from Indo-China and the Indies came spices and aloes and sandalwood, nutmegs, spikenard and ebony, and riches beyond mention. Big junks laden these things, together with musk from Tibet, and bales of silk from all the cities of Mansi,¹ and sailed away in and out of the East India Archipelago, with its spice-laden breezes billowing their sails, to Ceylon. There merchants from Malabar and the great trading cities of Southern India took aboard their cargoes and sold them in turn to Arab merchants, who in their turn sold them to the Venetians in one or other of the Levantine ports. Europeans who saw Zaiton and the other Chinese seaports in after years were wont to say that no one, not even a Venetian, could picture to himself the multitude of trading vessels which sailed upon those Eastern seas and crowded into those Chinese harbours. They said also with one accord that Kinsai was without doubt the finest and richest and noblest city in the world. To the men of Kinsai, Venice would have been a little suburb and the Levant a backyard. The whole of the East was their trading field, and their wealth and civilisation were already old when Venice was a handful of mud huts peopled by fishermen.

Nor was Kinsai alone and unmatched in all its wonder and beauty,

¹ Mansi or Manji was Southern China and Cathay was Northern China, the boundary between them lying along the River Hoang-Ho on the east and the southern boundary of Shen-si on the west.

for a three days' journey from it stood Sugui, which to-day we call Suchow, lying also on the great canal, with its circumference of twenty miles, its prodigious multitudes swarming the streets, its physicians, philosophers, and magicians; Sugui, with the ginger which was so common that forty pounds of it might be bought for the price of a Venetian silver groat» the silk which was manufactured in such vast quantities that all the citizens were dressed in it and stilt ships laden with it sailed away; Sugui under whose jurisdiction were sixteen wealthy cities, where trade and the arts flourished. If you had not seen Hangchow, you would have said that there was no city in the world, not Venice, nor Constantinople nor another worthy to be named in the same breath with Sugui. The Chinese indeed, seeing the riches and beauty of these two cities, doubted whether even the pleasant courts of heaven could show their equal and proudly quoted the proverb:

Shang yeu fien fang,
Hia yeu Su Hang.

(There's Paradise above, 'tis true,
But here below we've Hang and Su.)

Kinsai seems far enough away in all conscience from Venice in the year 1268, and Venice was all unwitting of its existence, far beyond the sunrise. Yet there was in the city of the lagoons that year, watching the same procession of the gilds which Canale watched, a boy who was destined to link them for ever in the minds of men—a lean lad of fourteen, Marco Polo by name, who was always kicking his heels on the quay and bothering foreign sailors for tales of distant lands. He heard all they had to tell him very willingly, storing it up in that active brain of his, for his curiosity was insatiable; but always the tales that he heard most willingly were about the Tartars.

At this time the Tartars were at the height of their power in the West and the East. Tartars ruled at Peking all over Northern China, Corea, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Tibet, and took tribute from Indo-China and Java. Tartars were spread over Central Asia, holding sway in Turkestan and Afghanistan. The Golden Horde ruled the Caucasus, a large part of Russia, and a piece of Siberia. Tartars held sway in Persia, Georgia, Armenia, and a part of Asia Minor. When the great Mangu Khan died in 1259, one empire lay spread across Asia and Europe, from the Yellow River to the Danube. There had been nothing like it in the world before, and there was nothing like it again, until the Russian Empire of modern times. By 1268 it was beginning to split up into the four kingdoms of China, Central Asia, Russia, and Persia, but still it was one people. Now, the attitude of the West to the Tartars at this time was very interesting. At first

it feared them as a new scourge of God, like Attila and his Huns; they overran Poland, ravaged Hungary, and seemed about to break like a great flood upon the West, and overwhelm it utterly. Then the tide rolled back. Gradually the West lost its first stupefaction and terror and began to look hopefully towards the Tartars as a possible ally against its age-old foe, the Moslem. The Christians of the West knew that the Tartars had laid the Moslem power low through the length and breadth of Asia, and they knew too, that the Tartars had no very sharply defined faith and were curious of all beliefs that came their way. Gradually the West became convinced that the Tartars might be converted to Christianity, and fight side by side beneath the Cross against the hated Crescent. There grew up the strange legend of Prester John, a Christian priest-king, ruling somewhere in the heart of Asia; and indeed little groups of Nestorian Christians did still survive in Eastern Asia at this time. Embassies began to pass between Tartar khans and Western monarchs, and there began also a great series of missions of Franciscan friars to Tartary, men who were ethnologists and geographers at heart as well as missionaries, and have left us priceless accounts of the lands which they visited. In the year of grace 1268, much was known about Central Asia, for in 1245 the Pope had sent the Italian friar John of Piano Carpini thither, and in 1253 another friar, William of Rubruck, a French Fleming, had been sent by the saintly Louis, King of France. Both got as far as Karakorum, the Tartar camp on the borders of Northern China, though they did not enter China itself. They had brought back innumerable stories about the nomad conquerors, who carried their tents on carts, and drank fermented mares' milk, about the greatness of the Khan and his welcome to the strangers from the West, and the interest with which he listened to their preaching. These tales were common property now, and Marco Polo must have listened to them.

Marco Polo was always talking of the Tartars, always asking about them. Indeed, he had reason to be interested in them. This (as we have said) was the year of grace 1268, and eight years before (some, indeed, say fifteen years) his father, Nicolo Polo, and his uncle Maffeo had vanished into Tartary. They were rich merchants, trading with their own ship to Constantinople, and there they had decided to go on a commercial venture into the lands of the Golden Horde, which lay to the north of the Black Sea. So they had sailed over to the Crimea, where they had a counting-house at Soldaia, and taking with them a store of costly jewels, for they were jewel merchants, they had set off on horseback to visit the Khan of the West Tartars. So much the Venetians knew, for word had come back from Soldaia of their venture; but they had never returned. And so Marco, kicking his heels upon the quay, caught sailor-men by the sleeve and asked them about

those wild horsemen with their mares' milk and their magicians and their droves of cattle; and as he asked he wondered about his father and his uncle, and whether they were dead and lost for ever in the wilds of Tartary. But even while he asked and wondered and kicked his heels on the quay, while the Doge Tiepolo was watching the procession of the gilds and the clerk Canale was adding up customs dues or writing the ancient history of the Venetians, at that very moment the two Polos were slowly and wearily making their way across the heights of Central Asia with a caravan of mules and camels, drawing near to golden Samarcand with its teeming bazaars, coming nearer and nearer to the West; and in the following year, 1269, they reached Acre, and took ship there for Venice, and so at last came home.

They had a strange story to tell, stranger and better than any the lean, inquisitive boy had heard upon the quays. They had soon disposed of their jewels and they had spent a year at the camp of the Khan of the Golden Horde of Kipchak on the mighty River Volga. Then war broke out between that ruler and the Khan who ruled the Persian Khanate, and it cut off their way back. But Marco's curiosity was inherited; and no Venetian was ever averse to seeing strange lands and seeking out new opportunities for trade; so the Polos decided to go on and visit the Khan of Central Asia or Chagatai, and perhaps make their way back to Constantinople by some unfrequented route. They struggled over plains peopled only by tent-dwelling Tartars and their herds, until at last they reached the noble city of Bokhara. They must have followed the line of the Oxus River.

For three years the Polos remained at Bokhara, until one day it happened that an embassy came to the city, on its way back from the khan in Persia to the great Khan Kublai, who ruled in far-off China, and to whom all the Tartar rulers owed allegiance. The chief ambassador was struck with the talents and charm of the brothers, who had now become proficient in the Tartar language, and persuaded them to accompany him on his journey to the presence of the Great Khan, who had never yet set eyes on a man of the West, and would, he assured them, receive them honourably. They would not have been Venetians had they refused such an opportunity, and, taking their Venetian servants with them, they journeyed for a year with the Tartar embassy across the heart of Asia, and so reached the great Kublai Khan.

The Great Khan finally decided to send these two intelligent strangers back to their own land on a mission from himself to the Pope, asking for a hundred men of learning to be sent to teach and preach to his Tartars, and for some holy oil from the lamp which

burned over Christ's sepulchre in Jerusalem. He provided them with a golden tablet of honour, which acted as a passport and secured that they should be entertained and their journey facilitated from city to city in all his dominions, and so they set forth once more upon their homeward journey. But they were delayed by the dangers and difficulties of travel, "the extreme cold, the snow, the ice, and the flooding of the rivers," and it was three years before they at last reached Acre in the April of 1269, and finding that the Pope had died the year before, and that no election had yet been made, so that they could not immediately accomplish their mission, they decided to visit their home again, and so went back to Venice. There Nicolo found that his wife, who had been with child at his departure, was dead, leaving behind her a son Marco, our young haunter of quays.

This was the marvellous tale which the same Marco drank in from the lips of his new-found father and uncle. But more marvels were to come. For two years the Venetians remained at home, awaiting the election of a Pope in order to deliver the Great Khan's letters; but no election was made, and at last, fearing that Kublai might suspect them of playing him false, they decided to return to the East, and this time they took with them Marco, now a well-grown lad of sixteen or seventeen years with a bright eye that looked everywhere and took in everything, observant and sober beyond his age. But when they got as far as Ayas on the Gulf of Scanderoon, news was brought them of the election of Tebaldo di Piacenza as Pope Gregory X, and as Tebaldo had already interested himself in their mission, they returned with all speed to Acre, and obtained from him letters to the Khan (they had already visited Jerusalem and provided themselves with some of the holy oil), and two Dominican friars, "men of letters and science as well as profound theologians," though not the hundred men of learning for whom the Khan had asked; and so they set out again from Acre in November, 1271. The Dominicans may have been profound theologians, but they were somewhat chicken-hearted adventurers, and when rumours reached them of wars in the district of Armenia, through which they had to pass, they hastily handed over their letters to the Venetians, put themselves under the protection of the Knights Templars, and scuttled back to the coast and safety as fast as they could go, leaving the Polos, "undismayed by perils and difficulties, to which they had long been inured," to proceed alone. Assuredly, St. Francis crows over St. Dominick somewhere in the courts of Heaven; his friars never feared for their skins, as they travelled blithely into the heat of India and the cold of Central Asia; and it is easy to imagine the comments of fat William of Rubruck upon the flight of the profound theologians.

The account of this second journey of the Polos may be read in the

wonderful book which Marco afterwards wrote to describe the wonders of the world. They went from Lajazzo through Turcomania, past Mount Ararat, where Marco heard tell that Noah's ark rested, and where he first heard also of the oil wells of Baku and the great inland sea of Caspian. Past Mosul and Bagdad they went, through Persia, where brocades are woven and merchants bring caravan after caravan of treasures, to Hormuz, on the Persian Gulf, into which port put the ships from India, laden with spices, drugs, scented woods, and jewels, gold tissues and elephants' teeth. Here they meant to take ship, but they desisted, perhaps because they feared to trust themselves to the flimsy nailless vessels in which the Arabs braved the dangers of the Indian Ocean. So they turned north again and prepared to make the journey by land. They traversed the salt desert of Kerman, through Balk and Khorassan to Badakhshan, where there are horses bred from Alexander the Great's steed Bucephalus, and ruby mines and lapis lazuli. It is a land of beautiful mountains and wide plains, of trout streams and good hunting, and here the brothers sojourned for nearly a year, for young Marco had fallen ill in the hot plains: a breath of mountain air blows through the page in which he describes how amid the clean winds his health came back to him. When he was well, they went off again, and ascended the upper Oxus to the highlands of Pamir, "the roof of the world" as it has been called in our time, a land of icy cold, where Marco saw and described the great horned sheep which hunters and naturalists still call after him the *Ovis Poli*, a land which no traveller (save Benedict Goes, about 1604) described again, until Lieutenant John Wood of the Indian Navy went there in 1838. Thence they descended upon Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan, where jade is found, regions which no one visited again until 1860. From Khotan they pushed on to the vicinity of Lake Lob, never to be reached again until a Russian explorer got there in 1871. They halted there to load asses and camels with provisions, and then, with sinking hearts, they began the terrible thirty days' journey across the Gobi Desert. Marco gives a vivid description of its terrors, voices which seemed to call the traveller by name, the march of phantom cavalcades, which lures them off the road at night, spirits which fill the air with sounds of music, drums and gongs and the clash of arms—all those illusions which human beings have heard and seen and feared in every desert and in every age.

*What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.*

At last they arrived safely at Tangut in the extreme north-west of China, and, skirting the frontier across the great steppes of Mongolia, they were greeted by the Khan's people, who had been sent forward to meet them at the distance of forty days' journey, and so at last they reached his presence in the May of 1275, having journeyed for three years and a half.

The Great Khan received the Polos kindly, listened attentively to the account which they gave of their mission, commended them for their zeal and fidelity, and received the holy oil and the Pope's gifts with reverence. He then observed the boy Marco, now a "young gallant" and personable enough, no doubt, and inquired who he was, and Nicolo made answer, "Sire, this is your servant, and my son," to which the Khan replied, "He is welcome, and much it pleases me," and enrolled Marco among his own attendants. It was the beginning of a long and close association, for Kublai Khan soon found that Marco Polo was both discreet and intelligent, and began to employ him on various missions. Moreover, Marco, for his part, found that the Great Khan was always desirous of learning the manners and customs of the many tribes over whom he ruled. Kublai had to the full that noble curiosity which is the beginning of wisdom, and it irked him exceedingly that his envoys, good conscientious men, followed their noses upon his business, looking neither to right nor to left, and as like as not never even noticed that among the aboriginal hill tribes of the interior called Miaotzu there prevailed the peculiar and entertaining custom of the *couvade*, wherein

*Chineses go to bed
And lie in, in their ladies* stead.*

"The Prince, in consequence," says Marco, "held them for no better than fools and dolts and would say, 'I had far lieber hearken about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen than merely be told of the business you went on.'"

Very different was the habit of the Venetian, who as a lad had lent ear so readily to swarthy sailors on the Rialto. He quickly picked up several of the languages current in the Great Khan's empire, and here is his account of his proceedings when on a mission to foreign parts:

"Perceiving that the Great Khan took a pleasure in hearing accounts of whatever was new to him respecting the customs and manners of people, and the peculiar circumstances of distant countries, he endeavoured, wherever he went, to obtain correct information on these subjects and made notes of all he saw and heard, in order to gratify the curiosity of his master. In short, during seventeen years that he continued in his service, he rendered himself so useful, that he was employed on confidential missions to every part of the empire and its

dependencies; and sometimes also he travelled on his own private account, but always with the consent and sanctioned by the authority of the Grand Khan. In such circumstances it was that Marco Polo had the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge, either by his own observation or by what he collected from others, of so many things until his time unknown, respecting the Eastern parts of the world, and these he diligently and regularly committed to writing. . . . And by this means he obtained so much honour that he provoked the jealousy of other officers of the court."

It is small wonder that when first the lad came back with his reports the Great Khan and his courtiers marvelled and exclaimed, "If this young man live he will assuredly be a person of great worth and ability."

It was while on these various public missions that Marco Polo journeyed through the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Szechuen, and skirted the edge of Tibet to Yunnan, and entered Northern Burma, lands unknown again to the West until after 1860. For three years he was himself governor of the great city of Yangchow, which had twenty-four towns under its jurisdiction and was full of traders and makers of arms and military accoutrements. He visited Karakorum in Mongolia, the old Tartar capital, and with his Uncle Maffeo spent three years in Tangut. On another occasion he went on a mission to Cochin China, and by sea to the southern states of India, and he has left a vivid picture of the great trading cities of Malabar.

He describes the great capital Cambaluc (Peking) in the north, and the beautiful Kinsai (Hangchow) in the south. He describes the Khan's summer palace at Shandu, with its woods and gardens, its marble palace, its bamboo pavilion swung like a tent from two hundred silken cords, its stud of white mares, and its wonder-working magicians. Indeed his description of the summer palace is better known to Englishmen than any other part of his work, for Sharidu is Xanadu, which Coleridge saw in a dream after he had been reading Marco's book and wove into wonderful verse.

Nor is it only palaces which Marco Polo describes, for he tells of the great canal and inland river trade of China, the exports and imports at its harbours, the paper money, the system of posts and caravanserais, which linked it together. He gives an unsurpassed picture of that huge, rich, peaceful empire, full of wealth and commerce and learned men and beautiful things, and of its ruler Kublai Khan, one of the noblest monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, who, since "China is a sea that salts all the rivers that flow into it," was far more than a barbarous Mongol khan, was in very truth a Chinese emperor, whose house, called by the Chinese the "Yuan Dynasty," takes its place among the great dynasties of China.

Even more than Marco Polo tells us he must, indeed, have seen. The impersonality of the greater part of the book is its one blemish, for we would fain know more of how he lived in China. There is some evidence that he consorted with the Mongol conquerors rather than with the Chinese, and that Chinese was not one of the languages which he learned. He makes no mention of several characteristic Chinese customs, such as the compressed feet of the women, and fishing with cormorants (both of which are described by Ordoric of Pordenone after him); he travelled through the tea districts of Fokien, but he never mentions tea-drinking, and he has no word to say even of the Great Wall. And how typical a European he is, in some ways, for all his keen interest in new and strange things. "They are," he says of the peaceful merchants and scholars of Suchow, "a pusillanimous race and solely occupied with their trade and manufactures. In these indeed they display considerable ability, and if they were as enterprising, manly, and warlike as they are ingenious, so prodigious is their number that they might not only subdue the whole of the province, but carry their rule further still." Nearly five hundred years later we find the same judgment expressed in different words: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." The answer is a question: Would you rather be the pusillanimous Chinese, who painted the landscape roll, or the enterprising, manly, and warlike European of the same period, whose highest achievement in pictorial art is the picture of Marco Polo's embarkation? What is civilisation and what progress? Yet Marco Polo shows himself throughout his book far from unable to appreciate other standards than those of his own land and religion, for of Sakya-muni Buddha he says that, "had he been a Christian he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ," and he could honour Kublai as that great Khan deserved.

Nevertheless, although Marco Polo shows less knowledge of the Chinese than one might expect from the extraordinary detail and fidelity of his observation in other directions, he must have known many of these charming and cultivated people, at Kinsai or Cambaluc, or at the city which he governed. Among others, he must have known the great artist, Chao Meng-fu, whom the Chinese called "*Sung hsueh Tao jen*," or the "*Apostle of Pine Trees and Snow*." He was a lineal descendant of the founder of the Sung dynasty and a hereditary official. When that dynasty at last fell before the Tartars, he and his friend Ch'ien Hsuan, "the Man of the Jade Pool and Roaring Torrent," retired into private life. But in 1286 Chao Meng-fu was summoned to court by Kublai Khan, and, to the indignation of his friend, returned and became secretary in the Board of War, occupying his time in this post (what must Marco Polo have thought of him!) in painting his

marvellous pictures. He became a great favourite of the Khan and was always about the court, and Marco Polo must have known him well and perhaps have watched him at work painting those matchless landscapes, and those pictures of horses and *men* for which he was famous. Marco loved horses, as, indeed, he loved all kinds of sport (of which he had plenty, for the Khan was a great hunter and hawker), and he has left a word picture of the white brood mares at Shansi, which may be set beside Chao Meng-fu's brush picture of the "Eight Horses in the Park of Kublai Khan." He knew, too, perhaps Chao Meng-fu's wife, the Lady Kuan, who painted most exquisitely the graceful bamboo and the peony, so loved by Chinese artists, and of whom it is related that, "she would watch the moving shadows of the sprays thrown by the moon on the paper windows, and transfer the fugitive outlines to paper with a few strokes of her supple brush, so that every smallest scrap of her work was mounted in albums as models for others to copy. Chao Meng-fu and the Lady Kuan had a son, Chao Yung, who is of special interest to us, for he painted a picture of a Tangut hunter, and Marco Polo has also given a description of the Tartar horsemen and of the province of Tangut, where he saw and described the musk deer and the yak.

But we must return to the history of the Polos in China. From time to time in Marco's book we hear also of his father and uncle, travelling about the empire, growing rich by trade, and amassing a store of those jewels, in the value of which they were so skilled, even helping the Khan to reduce a rebel town, by constructing siege engines for him on the European model, handy Venetians that they were, who could lay their hands to anything. Without doubt they were proud of their Marco, who from an inquisitive lad had grown to so wise and observant a man, and had risen to so high a position. So for seventeen years the three Polos abode in the Khan's service in China, The long months slipped by; and at last they began to feel upon them a longing to see Venice and the lagoons again, and to hear Mass once more beneath the majestic roof of St. Mark's before they died. Moreover, Kublai Khan was growing old himself, and the favour which he had always shown to them had excited some jealousy among his own people, and they feared what might happen when he died. But the old Khan was adamant to all their prayers; wealth and honours were theirs for the asking, but he would not let them go. They might, indeed, have died in China, and we of the West might never have heard of Marco Polo or of Kublai Khan, but for a mere accident, a stroke of fate, which gave them their chance. In 1286, Arghun, the Khan of Persia, lost by death his favourite wife Bolgana, and, according to her dying wish, he sent ambassadors to the Court of Peking to ask for another bride from her own Mongol tribe. Their overland

route home again was endangered by a war, and they therefore proposed to return by sea. Just at that moment, Marco Polo happened to return from a voyage on which he had been sent, and spoke with such assurance of the ease with which it had been accomplished, that the three ambassadors conceived a strong desire to take with them all three of these ingenious Venetians, who seemed to know so much about ships. Thus it was that the Great Khan was prevailed upon, very reluctantly, to let them go.

Early in 1292 they set sail from the busy port of Zaiton in fourteen big Chinese junks (of which Marco, writing of the shipping of the Indian and China seas, has left an excellent description), with the three envoys, the princess, a beautiful girl of seventeen, "*moult bele dame at avenant*" says Marco, who had an eye for pretty ladies, and a large suite of attendants. One version of Marco's book says that they took with them also the daughter of the king of Mansi, one of those Sung princesses who in happier days had wandered beside the lake in Hangchow, and who had no doubt been brought up at Cambaluc by the care of Kublai Khan's favourite queen, the Lady Jamui. The voyage was a long and difficult one; they suffered lengthy delays in Sumatra, Ceylon, and Southern India, occupied by Marco in studying the sea charts of the coast of India which the Arab pilots showed him, and adding to his knowledge of these parts, which he had already visited. Thus it was over two years before the junks reached Persia, and two of the three envoys and a large number of their suite had died by the way. When at last they landed, it was found that Arghun, the prospective bridegroom, had meanwhile died too, leaving his throne in the charge of a regent for his young son. But on the regent's advice a convenient solution of the difficulty was found by handing the princess over to this prince, and Marco and his uncles duly conducted her to him in the province of Timochain, where Marco Polo noticed that the women were "in my opinion the most beautiful in the world," where stood the famed and solitary *arbor secco*, and where men still told tales of great Alexander and Darius. There they took leave of their princess, who had come on the long voyage to love them like fathers, so Marco says, and wept sorely when they parted. It was while they were still in Persia, where they stayed for nine months after handing over the princess, that the Polos received news of the death of the Great Khan whom they had served so faithfully for so many years. He died at the ripe age of eighty, and with his death a shadow fell over Central Asia, darkening the shining yellow roofs of Cambaluc.

the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light,

the minarets of Persia, and the tents of wild Kipchak Tartars, galloping over the Russian steppes. So wide had been the sway of Kublai Khan. A shadow fell also upon the heart of Marco Polo. It was as though a door had clanged to behind him, never to open again. "In the course of their journey," he says, "our travellers received intelligence of the Great Khan having departed this life, which entirely put an end to all prospects of their re-visiting those regions." So he and his elders went on by way of Tabriz, Trebizond, and Constantinople to Venice, and sailed up to the city of the lagoons at long last at the end of 1295.

A strange fairy-tale legend has come down to us about the return of the Polos. "When they got thither," says Ramusio, who edited Marco's book in the fifteenth century, "the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who when he returned after his twenty years' wanderings to his native Ithaca was recognised by nobody." When, clad in their uncouth Tartar garb, the three Polos knocked at the doors of the Ca' Polo, no one recognized them, and they had the greatest difficulty in persuading their relatives and fellow-Venetians that they were indeed those Polos who had been believed dead for so many years. The story goes that they satisfactorily established their identity by inviting all their kinsmen to a great banquet, for each course of which they put on a garment more magnificent than the last, and finally, bringing in their coarse Tartar coats, they ripped open the seams and the lining thereof, "upon which there poured forth a great quantity of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had been sewn into each coat with great care, so that nobody could have suspected that anything was there. . . . The exhibition of such an extraordinary and infinite treasure of jewels and precious stones, which covered the table, once more filled all present with such astonishment that they were dumb and almost beside themselves with surprise: and they at once recognised these honoured and venerated gentlemen in the Ca' Polo, whom at first they had doubted, and received them with the greatest honour and reverence." Human nature has changed little since the thirteenth century. The precious stones are a legend, but no doubt the Polos brought many with them, for they were jewel merchants by trade; they had had ample opportunities for business in China, and the Great Khan had loaded them with "rubies and other handsome jewels of great value" to boot. Jewels were the most convenient form in which they could have brought home their wealth. But the inquiring Marco brought other things also to tickle the curiosity of the Venetians, as he lets fall from time to time in his book. He brought, for example, specimens of the silky hair of the Tangut yak, which his countrymen much admired, the dried head and feet of a musk deer, and the seeds of a dye plant

(probably indigo) from Sumatra, which he sowed in Venice, but which never came up, because the climate was not sufficiently warm. He brought presents also for the Doge; for an inventory made in 1351 of things found in the palace of Marino Faliero includes among others a ring given by Kublai Khan, a Tartar collar, a three-bladed sword, an Indian brocade, and a book "written by the hand of the aforesaid Mafco," called "*De locis mirabilibus Tartarorum*."

The rest of Marco Polo's life is quickly told. The legend goes that all the youth of Venice used to resort to the Ca' Polo in order to hear his stories, for not even among the foreign sailors on the quays, where once the boy Marco had wandered and asked about the Tartars, were stories the like of his to be heard. And because he was always talking of the greatness of Kublai Khan's dominions, the millions of revenue, the millions of junks, the millions of riders, the millions of towns and cities, they gave him a nickname and jestingly called him Marco *Milione*, or // *Milione*, which is, being interpreted, "Million Marco"; and the name even crept into the public documents of the Republic, while the courtyard of his house became known as the *Corte Milione*. To return from legend to history, the ancient rivalry between Venice and Genoa had been growing during Marco Polo's absence, nor had Venice always prevailed.

At last in 1298, three years after Marco's return, a Genoese fleet under Lamba Doria sailed for the Adriatic, to bate the pride of Venice in her own sea. The Venetians fitted out a great fleet to meet it, and Marco Polo, the handy man who knew so much about navigation, albeit more skilled with Chinese junks than with Western ships, went with it as gentleman commander of a galley. The result of the encounter was a shattering victory for the Genoese off Curzola. Sixty-eight Venetian galleys were burnt, and seven thousand prisoners were haled off to Genoa, among them Marco Polo, who had now a taste of the results of that enterprise, manliness, and warfare, whose absence he so deprecated in the men of Suchow.

But soon there began to run through the streets and courtyards of Genoa a rumour that in prison there lay a certain Venetian captain, with tales so wonderful to beguile the passing hour that none could tire of hearing them; and anon the gallants and sages and the bold ladies of Genoa were flocking, just as the men of the Rialto had flocked before, to hear his stories of Kublai Khan,

Lord of the fruits of Tartary
Her rivers silver-pale,
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale,

*Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale.*

"Messer Marco," so runs Ramusio's account of the tradition which lingered in Venice in his day, "finding himself in this position, and witnessing the general eagerness to hear all about Cathay and the Great Khan, which indeed compelled him daily to repeat his story till he was weary, was advised to put the matter in writing, so he found means to get a letter written to his father in Venice, in which he desired the latter to send those notes and memoranda, which he had brought home with him."

Marco Polo was released from prison (there must have been mourning in the palaces of Genoa) and returned to Venice at the end of a year. Sometimes hereafter his name occurs in the records of Venice, as he moves about on his lawful occasions. In 1305 we find "Nobilis Marchus Polo Milioni" standing surety for a wine smuggler; in 1311 he is suing a dishonest agent who owes him money on the sale of musk (he, Marco, had seen the musk deer in its lair); and in 1323 he is concerned in a dispute about a party wall. We know too, from his will, that he had a wife named Donata, and three daughters, Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta. Had he loved before, under the alien skies where his youth was spent, some languid, exquisite lady of China, or hardy Tartar maid? Had he profited himself from the strange marriage customs of Tibet, of which he remarks (with one of his very rare gleams of humour), "*En cele contree aurent bien aler les jeune de seize anz en vingt quatre*"? Had Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta half-brothers, flying their gerfalcons at the quails by the shores of the "White Lake" where the Khan hunted, and telling tales of the half-legendary father, who sailed away for ever when they were boys in the days of Kublai Khan? These things we cannot know, nor can we even guess whether he regretted that only daughters sprang from his loins in the city of the lagoons, and no Venetian son to go venturing again to the far-distant country where assuredly he had left a good half of his heart. Perhaps he talked of it sometimes to Peter, his Tartar servant, whom he freed at his death "from all bondage as completely as I pray God to release mine own soul from all sin and guilt." Some have thought that he brought Peter the Tartar with him from the East, and the thought is a pleasant one; but it is more likely that he bought him in Italy, for the Venetians were inveterate slave-owners, and the captive Tartars were held of all the slaves the strongest and best. So his life passed; and in 1324 Marco Polo died, honoured much by his

fellow-citizens, after making a will which is still preserved in the library of St. Mark's.

A characteristic story of his death-bed is related by a Dominican friar, one Jacopo of Acqui, who wrote some time later. "What he told in the book," says Jacopo, "was not as much as he had really seen, because of the tongues of detractors, who being ready to impose their own lies on others are over-hasty to set down as lies what they in their perversity disbelieve or do not understand. And because there are many great and strange things in that book, which are reckoned past all credence, he was asked by his friends on his death-bed to correct the book, by removing everything that went beyond the facts. To which his reply was that he had not told *one half* of what he had really seen." How well one can see that last indignant flash of the dying observer, who in the long years of his youth had taken notes of strange tribes and customs for the wise and gracious Kublai Khan and whom little men now dared to doubt. Indeed, modern discovery has entirely confirmed the exactitude of Marco Polo's observation. It is true that he sometimes repeated some very tall stories which had been told to him, of dog-faced men in the Andaman Islands and of the "male and female islands" so beloved of medieval geographers. These were sailors' yarns, and where Marco Polo reports what he has seen with his own eyes, he reports with complete accuracy, nor does he ever pretend to have seen a place which he has not visited. The explorers of our own day, Aurel Stein, Ellsworth, Huntington, and Sven Hedin, travelling in Central Asia, have triumphantly vindicated him. "It is," says an eminent French historian, "as though the originals of very old photographs had been suddenly rediscovered: the old descriptions of things which were unchanged could be perfectly superimposed upon present reality," and Huntington and Aurel Stein took with them to the inaccessible districts of Central Asia as guide-books the book of the Chinese pilgrim Hiwen Thsang (seventh century) and the book of Marco Polo, and over and over again found how accurate were their descriptions.

LITERARY

CHINA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

B. SPRAIGUE ALLEN

1. *China in English Drama.*

AT a time when the sight of a Chinaman was so exceptional as to occasion extraordinary remark, writers were obliged to depend for their knowledge of the Chinese upon such facts as they might glean

from books of travel and from such impressions of their dress and personal appearance as they might secure from the observation of Oriental art. If they peered at the screens, the wallpaper, and the porcelain, they were amused by exotic birds and vegetation, by conventionalized rocky landscapes, and by quaint little people who sat in patches of garden, sauntered across frail, arched bridges, walked with dignity under bell-shaped umbrellas, or sipped tea in the open porches of diminutive houses with odd upturned eaves. It was this bizarre, romanticized China which impressed itself upon the European imagination—a land sufficiently remote and unreal to encourage the free play of the fancy. The result was the creation of an imaginative world in which strange and unaccountable incidents occurred. Such a world had much in common with the spirit of the court masques, and as might be anticipated, it was in the congenial atmosphere of those spectacular entertainments of the Jacobean period that the Chinese first made their appearance on the English stage. The Oriental, to be sure, had been a frequent figure in Elizabethan dramas, but in no one of them was the scene laid in China or a Chinaman a character.

The evidence that the Chinese participated in the masques is unfortunately too meagre to permit much comment. Reyher records that on January 1st, 1604, there was a performance of a *Ballet des Chevaliers des Indes et de la Chine*. From the description of another early Jacobean masque, which has not survived, we learn that the maskers were introduced to the audience by a Chinese magician. Finally, in the recently published *Designs of Inigo Jones* there is mentioned a drawing of a Chinese dwarf, a character in some unidentifiable masque and described as "a heavy stunted figure with peaked beard and moustache, bald head and pigtail." The very make-up of the figure suggests that it had been devised with one eye on a piece of porcelain or on a lacquer screen.

As the masque is akin to the opera, it was natural for the latter to take over from the former the fantastic Chinaman of the court entertainment. In 1692 in *The Fairy Queen*, an operatic version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and one of those distortions of Shakespeare which disgraced the seventeenth century stage, four of the acts closed with a spectacular transformation scene that had no relation whatsoever to the plot. The last of these represented, according to the stage direction, incredible to relate, "a transparent prospect of a Chinese garden; the architecture, the trees, the plants, the fruit, the birds, the beasts quite different from what we have in this part of the world." After a Chinese man and woman have sung and six monkeys, advancing from among the trees, have danced, another marvel is unfolded: "Six pedestals of China-work rise from under the stage;

they^ support six large vases of porcelain, in which are six China-orange trees. . . . The pedestals move toward the front of the stage, and the grand dance begins of twenty-four persons." This dance of "twenty-four Chinese" is followed by the appearance of Hymen. Praised by Downes and Gildon for its costumes and spectacular features and delighting the court and the town, this strange concoction of Shakespeare and Oriental extravaganza was probably all the more bizarre because the scenic designer could have had only the vaguest notion of Chinese architecture and Chinese gardening.

The tradition of the fantastic associated in this fashion with the representation of China and the Chinese upon the stage was perpetuated in the eighteenth century by the harlequinade. Probably no one of those mentioned below has survived, even if it was ever printed, but to judge by the titles, culled from NicolFs play-lists, it is evident that the ingenious devisers of the harlequinades recognized the value of Orientalism for their whimsical and hilarious entertainments: *Arlequin Docteur chinois* (1720); *Harlequin Invisible, or, The Emperor of Chinas Court* (1724); *The Chinese Triumph* (1747); *Proteus, or Harlequin in China* (1755) by Henry Woodward; *The Mandarin, or, Harlequin Widower* (1789). As William Chetwood's *The Emperor of China Grand Volgi, or, The Constant Couple and Virtue Rewarded* (1731) is described as a "dramatic opera," it is a fair guess that the performance capitalized the fanciful and the grotesque in its depiction of the Chinese. In the same tradition was Noverre's famous ballet *Les Fetes Chinoises*. One of its startling exotic features was a spectacular march in which the participants were a mandarin borne in a palanquin by six white slaves, a Chinese lady drawn in a car by two negroes, and a great troop of Chinese playing upon native musical instruments. At the close, the amphitheatre in which the dancers had taken their places was transformed into a porcelain shop, and before each of the thirty-two Chinese performers rose a porcelain vase which concealed him from the spectators. The ballet having been presented with splendour and immense success at Lyons, Marseilles, and Strasbourg, Garrick finally in 1755 induced Noverre to come to England for the purpose of producing it at Drury Lane. Although, fearing an anti-Gallican demonstration, Garrick had taken the precaution to announce in the newspapers that Noverre himself was a Swiss and his wife a German, and that only a few of the dancers were French, such disgraceful outbreaks occurred on each of the six nights on which the ballet was performed that in the end it had to be withdrawn in the interests of public safety.

The Travellers, an opera by A. Cherry which was performed at Drury Lane in the first decade of the nineteenth century, constitutes an instructive commentary upon the gay inconsequence of these earlier

representations of the Chinese in masque, ballet, and harlequinade. Whereas in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the dramatist and scenic designer had given the leash to their fancy, producers, as the knowledge of the Orient became in time more accurate and extensive, felt obliged to represent a country even as remote as China with some degree of archaeological truth. In *The Travellers* the exterior of the Emperor of China's palace was copied, we are told, "from a correct drawing of the palace of Pekin," and the imperial throne which appeared in the scene in the Hall of Presence was, we are assured, "a correct facsimile of that which appertains to the court of Pekin." Such oppressive artistic sincerity may smack of the pedant, but in any case it is far removed from the irresponsible mood in which porcelain vases, lacquer screens, and crude pictures in travel-books provided the designer with his conception of Chinese architecture and costume. The conscientious attempt to reproduce on the stage authentic details of an Oriental world is parallel to the premeditated local colour of *The Curse of Kehama* and *Lalla Rookh*.

In addition to the light-hearted operatic versions of the Far East there are a number of tragedies in which the scene is laid in that part of the world. But Elkanah Settle's *The Conquest of China* (1675), Aaron Hill's *The Fatal Vision or The Fall of Siam* (1716), and Michael Clancy's *Hermon, Prince of Choraëa* (1746) have little to recommend them. To what extent Settle's play is Chinese may be judged from the names of the characters: Orunda, Alcinda, Amavanga, Quitazo, and Lycungus. Like all the heroic plays, whether Roman, Egyptian, Spanish, or Mexican in setting, *The Conquest of China* suffers from a total lack of either the historic or the geographical sense. In defiance of their national psychology, the characters all talk the swelling language of love and honour. Hill's tragedy, which is no whit superior, reveals the vagueness of current impressions of China. As he complacently explains in his dedication, "our distance from, and dark ideas of, the Chinese nation and her borders, tempted me to fix my scene in so remote a situation." The play substantiates his confession of ignorance. Boggled in the tradition of heroic tragedy, a conquered Oriental general complains of "those killing tears" of his princess, and an emperor in his megalomania defies death and dreams of world-empire as many a strutting Restoration monarch had done before him*. The ballets and the operas gave, one may venture to think, a more accurate picture of the Chinese than did these fourth-rate tragedies, for the producers of the former at least recognized that the Chinese had an individuality of their own, even though it was made up, as they represented it, of little but picturesque whimsicality.

More interesting and certainly more important than these pseudo-Chinese tragedies in the grand manner are the plays inspired by

Prdmare's translation of *Tchao Chi Cou EH ou Le Petit Qrphelin de la Maison de Tchao* {*Chau Shi Ku Eul*, or, *The Little Orphan of the Family of Chau*). This drama, incorporated in the third volume of Du Halde's *Description de la Chine* (1735) and in the second volume of the English translation (1741), excited among men of letters great interest as a specimen of Chinese tragedy at a time when, even in the face of ridicule, *chinoiserie* was enjoying widespread favour throughout Europe. The play was essentially a story of crime and its ultimate, although long-delayed, punishment. In the satisfaction of a terrible hatred Tu ngan ku, the chief war minister of China, succeeds in exterminating all the members of the family of Chau except a recently born male child. By her resourcefulness the mother saves the infant, and then hangs herself lest under torture she might betray its whereabouts. Duped into believing that the child has been slain, the minister, Tu ngan ku, adopts and brings up as his own the very orphan of the house of Chau who has been saved from death. Twenty years pass. The old physician of the Chau family discloses to the orphan, now a gallant youth, his real parentage so that he may proceed forthwith to avenge the slaughter of his relations by Tu ngan ku. The youth then exposes the crimes of the minister to the King, sees to it that Tu ngan ku suffers a horrible death by torture, and is rewarded with the elevation of his ancestors to a higher rank.

When eighteenth-century dramatists seized on the plot of the Chinese tragedy for their own purposes, they handled it, of course, with all due deference to classical prejudice. Of the three English plays on this theme the first, *The Chinese Orphan* (1741), was by William Hatchett. Describing it as "altered from a specimen of the Chinese tragedy in Du Haiders 'History of China,'" he maintains the unity of time by the confinement of his plot, for the most part, to the first half of the Chinese drama. His play, as a result, is concerned primarily with the birth and concealment of the orphan, and represents the disclosure of the prime minister's crimes and his ruin as following not long after the child's birth and while he is still "the little sufferer" and the "dear babe." In the interests of unity Hatchett has sacrificed the fine ironic circumstances of the original, the minister's bringing up as his adopted son the boy who is destined to be the instrument of his destruction. For the same reason Hatchett has rejected the vitally human and emotional situation in which the son, having reached maturity, learns of his duty to avenge the extermination of his family. Hatchett manages to retain, however, some of the simplicity of the original, and that he "interspersed" his action with "songs after the Chinese manner" indicates his conscious effort to keep near to the spirit of his text,

Arthur Murphy's version (1750), a free adaptation of Voltaire's

L'Orphelin de la Chine (1755), scrupulously observes the classical proprieties. Unlike Hattchett's tragedy, it focuses the dramatic attention upon the second half of the orphan's life, beginning at the moment when, as d'Argens had suggested, he hears that he is the heir to the throne of China and must take vengeance upon Timurkan, the pitiless Tartar usurper. It follows, according to formula, that in due time the orphan slays Timurkan off-stage, and that Zamti, the great mandarin, who brought up the royal boy in secret, is broken on the wheel behind the scenes. The play was a pronounced success; it provided Garrick with one of his best roles, that of Zamti, and enjoyed frequent revivals in the course of the next forty years. What is especially significant, however, is the prologue by William Whitehead, in which, perhaps with his tongue in his cheek, he pleads for the appreciation of the novel Orientalism of the plot:

Enough of Greece and Rome. The exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more;
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,
Our triumphs languish in the public, eye;

On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light,
To China's eastern realms: and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th'imported boon; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become,
But praise th'advent'rous youth, who brings them home.

As the reviewer of the play in a contemporary journal, Goldsmith was too much of a classicist to respond to this appeal by an acknowledgment of gratitude for "the imported boon." In the mood of a censor of manners and taste Goldsmith complains that, wearied by all the normal and usual sources of enjoyment, the jaded European "has, of late, had recourse even to China, in order to diversify the amusements of the day." In view of the favour bestowed on *chinoiserie* in gardens and in the decoration of houses, it is not surprising, in Goldsmith's opinion, that this perverted taste should have its effect upon literature. Voltaire, he thought, was fully aware of this craze, and simply capitalized it. He improved upon his source, to be sure, by departing from "the calm insipidity of his Eastern original," a quality which Goldsmith thinks is generally characteristic of Chinese literature. Murphy, in turn, has improved upon Voltaire and has departed still farther from the original, with the result that his "play, if not

truly Chinese, [is] at least entirely poetical." Goldsmith is here taking his stand beside such contemporaries as Cooper, Brown, Shebbeare, Jackson of Battersea the paperstainer, and &ie periodical essayists who in this decade, 1750-60, were resisting the claims of Chinese culture to the enjoyment of public esteem. They were not inclined to echo the cry "Enough of Greece and Rome," and least of all were they likely to adopt the suggestion that they welcome anything from China as if it were a "golden fleece."

2. *China In the English Essay.*

The influence of China upon English literature was not confined to such dramatic types as the masque, the harlequinade, the opera, the heroic play, and the imitations of *The Little Orphan*. A considerable body of English satire also acquired some of its most characteristic qualities from prevailing conceptions of both China and Japan. Of the forms which satire assumed in the eighteenth century, one of the most popular was that amusing epistolary *genre* established by *UEspion Turc* (1684), a book written in French by an Italian, Giovanni Paolo Marana. According to the device to which the success of Marana's work gave currency, the "spy's" letters purport to be those of an Oriental written to a friend in his native land in comment upon the European country he is visiting. In this disguise the author endeavours to show how the customs, the institutions, the culture, and indeed the whole civilization of a Western people impress an unbiased Easterner who encounters them for the first time and is able to form an objective judgment of them. At first the visitor from afar naively takes everything at its face value, and credits as truth all that he is told, but in the course of his experience he is amazed and amused to discover the difference between principles and practice. On the other hand, while the author of such letters depicts the European as egoistic, complacent, insincere, and even hypocritical, he never fails to idealize the Oriental, who remains to the end the disinterested seeker after truth. The inquirer sees things as they are rather than as they seem to be; yet the sense of humour with which the author has generally endowed him preserves him from the bitterness of disillusionment, and his irony plays not too severely over the contradictions he observes. Moreover, if the author has wit and imagination, he can make these pseudo-letters the more diverting by taking full advantage of the disguise he has assumed, and by his style, diction, allusions, and point of view can create, as far as may be, the impression that the letters are actually the authentic correspondence of a philosophical Oriental.

It was apparently in a French work, the *Lettres Chinoises* of the Marquis d'Argens, translated into English in 1741, that a Chinaman

acted as the satirist for the first time. In the middle of the century, when the taste for *chinoiserie* was keenest, Walpole adopted the idea in two essays written for the *World*, but unpublished. His Chinese sage is amazed at the wilderness of books which Europe produces, and the futility of pedants who continue to increase their number. As the "Inquisitor of the World of Books," Walpole mockingly arrogates to himself the right to destroy any work that displeases him. To give an air of legality to his proceedings, he asserts that he is descended in a direct line from Chi Hoang Ti, the Emperor of China, who, according to Du Halde, ordered the destruction of all books in his empire. Closing with an eulogy of his Oriental ancestor, Walpole equals in these two essays the best of the ironic satires which give such zest to the pages of the *World* and make it to-day one of the most readable of eighteenth-century periodicals. But his deft handling of a "spy" might have remained unknown had Walpole not published *A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his Friend Lien Chi at Peking*. Written on May 12, 1757, sent to the press the next day, and passing through five editions in a fortnight, it delighted readers by its exposure of the irrationality of the Englishman's political psychology. Even if he did live in what purported to be a Gothic castle, Walpole himself was attached to his Chinese goldfish and evidently relished an occasional literary holiday in the Orient.

With these forerunners, Continental and English, to guide him, Goldsmith produced *The Citizen of the World* (1760-62), a masterpiece of the *genre*. With far more skill than most writers who have adopted this epistolary form as the vehicle of their criticism, Goldsmith by means of quaint, amusing detail and quirks of style maintains through the long series of letters the illusion that the writer is Chinese, a newcomer in a strange world who is frequently bewildered and ill at ease in his effort to understand it. Moreover, Goldsmith does not arrange the letters in a mere mechanical sequence, checking off like the compiler of a guide-book each topic as he has done with it, but he imparts to the correspondence an artistic integrity by suffusing it with the personality of the imaginary writer, the humorous, kindly, shrewd Chinese philosopher. He has created a character, whereas others have been too often content with an automaton as the mouth-piece of their ideas.

It is a Chinese humanist, it should be noted, and not a man nourished by Greek and Roman culture, that Goldsmith has represented as achieving the cosmopolitanism that justifies his description as a "citizen of the world." In his judgments Lien Chi Altangi is capable of a most admirable detachment. When he visits a lady of distinction, he offends her by his contempt for the Chinese decorations

of her house—rooms crowded with jars, mandarins, and pagodas which were useless, and on that account in the worst of taste, because their owner did not know for what purpose they had been made and employed in China, Nor is Lien any more impressed by what is pointed out to him as a Chinese temple in the garden. It might as well be called, he honestly declares, an Egyptian pyramid. His correspondent, Fum Hoam, shocked by the moral anomalies of western nations, doubts the superiority of Europe and rejoices that he is "a native of that kingdom which derives its original from the sun." Chinese history exhibits "an antient extended empire, established by laws which nature and reason seem to have dictated," and Europe is "the theatre of intrigue, avarice, and ambition." This is Goldsmith's statement of the paradox that lies at the core of all "spy" literature. Its edge is sharpened or blunted according to the mood of various satirists.

The Citizen of the World was followed in 1765 by *The Chinese Spy, or, Emissary from the Court of Peking, commissioned to examine into the Present State of Europe*, a pedestrian piece of work without freshness or insight. A few letters, however, successfully burlesque conventional types of stage characters, the absurdity of the acting, and the number and variety of scenic devices. The ridicule of contemporary tragedy and its ranting heroes is a minor supplement to *Tom Thumb*. A few years later in a paper in the *Sentimental Magazine* a mandarin is depicted as sitting in judgment upon the English passion for card-playing. At the same time, in *The Spiritual Quixote* Richard Graves made a passing thrust at this literary habit of setting up foreigners of outlandish antecedents as qualified critics of England. In the course of his wanderings, Wildgoose, the fanatic Methodist, falls in with one Graham, grotesque philosopher, who is the author of an unpublished manuscript. Its title satirizes the progeny of *The Turkish Spy: Litem Hottentotice, or Letters from a beautiful young Hottentot to her Friends at the Cape*. This work, Graham explains, is "an account of the many barbarous customs and preposterous opinions which she had observed in our metropolis, during her three years' abode amongst us." But, the *genre* of the "spy" was not to be put out of court by a casual jest. Several years later Charles Johnstone attempted to enter into competition with Goldsmith in *The Pilgrim, or, A Picture of Life, in a Series of Letters written by a Chinese Philosopher to his Friend at Quang-Tong* (1775). Literary expediency and not respect for the intellectual power of the Chinese inspired Johnstone to mask himself as an Oriental sage. What he really thought of them he makes plain in *Chrysal, or, The Adventures of a Guinea*. There he laughs at the antiquary who buys Chinese books although he cannot read them, and who carries off "in

triumph " from an auction " the curious, the rare, the inestimable key, into all the mysterious, the profound, the sublime wisdom of that prince of all philosophers, legislators, and hierarchs, the divine Confut-see, and all his learned, and judicious disciples and commentators."

One of the few books in which the satiric method of *The Turkish Spy* is employed without a glint of humour is *A Chinese Fragment* (1786). The author, Ely Bates, according to the British Museum catalogue, represents himself as a Chinaman who has been deeply impressed by Christianity and who has gone to England to examine, at first hand, the great religious system in operation. The result, painful to relate, is disillusionment at the gulf between doctrine and practice. The English, he finds, profane the Sabbath, act frivolously in church, neglect family worship at home, reject all simplicity in both their dress and their houses, find amusement in the moral dangers of the masquerade and the gaieties of Ranelagh, read novels and corrupting Romances, admire the sentimentality of Sterne, and enlist under the banner of a sophist like Shaftesbury or a scoffer like Voltaire. The cheerless conclusion of his indictment is that if Christianity be true and if any people be in danger of extermination for their sins, the English " have cause to tremble." It was this " odd " book which moved Wesley to assert that as for the Chinese " they are almost as *religious* but nothing near so honest as the Turks. So that I account the contrasting them with the Christians to be a mere pious fraud." Wesley was too clear-headed to be browbeaten into the belief that the Chinese in comparison with other nations deserved to be enthroned on a peak of moral superiority.

For other works didactic or satiric in purpose China supplied the background and suggested whimsical ideas which men of wit were delighted to develop with zest and playful humour. China made its due share of contributions especially to that arsenal where periodical writers kept stored the devices by which essays might be enlivened in spirit and diversified in treatment. Addison tells the story of the Chinese women tied up in sacks and sold in the market-place to whoever would run the risk of a purchase, and he locates in China the scene of his antediluvian romance of Hilpa and Shalum. Steele writes the florid letter from the Emperor of China to Pope Clement XI in which it is proposed that the former marry one of the papal nieces, " the Darling of God's Right Eye." With a mock sobriety that proves that he could hold his own in the royal line of eighteenth-century ironists, Chesterfield discusses the tickling of ears, a Chinese pastime, enjoyed by everyone from the Emperor to the coolie, and finds an analogy between this pastime and the English passion for flattery widespread among all classes. In another paper in *Common Sense* (No. 16) he interprets the Chinese allegory of the rat in the venerated

image as signifying the unscrupulous minister of state who, to the injury of his country, ingratiates himself in the favour of a prince and maintains himself there against all comers. Chesterfield expresses surprise that the art of rat-catching is in such low estate in China, but he has to admit that it is declining even in old England. Akin in its capricious spirit to these mocking periodical essays is *Mi Li*, the Chinese fairy story which Walpole included in his *Hieroglyphic Tales*. The charming lady for whom the Chinese prince is searching turns out to be, by way of compliment, Miss Caroline Campbell, daughter of one of Walpole's friends. In its wit and the grace of its unexpected climax the tale does not fall short of being a little masterpiece, and like Walpole's sketches in the manner of "spy" literature exemplifies the facility in paradoxical fancy possessed even by minor writers in the eighteenth century. The Chinese gentlemen who live in these periodical essays are the cousins of the Chinese harlequin who disported himself on the contemporary stage. In effect, Addison, Steele, Chesterfield, Walpole translated into narrative the humour and whimsicality of Chinese life as they perceived it in the scenes that animated lacquer screens and blue and white china.

Political writers as well as periodical essayists made excursions into the Orient. For the construction of the framework of his satire *The Consolidator, or, Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the Moon* (1705) Defoe adopted the popular idea that the Chinese were superior to Western nations. With characteristically misleading gravity he asserts that he has made many voyages to China; impressed by the genius of that "ancient, wise, polite, and most ingenious people," he intends to prepare a description of Chinese technical arts which will enlighten the Western world and expose "the monstrous ignorance and deficiencies of European science." In indicating the scope of his plan, Defoe gives in a spirit of fantastic satire an account of instruments and machines as extraordinary as those devised by the philosophers of Swift's kingdom of Lagado, and proceeds to explain that the supreme competence of the Chinese in the sciences is due entirely to the knowledge which was brought to them from the moon. By means of a machine, called the consolidator, Defoe himself journeys to the lunar world. The account of the conditions he found there constitutes the body of the narrative, and under a thin disguise enables Defoe to satirize the political and religious strife of contemporary England.

But when, in *The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (1719), he had an opportunity to express a different opinion of the Chinese, he did not hesitate to do so. As Crusoe, Defoe confesses that "we wonder at the Grandeur, the Riches, the Pomp, the Ceremonies, the Government, the Manufactures, the Commerce, and Conduct of these

People " because, having thought that the Chinese were pagan barbarians, one is proportionally surprised to discover that they have a civilization at all, and consequently magnifies its merits. Crusoe scoffs at the trade of China, its architecture, and its undisciplined and inadequately armed military forces. When he returns to England he is oddly impressed by what he hears people saying about the wealth and glory of China, for from personal observation he knew "that they were a contemptible Herd or Crowd of ignorant sordid Slaves, subjected to a Government qualified only to rule such a People." The wisest of the Chinese are superstitious, believing that when the sun is eclipsed a dragon has run away with it, and as for the mass of the people, Crusoe thinks their standard of living is so low that an Englishman could not endure it. On the whole, when the misery and poverty of the Chinese are borne in mind, it appears probable that the American savage is actually happier. That Crusoe should be intolerant in his judgment of the Chinese is thoroughly in keeping with the psychology of a man in his position and of limited education; to hate foreigners was one of the cherished prejudices of a " true-born Englishman " in the eighteenth century, and the lower he was in the social scale, the more outrageous was his hostility. However, as Defoe had too much plain common sense to be hypnotized by the legends about China, he probably put into the mouth of Crusoe something of his personal opinion of the Chinese, smirking at his recollection of his praise of them in *The Consolidator*,

No doubt, although its author was known to be an Englishman, the Indo-Chinese masquerade of *The Oeconomy* enhanced its reputation among indiscriminating readers who were ready to credit the Chinese with superior moral insight. The legend that the Chinese had their eyes uplifted to the stars died hard. RaynaFs deification of the Chinese in his " philosophical history " occurred twenty years after the first edition of *The Oeconomy of Human Life*, and was to continue the habit of bestowing the blue ribbon upon remote non-European races. Scott of Amwell's *Li Po, or The Good Governor* (1782), is inspired by the same optimism. Suggested by Du Halde's account to the effect that " the Chinese government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild " and that no ruler can there attain glory unless the welfare of his subjects is his primary concern, the " eclogue " depicts the self-reproach of the viceroy, Li Po, because as an administrator he has not always been guided by justice and pity.

