



11

---

William M. Daalinton

---



3 1735 060 217 449

750624

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Dar.

PR5349

S286



Darlington Memorial Library









*Styeggen, 1844*

P 2-18.

*Tom Tom and Te Te before the Emperor.*



LIFE IN CHINA.

---

THE

PORCELAIN TOWER;

OR,

NINE STORIES OF CHINA.

COMPILED

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.

By "T. T. T."

To raise a tower your arts apply,  
And build it thrice three stories high;  
Make every story rich and fair  
With blocks of wood, in carvings rare;  
With such its ruder form conceal,  
And make it strong with plates of steel.  
*From the Song of the Pagoda, by—SHE-LURH.*

EMBELLISHED BY J. LEECH.


PHILADELPHIA:

LEA AND BLANCHARD.

---

1842.

S438p

TO  
HIS FRIENDS IN GENERAL,  
AND TO  
THE PUBLIC IN PARTICULAR,  
THE ACCOMPANYING SPECIMENS OF  
REAL CHINA  
ARE RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED,  
BY THEIR MOST OBSEQUIOUS SERVANT  
THE MANUFACTURER,  
WHO TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY OF INFORMING ALL PARTIES,  
(AND PARTICULARLY SMALL TEA-PARTIES,)   
THAT HIS "SERVICES"  
ARE ALWAYS AT THEIR COMMAND.



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fum-Fum and Fee-Fee before the Em- peror, - - - - -	FRONTISPIECE.
Ho-Fi caught in his own trap, -	PAGE 32
Din-Din suspended in his office, )	- 57
Hyson flailed by his father, )	- 112
Si-Long's arrival at the Philosopher's,	124
Faw-Faw and Fee-Fee united, )	- 233
Fum-Fum smoking his own tail, )	- 260
Hey-Ho discovers Fun, - - )	- 277
Fun lowered from the window, )	- 285

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
INVOCATION, . . . . .	viii
PREFACE, . . . . .	x
THE FIRST STORY.	
Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle, . . . . .	13
THE SECOND STORY.	
Kublai Khan ; or The Siege of Kinsai, . . . . .	60
THE THIRD STORY.	
Fashions in Feet ; or the Tale of the Beautiful To-To	86
THE FOURTH STORY.	
Hyson and Bohea, . . . . .	107
THE FIFTH STORY.	
The Porcelain Bath, . . . . .	119
THE SIXTH STORY.	
The Emperor Hwang-te; or the Plough and the Loom	163
THE SEVENTH STORY.	
Marriage in a Mask ; or the Cunning Shaver, Chin,	185
THE EIGHTH STORY.	
The Student of Hanlan ; a Tale of Opium-Smoking	229
THE NINTH STORY.	
The Feast of Lanterns, . . . . .	262
NOTES, . . . . .	307

INVOCATION  
TO THE MUSE OF TEA.

---

MUSE of the Central Land, whose soothing power  
Celestial bards drink in at twilight's hour;  
Who, cheerful promptress of discourse and smiles,  
Deign'st even to dwell in these barbarian isles,  
A household spirit still at hand to serve us,  
And make our poets warm, our prosemen nervous;  
'Thou from thine oft-filled urn who dost deliver  
A stream more potent than Castalia's river,  
And even, GREAT MUSE OF TEA! canst strength impart  
To milk and water;—hear, where'er thou art!  
Perchance even now in this my seventh good cup;  
Ah! if it be so, let me stir thee up.

Oh! let me not thine aid in vain require!  
Inspire thou me, whilst I thy breath inspire.  
List to my prayer, and let me be possess'd  
Of rich "outpourings" strained from thy full chest;  
Brace, if thou canst, my strings, and give them tone,  
And fill my leaves with virtues like thine own.





## P R E F A C E.

---

RECENT events have directed towards the Chinese a degree of inquiry, which, however strange it may be that we should have been wanting in attention to the politest of all people, they never before excited among the dwellers in the West. Few, except those engaged in the China trade, had troubled themselves to learn much beyond what was instilled into them at school from the pages of Goldsmith and Guy, concerning the Celestial Land and its no less celestial inhabitants, when the startling fact of a war breaking out,—a war which might probably involve the ruin and death of some thousands of our own countrymen, and of some hundreds of thousands of our brethren in the East, and still more the rise in the price of tea,—excited a sudden and general anxiety to know something of the character and resources of the four hundred millions whom we had sent our two cock-boats and a walnut-shell to conquer.

Demand always produces supply; this, at least,

though denied by some,—mendicants, creditors, and rakish young gentleman,—who have brought it to the test of the *Novum Organon*, is a favourite axiom with many of our political economists: and authentic works, giving detailed accounts of the country and its peculiar people, have lately been poured in upon us until the booksellers' houses are almost converted into China shops. Many of the tomes which have thus been carted into the literary market are very excellent library volumes; but furniture which is adapted for the study, is, for the most part, too heavy for the drawing-room or boudoir.

We were sorry to observe that so excellent and well-bred a people as our Chinese, if not excluded from, were at least little regarded in those apartments into which the Chinese only could convey additional refinements; and the belief that this resulted chiefly from the gravity of the attire in which they have usually appeared in this country, was our inducement to try the experiment of presenting them in a livelier dress.

The dress, however, in which they are here presented, though the colours are lively and the fabrics light, are made up exclusively, as will be perceived, of real Chinese materials. We will confess that it was at first our intention to assume the credit of the

entire fabrication; but we feared that King's College\* might detect us; and we have deemed it politic, therefore, to acknowledge our obligations to the Celestial writers, and in all other particulars to adhere strictly to truth.

We would have it understood, then, that the following stories have been compiled from various original sources; and though, consistently with our purpose, now abandoned, of making over to ourselves the fee-simple of this literary property, we have altered the style, that the Chinese authors might not be detected thereby,—we have nevertheless, scrupulously adhered to the course of the narratives, to the characters of the agents, and to whatever might be essential for conveying just notions of the manners and customs, and minds of our brethren in the pigtailed East.

The title of the volume is adopted from a work, nearly similar in plan, by Klam-Klaë; but the title is all we have borrowed from that writer, as we did not find his stories worth the labour of translation.

It may be as well to observe here, that the pagodas in China are either of seven or nine stories in height, and that the celebrated PORCELAIN TOWER of Nanking consists of NINE STORIES.

\* There is a Professor of Chinese at King's College.



# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

## HO-FI OF THE YELLOW GIRDLE.\*

---

O wretch, that with malignant fang,  
Woulds't seek t'inflct some mortal pang ;  
Bethink thee well how bowstrings twang,  
How swords do smite and hemp doth hang !

SLANG.