In addition to the plays, letters of Oriental " spies," periodical essays, and political satires which sprang from the contact of the East with the West, there is evidence of a genuine desire to know and understand Chinese literature itself. Of this laudable ambition Thomas Percy is an example. What distinguishes him is that his interest in

books was not circumscribed by the ancient classics and the English works that imitated them. In his conception of literature he was essentially a cosmopolitan, and his historic sense made interesting to him remote civilizations and the poetry of peoples who had never heard of either Aristotle or the *Ars Poetica*. As a liberalizing influence he did his share in emancipating the taste of his contemporaries from the tyranny of Greece and Rome. Of his larger plan to translate examples of Runic, Greenland, Lapland, and Peruvian poetry, his Chinese miscellanies were but a part. When, in speaking of his first collection, *Hau Kiou Chooan, or, The Pleasing History* (1761), he says that "the principal merit of "these volumes [is] that they afford specimens of Chinese composition," he describes them correctly. Intrinsically as translations the Chinese novel, the collection of Chinese proverbs, and the Chinese verse have little value, and certainly would not whet the appetite for more of their kind; as Percy honestly reminds his readers, the poetry is a translation of a translation, that is, an English version of a French rendering of the original Chinese. Percy's own estimate of Chinese poetry is that it is trivial, and of that brief epigrammatic form which had lost favour in Europe. Like the verse, the proverbs had been gathered by Percy from various authors who had written about China. In view of his lack of any first-hand knowledge of China it would be unreasonable to expect that Percy's results would be any better than they are. In *The Matrons* (1762), a mischievous collection of six stories of faithless wives, Percy included the account of the wife of the Chinese philosopher which he found in Du Halde and which Goldsmith had already exploited in *The Citizen of the World*. More informative than literary in character is Percy's *Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese* (1762). He gives a new translation of Premare's version of *The Little Orphan*, accompanied by Hurd's favourable criticism of the tragedy, and *A Description of the Emperor's Gardens and Pleasure-Houses near Peking* and *A Description of the Solemnities observed at Peking on the Emperor's Mother entering on the Sixtieth Year of her Age*.

Percy's aim to popularize a knowledge of the Chinese and their literature was indirectly supplemented by John Brown, author of the famous *Estimate*, in the course of his effort to come to a better understanding of the nature of poetry itself. His *Dissertation on the Rise, Union, and Power . . . of Poetry and Music* (1763), revised as *The History of the Rise and Progress of Poetry* (1764), a pioneer work of its kind, took as its initial principle that as poetry was an art based on emotions common to mankind, its nature could be determined by a study of man in "his *savage* or *uncultivated* State" before the influences of civilization had obscured the operation of his spontaneous feelings and thought. In illustration of this principle he examines

the poetical development in Greece, Peru, India, and China. His deductions are not important, but his method was full of promise because it admitted an evolutionary conception of poetry and, anticipating the procedure of scholars like Gummere in America, sought for poetic origins among primitive or semi-civilized peoples. Brown's point of view, like that of Percy, implied liberality of judgment because it testified to an interest in all poetic activity no matter where or when it might manifest itself.

Such catholicity only offended the exclusive, aristocratic classicist. As the idea of any connection between the poetry of the ancients and that of some barbarous race was as repugnant to him as the thought of the ancestral monkey to the anti-Darwinian, it is not surprising that one of Brown's critics exulted in "the obvious ridicule which arises from the searching for the seeds and principles of all the most refined and transporting poetry of Greece in the dreary wilds of North America. . . ." In spite of such a protest, the monopoly of classicism as the sole form of literary expression deserving of respect was nearing its end. Within a few years Warren Hastings was to plead for the independent recognition of the *Bhagavad-gita* and its exemption from the conventional standards of European criticism. Percy's Chinese publications and Brown's inclusion of China in his discussion of poetry were signs of the development of this more comprehensive definition of literature. That China was associated with that development bears some testimony to the impression which the Orient had made upon the mind of Western Europe.

What Orientalism contributed to English literature did not in any deep or vital sense modify its form and spirit as did, let us say, the renewed interest in the Middle Ages. Its primary service was to enrich the content of literature with some fresh material drawn from new realms of experience. The Oriental world gave a new costume to the harlequin, suggested a picturesque setting for operas, offered the merchant engaged in Eastern trade as a convenient *deus ex machina* or made him as a nabob an object of ridicule, provided amusing ideas for ironic essays and political satires, and presented a philosophical "spy" capable of exposing the follies of contemporary England. But, while on our guard against overrating the intrinsic value of these contributions, we should remember that the volume and depth of a great national literature are proportional to the number and variety of the minor streams that pour into the main channel. As a mere document, any literature is the more fascinating when it reveals vividly the influences that have shaped the life of the people that created it, and records the adventures that have enlarged their experience and awakened their consciousness of worlds beyond their national boundaries. The Chinese harlequin, the nabob, and the spying sage are

figures that ultimately owe their existence to English commerce, which established connection between the West and the Far East. The very presence of these figures varies the pattern of eighteenth-century literature and is the outward symbol of human and artistic relationships between the East and the West that have been vitalizing English life ever since their establishment. Even if such Oriental elements do not make the literature greater fundamentally, they increase its historical interest many fold. More important as an influence in the world of ideas was the antithesis between Eastern and Western civilization and the eulogy of the former at the expense of the latter. The currency of this antithesis was due not entirely to its acceptance as a belief, but partly to literary exigency. It provided a point of vantage from which a satirist could attack his fellow-Englishmen more effectively. But it would be an error to assume that this respect for the Chinese was invariably tainted with insincerity. The travel-books praised the Chinese and enveloped them in glamour, many of their readers accepted their estimate, and in consequence the prestige of the Chinese was sufficiently great to stir Johnson and Wesley to denial and resentment. In so far as this favourable opinion was established in the popular mind, it robbed the ancients of a few rays in their halo of glory, prepared the way for a more tolerant consideration of non-European peoples, and undoubtedly in the last decades of the eighteenth century served to stimulate and justify the more serious study of Oriental languages and literature.

SCIENTIFIC

MATTEO RICCI (1553-1610) AND CHINESE SCIENCE

HENRI BERNARD

WHEN the young Ricci disembarked at Macao (August 7, 1582), he seemed, more than any other, qualified to resume and develop the scientific essays, inaugurated by the Spanish cosmographers of the Augustinian Order. In fact, since his departure from Rome (May 18, 1577), five years and more had elapsed. His experience had been considerably enlarged. In Portugal (from the month of June, 1577, to March 24, 1578) he had been able to collect the traditions still quite fresh of the great cosmographer Pedro Nunez. During his sea voyages, he had begun the study of nautical science; on all that he had observed, he had taken notes and drawn up memoranda of the route followed.

He had resided in the cities of Goa and of Cochin for more than three years and a half (September 13, 1578-April 15, 1582): and he had been requested to apply himself to the scientific study of this new and very imperfectly known country, in order to document his illustrious contemporary, Father Maffei, the "Titus Livius" of Portuguese explorations.

The reputation of " mathematician " which Ricci had thus acquired among the missionaries made him wanted in China, by Father Ruggieri; men in fact were required "capable of writing in Chinese ... on certain mathematical questions of which that nation was very fond/' The young Italian missionary, only just landed at Macao (August 7, 1582), received orders to decipher an important collection of Chinese books with the help of the interpreters of the House of Catechumens, and in the space of five months, he drew up for the Visitor, Father Valignano, a detailed report. He does not yet seem to have been acquainted except by hearsay with the state of the exact sciences. Like all Europeans who, having put into various maritime ports where intellectual life seemed to be absent, suddenly come upon the Chinese civilization, he was charmed and so to speak dazzled by the vision of that immense world which for a long time up till then had been forgotten by the West.

" Although their sciences," wrote Valignano, " are not so perfect as ours, they appear to have reached the degree achieved by the ancient philosophers, before Aristotle introduced into them method and before they had been clarified in the light of the Christian doctrine. . . ."

A little more than a year after his arrival at Macao, Ricci succeeded in establishing himself at Chao-ch'ing Fu, the capital of the two provinces of Kuangtung and Kuangsi (September 10, 1583). He there observed two eclipses of the moon (November 29, 1583 and May 24, 1584) which had been " predicted very clearly and very exactly by another method than ours "; and it was probably under the impression of this success that he wrote a truly excessive eulogy of scientific culture in China (September 13, 1584).

" In their sciences, the Chinese are very learned: in medicine, moral physics (the science of morals), mathematics and astronomy, arithmetic, and finally all the liberal or mechanical arts. It is admirable that a nation, which has never had any relations with Europe, should have reached by its own means almost the same results as we with the collaboration of the whole universe."

He was not slow in correcting his too optimistic appreciations. His predecessor, Father Ruggieri, had been able to cultivate the benevolent curiosity of his learned friends by teaching them some of the more immediate practical applications of the European sciences, such as clocks, watches, and especially the glass-waxe of Venice. In the eyes

of people who knew nothing of Optics, the prisms of the common crystal passed "for precious stones of inestimable value or for a small piece of the sky," because one saw in them objects irradiated with all the colours of the rainbow. Ricci did not scorn to "occupy himself with these trifles, leaving to others the care of great matters": a good clockmaker, a clever builder of houses, he was besides a correct draughtsman and expert mechanician.

Soon an opportunity presented itself for him to fathom the depth of Chinese learning. A small map of the world had been hung on a wall of his residence: "Some scholars," wrote Ricci (after having seen it), "asked me to draw a map of the various countries I *had* passed (in coming from Europe), to preserve a souvenir of my voyage. At that time, I was not completely familiar with the Chinese language; nevertheless, I selected some facts from the maps and the books I had brought with me, added notes and the journal of the route of several years and had the whole engraved on some blocks (of wood). For the translation, I had been helped by an official interpreter; nevertheless, I did not succeed in avoiding mistakes altogether."

This Map of the World, inspired by European maps and retouched to suit the Chinese taste, set many problems for the curiosity of Ricci's visitors.

"They had not yet seen," wrote an old chronicler, "the earth distinguished (divided) by meridians and parallel degrees. They did not know of the equator, the tropics, the two poles and the five zones; and though they may have seen some of these circles on the sky or the celestial globe traced on the mathematical instruments, they had not yet seen them anywhere transferred to the earth."

In short, Ricci had to explain to them the "Geography" or more exactly the "Cosmography" after the fashion of the sixteenth century. He does not seem to have foreseen this case; he only possessed two books, the treatises on the Sphere of the world, composed by his master Father Clavius and the Sienese Jesuit Alexandro Pkcoxmini; he tried to recover from Chinese works everything that could help him to reveal to them the science of the universe.

"The universe," he told them, "is constituted of celestial orbs and the elements, among which the earth stands for the foundation and the last heaven for the roof or cover.

"Let us begin with the earth. It is very wide, since it measures several millions of Chinese ft, which is equal to 6,300 of our leagues. The diameter which traverses it in the middle, is 2,000 leagues long and in its centre, is the hell of the damned. . . . Since the earth is solid and spherical, it is surrounded by water like the yellow of an egg is by the white (in the shell). . . .

"As to the celestial orbs, without speaking of the three last the

nearest of which to us contains all the stars, the seven others which are called orbs of the planets, are thus arranged:

" First of all Saturn called in Chinese ' earth star,'

2. Jupiter, 'wood star,'

3. Mars, ' fibre star,'

4. the Sun,

5. Venus, 'gold star,'

6. Mercury, ' water star,'

Lastly, the Moon.

" It must further be observed that time is measured by the movement of the sun and of the moon: in fact, the sun, by revolving around the earth, produces day and night . . .; the moon, in approaching and receding from the sun by turns, sends back to the earth the light which it receives from the sun. When the moon is placed between the sun and the earth, it intercepts the rays and light of the sun; when, opposite to the sun, it passes into the shadow projected by the earth, it is suddenly eclipsed."

These astronomical truths—mixed as we know with so many errors—produced on the Chinese an effect analogous to that which caused the revelation of Ptolemy to the first savants of the European Renaissance: they opened infinite horizons on the* grandeur of the Creation, the distribution of the worlds, the movements of the planets, the harmony of the spheres. The earth, round and immovable, is in the centre of the universe; around it are arranged the seven planets which revolve with unequal speeds; the firmament to which are attached the fixed stars and the signs of the zodiac, marks its visible limits. The orb of the stars and the orb of the planets have the form of a circle, because only the perfect form of the circle can express the perfection of the divine work. If one analyses this universe, one finds in it only four elements: earth and fire, water and air; and, between the earth and the fire, intermediary elements allow of easy passage from the one to the other, since water which solidifies approaches the earth, and air which is heated approaches fire.

Ricci was able to materialize his teachings by constructing various instruments much in use in Europe: terrestrial globes, celestial globes, astronomical spheres, sun-dials. . . . On the terrestrial globes, the cartographical indications of the various regions are sober enough; the meridians, parallels and degrees, the equator, the tropics, the two poles and the five zones are clearly distinguished on them. The celestial globe was probably constructed on the models which Ricci had formerly seen at the Collegio Romano.

" I do not know if I will succeed," he wrote on October 20, 1585, " since I can get help from no book: but whatever it may be, it seems to me that it will be superior to those of the Chinese. . . . I have

found among them twelve or, rather twenty-four divisions of the year which correspond to ours in every respect: in these subjects, a little is worth a lot (*il poco val molto*)"

The spheres, constructed of brass and of iron, are armillary spheres on which the earth occupies the centre; they are provided with two poles, the one fixed and the other movable. The sun-dial, fixed on the facade of the residence, is vertical; it was an object of astonishment to the Chinese, who knew only of the horizontal dial.

All these novelties intensely excited the curiosity of the scholars of Chao-ch'ing Fu, and the rumour began to spread that Ricci was the greatest savant in the world, "because," said an old historian, "this people measures all the other nations by its own yardstick"; the alchemists, stubborn with their chimeras, came to show him strange rocks or minerals, merchants wished to learn how to manufacture velvet, the common people regarded with a fearful reverence this magician whose clocks struck of themselves. . . . Little by little, as time went on, a legend was created which made of him a tutelary genius of clocks in China.

Truth to tell, as long as he resided at Chao-ch'ing Fu (September 10, 1583-August 15, 1589), Ricci did not, so to speak, meet any person capable of understanding the principles of European sciences and, if he taught the Christians the method of calculating their calendar, it was by a quite empirical method and without any demonstration.

"For although it be commonly reported (outside this empire) that many liberall sciences, and especially naturall and morall phylosophy are studies in China, and that they have Universities there, wherein such ingenuous artes are delivered and taught, yet, for the most part, this opinion is to be esteemed more popular than true. . . . The people of China doe, above all things, professe the arte of literature; and learning it most diligently, they employ themselves a long time and the better part of their age therein . . . their literature being . . . in maner infinite."

However, the moment was approaching when Ricci was in fact to discover a mind really disposed to learn the European sciences: this was a thoughtful and cultivated scholar, named Ch'ii T'ai-su, who prompted at first by the desire to study alchemy, placed himself under the training of Ricci for one year at Chao Chou, and afterwards remained in very close relations with him for two or three years (between 1590 and 1595). The small library of European works had been enriched by at least two works of Father Clavius, his *Practical Arithmetic* and his *Elements of Euclid*, perhaps also his *Treatise on Gnomonics or Dials*.

"Ch'u T'ai-su," relates Ricci, "wished to learn our sciences and especially mathematics. After our Arithmetic, which is much

easier and methodical than theirs, he had me explain to him the Sphere of Father Clavius and the *First Book of the Elements of Euclid*. Finally, he learnt to make every kind of sun-dial, and also to measure heights and distances."

At one stroke, these were new ideas, and especially absolutely new methods which appeared or re-appeared in China. In place of calculation by the abacus, "assuredly exact, but easily open to error and confined to but a few things," they could thenceforth count "with pen and paper": Arabic numbers, four operations with whole numbers, the theory of fractions, problems in the Rule of Three, progressions, extraction of square root . . . almost all that was to be found in the ancient Chinese treatises, but had been completely forgotten by the scholars of the end of the sixteenth century. Ch'U T'ai-su translated into elegant Chinese what Ricci had taught him in the common tongue: he thus created a scientific terminology which, in the course of time, eliminated almost completely the names employed by the ancient Chinese.

The First Book of the Elements of Euclid—after a series of 36 definitions, 4 postulates and 20 axioms—develops 48 propositions (34 theorems and 14 problems) on triangles, rigorously linked the one to the other, without any intermediary being neglected. Perhaps some high-flying mathematicians find this work very simple; but its simplicity constitutes its merit; it is within the reach of all, and China, after so many generations and so many peoples, proves in its turn that all can understand it.

By the help of these elements, Ch'U T'ai-su was able to solve the elementary problems of the construction of dials or the measurement of lengths. Ricci further taught him to construct quite rudimentary instruments which the astronomers and experts made use of, at an epoch when neither the telescope, nor the microscope, nor the sliding-gauge had yet been invented.

The most simple of all these apparatuses is the ordinary carpenter's square, sometimes called the geometric square. It is used to measure small distances by means of similar triangles.

The cross-bow, also called the geometric cross, golden rod, astronomical arm, Jacob's staff . . . is much used to estimate the height of stars at sea, in geodesy, and in topography. It is composed of a square shank or arrow with graduated marks, along which slides a perpendicular cross-piece.

The astrolabe is the best known of the ancient instruments; there are many models of it. To be strictly etymological, every instrument by which one can "take" the height of a star, is an astrolabe: thus the armillary sphere, formed of two and sometimes three circles whose planes are rectangular to each other, helps to determine the co-

ordinates of the stars in relation to the equator and the meridian. The astrolabe recommended by Father Clavius is a "planisphere" that is to say essentially a disk (of stiff cardboard), graduated all round the circumference and provided with an open sight-rule or alidad turning about the centre in order to take sights of different points of the sky. What is most characteristic in the "plane-astrolabe" or "Planisphere" of Father Clavius, is what is called the "cobweb" or "network," a collection of curved lines obtained for a given latitude by stereographically projecting the celestial sphere on the plane of the equator. By this means are combined the advantages of an ordinary astrolabe and those of a celestial sphere..

The quadrant, closely related to the astrolabe, is reduced to a quarter of the circle; sometimes even, the arc is replaced by the two sides of a square on which the degrees are marked. As to what is called the "sextant," what we nowadays know by that name was only invented in 1730; in the sixteenth century the term was sometimes employed to designate a rotary compass, set at 60° .

Such are the instruments, truly very simple, of which we will now speak.

"Ch'ii T'ai-su," says Ricci, "having transcribed the explanations in elegant Chinese, showed them to his friends the magistrates, telling them that their books, in comparison with ours, were like people without brains. . . . Everything enraptured him on account of its novelty. . . . He seemed quite insatiable, passing day and night in study. In the books he published (in the course of time), he reproduced the designs of all that is contained in our works with their dimensions, and without error. Besides, he constructed many instruments: sextants, spheres, astrolabes, dials, compasses and other very fine things, in wood or in copper, many even in silver."

This apprenticeship was not a matter of a few lessons, but Ricci never regretted having devoted a considerable time to it because, wherever he went afterwards, he found the way prepared by Ch'ii T'ai-su who constituted himself "the herald and forerunner" of his master. In the month of April, 1595 (nearly thirteen years after his arrival in China), the Italian missionary yielded to the entreaties of his friends who urged him to leave the province of Kuangtung, "rough and but little civilized," and he went and established himself in the city of Nanch'ang, the capital of Kiangsi (June 28, 1595). His renown drew him almost immediately a large number of disciples eager to receive instruction in his school: some to study alchemy, others to learn the secret of mnemotechny, and several to study our sciences.

It was still a recent work of Father Clavius which seems to have inspired his teaching. Ricci had noticed that his hearers knew only the "equatorial dial," "for the 36° of latitude which was the same

throughout the world." He constructed a "horizontal dial" (for the latitude of Nanch'ang 29°) on which are indicated "the signs of the zodiac, the length of the days and nights, the hour of sunrise, the moment when the sun enters a celestial constellation and reaches the zenith." He then explained that the height of the pole is not the same for all places on the* terrestrial globe and constructed a second horizontal dial for the town of Ningpo in 32° north latitude, and later, a third for the 31° of latitude.

Ricci's scientific reputation increased daily: "In truth," he wrote on October 28, 1595, "I may say that, for them, I am another Ptolemy," and he enumerated their "absurdities," according to the ideas current in Europe at the end of the sixteenth century.

1. The earth is flat and square, the sky is a round canopy: they did not succeed in conceiving the possibilities of the antipodes.

2. There is only one sky (and not ten skies); it is empty (and not solid), the stars move in the void (instead of being attached to the firmament).

3. As they do not know what the air is, where we say that there is air, they affirm that there is a void. By adding metal and wood, and subtracting air, they count five elements (and not four): metal, wood, fire, water and earth. Still worse, they make out that these elements are engendered the one by the other, and it may be imagined with how little foundation they teach it, but as it is a doctrine handed down from their ancient sages, no one dares to attack it.

4. For eclipses of the sun, they give a very good reason: namely that the moon, when it is near the sun, intensifies its light! On the contrary, when it is diametrically opposed to it, it is so terrified that it loses its light and its colour! Other scholars say that there is an empty hole in the middle of the sun and, when the moon is opposite that hole, it cannot be illuminated.

5. During the night, the sun hides under a mountain which is situated near the earth.

Ricci revived then, for the use of the Chinese, the teachings which had been current in Europe for nearly two thousand years. Plato had set the mathematicians this problem: "What are the circular and perfectly regular movements which should be taken for hypotheses in order to preserve the appearances presented by the wandering stars?" Now, since Plato placed the Earth in the centre of the celestial circulations, and supposed it to be stationary there, the problem could still be formulated thus: "Place several spherical concentric globes one inside the other; give to each of them a uniform rotation round a suitably chosen axis; suppose that the movement of the inside orb combines with the movements of those surrounding it; then combine these movements in such a way that the resulting progress of a star

fixed to the orb nearest to the centre represents the apparent movement of the observed planet." It was under this form that this problem gave birth to diverse systems of homocentric spheres. That is the problem of astronomy as it was understood till Kepler. For us who know that for the circle, must be substituted the ellipse, it is evident that the cosmological doctrine built on this basis by Aristotle did not solve, and could not solve, in spite of its grand unity, the problem set by Plato; it did not preserve, it was doomed not to preserve, the totality of the celestial appearances. To explain more minutely the apparent movements, Greek antiquity, the Islam middle age, the Christian middle age and the beginning of the Renaissance had seen the development of the system of eccentrics and epicycles, persisting in supposing that the circle is the noblest of geometrical lines, and trying to follow dumbly by combinations of circles the real movements of the stars.

Ricci dared not teach the theory of eccentrics and epicycles to his hearers at Nanch'ang, but he strove to make them understand the essential points of the cosmological problem. For their use, he reproduced the schema of the nine superposed spheres, he translated the theory of the four elements. . . . Imbued as he was with the Greek method, essentially based on the ecliptic, he noticed very soon that the Chinese method is founded especially on the equator, and, on the hypothesis that the earth is stationary, he explained to them " the two poles, one mobile, the other immobile."

" Since the Zodiac (or Ecliptic) is oblique in relation to the Equator, the pole of the Zodiac does not coincide with the pole of the Earth. Then, since the eighth sphere moves round the axis of the world, the Zodiac which is one part of the eighth sphere, will circumscribe the pole of the world. The circle described by the pole of the Zodiac round the North Pole is called the Arctic (Celestial) Circle; and the circle described by the other pole of the Zodiac round the South Pole, is called the Antarctic (Celestial) Circle."

This distinction, which clarifies to a great extent the enigmas of Chinese astronomy, was willingly admitted by his hearers. Other points brought forth objections: it seemed to them incredible that the sun could be greater than the bottom of a cask, but they ended by being convinced at least that it is of greater dimensions than the earth, " for certain scholars, having measured it with their instruments, have attributed to it more than a thousand leagues." The stars, adds Ricci, are still greater, many greater than the earth: " that seems to them an incredible paradox as the fire situated under the heaven occupies the highest part of the elementary earth, where it gives birth to the comets and the shooting stars! "

" And in truth," he says, " if China was the entire world, I would not

hesitate to call myself the greatest mathematician and even the greatest philosopher of nature, because all that they say is ridiculous and I am surprised at the little they know: they are all addicted to moral philosophy, and they have cultivated elegance of discourse, or, rather, of style. . . . They are persuaded that I am a phenomenon of scientific knowledge and that no other like me has ever come from our country: which causes me great amusement."

Ch'ii T'ai-su continued, by his letters and writings, to fan the fire which he had kindled.

"Seven years ago," he wrote to Ricci, on May 19, 1596, "in passing through Nanch'ang, I extolled your rare merits to all the scholars of the place. . . . One of my disciples, called Helo (?) . . . wished to renounce the passing of the examinations for the hcentiate in order that he might attach himself to you. . . . I dissuaded him from doing so because his mother was old. . . . He successfully passed the examination and is now the fourth Governor of Caucea (?) . . . in the province of Kuang-tung. Perhaps he has paid you a visit? . . . Last year I met an Academician to whom you had explained the (Euclid's) definitions of the point, the line, the extremity (of a line), thickness. He is full of admiration for it. . . . Many scholars (of Soochow in Kiangsu, the residence of Ch'ii T'ai-su) wish that you would go there. . . .

"This year, having enough leisure, I gathered together and put in order what you had taught me, and of it compiled a book which I showed to the Academy of Scholars: there was no one who did not admire your doctrine. . . . I send you the manuscript for you to correct it. . . and afterwards I shall publish it. . . and thus our friendship will not be without some result. Here, they esteem especially the books of Hothu (?), Coscui (?), Pequa (?), Queusciu (?), Thaiquitu (?), and others of the same kind which discuss the point, the line, the extremity and thickness. All the scholars affirm that the line (the circumference) is the circle, but according to your teaching, the line (the circumference) is that which bounds the circle, and the circle is included in the inside (of the line)."

The eclipse of the sun of September 22, 1596, completely established the astronomical reputation of Ricci at Nanch'ang.

Several months before, it had been announced by the Board of Mathematics at Peking. On that occasion, the magistrates had to assemble in order to bring help, so they said, to the sun and the moon, by striking bronze instruments until the eclipse ended. Now it was much less than had been foreseen. Many people came to ask me the reason: had there been an error in the calculation, or had its importance been reduced through other causes? On that occasion I explained to them that the eclipse of the sun is not universal and that

it can be greater in one place than in another; thus it might happen that it would be greater in the place (Peking) where the calculation had been made whereas it was smaller in this province (Kiangsu) which is much more central. They were contented with this explanation because it did not contradict the King's mathematicians and the reasons that I gave them for eclipses of the sun and the moon satisfied them: all that had been unknown to them, especially the cause of the eclipse of the moon which their scholars could never explain."

After the month of October, 1596, a new book by Father Clavius on the Astrolabe which Father Valignano had had bound in India was received. The author's preface extols the merit of this instrument:

"Of all the instruments which one uses ... for the prime mover (the Sun), none appears to me to surpass that named by Ptolemy the Planisphere, *commonly called the Astrolabe. There in fact, all the celestial circles of the prime mover are geometrically projected on the plane in such a manner that each of their points and of their arcs can be measured with as much care and precision as on a perfectly spherical globe. Without doubt, the solid sphere or globe ... is the most perfect image of the whole heaven . . . but it is difficult to construct and keep perfectly round . . . that is why, a plane instrument is much more convenient for travellers, because it can be easily transported from one place to another and preserved without injury. Besides, all the necessary circles can be drawn on it."

In 1597, Ricci made haste to use this book not only to show it to many of the scholars who were quite surprised at the accuracy of the figures, but also in order to construct another dial ... on which were indicated the duration of the day and night for each of the twenty-four signs (of the Zodiac) and their half -intervals; moreover, the time of the rising and setting of the sun, and, which most of all astonished the scholars, the twilights.

POLITICAL

THE INFLUENCE OF WESTERN POLITICAL THOUGHT ON CHINA

E. R. HUGHES

THE first Chinese observers of western political institutions and students of western political principles started with the rooted conviction that whatever other nations might excel in, the Chinese excelled

in their knowledge of the high science and art of government. Trade relations, the manufacture of guns and the building of steamers, the opening of mines and the building of cotton mills, all these had been accepted as part of the national policy without disturbing this complacency. It was therefore a blow at the very heart of Chinese *amour propre* to find reason for doubt on this score. The key date is 1860, when, by the Second Treaty of Tientsin, the Powers extracted for their representatives the right of residence in the capital.

The establishment of the foreign legations in Peking was followed by the organization of an *ad hoc* department of State to carry on negotiations with the foreign representatives. This necessitated an institution for training men for the service of this department. In 1862, W. A. P. Martin, an American missionary of twenty years' residence in China, was appointed head of the Tung Wen Kuan. Under him were nine foreign professors, English, French, German, and Russian. The students soon numbered over one hundred, at first all Manchus, later half Manchus, half Chinese. Martin organized a corps of translators, and among the translations issued were books dealing with international law, history, French and English codes of law, and diplomatic and consular guides. Here, then, was an insidious influence at work in the very capital itself, where thousands of picked scholars from all the provinces were preparing for the highest civil examinations.

Efforts of the legations to achieve social relations with Prince Kung and his associates in the Tsungli Yamen seem to have had little success. Anson Burlingame, the American Minister, alone engaged their confidence. Sir Robert Hart, however, as head of the Chinese Maritime Customs, came more and more to be trusted by high officials both in Peking and Tientsin. It was he who persuaded the Grand Council to appoint representatives to the foreign Courts. This was the second way in which political ideas began to penetrate China. The Manchu Court realized that able and responsible men must be appointed to these posts. There came therefore to be a continuous succession of influential scholars living abroad and taking stock of what they saw, and in compliance with their instructions writing long reports on the customs of the countries in which they were living. The first Minister to the Court of St. James was Kuo Seng-tao, appointed in 1867, and he is a good example of others who served their country in London and the other capitals.

Minister Kuo was an excellent man for his post, a scholar and a gentleman and also a shrewd observer. Mr. Gladstone spoke of him as the most urbane man he had ever met. According to Ku Han-min, when Kuo came back he made the epoch-making remark: "Confucius and Mencius have deceived us," by which he meant, not that he was converted to the adoption of western institutions, **but** that he now

realized there was more than one way of governing a civilized country. A diary kept on his voyage to England shows how the heaven immediately began to work. He was not three days from Shanghai when the "ritual of courtesy" displayed between his steamer and a passing man-of-war gave him his first idea of the civilization which might lie behind England's strength. In the Red Sea he wrote deploring the policy of seclusion which the Chinese Government had inaugurated at the end of the Sung Dynasty (thirteenth century), for "Western States have been established for two thousand years, and their principles of government are entirely civilized and rational." This was a little too much for the Court die-hards in Peking, and when after his return Kuo published his diary, the order went out for it to be banned. It is significant that the order was not universally obeyed. Kuo was succeeded by Tseng Kuo-fan's son, who on his return after nine years' service in London was given a high post in the Tsungli Yamen. Things indeed were beginning to move.

By the beginning of the 'seventies there were three translation bureaux at work, one in Peking, one in Shanghai, and one in Canton. The two in Shanghai and Canton confined themselves at first to technical subjects, but later published books of general interest including textbooks on political organization. Japanese versions of western books were in existence, and by their use the pace of production was greatly increased. People began to appreciate the difference between written and unwritten constitutions, and also the importance of coded laws. This latter was of special interest, as during the Manchu Dynasty*there had been a marked trend in the direction of legalizing the State and its relations with the people. There had appeared not only the Ta Ch'ing Legal Code with its periodic revisions but also the House Laws of the Imperial Clan. In addition there now arose an ever-increasing body of binding regulations under the foreign treaties. It is not therefore to be wondered at that W. A. P. Martin's translation of Wheaton's International Law found serious readers.

By 1880 the first students sent to study abroad began to filter back into Chinese society. Some came from an America which was on its way to effective development of the whole of its territory. In that country there seemed nothing which government "for the people and by the people" could not achieve. Some came from England where the governing classes were making the best of democracy and submitting to the call for universal education, public parks and libraries, and the whole gamut of municipal services. Wherever these students lived in the white man's West they found the idea that the old world must give place to the new/ In this new world those who had learnt the way of it had both new Nature and old God on their side, and so were bound to prosper to an unimagined degree. Americans,

generously enough, if somewhat patronizingly, thought that the Chinese might play their part in this great development, so the influence of America began at this early stage to be stronger than that of England or France.

Apart from the students there were the huge numbers of Chinese labourers who were attracted to the Straits Settlements, Java, Cuba, and the American continent. It is here worth noting that a certain prosperous merchant in Honolulu had his young brother sent out to him in 1879, and put him to school in the Bishop's school. That boy was Sun Yat-sen, destined to be the arch-exponent of western democratic principles and the first president of the Republic of China.

At this time also mission schools were being founded up and down the coast, among them St. John's College (1879) in Shanghai, which became thirty years later the chief forcing-house for officials of the new stamp. In Shanghai also Chinese daily papers were founded during the 'seventies and flourished during the next decade. They printed not only foreign political news but also editorials, some of them radical enough. And last but not least in influence, there was the new Protestant missionary venture in journalism by Williamson, and later by Timothy Richard, the famous *Wan Kuo Kung Pao* (Intelligencer of all Nations), which was for years distributed at the imperial examinations. It is significant that Viceroy Chang Chih-tung and other semi-liberals began to give donations in aid of this paper. There was therefore a very definite turning of the tide. In all the coast provinces, and indeed wherever groups of scholars foregathered, there was talk and more than talk: keen minds began to study and compare.

The humiliations of the 1894-98 period intensified this feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction. Here is a quotation from one among the many memorials submitted to the Throne: "Since the disgraceful defeat of our eastern forces, the Western Powers despise us and treat us like barbarians. . . . Formerly they regarded us as half-civilized, now they compare us with the black slaves of Africa. Formerly they disliked us for our pride and self-complacency, now they insult us like irreclaimable dolts. According to their international law, their balance of power, and the provisions for protection, there is respect for civilized countries and not for barbarian tribes. What is more, they say, slice up the barbarian countries with their lack of government in order to save the people from destruction. Therefore ten years ago, when there was no trouble with us, the Western Powers concentrated on the partition of Africa. Now that that is finished they are talking these last three years of dividing up China. The newspapers discuss the matter, getting public opinion . . . with detailed plans and no concealment about it! " Here is a new note struck by one of the official class. He pays attention to what the foreign press is saying, and what has

been happening in other parts of the world. That he was not exaggerating the trend of foreign policy towards China may be seen from an article by a competent observer in *Blackwood's Magazine*; "The scramble which moderate men hoped to see indefinitely postponed was entered into with the zest of a Cornish wrecking raid. The officious interference of quasi-friendly Powers to save the derelict empire from mutilation proved according to unvarying experience a remedy which was worse than the disease. Russia, Germany, and France proceeded to treat China as a No-Man's-Land: disintegration was the order of the day."

PERSONAL

A DEBT TO CHINA

ARTHUR WALEY

MUCH has been written about things (pleasant and otherwise) that, in the material order, we are supposed to have got from China. Fortunately (seeing that gunpowder is one of the items) these accounts are to some extent imaginary. At intervals for the last twenty years a patient expert has been writing to the Press to contradict the assertion that the European art of printing was derived from China; other experts periodically prove that the Chinese did not invent the magnetic compass.

Far less has been written about our intellectual debt to China; though here, in passing from the concrete to the abstract, we arrive oddly enough on much surer ground. In particular, nothing at all has been written about the influence of China upon the intellectual life of our own times. This occurred to me recently while re-reading an article on Chinese poetry that Lytton Strachey wrote in 1908, long before the publication of *Eminent Victorians* or any of the other works that made him famous. "One would be tempted," he writes, "to say that the poetry in it" (Giles's *Chinese Poetry in English Verse*) "is the best that this generation has known, save that it has been written for the last ten centuries." For one who was rootedly distrustful of the exotic, whose culture was indeed severely Anglo-French and whose chosen method was understatement, this pason comes most unexpectedly. Partly, no doubt, it was due to the form (reminiscent of Locker Lampson's "society verses," and hence indirectly of Matthew Praed and the eighteenth-century tradition) in which Giles preheated

the Chinese poets. "Reading this book," he says, "we might be in the alleys of Versailles." But there was another factor. A great turning-point in our relations with China had come. Hitherto all the English who visited that country had done so for political reasons, either as missionaries, soldiers, sailors, merchants or officials. About this time quite another class of visitor began to arrive—men of leisure merely anxious to know more of the world; poets, professors, thinkers. Most of them were Lytton Strachey's friends.

On the other hand, contact with such men as Lowes Dickinson, Bertrand Russell, Robert Trevelyan, who had come not to convert, trade, rule or fight, but simply to make friends and learn, gave the Chinese a completely new view of us. Great Englishmen had lived in China before, but they failed to make any impression on the Chinese intelligentsia. Gordon, in so far as anyone had heard of him, was regarded merely as a foreign technician, hired to supervise the artillery of an alien dynasty; James Legge (the most solid pioneer in the realm of sinology) seems never to have been in contact with a single native scholar above the standing of a village schoolmaster. But Lo Su (Bertrand Russell) at once became a *tzu*, an accredited sage; and in Chinese books to-day one sees "Russell said" almost on a par with "Confucius said."

Already for many years past Chinese students had been coming to England for technical education. Those at Cambridge came chiefly from Singapore, and many of them could not speak, still less read, Chinese. Soon after the war there arrived at Cambridge a Chinese poet who, having already made some reputation in China, jumped as it were straight from the *mai* stream of Chinese cultivated life into the company of poets, artists and thinkers in Europe. This was Hsü Chih-mo.

Lytton Strachey had imagined China past and present as one long eighteenth century. He must have found it hard to fit in Hsü. Never has anyone belonged more wholly and more sincerely to the Romantic Period. Byron was his model and hero. He loved to think of himself as the Chinese Childe Harold, though nature had scarcely fitted him for the part. There was nothing Byronic about his long thin face, with the stubborn mouth that seemed to express, above all, the determination to lead his own life in his own way; and he had not a particle of Byronic cynicism.

"The clue to all the turns and deviations of my life," he writes, "has always been an emotional one, and this applies no less to my scholastic career than to other phases of my existence." He had a passionate desire to sit at the feet of Bertrand Russell; but when Russell was in China Hsü was in America. Suddenly the American newspapers announced that Russell was dead. Hsü burst into tears

and wrote an elegy. However, the news turned out to be untrue, and eventually Hsu set out for Europe, expecting to find Russell teaching philosophy at Cambridge. Not only had Cambridge dismissed Russell, but the philosopher, now settled in London, was working busily as a journalist and writer of popular educational books. He had no time for pupils.

Cambridge no longer held any attraction, and Hsu spent six lonely and miserable months at the London School of Economics. At a political meeting he met Lowes Dickinson. He had read *The Letters of John Chinaman* and *A Modern Symposium*, and admired them. But Lowes Dickinson in person (he was indeed the embodiment of gentle wisdom) made on Hsu a far deeper impression than his books. Again he had found a Teacher, and soon afterwards, on Dickinson's recommendation, he was accepted as an advanced student at King's College, Cambridge.

But the Teacher vanished. Dickinson seemed always to be either with his sisters in London or else on the Continent. In any case, Hsu seldom saw him at Cambridge. This was the end of his search for a Teacher in the Oriental sense. His admirations and pilgrimages became increasingly literary. He visited Conrad, Wells, Hardy, Bridges, and out of these visits created a literary form that was new in China, an "interview" that had nothing journalist about it—that was fraught with the tense excitement of discovery.

The best of these studies, perhaps Hsu's best piece of writing, describes with extreme vividness and sincerity the drama of his visit to Katherine Mansfield. He had a passionate admiration for her work, and had been trying for months to secure an interview. At last came an invitation to call at Pont Street after dinner. In a state of wild excitement he entered the house, only to be told (after his hopes had been raised to the highest pitch by the entry into the room of a beautiful girl who turned out not to be Miss Mansfield) that Katherine was too ill to see him.

After a time he heard strange elephantine sounds on the stairs. The small Hampstead house rocked, and Hsu was startled into asking what was happening. "That is S.W.," his host said (mentioning a very bulky diplomatist); "he has been talking to Katherine." It is, of course, for an invalid one thing to chat with an old friend, and quite another to receive a complete stranger from a foreign land. This did indeed occur to Hsu, but he felt that he had been excluded because he belonged to an alien race.

"It was a great disappointment to me," he said, at the door, "that Miss Mansfield could not come down. I was very anxious to see her." "Of course, if you don't mind the trouble of going up. . . ." A moment later he was in Katherine Mansfield's room. The interview

lasted for only twenty minutes, but it became his most treasured memory.

In an essay called *Thoughts on Flight* he wrote in 1925: "To soar into space and at last have unimpeded view—this is the thrill, the power, the inheritance proper to the state of Man. Does this carcase, this bag of bones hold you down? Then cast it from you, burst the doors of your cage and fly, away!" After a few years of very agitated and passionate existence in Peking and Shanghai the writer of this paeon on flight was by a strange irony killed in an aeroplane accident in 1931.

I have spoken of Hsu as a Chinese influence on our intellectual life in the post-war period. As a matter of fact, we already knew a good deal about Chinese art and literature, and even something about the part they played in the life of the ancient Chinese. But very little was known here about the part such things played in the lives of cultivated modern Chinese. That was what we learned from Hsu Chih-mo.

What he taught the Chinese about us was, above all, that England does not consist solely of over-populated commercial centres. He was the first Chinese to write—and with passionate feeling—about English landscape and architecture. Byron's Pool, King's Chapel, the Cornish coast. He also did a good deal of rather promiscuous translating: Walt Whitman, Tagore, James Stephens, and Wordsworth in the original metres—stress, accent and all (so he assured me* though he had, I think, a rather personal notion of what Wordsworth sounded like in English).

I started this essay, of which Hsu Chih-mo is the main theme, with a reference to Lytton Strachey's startlingly emphatic praise of Chinese poetry, printed at the dawn of his literary career. In his published works I do not think that he ever alluded to the subject again; he did, however, write some amusing but quite unprintable parodies of my translations of Chinese poetry—translations in which the "Versailles" element was, to his disappointment, entirely lacking. Backhouse and Bland's book aroused in him a great interest in the Dowager Empress, resulting in his tragedy *The Son of Heaven*, eventually performed at the Phoenix Theatre in 1921. The costumes (very lovely ones) were by Duncan Grant, and the music by William Walton. Perhaps the failure of this play damped Lytton's interest in China. He also had the feeling that the subject was remote and unmanageable. His handling of the Chinese episode in his *Gordon* (one of the studies in *Eminent Victorians*) had been a good deal criticized, and was indeed rather flimsily documented.

I have written of things that happened years ago. More recently, while little Plato Chang was dashing off his sketches and *Lady Precious*

Stream was playing to packed houses, there happened almost unnoticed the most important event that has ever occurred in the history of Chinese-European relations. Ch'en Yin-k'o was appointed Professor of Chinese at Oxford. Never before has a Chinese held a professorial Chair in Europe. The mere fact that the appointment was made (circumstances have prevented him from taking up his duties at present) shows that we are willing at last to give concrete form to our long-established veneration for the scholarship of China.

PART FIVE

GREAT SUBJECTS IN MINIATURE

(INTRODUCING ESSENTIALS)

LITERATURE (I)

THE LIMITATIONS OF CHINESE LITERATURE

ARTHUR WALEY -

N.B. This and the next essay were written by Mr. Waley as introductions to his "The Temple" and "170 Chinese Poems." The compiler wishes to express his thanks to the author for the trouble he has taken in revising the typescripts before they went to print. Mr. Waley has also kindly sent the following note:

When I re-read these two passages, the one written twenty-six and the other twenty-one years ago, the shock was even greater than I expected. I soon saw that any attempt to bring them up to date would be like trying to modernize an album of old family photographs by eliminating the whiskers and bowler-hats—a task that only the skilled iconoclast of a Max Beerbohm could compass. So apart from correcting two small errors of quotation, I have left the two texts as I found them, contradicted though they are at many points by what I or others have written since. They must stand or fall as "period pieces" their recrudescence justified (for I cling to this analogy) by the scientific fact that daguerreotypes cannot be "touched up."

THOSE who wish to assure themselves that they will lose nothing by ignoring Chinese literature, often ask the question: "Have the Chinese a Homer, an Aeschylus, a Shakespeare or Tolstoy?" The answer must be that China has no epic and no dramatic literature of importance. The novel exists and has merits, but never became the instrument of great writers.

Her philosophic literature knows no mean between the traditionalism of Confucius and the nihilism of Chuang-tzu. In mind, as in body, the Chinese were for the most part torpid mainlanders.

Their thoughts set out on no strange quests and adventures, just as their ships discovered no new continents. To most Europeans the momentary flash of Athenian questioning will seem worth more than all the centuries of Chinese assent.

Yet we must recognize that for thousands of years the Chinese maintained a level of rationality and tolerance that the West might well envy. They had no Index, no Inquisition, no Holy Wars. Superstition has indeed played its part among them; but it has never, as in Europe, been perpetually dominant. It follows from the limitations of Chinese thought that the literature of the country should excel in reflection rather than in speculation. That this is particularly true of its poetry will be gauged from the present volume. In the poems of Po Chu-i no close reasoning or philosophic subtlety will be discovered; but a power of candid reflection and self-analysis which has not been rivalled in the West.

Turning from thought to emotion, the most conspicuous feature of European poetry is its pre-occupation with love. This is apparent not only in actual "love-poems," but in all poetry where the personality of the writer is in any way obtruded. The poet tends to exhibit himself in a *romantic* light; in fact, to recommend himself as a lover.

The Chinese tendency is different but analogous. He recommends himself not as a lover, but as a friend. He poses as a person of infinite leisure (which is what we should most like our friends to possess) and free from worldly ambitions (which constitute the greatest bars to friendship). He would have us think of him as a boon companion, a great drinker of wine, who will not disgrace a social gathering by quitting it sober.

To the European poet the relation between man and woman is a thing of supreme importance and mystery. To the Chinese it is something commonplace and obvious—a need of the body, not a satisfaction of the *emotions*. These he reserves entirely for friendship.

Accordingly we find that while our poets tend to lay stress on physical courage and other qualities which normal women admire, Po Chu-i is not ashamed to write such a poem as "Alarm at entering the Gorges." Our poets imagine themselves very much as Art has portrayed them—bare-headed and wild-eyed, with shirts unbuttoned at the neck as though they feared that a seizure of emotion might at any minute suffocate them. The Chinese poet introduces himself as a timid recluse. "Reading the Book of Changes at the Northern Window," playing chess with a Taoist priest, or practising calligraphy with an occasional visitor. If "With a Portrait of the Author" had been the rule in the Chinese book-market, it is in such occupations as these that he would be shown; a neat and tranquil figure compared with our lurid frontispieces.

It has been the habit of Europe to idealize love at the expense of friendship and so to place too heavy a burden on the relationship between man and woman. The Chinese erred in the opposite direction, regarding their wives and concubines simply as instruments of procreation. For sympathy and intellectual companionship they looked only to their friends. But these friends were bound by no such ties as held women to their masters; sooner or later they drifted away to frontier campaigns, remote governorships, or country retirement. It would not be an exaggeration to say that half the poems in the Chinese language are poems of parting or separation.

Readers may imagine that the culture represented by Po Chu-i extended over the whole vast confines of China. This would, I think, be an error. Culture is essentially a metropolitan product. Chu-i was as much *depayse* at a provincial town as Charles Lamb would have been at Botany Bay. But the system of Chinese bureaucracy tended constantly to break up the literary coteries which formed at the capitals, and to drive the members out of the little corner of Shensi and Honan which to them was "home."

It was chiefly economic necessity which forced the poets of China into the meshes of bureaucracy—backed by the Confucian insistence on public service. To such as were landowners there remained the alternative of agricultural life, arduous and isolated.

The poet, then, usually passed through three stages of existence. In the first we find him with his friends at the capital, drinking, writing and discussing: burdened by his office probably about as much as Pepys was burdened by his duties at the Admiralty. Next, having failed to curry favour with the Court, he is exiled to some provincial post, perhaps a thousand miles from anyone he cares to talk to. Finally, having scraped together enough money to buy husbands for his daughters, he retires to a small estate, collecting round him the remnants of those with whom he had shared the "feasts and frolics of old days."

I have spoken hitherto only of poets. But the poetess occupies a place of considerable importance in the first four centuries of our era, though the classical period (T'ang and Sung) produced no great woman writer. Her theme varies little; she is almost always a "rejected wife" cast adrift by her lord or sent back to her home. Probably her father would be unable to buy her another husband and there was no place for unmarried women in the Chinese social system. The moment, then, which produced such poems was one of supreme tragedy in a woman's life.

Love-poetry addressed by a man to a woman ceases after the Han dynasty; but a conventional type of love-poem, in which the poet (of either sex) speaks in the person of a deserted wife or concubine, con-

tinues to be popular. The theme appears to be almost an obsession with the T'ang and Sung poets. In a vague way, such poems were felt to be allegorical. Just as in the Confucian interpretation of the love-poems in the Odes (see below) the woman typifies the Minister, and the lover the Prince, so in these classical poems the poet in a veiled way laments the thwarting of his own public ambitions. Such tortuous expression of emotion did not lead to good poetry.

The "figures of speech" devices, such as metaphor, simile, and play on words, are used by the Chinese with much more restraint than by us. "Metaphorical epithets" are occasionally to be met with; waves, for example, might perhaps be called "angry." But in general the adjective does not bear the heavy burden which our poets have laid upon it. The Chinese would call the sky "blue," "gray," or "cloudy," according to circumstances; but never "triumphant" or "terror-scourged."

The long Homeric simile, introduced for its own sake or to vary the monotony of the narrative, is unknown to Chinese poetry. Shorter similes are sometimes found, as when the half-Chinese poet Altun compares the sky over the Mongolian steppe with the "walls of a tent"; but nothing could be found analogous to Mr. T. S. Eliot's comparison of the evening to a "patient etherized on a table." Except in popular poetry, puns are rare; but there are several characters which, owing to the wideness of their import, are used in a way almost equivalent to play on words.

Classical allusion, always the vice of Chinese poetry, finally destroyed it altogether. In the later periods (from the fourteenth century onwards) the use of elegant synonyms also prevailed. I have before me a "gradus" of the kind which the later poets used as an aid to composition. The moon should be called the "Silver Dish," "Frozen Wheel," or "Golden Ring." Allusions may in this connection be made to Yu Liang, who rode to heaven on the crescent moon; to the hermit T'ang, who controlled the genius of the New Moon, and kept him in his house as a candle—or to any other of some thirty stories which are given. The sun may be called the "Lantern-Dragon," the "Crow in Flight," the "White Colt," etc.

Such were the artificialities of later Chinese poetry.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF CHINESE POETRY

The Odes.—From the songs current in his day Confucius (551-479 B.C.) chose about three hundred which he regarded as suitable texts for his ethical and social teaching. Many of them are eulogies of good rulers and criticisms of bad ones. Out of the three hundred and five still extant only about thirty are likely to interest the modern reader. Of these half deal with war and half with love. Many trans-

lations exist, the best being those of Legge in English and of Couvreur in French. There is still room for an English translation displaying more sensitivity to word-rhythm than that of Legge. It should not, I think, include more than fifty poems. But the Odes are essentially lyrical poetry, and their beauty lies in effects which cannot be reproduced in English. For that reason I have excluded them from this book; nor shall I discuss them further here, for full information will be found in the works of Legge or Couvreur.

Elegies of the Land of Ch'u.—We come next to Ch'u Yuan (third century B.C.), whose famous poem "Li Sao" or "Falling into Trouble" has also been translated by Legge. It deals, under a love-allegory, with the relation between the writer and his king. In this poem, sex and politics are curiously interwoven, as we need not doubt they were in Ch'u Yuan's own mind. He affords a striking example of the way in which abnormal mentality imposes itself. We find his followers unsuccessfully attempting to use the same imagery and rhapsodical verbiage, not realizing that these were, as De Goncourt would say, the products of their master's *propre nevrosite*.

"The Battle," his one thoroughly intelligible poem, has hitherto been only very imperfectly translated.

His nephew Sung Yu was no servile imitator. In addition to "elegies" in the style of the "Li Sao," he was the author of many "Fu" or descriptive prose-poems, unrhymed but more or less metrical.

The Han Dynasty.—Most of the Han poems were intended to be sung. Many of them are from the official songbook of the dynasty and are known as Yo Fu or Music Bureau poems, as distinct from *shih*, which were recited. Ch'in Chia's poem and his wife's reply are both *shih*; but all the rest might, I think, be counted as songs.

The Han dynasty is rich in Fu (descriptions), but none of them could be adequately translated. They are written in an elaborate and florid style which recalls Apuleius or Lyly.

The Chin Dynasty.—(1) *Popular Songs* (Songs of Wu). The popular songs referred to the Wu (Soochow) district and attributed to the fourth century may many of them have been current at a much earlier date. They are slight in content and deal with only one topic. They may, in fact, be called "Love-epigrams." They find a close parallel in the coplas of Spain, cf.:

El candil se esta apagando,
La alcuza no tiene aceite—
No te digo que te vayas. . .
No te digo que te quedes.

The lamp is going out,
 The pitcher has no more oil—
 I do not tell you to go. . . .
 I do not tell you to stay.

A Han song, which I will translate quite literally, seems to be the forerunner of the Wu songs.

On two sides of river, wedding made:
 Time comes; no boat.
 Lusting heart loses hope
 Not seeing what-it-desires.

(2) *The Taoists*.—Confucius inculcated the duty of public service. Those to whom this duty was repulsive found support in Taoism, a system which denied this obligation. The third and fourth centuries A.D. witnessed a great reaction against state service. It occurred to the intellectuals of China that they would be happier growing vegetables in their gardens than place-hunting at Nanking. They embraced the theory that "by bringing himself into harmony with nature" man can escape every evil. Thus Tao (Nature's Way) corresponds to the Nirvana of Buddhism, and the God of Christian mysticism.

They reduced to the simplest standard their houses, apparel and food; and discarded the load of book-learning which Confucianism imposed on its adherents.

The greatest of these recluses was T'ao Ch'ien (A.D. 356-427). Something of his philosophy may be gathered from the poem "Substance, Shadow, and Spirit," his own views being voiced by the last speaker. He was not an original thinker, but a great poet who reflects in an interesting way the outlook of his time.

Liang and Minor Dynasties.—This period is known as that of the "Northern and Southern Courts." The north of China was in the hands of the Tungusic Tartars, who founded the Northern Wei dynasty—a name particularly familiar, since it is the habit of European collectors to attribute to this dynasty any sculpture which they believe to be earlier than T'ang. Little poetry was produced in the conquered provinces; the Tartar emperors, though they patronized Buddhist art, were incapable of promoting literature. But at Nanking a series of emperors ruled, most of whom distinguished themselves either in painting or poetry. The Chinese have always (and rightly) despised the literature of this period, which is "all flowers and moonlight." A few individual writers, such as Pao Chao, stand out as exceptions. The Emperor Yuan-ti—who hacked his way to the throne by murdering all other claimants, including his own brother—is **typical**

of this period both as a man and as a poet. When at last forced to abdicate, he heaped together 200,000 books and pictures; and setting fire to them, exclaimed: "The culture of the Liang dynasty perishes with me."

Tang.—Form was at this time valued far above content. "Poetry," says a critic, "should draw its materials from the Han and Wei dynasties." With the exception of a few reformers, writers contented themselves with clothing old themes in new forms. The extent to which this is true can of course only be realized by one thoroughly familiar with the earlier poetry.

In the main, T'ang confines itself to a narrow range of stock subjects. The *mise-en scene* is borrowed from earlier times. If a battle-poem be written, it deals with the campaigns of the Han dynasty, not with contemporary events. The "deserted concubines" of conventional love-poetry are those of the Han court. Innumerable poems record "Reflections on Visiting a Ruin" or on "The Site of an Old City," etc. The details are ingeniously varied, but the sentiments are in each case identical. Another feature is the excessive use of historical allusions. This is usually not apparent in rhymed translations, which evade such references by the substitution of generalities. Poetry became the medium not for the expression of a poet's emotions, but for the display of his classical attainments. The great Li Po is no exception to this rule. Often where his translators would make us suppose he is expressing a fancy of his own, he is in reality skilfully utilizing some poem by T'ao Ch'ien or Hsieh T'iao. It is for his versification that he is admired, and with justice. He represents a reaction against the formal prosody of his immediate predecessors. It was in the irregular song-metres of his *kushih* that he excelled. In such poems as the "Ssech'uan Road," with its wild profusion of long and short lines, its cataract of exotic verbiage, he aimed at something nearer akin to music than to poetry. Tu Fu, his contemporary, occasionally abandoned the cult of "abstract form." Both poets lived through the most tragic period of Chinese history. In 755 the Emperor's Turkic favourite, An Lu-shan, revolted against his master. A civil war followed, in which China lost thirty million men. The dynasty was permanently enfeebled and the Empire greatly curtailed by foreign incursions. So ended the "Golden Age" of Ming Huang. Tu Fu, stirred by the horror of massacres and conscriptions, wrote a series of poems in the old style, which Po Chii-i singles out for praise. One of them, "The Press-gang" is familiar in Giles's translation. Li Po, meanwhile, was writing complimentary poems on the Emperor's "Tour in the West"—a journey which was in reality a precipitate flight from his enemies.

Sung.—In regard to content the Sung poets show even less originality

than their predecessors. Their whole energy was devoted towards inventing formal restrictions. The "t'zu" developed, a species of song in lines of irregular length, written in strophes, each of which must conform to a strict pattern of tones and rhymes. The content of the "t'zii" is generally wholly conventional. Very few have been translated; and it is obvious that they are unsuitable for translation, since their whole merit lies in metrical dexterity. Examples by the poetess Li I-an will be found in the second edition of Judith Gautier's "Livre de Jade." The poetry of Su Tung-p'o, the foremost writer of the period, is in its matter almost wholly a patchwork of earlier poems. It is for the musical qualities of his verse that he is valued by his countrymen. He hardly wrote a poem which does not contain a phrase (sometimes a whole line) borrowed from Po Chii-i, for whom in his critical writings he expresses boundless admiration.

A word must be said of the *Fu* (descriptive prose-poems) of this time. They resemble the *vers libres* of modern France, using rhyme occasionally (like Georges Duhamel) as a means of "*sonner, router, quand il faut faire donner les cuivres et la batterie.*" Of this nature is the magnificent "Autumn Dirge" (Giles, "Chinese Lit." p. 215) by Ou-yang Hsiu, whose lyric poetry is of small interest. The subsequent periods need not much concern us. In the eighteenth century the garrulous Yuan Mei wrote his "Anecdotes of Poetry-making"—a book which, while one of the most charming in the language, probably contains more bad poetry (chiefly that of his friends) than any in the world. His own poems are modelled on Po Chii-i and Su Tung-p'o.

LITERATURE (2)

THE FORMS OF CHINESE POETRY

ARTHUR WALEY

THERE is no word for poetry in Chinese. The word shih which is commonly translated "poetry" has a much narrower meaning. The Chinese distinguish two kinds of poetry: (1) verse which is meant to be sung and is associated with a definite tune; (2) verse which is meant to be recited. In recitation the reader follows his own fancy, aiming only at bringing out the musical quality of the verse. In declaiming verse, either for his own pleasure or for that of others, a Chinese will always intone rather than merely speak it.

The Odes of Confucius are songs. They were meant to be sung

to definite tunes, which, unfortunately, have not survived. In those early days shih (the name by which the Confucian Odes were known) meant a song to be accompanied by flute or strings; an unaccompanied song was called ko. Pure poetry, existing independently from music, began with the fu, and was confined to this form till about A.D. 150.¹ Meanwhile, in 150 B.C., the Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty, founded the Yo Fu or Music School. It was the duty of this department to collect the tunes and words of songs current in different parts of China. The words of such songs were called Yo Fu Shih. Word-rhythm and tune-rhythm were at this period still almost identical. The main types of metre were as follows:

(1) Four syllables to the line.

Derived from slow four time without rests. Such lines when recited (not sung) tend to approximate to five-four time, with a rest in the fifth place of each bar.

(2) Five syllables to the line.

Probably derived from a bar of six time, with a rest in the last place of each bar. This seems to have been the metre of popular ballads before the Tang dynasty.

(3) Seven syllables to the line.

Derived from common time (eight quavers) with a rest in the last place. This was the typical metre of T'ang dynasty popular ballads.

During the Han dynasty, and particularly towards its close, the three metres derived from these three types of tune gradually detached themselves from music and became literary forms. A fourth metre derived from a combination of types (2) and (3) was, however, almost exclusively associated with song. During the second and third centuries the fu began to be regarded as an esoteric form, differing from poetry proper in two ways: (1) because it used "empty words," i.e., exclamations, conjunctions, prepositions,² and the like, which did not carry a full metrical beat; (2) because it used lines of unequal length.

During the Han dynasty poems of almost every kind, lyric, reflective, narrative, and descriptive had been written in the fu metre. But from the second century A.D. onwards the new, regular metres usurped most of its functions. It was as a kind of descriptive ode that the fu survived, an impersonal word-painting of some single object or circumstance. Hence the popular but quite unhistoric derivation of fu from a word fu meaning to describe.³

¹ A few poems in the five-character metre have been attributed to an earlier date, but their authenticity is doubtful, and it is quite clear that this metre did not become general as a literary form till the end of the Han dynasty.

² The use of such words was much more common in the south than in the north. See Yen Shih Chia Hsun, ch. xxvii.

³ Fu was probably a word belonging to the language of the people of Chu. It has no ideogram of its own and is written with that of a like-sounding word fu, "to collect taxes," "levy troops," etc.

Development of the three regular Metres.

(1) The four-syllable metre.

During the second and third centuries A.D. it flourished side by side with the other two. In the fourth century it was still used quite naturally and spontaneously (for example by T'ao Ch'ien). But after that time it survived chiefly as the metre of hymns and prophecies, or of such secular compositions as aimed at a hierophantic effect. It is into this metre that Christian hymns have been most commonly translated.

(2) The five-syllable and seven-syllable metres.

Chinese prosody divides all syllables into two classes: (a) the Even, in which the voice remains at the same pitch during the whole enunciation of the syllable; (b) the Uneven, in the enunciation of which the voice rises or falls. During the fifth century the Chinese became increasingly conscious of this difference, and began to exploit it in their poetry. Thus metres were gradually evolved which depended upon an elaborate pattern of Even and Uneven tones. I have attempted to describe this evolution in my "Notes on Chinese Prosody,"¹ and in the introduction to 170 Chinese Poems. It culminated in the eighth century in the works of such poets as Li Po and Tu Fu.

In all these "new poems" the lines were of the same length throughout. At the close of the T'ang dynasty an even more intricate style of poetry arose, in which a pattern of long and short lines was super-added to the already complicated pattern of even and uneven tones.

Tien Tz'lu or Filled-out Verse.

I have said that in early Chinese song the rhythm of the words was identical with that of the music, each note of the tune corresponding to a syllable in the verse. This, according to Mr. Chang Ping-lin,² is still true of southern Chinese folk-song.

In A.D. 317 the centre of civilization shifted from Honan to the Lower Yangtze, a district colonized by the Chinese at a comparatively late period. The capital of the eastern Chin dynasty (A.D. 317-420) was at Nanking. This city had belonged successively to the non-Chinese kingdoms of Wu and Yueh. The people of this region have always regarded themselves as absolutely distinct from the inhabitants of central and northern China, who seem to them solemn, slow-witted and clumsy. The country of Wu is famous for its songs and dances. It seems that the rhythm of the tunes was much freer than that of traditional, central-China folk-song, and it was customary to fill out

¹ Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, April, 1918, pp. 149-61.

² Chang Shih Ts'ung-shu, 1, 110.

the words by the insertion of meaningless exclamations, such as oho,¹ uya, oho.¹

In the fifth and sixth centuries a large part of China was under Tartar domination; moreover, Buddhism had brought about a close contact with India and Central Asia. From the moment when the Chinese became familiar with foreign music, their own seems to have decayed.²

At the end of the sixth century the song books compiled by the School of Music contained a large proportion of foreign tunes, from Kashgar, Kucha, Sogdiana, India and the Turkic Liao kingdom on the eastern edge of the Gobi Desert. The words of these foreign songs were in most cases not translated: Chinese poets wrote their own verses in what was ascertained to be the theme of the original. To fit such verses to the foreign tune required the insertion of many "fa-las," the repetition or elongation of many syllables.

In the T'ang dynasty, of the ten classes of music which were studied at the Music School, eight were non-Chinese, so that the divorce of word-rhythm from song-rhythm became almost complete. It seems to have been in the eighth century that it first occurred to poets that new verse-metres might be made out of the rhythms of the songs which were current. Two experiments in this direction are doubtfully attributed to Li Po; one or two were made by Po Chu-i and other poets in the ninth century. Such poems were called Tien-tz'u or "filled-out verses."³ It is possible that this kind of poetry originated in the monasteries, for among the manuscripts brought back by Sir Aurel Stein from the Cave of the Thousand Buddhas, there are several religious ballads written in the t'ien-tz'u form. One is a Life of Buddha; its date would seem to be about A.D. 800. The following passage, which I will quote in the original, describes Shakyamuni's ordeal in the mountains:

Ku kao shan,
Wan jen hsueh ling pu ts'eng hsiao,
Han to shu ts'ao pu ch'eng t'iao,
T'ai-tzu lo hsiao-yao. . . .

¹ It is possible that before their conquest by the Chinese, the people of Wu may also have possessed song-words which fitted note by note to their music and that when they adopted Chinese as their language* they found themselves obliged (when the new words did not fit the old tunes) to fill out their lines with these san-sheng ("stray sounds").

² We are told that the Han Emperor Ling Ti (A.D. 168-189) "preferred the foreign harp, flute and dances, which consequently became fashionable among the upper classes at Lo-yang."

³ That is to say, instead of taking verses in the standard Chinese metres and fitting them to song-tunes by insertion of meaningless syllables, repetition, etc., verses were now written in which each syllable of poetry corresponded to a note in the tune. Such verses were naturally constructed in repeated strophes corresponding to the repetitions of the tune.

Ch'ien nien ch'iu hsueh tsai ch'i-ku,
 Yu ping to;
 Ts'ao mu ling tseng kua ch'i-lo;
 Shih pi ch'ien ts'o-o.
 Hsueh ling nan mien hsun
 T'ai-tzu tso pan-t'o.

(Lonely high mountain
 Ten thousand cubits snow crest; not once melt.
 Cold much, trees and shrubs not grow branches.
 Prince for pleasure wanders there.
 Hundred seasons old snow lies on valley-ravine,
 Moreover ice much.
 Grasses and trees piled in tiers hang gauze festoons;
 Stone-walls precipitous and irregular.
 Snow crest south face abyss
 Prince sits huddled.)

The song continues:

The Six Robbers (the six senses) he changes into the Six Paramitas (paths to virtue) by spiritual practice and much austerity. He sees winged creatures sweep by him, demons (yakshas) in innumerable hosts. At last a great mist rises and spreads across the shoulders of the hill. Where is Buddha, where those veined cliffs?

T'ai-tzu ch'u so'p'o.
 The Prince has left this mortal world.

The same manuscript contains a ballad in ten stanzas on the transience of human life. Each stanza consists of eight lines. The first, third and fifth lines have seven syllables; the second, fourth and sixth, three syllables; the last line has five syllables. The following paraphrase of the first verse of this ballad gives a rough impression of its rhythm and character:

Look upon the life of man, how fast his hours slide by,
 His seasons fly;
 His days, like the swift top that seems asleep,
 Their secret motions keep.
 Whose wholesome youth and beauty, while he knows it not,
 Already rot.
 Who, while with magic wheel he holds the world in sway,
 Doth still decay.

In the stahzas which follow, sages, patriarchs, warriors, and courtesans are put in mind of their mortality. Yet the Scriptures teach us of another land, telling us that it is of fairer aspect than this earth—Sukhavati, the Blessed Land of Amida.

Then soon, then now set out upon your way,
Make no delay,
But thither quickly go,
Where (doubt it not, for it is surely so)
Naught shall decay.

It was in the tenth century that the t'ien-tz'u became an accredited literary form. The man who raised it to this position was Li Hou-chu,¹ last Emperor of the Southern T'ang dynasty, deposed by the Sung three years before his early death. Many of his tz'u were written after his deposition, when he was wandering forlornly through his former empire. "High Heaven fallen among mortal men." This is one of his poems:

Immeasurable pain!
My dreaming soul last night was king again.
As in past days
I wandered through the Palace of Delight,
And in my dream
Down grassy garden-ways
Glided my chariot, smoother than a summer stream;
There was moonlight,
The trees were blossoming,
And a faint wind softened the air of night,
For it was spring.

The t'ien-tz'u best known to European readers are those of the Sung poetess, Li I-an,² translated by Judith Gautier in the second edition of her "*Livre de Jade*." Many of the pieces in that book are either entirely original compositions, or are only remotely connected with Chinese poems. But these particular translations reproduce fairly accurately the content and atmosphere of Li I-gji's tz'u.

In ancient China, the highest praise that could be given to music was to call it "lugubrious," to say that it "tore the heart-strings," that it "moved the listener to rheum and tears." It is not surprising that the tz'u, so intimately connected with music, should have been

¹ Giles's Biographical Dictionary, No. 1236.

² A.D. 1082-1140. Also known as Li ch'ing-chao. A lady of varied accomplishments; in 1132 she wrote the preface to a well-known archaeological work, the *Chin Shih Lu* ("List of Works in Metal and Stone").

chiefly concerned with the pathetic. Guttering candles, sinking ashes, wilting flowers, vanished youth, solitude, dereliction—such are its constant themes. It is in fact the most abstract poetry that exists; for the subject-matter is so unvarying that it ceases to occupy the mind at all. The tz'u is a pure music of words, woven on a background of conventional sentimentality. The language used is very simple and has in it much of the colloquial. The rhymes, unlike those of other Sung poetry, were determined by current pronunciation, not by archaeological considerations. The tone-pattern, though elaborate, was less exacting than that of "new poems" in the regular metres.

Out of the t'ien-tz'u developed the dramatic lyrics called ch'u, upon which were founded the stage-plays of the fourteenth century. This is not the place to embark upon a discussion of the Chinese theatre, and I must reserve the ch'u for another occasion. But it is perhaps worth while to point out that the drama of the fourteenth century is known to us only¹ in an anthology (the Hundred Plays of the Mongol Dynasty), compiled in 1616. If this anthology is as unrepresentative as are the T'ang poetry collections compiled at the same period, there may well have existed a Chinese Aeschylus of whom we know nothing.

ART (I)

SOME ASPECTS OF CHINESE ART

ROGER FRY

ALMOST every work of art comes to us with some letter of introduction or other. There is almost inevitably some intermediary who or which modifies the state of mind with which we approach the interview. If it is a modern work it may be by an artist whom we know and like personally, and at once we are prepared to give it the benefit of every doubt. It may be by an artist whose works have previously bored or irritated us, and the chances are a thousand to one against our giving it a patient hearing. It may come to us with the romantic thrill of intense antiquity, and we feel inclined to make every allowance for a man who took the trouble to live so very long ago and yet be quite a recognisable human being not altogether unlike ourselves.

It may belong to some exotic civilization which has already in quite

¹ We know the titles of about 600 plays, but apart from the 100 plays of the Anthology, only 16 complete texts are known to survive. Pere Wiegner's "Il nous reste des Yuan 549 libretti" (*La Chine à travers les Ages*, p. 245) is incorrect.

unrelated and accidental ways stirred our imagination, and we are in a hurry to find confirmation of all our past emotions. Or it may be just the contrary, the strangeness, the foreignness of the conceptions may repel us by hinting from the first at what a lot of trouble we should have to take to get sufficiently familiar with the religious or philosophical ideas which we dimly guess at behind the artist's iconography.

There is no doubt that some of these accessory feelings which cluster round a work of art, like the patina on an ancient bronze, may have a genuine value for our imaginative life, but it is also certain that we cannot make full contact with a work of art, cannot really come to terms of intimacy with its creator, until we have recognized and made allowance for this intervening medium.

When we are considering works of Chinese art this intervening medium tends to distort our vision in various and sometimes contrary directions. There are still, I believe, many people well acquainted with some aspects of European art who yet feel that the art of China is strange to them. They lack a clue to direct them in so unfamiliar a world. They may know but little of Christian hagiology, but at least the names of the Christian Pantheon are familiar to their ears, whereas they have no feelings at all about Avalokatesvaras, Amidhas and Arhats. Again, the whole Chinese symbolism will be unintelligible to them. They know, perhaps, that the dragon is symbolical of the heavens, but they do not feel any point in the symbol, being familiar with dragons only in quite other settings. It may well be that this remoteness of subject-matter in Chinese art makes them feel it is a closed book to them. They may feel happy enough in the presence of the trifling bibelots, the Chinoiseries of later periods, which have become acclimatized in our drawing-rooms, but the great art, above all the early religious art, will repel them by its strangeness.

Now, I believe this is a mistaken fear. Chinese art is in reality extremely accessible to the European senglility, if one approaches it in the same mood of attentive passivity which we cultivate before an Italian masterpiece of the Renaissance, or a Gothic or Romanesque sculpture. A man need not be a Sinologist to understand the aesthetic appeal of a Chinese statue. It may represent some outlandish divinity, but it is expressed according to certain principles of design and by means of a definite rhythm. (And it so happens that both the principles of Chinese design and the nature of their rhythms are not half so unfamiliar to the European eye as Chinese musical rhythms are to our ears. On the contrary, they are so similar that I could point to certain much-loved European artists who are nearer in this respect to the Chinese than they are to certain other great European artists. Chinese art is nothing like so difficult of access as Hindu art. It has,

to begin with, colour schemes that are pre-eminently harmonious to the European eye; it has the same general notions of logical and clear co-ordination of the parts within the whole; it aims at a similar equilibrium, and it does not allow the elaboration of detail to destroy the general structure; whereas in much Hindu art and in some of the art of the Near East, we must, I think, abandon some of these demands and content ourselves with other and, to our feelings, less important qualities, with mere diversity, multiplicity and intricacy.

The distorting influence which I have described will affect us chiefly then, with regard to those works of sculpture in which the human figure is treated from a religious point of view, to the great period of Buddhist art of the Wei, Sui and early Tang periods.

When, on the other hand, we are confronted with that large series of early objects of ritual use of which the Chou bronzes are the central type, our attitude is likely to be distorted in other ways. Here, I think, the exotic quality of all very early art, together with the exotic quality more or less present in all Chinese objects, makes a favourable appeal. These rich and elaborate bronzes are exotic certainly, but not too exotic. One thinks instinctively of the makers and owners of these bronzes as "quaint," no doubt, but as having an Epicureanism not altogether unlike our own. These Chinese objects have an air of belonging to people who were polite, traditional and sophisticated, and that brings them near to our own ways of living and feeling, more so, I think, than is the case of those odd athletic beings who drank out of black and red Greek wases. With them we hardly know when Epicurean habits might not suddenly give way to explosive irruptions of passion. But with the Chinese, I feel sure that even if one had been put to death at the end of a feast with a dignitary of the Chou Empire all would have been conducted with reassuring decorum to the very last, for the Chinese have something very safe and comfortable about them which even the grinning monsters' faces on their bronzes do little to dispel. It is this, surely, that makes their objects, even those of the remotest antiquity, fit so comfortably into our own homes.

There is a great delight in enjoying the exotic thrill without stirring from one's own armchair, and this being so, we have the added thrill of antiquity. The imagination of our times is, it would seem, more easily and instantly stirred by great antiquity than by any other appeal. The historical sentiment must be universal for Tutankhamen to become a music-hall favourite. So here, too, we are put into an indulgent frame of mind before these works of art, which makes a severely exact appreciation of them difficult. And the Chinese, I think, complicate the matter themselves by their excessive love of ritual, and I mean by this, aesthetic rather than religious ritual.

One feels one must be a little on one's guard with people who

invented the "tea ceremony," people who deliberately hypnotized themselves into an attitude of expectant aesthetic adoration. They would say, no doubt, that this hypnotic business of walking along the garden path in silence to the tea-house only served to produce a due receptivity, only put one into a favourable attitude. But that is just it; they are always getting one into too favourable an attitude, hypnotizing away one's critical common * sense. They have a way of making things seem precious even before they are cunningly mounted and tastefully displayed.

I know that all these remarks apply still more to the Japanese, but I feel that even with these bronze workers of 500 B.C. you can never quite catch the artist unprepared for you, never see him so completely absorbed in his idea that he does not know that you are looking over his shoulder.

Perhaps I am making too much of my suspicions and scruples, but there is no doubt that the impression of most barbaric clumsiness and crudity which we feel at first before these antique bronzes very quickly yields to a sense of their conscious preciousness. That very roughness seems to be the expression of a highly trained sensibility to the quality of the material. Not but what that is an artistic merit, only it seems most expressive when it comes by accident, as it were, out of the artist's vehemence of statement rather than as the result of deliberate research. At any rate, however far back we go we still find that extraordinary feeling for style which permeates Chinese art. From the first we feel that the Chinese, so refractory to other religions, had adopted as no other race ever has the religion of culture. To culture, indeed, rather than to Philistine indifference, we must attribute, I suspect, that strange atrophy of the creative spirit which has affected Chinese art during the last few centuries.

This excessive reverence for the tradition is so strong that at this day artists in Peking execute water-colours which repeat almost unaltered the forms of certain Sung paintings. No new aspect of vision compels them to break the accepted scheme. However delicate or intense their feeling towards appearance may be it never bursts the limits of the inherited formula.

The fate of modern Chinese art is, indeed, a warning against the *rigor* which culture may induce. One feels its force to be present from the first, but with these early artists it restrains but does not stiffen their movements. Here, indeed, its influence is felt mainly in a singular poise and moderation. Where there is so much underlying vigour as, these bronze workers of the Chou dynasty evince, it only imposes a singular tact and reticence which impresses us as the most distinguished good manners. . . .

It is a curious result of our newly-recovered memory of all those

thousands of forgotten years that we should have to regard as essentially Chinese, objects like these bronzes, so very different from the peculiarly agitated flamboyant silhouettes which the eighteenth century grafted readily enough on to its own rococo. Then the Chinese flavour was as clearly marked and distinct as the smell of a Chinese cabinet. Now we are hard put to it to recognize and still more to define, any common fundamental and persistent characteristics.

It would, indeed, be surprising if one could generalize readily about the art of so vast a territory, extending through such long periods of human history, so that if I do now attempt to make certain generalizations, it is rather with a view to pointing out lines along which our attention may be profitably directed than in the hope of establishing any important general principle.

The first thing, I think, that strikes one is the immense part played in Chinese art by linear rhythm. The contour is always the most important part of the form.

To take their painting, to begin with. No doubt European painting started on a linear basis, and no doubt it frequently returns to it, but from very early times the linear rhythm began to be influenced by other considerations, and as our knowledge of external appearance progressed, or rather as we absorbed more of it into the material of the painter's expression, the linear rhythm became more and more subordinate to other considerations. When we come to Rembrandt it is hard to say that any linear basis survives. Now, a Chinese picture, even of the later and more highly sophisticated periods—and, by the way, Chinese art seems to have been sophisticated from the remotest antiquity—never loses the evidence of the linear rhythm as the main method of expression. And this is only natural, the medium used being always some kind of water-colour, and the art of painting being always regarded as a part of the art of Calligraphy. A painting was always conceived as the visible record of a rhythmic gesture. It was the graph of a dance executed by the hand.

This predomination of linear rhythm is felt in all Chinese decorations and even in sculpture. In sculpture it makes itself felt in the emphatic continuity and flow of the contour and in the treatment of drapery, which is often rather inscribed on the form than modelled as a plastic element. And wherever such drapery is inscribed or however it is indicated, the direction of the folds takes on the character of a linear rhythm.

Secondly, the linear rhythm of Chinese art is peculiarly continuous and flowing. It is never-so flaccid as Hindu rhythms, nor is it ever so harshly staccato, jerky and broken as certain rhythms with which Europe is familiar. There is nothing in Chinese art as ungracious and literally shocking as the rhythms of fifteenth-century sculpture in Ger-

manic lands and of contemporary painting of the Netherlands. It hardly ever attains quite the refinement and nervous subtlety of the rhythms of certain Persian draughtsmen, but it is more closely akin to that than any other. Certainly to our eyes the linear rhythms of the Chinese artists present no difficulty. We are familiar with very similar ones in much Italian art. The contour drawing of certain pictures by Ambrogio Lorenzetti comes very close indeed to what we can divine of the painting of the great periods. Botticelli is another case of an essentially Chinese artist. He, too, relies almost entirely on linear rhythms for the organization of his design, and his rhythm has just that flowing continuity, that melodious ease which we find in the finer examples of Chinese painting. Even Ingres has been claimed, or denounced, as the case may be, as a "Chinese" painter; and with some reason, for he, too, holds intensely to his linear scheme, and, however plastic the result, even the plasticity is effected more by the exact planning of the linear contour than by any other means which the European can rely on.

It would be a mistake to suppose that because the Chinese rely on their linear rhythms, their paintings are flat, like the works of some modern pre-Raphaelites. On the contrary, they show a keen feeling for the volumes which their contours evoke, and avoid anything in the nature of the rhythm or in the manner of drawing it, which will check the idea of plasticity, will bring us up, as it were, with a jerk on the surface of the picture.

None the less, the eye is held by the contour by reason of the fact that the artist concentrated his attention on that, relied on that to reveal the plasticity of the whole volume. Chinese painters were never tempted to explore in natural appearances those hints of a continuous plastic weft to which the study of light and shade and atmospheric colour have given so great a role among the later Western masters.

Chinese rhythm, then, tends to be continuous to avoid very sudden transitions of movement. Its basic idea, especially in early art, is that of the square with rounded angles.

This peculiarly subtle sense of rhythmic continuity is made evident in a curious way in some objects of the Tang dynasty in which certain Alexandrine or Roman models have been followed so closely that in the case of certain silver vases one would be inclined at first sight to say that they had come from excavations at Pompeii. But when we look closer we find that everywhere the Chinese feeling has subtly modified the original. It is characteristic of a great deal of later Greek design that it accepts willingly circular curvature. It is this fact that gives to these objects that peculiarly tight, mechanical elegance which was so dear to our ancestors a hundred years ago. An elegance which

now appears to us to be distressingly devoid of vitality and elasticity. And so, though perhaps all unconsciously, the Tang silversmiths must have felt, for, by innumerable minute readjustments of proportion and modifications of the galb they have given to their vases just those qualities which the Greek craftsmen lacked. Again, in those T'ang dishes, which so strangely anticipate our rococo, the complex bracketed curves are always slightly flattened out as though the finer sensibilities of the artist had shunned the effect of rollicking self-confidence which, centuries later, European craftsmen gave to almost identical designs.

Next with regard to the Chinese feeling for plasticity. Here, I think, there is a general tendency which distinguishes it from that of European sculpture. Plastic forms in the round are, I think, always referred, however unconsciously, to some basic mental schema. It seems to me that the Chinese keep as their basic schema and point of departure the egg, whereas the European bases himself upon the cube, or some simple polyhedron.

Now, both of these are essentially plastic, I mean that in both, the artist is free of the third dimension. This, I need hardly add, is by no means universal in European sculpture, for it is always very difficult for an artist really to create in the round. The imagination grasps easily relations on a flat surface; it rapidly loses its way in trying to seize relations in three dimensions, since the number of possible movements is so immensely greater. It seems, therefore, that the artist is forced to cling to some kind of simple abstract solid form and to conceive his sculpture in terms of a deviation from that.

Now, it is clear that the Italians felt solid form as being constituted of facets. It derives from the cube. Look at the torso of the seated woman, and see how the plane of the breast is felt, and how clearly the sculpture has noted where this plane, with its almost uniform direction, changes into a plane nearly at right angles to it—edge of a cube—where the breast descends to the belly. And compare this with the shoulders and breast of the Chinese figure. It scarcely departs from the abstract egg-shape which permeates almost every part of this design even to the flower-like base on which the figure stands. Allied to this is the cylinder, another easily apprehended solid form. And, sure enough, the arms are cylindrical, while in Giotto's standing figure one can see the flat plane of the top forearm continued into the back of the hand.

When we Europeans refer to plasticity we talk, naturally, in terms of planes, but I doubt if the Chinese artist has ever conceived of this method of handling plastic form. I do not know what language he

uses, but I suspect he would, even in speaking, refer shapes to cylinders, spheres and ellipsoids.

Again, notice the drapery. In the Chinese statue the folds scarcely have any plastic existence. They are inscribed on the surface of the figure and are used to envelope it in an exquisitely lovely system of simple linear rhythms which harmonize with and illustrate the linear scheme of the whole contour.

If I am right, we touch here on some profound difference in the creative methods and in the imaginative habits of European and Chinese artists, but though they affect the creative artist profoundly, these differences hardly ever form a barrier to our appreciation and understanding of the other method.

In this connection it is interesting that among the many instances of Chinese influence on modern Western art we may note a tendency among contemporary sculptors to accept this ovoid schema. Brancusi is, of course, the most striking example. In his work such forms predominate almost exclusively, but even Maillol, in spite of his strong predilection for, and deep study of, Greek sculpture, seems to have admitted ovoid and cylindrical elements into his plastic themes. Maillol's widespread influence on the younger sculptors, both in France and elsewhere, seems likely to fix this character in the European tradition.

In its formal aspects, then, Chinese art, though it has distinguishing characteristics, presents no serious difficulty to our European sensibility. On the other hand, much of its content is inspired by feelings which are not easily accessible to us, though the same may be said of much of our own mediaeval art.

Perhaps the most striking difference in this respect concerns the habitual attitude of Chinese and Western artists to the human figure and to animal forms.

We inherit from the Greek a peculiar arrogance about the species of animal to which we happen to belong. We have, therefore, devoted a quite special and intensive study to the forms of our kind; we have developed thereby many specialized sensibilities, and a mass of associated ideas which we carry in our "unconscious" ready to vibrate in response to the slightest suggestion on the part of the artist. The Chinese have never, apparently, focussed their attention so narrowly on their own species. They have never lost sight of its relative position in the scheme of nature. As a result we are likely often to feel the inadequacy, and from our point of view, the relative insignificance of their figure imagery, though at times they could attain to a noble impressiveness in the human form. But what may well counterbalance this defect the relatively greater sense in the Chinese of the significance of animal and plant forms,

What, I think, strikes one first is the extraordinary vitality of these creatures. These animals have a life of their own, not a life lent them by us after the patronizing manner of so much occidental art, but their own odd, unique and strangely unapproachable life. Arrested by our presence in the course of their own business, they look out at us with stupid wonderment, ready to pass into that bland indifference, which we can catch in their regard, if for a moment we lay aside our inveterate habit of supposing the whole universe to be preoccupied with our affairs.

Here, as in so many other of her contacts with nature, China has reaped the advantage of never entertaining that anthropocentric illusion which the greatest of all Western peoples fixed so early and so indelibly in the European mind.

Indeed, one way of grasping the importance and value of the Chinese attitude is to recognize by comparison how entirely it is opposed to the Greek. The Greeks, indeed, were astute enough observers of animal forms; they could render the results of their purely external observations with clear-cut precision, and they could fit them readily enough into their decorative schemes. But we are conscious that the rhythm is preconceived and somewhat arbitrarily imposed, and that in consequence the Greek artist passed from the literal fact of natural form to the stylized result without ever touching the intimate life of the animal itself. Or, more disconcerting still, we find the animal galvanized into a semblance of human life and displaying qualities with which the artist has temporarily endowed him; he becomes proud, haughty, defiant, heroic, cunning or what not: he poses for us with self-conscious deliberation. No Greek ever took the trouble to understand the bovine simplicity of the Buffalo, or to consider by what means the Chinese artist arrived at such a creation as the earthenware jar of the Chou period, belonging to the Cernuschi Museum. This jar is hardly modified from a form which came naturally on the wheel but by a few touches which destroy its rigid symmetry it becomes what, with the hint of eyes and beak in the lid—and what an eye!—we can accept as a humorously convincing conception of an owl sitting, "warming his five wits," with shoulders hunched and feathers puffed.

The Chinese potter who moulded this work persuaded an owl to become a pot without ceasing for a moment to be himself, without bating a jot of his owlishness. He is not forced to serve an alien purpose nor trimmed to fit into a preconceived pattern. The decorative quality, the transposition into the realm of the imagination, here comes out of a sympathetic comprehension of the thing seen. Such a method is the exact opposite of that stylization which reduces the variety of nature to an *a priori* order by an external and arbitrary act.

Western art, no doubt, has not been without its moments when such a sympathetic penetration to the inner recesses of non-human life was attained. Sassanian art certainly shows a similar spirit which passes now and then into Byzantine, but far more clearly into early Mahomedan work. And something of it undoubtedly recurs in Romanesque sculpture, though Christian anthropocentrism, even more exacting than the Greek which it replaced, quickly stamped it out in all subsequent West-European art. But more than with any other source of animal design, the Chinese has its closest affinities with that Scythian and Sarmation tradition whose widespread influence we are only beginning to understand. Indeed, again and again we are conscious of a distinct and alien influence on Chinese art emanating from this source, which after all had its origin not so very far west of China itself. But what, I think, distinguishes the Chinese animalist from others is his highly developed artistic consciousness. Probably the imaginative sympathy with the inner life of animals is a phase of all early human life; but generally, it seems to have disappeared before men reached the full self-consciousness of civilization. In China, on the other hand, the civilized consciousness seems to supervene so early that it does not destroy this primeval understanding with the animal world. These Chinese artists, even the earliest of them, are people more or less of our own kind. They are already fully conscious artists; they speak a language of form which presents no barrier to us. The objects which they created seem to be as clearly made for the leisured contemplation, the purely aesthetic enjoyment, which we ourselves give to them, as the works of, say, the Italian Renaissance. We need not fear that they are happy accidents, the unintentional by-products of some other activity. We feel that we share the artist's own delight, that we can establish a communion with his spirit. He reports to us in our own language that dim sense of continuity with nature, the memory of which was lost so long ago by our own ancestors.

In China, that spirit of detachment from the human point of view which enabled the primitive comprehension of non-human life to survive, persists under civilized conditions. The sentiment of intimacy and kinship with animals naturally grows less as the primitive feeling is at last forgotten. Here and there, from the Sung dynasty onwards, we find it replaced by a purely picturesque and external curiosity such as modern European art habitually displays. But even as late as Ming times an echo of that earlier sympathy with animal life occasionally survives.

Not altogether unconnected with this attitude to animals, and at least as strange to the Western mind, is the absence in Chinese art of the Tragic spirit. Whilst their fun is sometimes almost childishly naive and exuberant, their gravity is never altogether untouched by humour.

A Michelangelo is unthinkable in the atmosphere of Chinese art; still more, perhaps, an El Greco, letting himself go whithersoever the exaltation of his fevered Imagination carried him. This kind of exaltation, this dramatic intensity of human feeling, seems unknown to the Chinese. Their most exalted religious feeling leads them into a more contemplative mood, one more remote from possible action than ours. It is a mood, too, which admits of a certain playful humour which we are not accustomed to associate with such states of mind.

These characteristics are connected, no doubt, with that happy disinterestedness of which I have spoken. It, too, is the reward of not having fallen into the habit of human arrogance. Since, the Chinese might argue, the world does not revolve round us as its centre, we need not take either the world or ourselves too seriously. We can afford to play. We can play with the offspring of our imagination. They shall be our playthings and our delight. We need not take even them too seriously. If we like to imagine monsters, we will, but however real we make them, we need not be frightened by them. They are only being terrible in play. And so it comes about that however portentous Chinese monsters may be, they are never tragic, like the progeny of our mediaeval fancies. The mediaeval mind frightened itself by its own activity. No one could apply the word "Dantesque" to a Chinese creation.

Even the beasts of the Chou dynasty do not, in spite of a certain clumsy ferocity, really belie this attitude. Everywhere I find, underlying the actual invention, this strain of sly, discreet humour. It is consistent with a grave dignity of mien and that weighty austerity of plastic rhythm which is so characteristic of the great creations of art.

In later times, this humour, which gives so subtle a flavour to the gravity of the early bronzes, comes more and more to the surface. Already in the work of the L'iang dynasty there is a certain conscious elegance of treatment which begins to betray the secret too much. For the most part the T'ang artists hold their hands, though some examples of monsters show a great exuberance. Finally, in Ming times, the humour has lost all its sly irony, it becomes evident and bursts into a laugh, or perhaps a giggle, in many of the porcelain bibelots of the time. But though the particular mixture of fancy, ingenuity and fun which is the mark of Chinoiserie, is often rather tiresome, it is the outcome of a profound and constant feeling which gives its peculiar flavour to the graver rhythms of the great epochs. It is one aspect of a playfulness and detachment which are inherent in the Chinese spirit.

The Greek who fixed the chains of anthropocentrism upon us gave us none the less its antidote in science, and modern science has perhaps, by its repeated blows at our arrogant assumptions, at last pre-

pared the Western mind to accept the freedom and gaiety of the Chinese attitude. The influence of Chinese art seems to be continually increasing in the West, and nothing could be more fruitful to our art than to absorb something of the spirit—though it is to be hoped we shall not copy the forms—which inspires the great examples.

Chinese art appealed to Western nations originally almost entirely in virtue of its technical ingenuity, its brilliant and tasteful execution, and the "quaintness" due to its unfamiliarity. As we get to know it better, as we explore more and more the great classic periods, we are led to treat it with the same respect and the same concentrated attention which we have to devote to our own great masters if we would apprehend the nature of their states of mind.

ART (2)

SYMBOLISM IN CHINESE ART

(A PRACTICAL GUIDE)

J. F. B. LACKER

A.—Emblems in Animals.

IN every age pottery has been a vehicle for the display of art, and the wonderful productions of the East embody in symbolized form the highest aspirations of religions with which we are but imperfectly acquainted.

The deer (Chinese *luh*, Japanese *roku*) is also an emblem of longevity. A white stag frequently accompanies the god of longevity. It sometimes carries in its mouth another emblem, the fungus. A deer, however, is also used as a symbol of official emolument or prosperity, having the same sound as the word for the latter (*luh*). It is probably for this reason that we find a fawn accompanying the Japanese god of talent, Toshitoku.

The fox (Chinese *hu*, Japanese *kitsu-ne*) is considered, especially in Japan, as a very mysterious animal. There are several wonderful legends concerning it in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." It is said to attain the same age as the hare, when it is admitted to the heavens and becomes the celestial fox. It controls the official seals of high officials,

The hare (Chinese *tu*, Japanese *usagi*) is sacred to the moon, where the Taoists believe it to live, pounding the drugs that form the elixir of life. It is stated to live one thousand years, and to become white when it has reached the first five hundred years. The hare, often mis-called a rabbit, occurs on porcelain, both as a decoration and as a mark.

The stork (Chinese *ho*, Japanese *tsuru*) is one of the commonest emblems of longevity. It is said to reach a fabulous age, and when six hundred years old to drink, but no longer eat; after two thousand years to turn black. It occurs as a mark.

The tortoise (Chinese *kwei*, Japanese *ki* or *kame*) was also a supernatural animal, and its shell was used in divination. The tortoise with a hairy tail is depicted in Japan as an attendant on the god of old age, and is used as an emblem of longevity. A Chinese phrase, *Kwei-ho-tung-chun*, signifies "May your days be as long as the tortoise and stork."

B.—Emblems in Trees,

Among plants are three trees, which, though not all, strictly speaking, emblems of longevity, are closely connected with it; these are the pine-tree, bamboo, and plum. These three trees are termed by the Japanese in combination, *Sho-chiku-bai*. The Chinese say, "the pine, bamboo, and plum are like three friends,, because they keep green in cold weather."

The bamboo (Chinese *chuh*, Japanese *take*) is another emblem, owing probably to its durability. Its elegant form causes it frequently to be depicted on works of art, both in China and Japan.

The gourd (Chinese *hu-lu*, Japanese *hiotan* or *fuku be*) is also an emblem of longevity, especially in Japan, owing perhaps to its durability when dried.

The peach (Chinese *tao*, Japanese *momo*) is a symbol of marriage, but also of longevity. Great virtues were attributed to the peach, especially that which grew near the palace of Si-Wang-Mu, Queen of the Genii, on which the fruit ripened but once in three thousand years. It is represented with a bat as a mark.

The pine-tree (Chinese *sung*, Japanese *matsu*) is a very common emblem, and to be found on many specimens. Its sap was said to turn into amber when the tree was one thousand years old.

The plum-tree or prunus (Chinese *mei*, Japanese *mume*), though not properly an emblem of longevity, is indirectly connected with it, as the philosopher, Lao Tsze, the founder of the Taoist sect, is said to have been born under a plum-tree. It forms the decoration of the porcelain erroneously termed "may flower" or "hawthorn pattern,"

C—*Emblems in Flowers.*

ARTEMESIA.—The artemesia was used by the Chinese with the sweet flag to allay pain and to drive away demons.

AZALEA.—The azalea, without having any special symbolical signification, was eminently useful for decorative purposes, because, as a common flower on the hills of the north-east provinces, it gave brightness to a scene of surpassing beauty in the central flowery land.

CAMELLIA.—The camellia bears the same name as the tea plant, and the term *cha* is used to denote any infusion, just as the word "tea" is with us, as when we speak of beef-tea, camomile-tea, and so on.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—Chrysanthemums, like the asters, were reared for their beauty. They are, perhaps, the commonest form of flower decoration on Oriental china, and we cannot be surprised at this when we consider the variety and the richness of the colour of this beautiful plant. It was an emblem of mid-autumn—more than that, it was a symbol of pleasurable enjoyment—hence its presence on a piece of porcelain given as a token of esteem, also a wish that all should be well with the recipient.

COCKSCOMB.—The cockscomb was very much admired by the Chinese, and was not alone used as a decoration for porcelain, but for many of those interesting pictures on glass which portray birds and flowers, and which, though painted in a similar way to the early paintings on glass known to Western nations, exceeded them by the brilliancy of their colours and by their exact resemblance to nature.

CONVOLVULUS.—The convolvulus was painted around the edges of tanks and pools, not alone for decoration, but because the leaves of some varieties made a very succulent green food.

FLAG, OR IRIS.—The flag, or iris, known as the sweet flag, was placed at the doors of houses to prevent all manner of evil from entering, but it had a material use as a medicine much used for its spicy warmth.

FUNGUS.—The fungus when dried was very durable. It grew at the roots of trees, and many imitations of it in gilt wood, or even dried specimens of the fungus itself, were frequently used as decoration in the temples. In pictures of Lao-tsze and the Immortals it is used as a symbol of longevity or immortality, hence it is found carried in the mouth of the white stag, which is also an emblem of immortality. Occasionally it is used as a mark on the bases of specimens of old Kang-he blue, in which case it often has lines around its base to represent the grass through which it grows.

JASMINE.—The jasmine, a sweet-smelling white flower, is largely grown for its scent, but still more as a favourite flower amongst the Chinese women for personal ornament, its twigs and clusters or

blossoms being wound in the hair, and it was planted in the pots in the houses.

LOTUS, OR NELUMBIUM.—The lotus, or *nelumbium*, was a sacred flower representing the creative power in the Buddhist religion. Representations of it frequently occurred not alone in connection with Buddhism, but also with Taoism. Kwan-Yin is often shown seated upon the lotus. Ho Seen-koo has the lotus as her emblem; and, generally, whether considered with regard to its utility or to its beauty the sacred lotus was placed by the Chinese at the head of the cultivated flowers. It has a very close resemblance to our English water lily, having the stock inserted near the centre of the leaf. Both seeds and root are articles of food, and, when cultivated for that purpose rather than for ornament, covers large areas of lakes and marshes.

NARCISSUS.—The narcissus is an emblem of good luck for the coming year. Just as with us in England the narcissus is a harbinger of spring, so in the new year at Canton the budding flowers of the narcissus, almond, plum, peach, and bell-flower, all are emblematic, all express a wish for coming prosperity.

MAGNOLIA.—The magnolia has immense flowers and has been selected as the emblem of sweetness and beauty. The name in Chinese means "secretly smiling," and to the Chinese it suggests the lovely smile of a sweet maiden. Where in designs on porcelain beautiful women are drawn this flower usually accompanies them. China furnishes several species of this lovely flowering plant. Its medicinal use is secured from the bark employed as a febrifuge.

MYRTLE.—The myrtle grows as a wild plant with lovely rose-coloured flowers, one species of it produces clusters of berries, which are eaten as fruit.

OLEANDER.—This flower is prized because of its beauty and fragrance. The tender rose pink lends itself easily to schemes of porcelain decoration. Members of the same group, less attractive, but still pretty, are the yellow milk-weed and the red periwinkle.

OLIVE.—The olive is noted for the fragrance of the clusters of minute flowers of white and yellow. This plant flowers through a great part of the year. A branch of sweet-smelling olive was a reward of literary merit. It was also symbolical of studious pursuits, and of sweetness generally.

PEACH.—The peach blossoms were placed in doorways at the New Year as the "peach charm." A branch of the tree, covered with blossoms, was supposed to prevent the entry of evil demons into the home.

PEONY.—Next to the chrysanthemum the peony was effective in the decoration of Chinese porcelain. It was a tree in that land, valued for its fine and variegated flowers. It was emblematical of good for-

tune, but if the plant did not supply beautiful flowers and green leaves, if the leaves fell off and its flowers suddenly faded, such a change foreshadowed poverty or some overwhelming disaster. It was also an emblem of love and affection, and therefore eminently appropriate for use on presentation pieces of porcelain.

POPPY.—The poppy was not alone grown for the production of opium, but for its beautiful flowers.

ROSE.—This flower was as great a favourite with the Chinese as with all other nations. Many species and varieties were natives of this country. Like the jasmine, it was used by the women for personal adornment.

TOBACCO.—This plant was grown almost everywhere in China, but its strength varied according to soil and climate. In the north it was of a pale colour, while further south it is said to owe its reddish colour to being steeped in a solution of opium.

II. SYMBOLICAL MARKS AND ORNAMENTS

"Every picture tells its story" is true when applied to Oriental decoration where history and mythology furnish many of the designs, and almost every flower and colour has its own meaning. On the porcelain many of these devices are used either as marks or ornaments; sometimes they have ribbons or fillets entwined around them, and they vary considerably in style and shape. Those given are from Sir A. W. Franks's book, "The Catalogue of the Franks' Collection of Oriental Porcelain and Pottery," exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum.

The symbols set out are found on blue and white porcelain as well as on pieces of "*famille verte*," powdered blue, and old specimens decorated with coloured enamels generally of a very good quality.

A.

No. 1. The pearl, which as an ornament is frequently represented in the air with dragons.

No. 2. The conch shell, a well-known Buddhist emblem which signifies a prosperous journey.

No. 3. A musical instrument. According to Mr. Gulland, who searched Mr. Salting's Collection at the Museum, South Kensington, 18 pieces, mostly blue and white, have this mark.

Nos. 4, 5, 6. Three of the varieties of a lozenge shape; sometimes it has the swastika in the centre.

Nos. 7, 8, 9. Various fish symbols. Sometimes a pair of fishes is

found in a vase form, but this Buddhist symbol is an emblem of domestic happiness.

No. 10. A group comprising a pencil, cake of ink, and sceptre of longevity, the whole expressing the wish, "May things be fixed as you wish."

No. 11. The hare, an emblem of longevity. The hare is connected by legend with the moon, and the mark is found on pieces coloured black and yellow, and on blue and white of good quality.

No. 12. A pair of rhinoceros horns used as a mark and in other forms as a symbol. Mr. Gulland's examination gave a rather striking result. About 960 pieces are in the Salting Collection, perhaps the finest of its kind in the world. Of these 130 pieces had date marks, 52 being on coloured pieces and 78 on blue and white. The other marks, mostly symbol marks, were found on 169 pieces, of which 77 were coloured and 92 blue and white. This gives a total of 299 marked pieces.

Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16. Varieties of leaves. Sometimes the leaves are filleted. In the Salting Collection 45 pieces had the leaf mark, which is chiefly found on blue and white.

Nos. 17, 18. The lotus flower, without fillets, the specimens in the same collection were coloured.

Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22. Varieties of the *Che* plant mostly found on blue and white, a kind of fungus used as an emblem of longevity and occasionally found in vase form, of natural shape, in self-colour, such as "*sang-de-b&uf*."

No. 23. The peach and conventional bat. The peach signifies longevity, and the bat happiness. The two together embody the wish for "A two-fold perpetuation of happiness and long life."

No. 24. Four-leaved flower, on blue and white.

No. 25. Flower with eight or sixteen leaves.

No. 26. Five-leaved flower, on blue and white. A six-leaved flower is also found on blue and white.

No. 27. Joo-e-head. There is no form so universal for decorative purposes as the Joo-e, here given as a mark on blue and white. Panels and borders have modifications of this form in endless variety. The fungus as emblem of longevity was adopted in this form as the head of the sceptre of longevity, and the Joo-e has remained a classical pattern.

No. 28. Five circles with fillets, found on old coloured specimens.

No. 29. A knot (*chang*) said to signify longevity, found on blue and white.

No. 30. An insect, found on blue and white.

No. 31. Stork or heron without a tail. Note the Dresden engraved number below.

Nos. 32, 33, 34, 35. Varieties of incense burners (*tings*), found on blue and white. Several other marks are to be found, notably on porcelain of good quality.

B.

The Ordinary Symbols.

These symbols are sometimes, as we have seen, used as marks. But they are also used in decoration, being coloured in enamel colours and often placed in shaped reserves. The number eight seems to have an attraction for the Chinese. Here we have what are termed "the eight precious things," and, later, the Buddhist emblems, "the eight lucky emblems," are given. It is not necessary to do more than name these ordinary symbols:—

No. 1. A pearl.

No. 2. A coin, symbol of riches, often forms a border to plates and dishes.

No. 3. Lozenge with open frame. Two lozenges with overlapping ends are used to express the dual symbol.

No. 4. A mirror.

No. 5. A sounding-plate used as a bell.

No. 6. Books placed close together, probably another dual symbol.

No. 7. Rhinoceros horns—conventional form.

No. 8. A leaf.

Some or all of these objects may frequently be seen carried in processions or on pictures of such processions.

C

The Buddhist Symbols.

Here, again, we have some forms which have been dealt with as marks.

No. 1. A bell. In place of this, the wheel of the law is frequently used.

No. 2. The conch shell, the chank shell of the Buddhists.

No. 3. A state umbrella.

No. 4. A canopy.

No. 5. The lotus flower again.

No. 6. A vase with cover.

No. 7. Two fishes. Connubial felicity.

No. 8. A knot said to represent the intestines and to be an emblem of longevity.

Other Symbols.

A silver ingot, a cake of ink or a branch of coral may be found as emblems of riches, scholarship, or power, but there remain three devices which deserve a few words. The first is the Pa-kwa, consisting of eight diagrams of entire and broken lines. The entire lines represent the male, strong or celestial element in nature; and the broken ones the female weak, terrestrial element. An entire system of Chinese philosophy is built upon this combination, and not only so, but they furnish a "clue to the secrets of nature and of being." The trigrams are often represented upon specimens of porcelain, especially on raised decorations, with or without a central circular "device, the Yang and the Yin, another representation of the male and female elements in nature. The second device is the bat. The word in Chinese has exactly the same sound as the word meaning "happiness," so that the bat has come to be regarded as a symbol of happiness. The figure of a bat is sometimes used alone; chiefly, however, we find four or five bats surrounding the seal character for longevity. This is the third of the devices. The character for longevity (*show* in Chinese) is regarded as very auspicious, and it is written in no less than a hundred different ways. When used with the five bats surrounding it, the five great blessings are symbolized—longevity, riches, peacefulness, love of virtue, and a happy death.