MORE graceful than the bamboo, and fairer than rice, was So-Sli, the daughter of the philosopher Poo-Poo. Her foot was no

\* The story of Ho-Fi is selected from among the romances of the well-known Hou-de-Kaw-Lim ; a writer as prolific and various as our own Anon. He resembles that writer, too, in the ill fortune which has militated against his obtaining the fame due to his genius and industry, from the authorship of all his most excellent works having been uniformly claimed by unprincipled and shameless persons, who have succeeded in tearing the bamboo-sprigs from his brows. He is still living, though arrived at a patriarchal age. No library can be considered complete without a collected edition of his works.

longer than her finger, so that when she walked she tottered in the most engaging manner, and was obliged to seek the support of a reed or of a hand-maiden.\* So light was her form, and so lovely was her face, and so helpless was her air, that when she appeared abroad she attracted the notice of all, as a straw which a juggler of Shanghi balances on the tip of his nose. Her brows were arched like the feathers in the tail of the domestic bird of the river; her eyes were smaller than the kernels of the almond, and were free from the disfigurement of lashes; her hair was like a cobweb of the black spiders of Chen-si; her nose was small, and beautifully flat; her lips were as two large pink caterpillars which the cooks of Pecheli have prepared in the banquet for the Son of Heaven. The fame of her loveliness had spread throughout the province Kiang-Si, and many a manly spirit yearned towards her, even upon the *report* of her beauty.

\* See note, A.

Many were the solicitations made to her father for the hand of the lovely So-Sli ; and he might have married her to mandarins, both civil and military, as many as he pleased. But old Poo-Poo was a sage and a philanthropist, and had devoted himself much to the investigation of causes of human happiness and misery, and had determined that marriage might be highly conducive to one or to the other, according as it should be, or should not be, conducted upon scientific principles. Of the scientific principles upon which marriage should be conducted, he had formed a theory of his own ; and it had been a source of the deepest regret to him that he had not devised his theory until after his own marriage.

However, as his wife was now dead, that had become a matter of comparatively little importance. He determined that his daughter should have the full benefit to be derived from his idea ; and, for a Chinese, it must be conceded that his principles exhibited

much liberality of feeling. This was particularly evinced in one of his theorems; a theorem which, however, appeared in the eyes of his countrymen so extraordinary, that, but for some charitable doubts which were entertained as to his sanity, it would probably have brought down upon him the heavy displeasure of the government.

He was the first of the celestial people who had ever questioned or doubted the propriety of a marriage between persons who had had no previous acquaintance with each other. He was rash enough to start and maintain this opinion; and farthermore, he considered that a certain somewhat of congeniality should subsist between, and be discovered by, the parties, before they should proceed to bind themselves indissolubly together. He determined, therefore, not only that his daughter should see her future lord before she became a wife, but—such was the peculiar tenderness of his paternal affection, and so far had the heresy of innovation possessed



him,—that she should not be made over to any person towards whom she manifested a decided dislike.

Two great mandarins, Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung, and a certain rich merchant, Tin, had sent costly presents to her father; and the eloquent Tung, a graduate of the college of Hanlan,\* had composed ten volumes of moral sentences in praise of the beauty of So-Sli; but though he perused the books, and graciously accepted the presents, Poo-Poo rejected these applicants, who lived too far off to make their addresses in person. It fared no better with many of various rank,—manufacturers, and proprietors of rice-grounds, silk-feeders, barge-owners, and officers, civil and military, who, dwelling in the neighbourhood, had opportunities of seeing and of being looked upon by the lovely eyes of So-Sli. She had expressed herself as being by no means averse to Tung or to Tin. to Hang-Yu or Yu-be-Hung: but these she

See note, B.

had never seen. Those whom she saw found no favour in her sight. One was too tall, another was too short; a third was too fat, a fourth too thin; this too gay, and that too serious; Tin-a-ting's voice was too gentle, Ding-Dong's was too loud; one was too fond of sweet potato—and sweet potato she disliked: another not sufficiently partial to dog, and dog was her favourite dish. In fact, So-Sli was by no means easy to please.

Here we may pause to remark, that the multiplicity of presents which for a long time poured in upon Poo-Poo, were well nigh procuring converts to his system among old gentlemen who had marriageable daughters; but at last suitors grew chary of their presents, and withheld them till an interview with the young lady should have sealed their fortune.

In the town in which dwelt Poo-Poo and his lovely daughter, So-Sli, there resided a young man who boasted his relationship to the imperial family, being in fact a descendant from an emperor who had occupied

the throne about a hundred and fifty years before.

The Emperor of China looks with commendable affection upon all his poor relations, of whom he keeps an inventory of about ten thousand ; and, according to their several degrees of affinity, he allots to all, by a graduated scale, certain annual stipends, and permits them to wear some badge by which they may be distinguished as being of his kin. This badge, whether cloak, or shawl, or belt, or cap, is of the imperial colour, yellow ; and in the particular instance of Ho-Fi, the young man of whom we speak, was a silken girdle, whence he was known throughout that neighbourhood as Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle. He farthermore enjoyed an allowance of three dollars and two sacks of rice per month.

Being thus a cousin, though a distant one of the son of Heaven, he would have conceived it much beneath his dignity to have followed for his livelihood any profession or trade ; and as he had desires and ambition to

which his means were quite inadequate, he was driven to curious shifts at times, in the vulgar words of the west, to procure salt for his porridge, or indeed porridge for his salt.

Ho-Fi heard all the tongues in the neighbourhood eloquent in praise of the beauty of So-Sli; but he heard them likewise no less voluble in condemnation of her whimsicality and waywardness. Fresh stories were every day told of her rejection of some meritorious suitor; and as none seemed likely to prove altogether agreeable to her very fastidious taste, those who would have been glad to obtain such a prize became shy of advancing their claims. But Ho-Fi, with less intrinsic worth than many, was not of a character to be daunted by the fear of the negotiation proving unsatisfactory, and he resolved to enlist himself as one of the competitors for the hand of So-Sli.

Ho-Fi, though quite a young man, had already been six times married; and on every occasion had had the misfortune to lose his wife within a few weeks after their union.

As seven is accounted a particularly fortunate number, it is not to be wondered at that he was desirous to adventure once more. His six dear wives were all laid on the shelf together, and he wanted one other, in order "to make up a set."

Ho-Fi rejoiced in many advantages, which had already several times stood him in good stead in circumstances somewhat similar to those in which he was about to exert his tactics. He was possessed of what his lovely countrywomen were prone to consider a handsome person. His finger-nails, by virtue of well-contrived splints, he managed to maintain an inch and a half in length; he was quite free from whiskers or beard; and his head was always kept cleanly shaven, except the usual tuft at the crown, which, of peculiar blackness and strength, and neatly tied up with silk, depended down his back almost to the bend of his knee. He was particular, moreover, in his dress; and as it was well known that his funds were of the most limited, it was a matter of surprise

among his neighbours how he became possessed of so very respectable a wardrobe. And if this was a mystery to them, what wonder that I, a stranger and barbarian, am quite unable to explain it? I leave it to your conjectures, and I feel sure that there are some among my countrymen to whom a solution will be intuitively easy. Person and dress, it will be admitted, serve as two powerful talismans in such adventures as that upon which he was going to set forth; but he was possessed of other advantages incalculably more important. These were, a limitless assurance, and that determined perseverance, which, disregarding repulses, returns again and again to the charge; or which in simpler phrase, "will not take *no* for an answer." To these may be added an adaptability of disposition, which could fall in with the humours of all parties, and a readiness in discovering the weak points of the enemy, and directing an attack accordingly.

"'Tis but venturing," said Ho-Fi; "and

if I fail, I will not hang myself up by my pig-tail like a Boo-Bee, nor run myself through with a thumb-nail like a Ni-Ni." Boo-Bee and Ni-Ni were two celebrated Werters of China.

His design thus formed, he set systematically to work to carry it into effect; and began by picking acquaintance with the philosopher Poo-Poo. Observing that venerable person cheapening the hind-quarter of a prize polecat in the meat-market, with his usual ease and address he managed to fall into conversation with him; and by a little banter, from time to time agreeably directed to the butcher, soon obtained for the philosopher that abatement in the price of the tempting morsel for which Poo-Poo himself might probably in vain have striven. Having declared his own predilection for polecat, and particularly for the hind quarter, he led the discourse by easy gradations from polecats to weasels, from weasels to rats, from rats to dogs, from dogs to pigs, from pigs to his fair countrywomen, and so to the celebrated

beauty So-Sli, the daughter of the sage Poo-Poo. Of the philosopher himself he expressed great admiration, and regretted that he was not so fortunate as to enjoy his acquaintance, nay, that he did not even so much as know him by sight. Poo-Poo was a lover of wisdom—but what philosopher was ever yet proof against adulation? or would not feel gratified at over-hearing his own praises in cases like the present, where they could not be intended as flattery? Ho-Fi had already secured himself a high place in the philosophical estimation of Poo-Poo.

It will readily be supposed that Poo-Poo was not anxious to turn the conversation out of the channel into which it had thus accidentally flowed; and he sounded his new friend's opinions on the subject of his pet matrimonial theory. This Ho-Fi of course applauded "to the very echo,"—by which expression is intended that his words were mere mockery, *vox et præterea nihil*.

"Were you to ask me," said he, "who is the greatest of ancient or modern sages, I



should answer, Poo-Poo. Were you to ask me who, of all, has advanced a theory most likely to be extensively beneficial to the human race, I should answer, Poo-Poo. Were you to ask me for a word synonymous with philosophy, I should answer, Poo-Poo. Nor do I doubt but that the day will come when the wisdom of Poo-Poo will be universally admitted, and his name be adduced as a conclusive settlement of all disputed questions; when, if any one shall be asked his reason, he will answer, Poo-Poo; if he be asked his authority, he will answer, Poo-Poo; when criticism will be condensed in those two syllables, Poo-Poo; and when those same two syllables Poo-Poo will suffice to upset criticism; in short, when he that speaks Poo-Poo the loudest will be the best logician, and when all discussion will be but a matter of Poo-Poo."

That day Ho-Fi dined with Poo-Poo on the hind quarter of the prize polecat.

The morsel was small, but it was choice.

Having so soon and so easily insinuated

himself into the good graces of the father, he next sought an opportunity of winning his way into those of the daughter. He boldly expressed his desire to Poo-Poo; and a day was settled upon which he should be formally introduced to her,—a ceremony not to be conducted with too great precipitation. In the interval he was careful to collect all information regarding the whims and prejudices of the lovely So-Sli.

He came, he saw, he conquered; or we should rather write, he came, *she* saw, he conquered. His attire was studiously elegant, and he had selected such colours as he had found, from the report of some of her acquaintance, were the most agreeable to her. His beautifully embroidered, petticoat of crimson silk was well calculated to take the feminine fancy; his shawl might have won the heart even of an English lady; his cap he had procured from one of the most eminent *modistes* of Peking; and the tippet, which formed part of outdoor dress, was of the most costly fur. His long black hair

was carefully plaited, and hung far down his back; he wore a necklace of pearls, much coveted by his young competitors in fashion; his scent-bottle was replenished with the choicest essence; and he carried a valuable fan, which he fluttered with peculiar grace.

This attention to externals produced at once a favourable impression upon So-Sli, who was herself particular in her attire. She usually wore a long frock-coat of blue or green cloth over a pink waistcoat, and her trowsers were always of the newest cut. She went to considerable expense to procure the most elegant pipes, and piqued herself upon her nice judgment in her choice of tobacco.

The town, like some other Chinese towns, was upon the point of surrendering to the formidable "demonstration" made by the enemy; but when he opened upon it simultaneously, the light artillery of flattery and the heavy artillery of gifts, (the latter consisting of two great guns, the one a gold snuff-box, and the other a Chinese poodle,) the

gates flew open and he marched in triumph into the citadel,—his lady's heart. The vanquished So-Sli kept the snuff-box, ate the poodle, and accepted the heart and the hand of Ho-Fi.

They were married, and a fortnight flew by in two days: or perhaps the young pair made some miscalculation, as the almanacs had not predicted this.

The cranium, we would observe, is the dwelling-house of the soul; the organ of time is its time-piece; but when the soul sits all day in its back-rooms, it sometimes forgets to wind up its clock.

Each was constantly devising means to gratify the other; and the only occasions of strife that arose between them were when each endeavoured to force upon the other the choicest morsels of fox, or ferret, or frog, or whatever constituted their delicate little meal for the day.

One morning, Ho-Fi for a while absented himself from his beloved So-Sli, and went

into the city. When he returned, he took from his pouch, or reticule, a small packet of tea.

“My dearest So-Sli,” he said, “I have a friend who is particular in the cultivation of plants. With so much skill and care are his experiments conducted, that he has succeeded in obtaining bananas from his orange-trees, and in converting a pine-apple into a goose-berry. He has lately directed his attention to the improvement of a young tea-tree. He planted it with a silver spade, manured it with silk-worms and doves’ marrow, and he daily waters the earth around it with roe’s tears and cinnamon juice. He has hitherto gathered but two ounces of the leaves, one of which has been presented to the Emperor, and the other he has transmitted to me, as being the oldest of his friends. I have brought it here for my darling So-Sli. As you love me, make an infusion of its leaves, and drink.”

“Nay,” said So-Sli. “if it be so choice, you shall drink it, not I. What exceedingly

curious leaves! and, what is most remarkable is, that they are exactly like others. But what is this dust upon them?"

"That," answered Ho-Fi, "is a substance derived from the silkworms, and is what, had they not been buried, would have formed the down on the wings when they became moths. But you must drink this most dainty infusion; I have prepared it purposely for you, and to refuse it would be to show how little you loved your tender Ho-Fi."

Whilst speaking, Ho-Fi had poured hot water on the leaves; and he offered to his beloved the cup containing the fragrant infusion. She, however, insisted that he should drink it; and an affectionate contest took place between them, each wishing to give up to the other all the enjoyment of so exquisite a draught. So-Sli at first positively refused to taste a drop; then she would consent that he should leave one sip for her; and then, that if he would take half, she would drink the remainder: but Ho-Fi was obstinately determined that she should have all, or at

least should take the first draught. At last their affectionate entreaties began to change to tones of anger and impatience; when, to settle the matter at once, So-Sli took the cup, and, proceeding to the open window, emptied it in her husband's view, declaring that, as it had become a cause of quarrel, it should not be tasted by either.