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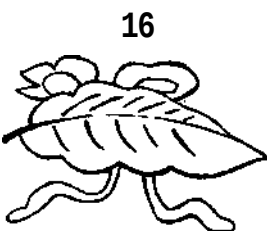
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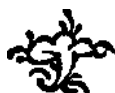
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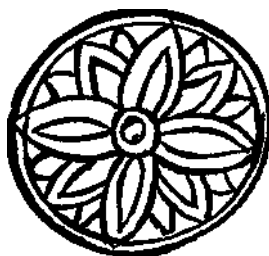
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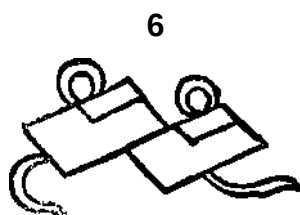
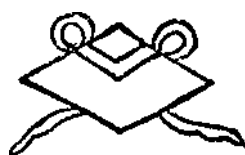
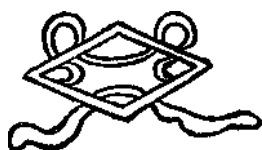
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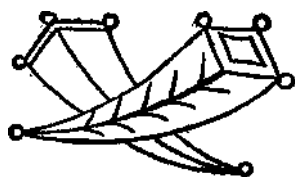
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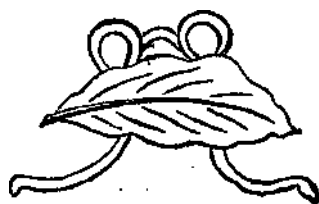
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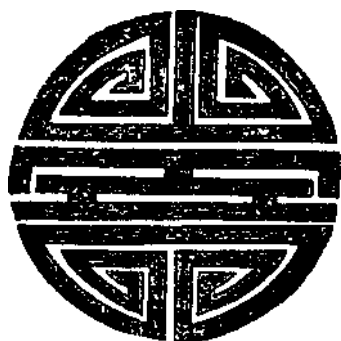
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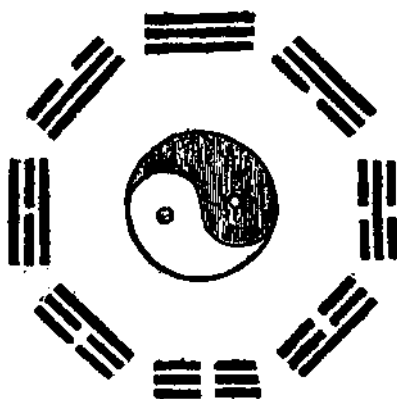
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ART (3)*DATE MARKS ON ORIENTAL PORCELAIN*

(A PRACTICAL GUIDE)

J. F. B. LACKER

THERE was no regular method employed in either China or Japan for indicating either the time or place at which the porcelain was made. Neither was there any mark by which the workman or artist could be identified. Where marks are used they indicate the period in a dynasty; still it must be constantly borne in mind that the old marks were continually copied in reproductions of a later period made by the Chinese themselves, and other reproductions produced with much fidelity in Paris and elsewhere. So that the collector has to be very careful, especially in buying fine specimens. There seems to be scarcely nothing worth copying that has not received full attention at the hands of the forger. Of course, when these copies are simply offered as reproductions of old pieces, the purchaser, even if he pays a large price, has not much to complain of, but the trouble arises when they are foisted on the public as genuine. The work is so cleverly done, the imitation is so accurate that only the specialist is able to detect the fraud. The texture of the porcelain is closely imitated, and every care is taken to reproduce the scratches and even the dirt. More than that, old pieces that have been damaged are restored so as to appear perfectly genuine throughout, whilst real old pieces, that were originally plain, have been enamelled with the finest "*famille verte*" or "*famille rose*" decoration so as to deceive all but the most skilful expert. Such a case occurred within the author's own experience. An old dish, early Keen-lung, was so decorated with the finest rose decoration, and only the most careful examination revealed the fact that both decoration and glaze had been applied in comparatively recent times—in fact, within a very few years. The owner was indignant when he was informed of this. However, he afterwards came back with the information that he had sold the dish for £20, but he forgot that if the dish had been really old it would have been worth not £20 but £120! Too much dependence, therefore, must not be placed upon the marks or upon the decoration; it is upon the education of the eye, the *tout ensemble*, really upon the merits of the specimens themselves, that dealers and collectors must rely. No training is as good as the handling of fine old pieces, in which the grain of the porcelain, the

colours of both the porcelain and the decoration can be studied, and the knowledge thus gained becomes the experience which is, above everything else, the necessary equipment to any one who collects old china.

The Chinese write in characters, each represents a word, and the commencement is made from the top of the right-hand side. The columns are read downwards, but when the characters are in a line they are read from right to left. The marks may be in the *seal* characters, in *plain* characters as employed in books, or in *grass-text* as used for rapid writing; but all are read in the same way, though the last are very difficult to read. As there are many variations in English handwriting, so the Chinese characters will be found to vary, yet the word would be the same. It is in the forgeries that we noted the most slavish attention to accuracy and the most infinite pains taken to reproduce the old marks given in the books. The marks themselves are either painted on the bases, usually in blue, though on some late pieces it is found in red, or they may be engraved or embossed. The Chinese have no centuries for measuring time, they use instead a cycle of sixty years, and the precise date as indicated by the cycle is so seldom used on porcelain that it may be disregarded, as only four or five examples of the cyclical dates have ever been found. The marks on porcelain indicate only the reign of the emperor, who when he comes to the throne adopts two words as his title or *Nien-hao*. Before the coming of the Ming dynasty, in 1368, these titles were changed in order to commemorate any striking event, but since then only one Emperor, who lost his throne in 1450 and regained it after seven years, has changed his *Nien-hao*, and only one Emperor, Kang-he, reigned a whole sixty years, and a cyclical date may have been used when the thirty-eighth year of the sixty-eighth cycle recurred. See Mark 1 in date marks. The *Nien-hao* was the honorific designation of the Emperor; Taou-kwang (1821-1851) was "reason's lustre," and Kwang-hsiu (1875) means "inherited lustre." Following the seal marks, which are read in the same way, note that the list gives a number of marks having six characters. Reading these it will be noted that the one in the top right hand and the next one below it, marked (1) and (2), are always the same for the same dynasty—"Ta Ming" or "Ta Tsing" show the "great Ming" or "great Tsing" dynasty. The bottom sign of the first column (3) and the top sign of the second column (4) give the Emperor's title or *Nien-hao*, whilst the two remaining signify in descending order "year" or "period" (5), "made" (6). In six-mark characters, arranged in two lines, the reading is similar, as marked by the figures (1), (2), etc. In four-mark character the signs for the dynasty—that is, "Ta Ming" or "Ta Tsing"—are left out, and the first two marks show the period. As before remarked, the forgeries

and imitations have been so numerous that the date marks cannot be accepted as proof of age. The old blue porcelain—Nankin ware so called—was marked with six characters until 1677, as mentioned elsewhere. After that we have the double circle in blue, either empty or having a symbol in the middle.

The Ming productions have not yet received due recognition with regard to their beauty of shape and decoration, but the two periods which are most represented by the marks are Seu-en-Tih (1426-1436) and Ching-hwa (1465-1488). In the British Museum are two Celadon bowls with the Seu-en-tih mark, with deep mouldings; to these is affixed on the label "probably Kang-he." Then, again, immense quantities of china appear to have been brought to Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, much of which was marked "Ching-hwa." Whether during the eighteenth century such porcelain could be collected in China for cargo purposes is a matter of doubt. If not, this is an illustration of the fact that from an early period the Chinese copied old forms, decoration, and *marks*.

Honorific Marks.

The word *tang* often occurs in inscribed marks, which seem to indicate a place of origin. In the list given it is marked Tang or Hall Marks. These marks are found on pieces differing considerably in character, age, and quality. The general opinion is that the Hall named is the title of the residence of the Tao-tai, or superintendent of the porcelain works belonging to the Emperor. Other inscribed marks simply set out praises of the porcelain itself, stating that it is "a gem among precious vessels of rare jade," "a gem rare as jade," "an elegant rarity," "fine vase for the rich and honourable," and so on. Some pieces are found with a seal character embodying a wish, as "happiness," "prosperity," "longevity," and "harmonious prosperity." See the list of specimen Hall Marks, etc., and two others, last on the bottom line, praising the porcelain.

FIG. 1.

又
辛丑
年製

A.D. 1721.

FIG. 2.

豐年製
大宋元

YUEN-FUNG. 1078-1086.

FIG. 3.

洪武
年製

HUNG-WOO. 1368-1399.

FIG. 4.

永樂
年製

YUNG-LO. 1403-1425.

FIG. 5.

大明宣
德年製

SEUEN-TIH. 1426-1436.

FIG. 6.

大明成
化年製

CHING-HWA. 1465-1488.

FIG. 7.

成化
年製

CHING-HWA. 1465-1488.

FIG. 8.

大明弘
治年製

HUNG-CHE. 1488-1506.

FIG. 9.

大明正
德年製

CHING-TIH. 1506-1522.

FIG. 10.

大明嘉
靖年製

KEA-TSING. 1522-1567.

FIG. 11.

大明隆
慶年製

LUNG-KING. 1567-1573.

FIG. 12.

大明萬
曆年製

WAN-LEIH. 1573-1620.

FIG. 13.

治 大
年 清
製 順

SHUN-CHE. 1644-1661.

FIG. 14.

熙 大
年 清
製 康

KANG-HE. 1661-1722.

FIG. 15.

正 大
年 清
製 雍

YUNG-CHING. 1723-1736.

FIG. 16.

隆 大
年 清
製 乾

KEEN-LUNG. 1736-1795.

FIG. 17.

年 嘉
製 慶

KEA-KING. 1796-1821.

FIG. 18.

光 大
年 清
製 道

TOAU-KWANG. 1821-1851.

FIG. 19.

豐 大
年 清
製 咸

HEEN-FUNG. 1851-1862.

FIG. 20.

治 大
年 清
製 同

TUNG-CHE. 1862-1875.

FIG. 21.

緒 大
年 清
製 光

KWANG-SHIU. 1875.

FIG. 22.



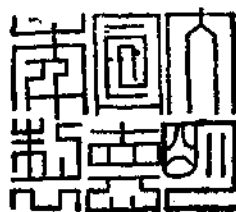
XING-TE. 1004-1007.

FIG. 23.



YUNG-LO. 1403-1425.

FIG. 24.



SEUEN-TIH. 1426-1436.

FIG. 25.



YUNG-CHING. 1723-1736.

FIG. 26.



KEEN-LUNG. 1736-1795.

FIG. 27.



KEEN-LUNG. 1736-1795.

FIG. 28.



KEA-KING. 1796-1821.

FIG. 29.



TAOU-KWANG. 1821-1851.

FIG. 30.



HZEN-FUNG. 1851-1862.

FIG. 31.



TUNG-CHU. 1862-1875.

MARKS.

MING DATE MARKS

4	Hwa.	光 武	Great.	1
5	Period.	明 初	Ming.	2
6	Made.	成 化	Ching.	3

*
C

Hung-woo, 1368-1399.

永
樂

Yung-lo, 1403-1425.

宣
德

Seuen-tih, 1426-1436.

成
化

Ching-hwa, 1465-1488.

弘
治

Hung-che, 1488-1506.

正
德

Ching-tih, 1506-1522.

隆

萬

Kea-tsing, 1522-1567.

Lung-king, 1567-1573.

Wan-leih, 1573-1620.

TSING DATE MARKS.

4	Chin.	正 大	Great	1
5	Period.	年 清	Tsing.	2
6	Made.	製 雍	Yung.	3

順
治

Shun-che, 1644-1661.

康
熙

Kang-he, 1661-1722.

雍
正

Yung-ching, 1723-1736.

乾
隆

Keen-lung, 1736-1795.

嘉
慶

Kea-king, 1796-1821.

道
光

Taou-kwang, 1821-1851.

咸
豐

Heen-fung, 1851-1861.

同 治
治

Tung-che, 1862-1875.

光
緒

Kwang-shiu, 1875.

" Made at the Taeu-shun Hall," of beautiful jade.	"TheLuh-i or waving bamboo Hall."	" Antique made at the Shun-tih, or cultivation of vertue Hall."
" Made at the Shun-tih, or cultivation Hall."	" Made at the Tsai-j un or brilliant colours Hall."	" Made at the I-yew, or advantage Hall."
" Made at the Ta-shu, or great tree Hall."	" Made at the Ki-yuh, or rare jade Hall."	¹¹ Made at the Lin-yuh, or abundant jade Hall."
" Imitations of antiques made at the King-lien Hall."	" A gem among precious vessels, of rare jade."	" A gem among precious vessels, of rare stone."
L. 1		

聚順美 玉堂製	慕漪堂	慎德堂 博古製
慎德 堂製	彩潤 堂製	益右 堂製
大樹 堂製	奇玉 堂製	林玉 堂製
景濂堂 倣古製	奇玉寶 鼎之珍	奇石寶 鼎之珍

Taou. 3

5 Period, *Nien*.*Ta*, Great. 16 Made, *Chi*.*Tsing*, *Tsing*. 2

Kwang. 4



Shun-che, 1644-1662.



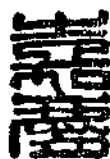
Kang-he, 1661-1722.



Yung-ching, 1723-1736.



Keen-lung, 1736-1795.



Kea-king, 1796-1821.



Taou-kwang, 1821-1851.



Heen-fung, 1851-1862.



Tung-che, 1862-1875.



Kwang-shiu, 1875.

MUSIC

ANCIENT CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

AS DEPICTED ON SOME OF THE EARLY MONUMENTS

HELEN E. FERNALD

(Illustrations by the Author)

AMONG the Chinese collections of the Philadelphia University Museum there are a number of figures representing musicians with their instruments in their hands. Some of these are in bas relief carved on the stone sculptures, notably the Wei votive stelae, where bands of celestial music makers appear above the niches. Others are the T'ang clay mortuary figurines. There are later examples also, occurring on porcelains, on textiles, and on the Ming coromandal screen. A study of the instruments depicted, especially those on the earlier monuments, brings up a number of interesting points about their origin and use and about Chinese ideas of music in general.

Music was of great antiquity in China. According to tradition it was invented by Fu-hsi (2953 B.C.), first of the Five Divine Rulerj. He was said to have introduced the lute and the lyre.¹ Nu Wa, mythical female sovereign who succeeded Fu-hsi, has been credited with the invention of the sheng or Chinese mouth organ. Legends cluster around the name of Huang Ti, the Yellow Emperor, who ruled about 2698 B.C. He is said to have encouraged the practice of music, teaching that it was in accordance with the rules of propriety and made the people happier and better. To him is attributed the honour of bringing order out of chaos by inventing the liis, a series of pitch pipes by which all other instruments were regulated. The legend goes that he sent one of his ministers to Ta-hsia, a far distant place beyond the K'unlun mountains (probably Bactria), to obtain bamboos of uniform thickness from which to make the liis.² However, it was to the Emperor Shun (2255 B.C.) that the Chinese looked back with greatest veneration as the founder of their philosophy of music. Shun was himself a musician and composed the piece called Ta Shao,³ the sweet strains of which so impressed Con-

¹ European books have translated it "lute and lyre." The probability is that the characters are ch'in and se, but I have not been able to verify this by reference to the original Chinese text. The ch'in and se were types of psaltery, not lutes or lyres.

² Van Aalst, *Chinese Music*. Shanghai, 1884, p. 6.

³ *Annals of the Bamboo Books*, Pt. II, Chap. II, which Legge translates, "In his first year . . . when he came to the throne he dwelt in K'e and made the music called Ta Shaou." See Legge's *Translation of the Chinese Classics*, Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 115 of the prolegomena.



Confucius sixteen hundred years later that for three months he thought of nothing else.¹ Shun is also said to have been the inventor of the pan pipes, p'ai hsiao, a development of the *lus*. These legends may be the pure fabrication of later times made in the effort to glorify the early ages and hold them up as examples for future generations to follow. They are not mentioned in the earliest literature, the Classics,² although Shun, to be sure, is there represented as a singer and composer, having amazing ideas as to the use of music in government and appointing a Director of Music who instructed the noble youth and gave concerts at the court.³ Whether the historical accuracy of those parts of the classics which deal with such remote periods as the era of Shun is to be trusted is a question. It is generally agreed, however, that in the case of the poetry we have not only the oldest texts but those the least tampered with. The Book of Odes is really an anthology of verse comprising the songs and ballads of the various states. Some of the odes were written as early as Shang, 1766-1122 B.C., a great many are of early Chou, 1122-770 B.C., the latest belonging to about 585 B.C. Confucius, 551-497 B.C., first gathered and edited these poems, but scholars believe now that he did not alter the texts. Thus the internal evidence of this poetry

¹ The literal translation is, "For three months he did not know the taste of flesh, 'I did not think,' he said, 'that music could have been made so excellent as this.'" Analects, Book VII, Chap. XIII, Legge's Translation of the Chinese Classics, Vol. 1, p. 63.

² The "Five Classics" are The *Ching*, Book of Changes; the *Shu Ching*, Book of History; the *Shih Ching*, Book of Odes; the *Li Chi*, Record of Rites; the *Ch'un Ch'iu*, Spring and Autumn Annals. The last is the only one actually written by Confucius, the others are compilations and collections of older documents which left the finishing hand of Confucius some in their original state, others probably somewhat changed. The *Li Chi* as we have it now includes much that was added in the first century B.C.

³ *Shu Ching*, Pt. II, Book I, Chap. V, No. 24, and Pt. II, Book IV, Chap. II, No. 9. See Legge's Trans. of the C.C., Vol. III, Pt. I, pp. 47, 87.

is of the first rank. The references in the Odes leave us in no doubt as to the importance of music in the life of ancient China. The great antiquity of certain songs, musical instruments, and theories of music stands revealed, whoever may have been later credited with the invention of them.

It has been declared that the ancient music of China was hopelessly lost at the time of the Burning of the Books, 212 B.C. However, we know the names of many of the most famous of the songs and a number have been identified among the poems of the Book of Odes so that the words of those have survived. One of the later odes, a poem assigned to the time of King Yu, c. 775 B.C., mentions two songs, or groups of songs, that must have been well known then in the early 8th century B.C. The last verse is translated as follows:

*" K'in, Win the bells peal on
And the lutes in the concert we hear.
Deep breathes the organ tone
Sounding stones join their notes rich and clear
The while through the vessel there ring
The Ya and the Nan which they sing
And the dancers with flutes now appear."*¹

The Nan, it seems, is no other than that collection of the odes of Chou-nan and Chao-nan which comprises the first of part I of the Book of Odes, while the Ya was probably made-up of the older poems of parts II and III, one section of which is still called the Ya. Other apparently famous songs mentioned in the early literature are the Yung,² the Wu and the Shao.³ The Ta Shao we have already spoken of as the music composed by the Emperor Shun. It was evidently performed with the accompaniment of dancers as in the case of the Ya and the Nan, for Confucius says in the Analects, "Let the music be the Shao with its pantomimes."⁴ The Li Chi says in the chapter on music (which is a very ancient document incorporated into the book) that "In antiquity the Emperor Shun made a ch'in with five strings of silk for singing the ode to the south wind."⁵ That the tunes of some of these songs still survive, as is claimed by two tune books published in the 16th century, is quite possible. Books can be burned and words forgotten but ancient and popular tunes are not so easily erased from a people's mind.

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. II, Book VI, Ode IV. See Legge's Metrical Translation of "The She King," London, 1876, p. 251. The characters which he translates as lutes are "ch'in" and "seV".

² Analects, Book III, Chap. II. Legge's Trans. of the C. C. Vol. I, p. 19.

³ Analects, Book III, Chap. XXV. Ibid., p. 28.

⁴ Analects, Book XV, Chap. X. Ibid., p. 162.

⁵ Li Chi, Chap. XVI (the Lo Chi). See M. Callery's "Li-Ki," French translation, 1853, p. 91. Many other songs also are named in this chapter.

Though the books on music were destroyed by Shih Huang Ti, the chances are that the songs and melodies lived on through the period of suppression. The claims of the 16th century tune books may be true in at least some cases. What tunes have been lost have been lost through gradual disuse rather than any sudden wholesale destruction. Once forgotten, an ancient tune could not be revived because it had never been recorded by a proper system of notation. (The same reason why the tunes of Greece, Egypt, and mediaeval Europe have been lost.) The Kung Cheh system of notation came into popular use only in the Sung dynasty.¹

In the Odes we have a picture of a China emerging from the mists of antiquity already endowed with a rich heritage of national ballads and popular songs which are evidently accompanied by instruments that are by no means primitive. Music was not only the spontaneous expression of the common people but an elegant accomplishment that was praised in Emperors. One of the earliest of the poems in the Shih Ching, a sacrificial ode of Shang called the *Na* and written at least before 1122 B.C., shows that music had a most prominent place in the sacrificial rites and incidentally gives us a picture of an orchestra highly organized. Five different musical instruments are mentioned which must be among the most ancient in China. Four of them are common to most ancient civilizations but the use of musical stones is unique.

*" O grand! The drums, both large and for the hand,
Complete in number, here in order stand.
Their tones, though loud, harmoniously are blent,
And rise to greet our ancestor's descent.*

*. . Deep are the sounds the drums emit,
And now we hear the flutes, which shrilly fit
Into the diapason:—concord great,
Which the sonorous gem doth regulate!
Majestic is our king of Tang's great line,
Whose instruments such qualities combine.
Large bells we hear, which with the drums have place,
While in the court the dancers move with grace."²*

Therefore in the twelfth century B.C., or earlier, the Chinese had flutes, two kinds of drums, bells and musical stones, and had a definite orchestral arrangement for them. Another poem of slightly later

¹ Mrs. Richard, *A Paper on Chinese Music*, p. 6.

² Shih Ching, Pt. IV, Book III, Ode I. Legge's *Metrical Translation*, p. 385.

date, between 1114 and 1076 B.C., mentions several other instruments. The literal translation of the poem is rather quaint, so I give it here.

" *There are the blind musicians; there are the blind musicians;
In the court of {the temple of} Chow.
There are the music frames) with their face boards and posts,
The high tooth edge (of the former) and the feathers stuck
(in the latter);
With the drums, large (fieri) and small (ying), suspended from
them;
And the hand drums (fao ku) and sounding stones (effing)
the chu and the yu.
These being all complete, the music is struck up.
The pan-pipe (hsiao) and the double flute (kuari) begin at the
same time.
Harmoniously blend their sounds;
In solemn unison they give forth their notes.
Our ancestors will give ear;
Our visitors will be there;—
Long to witness the complete performance!¹*

The t'ien was a huge drum; the character really means "field." Compared with it the ying-ku was small, about the size and shape of a flour barrel. We are interested in the ying-ku because it appears on so many of the Han bas reliefs. The t'ao-ku was a small hand drum twirled on a handle so as to make balls, on the ends of strings strike against the heads. Ku by itself means merely large drum. The hsiao, or Pan pipes, was a set of tubes of different lengths tied together and giving notes corresponding to the liis. It was used only in ritual music. The same was true of the chu and the yu, two peculiar instruments which gave the signals for starting and stopping. The chu was a square box with a hammer inside which was struck against the interior by an operator who reached through a hole in the side. The yu was a wooden tiger with teeth along the ridge of its back, down which the attendant drew a stick rapidly to make a rasping noise.

For the ceremonial music there were professional musicians, blind men in many cases evidently, as was true in other countries, such as ancient Egypt. Professionals would also seem to have been employed upon festive occasions such as that described in the poem which contains the reference to the singing of the Ya and the Nan. But that music was a part of the education of every noble youth the

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. IV, Book I, fii], Ode V, Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 587. I have taken the liberty of inserting the Chinese names of the instruments.

Book of History certainly gives us to understand, and the Odes bear out the impression that many amateur musicians could play the ch'in or the se or the sheng¹ and that these instruments were as popular as our guitars and ukuleles. One of the Odes says

*" Why not at the feast your se gaily play
To add to your joy and lengthen the day? "*²

Thus we find again and again, in the Odes, in the Book of History, in the music chapter of the Li Chi, evidence that at the time the Classics were written (during the Shang and Chou dynasties, from before 1122 B.C. up to the middle of the sixth century B.C.) there were many popular as well as ritual songs and many instruments in use which were even then considered very ancient. And this brings us to remark upon a phenomenon that does not appear to have occurred anywhere else in the world save in China, the spectacle of a people rising out of barbarism into civilization who were so intensely interested in the process of their own intellectual evolution that they kept voluminous records of every step. It is seldom that a child is so interested in the development of his own mind that he watches and records its growth himself. Few babies keep their own baby books. Neither has any nation of antiquity so far as we know, except China, described itself, its geography, its government, its institutions, its rites, its own manners and customs and knowledge. Usually our information on these subjects has to be gained indirectly from other sources, from religious texts, from paintings and sculptures and objects from tombs. In the field of music, for instance, what we know about ancient musical instruments of the Egyptians we have had to learn from paintings on the walls of tombs, mention in the religious texts in the tombs, and fragments of originals found occasionally. There are no ancient Egyptian essays on the subject of music; we have no means of finding out what the Egyptians thought about music. The same is true of other nations. Among the Babylonian clay tablets are hymns to Ishtar, and to Nin-ib, and bas reliefs of the Assyrians show harpists and other musicians, so that we know that those nations had music but we have few clues to what it was like or to whether there were other instruments of which no pictures have been discovered. Even in the case of the Greeks, the lyre is familiar to us only because so frequently represented in sculptures and vase paintings. Many of the other musical instruments mentioned in Greek literature are known to us by name only, even the nature of them being a matter of conjecture. The same is true even of the middle ages in Europe.

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. I, Bk. VI, Ode III, Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. IV, Pt. I, p. 113.

² Shih Ching, Pt. I, Bk. X, Ode II, Legge's Metrical Translation, p. 148. The word se has been substituted for the translator's term lute.

We must learn what we can from manuscript illuminations such as one showing David playing an 11th century harp,¹ or from capitals and choir stalls carved with figures of angels performing on harps and lutes of mediaeval type.² In China one has similar material plus Chinese treatises on the subject, literature that begins with the music chapter of the Li Chi already mentioned, and includes a section in each of the Twenty-four Dynastic Histories, besides numerous books and essays on music. From the early days of the Chou dynasty then, the 11th century B.C., until the time of the Republic, 1912 A.D., the Chinese have been writing about their music, its place in ceremonies and rites, its uses in forming character, its psychological influence on the minds of listeners, the symbolism of the scale, and describing the various instruments in use. Much of the earlier literature has been lost beyond recall, and little of what there is has yet been translated into any European tongue. What is available is often vague and anything but scientific, but it does corroborate or explain much that would otherwise be an eternal enigma to us, and above all it reveals the reason why Chinese music never progressed to the glorious heights which its early and brilliant beginnings had seemed to promise. It was largely the symbolic and philosophic meanings attached to music in the early days of China that restricted its development and kept it unprogressingly true to its ancient traditions. As a matter of fact, it was not only a scholarly interest in the details of his civilization that was at the root of the essays of the ancient Chinese author, but also the very definite aim of extolling the customs and accomplishments as well as the virtues of the Ancestors, and so preaching the doctrine of ultra conservatism which meant "no change from the ancient, and therefore best, order of things," a feature of ancestor worship which accounts for the innate resistance of the Chinese to everything in the line of an innovation.

In the earliest days that we know of in China music had already become bound up with symbolism. The Shu Ching attributes to the Emperor Shun many statements that prove at least that certain philosophical theories were well established by the early Chou dynasty. For instance, he is quoted as saying, "K'uei, I appoint you to be Director of Music, and to teach our sons, so that the straightforward may yet be mild, the gentle may yet be dignified, the strong not tyrannical, and the impetuous not arrogant. Poetry is the expression of earnest thought, singing is the prolonged utterance of that expression. The notes accompany that utterance, and they are harmonized themselves by the pitch pipes. In this way the eight different kinds of instruments can all be adjusted so that one shall not take from or

* Engel, *Musical Instruments, Handbook of the South Kensington Museum*, p. 89.
• Kelley, *Musical Instruments*, p. 67.

interfere with another, and spirits and men will thereby be brought into harmony."¹ The reason why spirits and men would be brought into harmony with each other by the tuning of the various instruments to the liis was this: Heaven and Earth, the Chinese said, were in perfect harmony.² The number 3 was the symbol of Heaven, 2 of Earth. If two sounds therefore were in ratio of 3 to 2 their harmony would be as perfect as that of Heaven and Earth. Thus the pitch pipes, or lus, were cut so that the length of the second tube was two thirds of the first, and the third tube was two thirds of the second (only it was doubled to give the octave lower), and so on. Thus a series of perfect fifths was obtained. Any two notes given by tubes whose lengths were in such relative proportions must in the nature of things harmonize as did Heaven and Earth, and instruments tuned to them would produce music which could not but bring Heavenly spirits and Earthly men together in harmony. There seem to have been only six tubes at first and only five of them were used. Shun is reported as saying, in the Shu Ching, "I wish to hear the six pitch pipes, the five notes determined by them, and the eight kinds of musical instruments regulated again by these."³ We know that the first five lus gave notes corresponding to our C, G, D, A, E, except that D, A, and E were not quite true to our notes, which belong to a tempered scale.⁴ However, generally speaking, the early five note scale of the Chinese established by the lus was very nearly this:

Shun used this scale even in his governing. His ideas (if they really are as early as his time) are ingenious if not wholly practical. He continues the discourse quoted above: "Examining thereby the virtues and defects of my government according as the odes that go from the court and the ballads that come in from the people are ordered by those 5 notes." Whether his viceroys were governing poorly or well, he believed he could tell from the tone of the music produced during their rule and it was firmly believed that to teach the people the odes which had been carefully set to music regulated by the lus was to make them peaceful and happy, amenable to rule. The chapter on music in the Li Chi observes, "Every musical air has its source in the heart of man," when he is angry and sullen

¹ Shu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. I, Chap. V, No. 24, Legge's Trans, of the C. C, Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 47.

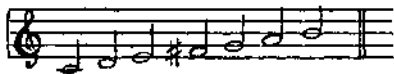
² Li Chi, Chap. XVI, p. 90 of Cailley's translation.

³ Shu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. I, Legge's Trans, of the C. C, Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 81.

⁴ Van Aalst explains, Chinese Music, p. 13, that the whole scale is really pitched a little higher than this, at least in the present day. Huang-chung, which he has called C for clearness, is more exactly our D.

his songs are rude and violent, when he is in love they are soft and full of tenderness, but many of these feelings which are expressed in musical airs can also be induced in men by musical airs; therefore the emperors of ancient times taught men ceremonies as a means of directing their wills, and instituted music for controlling their emotions and conduct, and thus they found the secret of ruling in peace. In times of peace, the Li Chi continues, when the tunes breathe calmness and joy, the government is good. In times of revolt, when the tunes breathe reproach and anger, the government is in disorder. This proves that between the nature of musical airs and the state of government there is an intimate relationship.¹ That Confucius firmly believed in this influence of music for evil or for good is seen in his remark about the Ta Shao and the Wu. "The Master said of the Shao that it was perfectly beautiful and also perfectly good. He said of the Wu that it was perfectly beautiful but not perfectly good."² Both were fine in melody but the Wu breathed a martial spirit that aroused men to violence.

The five notes of the ancient scale were compared to the five virtues, benevolence, righteousness, propriety, knowledge, and faith.³ That was one reason why the use of music regulated by the liis was supposed to transform the people. Sometime still in antiquity the number of tubes of the liis was increased to twelve and a complicated system of philosophy grew up around them. They became involved in the yang and yin philosophy, the oldest in China, according to which everything in the universe belonged either to the yang or the yin principle, the yang being male energy, strong, positive, superior, the yin being female energy, weak, negative, dependent. Everything that happens is the result of the combination or interaction of these two principles. Six of the tubes of the liis were considered yang and the other six yin. The twelve lus were compared to the twelve signs of the zodiac, the twelve moons and the twelve hours. Huang-chung, "yellow cup," the first of the tubes and the basis upon which all the others were built, was furthermore used as a standard of length and capacity, being 9 inches (some say a foot) long and holding 1200 grains of millet.⁴ Early in the Chou dynasty two more notes were added to the scale, nearly corresponding in tone to our F sharp and B.



¹Li Chi, Chap. XVI. See Callery's translation.

²Analects, Book III, Chap. XXV, Legge's Trans, of the C. C, Vol. I, p. 28.

³Shu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. I, Legge's Trans, of the C. C, Vol. III, Pt. I.

⁴Shu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. I, Chap. III, Legge's Trans, of the C. C, Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 36, notes.

These notes, according to a historian of the Yuan dynasty, were called the "seven beginnings" and were in Han times compared to Heaven, Earth, Man, and the Four Seasons.¹ It must be remembered that the notes of the scales indicated here give only an approximate idea of the Chinese notes. Their music cannot be recorded in terms of ours, for the relationships between the notes they use are different. Wherever we might start the scale in unison the rest of their notes would sound sharper or flatter than ours. "The intervals of the *lus* have all been accurately measured, none is in tune with our western scale whether pure or tempered."² The only way for us to write Chinese music with scientific accuracy would be to indicate the number of vibrations per second for each note, or to use a staff whose lines and spaces would represent their intervals, not those we use. To the western ear many of the Chinese intervals seem discordant beyond endurance, because some notes seem too sharp, others too flat, "but to the Chinese this is no objection, their aim being to prove the irrefutable connection of their music with astronomy and nature."⁸

Doubtless in China music began, as among all primitive peoples, as a perfectly natural and spontaneous expression. As the Chinese say themselves, "Every musical air has its origin in the heart of man."⁴ But enough has been said to show how very early it became tied by those philosophic theories and symbolic comparisons so dear to the hearts of the Chinese. They did not philosophize about their music but could almost be said to have built up a musical system to illustrate their philosophy, and thus made it impossible for music to develop except within a very narrow field of thought. The "Burning of the Books" in 212 B.C. destroyed philosophical writings on music, records of musical airs and the instruments themselves, but the philosophy and tunes were remembered and revived and instruments were soon reinvented exactly like the old. In Han times along the trade routes from Central Asia came instruments unknown before to the Chinese and the introduction of Buddhism brought with it new instruments, but they were soon adopted and made to fit into the old theories and symbolic meanings were attached to their different parts.⁵ When the Mongols invaded China they brought with them a different scale in which F natural occurred instead of F sharp and during the Yuan dynasty both were used. Much confusion resulted and to-day the scale actually in use is the ancient pentatonic one, in which the two notes causing half tones in the seven note scale (F and B) exist only in theory. Besides, the five note scale fits the philo-

¹ Wu Ch'ing. See Ledge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 81, notes.

² Stanford and Forsyth, *A History of Music*, 1920.

³ Van Aalst, *Chinese Music*, p. 23.

⁴ Li Chi, Chap. XVI, where this statement is repeated many times.

⁵ For instance, the P'i-p'a. The four strings and the Four Seasons.

sophy better, for are not the five notes like the five planets, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars? Can they not be compared with the five points of the compass, north, east, centre, west, south? They correspond to the five colours, black, violet, yellow, white, red, and the five elements, wood, water, earth, metal, and fire. They even have affinity with the five relationships; the note Kung (C) corresponds to the Emperor, Shang (D) to the minister, Chiao (E) to the people of the nation, Chih (G) to the affairs of state, and Yu (A) represents material objects!^x

This love of the Chinese for putting everything in numerical categories may be seen well illustrated in the *Shu Ching*. We are especially interested in the "eight kinds of musical instruments" mentioned so many times, literally the "eight sounds."² This refers to the material of which the instruments were made, metal, stone, silk, bamboo, gourd, earth, leather, and wood. In the concert given by K'uei described in the *Shu Ching*,³ each kind is represented except earth, bells (metal), musical jades (stone), ch'ins and ses (silk), flutes (bamboo), the sheng (gourd), drums (leather), and the chu and yu (wood). Wu Ch'ing thinks the yu was at that time an earthen ocarina such as was later called "hsuan,"⁴ a theory by which all eight kinds of instrument would be accounted for here. Chinese writers on music still classify the instruments according to the eight materials, which represent the Earth or Nature and correspond to the eight symbols, called pa-kua, of Fu-hsi, symbols made up of combinations of straight and broken lines representing the yang and yin principles. It is thus seen that the development of the instruments themselves and their use in the orchestra was so restricted by the symbolism in regard to their dimensions, number of strings, and material of which each detail must be made that as a result some of them are good examples of "arrested development," being "practically identical to-day with their prototypes of four thousand years ago.

Of the instruments represented on the stelae and other objects in the Philadelphia Museum, some are still in use in China as they were in the days of Chou, 1122-255 B.C. Others have to-day no counterpart. We are fortunate in having many aids to identification besides the Chinese writings on music. Most important are the rather recent discoveries of Sir Aurel Stein at Tan Huang, the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas, where a hoard of manuscripts and paintings was uncovered which had been sealed up since about the end of the T'ang dynasty. Many

¹ Van Aalst, p. 17.

² *Shu Ching*, Pt. II, Bk. I, Chaps. IV and V ; Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. I, Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. III, Pt. I, pp. 41, 48, 81.

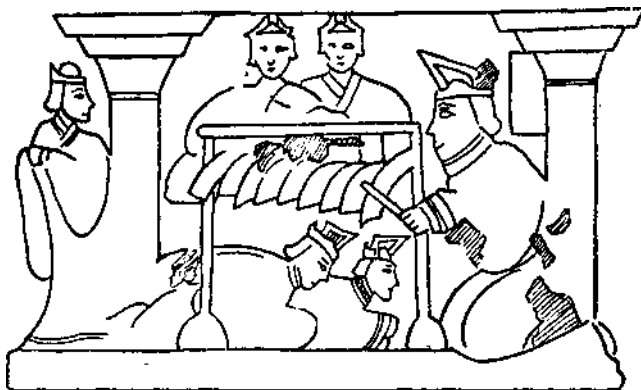
³ *Shu Ching*, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. II, No. 9, Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. III. Pt. I, p. 87.

⁴ But the ocarina is called "hsuan" in the *Li Chi*.

of the paintings, which are now in the British Museum, represent the Buddhist Paradises of Amitabha, Sakyamuni, or Bhaisajyaguri. In them all the Buddhas appear enthroned in the centre surrounded by adoring Bodhisattvas, while before them dancers and musicians perform. The number of musicians varies from four to twelve; usually there are eight, four on each side. In many cases the instruments can be clearly made out. There are flutes, both transverse and vertical, ch'in's and ses, harps, castanets, drums, and cymbals. And there is always the Chinese mouth organ, the sheng. Frescoes analogous to these paintings are seen on the walls of the Tun Huang caves, but I have seen only M. Pelliot's plates of them, from which it is hard to make out any details of the instruments. Many of these paintings are dated, and belong to the same general period as the stelae and clay mortuary sculpture in this Museum. Then there are the precious instruments preserved in that most fascinating of museums, the Shosoin at Nara, Japan, established in 749 A.D. by order of the Emperor Shomu to contain all the contents of his palace. Among the personal belongings of this Japanese ruler of the middle eighth century were exquisite examples of a Chinese sheng*, several ch'in's, and a number of p'i-p'a's both of the four and of the five stringed type. In no other country in the world is there a collection of mediaeval musical instruments that can compare with this. Probably the only reason we do not find in the Shosoin examples of stone chimes, bell chimes, etc., is that they were used in ritual music only. The ch'in, p'i-p'a and sheng, being more popular instruments, as well as recognized marks of the gentleman of culture, were the ones which had found their way into the Emperor's palace.

The earliest known representations of musical instruments in China are to be found on the carved stone slabs from funeral chambers and vaults of the Han period, made accessible through the plates of Chavannes' "Mission Archeologique" and other works. On one of the slabs from the well known Wu tombs in Shantung province may be seen a stone chime pictured. The sonorous stone, or musical jade, has already been mentioned several times in quotations from the Shih Ching and Shu Ching, a fact which points to its very early origin. It is one of the instruments of greatest antiquity in China and peculiar to that country, moreover. There were single sonorous stones and there were sets or chimes. The "Na" mentions "the sonorous gem." It was a flat jade stone cut in the shape of a carpenter's square, with one arm longer than the other, called the drum. It was pierced with a hole at the apex and a cord run through for suspension to a wooden frame. It was played by tapping it on the "drum" with a hammer, causing a clear ringing sound of definite tone. In the Shu Ching, K'uei speaks of two ways of striking the

stones. "When the sounding stone is, tapped or strongly struck."¹ Sometimes the single sonorous stones were carved in the shape of fantastic beasts, dragons, fish, or lions. The representation on this Wu slab shows the set, or stone chime, which, according to literature, consisted of sixteen musical stones hung in two rows in a frame. This shows only one row, of nine. The stones of a chime were supposed to be of the carpenter's square shape, all of the same size but varying in thickness to give the different notes of the *lus*. Again,



Confucius Playing the Stone Chime.
Scene on a Stone Slab from the Wu Tombs.
Han Period.
Chavannes, Mission, No. 143.

in this scene we see that the shape represented is not that of a carpenter's square but a single curved section of a circle. The stones are suspended from a very plain framework and the performer, at the right, is tapping them lightly with a hammer. The scene illustrated is that related in the *Analects*. "The Master was playing one day on a musical stone in Wei when a man, carrying a straw basket, passed the door of the house where Confucius was and said, * His heart is full who so beats the musical stone.' "² Musical stones were often cut in the shape of bells. Such a flat bell dating from the Chou dynasty is in the Eumorfopoulos Collection.³

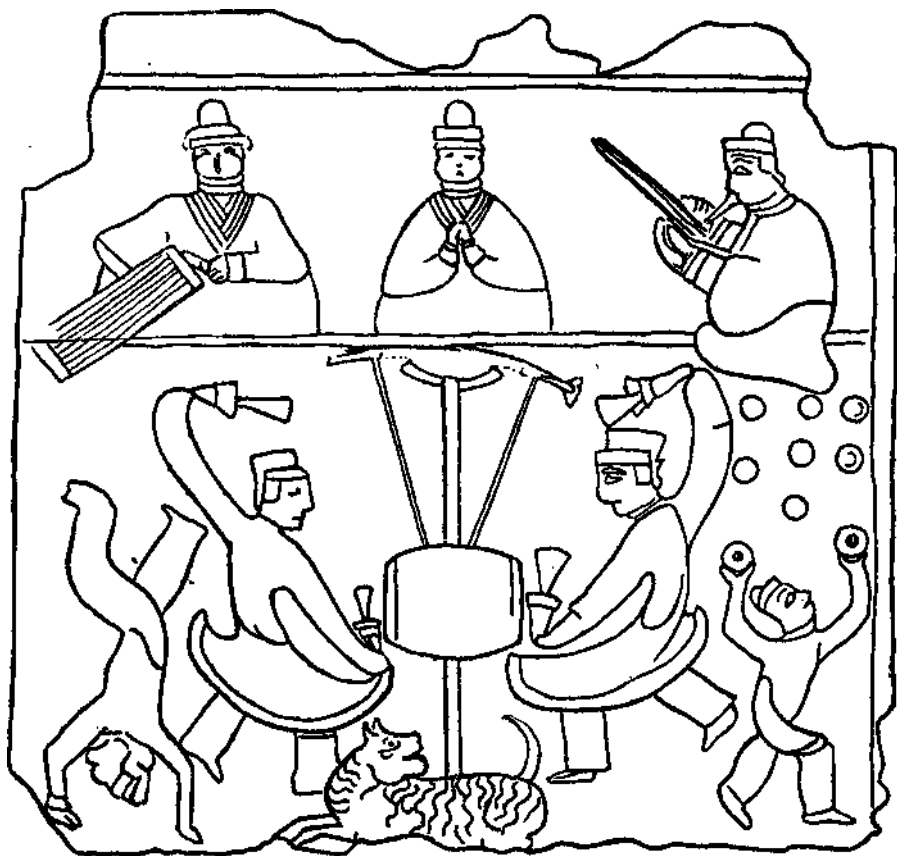
A number of Han slabs depict musicians, dancers, and jugglers according to a fairly definite scheme of arrangement. A very good example of such a relief is a slab from Chiao Ch'eng Ts'un in Shan-tung. Conspicuous in the centre of the composition is a great "Ying-ku" or barrel drum suspended by two straps from a cross bar

¹ *Shu Ching*, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. II, 9, Legge's Trans, of the C. C., Vol. III, Pt. I p. 87.

² *Analects*, Bk. XIV, Chap. XLII, Legge's Trans, of the C. C., Vol. I, pp. 154-55.

³ Pope-Hennessy, *Early Chinese Jades*, Plate 38.

which rests on a pole. The pole appears to pass through the barrel of the drum and is supported on the back of a carved lion. On each side a man is applying the drum sticks vigorously, his arms swinging, his body fairly leaping in the air. On the right is a juggler, on the left a man walking on his hands. Above are three seated musicians,



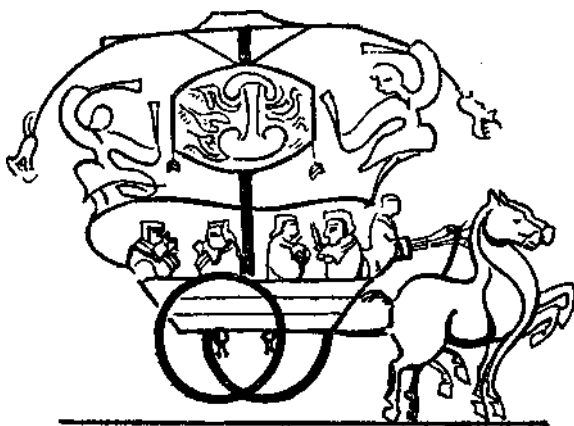
Ying-Ku Performance, with Ch'in and Sheng.
Stone Slab from Chiao Ch'eng Ts'un, Shantung.
Chavannes, Mission, No. 151.

one playing the ch'in, another clapping his hands, and the third performing on the sheng. Other slabs show variations on this theme. Nearly always there is the great "ying-ku" with its vehement performers. Chavannes illustrates five other slabs depicting it.¹ A Han relief in the Baron Von der Heydt Collection at The Hague repeats the scene,² and the slab illustrated in Dr. Laufer's "Chinese Grave

Chavannes, Mission, Nos. 149, 158, 160, 162, 1265.

² With, *Bildwerke ost-u-sudasiens aus der Sammlung Yi Yuan*, Plate I.

Sculptures of the Han Dynasty," Plate VI, is doubtless another repetition. The clearest representation of the ying-ku is probably that of the slab from Hsiao T'ang Shan reproduced in Bushell's "Chinese Art,"¹ showing a band wagon of Han times, a large two horse chariot roofed over with a wide canopy. Four musicians sit under the canopy, with a driver in front, while on the roof is mounted a great "ying-ku" with a pair of drummers going through their wild gestures. Here again the heavy pole rising from the centre of the chariot seems to pass through the barrel of the drum. The ying-ku is ornamented with scroll forms, which lead us to believe that the barrel was of painted wood. The heads were doubtless covered with leather. Two small metal



Chariot with a Ying-Ku and Musicians.
Detail of Slab from Hsiao T'ang Shan.
Chavannes, Mission, No. 45.

bells hang from the lower edge of the drum. From the framework above float out long ribbons or streamers with bells or tassels on the ends. The Von der Heydt slab and the one published by Dr. Laufer also show these streamers and in the last case they seem to be held by men standing a little distance away. Was the ying-ku sometimes made to revolve on the pole by means of these ribbons and is that why the drummers appear to be performing a wild dance before the drum? That the playing of the ying-ku was a spectacular performance we cannot doubt, especially when we see from a stone published by Father Volpert as well as from the Von der Heydt slab that the drummers were sometimes mounted on horseback.²

The ying-ku seems to have gone out of style after Han, at least it

¹ Chavannes, Mission, No. 45. Bushell, Chinese Art, Vol. I, Fig. 9.

² Anthropos, Vol. III, 1908, p. 14.

is no longer popular on the monuments. But the instruments played by the little seated musicians on these stones have lasted throughout the history of China and we shall refer to the Han slabs again as we consider the musical instruments represented on the Wei and T'ang monuments.

There are in the Philadelphia University Museum two fine votive stelae of the Wei dynasty. The one bears a date corresponding to 551 A.D.,¹ the other was set up during the reign of Wu Ping, about 575 A.D.² Over the main niche of the former is a row of six musicians and two dancers.³ The instruments depicted are the ch'in, the sheng or reed mouth organ, the four stringed p'i-p'a, the vertical flute, the five mouth organ, the four stringed p'i-p'a, the vertical flute, the five stringed p'i-p'a, and the harp. On the other stela, that of Wu Ping, five tiny musicians are seated in the trees above the lowest niche or fly through the foliage as they play. The instruments they carry are the same as those just mentioned, with the exception of the ch'in. Among the T'ang grave figurines are the three charming seated girl musicians belonging to the set of Princess and dancers.⁴ They play the sheng, the p'i-p'a and the harp. In another set of standing female figures are seen a harp player and a performer on the five stringed p'i-p'a. A seated figure covered with the green and amber glazes of the period plays small cymbals. There is also a set of four male musicians represented with drum, clarinet, sheng and gong, but these belong to a considerably later time and shall be mentioned only briefly at the end of the article together with the Ming and Ch'ing representations on textiles, porcelains, and screen.

On the stela of 551 A.D., in the Philadelphia University Museum, the musician at the extreme right is playing a ch'in. The *Ch'in* ^y_t, almost always translated "lute," was actually a kind of psaltery. It was the instrument said to have been invented by Fu-hsi at the very beginnings of Chinese history and we find the character over and over again in the pages of the classics, where it is usually associated with se 瑟, a similar instrument of more strings. The earliest mention of it is probably that passage in the book of History in which K'uei, the Director of Music under the Emperor Shun, describes a concert at the court, "When the ch'ins and ses are swept or gently touched to accompany the singing."⁵ References to the ch'in occur often in the Book of Odes.

¹ Published in the Museum Journal, March, 1923.

² Published in the Museum Journal, December, 1924.

³ See illustration on page 396.

⁴ Published in the Museum Journal, December, 1924.

⁵ Chu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. II, 9, Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 87.

" / have here admirable guests
 For whom are struck the ch'in
 and sis.
 The ch'in and sis are struck
 And our harmonious joy is long
 continued ""¹

and

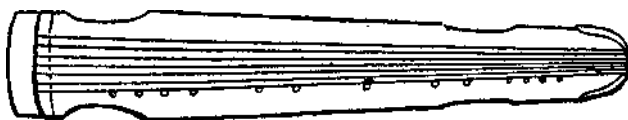
" The grove would yield ere long
 Abundant wood for ch'in and sis
 To aid the voice of song." ²



Ch'in Player.
 From the Stela of 551 A.D.
 In the Philadelphia University
 Museum

besides the quotation already given. The Li Chi mentions the ch'in and se and gives Shun the honour of inventing the five stringed ch'in. There is no doubt that it was an instrument known long before the beginnings of authentic history.

The ch'in had a sounding board 3.66 Chinese feet long and about 6.6 Chinese inches wide. (In our measurements it would be approximately 4 feet by 8 inches.) These numbers were divisible by 3 and thus were symbolic of Heaven, Earth, and Man. The top of the ch'in was slightly rounded to represent Heaven, the bottom, Earth, was fiat with two round or oblong sounding holes. Five silk strings representing the five elements and giving the five notes of the early pentatonic scale were stretched the length of this board. The number of strings was later increased to seven. At the wider end the



Modern Ch'in.

strings were held by nuts on the under side and carried through holes in the board to the upper surface. There they passed over a bridge and extended the length of the board, being carried over the narrow end and fastened on jade or wooden pegs below, by means of which they could be tightened. There were usually four small feet which

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. II, Bk. I, Ode I. A poem of the 12th century B.C. See Legge's Trans. of the C. C. Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 247. Terms ch'in and se substituted for lutes.

² Shih Ching, Pt. I, Bk. IV, Ode VI, Legge's Metrical Translation, p. 97.



From the Pillar of Nan Wu Yang.
Flute, ch'in, clapping, sheng.
Chavannes, Mission, No. 156.

do not seem to go over either end. Other plates in *The Thousand Buddhas* show ch'ins, however, whose strings do round over the end held furthest away.

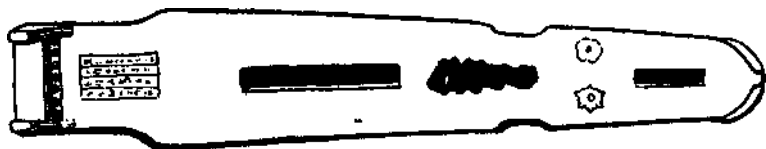
None of these representations show the notches in the side which are so characteristic of the shape of the ch'in as we know it to-day, but the beautiful T'ang ch'in of the Shosoin at Nara

has a notch on each side toward the narrow end like the modern ch'in shown. This example is priceless, not only because it is an exquisite



Detail of a Painting Found at Tun Huang.
Representing the Paradise of Amitabha.
T'ang Dynasty.
Ch'in, harp, p'i-p'a.
Stein, *The Thousand Buddhas*, Pl. XXX.

piece of work in gold and silver inlay but also because it is the only really authentic example known of a T'ang ch'in. There is an inscrip-



Under side of a ch'in in the Shosoin showing sound holes, pegs and holes for the seven strings and the two large rosette pegs to which strings were fastened after passing around the narrow end of the board.

T'ang Dynasty.
Drawn from the Toyei Shuko.

tion in Chinese on the under side just below the seven string pegs. On the coromandel screen in the Philadelphia University Museum are a number of instruments of the Ming Dynasty depicted. One of the scenes shows three ladies seated in a small room, one of them playing a ch'in which rests on the table before her. This later ch'in has two notches or indentations in the outer side. The seven strings are indicated in white paint.

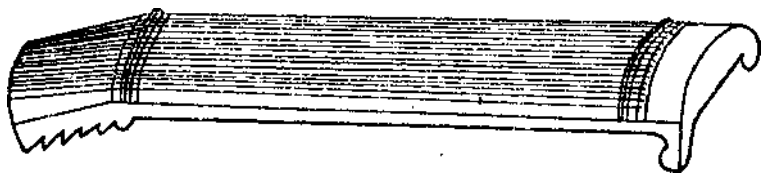
The numerous representations on the Han reliefs and in the Tang paintings from Tun Huang (and the frescoes of the caves themselves) all point to a more popular use of the ch'in than prevailed in later



Lady Playing a Ch'in.
From the Ming Coromandel Screen.
In the Philadelphia University Museum

days. The word ch'in meant to "prohibit," the ancient idea being that its sounds restrained and checked evil passions. But the term is otherwise singularly apropos, for the difficulties which confront the beginner on the ch'in are such as to turn many from this to more easily mastered instruments. The expert performer was and is rare. The strings are not now tuned in accordance with the ancient order, but are G A C D E G A. Neither are the dimensions adhered to as strictly as in the olden times. But no radical improvements can be made in an instrument so rigidly set in symbolism. During the late Empire the ch'in was heard only at court ceremonies, and in connection with the Confucian rites in which six of these instruments take part. It is almost never played now.