Their anger blew over, and several times since they had taken tea together in perfect amity. One evening they were seated to that important occupation, and Ho-Fi had just finished his first cup, when So-Sli observed she did not think the tea so good as usual. Ho-Fi agreed with her in opinion, and using a common Chinese imprecation, wished a rotten root to the tree that bore it.

“What!” said So-Sli, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, “after all the pains your poor friend has taken to nourish it with silkworms and spice? Oh! now that is too cruel a desire!”

Ho-Fi stared, and turned somewhat pale. “Why do you revert to that subject?” he

said. "Methinks it were better to let such a matter rest."

"Nay," said So-Sli, still laughing violently, "I said you should drink the tea; and when I pretended to pour it from the window, I poured it only into an earthen pan which lay outside. I have had it warmed for you now but am sorry you like it so little."

Ho-Fi turned very pale; and his pigtail, "with the effect of fear," stood out horizontally and stiffly from his head. For a few moments he was struck motionless, but anon he started up, and called loudly for warm water.

"Perfidious woman!" he shrieked, "hast thou poisoned thy husband?"

"Poisoned!" said So-Sli. "Was the tea then poisoned? I remember that white dust—but can moth's feathers be poison?"

"It burns! it burns!" cried Ho-Fi, in a frantic manner. "For Fo's sake, bring me an emetic, a stomach-pump—no, no, that is not yet invented—but blisters, cataplasms—any thing!"





P 32

*He is caught in his own trap.*



He was put in bed : physicians were sent for ; he raved till he was exhausted, and then lay asleep, or insensible, for some hours. When his sense returned, he became aware of the expressions he had used, and being calmer, he endeavoured to explain them away. He said that the tea was of such wonderful potency as to have deprived him of reason more rapidly than the strong spirit distilled from rice could have done. He had fancied in his delirium that his wife had put poison in his cup ; but he now fully appreciated the absurdity of such a fear. He should write to the friend from whom he had received the leaves, a timely intimation, that should the Emperor swallow the infusion intended for the bodily solace of that celestial person, he, the unfortunate cultivator of this ardent tea, would unquestionably be put to death by all the ingenuities of torture.

Ho-Fi had a strong constitution to support him against poisoned tea and three Chinese physicians. He slowly recovered from their *effects*.

He was restored once more to his fond wife; but, fond as she had always shown herself, So-Sli could not prevent the intrusion into her mind of an unpleasant suspicion that her affectionate husband had offered her poisoned tea, from a too lively solicitude to put her quite out of reach of those ugly customers, care and sorrow. Long before her marriage, surmises had been whispered which had even reached her ears, that at least a few of his former six wives had been dealt with unfairly; but no one, wife or otherwise, volunteered any evidence against him; and the Chinese had not arrived at those refinements in chemical science which enable our western luminaries, by distilling a bone, or making a fricassee of a muscle, to detect the millionth part of the shadow of nothing in one who is supposed to have died by poison.

It could hardly have been hinted that a man was such a Bluebeard, without strong reason assigned for so supposing. Perhaps, to some minds, the mere fact of his having been married six times, and having in every

instance become a widower within two months, may suffice to justify a suspicion; but if a *motive* should be sought that could render such heinous villany probable, it might be mentioned that on the marriage of a Yellow Girdle he is allowed by his cousin, the Emperor, a sum of one hundred taels (in addition to his usual stipend,) to assist in furnishing his house; and on the death of his wife one hundred and twenty more, to assist in furnishing her sepulchre. And Ho-Fi was by no means the first of whom it had been reported that he sought by a succession of such profitable marriages and deaths to raise his very inconsiderable income into a handsome competency.

So-Sli could not avoid a suspicion; but as she had really loved Ho-Fi, she tried to repress it, and not to entertain such evil thoughts as must, if confirmed, have given a death-blow to her affection. Still she was haunted by a fear that he might endeavour by other devices to lay her on the shelf with his former wives. The "shelf" whereupon

his former wives were laid, was a shelf of rock at a small distance from the city; a place upon which such persons as could not afford to purchase ground for the burial of their deceased friends, availed themselves of the common right of disposing coffins.\* He had, therefore, appropriated to himself a portion of this ledge, where the six coffins of his wives were ranged side by side, in the neatest order, like so many volumes of one book, that might, not inappropriately, have been termed collectively, "The Works of Ho-Fi." Upon each were inscribed the words, "Wife of Ho-Fi," and the name besides of the occupant, as a brief table of contents.

I am to sorry, that had So-Sli been more suspicious than she was, she would therein have done her husband no wrong. There was nothing he so earnestly wished as to have his new volume firmly put up in a camphor-wood binding, and neatly lettered to match the others.

Ho-Fi remembered an incident in a famous Chinese tragedy,\* an original device for disposing of an obnoxious person, which he imagined he might turn to felicitous account. He procured a savage dog, and having purchased a lady's dress of peculiar colours, and another of similar appearance, although of inferior quality, he filled the latter with straw, bones, and offal, and encouraged the fierce animal to tear this effigy in pieces. The creature was well pleased with the prize he discovered within, and Ho-Fi repeated his experiment on several successive days. When he considered the dog to be sufficiently familiarized with the figure, he tied him up, and kept him for some time without food. The insidious Yellow Girdle then made a present to his lady of the other and choicer dress, expressing a desire that she might immediately indue it. This, not however, until she had examined it with an apprehensive eye, she did: and he affected to be

\* See note, D.

much gratified at beholding her in her new garment. He, however, pretended to have business which would call him from home for an hour, and begged that she would wait his return in a grotto in the garden; but he particularly requested that she would allow no one to open a chest which he had had placed in a court of the house, and of which he said the fastening had been accidentally broken. Excusing himself from explaining to her just then what it contained, he promised that he would do so by and by.

When So-Sli was left alone, she communed with herself. "Who knows," she said, "what man-trap or spring-gun my beloved husband may have prepared for me in the grotto? It will not, I fear, be wise to venture thither. And, what can be enclosed within this chest which he wishes to keep secret from me? Now I would wager six pots of pickled earth-worms that he has concealed in that the grave-clothes which he intends for his affectionate So-Sli. So-Sli, then, resolved to examine the chest forth-



with. But first she went to a cage, in which was her husband's bird of good-luck, a white necked crow.\* Ho-Fi valued this bird beyond all his earthly possessions: he had made it tame, and had attached it to him, and he considered that whilst he possessed it, no material ill-fortune could befall him. So-Sli frequently fed it, and it had become fond of her also, from which it was to be believed that its kindly influence would extend to her. She took it now from its cage, and placed it on her wrist, and having tendered it a kiss, which was affectionately received and reciprocated, she went into the yard to discover the contents of the mysterious chest. She unhesitatingly raised the lid; but let it fall again with great precipitation, as with a loud growl a savage dog attempted to spring from within.

So-Sli was off with greater expedition than is frequently practised by the footless ladies of the Flowery Land; and the cover of the

\* See note, E.

chest having fallen on the back of Bou-Wou, —such was the name of the fierce quadruped,—she was able to gain a few paces before he had struggled from beneath it.

It would soon, however, have been all over with poor So-Sli,—for the dog had caught a glimpse of the dress so familiar to him, and would, therefore, have mistaken his mistress for his daily bread,—had she not, with great presence of mind, seized Ho-Fi's bird of good-luck by the neck, and whisking it rapidly three times round, thrown it to her hungry pursuer. As he jumped aside to snap at this, So-Sli reached the door, and, closing it against him, secured it with several bolts.

When Ho-Fi returned, So-Sli told him that a savage dog had got loose in the court, and that his bird of good-luck had disappeared.

“As I looked in the cage,” she said, “suddenly I beheld him wax paler and paler, till, having become thinner than mist, he passed

between the bars, and what became of him after I cannot at all tell."

Ho-Fi was inconsolable for the loss of his bird. "Better," said he, "to lose nine wives than to lose a bird of good-luck." And inwardly he feared lest the bird of good-luck having thus evaporated in the presence of So-Sli might indicate the calamity he most dreaded—that he should lose no more wives.

In a few days, however, his invention was again in active exercise. Perceiving that So-Sli's suspicions were awakened, he judged it best to send his dog back to the place in which he had been trained; and he would not try a fresh experiment with him.

Another week had passed; it was evening, and the shadows of the western hills were gradually extending eastward over the richly cultivated fields. We mention this, not as necessary to the elucidation of our story, but merely because an erroneous opinion seems to have possessed the minds of many, that shadows are unknown in China. The artists of the celestial empire exhibit their *hopeful*

character by omitting the dark side of every picture. They would make you believe that Peter Schlemihl's friend had walked through the land, and bought shadow and shade, every inch of the commodity. Foreigners, however, have not discovered that nature, in this particular, has framed for China laws different from those in operation over other portions of the globe: but the Chinese seem really to be unaware that shadow exists among them; and in their writings and discourse, as in their pictures, always represent their country as an all-enlightened land.

It was evening; and the beautiful So-Sli was sitting in a verandah, very diligently engaged in embroidering a dress, and chewing betel, when Ho-Fi approached, and assuming an appearance of sudden alarm and solicitude, exclaimed,

“By the pig-tail and thumb-nails of Confuttsze, explain to me what ails my ever sweetest So-Sli! What sudden and malevolent disease is endeavouring to pick the lock of my casket of a thousand jewels? Your

complexion, sweet mouse of my bosom, is like silk, your eyes are as dull as a stewed shark's fin, and I see well that you must be under the evil influence of the melancholic Saturn: thence cold has gained a predominancy over heat in your temperament, and dryness over moisture. Go, therefore, to your chamber; avoid all yellow objects, and also those of gloomy white; you had better, indeed, put out your lantern, and close your window, that you may see nothing but a lively black about you. I will go hence, lest the hue of my girdle exercise a malignant effect upon you; and if you will betake yourself to bed, I will send hither a physician of great skill, who will feel your pulses, and determine from the stars what medicines you should use."

The Chinese possess many secrets of physical science quite unknown to the philosophers of Europe. Among others is the mysterious dependance of particular colours upon particular planets; yellow upon Saturn, for example, and black upon Mercury. White

is their mourning colour; and black, as its opposite, must needs, therefore, be regarded among them as having a particularly gay and agreeable character.

A Chinese physician is not content with feeling one pulse of his patient; he must feel many. From each he learns somewhat of the disease, and he needs no other indications to guide him. It is a simple plan, and removes most of the difficulties that beset the European doctor in the formation of his diagnosis: pulse with him is every thing; like the Brahmin, he lives upon pulse. He consults, indeed, the planets, as we did some century since; but in one thing he resembles our modern pharmacopeists,—that beyond all stars he believes in the healing virtues of Mercury.

So-Sli wondered what the solicitude of her husband might portend. Was Bou-Wou awaiting her in her chamber, and preparing a dose of bark? “You don’t bite me so easily,” thought So-Sli; and she entreated Ho-Fi that if she should immediately betake

herself to bed, he would retire to rest at the same time. He excused himself on the ground that he must forthwith call a physician : and though for a while she made some objections to this, having ever entertained a great dislike to doctor's stuff and doctor's learning, which she classed together as stuff and nonsense, she could not but give in at last, as he insisted upon it with all the earnestness of affectionate solicitude.

Ho-Fi accordingly went to seek the physician ; and So-Sli, taking a lantern, and having glanced in a mirror, to assure herself of what all along she had strongly suspected, that she was *not* so yellow as silk, and that her eyes were *not* so dull as a stewed shark's fin, proceeded to her chamber, and very cautiously opening the door, threw in a bone before she would enter, to find if the coast were clear.

As no dog snapped at the bone, So-Sli felt sufficiently assured that her canine enemy was not in the apartment. She ventured into it, therefore, but moved about with great

circumspection, and she examined the room with the utmost care, to discover *what* danger might be concealed within it; for she had fully made up her mind that there was *some*.

She looked up the chimney; she pryed in every corner; she turned about the table and chairs; she looked in the oven under the bed. Yes, truly; the oven was under the bed. So to place it is a common practice in the Chinese empire, and unquestionably it is an acute plan: in one side of a chamber is an arched recess, in which is placed the bed on a raised platform and beneath that the oven. What a very cosy thing upon a winter's night! The warming-pan as large as the mattress. You put your bread in the oven, and have a hot roll in bed. But perhaps this practice may have done something towards making the Chinese rather a crusty people.

So-Sli was not yet satisfied. "What," said she, "an' if I find needles in my bed?" and the mere idea gave her a stitch in her side. She lifted the bed-clothes, but let them



fall again much more quickly; she was frightened, but she did not shriek. She gave utterance only to a little gasping cry, such as might proceed from a terrified "sucking-dove;" and she did not run away, for though she had arrived at womanhood, her feet were as those of an infant. However, she tottered back a few paces, and then paused to consider what she should do.

But what had she seen in the bed? Had any of you seen it, my fair readers, the apparition of the old gentleman's tail, to which it bore a very marked resemblance, could scarcely have frightened you more. It was a huge black adder. You must not, however, suppose that, though startled, our little celestial lady was scared at all in the same degree that you would have been; by reason that she had been on most familiar terms with many of his kin, in the kitchen.

So-Sli hobbled quietly out of the room; she called a female servant, and sent her into the court to bring a young rat from the coop; to its leg they tied a small stone, and put it

in a large, long earthen pot with a small neck; and just peeping under the clothes of the bed to see whereabouts the adder lay, they thrust this in with the mouth towards him. They listened, and after a time fancied that they heard him glide into it, and this was confirmed by a little squeak from the rat; so, cautiously lifting the clothes, they suddenly raised the jar upon the end, and put a stopper over its mouth. The adder could not but perceive that he was rather awkwardly situated: "I shall 'go to pot,'" thought he; but it was of no use to make a coil about it.