The Se 瑟 was an instrument very much like the ch'in, the main difference being the number of strings. It also was reputed to be of great antiquity and is almost always mentioned in the classics together with the ch'in. Dr. Legge usually translates the two characters "lutes, large and small,"¹ or sometimes just "lutes."² Some European books call them "lute and lyre." But the sd is neither a lute nor a lyre but a kind of psaltery, as is the ch'in. There are several sizes of s6, the largest being nearly seven feet long. A very ancient legend says that the se had originally fifty strings but that "when a certain Miss Su was one day performing on the se in the presence of the Emperor Huang Ti (2698 B.C.) the strains of the instrument impressed him so deeply and rendered him so sorrowful that he forthwith ordered the number of strings to be reduced by one half."³ The se is built on the same principle as the ch'in,



Drawing of a Se.
From Van Aalst, p. 63.

that of a sounding board slightly rounded on top and flat below, with silken strings stretched the length of it and fastened underneath with pegs. There are two round sounding holes in the under side. The tail of the instrument slants downward somewhat from the body, a feature which is not paralleled in the ch'in. At each end is a ridge, perhaps an inch high, over which the strings pass before descending to the under side, each through its small hole. There are twenty-five silken strings, each formerly raised on a movable bridge and the five groups of five bridges were said to represent the five colours, red, yellow, white, blue, and black. The se is now tuned to the pentatonic scale and only the first ten strings have bridges. The old method of stringing at the tail end is uncertain. The strings seem to have been carried over the end of the board, but to have been brought up to the top of the board again through the holes and tied at the ridge.

The se is of just as venerable antiquity as the ch'in, and associated with it from earliest times, yet it seems to be not so completely hedged

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. II, Bk. VI, Ode IV, Legge's Translation of the Chinese Classics Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 367.

² Shu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. II, 9. Ibid., Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 87.

³ Van Aalst, p. 62, quoting from the Erh Ya, a dictionary written by a disciple of Confucius.

about with allegory as is its companion. The present number of strings is the same as the instrument had in Huang Ti's time, twenty-five. But there have been at various times, twenty-seven, nineteen, or twenty-three. A small variety of the se, called the *Tseng*, 絳 has only fourteen strings. The notation for the se is much the same as for the ch'in, but the se is always played in octaves, two notes at a time. It is supposed to have a range of five octaves. The se may not have been considered quite as classic as the ch'in, but it was a very poetic instrument, was much used to accompany singing and had a place in court and religious ceremonies. The volume of tone it gives is not great, but the quality is very sweet.

The second figure from the right on the stela of 551 A.D. is playing a sheng, another extremely ancient Chinese musical instrument. The *Sheng* 笙 or Chinese mouth organ, looks something like a teapot with bamboo pipes of various lengths sticking out of it. The performer puts the spout of the teapot to his mouth while his fingers play on holes in the pipes which are close along the rim of the bowl. A great deal has been written about this very interesting and unique instrument,¹ but only a short description can be given here.



Sheng Player.
From the Stela of 551 A.D.
In the Philadelphia University
Museum

Its invention, as has already been stated, was ascribed to Nix Wa, who* was said by some to have been the sister of Fu-hsi. The earliest writings refer to it as ancient. It is mentioned many times in the Odes and in the Book of History. These are lines from an Ode written in the 12th century B.C.:

*/ have here admirable guests;
The ses are struck, the sheng is blown.
The sheng is blown till its tongues are all moving?*

And from a poem probably of the 8th century B.C.:

*When we have seen our prince
We sit together with him and organs are played.³*

¹ See Eastlake, *China Review*, August, 1882, and Hermann Smith, *The World's Earliest Music*.

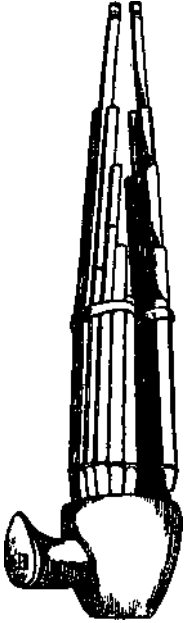
² Shih Ching, Pt. II, Bk. I, Ode I, Legge's Trans., of the C. C., Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 245.

³ Shih Ching, Pt. I, Bk. XI, Ode 1. Ibid., Vol. IV, Pt. I, p. 191. Instead of sheng, the character *huang* was used, a term for the little metal tongues inside the reeds of the sheng.

Also:

*" My husband looks full of satisfaction
In his left hand he holds his reed organ,"¹*

The sheng is mentioned in the Book of History among the instruments used by K'uei in his concert,² and in the Music Chapter of the Li Chi several times. Originally the windchest, or "teapot" part, was a calabash, for which wood later became a substitute.



Drawing-of a
Sheng.
Showing the
present shape of
mouthpiece.
From Eastlake.

Dr. Eastlake says that in ancient times there were, according to the Erh Ya, "two distinct forms of the sheng; the largest and probably more ancient known as the ch'ao, or 'bird's nest,' the smaller known as the ho, or 'concord.' . . . The scale of these two instruments must have been different, as the one had nineteen, the other thirteen reeds."³

It is impossible to make out from the early sculptures just how many reeds are represented. They were very evidently arranged in the two groups in Han times as now, however, as the two sections are clearly indicated in some of the Hari reliefs. The popularity of the sheng is attested to not only by the ancient literature but by the Han, Wei, and T'ang sculptures and paintings. Wherever there are musicians there is a sheng player. The instrument is so peculiar in shape that there is no difficulty in recognizing it. The musician on the right in the scene from the Pillar of Nan Wu Yang is playing a sheng. Another appears on the stone from Chiao Ch'eng Ts'un and again on the slab, Chavannes No. 160. It is frequently represented on Wei sculptures such as the two stelae in the Philadelphia University Museum. The delightful little player on the tablet of 551 A.D.

has already been mentioned. The other stela, of the time of Wu Ping, shows a tiny performer on the sheng floating through tree tops, blowing away as if totally oblivious to his surroundings. Blowing is not the correct term, however, for the sheng was played by suction. The sucking in of the air by the performer is said to be very bad for the health, bringing on lung troubles of various kinds. No performer is known to live longer than forty years. Perhaps this is why few musicians can be found to-day who can play this instrument. Among

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. I, Bk. VI, Ode III. Ibid., Vol. IV, Pt. I, p. 113.

² Shu Ching, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. II, 9. Ibid., Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 87.

³ Eastlake, China Review, August, 1882, quoted by Van Aalst, p. 81.

the most beautiful examples of musicians playing the sheng should be mentioned the little figure engraved on a panel of the small sarcophagus for the ashes of a Buddhist priest of the Sui dynasty. This is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Wei stela of 534 A.D. in the Metropolitan Museum shows another exquisite example.

Sheng players are often found among the grave figurines of the T'ang dynasty. One of the finest of these is of the set of three belonging to the group of Princess with dancers and musicians. This dainty little lady is seated on the ground, clad in a long high waisted robe and wearing her hair in two large knobs. She has the mouthpiece of the sheng to her lips and the instrument tipped slightly toward the left shoulder. The attitude of the performer is not correct and details are not shown; in fact, the sheng is represented as a mere cone rising out of a bowl like form, without delicacy or grace. While the general shape of the sheng is in all these early representations unmistakable, it is hard to judge of the shape of mouthpiece or number of reeds. The mouth-



Sheng Player.

Grave Figurine of the Tang Dynasty. In the Philadelphia University Museum.



Sheng Player
From the Stela of the Time of
Wu Ping, c. 575 A.D.
In the Philadelphia University
Museum

piece in them all, however, appears to be long and slender, not short and stubby as in the sheng. The Boston Museum example mentioned, the beautiful specimen in the Shosoin, and the paintings found at Tun Huang, however, all show the sheng with a long, slender, curved mouthpiece like a tea or coffee pot spout. This must have been the early type. Moule says that the shengs used by the Lamas from Peking seemed larger than the common type and also had the "old fashioned coffee pot spout mouthpiece, perhaps made of pewter, which is now rarely seen." We show here a detail from one of the Tun Huang paintings. The exact number of reeds cannot be determined- perhaps the accuracy of the artist in that respect should not be

too far trusted anyway where such a large number of pipes is involved. This detail agrees, however, in every way with the T'ang example in the Shosoin, except perhaps for the variety in the length of the reeds.

The character sheng is made up of the radicals bamboo[^] and to produce, in other words, "music made by reeds." The ancient sheng, like the modern, was composed of the three parts, air chamber, mouthpiece, and reeds or pipes. The air chamber was rounded like a bowl and made of wu t'ung wood, or sometimes polished redwood. At the bottom a small round piece of ivory pierced with five holes let in the air. The mouthpiece has already been discussed. It was usually



Sheng Player.
Detail of a Painting
Found at Tun
Huang.
Stein, *The Thousand Buddhas*,
PL VI.

tipped with ivory. In examples that exist to-day the seventeen reeds stand in holes around the rim of the bowl, packed closely side by side except on the right hand side of the instrument, where a small gap may be left. They are arranged symmetrically according to height, the two longest being in the middle, front and back, and the others descending like steps to the short ones at the sides. A metal band binds them all together at the level of the shortest ones or just below. Each pipe goes down over half an inch inside the rim of the air chamber and at the lower end has fastened in it with wax a thin metal reed, the huang or tongue referred to in the classics. Four of the seventeen pipes are mute, contributing only to appearance, and these of course do not have either the tongues or the finger holes. The

finger holes are small circular openings near the rim of the air chamber. Each sounding pipe has also an oblong slit on the side. The performer when playing the sheng holds it inclined to the right, but according to the early sculptures and paintings this was not the case in Han, Wei or T'ang times, for it is always represented as held directly in front of the player and with the pipes standing up vertically. There is no evidence of the horizontal position in which Moule says it was held when played. The scale Moule has ascertained to be G, A, B flat, C, D, E, F, G, A, B sharp, C. The finger hole must be stopped in order to get the note from a reed.

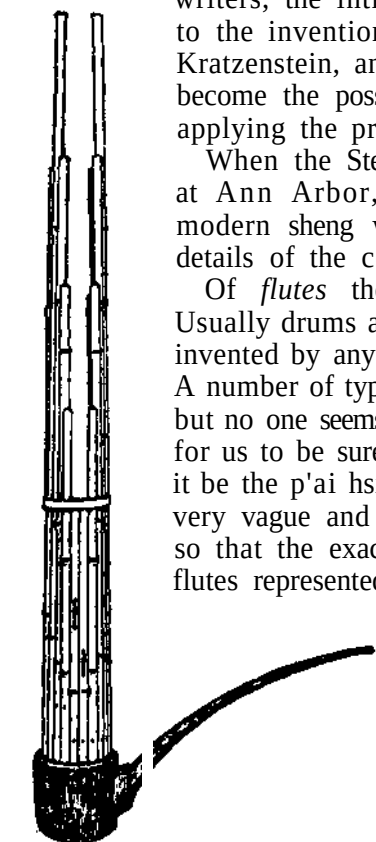
The beautiful Chinese shSng in the Shosoin at Nara holds first place in the world as the most superb example of any time. The grace and delicacy of the instrument, its beauty of proportion and finish are unsurpassed. The air chamber and mouthpiece are of very dark wood inlaid with silver and the bamboos are beautifully selected, with

joints exactly matching. We are glad to say that the sounds made by this instrument are in keeping with its appearance. Dr. Eastlake says, "No other instrument is nearly so perfect either for sweetness of tone or delicacy of construction." (He is speaking of Chinese instruments.) He goes on to say, "The principles embodied in it are substantially the same as those of our grand organs. Indeed, according to various writers, the introduction of the sheng into Europe led to the invention of the accordion and the harmonium. Kratzenstein, an organ builder of St. Petersburg, having become the possessor of a sheng, conceived the idea of applying the principle to organ stops."¹

When the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments at Ann Arbor, Michigan, was catalogued in 1918 a modern sheng was taken apart and exhibited to show details of the construction.

Of *flutes* the Chinese had many different kinds. Usually drums and flutes are the first musical instruments invented by any race and the Chinese were no exception. A number of types are mentioned in the earliest writings, but no one seems to have survived sufficiently unchanged for us to be sure of the details of its construction, unless it be the p'ai hsiao or pan pipes. Early descriptions are very vague and later the names became much confused, so that the exact identification of the various kinds of flutes represented on the early monuments seems impossible, at least at present.

It would seem that the Chinese invented first the six liis, each pipe giving one note, and that then the *Fai H s i a o* or syrx was developed from it, a series of ten of these pipes fastened together with a silk cord (an invention attributed to Shun). The whistle pipe or vertical flute followed, for it was discovered that by piercing holes



The Tang Dynasty Sheng in
the Shosoin at Nara.
From the Toyei Shuko.

at various places in a reed and stopping these holes one by one with the fingers the same pipe could be made to produce many different notes. The liis developed into the twelve standard pitch pipes while the p'ai hsiao grew to a series of twelve to correspond, then became enlarged to sixteen, then twenty-four. (It has at present sixteen and is used only in ritual music.) The tiny p'ai hsiao player on the Wei

¹ Eastlake quoted by Van Aalst, p. 82.

stela in the Metropolitan Museum is playing on a syrinx made up, apparently, of twelve pipes. Except for the addition of an ornamental wooden case, the P'ai Hsiao of to-day is practically the same as the ancient one. The pipes are tuned to the twelve notes of the liis and the four upper notes of the octave below.

In the case of the single pipe pierced with holes, endless experimentation followed until many varieties of flute were developed. Some were long and some short, some were held vertically and blown at the end, others were held transversely and blown in the middle or near one end. Most of them were originally of bamboo, as is shown by the bamboo radical in the characters.

The flute mentioned in the oldest poems of the Book of Odes is the *Kuan*. This is named in the *Na*, the sacrificial ode of Shang. Again it appears, in company with the P'ai Hsiao, as the flute in the Early Chou poem of the Blind Musicians. The character is found in the Book of History in the list given by K'uei of the instruments in his concert,¹ the Li Chi contains it many times, and it is mentioned in the Chou Li. According to Dr. Legge, the *Kuan* was in some way double, but he says he does not understand just how² and I have discovered



Player on the Pan Pipes.
From a Stela of 534 A.D.
IN the Metropolitan Museum.

no evidence to show that it was double originally. The character itself means pipe or pipes and is made up of the radicals for bamboo and official, which suggests that this particular flute was the officially recognized form in the earliest days. *Kuan* may have been merely a general term for flute. The *Kuan* to-day is a pipe of wood fitted with a double reed at one end to form a head and having seven finger holes above, with, Giles records in his Dictionary, either one or two below. The instrument is only about 8 inches long. According to Tsai Yü of the 16th century, two slightly shorter flutes (7½ inches) were joined together to form a double pipe called *Shuang Kuan*. Ma Tuan-lin of the 14th century describes the *Shuang Feng Kuan* as being a double pipe, each member of which had a double reed and four finger holes, the left pipe giving the bass notes, the right the treble. Notes to the Chou Li explain *Kuan* as "like the *Ti* but smaller, two are joined together

¹ *Shu Ching*, Pt. II, Bk. IV, Chap. II, 9, Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 87.

² Dr. Legge's Translation of the Chinese Classics, Vol. III, Pt. I, p. 88, note.

and so blown."* But we suspect that originally the Kuan was a little whistle pipe, a primitive fife. Whether at the time the classics were written it had already developed into the reed instrument of double form we do not know,² but it is certain that a whistle pipe about 8 inches long continued in popular use far into the T'ang period, for there are plenty of them represented in the Tun Huang paintings.³ Whether double or single we cannot tell, but it is evidently a small 8-inch pipe of some kind upon which the little piper of the Wu Ping stela, in the Philadelphia University Museum, is playing with such absorption. Certainly of all representations of flute players in art this is one of the most beautiful known, the very line design being music itself, an exquisite bar of sweet notes.

The Kuan, or Kuan Tzu as it is now often called, is still a feature of wedding and funeral processions.

Two most interesting ancient flutes were the Yo 簫 and the Ti 笛. The Yo was a short vertical flute

with three (some authorities say six) holes, and was carried by dancers. It is still used by them to accompany their movements, but since the Sung dynasty, and perhaps much earlier, it has been a mere wand or stick and not a playable flute. Reference to it in the Book of Odes would seem to indicate that it was played during the dance in the earlier days.



Flute Player.
From the Stela of Wu Ping Period
c. 575 A.D.
In the Philadelphia University
Museum

" *The Ya and the Nan which they sing
Dancing to their flutes (yo) without error.*"⁴

¹ Moule, Jour, of the N. China Br. of the R. A. S., Vol. 39, 1908. But the notes to the Chou Li are of much later date than the Chou Li itself.

² Perhaps after the Yo and Ti became separated.

³ Miss Schesinger's article in "Serindia," Appendix H, p. 1467.

⁴ A more correct translation than the metrical one given on page 397, see Legge's Translation of the Chinese Classics, Vol. IV, Pt. II, Bk. VI, p. 367.

And again in an Ode of the seventh century B.C. a Yo is carried in the dance:

*" With my large figure
I dance in the ducal courtyard.*

*In my left hand I grasp a flute (yo)
In my right I hold a pheasant's feather."¹*

Dr. Giles says that the Yo originally formed part of the double flute, being the treble of which the Ti was the bass, and that it was held in the left hand, while the Ti was held in the right.² Doubtless it had then only the three finger holes (as the character would seem to indicate). And probably it remained much the same for several hundreds of years after it became separated from its other half. Tsai Yu, a writer of the late sixteenth century, saw a genuine specimen of the ancient Yo and described it as being 20 inches long and having three finger holes, 3, 5, and 7 inches respectively from the lower end of the pipe. It would appear, from the fact that the Yo is mentioned without the Ti in the Odes, that it had become separated from its companion before the eighth century B.C. Perhaps the dancers had found it difficult to handle the double form during their evolutions. Yiieh is another name for the Yo.

The question of the development and fate of the ancient Ti is much involved, vagueness of description and confusion of names here reaching an extreme. Two facts seem to stand out of the general chaos, however. The first is that "the ancient Ti was certainly a vertical flute,"³ and the second is that the modern Ti is certainly a transverse one. Did the Ti actually undergo such a drastic change or was, as Moule suggests, the name revived at some time and applied to the wrong instrument? Involved in this question is that of the origin of the Hsiao 簫, a vertical flute intimately connected with ritual and a favourite with the educated classes. Its length is ordinarily about 22 inches and it has five finger holes above and one below. According to tradition it was invented by Yeh Chung⁴ of the Han dynasty, but the general opinion among Chinese has been that the Hsiao is the ancient Ti. Hsiao, of course, originally meant merely flute and referred to the pan pipes. The full name of this flute is Feng Huang Hsiao, though it is called simply Hsiao in ritual. Tsai Yii believed that the Hsiao was a descendant of the Yo, taking

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. I, Bk. III, Ode XIII, Legge's Trans, of the C. C., Vol. IV, Pt. I, p. 61.

² Giles, Dictionary, see Yo and Ti.

³ Moule, Jotfrnal of the N. China Br. of the R, A. S., Vol 39, 1908, p. 65, note.

⁴ Van Aalst, p. 70. Giles, Dictionary, see Hsiao.

its place when the Yo became a mere wand. In regard to the transverse Ti, it, he says, was' a foreign instrument, derived from the Chiang tribe on the western border of China, and used, from the Han dynasty on, only by popular bands.

It seems best to cast names aside for the present and see what sort of flutes were represented on the monuments. The chances are that when the double flute became separated and the dancers carried and played the Yo, that the Ti was taken over into the orchestra. Later, when the Yo became a mere stick, some flute had to play the treble and so the orchestra acquired something to play the parts the Yo had played. We would thus expect to find two vertical flutes in the orchestra more or less like the Yo and the Ti. We do. On the Han bas reliefs a long, vertical flute is conspicuous. It may be the Hsiao or it may not. Some specimens of the Hsiao have been known to be 27 inches long. Among the orchestras of the Tun Huang paintings and frescoes are many performers on a whistle pipe that appears to be about 16 inches long. Unfortunately, we cannot make out the number or position of the finger holes in these representations. Otherwise the identification might easily be made.



Flute Player.
From a Painting found
at Tun Huang.
Stein, *The Thousand
Buddhas*, Pl. XXX.

We suspect that the flute played by the third musician from the left on the stela of 551 A.D. is not one of the old classical instruments just mentioned but a then rather new importation, an instrument destined to become a great favourite in China, the So Na 鎖吶 or Chinese clarinet. It was a wooden pipe fitted, in modern examples, with a copper bell at the end, the total length being 18 or 20 inches. The mouthpiece is a small reed fixed in the upper end, oboe fashion. There are seven holes on the upper side and one for the thumb on the lower. It is much used at weddings and funerals and the noise it produces has been described as "shrieking and horrible." The name in Chinese is meaningless, So Na being merely a transliteration of the Persian name for the instrument, Zourna. It was probably introduced into China some time early in the Christian era. It is represented again in the hands of one of the four men musicians, grave figures of the Ming dynasty.

No discussion of flutes is complete without mention of the *Ch'ih 篳篥*. It was a bamboo flute about 18 inches long and played transversely. There were right handed and left handed ones. The blow hole was 5½ inches from one end and there were six finger holes, five

on the outer side and the sixth on the inner. The Ch'ih is mentioned several times in the classics.

*The elder brother blows the hsiian {ocarina).
The younger blows the ch'ih {flute}}}*

*" Heaven enlightens the people
As the bamboo flute {ch'ih) responds to the porcelain
whistle {hsiian})."²*

Moule seems to think that the ancient Ch'ih was a different sort of flute, however, for he says, " The use of a flute of this nature under



Flute Player.
From the Votive Stela, of 551 A. D.
In the Philadelphia University
Museum

the name of Ch'ih seems to date at least from Sung." The Ch'ih seen and described by Tsai Yu in the 16th century was 16 inches long. "Blowing it produced a sobbing sound, its notes were harmonious and refined, a veritable relic of the Three Dynasties, rare and invaluable."³ It seems, at any rate, to have been a transverse flute. The Erh Ya (c. 400 B.C.) says the ch'ih was made of bamboo, its length was 16 inches, one hole opened upwards, and it was blown transversely. It was said to be, as one might guess from the Odes quoted, in tune with the hsiian. This latter instrument was a

peculiar thing of the ocarina type. It was one of the most ancient of the Chinese musical instruments. The *Hsuan* 埙 was a cone of baked clay (later porcelain), with a blow hole at the apex, and five finger holes (later a sixth was added). It represented one of the Eight Sounds. There are no representations of either of these ancient instruments, ch'ih, or hsuan, on any of the early monuments in the Museum. Transverse flutes appear on the Ming screen, the Ming embroidered hanging and some of the porcelains, however.

The musical instrument most frequently depicted on the early stelae and in the hands of grave figurines of the T'ang dynasty was the

¹ Shih Ching, Pt. II, Bk. V, Ode V. Legge's Trans. of the C. C., Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 346.

² Shih Ching, Pt. III, Bk. II, Ode X. Ibid., Vol. IV, Pt. II, p. 502.

³ Moule, Jour. of the N. China Br. of the R. A. S., Vol. 39, 1908.

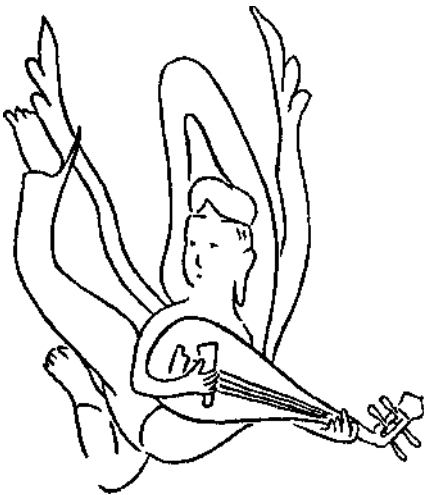
Fi-Fa: 琵琶: This is shown as a **kind** of lute, or, more **properly**, a balloon guitar, since the back is flat, not convex. There are two such instruments on the Wei stela of 551 A.D. and two on the stela of Wu Ping. Two distinct types can be distinguished, both of which exist in much the same form to-day and are as popular as apparently they were fifteen hundred years ago! The four-stringed type is perhaps the better known and probably the older, so that will be discussed first.

The p'i-p'a seems to have been unknown in China in the earliest times; at least, there is no mention of it in the classics. One of the earliest references to it in literature is in the Feng Su T'ung, written in the second century A.D., which tells us that the ancient p'i-p'a was 15 inches long and had four silk strings which represented the four seasons, a bit of allegory which points to an ancient origin. Just how ancient the p'i-p'a was at that time, however, we are not told.

The T'ang History states that its origin was not known. There are legends to account for it though. One has it that the p'i-p'a was invented in the third century B.C. after the disappearance of the ancient music (in the Burning of the Books, 212 B.C.) and Yuan Hsien, one of the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove, was supposed to have been an excellent performer on it. Another story says that the p'i-p'a was introduced into China from Central Asia by the Chinese Princess Wu-sun Kung Chu, who had married a prince of the Turkic state of Wu-sun, and



P'i-P'a Player.
From the Stela of 551 A.D.
In the Philadelphia University Museum



P'i-p'a Player.
From the Stela of the Wu Ping Period.
In the Philadelphia University Museum

returned to China in 51 B.C., many years after her husband's death. Certainly the popularity of the instrument in far western China is attested to by the numerous representations of it in the paintings from Tun Huang and the frescoes on the walls of the caves there, a fact which at least does not weaken the theory of a western origin. That the p'i-p'a does not appear on the Han sculpture so far known, while the flute, sheng, and ch'in do, would go to argue the theory of an introduction later than the third century B.C. By the Wei period, however, it had won its prominent place in the popular orchestra, which position of importance it held all through the Tang dynasty, if we may judge from the frequency of its appearance on the monuments. It was no longer the small instrument mentioned by the Feng Su T'ung, but had increased in size to about three feet in length and one foot in width. Again we are most fortunate in having an original T'ang example in the Shosoin, in fact, five beautiful specimens there of the four-stringed type and one of the five-stringed type.



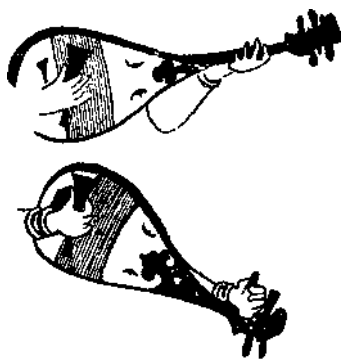
A P'i-P'a of the T'ang Dynasty.
Specimen in the Shosoin, Nara.
Drawn from the Tōyō Shukō.

The p'i-p'a had a shallow, pear-shaped body with a flat sounding board, across which was stretched a wide plectrum band. The Shosoin examples have plectrum bands of leather most skilfully painted. In front of this band, between it and the neck, were two crescent-shaped sounding holes. The neck was rather short and the head containing the pegs or screws was bent far back, almost at right angles to the neck. The four silken strings were attached to a prominent bridge, stretched across the plectrum band, passed over four frets, were carried over the end and tightened in the usual way by means of the pegs. Literature informs us that there were eleven or twelve frets, the lower ones being on the sounding board itself. This is the case with the modern p'i-p'a, but the probability is that the Shosoin examples and the Japanese biwa, which was copied from T'ang specimens, represent the more ancient instrument, to which the frets on the body are a recent addition, comparatively.

The biwa also has the sound holes which are so prominent in the Shosoin examples and in the Tun Huang paintings and so rare in the modern Chinese instrument. The p'i-p'a was played with a large fan-shaped plectrum, nearly all the notes produced in tremolo. The

plectrum was introduced in the Tang dynasty. The Tsou P'i-p'a ("twanged by hand" p'i-p'a), of earlier times was, we are told, played on horseback. The strings, according to Van Aalst, were tuned to C, F, G, C.¹

The p'i-p'a was a most artistic and decorative instrument. The narrow band of dark wood forming the curved sides of the sound box is much made of by the painters who produced the Tun Huang paradise scenes. The two p'i-p'as illustrated here are details from a fragment secured by Stein. The instrument below is probably a tenor, the other a bass; they seem to differ mainly in length of neck. The general shape of the p'i-p'a, its curving lines, its proportions, the piquant throwing back of its head,² with the ornamental pegs suggesting hair pins, all appealed to the artist. The artist not only emphasized the beauty of it in his paintings but lavished his talents upon the instrument itself. The Shosoin examples are all of dark wood on sides and back, beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl, and the plectrum bands are elaborately painted. Such minute details would hardly be indicated in the paintings, but the instruments represented in the fragments from Tun Huang give evidence of exquisite decoration. Often the dark wood (?) of the neck is carried down onto the sound board in a scroll form suggestive of the brass bindings of a mediaeval chest.



Two P'i-P'as.

From a Painting from Tun
Huang.
Stein, *The Thousand Buddhas*,
PL IL

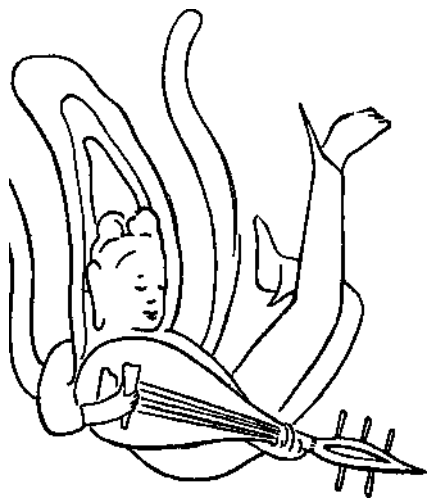


P'i-P'a Player.
Grave Figurine of the
Tang Dynasty.
In the Philadelphia
University Museum

The diminutive grave figurine of a young girl playing a p'i-p'a is a companion to the sheng player already described and has the same charm and beauty of pose and poise. The four strings of the p'i-p'a are indicated by grooves in the clay. There is another Tang grave figurine carrying a p'i-p'a, a standing figure, and in that case also the head of the instrument has been broken off,

¹ Or probably they correspond more nearly to our D, G, A, D.

² There are some examples illustrated in the Tun Huang paintings which show the head not bent back.



Player on Five Stringed P'i-P'a.
From the Stela of Wu Ping Period, c. 575 A.D.
•In the Philadelphia University Museum

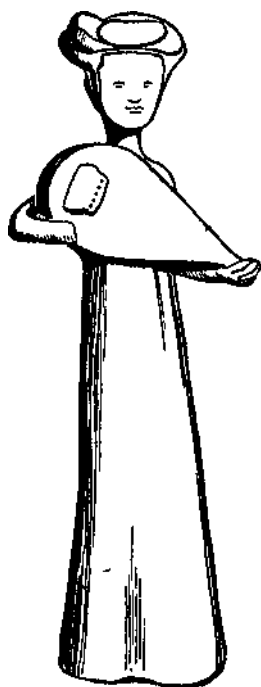
differences are brought out clearly on the stela of the Wu Ping period. The body of the five-stringed instrument was of a more slender, elongated pear-shape and the head, or peg box, was not bent back at all, although it doubtless was curved gracefully at the end, as we see in the specimen in the Shosoin. The shape of this peg box is so very distinctive, like an open, very acute angled triangle, that there is no mistaking it when it is met with upon any of the monuments. The example in the Shosoin gives us a chance to examine it in profile as well as in front view. It is about half a foot longer than the four-stringed p'i-p'as and, like them, is beautifully decorated with inlay of mother of pearl (and tortoise shell in this case).

On the stela of 551 A.D. the head of the p'i-p'a represented on the left side is hidden behind the flute player, but the body of the instrument is large and there are five strings clearly indicated by grooves. The five-stringed p'i-p'a was also played with a plectrum.

Literature informs us that the p'i-p'a had four or six strings! Whether in the case of the six-stringed instrument the shape was

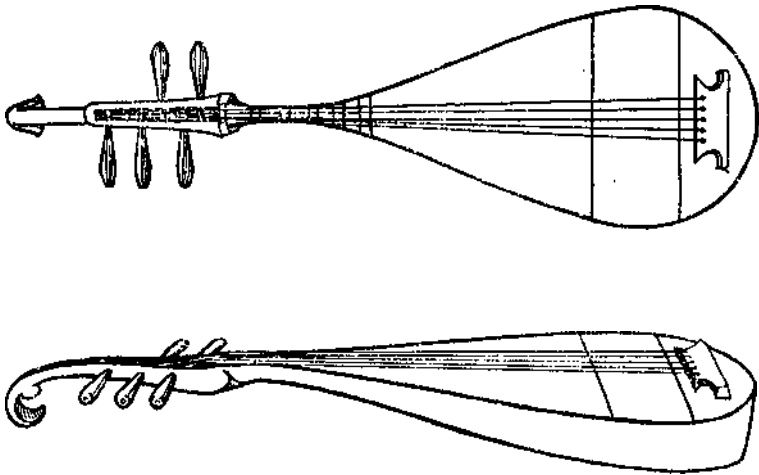
but the five holes plainly indicated on the bridge show that it was intended to represent the five-stringed type.

It would appear that the five-stringed p'i-p'a was almost, if not quite, as popular in Wei and Tang times as was its four-stringed brother. It is represented in the Philadelphia University Museum by a figure on the stela of 551 A.D., on the Wu Ping stela, and the T'ang figurine already mentioned. The main



Player of Five Stringed
Tang Grave Figurine.

different or not it is hard to tell. A little T'ang figurine in the Rhode Island School of Design holds a p'i-p'a with a peg box characteristic of the five-stringed type, but the lines painted to represent strings seem to indicate the presence of at least six. This Museum possesses a small T'ang painting representing monks and Bodhisattvas bearing offerings and one of the figures is carrying a huge eight-stringed guitar with a circular plectrum band and a peg box bent far back, as in the four-stringed p'i-p'as. Whether such an instrument was ever in actual use or not in China we have no further evidence. The painting



The Five Stringed P'i-P'a.
Specimen in the Shosoin, Nara.
Drawn from the Toyei Shuko.

may have been made in Central Asia and the instrument may be a western type, or even a religious extravaganza.

It has been said that the Chinese were unique in having never invented a *Harp* of their own. Probably they never felt the need of one, having such instruments as the ch'in and the se to serve them in the accompaniment of song. There is no evidence, either in the language or in art, of any harp having existed in China before the Wei dynasty. But, in company with the p'i-p'a, it makes its appearance on the Wei sculpture and is represented so often in the Tun Huang paintings and with T'ang grave figurines that we conclude it had become a prime favourite in a short while. That it was introduced from the West with the advent of Buddhism seems probable and would account for its decline in favour after the T'ang dynasty. Finally, it was so completely forgotten that later writers did not even mention it and Europeans did not know until recently that the Chinese had ever had a harp. Mrs. Richard, to be sure, reproduced in her



Player on the Five Stringed P'i-P'a.
From the Stela of 551 A.D.

be learned from the representations themselves.

One of the clearest pictures of the harp is that shown in the fragment of a painting found at Tun Huang, a detail of which is reproduced on page 414. The construction is very simple. There is a high curved sound box which ends below in a spike for supporting the instrument on the ground. At the lower end of the sound box, just above the spike, a horizontal bar is attached to which are fastened the strings. There is no vertical pillar. The number of strings cannot be exactly counted and could perhaps not be depended upon to be correct anyway, but there seem to be sixteen. The performer sits on the ground, holds the sound box against her body while the spike supports the weight, and extends an arm on each side of the strings just as a harp is played to-day. The Persians had an instrument constructed in the same way which in the 16th century they called "chang." Chang is hardly a Persian word; one is tempted to see a connection between this name and the Chinese word chang, which means "to sing or lead in singing." But the Persians had harps long before the Chinese, and the Babylonians before them. There is a famous bas relief dating from the time of Gudea (2350 B.C.), which was found at Telloh and upon which is represented an ancient Sumerian harp of

paper a drawing of an "ancient harp" which has 12 strings, but she does not state from what source she obtained it. We do not even know what name the Chinese gave it. We only know that it appeared about the 6th century A.D., that it was depicted very often on monuments of the Wei and T'ang periods, that its characteristics are so definite as to leave no doubt that it was a real and not an imaginary instrument, and finally that it disappeared again some time after the great religious age of T'ang. What we would know must at present



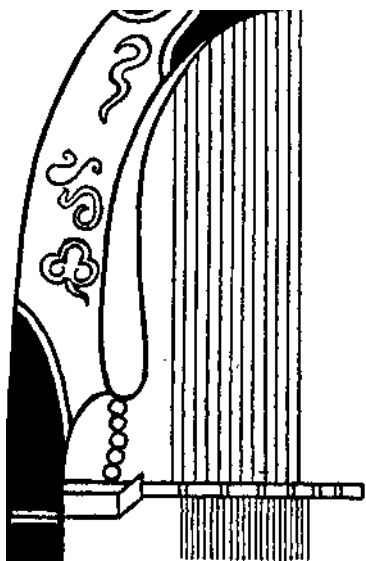
Eight Stringed P'i-P'a.
From a T'ang Painting.
In the University Museum

eleven strings. It had a front pillar and was called balag. But this feature of a front pillar did not persist. The early world seems to have preferred the more primitive but perhaps less clumsy type.

There seem to have been several different sizes of harp. The one played by the musician on the left of those on the stela of 551 A.D. is a large harp, evidently of the same type as those prominent in the orchestras of the Paradise paintings from Tun Huang. The sculptor has indicated here by scratches that the sound box was of wood. The Tun Huang paintings show that often the wooden sound boxes were beautifully inlaid or otherwise decorated. On the stela

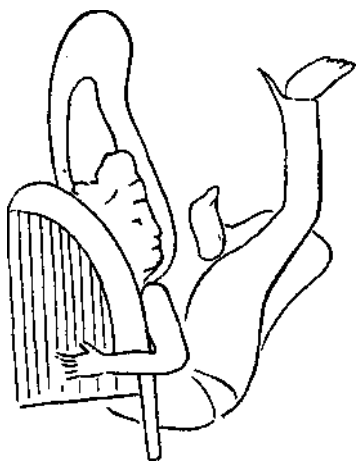


Harp Player.
From the Stela of 551 A.D.
In the Philadelphia University
Museum



• "Ancient Harp."
Mrs. Richard's Paper.

carving a narrower piece of wood ran inside the sound board and received the strings stretched from the horizontal bar below, where we can see them fastened around the bar. There are sixteen strings represented. But a smaller size "of harp seems also to have been very popular. It appears about one half the size of the other. The stela of the time of Wu Ping shows a celestial musician flying with a small harp. The spike for support is quite in evidence in this representation. Ten strings can be counted. Among the T'ang grave figurines in the Museum two carry these small harps. The seated figure belonging to the set of which we have already described the sheng and the rj'i-p'a players is the more charming. She is represented as tightening a string (?), for which purpose she is holding the harp upside down in her lap. The spike has been broken off, if one was ever represented. Grooves in the horizontal bar, which



Harp Player.
From the Stela of the Wu Ping
Period, c. 575 A.D.
In the University Museum

and to which was attached a cord which connected the pair. They were struck together lightly but with a direct motion, not a "side swipe" as in the case of the larger, thinner, plate-like cymbals which appear in later works of art and were, we should guess, comparatively recent importations. Both types are represented on the Ch'ing dynasty porcelains in the Philadelphia University Museum. One fine club-shaped blue and white vase of the K'ang-hsi period (1662-1723) shows a princess entertained by a dancer, while seven ladies provide the music. Both types of cymbal are seen here, also a gong chime with five gongs, a whistle pipe, clapper with three leaves, a sheng with the pipes arranged in circular tiers, and a drum of the modern Ying Ku variety.

We cannot leave the subject without mentioning some of these later works of art in the Museum upon which are displayed musicians and musical instruments. Some of the instruments are the same as the early ones already described, others have not been mentioned. The Ming Coromandel Screen is **most rich** in this subject.

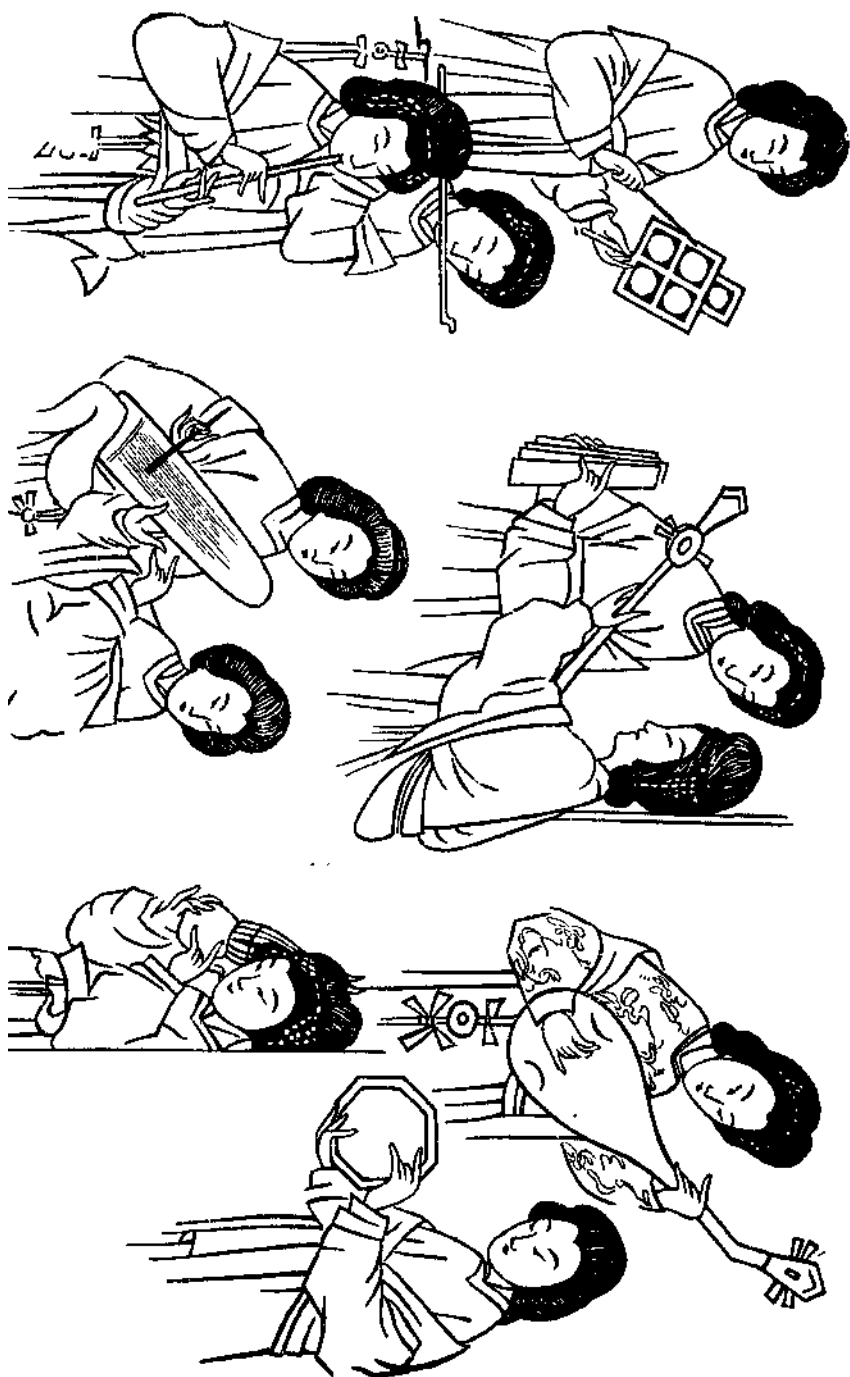
is in this case very wide (as is true of an example in the Metropolitan Museum also), seem to indicate twelve or fourteen strings, but details are not clear. The standing figurine has only the sound box still remaining. Horizontal bar and spike are both missing.

There is one more representation of a musician among the collections of the Museum belonging to the Wei and T'ang dynasties, a small grave figurine of a Princess seated, playing a diminutive pair of cymbals. These probably represent the type known as *Ch'a*

P 𪛗𪛗. *s e* were small heavy cymbals about 4 inches in diameter and slightly bell shaped, rising to a knob which was held in the fingers



Musician Fixing the Strings of
her Harp.
T'ang Grave Figurine.
In the Philadelphia University
Museum



Musicians Depicted on the Coromandel Screen. Ming Dynasty, 1368-1644 A.D. Five gong, Chime, Clappers, San Hsien, Four Stringed P'i-p'a, Transverse Flute, Vertical Flute, Tseng, Sheng, Gong. In the Philadelphia University Museum



Detail of
Standing Figure
of a Harp
Player.

T'ang Grave
Figurine.
In the Philadel-
phia Museum.

Upon this fine carved wooden screen, decorated with colours and lacquer, are depicted scenes of court life, all concerned with the doings of the ladies of the palace centring around the Empress.

The playing of the *ch* 琴 n one of the side rooms has already been illustrated. The central scene shows the Empress enthroned in a large hall, while before her dancers perform to the accompaniment provided by ten female musicians. On the right of the dancers (the spectator's right) are five musicians playing the following instruments:

Clappers made of four flat slabs of wood about 4 x 14 inches, attached together at one end by a thong or silken cord which binds them like the leaves of a book. The outer slabs are held in the hands and pulled apart and then clashed together. They are a type of castanets and were used in the very early days. An ancient type consisted of twelve small slabs one foot long and one inch wide and called *Ch'ung Tu*. Some modern types have only two slabs. This four-slab type was certainly in existence in the T'ang dynasty, as it is very popular in the paintings from Tun Huang, among which also appear many with more than four slabs.

The *San Hsien* 三絃, a three-stringed guitar with small shallow cylindrical body and a very long thin neck without frets. It has three strings and the head with its three prominent pegs is the feature by which it is immediately recognized. There is no trace of it in early art. It was introduced in the Yuan dynasty. The Japanese "samisen" is no other than the *San Hsien*. The three strings are tuned to C, F, C or C, D, A, and it is usually, but not always, played with a plectrum. It is a favourite with ballad singers and musical entertainers, such as the geisha girls in Japan.

The *Sheng*. The specimen represented looks clumsy beside the graceful example of the *Shosoin*.

Fi-p'a. The bent back head seems to indicate that this is the regular four-stringed variety.

Pa Fang Ku. Tambourine in an octagonal frame.



Cymbal Player.
Grave Figurine of T'ang.
In the Philadelphia Museum.

dOX

On the left side of the dancers are ther five musicians. These play the following instruments: 'g dyr

The *Yun Lo* 雲鑼 or gong *chh l* five small round metal discs hung in a frame supported on a stick. This stick is held in one hand and the gongs are struck by a small mallet held in the other. There were usually ten gongs in the frame, as in the case of the instrument represented on the embroidered hanging to be described presently, but here only five are shown, as is also the case on the blue and white porcelain just mentioned. A chime with only four gongs is seen on the Palace Jar about to be noted.

Flute played transversely and having a dragon head represented at one end. This is a variety of the modern *Ti* called the *Lung Ti*, or *Dragon Ti*. A flute so ornamented was used only in ritual or at the court.

Whistle pipe. A vertical flute about 18 inches long.

A *Tseng*, or small fourteen-stringed se, played by two ladies, one of whom holds it while the other taps the strings with a hammer. This small type of se was used at imperial receptions.



A San Hsien.
Drawing from Van Aalst.

Among the Ming objects are the four grave figurines of male musicians. Of these the first plays a *shing*, the second a *Gong* called *Lo* 鑼, which is suspended by a cord held in the hand, the third a *So-na*, and the fourth a drum. There are also several Ming porcelains upon which are represented the Eight Immortals, for instance, the blue and white gourd bottles formerly in the J. P. Morgan collection. Of the eight immortal merry gentlemen and ladies, three, it will be remembered, are musicians. One plays a long transverse flute, another clappers, a third a peculiar instrument said to be Taoistic and very ancient. It is a bamboo tube perhaps three feet long upon which the performer pounded with two rods. Its form reminds one of the primitive drums of some African and South American tribes. We should judge that by the Ming period its use had already been long suspended and the impression one gets from the drawing of it is that the artist did not know what it really looked like and merely drew it from some older design without being himself familiar with it. It appears thus on several examples in the Museum.

Many of the later porcelains in the Museum Collection display designs in which the Eight Immortals figure. The types of the later ones remain much the same, the instruments varying slightly. On one late textile the flute played by Han is of the whistle pipe type

instead of the transverse. Sometimes the clappers have four slabs, but frequently only two or

Scenes of court life are p i l a r on the later Ch'ing porcelains. There are several painted with' scenes of dancing, for which lady musicians are playing. One of the most charming is to be found on a pair of large palace jars of the K'ang-hsi period painted just alike in the famille verte decoration. Here, most delicately outlined, are the figures of six graceful ladies playing for a dancer who is performing before the Empress or some royal princess. A drawing to show some of the details is reproduced here. It will be seen that there are two flutes represented, one played vertically, the other transversely.



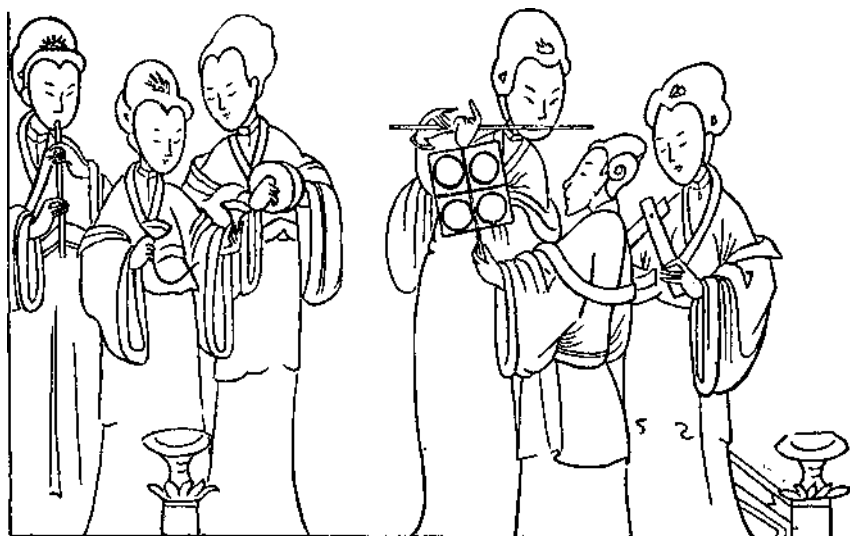
Three of the Eight Immortals.
From a Ming Jar in the Philadelphia UniversityJMuseum.

Cymbals of both types are depicted, the small, thick, flattened bell type and the large dinner plate variety called *Ta Po* and said to have been introduced originally from India. They are like our modern cymbals and are clashed together with a side swiping stroke. A gong chime with four gongs and a clapper with two slabs of wood make up the orchestra. The popular orchestra seems then, as now both in China and in the West, to have been made up chiefly of instruments that are noisy. The two flutes are the only ones of the six that could have been very sweet, and it is very likely that one of these, the whistle pipe, had a very shrill, unpleasant note. The elaborate borders represented around the scenes on these vases are filled with the objects of scholars and mandarins, the eight precious things, the hundred antiques, and other such details. Among them, and similarly on other vases, may be seen the ch'in wrapped in its embroidered bag, and sometimes the sheng.

One of the recently acquired textiles, a very fine embroidered

palace hanging probably of the Ming dynasty, displays a number of musicians among its scenes of palace rooms and gardens. But attention may be called to the figures of musicians on it. In a room on the left we see a lady playing a five-stringed *Ch'in*. A group of four standing out on a terrace are playing the following instruments:

A *Ying Ku* 楹鼓, a large drum supported on a frame with the drum head uppermost. It is about two feet in diameter and stands three feet from the ground. The lower part of the drum is concealed by draperies hung from the frame, out of which the drum seems to rise like the head of a barrel. It is beaten by large malletlike drum



Musicians from a Palace Jar of the K'ang-hsi Period, 1662-1722 A.D.
Vertical Flute, Small Cymbals, Large Cymbals, Transverse Flute, Four gong
Chime, Clappers.
In the Philadelphia University Museum.

sticks. We are told that this drum existed from very early times, at least from the Ch'in dynasty, when it was called Chien Ku. This character Ying is different from that in the name of the Han drum.

Cymbals of the large type called *Ta Po*.

Clappers with two leaves, properly castanets.

A *Mu-Yti* 木魚, wooden fish. This was a block of wood hollowed out and shaped more or less like a skull and painted a bright red. Some were as large as a skull, others much smaller. It was struck with a small mallet to mark time. It is an unusual instrument to find depicted on such an object as this hanging. The mu-yu is used by priests when reciting prayers or begging. Perhaps,

as we see it represented here among the musical instruments used at court, it had a more aristocratic beginning. Except that "a fish of Tung wood is mentioned by Huai Nan Tzu of the 2nd century B.C. as used when praying for rain in the autumn."¹ we know nothing of its history.

Three more musicians are standing at the corner of a building near an open pavilion in which is seated a royal lady surrounded by attendants before whom a dancer is performing. They are evidently providing the music for the dance. The instruments represented are the following:

A Transverse Flute. This one is played with the blow hole near the right end.

The Sheng.

A gong chime with ten gongs in the frame. This the real Yiin Lo.

Also standing not far from the group above are two musicians performing respectively upon—

Cymbals, the small bell-shaped type, and a *San Hsien*.

The Chinese possessed many more musical instruments than have been mentioned here. For a perfectly complete list other works should be consulted.² I have described the more famous and interesting and especially those which are represented in the collections of the University Museum among the objects of the earlier period. The beauty of many of the representations of celestial musicians can hardly be overdrawn. Music was the theme which evidently the Chinese artist approached with delight, a theme wherein he was free to indulge his fancy and exercise his genius for rhythmic line design.

From the "Museum Journal," Philadelphia, Dec. 1936.

NATURE (I)

GARDENS AND GARDENING

ERNEST HENRY WILSON, V.M.H.

ORNAMENTAL gardening has been practised in China from time immemorial, and the people are endowed with an innate love for flowers and gardens. Floral calendars are kept in every house above the

¹ Moule, Jour. of the N. China Br. of the R. A. S., Vol. 39.

² Moule, A. C. ; A List of the Musical and other Sound Producing Instruments of the Chinese. Jour. of the N. China Branch of the R. A. S., Vol. 39, 1908.
Van Aalst ; Chinese Music. Pub. by Inspector General of Customs, Shanghai, 1884.

Amiot, M. ; Memoire sur la musique des Chinois, 1776.

poorest, and volumes of poems have been written in praise of the Moutan Peony, Camellia, Plum, Chrysanthemum, Lotus-lily, Bamboo, and other flowers. The appearance of the blooms on the more conspicuous flowering shrubs is eagerly watched for, and excursions into the country are taken to enjoy the sight of the first bursting into blossom of favourite plants. The dwelling of the poorest peasant is usually enlivened by an odd plant or two, and the courtyard of the shopkeeper and innkeeper always boasts a few flowers of one sort or another. The temple grounds are frequently very beautiful, and attached to the houses of the cultured and wealthy are gardens often of great interest. In the neighbourhood of wealthy cities like Soochou, Hanchou, and Canton, are public and private gardens which are famed throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. The finest example I have seen is fittingly associated with the emperor's summer palace, a few miles outside Peking. There Chinese gardening may be seen at its best, and it calls forth admiration from all visitors.

Chinese landscape-gardening is represented at its best in the so-called " Japanese gardens " of to-day. The Japanese have undoubtedly carried the art to a higher state of perfection than the Chinese, but the latter unquestionably originated it. In all these gardens the love of the grotesque predominates, and the landscape effect is essentially artificial; yet in accordance with their own ideals the Chinese are most skilful and accomplished gardeners. Given a piece of ground, no matter if it be small, and devoid of all natural beauty, or badly situated, they will patiently transform it into a mountain-landscape in miniature. With strange-looking, weather-worn rocks, dwarfed trees, bamboos, herbs, and water, a piece of wild countryside is evolved replete with mountain and stream, forest and field, plateau and lake, grotto and dell. A network of narrow winding paths traverses the garden, and rustic bridges in various designs are thrown across the infantine streams. The whole effect is often encompassed within a comparatively few square yards, though the perspective is one of seemingly many miles. In all the larger gardens, closely associated with and usually in part overhanging a pool where the Lotus-lily is grown, a small* pavilion is erected. Here the proprietor and his guests resort to drink tea or wine, chat, and admire the various flowers. When no male guests are present the garden is frequented by the female members of the family, with whom it is ever a favourite sanctum.

The Chinese do not cultivate a very great variety of plants, and the contents of the various gardens are much the same, though necessarily the selection is modified by climate and locality. To all the flowers grown in Chinese gardens some peculiar significance or

aesthetic value is attached. An orchid (*Cymbidium ensifolium*), called "Lan hwa," is regarded as the "king of flowers" the modest appearance of the plant, and the delicate odour of its blossoms, representing the very essence of refinement. The "Mei hwa" (*Prunus mume*), owing to the beauty and perfume of its flowers, which are produced in winter when few plants are in blossom, is very highly prized and regarded as a "flower of refinement." Around Peking the same vernacular name and attributes are attached to *P. triloba* and its double-flowered form. The Wintersweet, "La-mei" hwa (*Meratia praecox*), is similarly esteemed.

The various Bamboos, emblems of grace and culture, and beautiful at all seasons of the year, are indispensable garden plants. "No man can live without a Bamboo tree in the immediate vicinity of his house, but he can live without meat," is a favourite Taoist saying. The Chrysanthemum, "Chu hwa," and Moutan Peony are other "flowers of refinement" almost reverently appreciated for the colour and beautiful form of their flowers. The Lotus-lily, "Lien hwa" (*Nelumbium speciosum*) is regarded as an emblem of purity, and the Goddess of Mercy (Kwanyin) is always represented seated in the centre of a Lotus flower. The Chinese "Luck Lily" or "Water Fairy" (*Narcissus Xazettd*) is cultivated in vast quantities, more especially throughout the eastern part of the Empire, and is in blossom for the New Year festival. It is appreciated for its odoriferous flowers, and its luxurious growth is considered prophetic of wealth and prosperity. This narcissus is not a Chinese plant, but is a native of the Mediterranean region, from whence it was long ago introduced into China by Portuguese traders, and it together with the Pomegranate are virtually the only exotic flowers in high favour with the Chinese.

The Pearl Orchid, "Chu-lan hwa" (*Chloranthus inconspicuus*), is valued for the delicate, odour of its flowers, which are used in the Anhui province in scenting green tea for the Chinese market. Table grass (*Liriope spicata*) is admired for its graceful habit, and is placed on a desk or table, to afford rest to the eyes when reading or studying. Lastly in this relation may be mentioned the "Hoary Pine," which is emblematical of revered old age. This name is applied to several kinds of Conifers other than *Pinus proper*.

To complete the list of favourite Chinese flowers we may enumerate Camellia, Heavenly Bamboo, "Tien-ch'u" (*Nandina domestica*), "Kuei hwa" (*Osmanthus fragrans*), "Tzu-Ching" (*Lagerstrœmia indica*), "Tiao-chung" (*Enkianthus quinque-florus*), "Chin-yin hwa" (*Lonicera japonica*), numerous varieties of azaleas, Roses, Balsams, Cockscombs, double-flowered Peaches, various conifers, and Box (*Buxus japonica*). Some or all of the above are to be found in every Chinese garden of note. Though the cultural skill expended on many

of them is in the direction of dwarfing and training into grotesque shapes, this treatment in no sense robs the flowers of the qualities attributed to them in literature and song. The decoration found on Chinese porcelain well illustrates the nation's love of beautiful flowers and quaint-shaped trees.

China is a land of contrariety—a land whereof no general statement or observation holds good. In spite of their love for the grotesque and the artificial landscapes seen in their gardens, the Chinese have a strong appreciation of natural beauty. This is evidenced by the sites chosen for their temples and shrines and for the tombs of the wealthy. Apart from situation, which is usually perfect, such sanctuaries always nestle beneath the shade of magnificent trees, and are approached as a rule through avenues or groves of large trees. Though a few deciduous trees are commonly found, evergreens always have distinctive preference. In the temple grounds around Peking are noble avenues of Arbor-vitae (*Thuja orientalis*), Juniper (*Juniperus chinensis*), Elm (*Ulmus pumila*), and Sophora (*S. Japonica*) in the south, centre, and west of the Empire, Pine (*Pinus Massoniana*), China Fir (*Cunninghamia lanceolata*), Cypress (*Cupressus juncebrus*), Nanmu (*Machilus nanmu*, and allied species), "Yu-la shu" (*Photinia Davidsoni*), Wintergreen (*Xylosma racemosum*), Banyan (*Ficus infectoria*), and a few other kinds of trees are always present. Many of these trees are extremely rare, except in the precincts of religious sanctuaries.

The world at large does not realize how deeply it is indebted to religious communities for the preservation of many trees. In Europe, for example, most of the best varieties of Pears originated in the gardens attached to religious establishments in France and Belgium and were introduced into England and other countries after the battle of Waterloo. In China, where every available bit of land is devoted to agriculture, quite a number of trees must have long ago become extinct but for the timely intervention of Buddhist and Taoist priests. The most noteworthy example of this benevolent preservation is the Maidenhair tree (*Ginkgo biloba*). This strikingly beautiful tree is associated with temples, shrines, courtyards of palaces, and mansions of the wealthy throughout the length and breadth of China, and also in parts of Japan. But it is nowhere truly wild, and is a relic of a very ancient flora. Geological evidence shows that it is the last survivor of an ancient family, which flourished during Secondary times, and can even be traced back to the Primary rocks. In Mesozoic times this genus played an important part in the arborescent flora of north-temperate regions. Fossil remains, almost identical with the present existing species, have been found, not only in this country and North America, but also in Greenland.

Though to-day, Chinese gardens, nurseries, and temple grounds do

not contain anything new in the way of ornamental or economic plants, it was otherwise up to the middle of the last century. Our early knowledge of the Chinese flora was based on plants procured from gardens, notably from those around Canton. The plants were brought to Europe by trading vessels, especially those of the East India Company, at the end of the eighteenth and early in the nineteenth centuries. Different patrons of horticulture and botanical institutions in England lent financial assistance, and collectors were dispatched to investigate and send home all that they could possibly find.

By these means our gardens first secured the early varieties of Roses, Camellias, Azaleas, greenhouse Primroses, Gardenias, Moutan Peonies, Chrysanthemums, Chinese Asters, and such-like familiar plants. The Chrysanthemum, for instance, has been cultivated in China and Japan from time immemorial, and its parent forms (*Chrysanthemum sinense* and *C. indicum*) are common wild flowers around Ichang and elsewhere in China. In Europe *C. sinense* was first cultivated in Dutch gardens as early as 1689, no less than six kinds being then known. But these were subsequently, lost, and when the plant was again introduced in 1789, through the agency of Sir Joseph Banks, the plant was unknown to Dutch gardeners. The famous gardener, Philip Miller, cultivated *C. indicum* in the Chelsea Physic Gardens in 1764, it having been discovered in 1751, near Macao, South China, by Osbeck. This species has, however, had much less to do in the evolution of our present-day Chrysanthemum than *C. sinense*.

The parent of our Tea Roses is *Rosa indica*, the Chinese Monthly Rose, long cultivated in China and still to be found wild in the central and western parts of the Empire. It was introduced into England through the efforts of Sir Joseph Banks in 1789. The parent of our greenhouse primroses (*Primula sinensis*) was introduced from Canton into the garden of Thoman Palmer, Esq., of Bromley, Kent, by John Reeves about 1820. It is a native of Hupeh, where it occurs in great abundance on the dry, precipitous, limestone cliffs of the Ichang Gorge and its lateral glens. The wildling is a true perennial with flowers of a uniform mauve-pink colour. Another greenhouse Primrose (*P. obconica*) occurs in the same region but in moist loamy situations.

The Indian and Mollis azaleas and a score of other favourite plants of our gardens all came originally from Chinese gardens through various agencies. It is true we have developed most of these introductions almost beyond recognition, and the Chinese are now acquiring new forms and varieties from us, yet without these early arrivals how much poorer our gardens and conservatories would be today! In bygone times, even only about a century ago, that part of the world which we know as China was loosely spoken of as the "Indies," and this geographical blunder is perpetuated in the specific

name "indica" which botanists have attached to some of these plants, In the middle of the last century many onamental plants were received from the gardens of Japan, and botanists, assuming that these were natives of the country, gave the specific name "japonica" to certain of them. Subsequent knowledge has, however, conclusively proved that a number of the so-called Japanese plants are only cultivated forms of plants originally natives of China. Thus has the geographer and botanist unwittingly obscured China's right to be termed the "Kingdom of Flowers."

NATURE (2)

ANIMAL LIFE ON THE CHINA COAST

ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

MOST people who visit the seaside for their summer vacation find themselves more or less interested in the manifold forms of animal life that they encounter as they scramble over the weed-covered rocks, or walk along the sandy foreshore, or swim and bathe in the sea itself. It is possible that their interest is only transient and that once past the object of inspection their minds turn to other things, and they forget all about it. There are those, even, who pass such things by without taking any note of them at all. The parson, whose introspective mind is busy with his next Sunday's sermon; the merchant, who though on a holiday, has not been able to shake off the cares of business; the lovers,* wrapped up in themselves and the enormous seriousness of life's great adventure—these might well miss the crafty crab creeping over the sand for his hole at their approach. But Sonny and Sister will not. See them race for the timid one, missing him by but the merest hair's breadth as he dives sideways into the perpendicular shaft. Watch them dig furiously at the sand till, having reached a depth of a foot or two, they extricate the weird little creature with his eyes popping out of his head, as it were from fright. Triumphantly they place him in their tiny pail, and carry him away to form part of their collection of dried sea creatures or to become an inmate of their marine aquarium, there to study more of his ways and appearance.

One's sympathies are with the children, and there is no shame attached to one's becoming for the time being a child again in such matters. There was a time when naturalists were looked upon as a more or less crazy lot of people, of little or no value to the community

at large, and more to be pitied and endured than encouraged. But those days are gone, and, though a naturalist in the popular eye is still an old man, with grey locks, spectacles, and a butterfly net, mooning about in the open, poking about in ditches and slimy ponds, or frantically dancing a wild fandango under the street lamp catching moths and beetles that fly by night, the public has come to realize that there is method in his madness since he has discovered many facts of the greatest value to mankind, while philosophers are forced to look to him for solutions of many of the great problems of nature. Thus the study of animal and plant life has received a great impetus, and year by year we find an ever-increasing flood of enchanting literature pouring from the press for our edification and enjoyment. And of all places of interest in which to contemplate the animate works of nature the seashore easily leads.

There are many reasons for this. First of all life by the sea is always abundant and varied. Then there is the theory held by many naturalists that life on this earth probably began at the point where sea, land, and air meet, that is to say, along the littoral of the first great continental masses, wherever they may have been at the dim red dawn of things. Geology tells us that they were not where they are to-day, and that brings us to a third reason why the life of the seashore is so interesting: we see in it a duplication of what was when the geologic strata were in process of formation, and our familiar fossils were laid on the floors of shallow seas or buried in the deltas of rivers for their age-long rest to help us classify, in these days of intensive scientific investigation the sedimentary rocks in which they occur. Though we may not realize it, it is probable that forms we see to-day are being buried in just the same way as their ancestors of millions of years ago, to form a record, should there be any to read it, a million years hence of life and conditions now prevailing upon the earth.

But such thoughts are, perhaps, a little trying to the mind, especially now that we are making holiday by the sea; so let us turn to something less speculative and more tangible, something that there is no doubt about and that the most tired mind can grasp and hold without undue effort: in short, since we are at the sea side, let us make an intimate study of the animal and plant life of the foreshore, the rocks, the shallow bays, and the deeps beyond, for a wonderful world lies before us.

First of all let us consider for a while the life of the sea itself. Oceanography has in recent years developed into a very important and almost an exact science, and not the least important part of it is that to do with the biology of the ocean. In fact, one might almost consider this the most important branch, since the main utilitarian aspect of oceanography is the knowledge it brings us of one of man-

kind's greatest food supplies—marine fish. They have realized this in Europe and America, and have established splendidly outfitted stations at various points of vantage to investigate the life histories and breeding conditions of the many important kinds of food fishes, mollusks, and crustaceans, with a view to increasing the supply. They have realized this, too, in Japan, and in recent years the Japanese have added considerably to our knowledge of the marine fishes of the waters of the Orient, especially those round the Japanese, Korean, and Manchurian coasts. But they have not realized it in China, and China in this matter, as in so many others of importance, is still dreaming the dream that she began two thousand years ago, namely that no one could teach her anything. Thus while the fishermen that belong to the great Ningpo Fishing Guild go out with their small fishing boats, and make their catches with line and primitive trawl nets, the Guild forbidding the introduction of steam trawls, Japanese steam trawls visit Chinese waters and make huge catches, which they take back to Japan and sell at an enormous profit, because of the size and quality of the fish they catch.

In order to facilitate the study of animal and plant life in the ocean these have been divided collectively into three great groups, namely the Benthos, the Nekton, and the Plankton. These three terms have nothing to do with the systematic classification of living organisms, but have reference rather to the environment and habits of the animals and plants they include.

Thus Benthos is the aggregate of animals and plants that crawl upon, or grow adhered to, the sea bottom. To it belongs all the anchored weeds, or alga, the barnacles, and adherent tunicates, all the crawling crustaceans, such as crabs, lobsters, and sandhoppers, all the creeping things, such as starfishes, shelled mollusks, sea-slugs, sea-urchins, and worms, and all such animals as cannot of their own volition move, such as many of the free tunicates. Sea-anemones, corals, polyzoa, and sponges are all part of the Benthos.

Nekton is the aggregate of all those marine forms of animal life that are possessed of powerful means of locomotion, and which can travel over wide areas of the ocean. Whales, seals, and the majority of fish, as well as a few lower forms, such as cuttlefish and their relatives, belong to this group. Obviously it cannot include any plant life.

Plankton is the aggregate of animal and plant life that floats or drifts in the ocean, and so is carried about by the action of currents. To it belong innumerable microscopic plant and animal organisms, the spores of the anchored weeds, and the spawn and young of a great many fish, crustaceans, mollusks, and other kinds of marine animals.

These terms are extremely useful in discussing marine life generally,

for they imply at once the possession of certain characteristics as well as the characteristic environment of any animal or plant to which they are applied. The groups of life to which they are applied are capable of further subdivision or modification. The Benthos may be divided into (1) Littoral Benthos, that lying between tide-marks on the seashore, (2) Laminarian Benthos, that where the Laminarian seaweeds grow in great jungles namely, from normal low-tide mark to spring low-tide mark, (3) Shallow water Benthos, that of the more or less shallow coastal waters, (4) Deep sea Benthos, that occurring in deeper water, i.e., from 50 fathoms to 2,000 fathoms, and (5) Abyssal Benthos, that of the abyssal depths of the ocean below 2,000 fathoms. The Nekton is divided, at least as regards its fish element, into (1) Pelagic Nekton, which includes such species as keep near the surface of the ocean, (2) Demersal Nekton, such species as keep near the bottom, but which must not be confused with the Benthos, and (3) Abyssal Nekton, the forms that occur in the deepest parts of the sea. Plankton is similarly divided into (1) Euplankton, the plankton of the upper layer of the ocean, (2) Mesoplankton; that between 100 fathoms and 500 fathoms down, and (3) Hypoplankton, that of the ocean below 500 fathoms.

The coast of China, like that of most countries, when it dips beneath the waves of the sea, forms at first what is known as a continental shelf. This is a somewhat shallow area of the sea, the parts of which nearest the land support the great forests of seaweed, and which contains a very abundant animal life. The edge of this continental shelf seems to lie immediately to the east of the chain of islands—the Japanese Islands, Formosa, and the Philippines—which fringe the coast of China. Thus there is no really deep water that can be said to belong to China, and so we have no abyssal marine fauna to consider, though to the east of Japan lie some of the deepest parts of the whole ocean area, whence some extraordinary forms of animal life have been procured. It may be noticed, in passing, that plant life in the sea can only occur at comparatively small depths, being confined to a fringe round the land on the continental shelf. There is no such thing as deep sea plant life, since the very life of plants depends upon light, and light rays can only penetrate to a depth of 150 fathoms or so.

While on the subject of marine plant life, which, by the way, is almost exclusively confined to one great group, the Algae, it may be mentioned that seaweeds are not nearly as plentiful, nor the masses of growth so extensive as one is accustomed to find round the British Coasts, though, as we progress in a northerly direction, and reach the Primorsk coast, algal growth increases rapidly till along the Kuril Islands and northwards we have the great beds of kelp, so charac-

teristic of the shores of the North Pacific. Even along the most northerly part of the Chinese coast line, that is, in the region of Chin-wang Tao and Shan-hai Kuan, seaweed is surprisingly scanty on the rocks that are laid bare when the tide goes out. This, of course, has its effect upon the animal life which, in some elements of normal littoral life, is correspondingly scarce. A rock-pool on the China coast will as a rule compare but poorly in the abundance and variety of animal forms it contains with one, say, in such a place as the Cornish coast in England. Nevertheless, there is sufficient of interest in even a Chinese rock-pool to make a close study of its contents well worth while.

If we commenced journeying from the Okhotsk Sea to the Gulf of Tonkin following the coast line and examining the animal life of the sea as we went, we should find that it underwent some very marked changes. In the Tartar Straits and the North Japan Sea the marine fauna is distinctly northern, and, in its elements, would be found closely to resemble that with which we are familiar in Great Britain and North America. The herring and cod are numerous, as also are the fiat fishes, not to mention many forms of sculpin and blenny. But once we got round the Korean Peninsula we would notice a great difference. The cod would be found to be almost non-existent, the herring absent altogether, and flat fishes very much fewer, both in individuals and species. The fishermen's nets would contain other forms of a more tropical kind. Sea'breams, corvinis, hairtails, sea-bass, garfish, pomfrets and the like would be the prevailing forms found. The Korean Peninsula seems to form a sharp dividing line between two very distinct marine faunas, a fact probably due to the differences of temperature in the waters to either side of this arm of land, brought about by the influences of the prevailing currents. The sea to the west of Korea is warmer than that to the east, for the simple reason that in the former area the prevailing currents are from the south, while in the latter there is a cold current following the Korean coast line whose origin is the Okhotsk Sea. From the Pechili Gulf southward the marine fauna is virtually of one type, though, of course, as we progress southward it will be to find new and interesting forms occurring, and more purely tropical species predominating. Though examples of this peculiar distribution have been drawn only from the fishes, it applies equally well to other branches of animal life. The range of certain marine mollusks will be found to extend from the Pacific as far south as the south-eastern coast of Korea, where it abruptly ceases.

The science of oceanography has taught us that life is most abundant in the Benthos, and of the Benthos that part known as the Laminarian Benthos is said to be the richest. Along the China coast,

however, there does not appear to be a true Laminarian belt, the great ribbon-weeds, from which this belt gets its name being conspicuous by their absence. Their place is taken by a weed not unlike the gulf-weed of the Atlantic, but which is, of course, one that anchors itself to the rock-bottom instead of being free-floating. Oceanography has also taught us that the Plankton is less rich in animal life in warmer waters than in cold, due it is believed to the fact that for a fall of 10 degrees Centigrade the life of the minute animals that go to form the Plankton is prolonged a thousandfold, so that there will be more overlapping generations. As, then, the seas that wash the shores of China are inclined to be distinctly warm, planktonic life will be less abundant than it is in the Sea of Japan and Tartar Straits. This, in turn, is probably one of the factors which go to make the larger animals, such as fish and mollusks, of the two areas different.

Our subject is not confined to the forms of life actually in the sea: the creatures that inhabit the foreshore also claim our attention. And for this reason a few remarks upon* the general nature of the coast may not be out of place. Taking it in general the China coast may be said to be a rather rocky one. Everywhere hills, often of granitic, gneissic, or schistose (that is, igneous or metamorphic) formation, come right down to the water's edge, where they form little coves and inlets in which sand or shingle gathers to form small beaches. In some places long stretches of sand and mud-flats occur, but these are usually at the mouths of rivers. There are very few, if any, of the steep, forbidding cliffs that occur in various places along the British coasts, and so we do not find the immense colonies of nesting sea birds, though, of course, a good many marine birds, such as gulls and shags, or cormorants, nest along the China coast. Mostly the marine birds pass northward to such places as the Kuril Islands, where they are to be found breeding in millions, returning southward at the approach of winter. In spring and autumn the China coast displays a very rich bird life, for the reason that an enormous migration takes place between Siberia and more tropical climes, and the greater part of the migrants follow the coast line.

There is, on the whole, very little mammalian life to be met with on the coasts of China, nor will reptilian life be found plentiful. In this connection it is interesting to note that several kinds of sea snakes are to be found along and off the South China coast. These are easily recognizable on account of the banded appearance, and laterally compressed bodies and tails. Many people consider the idea of the existence of the sea-serpent a mere fable, and in so far as it has to do with a serpent of huge proportions living in the vasty deep they are probably right, but the fact remains that there are true sea-serpents—sea-serpents in every sense of the word. These creatures, though

entirely air-breathing, actually spend the greater part of their lives at sea, swimming about on the surface, and feeding, one must suppose, upon fish or other marine animals that they find. They are all poisonous. Some of them attain a length of four or five feet. They are tropical or subtropical in their distribution for the most part, but occasionally specimens get carried north by ocean currents, so that one or two species have been reported from off the coasts of the Primorsk in the Japan Sea. Several species have been found amongst the rocks on the Fukien coast.

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NATURE (3)

SOME BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS OF CHINA

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IT is with considerable pleasure that one looks back upon the days of one's boyhood, and views in memory the happy hours spent in chasing butterflies and moths for the little cabinet collection that is part of the treasure store of every schoolboy. How one loved those gaudy-winged creatures, all pinned out in their little glass-topped trays! Each specimen had its history. This one called to mind a wild dash across moorland or thicket and a final, breathless moment of exultation as it was taken from the net and transferred to the collecting bottle: that one, hours of patient search in secluded dells: the other, weeks of careful tending of a caterpillar and anxious days of waiting for the time when the perfect insect should appear from out its brown chrysalis.

Even to-day, when more weighty matters call for attention, and the irresponsibility of youth has given place to the dignity of maturity, one cannot altogether lose interest in these beautiful insects, or suppress the impulse to chase after and capture them when they flit across one's path as one walks in the garden. Many of us never lose our youthful enthusiasm, and the sight of a swallow-tail butterfly or a luna moth, exquisite creations of Nature, ever brings anew the thrill of wonderment that things so perfect can be.

The *Lepidoptera* (lit. scale-singed) are a very widely distributed and numerous order of insects. Amongst them are to be found

creatures of the most marvellous beauty, children of life and pleasure, as well as small and ill-favoured skulkers in dark places, whose depredations amongst woollen clothes are the despair of housewives. The *Microlepidoptera* it may be mentioned formed the subject of a special commission of investigation because of the damage their grubs did to food during the recent world war.

The *Lepidoptera* are divided into two main groups, the butterflies and the moths, the chief distinguishing feature between which are their antenna. Butterflies have slender, plain antennae with knobs at the tips: the antennae of the moths are pointed, and usually they are ribbed like feathers. Another easily detected difference lies in the size and shape of the body, that of a butterfly being small and slender, that of a moth large and thick. For the most part, butterflies are diurnal in their habits; moths nocturnal.

In China there are a great many species of both butterflies and moths, and anybody wishing to make a careful study of these insects could not do better than refer to Leeche's "Butterflies of China, Japan and Korea."

Butterflies.

It is an interesting fact that in North China one comes across numerous species of butterflies that are identical with, or at least very closely similar to, familiar species at home. The reason for this seems to lie in the fact that the faunas of Europe and North Asia, as far, even, as Eastern Siberia, and down through Manchuria into North China are one, that is to say, in many cases the same species, or very closely similar varieties of the same species, range from Great Britain right across Siberia to the Pacific Coast, and strangely enough, they have found their way into North China, where, on the northern fringe of the Yangtze Basin, they meet and mingle with an oriental fauna.

When one gets south of the Yangtze, new and even more beautiful species, almost tropical in their splendour, are met with, while in South China—Fukien, Kwangtung and Kwangsi—tropical species predominate.

Perhaps the most beautiful and certainly the largest of the northern butterflies is a black swallow-tail, known to science as *Papilio mmckii*, since it was first discovered by a collector named Maack in the valley of the Ussuri River in Manchuria. In this handsome species, in common with many other butterflies and moths, the female is larger than the male and somewhat differently coloured, so that to the uninitiated she might represent a distinct species. She is plain black, with crimson markings on the under wing. Her mate is black suffused with a brilliant, metallic, emerald green, with very much less crimson

on the lower wing. The species inhabits damp places, being most often found in the vicinity of streams or lakes. In Central and Southern China, its place is taken by a closely similar form, *P. paris*, in which the female has a broad white band across the upper wing.

One might well wonder why butterflies so often have these broad white markings on their wings, reasoning that such markings must make them even more conspicuous than they would be without them, and therefore an easier mark for hungry birds. But wait. Watch that large, dark butterfly. He is conspicuous enough as he flits through the air, but suddenly he disappears as he reaches a shady, moss-covered bank. All one sees is an irregular splash of white, but no butterfly! The reason is not far to see, and recent investigations have brought it to light. If one takes a piece of black paper cut into the form of a butterfly, and lays it on a flat surface of green baize, it is very conspicuous. But take a disc of white paper and lay that upon the black butterfly, and immediately the latter ceases to be noticeable, and only by more careful observation will one detect it. The white disc has become the dominant object in view and, by over-stimulating the nerve endings of the retina upon which its image falls, overpowers the reaction of those not affected. Thus a bright splash of white upon a butterfly is really a very clever bit of "camouflage."

It is quite impossible here to run over the list of the numerous species of butterflies that may be encountered in the garden in China, and even selecting one or two for special mention the writer has considerable difficulty in deciding between their respective merits. There is no particular reason why one should be chosen more than another. A very beautiful species is one of the smaller swallow-tails, *Papilio telamon*, whose general colour is cream-white with irregular black bars and dots on the wings, and some pretty scarlet and blue markings on the lower pair. It has long,, slender "tails." This form is widely distributed over the whole of North China. When first discovered by a member of Lord Macartney's mission to Peking, it was considered a very rare species.

A fascinating study for those who care for such things, is the complete life histories of butterflies. The caterpillars and chrysalids of but few of the numerous species to be found in these parts are known, and the only way in which they can become known is for the student of entomology to gather the eggs, hatch them out, and rear the caterpillars, and finally to note the form of each chrysalis and the species of butterfly that emerges from it. And, incidentally, there is no better way of securing really good specimens of these delightful insects. Shallow boxes, with gauze or mosquito-netting coverings are the only gear needed, while the daily changing of the leaves upon which the grubs feed, so that the latter are always supplied with plenty of fresh

food, is all the attention required. The seeker for butterflies' eggs should look on leaves of plants, mostly on the under surface, or on twigs, and usually they will be found in little clusters, oblong in shape and set in an upright position. Moths' eggs are mostly spherical and are usually more or less scattered over the leaf surface to which they adhere. Spring and early summer are the best times of the year in which to seek for the eggs of these insects. Chrysalids may be sought in the autumn and kept over till the spring, when the insects will hatch out and lay their eggs.

Moths.

While the chief attraction of butterflies lies in their attraction of form and colour, that of moths is to be found more in their habits and life histories. Of course, one does not wish to suggest that moths are not beautiful: many forms even surpass the most gorgeous butterflies, but, taking them as a group they are more sombre in colour, soft, rich browns, greys and yellows predominating.

The honours for beauty might be considered to be evenly divided between the Atlas moths and the luna moth—certainly these two transcend any of their kith and kin in sheer magnificence. The Atlas moth (*Saturnia atlas*) is by far the largest species in the country. The female has a wing-span of nine inches, the male being a little smaller. The general colour scheme of this gorgeous moth is a rich reddish-brown, the wings being beautifully marked with cream, black and white. There is a triangular, transparent patch on each of the fore wings. Whether this handsome moth ranges as far north as Shanghai seems doubtful, but it is comparatively common in Fukien Province. It belongs to a family of moths (*Saturniidae*) which are known in America as the silk-moths. The caterpillar spins a cocoon, fastening it to the under side of the leaf of some large tree, where, owing to its colouring, it is admirably hidden.

The luna moth (*Attacus selene*) is an insect of extraordinary beauty. Of a considerable size, it has the lower wings prolonged into long "tails," while its colouring is a delicate pale green, the edges of the wings being marked with purple-brown, and each wing having a conspicuous "eye," or semi-ocellated spot. In America its place is taken by a closely similar species called *A. luna*.

Another form of *Attacus* found in China is the Cynthia moth (*A. cynthia*) which is of a biscuit-brown colour, with beautiful markings, but has no "tails." In these large forms the proboscis is but poorly developed.

Next to this handsome species in point of beauty come the hawk-moths, family *Sphingidae*, which differ from the foregoing in having long slender wings, and larger, more tapering bodies. The hawk-

moths are rapid and powerful flyers, with well-developed eyes and proboscis, and they are purely nocturnal in their habits, with the exception of the humming bird hawk moth. The largest, and probably the most interesting of the group is the death's head (*Acherontia*), the form inhabiting China being somewhat different from the British species. It is a very handsome moth, with dark grey-brown colouring and deep yellow abdomen and under wings, the back of the thorax being marked with the characteristic death-mask, which gives the insect its name.

Another large species is the convolvulus hawk-moth (*Sphinx convulsi*). This moth presents a wonderful example of Nature's "camouflage," for its colouring is grey, beautifully mottled and streaked with black or darker markings, so that it exactly resembles the bark of trees, or the irregular surfaces of lichen-covered rocks. In this case Nature has adopted a very different method for concealment from the "dazzle" effect noticed in that of the white-barred butterfly. In the convolvulus hawk-moth the continuity of outline is broken, and consequently the form disguised is obliterated by dark markings which continue on to the body the markings of the ground surface on which the moth rests.

While on the subject of "camouflage," yet another means adopted by Nature of protecting her creatures may be mentioned. This is by mimicry. Certain edible insects have, through evolution, come to resemble certain other noxious or disagreeably tasting ones, so that birds searching for food avoid them. An example of this amongst the moths to be found in China is a species known to science as *Zeuzera coffece*, which bears a remarkable resemblance to a bee or wasp. Its wings are transparent, and very much the shape of those in the *Hymenoptera*.

The Humming-bird hawk-moths form a very interesting group within the family *Sphingiidce*. They may be seen any bright day hovering over the flower beds, darting with extraordinary rapidity from bloom to bloom, hanging poised and motionless over each, as the long proboscis feels its way from elfin cup to elfin cup, seeking the sweet nectar that is their food as well as that of the gods. The resemblance they bear to a humming-bird is really remarkable. Understandable in regard to the species that inhabit the Americas—and their number is considerable—there seems to be no reason for this type of "camouflage" amongst the forms that inhabit Asia or Europe, since there are no humming-birds in these continents. One wonders, almost, whether the whole group is not American in its origin, the Eurasian species having found their way to the Old World without changing their form to any appreciable extent. As a matter of fact the local form is not unlike some of the larger bees or other members

of the *Hymenoptera*. One can never watch a humming-bird hawk-moth without being faced once more by the, as yet, unanswered question. Does it or does it not fly backward? Certainly it appears to do so, but the mere mechanics of the question seem to preclude such a possibility; and one is forced to conclude that either we are woefully deficient in our knowledge of the mechanics of flight, or else that the insect does not really *fly* backward but *falls* backward, the action being so rapid as to deceive the human eye. In any case, this is a problem worth investigation.

A very interesting moth is *Abraxus ultnata*, commonly called the currant moth. It invariably inhabits currant bushes or closely related plants, and may easily be recognized by its variegated black and white colouring. In this species there are several broods during the summer, the members of each brood varying in size from those of the preceding one. The maximum size is attained early in the summer, the minimum in the last brood in the autumn.

Amongst the most beautiful of the smaller moths are the satin moths (*Leucoma salkis*) and the ermine moths (*Spilosoma*). Of these the former is a pure white species, while the members of the latter genus are white often spotted with fine black dots on the wings, and with crimson or yellow abdomens barred black.

A pretty little moth, called *Hyponometa minnellus*, has the upper wings satin-white and the lower ones grey. The caterpillars occur in masses, and when they pupate spin webs round clusters of leaves forming regular nests.

Occasionally one may come across a brown moth, which is, apparently, the wild prototype of the cultivated silk-worm moth. The latter is white. In the wild species the caterpillar exactly resembles a twig, and, when danger threatens, it stretches its body out, and, remaining rigid, perfects the illusion. The wild silkworm frequents scrub-oak, and is a native of Shantung, the silk it produces being known as Tussores.¹

Sericulture is making rapid strides in China, and there are big movements afoot to establish extensive mulberry plantations and to introduce good breeds of worms in such provinces as Fukien and Chekiang. Experimental stations should be established all over the country in order to discover exactly which breeds of worm thrive in each locality, and what form of plant food yields the best results.

¹ The word tussores, or tussur, is believed to be derived from the Hindustani *tasar*, a shuttle. There are several species of moth from which wild silk may be obtained, most of them being large, handsome species. Indeed, they are closely related to the Atlas moth (*Saturnia atlas*) already mentioned. The caterpillars of this whole group of moths spin very strong cocoons. The moth from which tussores silk is derived has been introduced into the hills of South Manchuria, where it thrives on bushes of scrub oak with which the hills are covered. Large quantities of raw silk are shipped to Shantung.

By far the most interesting of all the moths to be found in the garden is the *Psyche* moth. It is difficult to understand why it received this name, for beauty is by no means its strong point. The male is passable, but the female, wingless and bare of the beautiful covering of velvet that most moths enjoy, is a poor, ugly creature. It is the caterpillar, however, that most attracts one's attention, since its habits are remarkable. It does the same sort of thing as the caddis worm, only its home is on the prickly wild nature. It is like a hill, or hills, which, used as a prefix branches of the juniper or other coniferous shrub instead of under water. Taking small twigs, each cut to a definite length, it binds them with silken thread to form a cylindrical tube, a covering for its own soft body. This snug home is lined within with silk, and is very strong, which makes it a sure protection against birds for the helpless creature within. In an experimental mood the writer took some of these cases and slit them with scissors, taking care not to damage the grub within. Immediately the latter got-busy, and within an hour or so had repaired their damaged homes so well that it was impossible to detect where they had been split. When ready to pupate, the grub of the *Psyche* moth binds its home tightly to a twig, then closes the mouth. The period of rest over, the perfect insect—or imperfect, if it be a female—emerges through a hole cut at the end of the cylinder opposite to the original opening.

A much larger form of *Psyche* moth caterpillar is to be found on the larger deciduous trees. In this case the home is made of leaves bound together rather than twigs.

There is one extremely interesting moth that looks exactly like a dead leaf when its wings are folded. It is a rather large species. Strangely enough, the under wings in this species are a bright orange-yellow, and the insect, when flying, is very conspicuous. Here is another clever "camouflage" ruse of Nature. The bright colour of the insect's underwings as it flies catches the eye of a marauding bird, which immediately gives chase. The bird's faculties are concentrated upon the bright colour. Suddenly the moth settles on a branch or twig, and the bright colour immediately vanishes as it is covered over by the upper wings. As far as the bird is concerned the object of chase—the bright orange-yellow under wings—has vanished into thin air, and only a dead leaf hanging to a twig remains.

Owing to the rapacious nature of their caterpillars, when it comes to the foliage of the plants upon which they live, moths and butterflies form an undoubted pest to gardeners, and it is comforting to know that they have a great many enemies. Chief amongst these aside from birds, are the various species of *Ichneumon* wasps. The method of the latter in preying upon caterpillars is interesting. The adult female

lays her eggs, either in the eggs of the butterfly or moth, or else actually in the caterpillars themselves. In due course, these hatch out into tiny grubs, and proceed to eat away the interior juicy tissues of their host, though without causing death to the latter till such time as they themselves are ready to pupate. They then bore their way through the body walls of the caterpillar they infest, and spin a cocoon, leaving their hapless victim a lifeless withered thing.

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NATURE (4)

THE YANGTZE ALLIGATOR

ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

SOME time ago a certain amount of sensation was caused in Shanghai by the capture of an unusually large specimen of the Yangtze alligator in the river off the Bund. Though such animals have from time to time made their appearance in these waters, it seems to come as a great surprise to many people to learn that there are alligators in this part of the world, and one frequently hears doubts expressed as to the veracity of those who lay claim to having seen one of these ugly reptiles in the neighbourhood.

The fact remains, however, that there is a well-known representative of the family *Crocodylidae*—to which all crocodiles, alligators, caimans, and gharials belong—to be found in the creeks and marshes of the Lower Yangtze Valley, and its scientific name is *Alligator sinensis*. This fact is interesting enough in itself, but the presence of an alligator in Chinese waters has a geological significance of no small importance, for the simple reason that the only other species of alligator in the world to-day occurs in the Mississippi River Basin. To understand the significance of this remarkable distribution it is necessary to examine the geologic strata of Tertiary times, from which it transpires that in those bygone days, between two and three million years ago, alligators inhabited not only Asia, but Europe as well, even the British Isles—which were not islands then—having their representatives. It is believed that the whole group of crocodiles and alligators originated in Eurasia, as the two continents may jointly be called, and that the Yangtze alligator is all that is left in the Old

World, of the sub-group which also contains the South American caimans, near relatives of the alligators. All the other Old World representatives of the *Crocodylidae* must be classified either as true crocodiles or as gharials, the long-snouted fish-eating members of the family. It is from just such peculiar distributions of animals, past and present, that the formation of bygone ages may be learned and, in this case, the inference to be drawn is that in Tertiary times Asia and North America were connected by a broad land bridge, which extended sufficiently far south to allow of such warmth-loving reptiles as the alligators to spread from one continent to the other.

One frequently hears the question asked: What is the difference between a crocodile and an alligator? Apart from certain differences in the skull, which need not be discussed here, the chief differences between these two members of the family is that in the alligator the fourth tooth from the front in the lower jaws fits into a pit in the upper jaw, whereas in the crocodile the same tooth fits into a notch, and is visible from the exterior of the animal's head. Another difference is that the alligators have much broader snouts. The caimans of South America closely resemble the alligators in these characters, but they may be distinguished by certain cranial differences. The gharials are very different from either crocodiles or alligators, since they have very long and slender jaws and snouts, which are armed with numerous and regular teeth. They feed mainly upon fish, but some of the larger specimens are suspected of eating human flesh. They are to be found in the waters of India and Africa.

The chief distinguishing characteristic of the Yangtze alligator appears to be its small size, and this is to be explained by the fact that it represents the last of a once numerous group of reptiles in Asia. But upon this point there is need of more data, for there seems to be no information available as to the full size attained by this species. Up to the present the recently caught specimen appears to be the largest taken, its total length being about six feet. Usually specimens that make their appearance in these parts measure from three to four feet. It would be interesting to know of any other large specimens that have been seen and measured by Europeans.

As regards the distribution and habits of the Yangtze alligator there is much to be learned. Alligators are known to be mainly swamp inhabiting, where, doubtless, they find an adequate food supply in the more sluggish forms of fish and frog. In common with the crocodiles they are prone to undertake long cross-country journeys, and it was doubtless one of these travellers that so startled certain gentlemen on the Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, one night some few years ago. Our species occurs in certain swamps of the lower Yangtze and possibly in most of the large lakes. It is said to be quite common in

the Wuhu district, where the Taiping Marsh forms ideal quarters for such animals. Here the species breeds, and it is possible that those found outside this marsh have been carried out by floods. Mr. Clifford Pope, of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, tells me that he secured nineteen specimens from a dried swamp not far from Wuhu. Here the alligators lived in burrows excavated by themselves, about five feet in depth. Several burrows would converge to a common centre, where the torpid reptiles might be found.

From time to time specimens of the Yangtze alligator have been on exhibition in Shanghai. Not many years ago there were two kept in a tank in the conservatory in the Gardens on the Bund. Another pair was recently on exhibition in the Zoological Gardens in Peking. The Chinese believed these reptiles to be possessed of certain medicinal or magical properties, and dried specimens may not infrequently be seen hanging up in medicine shops.

It is probable that in ancient times the alligator was very much more widely distributed in the Yangtze Basin than it is to-day. There are certain references to it in the classics that suggest this. In the rivers of South China another crocodilian occurs. This is the estuarine crocodile (*Crocodilus porosus*), whose range extends from India to Australia.

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THOUGHT

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY

FENG YO-LAN

THERE are three questions that must often occur to all persons interested in the history of Chinese thought. First, what is the nature of Chinese philosophy, and what contribution has it to make to the world? Secondly, is it true, as is often said, that Chinese philosophy lacks system? And thirdly, is it true that there is no such thing as growth in Chinese philosophy?

The first of these questions can best be answered by briefly comparing Chinese with western philosophy. If we examine the problems studied by what, in China, during the Wei (A.D. 220-265) and Chin

(265-420) dynasties, was called the "learning of the mystery" (*hsian hsiieh*); by what during the Sung (A.D. 960-1279) and Ming (1368-1644) dynasties was called the "learning of the truth" (*too hsiieh*); and by what during the Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1912) was called the "learning of the principles" (*i li chih hsiieh*), we find that these problems resemble to a considerable degree those of western philosophy.

In the West, philosophy has been conveniently divided into such divisions as metaphysics, ethics, epistemology, logic, etc. And likewise in China already in the fifth century B.C., we find reference being made to the discourse of Confucius on "human nature and the ways of Heaven" (*Lun Yu*, V, 12). Thus already in this quotation there are mentioned two of the divisions of western philosophic thought: "human nature" corresponds roughly to ethics, and the "ways of Heaven" to metaphysics. As for the other divisions, such as logic and epistemology, they in China have been touched on only by the thinkers of the Period of the Philosophers (extending from Confucius to about 100 B.C.), and have been neglected by later Chinese thinkers (for example, those of the Sung and Ming periods). In one way, to be sure, this later philosophy can be said to have developed a methodology, when it discussed what it called "the method of conducting study." This method, however, was not primarily for the seeking of knowledge, but rather for self-cultivation; it was not for the search of truth, but for the search of good.

Chinese philosophy, then, as far as regards methodology in the western sense, holds a humble position when compared with the philosophy of the West or of India. This arises more from the fact that the Chinese have paid little attention to methodology, than from their incapacity to develop it. Chinese philosophers for the most part have not regarded knowledge as something valuable in itself, and so have not sought knowledge for the sake of knowledge; and even in the case of knowledge of a practical sort that might have a direct bearing upon human happiness, Chinese philosophers have preferred to apply this knowledge to actual conduct that would lead directly to this happiness, rather than to hold what they considered to be empty discussions about it. For this reason the Chinese have not regarded the writing of books purely to establish doctrines, as in itself a goal of the highest importance. Most Chinese philosophic schools have taught the way of what is called the "Inner Sage and Outer King." The Inner Sage is a person who has established virtue in himself; the Outer King is one who has accomplished great deeds in the world. The highest ideal for a man is at once to possess the virtue of a Sage and the accomplishment of a ruler, and so become what is called a Sage-king, or what Plato would term the Philosopher-king.

In China, therefore, it was only when a Sage had failed to gain the

position of a ruler (or at least of an official), in which he might carry his principles into practice, that he turned to the writing of books as a means of establishing his doctrines; and hence this last course was looked upon by Chinese philosophers as one to be followed only when no other alternative offered. For this reason there are comparatively few works in Chinese philosophical literature written in a complete form and offering a unified presentation; the case has generally been that the philosopher himself, or his disciples, have simply grouped together a series of miscellaneous writings into an unconnected whole. Because of this fact, even though the doctrines of a Chinese philosopher may in themselves be quite justifiable, the arguments used to support them often fall short because they are too simple or disconnected.

Chinese philosophy, in short, has always laid stress upon what man is (i.e., his moral qualities), rather than what he has (i.e., his intellectual and material capacities). If a man is a Sage, he remains a Sage even if he is completely lacking in intellectual knowledge; if he is an evil man, he remains evil even though he may have boundless knowledge. The philosopher Wang Yang-ming (A.D. 1473-1529) has compared the Sage to pure gold, holding that a man need only have a pure quality to be a Sage, regardless of the extent of his knowledge or his other abilities. These may differ among different persons, just as eight pounds differs from nine pounds of gold in weight, whereas the quality of the gold remains in both cases the same. The quality of gold pertains to the "what it is" aspect of things, whereas its amount pertains to the side of "what it has." Chinese thinkers stress "what it is," and not "what it has," and so have not greatly emphasized pure knowledge. This is one reason why China has had only the beginnings of science, and has lacked a properly developed system of science.

Epistemology has likewise not formed an important part of Chinese philosophy, not only because Chinese philosophy has not cared to pursue knowledge purely for its own sake, but also because it does not demarcate clearly the distinction between the individual and the universe. A very important feature of modern western history has been the consciousness by the ego of itself. Once it has consciousness of itself, the world immediately becomes separated into two: the ego and the non-ego, or what is subjective and what is objective. From this division arises the problem of how the subjective ego can have knowledge of the objective non-ego, and from this arises the great emphasis which western philosophy has laid upon epistemology. In Chinese thought, however, there has been no clear consciousness by the ego of itself, and so there has been equally little attention paid to the division between the ego and the non-ego; therefore epistemology has likewise not become a major problem.

Logic is a requirement for dialectic discussion, and hence since most schools of Chinese philosophy have not striven greatly to establish arguments to support their doctrines, there have been few men, aside from those of the School of Names, who have been interested in examining the processes and methods of thinking; and this school, unfortunately, had but a fleeting existence. Hence logic, like epistemology, has failed to be developed in China.

Chinese philosophy also, because of its special stress on human affairs, has not put equal emphasis on metaphysics. In all of the divisions of philosophy which we have mentioned, western philosophy has made great developments, whereas this has not been the case with all of them in China. Chinese philosophy, on the other hand, because of its emphasis on the way of the "Inner Sage," has delved deeply into the methods of self-cultivation, that is, what it calls "the method of conducting study." And in this respect China truly has a great contribution to offer.

The above already partially answers the second of our three questions: Is it true that Chinese philosophy lacks system? As far as the *presentation* of ideas is concerned, it is certainly true that there are comparatively few Chinese philosophical works that display unity and orderly sequence; therefore it is commonly said that Chinese philosophy lacks system. Nevertheless, what is called system may be divided into two categories, the *formal* and the *real*, which have no necessary connection with one another. It may be admitted that Chinese philosophy lacks formal system; but if one were to say that it therefore lacks any real system, meaning that there is no organic unity of ideas to be found in Chinese philosophy, it would be equivalent to saying that Chinese philosophy is not philosophy, and that China has no philosophy. The earlier Greek philosophy also, lacked formal system. Thus Socrates wrote no books himself, Plato used the dialogue form in his writings, and it was not until Aristotle that a clear and ordered exposition was given on every problem. Hence if we judge from the point of view of formal presentation, Aristotle's philosophy is comparatively systematic, yet in so far as the actual content of the philosophy is concerned, Plato's philosophy is equally systematic. According to what has just been said, philosophy, in order to be philosophy, must have *real* system, and although Chinese philosophy, formally speaking, is less systematic than that of the West, in its actual content it has just as much system as has western philosophy. This being so, the important duty of the historian of philosophy is to find, within a philosophy that lacks *formal* system, its underlying *real* system.

This search for the real system underlying any philosophy leads us to the third of our questions: Is it true that there is no such thing as

progressive growth in Chinese philosophy? When we study history, we see that social organization tends to move from the less complex to the more complex, and knowledge from the less distinct to the more distinct. Men of later times base themselves on the experience of earlier men, and thus can utilize all that has happened before them. For this reason the movement of history is one of progress, a tendency which we can also perceive at work when we come to examine Chinese philosophy. The problems and scope of Chinese philosophy from the Han dynasty onward are not so numerous and comprehensive as those of the philosophy that preceded it, and yet the later philosophy is certainly more clearly expounded than the earlier one. Those who have not studied the question carefully, upon seeing how Confucius discusses the ideas of the ancient semi-mythical Emperors, Yao and Shun; how later philosophers, such as Tung Chung-shu (1797-104? B.C.), Chu Hsi (A.D. 1130-1200), and Wang Yang-ming (1473-1529), discuss those of Confucius; and how even in modern times Tai Tung-yuan (1723-1777) and K'ang Yu-wei' (1858-1927) have continued to discuss Confucius, may conclude that the ancients have contributed all and the moderns nothing. Actually, however, when we think that such men as Tung Chung-shu and Wang Yang-ming are not merely commentators, and that their philosophic works represent their own philosophy and not that preceding them, the progressive growth of Chinese philosophy becomes apparent.

Some persons say that the ideas of such men as Tung Chung-shu and Wang Yang-ming are already to be found in germ in earlier Confucian writings. Hence, they reason, since these ideas are merely further developments made by these men, how can they be accepted as forming a philosophy of their own? What new contribution can they make? Even granted, however, that the philosophies of these two men are mere developments of earlier thought, we cannot regard them lightly. For development means progress. When the child grows into the mature man, the adult merely develops the capacities inherent in the child; and when the chicken's egg becomes the chicken, the chicken merely develops the capacities already inherent in the egg. Yet how can we, on the basis of this fact, conclude that the child is therefore the adult, and the chicken egg is the chicken? One might point out that, using Aristotle's terminology, a great difference exists between potentiality and actuality. Movement from such potentiality toward actuality constitutes progress. If we wish to see the progressive growth of Chinese philosophy, we must first relegate the material of each period to that period, and the doctrines of each man to that man. Once this has been done, the true aspect of the philosophy of each school becomes evident, and the growth of Chinese philosophy also becomes manifest.

Former scholars of Chinese civilization have either not known how to separate genuine ancient writings from forgeries or, when they did, they have considered such forgeries to lack any value. This, too, has been one cause for the apparent lack of growth in Chinese philosophy. We historians of Chinese philosophy maintain that such a distinction between false and genuine writings must be made, because only after this has been done can the true aspect of the thought of each period be made evident. If we are merely studying philosophy, and not the history of philosophy, we need only trouble ourselves about whether or not the doctrines appearing in a certain work are valuable in themselves, and need not bother about discovering to what man and period they actually belong. The mere fact that a book is a forgery, does not, in such a case, destroy that book's value, provided that the ideas it expresses have value in themselves. Nor does the mere genuineness of a book make that book valuable, if what it says is in itself of no value.

Even from the viewpoint of the historian of philosophy, however, a forgery may have value. For though it cannot be used to represent the thought of the period to which it has been falsely attributed, yet it remains as the thought of the period when it was actually produced, and so can be utilized as material for the philosophic history of that period. The chapter in the *Lieh-tzu*, for example, which supposedly describes the doctrines of Yang Chu (who lived probably in the fourth century B.C.), does not, as a matter of fact, represent his true doctrines; and yet it remains a systematic exposition of a much later current of thought existing during the Wei (A.D. 220-265) and Chin (265-420) dynasties, thus becoming excellent material for the study of the philosophy of these dynasties. Therefore to say that this chapter is a forgery does not destroy its value, but merely necessitates moving its period to a later time. And the necessity for thus shifting it consists only in the desire to make written history accord with actual history, that is, to gain the truth.

PART SIX

THE PEOPLE'S CORNER

(FOLKLORE)

ONE HUNDRED PROVERBS

MR. TUT-TUT

1. MEN and women who know each other easily are cheap lovers; persons who easily make friends are hot lifelong friends.
2. To have a peace of mind not quite perfect is to deepen the awareness of peace; to enjoy pleasure not quite to the limit is to prolong the flavour of those pleasures.
3. The silkworm weaves its cocoon and stays inside, therefore it is imprisoned; the spider weaves its web and stays outside, therefore it is free.
4. An intelligent person often talks with his eyes; a shallow man often swallows with his ears.
- 5/ Endure a small insult and be safe from a big insult; suffer some small loss and be safe from a big loss. Where you miss an advantage in a deal, you gain an advantage.
- 6* There are heroes with hearts of steel and beards of frost, and beauties with faces like a flower, breathing fragrance with their smiles—the same human skull, yet what different acts of farce!
- 7 Personal talent coupled with a slow temper becomes great talent; wisdom coupled with a pacifist mind becomes true wisdom.
8. It would be indeed an ideal world if warriors did not have the air of the army, scholars did not have the air of bookish dogmatism, mountain recluses did not have the smell of mists and clouds and monks did not smell of incense and the altar.
- 9/ Do not open your heart to the grim silent one; guard your tongue before the garrulous fool.
10. Talk not of your personal success to one who has failed; forget not your failures in your moment of success.
11. Avoid the mean person, but do not make him your personal enemy; get close to the gentleman, but do not always say " Yes " to him.

12. Who cannot be of use to society and therefore wears the mask of cynics is afraid to meet the true hero; who is not fit to sit on top but insists on sitting on top is safe among his futile friends.
13. Who makes his mind the slave of his body is like a plodding horse or cattle; who sacrifices his body to fame is like a caged pheasant or wild goose.
14. The true hero hardens his nature and controls his mind; the mock variety makes a show of his talent and flies off his temper.
15. Who likes to insult people through his writings is like a sorceress; who likes to flatter people through his writings is like a fortune-teller.
16. The ancients blamed Heaven for their mishaps; the moderns blame the earth—that is why they change the sites of their ancestors' graves.
17. A private garden should have a section of rustic wildness; if it merely dazzles by its sumptuousness, the vulgarity of it suffocates one's breath.
18. 'No one is safe from flattery, therefore the art of flattery is infinitely various; the crowd of blackmailers is legion, therefore the flow of rumours is difficult to stop.
19. All the universe is an inn; search not specially for a retreat of peace: all the people are your relatives; expect therefore troubles from them.
20. It is most difficult for love to last long, therefore who loves passionately is in the end cured of love; human nature is eternal, therefore who follows his nature in the end retains his original nature.
21. 'The blessing of health is realized on the sick-bed; the blessing of a peaceful home is realized when that peace is upset.
22. All people are in financial troubles sometimes. The failure to realize the meaning of poverty must be also considered a fault of the wealthy and successful. Moreover, there are heroes among the poor: the right thing is to open your eyes and broaden your chest.
23. Thrift is an aid to integrity; loyalty guides one toward a steady character. (Who lives within his means is not tempted.—*Ed.*)
24. To suffer an insult from those one fears is not true patience; to suffer an insult from those one does not fear is true patience.
25. Who does not enjoy his happy moments cannot after all be called lucky; who feels happy in extremities is the real cultivated scholar.
26. 'To see through fame and wealth is to gain a little rest; to see through life and death is to gain a big rest.