So-Sli sat up to wait the return of her loving and liege lord: "I shall stay by him a little yet," she said; "an adder shall not be our divider."

Two or three hours elapsed ere he came back: he had forgotten the physician.

As he entered he seemed startled at beholding her. "My dearest So-Sli," he said, "how is it that you have not retired to bed, as I requested?"

“Whilst you were absent from me,” she answered, “how could I have rested? I should have been haunted by dragons, and demons, and cockatrices. Besides, I expected to see the physician, and I was not willing that he should visit me in my bed-chamber. How is it that he comes not with you?”

“His own son,” replied Ho-Fi; “is on the point of death, and I could not induce him to leave his bed-side: but he desired that you should not rise from your couch whilst the cold influence was upon you. He bade me to spend the night in watching and fasting; and at midnight to gather certain simples on the hill without the city, from which to-morrow he will prepare your medicines. I conjure you, then, as you love my yellow girdle, to go to bed without more delay.

So-Sli at last assented to go to bed alone; but she would not do so until he should have partaken, with her, of a soup, which she said she had prepared for him with great care, believing that it would be agreeable to him

after being so long exposed to the damp of the night. To this, so far as himself was concerned, Ho-Fi had no reasonable objection to urge; but for her sake he wished that it had not been made, and he earnestly advised her by no means to take any part thereof. The night air had given Ho-Fi an appetite.

So-Sli promised; and they sat down on either side of a small bamboo table. A lantern was placed upon it, and the soup, introduced in a covered bowl, was put before Ho-Fi that he might help himself. He had placed his hand upon the cover, when So-Sli accidentally knocked the lantern from the table, and the light was extinguished. She rose suddenly from her chair in great alarm, and in doing this upset the little table, so that the soup-bowl was thrown into the lap of Ho-Fi. Ho-Fi had on a skin apron, which he usually wore when he sat down to meals, and this he held up to catch his supper as it fell. But alack for luckless Ho-Fi! his supper caught him by the wrist, and

made him roar with agony. So-Sli knew his partiality for viper soup, but had forgotten to have the reptile *cooked*.

But So-Sli did not escape with impunity. Ho-Fi chased her around the apartment, and driving her at last into a corner, beat her with his knotted pigtail in an unmerciful manner, until the pain of the bite he had received in his wrist made him fall down upon the floor, and grind his head against it. Whilst he was so employed his wife stepped upon his shoulder, and jumping over him, escaped from the house. The fright she was in gave her power to run as never before her legs had carried her, and that, too, without crutches. Fright does not always thus assist us in getting out of a *hobble*.

When the first impetus supplied by fear had abated, she assumed somewhat more of her ordinary walk. Several times she was hailed by the watchmen as she passed through the streets; but they allowed her to proceed; and at last, sorely spent with the

fatigue of her long and unsupported tottering, she arrived at her father's house.

The philosopher had already retired to rest. He was angry at being thus aroused, but his indignation was beyond all bounds when he heard his daughter's story. "I will appeal," he said, "to Peking in this matter; and we will hang Ho-Fi in his yellow girdle."

Ho-Fi, meanwhile, when the first paroxysms of pain had subsided, sent for a barber-surgeon, and had his wrist, which was swollen to the size of the calf of his leg, examined and dressed. Moreover, having no doubt heard of that ancient practice in chirurgery which cured the wound by anointing the weapon, he had the viper dressed also; and revenge furnished an excellent sauce, and greatly improved his supper.

Poo-Poo, according to promise, made his appeal to the Emperor. As Ho-Fi boasted his relationship to the imperial family, this was the properest course; though the local

courts were not forbidden to exercise jurisdiction in similar cases. Commissioners were sent from Peking to investigate the affair.

Ho-Fi, and his wife, their domestics, Poo-Poo, and a few other persons who were required as witnesses, were summoned before the tribunal. Some of the relatives also of the former wives of the Yellow Girdle took care to be present in the court.

The case was fully examined. Minute evidence was entered into to prove that Ho-Fi had in various ways attempted the life of his lady; all the circumstances connected with their marriage were set forth by Poo-Poo; So-Sli gave her evidence with great perspicuity, and her statements respecting the poisoned tea and the fierce Bou-Wou, as well as concerning the vipor in the bed, were corroborated by the testimony of the servants. Some amateur witnesses made it pretty apparent that Ho-Fi's former wives had all of them been Burked and Greenaced; and the judges and jury were fully satisfied of his

guilt. The defence did not shake their confidence though it showed that faults of less magnitude existed in some other parties. The verdict of the court having been submitted to Peking, the following proclamation was in a few days received from the Emperor,—the Son of Heaven, and Father of the Celestial Empire. It was addressed to all his subjects—that is to say, to his three hundred and sixty-five millions of children.

“ Peking, the sixth month ; the fourteenth day ; the fifty-eighth year of the Emperor Ho-Ho.

“ Unless the laws be exercised even on the imperial kindred, they will not be obeyed.

“ When the mulberry shall degenerate into the thorn, it is time that it should be rooted out.

“ Guilt doth not escape the penetrating search of Ho-Ho. Ho-Ho hath long ears.”

“ Ho-Ho would emulate the virtues of his father, Ha-Ha, and train up by good example his son, He-He.

“ It hath come to the knowledge of Ho-Ho



that a certain Yellow Girdle, named Ho-Fi, residing in the city of Din-Din, not respecting the imperial pleasure, so often proclaimed, that all shall live peaceably together without committing offences against their neighbours, hath contumaciously presumed to put six wives to death by various devices, and hath in like manner attempted the life of a seventh. The modes of their deaths have been these:—for each he accounted falsely. The first fell from a rock—he ascribed it to female giddiness: the second was drowned—he said that she died of drink: the third was hanged—he spoke of her tightness of breath: the fourth was poisoned—he declared she was not careful in diet: the fifth was starved—he said that she lived too low: the sixth was choked with her shoe—he gave out that she could not say herself how she died. By these evasions he for a while deluded justice: but the truth hath become manifest; the chicken hath pipped the shell;\*

\* "Eggs are close things, but chickens will out at last." A Chinese proverb, signifying that murder will out.—DAVIS.

the cat can no longer conceal the kittens; the parrot hath moulted; let him be ashamed of his tail.