27. Swim not in the tides of the world, and storms will not beat upon your breast.
28. To be elated at success and disappointed at failure is to be the child of circumstances; how can such a one be called master of himself?
29. Stupidity prevents one from committing mistakes; leisure confers upon one many privileges. (A folk proverb, especially as a guide to officialdom: Do much, err much; do little, err little; do nothing, err nothing. This, however, differs in sense from the maxim which warns against the man with flighty ideas and unsteady purpose.—*Ed.*)
30. Disasters arise from hatred; good luck comes from goodness of heart.
31. Accumulate learning as you would accumulate wealth; seek moral goodness as you would seek official rank and honour; love your parents as you would love your wife and children; look after the country well as you would look after your own official post.
32. Who is narrow of vision cannot be big-hearted; who is narrow of spirit cannot take long, easy strides.
33. Who gives me goods hurts my spirit; who gives me fame injures my life.
34. Do not be cool toward a close relative on account of some small quarrel; do not forget an old act of kindness because of a recent dispute.
35. In moments of satisfied conceit, one speaks words of untruth; in moments of heated anger, one speaks words offending courtesy.
36. Be firm in your acts, but easy in your heart; be strict with yourself, but gentle with your fellow men.
37. God gives me bad luck, I meet it with a generous heart. God gives me labour and toil, I meet it with an easy-going mind. God gives me trials and adversities, I understand them by means of Tao (comprehension of the rhythm of life).
38. Some who do not save in times of plenty regret it in times of need; some who do not study in youth regret it on occasions when knowledge is of use; some who talk freely when drunk regret it when they are sober; some who do not give themselves a little rest in the days of their health regret it when they are confined to bed.
39. Who likes to spread secrets should not be told a secret; who loves to criticize affairs cannot be entrusted with affairs.
40. Keep your mind busy to accomplish things; keep your mind open to understand things.

41. If a scholar, being poor, cannot help people with money but will on occasions wake up a man from his folly or save a man from trouble with a word of advice, that is also a form of (religious) merit.
42. The man of real ability shows his ability in his face; the happy man conceals his talents.
43. Humility is a good thing, but over-humility is near to crookedness; silence is a virtue, but undue silence bespeaks a deceitful mind.
44. Who does evil and is afraid of letting it be known has still a seed of good in his evil; who does good and is anxious to have it known has still a root of evil in his good.
45. Who does not have self-respect invites disgrace; who is not on the look-out against himself courts disaster; who is not satisfied with himself will grow; who is not sure of his own correctness will learn many things.
46. One should not miss the flavour of being sick, nor miss the experience of being destitute.
47. Who is indignant at false gossip invites rumour; who is pleased with words of praise attracts the flatterers.
48. By sometimes thinking of the period of illness, one's worldly ambitions become milder; by sometimes thinking of death, one's religious thoughts grow.
49. On occasions of a great or difficult crisis, you see a man's stature; on occasions of good luck or mishap, you see a man's great or small mind; in moments of satisfaction or anger, you see a man's degree of moral culture (*hanyang*); in a man's refusal or acceptance of a course of action with or against the crowd, you see a man's sense of judgment.
50. When God wishes to send disaster upon a person, He first sends him a little luck to elate him and see whether he can receive it in a worthy manner; when God wishes to send blessing upon a person, He first sends him a little mishap and sees how well he can take it.
51. Talent grows strong through personal force; character becomes firm through the will.
52. The noisy person cannot have calm judgment; the timid soul cannot have superior sense; the man of inordinate desires cannot do generous deeds; the man of many words cannot have a steady mind; the man of physical prowess cannot have refinement.
53. He who is a good judge of men corrects what he hears by what he sees; he who is not a good judge of men corrupts what he sees by what he hears.

54. The clever man often worries; the loyal person is often overworked.
55. The great hypocrite weeps to make people believe him; women and cowards weep to make people pity them.
56. A girl who flirts with her looks is not chaste; a scholar who flirts with his knowledge is not honest.
57. When a mean person plans to injure a gentleman, his heart is cruel, his plans are well laid out and his action is firm; therefore the gentleman can seldom escape. When a gentleman intends to punish a mean person, his heart is kind, his plans are incomplete, and he cannot quite go to the limit; therefore more often he himself is victimized by it.
58. The amasser of wealth is rich materially and poor in his mind; the contented man is materially poor and rich in his mind.
59. Virtue in a rich person is the ability to give, in a poor man it is the refusal to beg, in a man of high position it is a humble attitude toward fellow men, and in a man of low position it is the ability to see through life.
60. There is never a quarrel that cannot be settled when both parties repent, never a friendship that does not succeed when both parties are attracted toward one another, never a stroke of bad luck that can be avoided when both parties have lost their temper.
61. The braggart is seldom loyal; the glib talker is seldom honest.
62. The proud spirit, the chivalric spirit and the beautiful spirit suffuse fragrance even when their bones are dead; words of cool detachment, witty words and words of charm carry weight though their volume be small.
63. Such is the power of literature; it speaks of joy and makes one dance; it speaks of sorrow and makes one weep; it speaks of retirement and makes one detached; it speaks of love and makes one tender; it speaks of danger and makes one shiver; it speaks of pent-up anger and makes one cautious; it speaks of indignation and makes one lay one's hand on the sword; it speaks of incitement to action and makes one throw down the pen; it speaks of the high and makes one soar up to the clouds; it speaks of the low and makes one roll down the rocks. It shakes our heart and dazzles our eyes, but this has nothing to do with stylistic embellishments.
64. Of the things that are good, only study is good without accompanying evil; the love of mountains and rivers is good without accompanying evil; taking pleasure in the moon, the breeze, flowers and bamboos is good without accompanying evil; sitting in upright posture in silence is good without accompanying evil.

65. Wine dispels sorrow, and the best part is when one is slightly drunk; carefree fancies go into poems, and the best lines are obtained without effort.
66. There are four rules for living in the mountains: let there be no formation in trees, no arrangement of rocks, no sumptuousness in the living house, and no contrivance in the human heart.
- J67. One should see the flowers' shadow in the water, the bamboos' shadow under the moon, and the beauty's shadow behind a door screen.
68. There must be no straining after effect in the arts of leisure: to go after the fanciful in dress, the exotic in food, and quality in daily utensils is uncleanness in the pursuit of leisure, and the worm of corruption in the pursuit of leisure.
69. To stay up in the mountains is a fine thing, but the slightest attachment turns it into a market; the appreciation of old paintings is a refined hobby, but the slightest greed of possession turns one into a merchant; wine and poetry provide occasions of pleasure, but the slightest loss of freedom turns them into hell; generous hospitality is a magnanimous habit, but when one is surrounded by common fellows, it is again like entering a sea of distress.
70. If a man can keep ten thousand volumes of rare books, have them bound in precious brocade, and perfumed with rare incense, while he himself lives in a mud house with a screen of reed, paper windows and mud walls, and lives all his life in simple cotton dress, that one might be called an extraordinary person on this earth.
71. Hide your expression of personal dislike in the wine cup; conceal your pity for mankind in your poems.
- 72.^s The sun and moon shoot past like a bullet in our floating life; only sleep affords a little extension of our span of life. Business affairs fly about like thick dust to belabour our lives; only sleep affords a little reprieve. Gorging oneself with fish and meat morning and night besmirches our taste; only sleep gives opportunity for a short fast. Contention and strife disturb our peace; only sleep restores for us a short Golden Age. As for seeing novel things in our sleep—travelling abroad and being able to walk without legs and fly without wings—it provides us also with a little fairyland.
73. Pass famous mountains as you read rare books, a few steps at a time if you are tired, or going a hundred miles when you are feeling fit. One does not go by a schedule, but only stops at what pleases the eye and delights the mind.

74. To go to see the prune flowers after snow, pay a visit to the chrysanthemums during frost, tend the orchid during rain, or listen to the swaying bamboos before the breeze—such are the joys of leisure of a rustic fellow, but they are also moments of the greatest meaning to the scholar.
75. When the tea is well-brewed and the incense has a pure fragrance, it's a delight if friends drop in; when birds twitter and flowers drop their petals, even solitude is contentment for the soul.
76. You are reading when incense is burning and all your human obligations are fulfilled, while outside the screen the flower petals are dropping and the moon has come up to the top of the pine trees, and you suddenly hear the temple bell and push open the window and see the Milky Way—such a moment is superior to daytime.
77. If a man's house is not secluded, his mind does not wander far; if a man's face does not show a little sadness, his thoughts are not deep.
78. With the door shut and living in idleness, I associate with the musty volumes the year round; meeting an old friend and falling into conversation, we carry on the discussion deep into the night.
79. They say there is a devil in the drunkard and a ghost in the poet; I think these people have perfect mastery of themselves, so that when the spirits move, they give the spirits a free hand.
80. Floating down the stream in spring in a small boat, even the most conventional spirit feels emancipated; listening to the rain at night over a lone wine cup, even the most stout-hearted will feel touched.
81. Whither shall we dispose of the pure breeze and shining moon of the universe? Into the wine cup and bag of poetry. How shall we take leave of the changing elements of human passion? By closing the door and lying on a high pillow.
82. Sometimes plant bamboos while there is a drizzling rain; close the gate and tend the flowers in idleness; take up a pen and leisurely check up mistakes in old editions; draw spring water and try several pots of the season's tea.
83. During a drizzling rain, open a volume leisurely; against the breeze, play the string instrument alone.
84. Only watch how the flowers bloom, how the flowers fade; say not this man is right, that man is wrong.
85. Let the red dust of the road and the white foams of the river circle round the southern city; lose not to the bright moon among flowers and the pure breeze among pines a good nap in my northern room.

86. Living in the mountains has eight advantages over living in the city; no strict conventions, no strange visitors, no mulling over wine and meat, no fights over property, no concerns over the treacherous human heart, no quarrels over right and wrong, no pressing for literary articles, no gossip about officials.
87. When the rain is over and the air is cool, when your affairs are few and your mind is at ease, you listen to the lingering notes of some neighbour's flute chasing after the clear clouds and the receding rain, and every note seems to drop and sink into your soul.
88. When wild geese cry in the sky, the mountain clouds touch your tower, and a thousand peaks bid the rain proceed, you approach a couch for an afternoon nap, and even your dreams will partake of poetry.
89. Rather be laughed at by the world, be not fooled by the Creator; rather be disturbed by the gentleman, be not familiar with the petty people.
90. If indeed we can confer wealth and poverty upon ourselves, then God has no control; if our happiness and disappointments depend on what others say of us, then the gossip-makers have their way.
91. Poverty is not a disgrace; disgrace lies in poverty without ambition. A mean position is not a cause for contempt; contempt belongs to one in a mean position without ability. Old age is no cause for regret; regret that one is old, having lived in vain. Death is no cause for sorrow; sorrow that one dies without benefit to the world.
92. So long as I have legs, so long as I have eyes, wherever I go I am the lord of the mountains and rivers and the winds and the breeze.
93. Whenever you do a thing, act so that it will give your friends no occasion for regret and your foes no cause for joy.
94. Some one skill enables one to make a living; too many abilities make one a slave.
95. Poetry is for pleasing the spirit, and wine is for pleasing the soul. If with poetry one becomes jealous of fame, and with wine one falls into a drunken brawl, wherefore does either please the spirit or the soul?
96. Talk not of arbitrary opinions in your mouth, hang not sorrow on the tip of your eyebrow—this is to be a human fairy. Plant flowers and bamboos where they belong, keep fish and poultry to suit your own pleasure—this is economics of living in the mountains.

97. Look at a beauty as you look at beautiful clouds, and your mortal passions will be milder; listen to the song of flutes as you listen to the flowing water, what harm is there?
98. Money sometimes prevents trouble; too much money breeds it,
99. Stupid sons don't ruin a family; it is the clever ones who do.
100. A hero may be willing to lose the world, but he will not be willing to lose his concubine and his horse.

Translated by Lin Yutang.

STILL MORE PROVERBS

DEAL with the faults of others as gently as with your own.

By many words wit is exhausted.

If you bow at all, bow low.

If you take an ox, you must give a horse.

A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

Words whispered on earth sound like thunder in heaven.

If fortune smiles—who doesn't? If fortune doesn't—who does?

Moneyed men are always listened to.

Nature is better than a middling doctor.

Stay at home and reverence your parents; why travel afar to worship the gods?

A bottle-nosed man may be a teetotaller, but no one will think so.

It is easier to catch a tiger than to ask a favour.

With money you can move the gods; without it, you can't move a man.

Bend your head if the eaves are low.

Oblige, and you will be obliged.

Don't put two saddles on one horse.

Armies are maintained for years, to be used on a single day.

In misfortune, gold is dull; in happiness, iron is bright.

More trees are upright than men.

If you fear that people will know, don't do it.

Long visits bring short compliments.

If you are upright and without guile, what god need you pray to for pardon?

Some study shows the need for more.

One kind word will keep you warm for three winters.

The highest towers begin from the ground.

No needle is sharp at both ends.

Straight trees are felled first.

No image-maker worships the gods. He knows what stuff they are
 made of.
 Half an orange tastes as sweet as a whole one.
 We love our own compositions, but other men's wives.
 Free sitters at the play always grumble most.
 It is not the wine which makes a man drunk; it is the man himself.
 Better a dog in peace than a man in war.
 Every one gives a shove to the tumbling wall.
 Sweep the snow from your own doorstep.
 He who rides a tiger cannot dismount.
 Politeness before force.
 One dog barks at something, and the rest bark at him.
 You can't clap hands with one palm.
 Draw your bow, but don't shoot.
 One more good man on earth is better than an extra angel in heaven.
 Gold is tested by fire; man, by gold.
 Those who have not tasted the bitterest of life's bitters, can never
 appreciate the sweetest of life's sweets.
 Money makes a blind man see.
 Man is God upon a small scale. God is man upon a large scale.
 A near neighbour is better than a distant relation.
 Without error there could be no such thing as truth.

Translated by Prof. Herbert Giles.

ERSTWHILE PEKING LIFE THROUGH NURSERY
 RHYMES

FAMILY RELATIONS

A Peep at One's Future Bride.

ON the sandy plain,
 Gallops a white horse.
 Galloping gets to the (horseman's) future father-in-law's house :
 His elder brother-in-law invites him to come in,
 His younger brother-in-law pulls him in,
 Through the bamboo-curtain he has seen her.
 Her large face as white as a silver-tray and her black hair,
 And her cotton overcoat of light azure colour with silver buttons.

Cinderella.

On a very high mountain there is a high tower,
 Two girls go there to comb their hair;

The eldest sister combs her hair into a "coiled dragon chignon,"
 The second sister combs her hair into a "rivalling flowers tower chignon,"
 The third sister has no other way of combing her hair,
 And combs it in a ruffled way.
 The first sister sits on a golden stool,
 The second sister sits on a silver stool,
 There remains the third sister who has no room to sit,
 And sits on a stone mill.
 The first sister folds in her arms a golden baby,
 The second sister folds in her arms a silver baby,
 The third sister has nothing to fold in her arms,
 And folds a forked branch.

The Married Sister.

With high-heeled shoes,
 And narrow heel-bands;
 I walk a hundred // to arrive at my home.
 My elder brother says: Sit on the k'ang!¹
 My sister-in-law says: the k'ang is not warm.
 My elder brother says: bring here a wooden stool!
 My sister-in-law says: it cannot be brought round.
 My elder brother says: bring here a chair!
 My sister-in-law says: the chair has no legs.
 My elder brother says: give your younger sister some money!
 The sister-in-law says: we would take half a year to pay it back.
 My elder brother says: give your younger sister a little rice!
 The sister-in-law says: we could not give it back to the lender.
 But I will not eat your rice,
 And I will not drink your wine;
 I will only see my mother and then go away.
 Going out of the gate I have met with a big yellow dog.
 That has torn my apron,
 And has bitten my hand,
 My patient elder brother, come out and beat the dog!

Escape from Womanhood.

The sun has come out like a red spot,
 My teacher rides on a horse and I ride on a dragon.
 The teacher riding on the horse goes along the streets,
 I riding on the dark dragon cross over to the East of the sea.
 At the East of the sea there lives my family,

¹ Brick-bed

And in my family they cultivate five flower-pots:
 My first sister likes the red peony,
 My second sister likes the tree peony,
 My third sister likes the petals of the peach blossom,
 My fourth sister likes the large lotus blossoms.
 There is the fifth sister who has nothing she may like,
 And does not think of other but of becoming a nun.
 The women in the monastic life live very happily indeed:
 Firstly they do not suffer the vexations of father- and mother-in-law,
 Secondly they do not suffer a husband's maltreatment,
 Thirdly they do not bear children,
 And fourthly they live freely and in a condition of blissful peace.

The Daughter-in-law.

Yellow dog, yellow dog, look after the house,
 I go towards South to pluck plum-blossoms.
 I have not yet plucked a single plum-blossom,
 And two persons arrive at the house;
 My son's wife knows how to stretch out dough,
 She takes the roller and stretches a large slice of dough.
 She takes the knife and cuts vermicelli as thin as thread,
 Then she puts them in the cooking-pan, and they turn conglomerated
 about.

Afterwards she puts them down in the bowls, and they look like petals
 of the lotus blossom.

(She fills) one bowl for her father-in-law,
 One bowl for her mother-in-law,
 And two half-bowls for her sisters-in-law,
 She hides one bowl under the dough-board,
 But the cat comes over and licks the bowl.
 The dog comes over and has broken the bowl,
 The mice come over and gnaw the bowl,
 And the housewife is so scared that she stares vacantly.

"Wife, wife, where do you sleep?"

"I sleep in the stove-pit."

"What have you for bedding?"

"I have for bedding a goat's skin."

"What have you for coverlet?"

"I have a dog's skin."

"What have you for pillow?"

"I have a linen-beater."

The father-in-law takes up in his hands as many bricks as could form
 a pile,

The mother-in-law holds up in her hands a row of whips,
And they beat the wife so that she runs away as quickly as a stream
of smoke.

The Brown Shrew.

The old brown woman
Rolls herself all over the ground,
Scolding because her husband does not buy cosmetic for her,
But when he has bought cosmetic then she does not use it;
Scolding because her husband does not buy hemp for her,
When he has bought hemp, then she does not thrash it;
Scolding because her husband does not buy a horse,
When he has bought a horse, she does not feed it;
Scolding because her husband does not buy a wardrobe,
When he has bought the wardrobe, she does not put her things there;
Scolding because her husband has not bought a cord,
When he has bought a cord, she hangs herself,
And frightens her husband to death.

The Henpecked Husband.

The small chillies,
How could they not be bitter?
When my father catches sight of my mother, he is afraid.
He kneels down with a lamp on his head,
And is also afraid lest the oil should run down, or the candle should
fall.
When my mother wants to wash her feet,
My father runs forward.
When he has taken down the sock he says that it is scented.
If he says it is bad smelling, he gets a slap on the face.
When he has filled her pipe,
And handed over to her a cup of tea,
My mother is so delighted that she shows her teeth.
My father has once called her: O mother of my children.
Old lady, forgive me, now
If you are going to get angry again, I will roll away.
And from now henceforward, I will never come back home.

LIFE IN GENERAL

When an Old Lady loses her Pussy.

The old lady calls the cat:
Puss, puss! Fox!
Our cats have all a name

[There is] "the whip that beats the embroidered ball" and "jade
inlaid with gold "
And more "coal brought in the snow " with four white paws
If there is a man who wants to steal away my cat
I will draw out your muscles
And peel away your skin.

A Flower Vendor's Cry.

Here is the red!
China balsam.
Here is the blue!
The larkspur.
With seven stamens,
And six petals,
The tuberose,
And the basilic grass.

The Impatient Man.

This man is very hasty by nature,
Early in the morning he started for (he fair;
And he had put on by mistake his wife's trousers,
And was riding with his head towards the donkey's tail.

From: Pekinese Rhymes, Collected and Edited by Baron
Guido Vitale, Peking, Pei-t'ang Press, 1896.

HUMOUR

WHAT MAKES A CHINESE LAUGH MOST?

The Boots.

Two brothers agreed to buy a pair of boots between them. The elder, by reason of his seniority, was to have the use of them by day and the younger by night.

The elder brother wore them so much and so often, what with going out to feasts and visiting friends and watching theatricals, that the younger found himself obliged to tramp the courtyard all night to get his fair share of the wear.

With this double wear the boots did not last long, and the elder brother suggested that they should share the cost of a new pair.

"No," said the younger brother firmly, "buy them yourself, then I shall be able to go to bed at night and sleep."

Borrowing an Ox.

One day a peasant sent a note to a rich neighbour asking for the loan of an ox. It chanced that the note was brought at a moment when the room was full of guests, and the rich man, who could not read but did not wish to display his ignorance to his visitors, made pretence of reading the message and then turned to the messenger. "That's quite all right," he said. "I shall come presently."

The Early Creditor.

A debtor whose house was so full of duns waiting for their money that there were not enough chairs for them all, whispered to those who were standing: "Come early to-morrow morning, gentlemen."

Next morning the hopeful creditors put in an early appearance, thinking they were to be paid something on account at least. Presently the debtor came in: "Ah, good-morning, gentlemen," he said blandly. "I am so pleased to see that you are here in time to get the seats this morning."

Cremation.

A man who was going away said to his son: "If anyone comes to see me when I am absent and asks for your 'honoured sire' the correct reply is: 'My papa has gone away. Please come in and take tea.'"

Knowing his son's stupidity the father wrote this inquiry and the proper reply on a piece of paper and gave it to the boy, telling him to refresh his memory if a guest should arrive. For three days the lad kept the paper in his sleeve, but no one having called he burnt it that night when the lamp was lighted.

Next day a caller arrived and the boy went to the door to receive him. "Your honoured sire?" inquired the visitor. The boy fumbled in his sleeve, then looked up at the guest. "Gone!" he said sadly, referring to the paper. "Gone!" cried the guest. "Gone, and I did not even know he was ill! How did it happen?" The boy's face brightened as he remembered what he had done with his scrap of paper: "I burnt him last night," he answered triumphantly.

The Listener.

There was once a monk who began to preach to a woman he met in the road. The woman knelt and listened with streaming eyes, so that the monk's zeal increased and he talked on till midnight. The woman still wept, and at last the monk inquired what it was in his discourse that so affected her. "Oh," cried the woman, "our donkey died last night; is it not terrible?"

Non-committal

"Be non-committal in your speech," said a father to his son. "Never sound too cock-sure."

"What does non-committal mean?" the boy asked.

"I will explain," his father said. "Suppose someone in the street wants to borrow something, you should never say how much you have of it, nor should you say definitely how little; rather say that maybe you have some at home and maybe you haven't. That is what I mean by non-committal speech. Don't forget what I have told you."

The next day a friend of the family called and asked the boy if his father was at home. Mindful of yesterday's lesson, the boy replied: "My father? Well, I wouldn't like to say definitely how much or how little, but maybe we have some of him at home and maybe we haven't."

The Peking Moon.

A young man from the provinces who had lived for some years in Peking returned home full of the superiority of everything in the capital. One night he was out walking with his father when they met a friend who remarked that the moon was beautiful. "Ah," said the young man, before his father could answer, "you should see the moon we have in Peking; that's something like a moon."

His father was so put out by this rudeness that he boxed his son's ears soundly. The youth burst into tears, but through his sobs he was heard to say: "You think that a box on the ears, but that's nothing to the sort of box on the ears one would get in Peking."

The Reward.

A man who had the misfortune to own a house which stood between a blacksmith's shop on one side and a coppersmith's on the other let it be known that he would pay a considerable sum to either or both if they would change their address. A few days later both turned up and claimed the reward. When their delighted neighbour had paid the promised sums he inquired: "And where, may I ask, are you moving to?" "Oh," said the two smiths in unison, "he's moving into my house and I'm moving into his house."

Secrecy.

A wife went to the edge of the village fields and called her husband in to dinner. "One moment," he shouted, "I'll just hide my hoe and come." When he came in his wife warned him that it was unwise to

shout about hiding things and that someone might steal the hoe. After dinner he went out again to work but was soon back. Creeping softly to his wife's side, he whispered in her ear* " You know that hoe I hid? Well, you were quite right; somebody has stolen it."

A Soporific.

A foster-mother whose foster-child cried continually and would not sleep thought of a remedy. " Father! Father! Bring me a book," she called to her husband.

" What do you want a book for? " he shouted in reply, trying to make himself heard above the baby's howls.

" I want to see," his wife answered in the same tone, " if opening it and holding it up will have the same effect on the child as it always has on you."

A Stupid Doctor. ,

A stupid doctor married and had two children, a boy and a girl. His diagnoses were often at fault and his treatment of his patients fatal. He was threatened with legal proceedings by the parents of a little boy who had died under his care, and to avoid the consequences he gave them his son in place of their own. Before long he lost his little daughter in the same manner, and shortly afterwards, while he and his wife were still very depressed by the loss of their children, they were wakened one night by someone calling for the doctor. " Who is it? " the doctor cried apprehensively. " Who is ill? " " It's my wife," answered a voice from outside the door. " Come quickly, she's dying." " There," exclaimed the doctor to his wife in the voice of one whose worst fears are realized, " I knew it! Someone must have seen you, my dear."

The Arrest.

A country constable, having arrested a Buddhist priest for a serious offence, fastened a chain to his waist and led him off to the nearest town to be tried. Half-way there he stopped for a drink, and before long was completely insensible. While he lay snoring the priest borrowed the key, unfastened the chain and put it on his escort. Then he took a small knife and shaved the top of the constable's head, and, after changing clothes with him, crept quietly away. Next morning when the constable woke, the priest was nowhere to be seen. But seeing the chain fastened to his own waist and finding himself with a tonsure when he scratched his head in bewilderment, the still dazed tippler muttered: " Well, here's the priest all right, but where on earth can I be? "

The Audience.

A scholar with his lute stopped in a busy market-place and began to play. A large crowd quickly gathered, but when they realized that the player was performing classical music which they could neither enjoy nor understand they soon melted away, leaving only one man, who stood by till the end of the piece. The scholar turned to his audience: "Sir! " said he, "I appreciate your attention, and I see that you appreciate good music."

"Well," returned the other, "I don't understand that stuff any more than anybody else, and I should have been gone long since, but the table your lute is on is mine, and I can't go home without it."

The Barber.

A barber's apprentice shaving the head of a young client clumsily cut his scalp. When he had done this several times he threw down the razor and refused to proceed. His master demanded the reason. "He's too young, and his skin's tender," said the assistant pettishly. "Let him come back when he is older and his skin has had time to get tough."

The Burning Coat.

Yu T'an-Tzu was sitting with a friend upon a couch beside which a brazier was burning. The friend was busily poring over a book, and did not notice that the skirt of his robe was lying in the fire.

The host, seeing what was happening, rose and bowing politely with folded hands, addressed his friend as follows:

"There is, as it happens, an affair which I should very much like to lay before you for your consideration, but I have heard people say that your disposition is somewhat fiery, and I hesitate, therefore, to disturb you. Yet, if I do not do so I shall feel that I have failed in my duty as a friend. May I beg that you will be tolerant? If I have your assurance that you will not be angry, I will then unfold the matter to you."

"Tell me without hesitation what you have to say," replied his friend.

The host, however, continued earnestly to beg his guest's indulgence in regard to the matter which he was about to divulge, but was at length prevailed upon to speak.

"Your robe has been on fire for some time," he then said.

The friend sprang to his feet and found that the skirt of his robe was indeed scorched beyond repair.

"Why did you not tell me at once," he cried, reddening with anger, "instead of shilly-shallying about all this time?"

"No wonder people say you are hot tempered," replied the host. "I know now that they are quite right."

The Meeting.

Two persons belonging to the same clan met in the street. One was quick-tempered, the other slow-witted. The latter, a rather obsequious man, bowed to the ground saying: "My dear Sir, what must you think of me? You brought me gifts at New Year; you sent me greetings at the fifth month festival; you gave me moon-cakes at the mid-autumn feast in the eighth month, and all this time I have not. . . ."

Lifting his head, he saw that the other had gone, and was by this time out of sight. "When did my friend leave?" he asked turning to the little crowd that had been waiting to enjoy his embarrassment.

"Oh," replied a wag, "he left as soon as he had brought you his gifts at the New Year."

A Problem of Age,

Mr. Chang had a daughter aged one; Mr. Li had a son aged two. It occurred to the latter that it might be a good thing to arrange a marriage between these two children, so he sent a go-between to Mr. Chang to make the proposal.

Mr. Chang, however, disapproved strongly and said so. "My daughter is one, while his son is two," said he indignantly, "so that by the time she is ten he will be twenty. I wouldn't dream of letting her marry such an elderly husband!"

"Oh, my dear," protested his wife, who was present at this interview, "you are wrong in your calculations. Next year our daughter will be two too, and what could be more suitable than a match between two persons of the same age?"

The Crow.

A very short-sighted man walking along a country road saw a crow perched on a large stone, and mistaking it for a person sitting by the roadside, he inquired the distance to the next town. Receiving no reply he repeated his question, and at that moment the crow flew away. Annoyed by the continued silence he said: "Very well, since you won't tell me how far it is to the town, I won't tell you that your hat has been blown off."

Faithful to His Trust.

A certain scholar who was himself very fond of wine found that his servant was stealing his supply. He decided to engage a teetotal servant and made inquiries among his friends. The first man recommended knew all the wines by name so he was not engaged; the second could talk intelligently of quality, so he was dismissed; the third said he had heard that there were such things as wines and spirits, so the scholar decided to give him a trial.

Next day the new servant was left in charge of the house. "Be careful of the smoked ham hanging up, and of the fat chicken in the yard, and in particular be careful of the two bottles of red and white liquid," said his master before he went out, "for they contain poisons which burn the vitals."

As soon as his master had gone the servant boiled the ham, and killed and roasted the chicken; and when they were ready he ate them, drinking both bottles of wine to wash them down. By the time his master returned the man was lying on the floor helplessly drunk. Seeing the ham and the chicken gone and the bottles standing empty, the scholar kicked his new man wide awake and began angrily to question him. "Oh, Sir," whined the fellow, "when you had gone I guarded everything carefully as you said, but suddenly a dog leapt over the wall and made off with the ham, while a cat came in and chased the chicken right out of the compound and I have seen nothing of either of them since. Then I was afraid that you would believe I had broken my trust, and I rushed in and drank both bottles of poison in order that I might die at once. After that I was so giddy and dazed that I could not tell whether T was alive or not, so I lay down on the floor there to wait for death."

Justice.

Ai Tzu supervised the education of his grandson, aged ten, and punished every tendency to laziness by a whipping. The boy's father, fearing that his child would not survive such severity, begged the old man, with tears in his eyes, to treat the boy more leniently.

"Are you dissatisfied with my methods?" demanded the philosopher, angrily.

His son was silent, and although the punishments became even more severe, he was restrained by filial piety from further criticism.

One winter morning, waking to find a heavy fall of snow on the ground, the little boy ran out to play in it. As a punishment for this neglect of his studies, his grandfather ordered him to kneel in the snow naked.

Made desperate by the sight of his child's suffering, the father threw

off his clothes and knelt beside his son in the snow. Presently the grandfather appeared.

"You are not being punished," he said to his son, "so why are you kneeling there?"

The boy's father looked up.

"If you freeze my son," he said, "I'll freeze yours."

The Thirsty Dog.

A stone-deaf man was calling on a friend. When he knocked at the door the owner's dog stood in the street barking incessantly, but to the visitor inaudibly. At that moment rain began to fall heavily, and his friend opened the door. "Your dog is suffering from thirst," remarked the guest. "Why don't you look after him better? He has been standing outside the gate with his mouth open waiting for a drop of rain to quench his thirst."

Rich Man, Poor Man.

"I have a thousand pieces of gold," said a rich man to a poor man, "and you ought therefore to treat me with respect."

"Why?" demanded the poor man bluntly, "what has it to do with me?"

"Suppose I gave you half my gold, would you treat me with respect?" the rich man went on.

"Why?" asked the poor man again, "if we had half each we should be equals and there would be no occasion to treat you other than as an equal."

"Well then, suppose I gave it all to you, would you treat me with respect?"

"Certainly not," returned the other, "for in that case it would be you who ought to treat me with respect."

Salted Eggs.

A countryman arriving in Peking was invited to dinner by a friend and was given salted duck-eggs.

"How strange!" he cried, at the first bite. "Why are these eggs salt?"

"Oh," said his host, "have you never heard of Peking salted ducks? As the ducks are salt, of course their eggs are salt too."

The above translated by Prof. E. D. Edwards.

The Truth.

A bridegroom noticing deep wrinkles on the face of his bride, asked her how old she was, to which she replied, "About forty-five or forty-

six." "Your age is stated on the marriage contract," he rejoined, "as thirty-eight; but I am sure you are older than that, and you may as well tell me the truth." "I am really fifty-four," answered the bride. The bridegroom, however, was not satisfied, and determined to set a trap for her. Accordingly he said, "Oh, by the by, I must just go and cover up the salt jar, or the rats will eat every scrap of it." "Well, I never!" cried the bride, taken off her guard. "Here I've lived sixty-eight years, and I never heard before of rats stealing salt."

The Voice.

A woman who was entertaining a paramour during the absence of her husband, was startled by hearing the latter knock at the house-door. She hurriedly bundled the man into a rice-sack, which she concealed in a corner of the room; but when her husband came in he caught sight of it, and asked in a stern voice, "What have you got in that sack?" His wife was too terrified to answer; and after an awkward pause a voice from the sack was heard to say, "Only rice."

The Fact.

A man who had been condemned to wear the cangue, or wooden collar, was seen by some of his friends. "What have you been doing" they asked, "to deserve this?" "Oh, nothing," he replied, "I only picked up an old piece of rope." "And are you to be punished thus severely," they said, "for merely picking up an end of rope?" "Well," answered the man, "the fact is that there was a bullock tied to the other end."

An Alternative.

A man asked a friend to stay and have tea. Unfortunately there was no tea in the house, so a servant was sent to borrow some. Before the latter had returned the water was already boiling, and it became necessary to pour in more cold water. This happened several times, and at length the boiler was overflowing but no tea had come. Then the man's wife said to her husband, "As we don't seem likely to get any tea, you had better- offer your friend a bath."

The Chessman.

A braggart chess-player played three games with a stranger and lost them all. Next day a friend asked him how he had come off. "Oh," said he, "I didn't win the first game, and my opponent didn't lose the second. As for the third, I wanted to draw it, but he wouldn't agree."

The above translated by Prof. Herbert Giles.

SATIRE AND WIT

How THE CHINESE MOCK AND RIDICULE

Appearances.

A CHILD hung a rosary round a cat's neck. The mice were delighted, supposing that their enemy, having become a Buddhist, would give up killing and forswear meat. They marked their new liberty by running about in the open in daylight. The cat, astonished at this bold change of front, but unable to resist profiting by it, killed several of their number. The remainder gathered at night and discussed the sad occurrence of the day. "Ah," said one, "things were different in my young days. In these days those who make the loudest professions of religion are often the most violent and oppressive."

*Bad Government. **

When Confucius was travelling through a wild district he one day heard a woman wailing and sent one of his disciples to inquire the cause of her grief. She paused in her weeping to explain that her father-in-law, her husband and her son had in turn been killed by a tiger which haunted that place. "Then why do you stay here?" asked the messenger in surprise. "Because there is no bad government here," replied the woman simply. "Alas!" said Confucius, on hearing the explanation, "bad government is more destructive than tigers."

Bear and Forbear.

In the course of a domestic quarrel a magistrate's wife snatched his official hat and trod on it. Her irate husband memorialized the Throne, outlining the circumstances and adding a request that His Imperial Majesty would Himself decide the appropriate punishment for this sacrilegious act.

A special edict from the Throne answered this appeal.

"Let Our minister show some forbearance," it ran. "We would have you know that Our Imperial Consort is not without the same sort of disquieting habits as your Lady, and no longer ago than yesterday, while having words with Us, she snatched from Our Head the cap of state, a far more expensive item than a mere official hat, and tore it to shreds."

The Charm.

A certain Taoist boasted that he could write charms so potent that they would prevent mosquitoes from stinging people. Among his audience was a man whose nights were so disturbed by mosquitoes

that he willingly paid out good money for the antidote. He watched the Taoist write it, paid his money, took it home and stuck it up.

But the charm had no effect whatever on the mosquitoes, and next day he sought out the Taoist and complained.

"Where did you stick it?" the Taoist inquired.

"On the wall, of course," replied the client.

"Ah, that's where you made a mistake," said the Taoist, nodding his head, "I should have told you. You must buy a mosquito-net, and tuck it well in all round you when you go to bed with the charm inside. If you use it properly it cannot fail."

The Cook.

Once, in the early years of the eighth century A.D., when the slaughter of animals had been forbidden by imperial order in hopes of ending a drought, a certain high official was alarmed to see meat on his table. He sent for the cook and reprimanded him for disobeying the imperial edict, and demanded an explanation.

"Sir," said the cook simply, "the animal was killed by a wolf."

"Ah," said his master, "a perfectly satisfactory explanation!" And he ate his meat and enjoyed it.

Not long afterwards the cook served up some appetising fish, and was again summoned into the presence of his master.

"What does this mean?" the official cried angrily. "Do you wish to get us both killed?"

"No, Master," said the cook, "it is quite all right. This fish was bitten to death by a wolf."

"Blockhead and fool!" exclaimed his master. "Why can't you say by an otter?"

"Yes, yes, Master, by an otter," the cook repeated, and left his master to enjoy the fish with an easy conscience.

The official found opportunity to recommend the cook for promotion.

Tai Fing Kuang Chi.

Deaf and Dumb.

A deaf man and a dumb man, each of whom wished to hide his defect, met one day. The deaf man, knowing that the other was dumb, asked him to sing. The dumb man, knowing that the other was deaf, went through all the motions of singing, opening and shutting his mouth and beating time with his finger, while the deaf man bent his head in the attitude of one listening intently and critically, and watched the dumb man's mouth. When the performance was finished the deaf man was loud in his congratulations. "I have

never had the pleasure of hearing you sing before, sir," hei said with perfect truth as well as courtesy, " but now I can say that I have never heard anyone sing better."

The Echo.

A certain scholar living at the capital was afflicted with an echo; whatever he said was repeated in his throat.

His friends consulted a famous Doctor Chang who, after thinking the case over most carefully, proceeded to the house of the patient armed with a copy of the " Materia Medica." The patient was ordered to read aloud from the beginning all the way through. The echoing voice accompanied the reading, but every now and then it was silent when the names of certain drugs were read out, and the doctor, sitting by and saying nothing, noted these down and from them made pills which effected an almost instantaneous cure.

Chang Tsu.

Examination-fever.

On the day of the Literary Examination a young candidate was so nervous before setting out that his wife, to cheer him up, said jokingly: " You make as much fuss over writing an essay as a woman over having a baby." " Having a baby is easy in comparison," replied the young man gloomily. " Really? " said his wife genuinely surprised. " How do you make that out? " " Well," answered the pessimistic candidate, " the baby is all ready to be born."

The Husbands Club.

It happened one day that ten men met and made the startling discovery that they were all afraid of their wives. With this bond between them they naturally repaired to the nearest temple and there swore eternal brotherhood, and further agreed that whenever domestic affairs permitted, they would meet at the temple to enjoy a feast and a little peace and quiet in each other's company.

On the first of these pleasant occasions, while the meal was in progress, it happened that the ten wives forgathered by accident at the temple, each having come in search of her husband. *

As soon as the women's voices were heard nine of the brethren fled, and having taken up their positions in secluded corners, well out of sight, watched with admiration the silent statuesque dignity of the tenth man while the wives berated him.

When at last the ladies had left, the nine came out of their hiding places and with one accord proclaimed their brave brother as head and honourable leader of their band. But the tenth brother still

answered not a word . . . on first hearing his wife's voice in the courtyard he had died of fright.

Mosquitoes.

The country mosquitoes invited their town relatives to a banquet. The provisions were ample, but thick-skinned, and the town mosquitoes left the feast hungry and bad-tempered. Knowing, however, that they must return the invitation, they discussed the form of the banquet to which they would invite the country cousins. So many people were using mosquito-curtains, they pointed out, that if the always-hungry country mosquitoes got enough to eat, their hosts would have to go without. "Invite them to the temples," someone said, and this suggestion was carried unanimously. So when the country mosquitoes came to town they were offered painted clay gods to satisfy themselves on, and one and all agreed, after the politest of farewells, that for the future they would neither invite, nor accept invitations from their relatives in town.

Ordinary Moon.

There was once a man who flattered everyone else and always described his own possessions as "ordinary." One day he invited a few guests to wine, and they sat drinking with him till the moon rose. The evening was lovely and one of the party remarked: "I did not think there would be such a beautiful moon to-night." The host bowed low and rubbed his hands together. "You are too kind; you are too kind," he exclaimed. "I am sorry this poor establishment is unable to provide anything more than an ordinary household moon."

Our Mutual Advantage.

The tailor's son was watching his father cut out a coat for a customer. First this way and then that the scissors hesitated over the cloth but still the first snip was not made. "What's the matter, Father," the boy asked, "why don't you cut it?" "Ah, my boy," said his father sadly, "it is by no means as easy as that. You see, if I cut this cloth to the customer's advantage I shan't get any of it, and if I cut it to my advantage he won't get his coat."

The Mountain.

Mr. Stupid was ninety years of age, and he began to find the mountain just outside his gate a little inconvenient when he went in and out. So one day he gathered his sons and grandsons and led them with spades and baskets to dig up the mountain and remove it out of the way. His neighbours laughed at him and pointed out

the folly of his attempt. "Indeed, you are stupid!" they exclaimed. "You have only a few more years to live, and you, are wasting the little strength you have and shortening the time that remains by trying to remove a mountain to which all your efforts will make scarcely a hair's-breadth of difference."

"Not at all," the old, man replied, "when I am dead I shall be followed by my sons, and they by my grandsons and their sons and so on without end, and since the mountain will not continue to increase correspondingly in height, what fear is there that it will not in the end be removed?"

Reformation.

There was once a man who used every day to steal his neighbours' strayed fowls. When he was told that this was not the act of a gentleman, he answered: "Very well, for the rest of this year I will reduce my appropriation to one fowl a day, and *next* year I will give up the practice altogether."

Mencius.

Rich and Poor.

A rich man was boasting of his wealth to a poor man. "I am a millionaire, did you know?"

"And so am I," declared the poor man, "so there's nothing remarkable in that."

"Where are your millions?" asked the rich man sceptically.

"You've got a million and won't spend it," replied the other. "I could spend a million and haven't got it; so you are no better off than I am, and I am as much a millionaire as you are."

The Snake.

A man who was given to exaggeration, having seen a snake for the first time, described it to a friend as being at least a hundred feet wide and a thousand feet long. When the friend refused to believe him, he gradually reduced his estimate of its length until he came down to a hundred feet. Then, pulling himself up, he said: "No, no, I'm wrong; it couldn't have been so short, because then it would have been square."

The Wine-Cup.

A man who liked his wine in large quantities was invited by a mean man to a banquet. Observing at his entry that the wine-cups set out were of the smallest size obtainable the thirsty man burst into well-simulated tears.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried the host, in distress.

"Oh," wailed the guest. "I am reminded by the sight of these cups of the day my father died. There was nothing whatever the matter with him, but that day he too was invited by a friend to drink wine, and the cups they drank out of were exactly like these. In a moment of inadvertance my father swallowed both the wine and the cup, and choked to death. Ever since that day I have been unable to look at cups of this size without weeping."

The Drum and the Ox.

Two boastful travellers met and began to extol the merits of their respective provinces. "In my unworthy region," said one, "we have a drum so large that the sound of it carries a hundred miles."

"You astonish me," replied the other, "but in my disreputable part of the world we have an ox whose head is in one province on the north side of the river and his tail in another on the south side. Isn't that rather remarkable?"

"I don't believe it," said the man who had first boasted.

"No?" retorted the second. "But if there weren't an ox as big as mine, where would you get a hide large enough to cover a drum as big as yours?"

A Grateful Spirit.

A general was hard pressed in battle and on the point of giving way, when suddenly a spirit soldier came to his rescue and enabled him to win a great victory. Prostrating himself on the ground, he asked the spirit's name. "I am the God of the Target," replied the spirit. "And how have I merited your godship's kind assistance?" inquired the general. "I am grateful to you," answered the spirit, "because in your days of practice you never once hit me."

A Lesson in Life.

A doctor who had mismanaged a case was seized by the family and tied up. In the night he managed to free himself, and escaped by swimming across a river. When he got home, he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, and said to him, "Don't be in a hurry with your books; the first and most important thing is to learn to swim."

The Likeness.

A portrait-painter, who was doing very little business, was advised * by a friend to paint a picture of himself and his wife, and to hang it

out in the street as an advertisement. This he did, and shortly afterwards his father-in-law came along. Gazing at the picture for some time, the latter at length asked, "Who is that woman?" "Why, that is your daughter," replied the artist. "Whatever is she doing," again inquired her father, "sitting there with that stranger?"

That Explains It.

The King of Purgatory sent his lictors to earth to bring back some skilful physician. "You must look for one," said the King, "at whose door there are no aggrieved spirits of disembodied patients." The lictors went off, but at the house of every doctor they visited there were crowds of wailing ghosts hanging about. At last they found a doctor at whose door there was only a single shade, and cried out, "This man is evidently the skilful one we are in search of." On inquiry, however, they discovered that he had only started practice the day before.

The above translated by Prof. Herbert Giles.

A CHAMBER OF HORROR

GHOSTS

The Corpse Rises.

ONE night, four travellers, very tired, turned up at an inn in Ts'ai Tien, Shantung. The inn was full, but the travellers pressed the inn-keeper to shelter them; and with much hesitation, he put them in a lonely house near by, in which his daughter-in-law had recently died. The house was lit by a dim lamp, and behind a curtain lay the uncoffined body of the girl. The four weary men flung themselves down on the beds provided, and three of them were soon snoring lustily. The fourth was not quite asleep when he heard a creaking sound behind the curtain. He opened his eyes and saw the corpse rise up, push aside the curtain, and approach. It stooped over the three sleepers and blew thrice upon them; the fourth, in terror, hid his head under the coverlet and held his breath. The corpse breathed on him also and withdrew. Hearing a rustling sound he peeped out, and saw that it had returned to its couch, and was lying as still as before.

Afraid to call out, the traveller stealthily kicked his sleeping comrades, but they did not stir; so he quietly reached for his clothes in the hope of creeping away. Every time he moved, however, he heard

the creak of the bier; and he dived under the shelter of the blanket again and again, listening all the time to the corpse, who came across and breathed on him. At last, a pause, followed by the rustling of the shroud, nerved him to a final effort. He put out his hand, seized some clothes, scrambled into them, and rushed, barefooted, from the house. The corpse jumped up, and although he bolted the door in its face, it chased him a long way, gaining on him until, in desperation, he dodged behind a willow-tree four or five feet thick. As the corpse darted to the right, he darted to the left; this went on for some time, until the enraged corpse rushed at him, missed him as he fell in a faint, and embraced the tree with rigid grip. At daybreak it was found, when the corpse was pulled away, that its fingers had bored into the tree like an auger. The traveller eventually recovered, but his companions all died of the effects of the corpse's breath.

(Liao Chai) From *G. Willoughby-Meade*.

Carrying a Corpse.

A woodsman who had been to market was returning home with his pole across his shoulder,¹ when suddenly he felt it become very heavy at the end behind him, and looking round he saw attached to it the headless trunk of a man. In great alarm, he got his pole quit of the burden and struck about him right and left, whereupon the body disappeared. He then hurried on to the next village, and when he arrived there in the dusk of the evening, he found several men holding lights to the ground as if looking for something. On asking what was the matter, they told him that while sitting together a man's head had fallen from the sky into their midst; that they had noticed the hair and beard were all draggled, but in a moment the head had vanished. The woodsman then related what had happened to himself; and thus one whole man was accounted for, though no one could tell whence he came. Subsequently, another man was carrying a basket when some one saw a man's head in it, and called out to him; whereupon he dropped the basket in a fright, and the head rolled away and disappeared.

Translated by Prof. Herbert Giles.

¹ The common method of portage in China is by a bamboo pole over the shoulder with well-balanced burdens hanging from each end. I have often seen children carried thus, sitting in wicker baskets ; sometimes for long journeys.

GOBLINS

A Chinese Gulliver,

THE literate Ch'iang, being on a journey, stopped at an inn for the night. He noticed a nice clean room on the western side of the house, and took a fancy to it.

"Will you risk it?" said the innkeeper. "That room is not always quiet enough at night for a bedroom."

"I am not afraid," said Ch'iang. Nevertheless, he sat up for a time, and did not put out his light.

Suddenly he heard the sound of something stirring under the table, and a procession of little goblins, three inches high, came out of the ground. On seeing him, they whispered together for a while, and then withdrew. Presently he heard a fresh noise, and a mandarin of the same size, with banners, attendants, horses and carriages came out of the earth. He sat down and began abusing Ch'iang with threatening gestures. His voice was no louder than the buzzing of a wasp. At last, as Ch'iang seemed to take no notice, he flew into a passion, stamped on the ground, and ordered his goblins to seize the intruder. The pygmies pulled off Ch'iang's boots, and then his stockings; but they were unable to do any more. So the little mandarin came towards Ch'iang to attack him in person. Ch'iang lifted him up very carefully and put him on the table. The pygmy at once became silent and immovable, and, on examination, proved to be one of those grotesque little figures with weighted bases, which bob up again when they are pushed over!

Then the following of tiny goblins begged Ch'iang to restore their master to them. "You must ransom him for a good round sum," said Ch'iang. They vanished, and there was heard a buzzing and droning in the walls of the room. When they came back, some brought a hairpin, others a brooch, and so on, till the floor of the room was littered with jewels. Then Ch'iang set the image free; and at once it resumed the form of a mandarin, and went off in state with its retinue.

The rest of the night was quiet.

Next morning the innkeeper was heard making a great clamour about his jewels, which had all been stolen in the night.

Ch'iang then understood where they had come from, and restored them to their owner.

A Spectre.

A Mr. Ch'ien lived outside the I-Feng gate of the town of T'ung Ch'eng. One night he returned very late from a party, although his

friends tried to persuade him to spend the night with them, and not risk meeting anything uncanny. Ch'ien, however, had been enjoying himself, and was merry with wine; so he seized a lantern, mounted his horse, and stoutly set out for home. On the way he had to cross a flat space covered with graves. Suddenly he saw a spectre rise out of a cutting in the earth, and come leaping towards him. It had straggly hair, bare feet, and a face as white as chalk. The horse was frightened and refused to move; the lantern burned dimly, giving out a pale greenish glow. Ch'ien, reckless with drinking, stood his ground; and when the Thing reached him he gave it a buffet on the cheek that turned its head completely round. It retreated, but wishing to make a fresh attack, its face glared at Ch'ien, while its legs carried it away from him. Again and again it repeated these antics, and eventually re-entered the cutting and disappeared.

Next morning Ch'ien noticed that the hand with which he had struck the vampire was as black as ink, and it did not regain its colour for four years. When he asked the neighbours what they thought of the manifestation, they said it was a newly-made vampire, which did not yet know its business!

A Blue Hand.

There once lived in Peking two friends, Hsiung, an historiographer, and Chuang, a magistrate. They mostly spent their evenings together, one night in Hsiung's house and another in Chuang's.

One night they were taking their wine together at Chuang's, when the host was urgently called away, while Hsiung sat and waited for his return. To pass the time, he poured himself out a cup of wine—and suddenly it vanished. He took another cup and filled it. A blue hand came from under the table and seized the cup. Hsiung was startled and stood up; whereupon a tall devil, all blue from head to foot, came from under the table. Hsiung called for help, but two servants, who ran into the room, saw nothing. The blue devil had vanished. Shortly afterwards Chuang came back, and made fun of Hsiung. "I bet," said he, "that you would not dare pass the night here!" "Why not?" said Hsiung. So he prepared a couch and some bedclothes, and fetched his sword. This weapon had belonged to a Tartar general, and had served him well in a campaign in the Ko-Ko-Nor country. Chuang wished him good-night and left him.

The autumn wind rustled, the moon gave a pale light, and a small lamp burned behind a green curtain, which shaded Hsiung's couch. He did not expect to be undisturbed, and lay awake.

Suddenly an empty winecup fell on the table, and then a second one. "Hullo, he's returning the empties!" thought Hsiung. Immediately after, a blue leg came through the eastern window, then

an arm, an eye, an ear, half a mouth and half a nose. Through the western window came, at the same time, the other half of the mouth and the nose, and a second eye and blue leg. They met in the middle of the room and joined together. The blue devil glared angrily at Hsiung, while an icy wind shook the curtain. Hsiung brandished his sword, and made a dash at the demon, dealing it a heavy blow on the arm. The devil jumped out of the window, Hsiung after it. He had nearly reached it, when the demon dodged behind a cherry-tree. Hsiung then went back to bed. Next morning, Chuang, on his way to the room where Hsiung had spent the night, was seriously alarmed to see a track of blood in the garden. Hsiung, who was quite unhurt, related his adventure. Chuang had the cherry-tree cut down and chopped to pieces; and every piece of its wood smelt of wine.

From G. Willoughby-Meade.

FOXES

Fox-hunting.

DURING the sixth century A.D., a rich man in a southern town had a bedroom on the first floor of his house which was seldom entered in the daytime.

On one occasion, his wife, wishing to go up to this room to find some clothing, found the door barred. She peeped through a crack, and saw a man sitting on the bed. She cried "Thieves," and the servants ran up to her assistance. The unknown man replied, "I am settling here with my family. I am keeping your furniture, but you can have the other things." Immediately all the small caskets, boxes and other light articles in the room were thrown out of the windows. At the same time other persons and children were heard pattering about, and the mysterious guests chanted, beating time on plates,

"O master of the house! Your guests have come a thousand *li* to visit you, and you do not so much as welcome them with a cup of wine."

The mistress and her servants were frightened, and forthwith set out four tables with wine and eatables. In a few moments, though no one could be seen, the wine and food disappeared, and the plates and cups fell down to the ground floor.

The invisible guests stayed after that, although they did no harm to anyone; but the master of the house was uneasy, and consulted a Taoist priest. While the priest and the householder were conferring in

the courtyard, the voices on the first floor chanted, " Dog, what are you doing here? "

The Taoist was then bundled out by invisible hands, and his images and magical outfit were thrown into the street after him.

After that, the invisible marauders kept up a racket day and night.

In despair, the householder sent for the Celestial Master, or chief priest of the Taoist cult, who had his headquarters in Kiang Si. He despatched a Taoist priest of high rank, and when this personage entered the courtyard, the voices sang: " Celestial Master, you can do nothing! Deputy Master, you have come in vain! " And suddenly the Deputy High Priest was lifted by the head and flung to the ground, lacerating his face and tearing his garments. " This Yao Kuai is too powerful for me," he said, " Master Hsie alone can drive it away."

The master of the house then had to send for Master Hsie from the other end of the country. When Hsie entered the courtyard, no cries were heard. " A good sign," thought the master. Hsie raised an altar and began his incantations, when a flash of red light was seen, and an old man with a white beard came down from the heavens and said to the invisible intruders on the first floor, " Do not be afraid, I shall counteract his charms."

Meanwhile, Hsie was juggling with a porringer. It began by running along the ground, faster, and then faster; then by leaps, it bounded in the direction of the first floor. " When it gets there," said Hsie, " the charm will take effect."

Just as it nearly reached the windows, the bearded apparition sounded a copper bell, and the bowl fell down, motionless; Hsie could not get another move out of it. " I give it up," he said, and went off with his paraphernalia, while the invisible ones laughed and jeered at him.

The house remained in the possession of these unwelcome intruders until one winter's night, in an unusually heavy fall of snow, a party of hunters came and asked for shelter.

The master of the house welcomed them, and told his tale.

" We know all about this sort of thing," said the hunters. " They are foxes, and as soon as we have had something to eat and drink, we'll settle them."

A liberal meal and abundant potations were pressed upon them; and taking their fowling-pieces (a later touch?) they made a great noise firing cartridges at the windows of the first floor. The whole place was wreathed in smoke.

The next day, at dawn, the hunters took their leave; the master of the house (rather uncomfortable in his mind) remarking as they went, " These foxes will treat us worse than ever now, out of revenge." But nothing happened, so he went upstairs, and found the place empty.

The windows were half open, and the floor was littered with foxes' hair.

Who is the Fox?

During the period A.D. 785-805, a Mr. P'ei had a son just over ten years of age, who was amiable, accomplished and handsome, and to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy fell ill, and for ten days got gradually worse. Medicine was useless, and P'ei was on the point of hiring a Taoist adept, when a man—a stranger—who gave his name as Kao, knocked at the door, and said he could cure illnesses with charms. P'ei took him in to see the boy.

"This is only an illness caused by a fox-demon," said Kao. "I can cure it."

The father thanked him. Kao then, by his charms, questioned the demon and called it out of the boy, and the next moment the little fellow jumped up, crying, "I am cured!"

The father feasted Kao, paid him a liberal fee, and escorted him to the door. Kao departed, saying, as he left, "Henceforth I will call every day."

But although the boy was cured of disease, his Shen Hun, or superior soul, did not seem to function normally, for he had occasional fits of wild talking, or laughing or crying without cause. Every time Kao called, the father asked him to attend the boy, but Kao said:

"The child's vital spirits are held bound by a spectre still, and are not quite restored to him; but he'll be all right in ten days or so."

The father believed him, and waited a few days longer.

Presently, within the ten days, a Dr. Wang called and assured P'ei that he could expel demons and charm away disease. "I am told," said Wang, "that your beloved son is ill, and is not yet cured; I should like to see him."

P'ei let him examine his son, whereupon Wang, in a tone of alarm, said: "He has a fox-disease; if he is not treated at once, it will be serious."

The father then told Dr. Wang about the magician Kao, and Wang said, with a smile, "How do you know he was not a fox?"

So they sat down to a meal, and Wang began reprimanding and questioning the fox-devil, when in walked Kao!

The moment he entered he began upbraiding the father, crying out, "What are you doing? The boy is cured, and you bring a fox into his room! It was a fox that caused his illness!"

"Why, truly, here is a wicked fox! How could his arts expel a fox-demon?" retorted Wang.

While the two experts were roundly abusing one another, unexpectedly a Taoist priest appeared at the gate.

"I have heard," said the priest to the porter, "that your master's son is sorely afflicted with a fox-disease; I am a discerner of spirits; offer my services to your master."

P'ei went to the gate, explained the position to the Taoist, and brought him in. Then the other two turned on the Taoist and called him a fox, so P'ei had his son removed from the room, and he, his boy, and the servants left the three of them to fight it out, locking the door of the bedroom as they retreated.

By nightfall the noise had stopped. P'ei and his servants opened the door, and saw three foxes lying panting and exhausted on the ground. They speedily killed the brutes with sticks, and in ten days the boy had quite recovered.

The Shrewd Companion.

A certain Ch'e, not rich, but rather given to wine-bibbing, one night found himself unable to sleep; and as he was subject to this trouble he generally kept two or three bottles of wine near his bed, as a remedy for insomnia. He put out his hand to pick up the bed-clothes, which seemed to have slipped off, and touched a furry object!

He lit a candle, and there, beside him, on his bed, lay a fox, dead-drunk, and he saw that one of his wine-bottles was quite empty.

"A boon companion, eh?" he cried with a laugh.

However, he covered it up and lay down again, keeping the candle burning to see what transformation might take place. About midnight the fox stretched itself, and Ch'e said: "Well, now, you have had a good rest!" The fox removed the bed-clothes, and stood up in the form of a well-bred young man, wearing the costume of a scholar; he made Ch'e a low bow, and was very grateful to him for not cutting off his head.

"Oh," said Ch'e, "I'm fond of a glass myself; a little too fond, if you like. We shall have many a merry bout together."

The fox agreed, and both went to bed again, but when he awoke next morning, Ch'e found himself alone.

The following evening the fox returned, and they had a carouse; the fox proving himself a stout toper, and so witty and entertaining that Ch'e regretted they had not met before. "But I can never repay your kindness," said the fox, "in entertaining me so well." "What is a pint or so of wine?" said Ch'e. "Don't speak of it!"

"Well," said the fox, "I know you are only a poor scholar, and money is hard to come by. I must see if I can put anything in your way!"

The following evening, when the fox turned up to make a night of it, he said to Ch'e: "Two miles down the road towards the south-

east, you will find some silver lying by the wayside. Get there early, and secure it." Ch'e did so.

The next time they met, the fox told Ch'e to open a vault in his back-yard; Ch'e did so and found 100 strings of cash. Ch'e thought his fortune was made, and that he need do no more than drink and enjoy himself. But the fox was more prudent.

A few days later, the fox said, "Buckwheat is very cheap to-day. Buy up all you can." Ch'e bought 40 tons, and was immensely chaffed over it, but a bad drought followed and Ch'e cleared about a thousand per cent, profit on his deal. Ch'e then bought 200 acres of rich land, and always planted his seeds under the fox's advice. He married and had children, and the fox came in and out of the house like one of the family; but when Ch'e died, elderly and prosperous, the fox went away and was never seen again.

From G. Willoughby-Meade.

FANTASIES ARE ALWAYS ESOTERIC

A Bird Bride.

A CERTAIN young man of Kinagsu province one day saw six or seven girls, dressed in feather garments, in a field. Not knowing they were not ordinary women, he crept towards them and seized a feather dress which one of them had taken off. He snatched it up and hid it; but as he was seen to approach, all flew away except she whose dress he had taken. This one he married, and she bore three daughters. The mother later on caused the girls to question their father, and they eventually succeeded in learning where he had hidden their mother's feather dress. She found it, put it on and flew away. Then she came back to fetch her daughters, who turned into birds and flew away with her.

The Butterfly.

The philosopher Chuang Tzu dreamed he was a butterfly and when he woke up he said he did not know whether he was Chuang Tzu who had dreamed he was a butterfly or a butterfly now dreaming that it was Chuang Tzu.

"Nothing-But Doth Change"

In A.D. 266 the mother of a well-known official in Tan-yang, being eighty years of age, was given a bath and as a result she became a turtle. Her son kept the gates shut and guarded her carefully; they

made a little house for her and a pond. She entered the water and swam about in it, but after she stretched her neck and looked around, then seeing the gates ajar, slipped out and went off to a distant pool and never came back again.

Hsieh Yung-jo.

The Pear-Tree.

A countryman was offering a barrow of pears for sale in the market one day when a Taoist priest begged one. The request was refused, *and when the priest became importunate the owner of the pears cursed him roundly.

"You have several hundred there," the priest protested, "and I only want one; why should you be so angry about it?" The bystanders also urged the salesman to pick out a poor specimen and give it to the priest, but the obstinate fellow still persisted in his refusal.

Finally, the people who had gathered to hear the argument contributed enough cash to buy a pear, and settle the affair. The priest thanked them, and, speaking to the crowd, said: "I don't want to be greedy; I hope you, my kind friends, will condescend to share this pear with me."

"Why don't you eat it yourself and be done with it?" someone asked.

"All I want is the seeds to plant," the priest returned, and, quickly eating the pear, he saved the seeds in the palm of his hand and, picking up a spade, dug a hole and dropped them in one by one. He then covered them with earth and begged a little water from a nearby stall to water them. The eyes of the crowd were fixed on the spot where the seeds lay hidden. In a few moments a crooked sprout poked its way through the soil and, gradually increasing in size, soon became a tree, with branches of leaves. Before long flowers bloomed, and these were quickly followed by quantities of large and fragrant pears which almost hid the branches. These the priest plucked as fast as they appeared, handing them to the delighted bystanders, who were soon all eating pears. Before long the last one was eaten and then the priest chopped down the tree with an axe and walked away with it.

The countryman meanwhile had been too interested in the priest's magic to think of his own affairs, but turning to go back to his barrow, he saw it was empty, and knew that the pears on the tree had been his pears, and on examining the barrow he knew that the tree had been one of its handles, which had been chopped off with an axe. Hurrying after the priest, he found the handle thrown down by a corner of the wall, but of the priest there was no sign.

Translated by Prof. E. D. Edwards.

The White Ants.

A Mr. Ho Kuan was very kind-hearted, and could not bear the idea of killing any living creature.

He had a jar containing one thousand silver coins, which he kept in a box. The white ants got in, and much of the silver was missed. His family, who believed that the ants had eaten the silver, tracked the white ants to a large nest, and suggested that the creatures should be melted up in a crucible, in the hope of recovering part of the silver. But Ho would not hear of it.

That very night he had a dream. An army of soldiers in white armour brought him a carriage, and begged him to enter it and visit their King's palace. He did so, and received a right royal welcome.

The King apologised for the depredations caused by his subjects, and thanked Ho for his clemency towards them. He told him of a tree under which was buried a jar of silver, and regretted that Ho was already too old to enjoy the reward of his good deed; but the King promised prosperity to his descendants. %

He awoke, dug up the ground where he was told, and found the treasure. His son became a famous scholar.

The Painter Vanishes.

Wu Tao Tzu, a painter of repute, painted an extensive landscape on the wall of the palace of Ming Huang (eighth century, A.D.). The finished work was concealed by curtains, which were drawn aside when the Emperor came to view the masterpiece. While the Son of Heaven was feasting his eyes upon it, Wu Tao Tzu, pointing to a certain part of the painting, said, "Look at this cave, at the mountain's foot—it is the dwelling of a spirit," and, clapping his hands, he caused the gates of a cavern to open in the mountain-side. "Will your Majesty follow me within, and let me exhibit its marvels?" So he stepped in, and before the astonished Emperor could follow at his beckoning the cave closed, the mountain vanished, and the whole scene faded away, leaving a blank wall.

From G. Willoughby-Meade.

THE FLOWER NYMPHS

AT the lower temple on Mount Lao the camellias are twenty feet in height, and many spans in circumference. The peonies are more than ten feet high; and when the flowers are in bloom the effect is that of gorgeous tapestry.

There was a Mr. Huang, of Chiao-chow, who built himself a house at that spot, for the purposes of study; and one day he saw from his window a young lady dressed in white wandering about amongst the flowers. Reflecting that she could not possibly belong to the monastery, he went out to meet her, but she had already disappeared. After this he frequently observed her, and once hid himself in a thick-foliaged bush, waiting for her to come. By and by she appeared, bringing with her another young lady dressed in red, who, as he noticed from his distant point of observation, was an exceedingly good-looking girl. When they approached nearer, the young lady in the red dress ran back, saying, "There is a man here!" "whereupon Mr. Huang jumped out upon them, and away they went in a scare, with their skirts and long sleeves fluttering in the breeze, and perfuming the air around. Huang pursued them as far as a low wall, where they suddenly vanished from his gaze. In great distress at thus losing the fair creatures, he took a pencil and wrote upon a tree the following lines: —

The pangs of love my heart enthrall
As I stand opposite this wall.
I dread some hateful tyrant's power,
With none to save you in that hour.

Returning home he was absorbed in his own thoughts, when all at once the young lady walked in, and he rose up joyfully to meet her. "I thought you were a brigand," said his visitor, smiling; "You nearly frightened me to death. I did not know you were a great scholar whose acquaintance I now hope to have the honour of making." Mr. Huang asked the young lady her name, etc., to which she replied, "My name is Hsiang-yu, and I belong to P'ing'ang-hsiang; but a magician has condemned me to remain on this hill much against my own inclination." "Tell me his name," cried Huang, "and I'll soon set you free." "There is no need for that," answered the young lady; "I suffer no injury from him, and the place is not an inconvenient one for making the acquaintance of such worthy gentlemen as yourself." Huang then inquired who was the young lady in red, and she told him that her name was Chiang-hsueh, and that they were half-sisters; "and now," added she, "I will sing you a song; but please don't laugh at me." She then began as follows: —

In pleasant company the hours fly fast,
And through the window daybreak peeps at last.
Ah, would that, like the swallow and his mate,
To live together were our happy fate.

Huang here grasped her hand and said, "Beauty without and intellect within—enough to make a man love you and forget all about death, only one day's absence being like the separation of a thousand miles. I pray you come again whenever an opportunity may present itself." From this time the young lady would frequently walk in to have a chat, but would never bring her sister with her in spite of all Mr. Huang's entreaties. Huang thought they weren't friends, but Hsiang said her sister did not care for society in the same way that she herself did, promising at the same time to try and persuade her to come at some future day. On the evening of the Feast of Lanterns, Hsiang-yu*arrived in a melancholy frame of mind, and told Huang that he was wanting more when he couldn't even keep what he had got; "for to-morrow," she said, "we part." Huang asked what she meant; and then, wiping away her tears with her sleeve, Hsiang-yu declared it was destiny, and that she couldn't well tell him. "Your former prophecy," continued she, "has come too true; and now it may well be said of me:—

Fallen into the tyrant's power,
With none to save me in that hour."

Huang again tried to question her, but she would tell him nothing; and by and by she rose and took her leave.> This seemed very strange; however, next day a visitor came, who, after wandering round the garden, was much taken with a white peony, which he dug up and carried away with him. Huang now awoke to the fact that Hsiang-yu was a flower nymph, and became very disconsolate in consequence of what had happened; but when he subsequently heard that the peony only lived a few days after being taken away, he wept bitterly, and composed an elegy in fifty stanzas, besides going daily to the hole from which it had been taken, and watering the ground with his tears. One day, as he was returning thence, he espied the young lady of the red clothes also wiping away her tears alongside the hole and immediately walked back gently toward her. She did not run away, and Huang, grasping her sleeve, joined with her in her lamentations. When these were concluded he invited her to his house, and then she burst out with a sigh, saying, "Alas! that the sister of my early years should be thus suddenly taken from me. Hearing you, Sir, mourn as you did, I have also been moved to tears. Those you shed have sunk down deep to the realms below, and may perhaps succeed in restoring her to us; but the sympathies of the dead are destroyed for ever, and how then can she laugh and talk with us again?" "My luck is bad," said Huang, "that I should injure those I love, neither can I have the good fortune to draw towards me

another such a beauty. But tell me, when I often sent messages by Hsiang-yu to you, why did you not come? " "I knew," replied she, "what nine young fellows out of ten are; but I did not know what you were." She then took leave, Huang telling her how dull he felt without Hsiang-yu, and begging her to come again. For some days she did not appear; and Huang remained in a state of great melancholy, tossing and turning on his bed and wetting the pillow with his tears, until one night he got up, put on his clothes, and trimmed the lamp; and having called for pen and ink, he composed the following lines:—

On my cottage roof the evening rain-drops beat;
I draw the blind and near the window take my seat.
To my longing gaze no loved one appears;
Drip, drip, drip, drip: fast flow my tears.

This he read aloud; and when he had finished, a voice outside said, "You want some one to cap your verses there!" Listening attentively, he knew it was Chiang-hsueh and opening the door he let her in. She looked at his stanza and added impromptu:—

She is no longer in the room;
A single lamp relieves the gloom;
One solitary man is there;
He and his shadow make a pair.

As Huang read these words his tears fell fast; and then, turning to Chiang-hsueh, he upbraided her for not having been to see him. "I can't come so often as Hsiang-yu did," replied she, "but only now and then when you are very dull." After this she used to drop in occasionally and Huang said Hsiang-yu was his beloved wife, and she his dear friend, always trying to find out every time she came which flower in the garden she was, that he might bring her home with him, and save her from the fate of Hsiang-yu. "The old earth should not be disturbed," said she, "and it would not do any good to tell you. If you couldn't keep your wife always with you, how will you be sure of keeping a friend?" Huang, however, paid no heed to this, and seizing her arm, led her out into the garden, where he stopped at every peony and asked if this was the one; to which Chiang-hsueh made no reply, but only put her hand to her mouth and laughed.

At New Year, during the Feast of Lanterns, Huang went home, and a couple of months afterwards he dreamt that Chiang-hsueh came to tell him she was in great trouble, begging him to hurry off as soon as possible to her rescue. When he woke up, he thought his dream a

very strange one; and ordering his servant and horses to be ready, started at once for the hills. There he found that the priests were about to build a new room; and finding a camellia in the way, the contractor had given orders that it should be cut down. Huang now understood his dream, and immediately took steps to prevent the destruction of the flower. That night Chiang-hsueh came to thank him, and Huang laughed and said, "It serves you right for not telling me which you were. Now I know, and if you don't come and see me, I'll get a firebrand and make it hot for you." "That's just why I didn't tell you before," replied she. "The presence of my dear friend," said Huang, after a pause, "makes me think more of my lost wife. It is long since I have mourned for her. Shall we go and bemoan her loss together?" So they went off and shed many a tear on the spot where formerly Hsiang-yu had stood, until at last Chiang-hsueh wiped her eyes and said it was time to go. A few evenings later Huang was sitting alone, when suddenly Chiang-hsueh entered, her face radiant with smiles. "Good news!" cried she; "the Flower-God, moved by your tears, has granted Hsiang-yu a return to life." Huang was overjoyed, and asked when she would come; to which Chiang-hsueh replied, that she could not say for certain, but that it would not be long. "I came here on your account," said Huang; "don't let me be duller than you can help." "All right," answered she, and then went away, not returning for the next two evenings. Huang then went into the garden and threw his arms around her plant, entreating her to come and see him, though without eliciting any response. He accordingly went back, and began twisting up a torch, when all at once she came, and snatching the torch out of his hand, threw it away, saying, "You're a bad fellow, and I don't like you, and I shan't have any more to do with you." However, Huang soon succeeded in pacifying her, and by and by in walked Hsiang-yu herself. Huang now wept tears of joy as he seized her hand, and drawing Chiang-hsueh towards them, the three friends mingled their tears together. They then sat down and talked over the miseries of separation, Huang meanwhile noticing that Hsiang-yu seemed to be unsubstantial, and that when he grasped her hand his fingers seemed to close only on themselves, and not as in the days gone by. This Hsiang-yu explained, saying, "When I was a flower-nymph I had a body; but now I am only the disembodied spirit of that flower. Do not regard me as a reality, but rather as an apparition seen in a dream." "You have come at the nick of time," cried Chiang-hsueh; "your husband there was getting troublesome." Hsiang-yu now instructed Huang to take a little powdered white-berry and mixing it with some sulphur to pour out a libation to her, adding, "This day next year I will return your kindness." The young ladies then went

away, and next day Huang observed the shoots of a young peony growing where Hsiang-yu had once stood. So he made the libation as she told him, and had the plant very carefully tended, even building a fence all round to protect it. Hsiang-yu came to thank him for this, and he proposed that the plant should be removed to his own home; but to this she would not agree, "for," said she, "I am not very strong, and could not stand being transplanted. Besides, all things have their appointed place; and as I was not originally intended for your home, it might shorten my life to be sent there. We can love each other very well here." Huang then asked why Chiang-hsueh did not come; to which Hsiang-yu replied that they must make her, and proceeded with him into the garden, where, after picking a blade of grass, she measured upwards from the roots of Chiang-hsueh's plant to a distance of four feet six inches, at which point she stopped and Huang began to scratch a mark on the place with his nails. At that moment Chiang-hsueh came from behind the plant, and in mock anger cried out, "You hussy you! what do you aid that wretch for?" "Don't be angry, my dear," said Hsiang-yu; "help me to amuse him for a year only, and then you shan't be bothered any more." So they went on, Huang watching the plant thrive, and by the time the Feast of Lanterns came it was over two feet in height. He then went home, giving the priests a handsome present, and bidding them take great care of it. Next year, in the fourth moon, he returned and found upon the plant a bud just ready to break; and as he was walking round, the stem shook violently as if it would snap, and suddenly the bud opened into a flower as large as a plate, disclosing a beautiful maiden within, sitting upon one of the pistils, and only a few inches in height. In the twinkling of an eye she had jumped out, and lo! it was Hsiang-yu. "Through the wind and the rain I have waited for you," cried she; "why have you come so late?" They then went into the house, where they found Chiang-hsueh already arrived, and sat down to enjoy themselves as they had done in former times. Shortly afterwards Huang's wife died, and he took up his abode at Mount Lao for good and all. The peonies were at that time as large round as one's arm; and whenever Huang went to look at them he always said, "Some day my spirit will be there by your side"; to which the two girls used to reply with a laugh, and say, "Mind you don't forget." Ten years after these events, Huang became dangerously ill, and his son, who had come to see him, was very much distressed about him. "I am about to be born," cried his father; "I am not going to die. Why do you weep?" He also told the priests that if later on they should see a red shoot, with five leaves, thrusting itself forth alongside of the peony, that would be himself. This was all he said, and his son proceeded to convey him home,

where he died immediately on arrival. Next year a shoot did come up exactly as he had mentioned; and the priests, struck by the coincidence, watered it and supplied it with earth. In three years it was a tall plant, and a good span in circumference, but without flowers. When the old priest died, the others took no care of it; and as it did not flower they cut it down. The white peony then faded and died and before the next Feast of Lanterns the camellia was dead too.

Translated by Prof, Herbert Giles.

THE TAOIST GARDEN

IN ancient times there lived a retired Taoist scholar whose name was Hsuan-wei. He never married, but dwelt alone, yet his companions were books, and flowers his little friends. If he had any enemies, they were frost and wind and blight and mildew. Three seasons brought him joy and *OXIQ* sorrow. Love to him meant the gentle opening of rose-petals, and death their fall. The neighbours never troubled about him, for how could there be scandal between a man and flowers? No woman ever plundered his garden and desecrated his Temple of Abiding Peace. In fine, he was the happiest man that ever lived.

Then something came to pass. It was *** blue night/* and the garden never looked whiter underneath the moon, And every tree melted the spirit of a tree peering between its luminous leaves. The Wu t'ung whispered to the maple, and the maple passed the story round to the mountain pine of the phoenix that augustly condescended to rest in its branches—some long-forgotten spring. Only the old willow stood apart and said nothing, for the willow is a wizard, and the older he gets the more crabbed and silent he becomes.

The owner of the garden stood spell-bound in the moonlight. Suddenly a blue shadow flitted shyly from among the flowers and a lady in a long robe of palest blue came towards him and bowed. ^{6<} "I live not far from here/" said she, "and in passing to visit my August Aunt I felt a longing to rest in your beautiful garden."*

The wondering philosopher stammered his consent, and instantly a band of pretty girls appeared, some carrying flowers and some willow boughs. According to etiquette an introduction became necessary.

Then a girl in green announced herself: "I am called Aspen," and, pointing to a girl in white, "her name is Plum," to one in purple, "she is called Peach/* and so she went on to the last, a little maid in crimson, who was called Pomegranate. The Lady Wind, who, she explained, was their maternal Aunt eighteen times removed, had promised them a visit which for some reason she had delayed. As

to-night's moon was unusually bright, they had decided to visit her instead. Just at that instant the Lady Wind was announced, and, with a great fluttering of many-coloured silks, the girls trooped out to greet her and one and all implored her to stay with them in the garden. Meanwhile, Mr. Hsuan-wei had discreetly retired into the shadow. But when the August Aunt asked who the owner was he stepped boldly into the moonlight and saw a lady of surpassing grace with a certain gauzy floating appearance like gossamer. But her words chilled him, for they were like the cold breath stirring the leaves of a black forest, so he shivered. However, with the true politeness of a Chinese host, he invited her into his contemptible Pavilion of Abiding Peace, where he was astonished to find a magnificent banquet already prepared.

* So they feasted and sang, and I am sorry to say that many cups went round, and the Lady Wind became both critical and extravagant. She condemned two unfortunate singers to pay forfeit by drinking a full goblet apiece, but her hands shook so as she held the goblets out that they slipped from her grasp and fell with a crash to the floor. And much wine was spilled over poor little Pomegranate, who had appeared for the first time in her new embroidered crimson robe. Pomegranate, being a girl of spirit, was naturally annoyed, and, telling her sisters they could court their Aunt themselves, she blushed herself off.

The Lady Wind, in a great rage, cried out that she had been insulted, and, though they all tried to calm her, she gathered her robe about her and out of the door she flew off hissing to the east. Then all the girls came before their flower philosopher and bowed and swayed sorrowfully and said farewell, and, floating through the portals, vanished into the white parterres around; and when Mr. Hsuan-wei looked, lo, the Temple of Abiding Peace was empty as all temples of its kind should be. And he sat down to wonder if it was a dream. For every trace of the feast was gone and yet a faint subtle fragrance lingered as though some gracious and flowerlike presence had once been a guest.

Next night, when strolling in his garden, he was suddenly surrounded by his little friends. They were all busy discussing the conduct of Pomegranate and urging her to apologize to the August Aunt eighteen times removed. It was evident that they went in fear of her since last night's unfortunate revel. But little red Pomegranate would have no truck with Aunt Wind, who had spoilt her nice new robe. "Here is one who will protect us from any harm/" she cried, pointing to the surrounded form of Mr. Hsuan-wei. So they told him how each year they were injured by spiteful gales and how Aunt Wind had to some extent protected them.

Mr. Hsuan-wei was sorely puzzled: "How can this contemptible one afford protection?" he asked. Pomegranate explained. It was such a very little thing required of him—just to prepare a crimson flag embroidered with sun, moon, and stars in gold and hoist it east of the garden at dawn on the first morning of each new year, then all hurricanes would pass them by. Accordingly, he promised, and the next day saw him stitching golden stars on a crimson background. And he rose early, an hour before the dawn, upon the appointed day and set his flag duly towards the east in the breath of a light east wind. Suddenly a great storm gathered and broke. The world rocked. The air was dark with flying stones and whirling dust. The giants of the forest cracked, others were overwhelmed. But in Mr. Hsuan-wei's garden there was a deep calm. Not a flower stirred. Then in a flash he understood. His little friends whom he had saved from destruction were the souls of his little flowers. That night, when the moon was midway, they came to him with garlands of peach and plum blossom whose taste conferred the beauty of everlasting youth. Mr. Hsuan-wei partook of the petals and straightway the lingering drift of old sorrows from the days of his ignorance melted like snow from his heart. And with it went all the pathetic rubbish that even a flower philosopher allows to accumulate. He became young and divinely empty, yet in his soul pulsed new life. "Soon afterwards," says the ancient chronicle, "he attained to a knowledge of the True Way, and shared the immortality of the Genii."

Brian Brown.

A CHINESE UTOPIA

A COUNTRY OF GENTLEMEN

MORE than a thousand years ago there lived an Empress of China, who was a very bold and obstinate woman. She thought she was powerful enough to do anything. One day, she even gave orders, that every kind of flower throughout the country was to be out in full bloom on a certain day. Being a woman herself, she thought that women would govern the empire much better than men; so she actually had examinations for women and gave them all the important posts. This made a great many men extremely angry; especially a young man named Tang, who was very clever and had taken many prizes. He said he couldn't live in such a country any more; and sailed away with an uncle of his and another friend on a long voyage to distant parts of the world. They visited many extraordinary nations; in one of which, the people all had heads of dogs; in

another, they flew about like birds; in another, they had enormously long arms with which they reached down into the water to catch fish. Then there was the country of tall men, where everybody was about twenty feet in height; the country of dwarfs where the people were only one foot in height, and their funny little children were not more than four inches. In another place, the people all had large holes in the middle of their bodies; and rich persons were carried about by servants who pushed long sticks through the holes. After a time, they came to a land which they were told was the Country of Gentlemen. They went ashore, and walked out to the capital. There they found the people buying and selling, and strange to say they were all talking the Chinese language. They also noticed that everybody was very polite, and the foot-passengers in the streets were very careful to step aside and make room for one another. In the market-place they saw a man who was buying things at a shop. Holding the things in his hand, the man was saying to the shopkeeper, "My dear sir, I really cannot take these excellent goods at the absurdly low price you are asking. If you will oblige me by doubling the amount, I shall do myself the honour of buying them; otherwise I shall know for certain that you do not wish to do business with me to-day." The shopkeeper replied, "Excuse me, sir, I am already very much ashamed at having asked you so much for these goods; they really are not worth more than half. If you insist upon paying such a high price, I must really beg you, with all possible respect, to go and buy in some other shop." At this, the man who wanted to buy got rather angry, and said that trade could not be carried on at all if all the profit was on one side and all the loss on the other, adding that the shopkeeper was not going to catch him in a trap like that. After a lot more talk, he put down the full price on the counter, but only took half the things. Of course the shopkeeper would not agree to this, and they would have gone on arguing for ever had not two old gentlemen who happened to be passing stepped aside and arranged the matter for them by deciding that the purchaser was to pay the full price but only to receive three-quarters of the goods. Tang heard this sort of thing going on at every shop he passed. It was always the buyer who wanted to give as much as possible, and the seller to take as little. In one case the shopkeeper called after a customer who was hurrying away with the goods he had bought and said, "Sir, sir, you have paid me too much, you have paid me too much." "Pray don't mention it," replied the customer, "but oblige me by keeping the money for another day when I come again to buy some more of your excellent goods." "No, no," answered the shopkeeper, "you don't catch old birds with chaff; that trick was played upon me last year by a gentleman who left some money with me, and to this day I have never set

eyes upon him again though I have tried all I can to find out where he lives." But soon they had to say good-bye to this wonderful country and started once more upon their voyage. They next came to a very strange land where the people did not walk but moved about upon small clouds of different colours, about half a foot from the ground. Meeting with an old priest, who seemed rather a queer man, Tang asked him to be kind enough to explain the meaning of the little clouds upon which the people rode. "Ah, sir," said the priest, "these clouds show what sort of a heart is inside the persons who are riding on them. People can't choose their own colours; clouds striped like the rainbow are the best; yellow are the second best, and black are the worst of all." Thanking the old man, they passed on and among those who were riding on clouds of green, red, blue and other colours, they saw a dirty beggar riding on a striped cloud. They were much astonished at this because the old priest had told them that the striped cloud was the best. "I see why that was," said Tang, "the old rascal had a striped cloud himself." Just then the people in the street began to fall back, leaving a passage in the middle; and by and by they saw a very grand officer pass along in great state with a long procession of servants carrying red umbrellas, gongs, and other things. They tried to see what colour his cloud was, but to their disappointment it was covered up with a curtain of red silk. "Oho!" said Tang, "this gentleman has evidently got such a bad colour for his cloud that he is ashamed to let it be seen. I wish we had clouds like these in our country so that we could tell good people from bad by just looking at them. I don't think there would be so many wicked men about then." Soon after this, news reached them that the Empress who had been so troublesome in their own country had been obliged to give up the throne. So they went no further on their travels but turned their ship round towards home, where their families were very glad to see them again.

A SELECTION OF CHINESE
MUSIC AND SONGS.

No. 1 Plum Blossoms

Theme I. Green Buds (♩ = 120)

寒山綠萼 (一弄)

梅花三弄

allegro vivace

p *accel. e cresc.*

dolce

Theme II. Flickering Shadows

珊珊綠影 (二弄)

allegro vivace

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for a harp, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The music features a variety of textures, from simple chords to more complex arpeggiated figures. Dynamic markings are used throughout to indicate changes in volume and articulation.

System 1: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Markings: *dim*, *p*.

System 2: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Markings: *mf*, *spanghly*.

System 3: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Markings: *p*, *f*.

System 4: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Markings: *f*, *pp*, *rit*, *p*, *a tempo*.

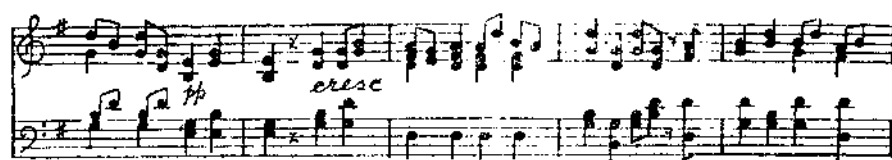
System 5: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Markings: *pp*.

System 6: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Markings: *p*, *cresc*, *f*, *dim*.



Theme III. In Full Bloom

三發梅花 (三弄)



Coda. Joyous Spring Light

(♩=184) 春光好 (尾聲)



The Flower Drum

Hua Ku Ko-No. 1

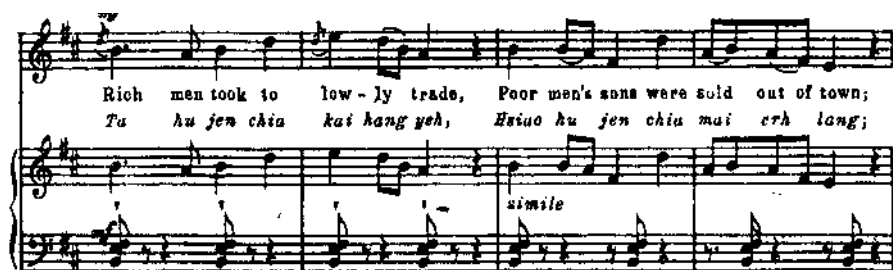
$\text{♩} = 50$
mf

Say Feng-yang —, Sing Feng-yang, Feng-yang once was a wealth-y town,
 Shuo Feng-yang —, Tao Feng-yang, Feng-yang pen shih huo ti fang,

senza rit.

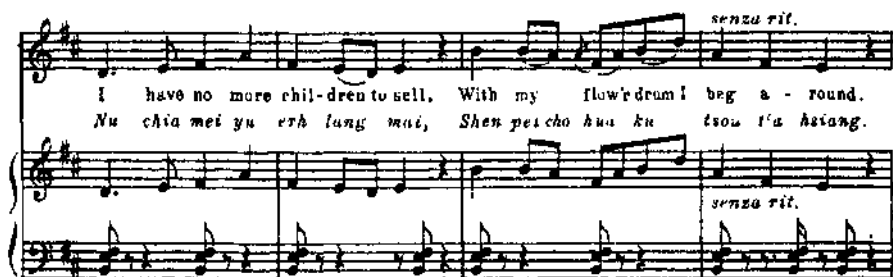
But was curs-ed by the birth Of our em-p'ror Chu Yuan-chang
 Tsu ts'ung ch'u tiao chu huang ti, Shih nien tao yu chu nien huang

simile *senza rit.*



Rich men took to low-ly trade, Poor men's sons were sold out of town;
 Ta hu jen chia kai kang yeh, Hsiao hu jen chia mai erh lang;

simile



senza rit.
 I have no more chil-dren to sell. With my flow'r-drum! beg a-round.
 Nu chia mei yu erh lang mai, Shen pei cho hua ku tsou t'a hsiang.

senza rit.




senza rit.

鳳陽花鼓其一
 說鳳陽 道鳳陽
 鳳陽本是好地方
 自從出了朱皇帝
 十年倒有九年荒
 大戶人家改行業
 小戶人家賣兒郎
 奴家沒有兒郎賣
 身背着花鼓走他鄉

The Flower Drum

Hua Ku Ko—No. 2

♩ = 66 Moderately fast

1. (man and woman) Feng - yang drum, Feng - yang gong, With drum and gong we'll
Tso shou to, Yu shou ku, Shou nu cho lo ku

2. (woman) Sad is my fate, Oh how sad! I mar - ried a man
Wo ming k'u, Chen ming k'u! Yi sheng yi shih

3. (man) Sad is my fate, Oh how sad! To spend my life with
Wo ming po, Chen ming pu! Yi sheng yi shih

mp *simile*

sing a — song. What shall we sing? For we know — on - ly one
lai chung ko. Pih ti — ko erh wo yeh pu hui ch'ang,
with a flow'r drum. Stu - pid is he, Oh how stu - pid and dumb,
chia pu-cho hao chang fu. Jen chia — chang fu tso kuan yu tao fu,
such an ug - ly mate. Of all the wo - men you ev - er did meet,
ch'ü pu-cho hui tao p'io. Jen chia — tao p'io hui hui yu hui to,

We on - ly know the Feng - yang Song. Feng is Feng-yang flow'r drum, (1)
Tun hui chung ko Feng - yang ko. Feng is Feng-yang ko lai, (2)
All day long he beats his sing-song drum. Beat-ing his sing-song drum, (3)
Wo chia chang fu tun hui ta hua ku. Ta ta — hua ku, (4)
My wife has the larg-est pair of feet. Larg - est pair of feet, (5)
Wo chia tao p'io yi shuang ta hua chio. Liang ta liang liang yi ch'ih to, (6)

CHORUS (man and woman)

Drrr - lang-dang-p'iao-yi-p'iao, Drrr-lang-dang-p'iao-yi-p'iao, Drrr-p'iao, Drrr-p'iao,

Drrr - p'iao-drrr-p'iao-p'iao - yu-drrr-p'iao-p'iao-p'iao - yi-p'iao.

鳳陽花鼓 其二

左手鐸 右手鼓

手拿着鐸鼓來唱歌

別的歌兒我也不會唱

單會唱個鳳陽歌

鳳拉鳳陽歌來 唉呀唉呼呀

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

得得得 得得得 得得得

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得得得 得得得 得得得

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得得得 得得得 得得得

Song of the Hoe (Farmers' Song)

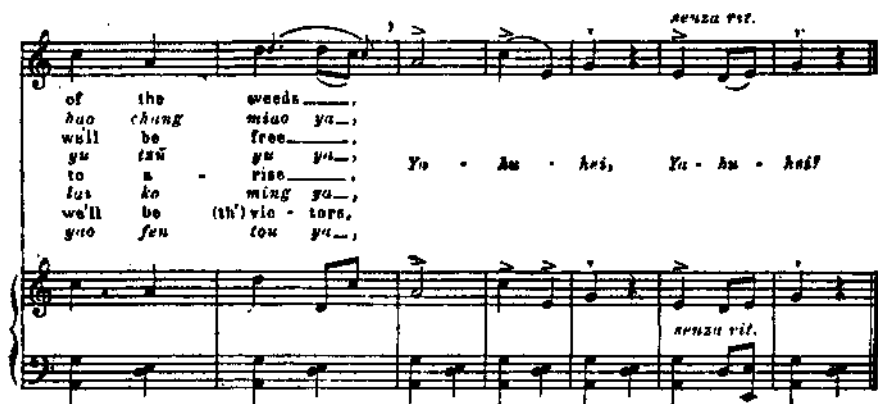
Ch'u T'OU Ko

♩ = 100

1. With our hoe we till the fields, hei!
 Shou pu cho ch'u t'ou ch'u yeh ts'ao ya,
 2. Our an-nient na-tion must a-rise, hei!
 H'u ch'ien nien ku kwo yao ch'u t'ou ya,
 3. Heaven sent us our great San Yat-sen, hei!
 T'ien sheng na Sun kung tao chiu hsing ya,
 4. Our Re-vo-lu-tion shall suc-ceed, hei!
 Ko ming ti ch'eng kung k'ao ch'u t'ou ya,

Rid the Weeds of the wick-ed weeds, hei!
 CH'u ch'u liao yeh ts'ao hao chang miao ya!
 With our hoe once more we'll be free, hei!
 CH'u t'ou ti hua yn tzu yu ya!
 Call-ing us with our hoe to a-rise, hei! Yi - ya -
 Huan ch'i liao ch'u t'ou lai ko ming ya!
 With our hoe we will be the vic-tors, hei!
 CH'u t'ou, ch'u t'ou, yao fen t'ou ya!

And, Yo - ho - ho!
 Rid CH'u ch'u liao the fields
 With our yeh ts'ao hoe
 CH'u t'ou ti hua us
 Call-ing ch'u t'ou
 With our hoe
 CH'u t'ou, ch'u t'ou



鋤頭歌

[illegible]

The Grumbling Mother-in-Law

Pan Ch'in Chia

$\text{♩} = 98$

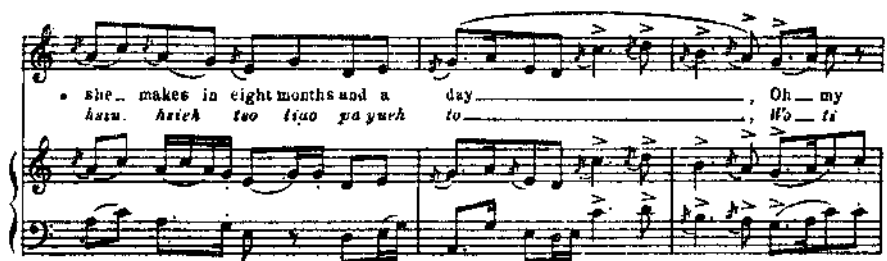
Non legato and strongly accented

Daugh-ter-in-law's — moth-er eh! lis-ten to — me.
 Ch'én chia — mu — lo tao yo, Hsi t'ing wo las shuo.

f strongly accented

Your — daugh-ter's sil - ly as sil - ly can — be! —
 Né chia tí — wá — shí faen mo na mo cho!

Walks like a duck, and talks like a jay, A
 T'ou geh pu Auí shu —, Chiao yeh pu Auí kuo —,



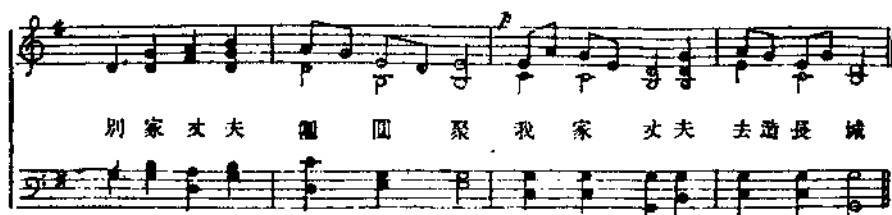
探親家
 親家母呀落坐呀
 細聽我來說
 你家的女兒怎麼那麼拙
 頭也不會梳 腳也不會裹
 一雙繡鞋做了八月多
 一雙繡鞋做了八月多
 我的親家母唉

No. 16 Meng Chiang Nyu's Lament (♩=108)

孟 姜 女



Plum flowers at New Year bring new spring. Red lamps are lit at every door.



Each family is united then. But he has gone to build the Wall.

二月杏花暖洋洋 雙雙燕子到南牆 燕窠修得端端正 對對成雙歇在畫梁

三月桃花是清明 桃紅柳綠是當景 家家墳上燒白紙 萬祀良坟上冷清清

四月蠶桑養蠶忙 姑嫂雙雙去採桑 桑籃掛在桑枝上 揩揩眼淚捋把桑

五月石榴是黃梅 黃梅發水落下來 家家田中黃秧栽 孟姜女田中華成堆

六月荷花熱難當 蚊蟲飛來叮胸膛 甯可吃奴千口血 莫叮丈夫萬祀良

七月鳳仙正秋涼 家家剪前裁衣裳 青紅藍綠都裁到 孟姜女家中是空箱

八月木柵門前開 孤雁足下帶書回 閨人則說閨人話 那有人兒送衣來

九月菊花是重陽 重陽美酒菊花香 滿盞來奴不喝 無夫飲酒不成雙

十月芙蓉稻上場 赤腳攪稻納官糧 家家都有糧來牽 孟姜女家中是空場

冬月冰凍雪花飛 孟姜女千里送寒衣 前面烏鴉來領路 哭到長城好慘凄

臘月梅花過年忙 殺豬宰羊鬧洋洋 家家都有豬羊殺 孟姜女家中苦斷腸

No. 16 Meng Chiang Niu's Lament

孟姜女

This song resembles a ballad. The story is based upon a legend connected with the building of the Great Wall. Meng Chiang Niu's husband, Wan Chi Liang, was impressed into a labor gang and sent north to build the Great Wall. As no word came from him, she became alarmed and set out alone to find him. The story did not say whether she found him or not.

1. | Plum flowers at New Year | bring new spring. |
| Red lamps are lit at | every door. |
| Each fa-mily is | united then. |
| But he has gone to | build the Wall. |
2. | The second month brings | apricots. |
| And swifts alight on | southern walls. |
| Their nests are moulded | trim and neat. |
| They poise in pairs on | painted beams. |
3. | March heralds Ching Ming, | peaches bloom. |
| The peach is red, the | willow green. |
| While pa-per burns on | every grave |
| His grave is lonely | chill and bare. |
4. | Silk worms and gamblers | April brings. |
| The leaves of mulberry | trees we pull. |
| We hang our baskets | on the twigs. |
| I pull a handful | as I weep. |
5. | Pomegranates ripen | in the rains |
| Of May, and yellow | gages fall. |
| In ev-ery field are | tender plants. |
| My fields are full of | weeds, in heaps |
6. | June lotus lilies | bring great heat: |
| Insects that sting | fly everywhere. |
| My flesh is pierced my | blood is drawn. |
| Leave Wan Chi Liang's a- | lone untouched |
7. | Balsams in July: | Autumn's dear. |
| Our winter clothes are | made anew. |
| Some red, some black, some | green or blue. |
| My boxes, all are | still unfilled. |
8. | In August, Cassia | flowers bloom. |
| On lone swan's wings the | letters come. |
| The gos-sipe gosip | all the day. |
| His garments none will | ever bring. |
9. | September brings chry- | santhemums. |
| New wine is drunk, and | heat returns. |
| I shun the brimming | bowl of wine. |
| For I shall never | drink alone. |
10. | Hibiscus in Oc- | tober comes. |
| The rice is milled, the | tax is paid. |
| Each home has stones to | grind the meal: |
| My threshing floor at | home is bare. |
11. | Snow flakes and ice No- | vember brings. |
| I take his clothes a | thousand miles. |
| The ra-vens lead me, | step by step |
| I weep until I | reach the Wall. |
12. | Plum flowers to end the | busy year. |
| Each home kills fatted | pigs and sheep. |
| The New Year comes with | noisy cheer. |
| I weep uncomfort- | ed alone. |

6. HI DAUGHTER, HO DAUGHTER

The tune is known throughout China, where it is sung to many different poems. The original title was Five Watches of the Night. New verses translated from a 16th century Chinese Folk-Song by Mr Arthur Waley are given here.

Words by
ARTHUR WALEY

Vivace

Voice

f 1. Hi daugh-ter, Ho daugh-ter, Rude lit-tle slut,
mp 2. Dear moth-er, Sweet mother, Don't call me names,
 Lah to D || : | : || 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Piano

La-ry lit-tle slut, Can't you hear me call - ing? What have you been at?
 I was not at hand, Could not hear you call - ing, Scold-ing frightens me;
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

pp

Those pale cheeks, daugh-ter, Why turned red? All a - trem-ble too!
 That's why I trem - ble. My pale cheeks Need a dab of red.

mf

Hair quite touz - led, Silk-en gir-dle torn! What have you been up to
 I got touz - led, Rid-ing in the swing. Caught my gir-dle pick - ing

Wick - ed lit - tle daugh - ter mine?
 Flowers from off the gar - den wall!

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THE SHAPING OF CHINESE CULTURE

HENRY C. FENN - 1961

B.C.	WESTERN WORLD	THE TIMES	KEY FACTS	DYNASTIES	THOUGHT	ART	KNOWLEDGE	JAPAN	B.C.
1800	HAMMURABI	Poor village communities in upper and lower Yellow River valley.	NEOLITHIC AGE			Painted pottery in certain areas	NEOLITHIC AGE Burial of the dead with objects. Cultivation with stone-tipped hoe; millet and dry rice. Domesticated pig and dog. Short foot. Bones and shell tools. Root and leaf crops		1800
1700	Hyksos in Egypt	Scanty hunting and fishing population in Yangtze valley.							1700
1600									1600
1500	Egyptian New Empire	Formation along Yellow River of small city states surrounded by barbarians.	BRONZE AGE	YIN 殷	Religion animistic and objective. Matrimonial form of society.	Bronze fashioned.	BRONZE AGE Potter's wheel Weaving Writing		1500
1400	MOSES		Bone inscriptions give names of Yin "emperors"						1400
1300									1300
1200	Trojan War					Engraved ivory and bone Incl. pottery Stone carving	Domesticated ox, sheep, goat, horse, elephant. Silk culture and weaving. Wheat and various Cotton seeds and silk used for currency Drum		1200
1100					Lyric verse				1100
1000	IRON AGE SOLOMON	EXPANSION Expansion along Yellow River and into Yangtze Valley. Assimilation of barbarians. Occasional battering of loose feudal bonds under a strong Son of Heaven	CHOU KUNG		Religious and aristocratic organization. Kings claim divine descent. Ancestral JADE OF CHANGES Materials for the CHU and HISTORICAL probably evolved from 6th to 5th centuries. These books took present form in Han times.	"Nine Tripods" - symbols of imperial authority.	Large drawn war chariot, composite bow, spear, made, battle-axe		1000
900	LYCURGUS		841 Interruption - earliest authenticated date			After vessels Swords	Increased irrigation Medicine and dyeing Docks of bamboo slips		900
800	Carthage founded 776 First Olympiad		HSUAN WANG - China ruled by Mouling Wu.			Jades	Glass		800
700	Hebrew Prophets Greek Lyric Poets		"The Five Tyrants"	CHOU 周	CONFUCIUS NOTICE MENGZI QUANGTZE WANG CHU Sophists HSUNTZE - School of Law	Bronze Mirrors "Stone Drums"	Round coins Magnetism known Silk reached Europe Fighting on horseback learned from Hsiang Yu Alchemy		700
600	BUDDHA	CLASSICAL AGE Production of the classics which moulded Chinese thinking down to the 20th Century A.D.	IRON AGE 513 First written law code. "The Seven Hare States" Rise of Chin			Architecture on a grand scale			600
500	Persian Wars SOCRATES PLATO ARISTOTLE ALEXANDER	FIRST CENTRALIZED EMPIRE PAI SINICA Expansion into Central Asia but peace at home - new influences and cultural advance	CHANG I, statesman. 214 Great Wall KAO TSU CHANG CH'IENTS mission to Bactria. 104 Calendar reformed. WU TI crushed Mouling Wu. WANG MANG'S rebellion Buddhism 97 HAN YING reaches Bactria 102 PAN CHAO reaches Caspian	CHIN 秦	Burning of the Books First imperial sacrifice to Confucius Classics restored 720 TE CHING SU MA CH'EN 3rd Tsinism organized PAN CHAO Buddhist sutras translated 3 Books cut in stone WU CH'IT writes on medicine Indian mathematics and astronomy translated "The Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove" 3rd Oldest extant calendar "Style of the Six Dynasties"			500	
400			Chinese allowed to become Buddhist priests.						400
300			CHU-KO LIANG SU-MA YEN						300
200	Punic Wars	AGE OF ROMANCE Cultural progress despite disunion and disorder. Trade (and) Tatars keep open Central Asian trade routes. Buddhism becomes firmly implanted in China.	399 FA HSIEN travels in India 444 Destruction of monasteries SUNG YUN'S travels	HAN 漢	Printing of Buddhist books Tsinism the state religion After Tsinism WANG WEI LI PO YU FU HAN YU PO CHU-I LIU CH'EN-CHI, historian Tsinism obligatory and open to all 991 Classics printed THOUGHT CRYSTALIZED Classical Renaissance SU TUNG-P'U - scholar CHENG CH'AO - historian SU MA KUANG - historian CHU HSI - philosopher Traces of Judaism 1841 Coming of Franciscans Drum, and Hsiang Conversion the state religion Conservative literary tradition with less vigor and originality Yang Lo Encyclopedia WANG YANG-MING - philosopher MATEO PICO & PAUL HSU Hsu Hsiang School ADAM SCHALL Critical Scholarship 17th-18th Literary Impression Spread of Christianity and western culture ADAPTATION Mass Education Movement			200	
100	4th Carthage & Greece destroyed								100
AD.	JULIUS CAESAR JESUS								AD.
100	70 Jerusalem destroyed								100
200	MARCUS AURELIUS								200
300	CONSTANTINE								300
400	394 Roman Empire divided								400
500	476 ODOACER takes Rome								500
600	JUSTINIAN								600
700	632 MOHAMMED'S Hegira.	ZENITH OF CULTURE Tatar blood, Buddhism and foreign contacts give new zest to thought, literature and the arts. Greatest extent of empire.	Grand Canal built TAI TSUNG, emperor builder 645 HSUAN TSANG to India MING HUANG YANG KUEI FEI 841 First printed book Rise of the Whiten Foot binding WANG AN-SHIH, reformer HUI TSUNG, artist-emperor Rise of the Ju Chen GENGHIS KHAN HUBLAI KHAN 1291 Law code on Tang model Yuan Lo built in Peking CHING HO raids Indian Ocean 1581 Portuguese traders arrive Japanese pirate raids WANG LI Clash with Japan over Korea KING HSI, patron of arts CH'EN LUNG, conqueror Ties with western powers Tai Ping rebellion SUN YAT-SEN - First Revolution 1911 "Hakemist" Revolution 1917 Japanese Invasion	CHIN 晉 SUNG 宋 YUAN 元 MING 明 CH'ING 清 REPUBLIC				700	
800	CHARLEMAGNE ALFRED								800
900	961 Holy Roman Empire	BRACKETS EMPERORS							900
1000		CLASSICAL REVIVAL Deepening of culture but little originality. Political conservatism and weakness.							1000
1100	1215 Magna Charta	MONGOL AGE First intercourse from the Atlantic to the Pacific China, having expelled the Mongols, relied on her lands, recalled the past, and STAGNATED							1100
1200									1200
1300	MARCO POLO								1300
1400	Printing in Europe 1492 Turin takes Constantinople								1400
1500									1500
1600									1600
1700	AGE OF DISCOVERY RELIGIOUS WARS								1700
1800	AMERICAN FRENCH INDUSTRIAL	THWARTED PROGRESS Refrainage of classical scholarship, a welcome to western science, but intolerance of progressive thought.							1800
1900	1914 First World War 1917 Russian Revolution 1939 Second World War	STRUGGLE For freedom, unity, social reform and modernization.							1900

[By Henry C. Fenn