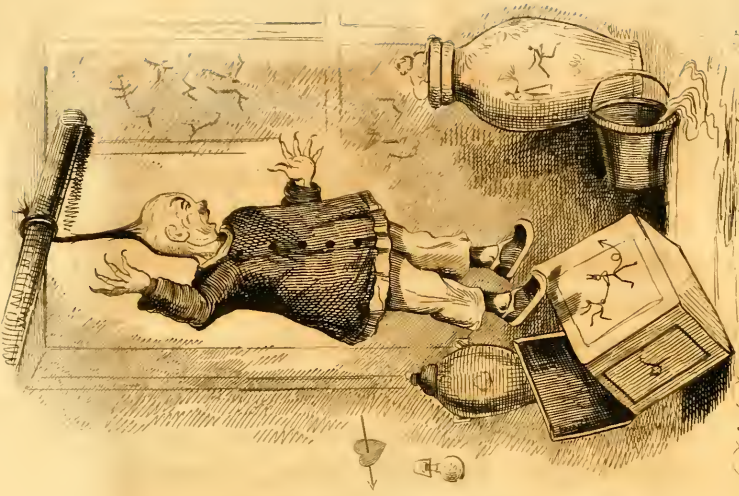
“But it is agreeable to the rules of justice that the punishment should bear some reference to the particular nature of the crime. This was the attempted murder of the seventh wife, which he hath essayed by poison, by a dog, and by a viper. It is the will, then, of Ho-Ho that Ho-Fi be punished in this manner: that he be stung to death by adders, and that his heart be filled with poison, and given to the dog Bou-Wou. In consideration of his former enormities it is farther ordered, that his body be cut into exceeding small pieces, one of which shall be sent to every square *ly*\* throughout the empire, and stuck upon a thorn. That his ten nearest relatives be put to death also; but as it is well to temper justice with mercy, they shall be merely strangled. His wife So-Sli shall be strangled likewise. His servants shall submit each to two hundred strokes of

\* A *ly* is a measure of distance about equal to our furlong.





*Hyson flouted by his father. 112.*



*Tom Ten suspended in his office. 117.*

the bamboo; Poo-Poo, the father of So-Sli shall receive five hundred, and shall wear the wooden collar for twelve calendar months, a proper reward for his heretical doctrines: the allowance of pay and rice to all Yellow Girdles shall cease for three years; and the principal mandarin of Din-Din shall be hung up in his house."

For "hung up in his house," some versions of the proclamation read "suspended in his office."

The wind up of this enunciation of the celestial will is too long for insertion here; it exhibits a fine struggle between a proper humility and conscious wisdom.

The story of Ho-Fi is told. Chinese and poetical justice go hand-in-hand. His name has long been universally execrated throughout the celestial empire. The Greeks borrowed it, and among them *ὄφις* was an expression equivalent to "O thou serpent!" Even among us barbarous inhabitants of the isles of the Western Ocean "O fye!" is to this day used to convey a reproach.

# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

KUBLAI KHAN ;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF KINSAI.

## INTRODUCTION.

I AM inclined to believe that the following story is a sort of psychological curiosity ; that is to say, that it is no other than a poetical dream of the well-known Klang, the warrior bard.

There is internal evidence that this story is but "the stuff" of a dream, in its strange dislocation of historical facts. This, in a writer so remarkable for accuracy as the famous Klang, can only be accounted for on the above supposition. It is true that the royal city, Kinsai, was beset by the troops of

the Khan, and that the Emperor fled, leaving the defence of the place to his Empress: it is true that she defended it with great valour: but history makes no mention, upon this occasion, of any regiment of ladies; though at an earlier period in the Chinese annals the Emperors Shih-hoo and Yang-te had troops of beautiful ladies as their body-guards. It can scarcely be necessary to observe that the adventure of the Khan, as related in the second and third cantos, is altogether fictitious. A medley of legends and historical facts must have been spinning round together in the brain,—in the stomach I should say,—in China the mind is seated in the stomach,\*—in the stomach of the slumbering Klang: when these, not originally connected, accidentally arranged themselves in the sequence in which they are here presented to the reader.

\* Chinese Miscellany.

# KUBLAI KHAN;

OR,

## THE SIEGE OF KINSAI.

---

Women young and women fair,  
These be all the brave man's share.

DRY-DEN.

---

### CANTO I.

I.

YOU'VE heard, no doubt, of Kublai Khan,  
That terrible man  
Who overran

The eastern world, in days of yore,  
With steps of steel, in paths of gore?  
Could there be brought together but all  
The bones of those his armies slew,  
They would vie in bulk with the China wall,  
Or fill up the great canal of Yu.

II.

Kublai Khan was a terrible man,  
A terrible Tartar was Kublai Khan;



His beard was yellow, his eyes were red,  
And, hard as a crab's, stood out from his head,  
They were eyes to pierce and eyes to harrow ;  
Those that he looked at would quake to their mar-  
row ;  
The heart, when he frowned, would sink down in  
the belly,  
And the voice of his anger made blood turn to jelly.

## III.

He swore the Chinese realm should fall ;  
So he came at the head of his Tartar hordes,  
Who all carried besoms as well as their swords,  
And he pitched his tents before the wall.  
As soon as the following morn had birth,  
He led them along in their war array ;  
A part of the wall was formed of earth,  
So they plied their besoms and swept it away.  
Then Kublai Khan gave the word of command,  
And they all poured into the Central Land.

## IV.

What deeds were done is it need I say,  
As on their course they wound ?  
What roofs were fired, what fields laid waste,  
What armies slain, what hearths disgraced,  
What lovely dames were borne away.  
What plainer dames were drowned ?  
Oh ! wo in the rear and death in the van  
Were ever attendant on Kublai Khan.

## v.

Fierce Kublai came to great Kinsai,  
Where the Emperor dwelt, and his wives, and  
kin,  
In a beautiful palace, with a rich inlay  
Of gold without and of pearls within ;  
And with terrible groups of his Tartar troops  
He blackened the hills and the plains around ;  
And he vowed a vow, that its towers should bow,  
And its walls be scattered along the ground.

## vi.

But when the Emperor saw  
Proud Kublai's banners flaunting,  
He was struck with amaze and awe,  
And felt that his heart was wanting ;  
And slipping his ribs, so august and imperial,  
Into a jacket of common material,  
That none might suppose him a person of note,  
He gat from the city by night in a boat.  
But he left his queen and wives behind,  
And bade them take good care  
That the insolent Tartar hordes should find  
A warm reception there.

## vii.

Now it's fit you be told, that this Emperor bold,  
Besides his Empress fair,  
Had twenty wives, of properest lives,  
As blythe and busy as bees in hives,

Endeavouring still  
 His hours to fill  
 With frolic and merriment fit to kill  
 The hollow-eyed phantom, Care.  
 There were An, and Nan, and Fan,  
 And Jin, and Din, and Sin, too,  
 With names that I neither can,  
 Nor would wish to enter into :  
 Monosyllable names of most killable dames,  
 Dames, I mean to say, able to kill us all ;  
 So lovely and neat, and with such little feet,  
 As with awe and with wonder would fill us al

## VIII.

And again and besides these beautiful brides,  
 Who sat in due order at both of his sides,  
 Farthermore he possessed,  
 (So might count himself blessed,  
 More than any that dwelt in the East or the  
 West,)

A regiment of ladies, all chosen and pick'd,  
 Whose hearts were brave, whose discipline strict,  
 All mounted on steeds of superior breeds,  
 And furnished with bows and brass-pointed reeds,  
 And swords ever ready for martial deeds ;  
 Which loyal and beautiful band  
 Formed his guard, to watch and to ward  
 Treasons and dangers, from servants or strangers,  
 Lest any come near a person so dear  
 To all the loyal dames of the Central Land.

## IX.

The Empress was colonel of this gallant troop,  
 And the wives were the majors, the captains,  
 lieutenants,  
 And ensigns that bore the invincible pennants,  
     To which every foe,—  
     It seemed to be so,—  
 Was in gallantry bound to stoop.  
 So Sergeant Sling called over the names,  
 And the Empress harangued her regiment of  
     dames ;  
 Set out before them, in learned display,  
 The danger that threatened the city Kinsai ;  
     The myriads of Tartars  
     Prepared to be martyrs,  
     Rather than yield  
     An inch of the field,  
     Or move from the wall,  
     Till the town should fall.

## X.

“ So you see, my girls,” said the beautiful colonel,  
     “ We go forth in *strong* quest  
     Of difficult conquest :  
 Should they beat women the shame is infernal,  
 But, if they be beaten, our glory eternal.  
     So let us be drest  
     In our holiday best,  
 With silks of bright hues  
     All embroidered, for mails,

With the smallest of shoes,  
     And the longest of nails,  
 With patches of pink  
     On our lips and our cheeks,  
 And eye-brows of ink  
     Laid in delicate streaks,  
 With foong-hangs\* rare,  
     Of jewels and gold,  
 Hanging down from our hair,  
 O'er our foreheads so fair;—  
 These charms, as I think,  
     And the swords we shall hold,  
 Will make the foe shrink,  
     Be they never so bold.

## XI.

“Now Major Slo, as your charger is fleet,  
 You shall lead the advance, when we go forth to  
     meet

The foe in the field, and Major Van  
 Shall bring up the rear as well as she can.

There is work for you, fair Captain Slac,  
 And for Captain Shi, so forward still;  
 For cast your glance o'er plain and hill,  
 We have many to capture and many to kill;  
     But let not numbers our hearts dismay,  
 We'll not be afraid of the foe or the fray.”

\* See note, F.

## XII.

Thus the Empress spoke to her female bands,  
And the male troops also received her commands:  
The male bands answered with warlike whoops,  
But the hope of the town was the female troops.

## CANTO II.

## I.

I do not say how the siege begun,  
What works were tried, what deeds were done,  
What engines used, what flags upborne,  
What breaches made, what trousers torn,  
What throats were cut, what limbs were hack'd  
What bodies were crushed, what skulls were crack'd,  
Because I don't know, and that's the fact.  
But deeds of hand, and deeds of heart,  
Valorous deeds upon either part,  
Countless losses of lords and wives,  
Countless losses of limbs and lives;  
Walls in ruin, and silks in rags,  
Terrible engines, flouting flags,  
And all that belongs to a fearful fray,  
You may understand without my say.  
The walls though battered were not thrown down;  
And the Empress yet retained the town.

## II.

Oh, ne'er had a general yet been seen  
In all the Central Land,

Who in skill or in luck,  
 Or in plenty of pluck,  
 Was at all to compare  
 With that Empress so fair;  
 Nor there, as I ween, had a troop ever been,  
 That might vie with her beautiful band.  
 She gallantly held the great Kinsai,  
 And harassed the foe both night and day;  
 They scarce could remain in the neighbouring plain,  
 Nor were safe in the hills and the valleys;  
 For in her defence there was so much of sense,  
 And so much keen wit in her sallies.

## III.

Let me declare it, if nobody knows,  
 Ladies are not such contemptible foes.  
 A thousand at once, and all of them chattering,  
 Mid horses' hoofs clattering, pattering, spattering,  
 Like tilters of Eglintoun all running at a ring,  
 Killing and scattering,  
 Bruising and battering,  
 Maiming and shattering,—  
 Not to be flattering,  
 Of primal confusion they teach you a smattering.

## IV.

Daily were prisoners brought into the city,  
 Tied by their pigtails\* together in pairs;

\* See note G.



The handsome ones won on the Empress's pity,  
 The plain ones were hung in the crescents and  
 squares.

She offered rewards for the heads of the lords,  
 And the commoners too of the Tartar hordes.  
 And her soldiers oft brought them by twos and by  
 twos,  
 Slung over their shoulders so tied by their queues;\*  
 Or, sometimes a lady with little remorse,  
 Arranged them in pairs o'er the neck of her horse.

## v.

Now months had passed on in storming and sallying,  
 Fancy-phlebotomy, running and rallying;  
 In hurling stones,  
 And in throwing darts;  
 In breaking bones,  
 And in piercing hearts;  
 The troops of the Timour,  
 By hands and *by* knees,  
 Endeavouring to climb o'er,  
 The walls of the Chinese:  
 And the brave Chinese band,  
 Ensconced in snug quarters,  
 Hurling hot pitch and sand  
 On the heads of the Tartars:  
 Till the Tartars confessed, at least those in the  
 thick of it,

\* See note, H.

That the siege of Kinsai, they were heartily sick  
of it:

And it made Kublai Khan very fierce and sple-  
netic.

To find it thus act as a Tartar emetic.

## VI.

So the terrible Kublai swore

That by storm he would take the city ;  
And wash the streets with the inmates' gore,  
Without remorse or pity.

That lord nor page, that youth nor age,

Should meet with a moment's quarter :  
But that proud Kinsai should be all laid low,  
And the share of the plough should over it go,  
To bury its bricks,  
Its stones and sticks,  
Its marble, mud and mortar.

## VII.

As Kublai pronounced his decree so proudly,  
His blood-hungry Tartars applauded him loudly ;  
They clattered their swords, they struck their gongs.  
The air was griped with their crudest songs ;  
It was beaten with shouts and shattered with laugh-  
ter,

And the echoes were ill for a month thereafter !  
The broad river quaked as it rolled on its way,  
And the red flags were wind-shaken over Kinsai.

## VIII.

The Empress heard the clatter and jar,  
As 'twas borne, by the breath of the breeze, from  
afar,

Like a peal of tipsy thunder ;  
So knowing that something must be in the wind,  
With her beautiful lips she most wrathfully grinned ;  
She seized her silk buckler, her breastplate she  
pinned,

With a China-crape shawl doubled under ;  
In an elegant bow tied the string of her helmet,  
And swore when the Tartars came they should be  
well met :

Then with eloquent speech to her ladies appealed,  
And rode at the head of them forth to the field.

## IX.

So on went the ladies till meeting the Tartars,  
They poured forth upon them a volley of arrows,  
As thick as small shot on a regiment of sparrows ;  
And then they turned round and made back to their  
quarters.

## X.

The Khan greatly marvelled ;  
“ Oh, none of them *are* veiled,”

Cried he, “ and what beauties they are, every soul  
of them !

Draw not a bow—

Lay not one of them low ;

For the moon and the sun,  
 I would not part with one ;  
 But forward, my Tartars, and capture the whole of  
 them.  
 Seize me alive every dear little beauty ;  
 Yours is Kinsai if you do me this duty ;  
 These shall alone be my share of the booty."

## XI.

Then onward they all hurried, (O, for quick metre !)  
 The Tartars were fleet but the ladies were fleetier ;  
 If those seemed to fly along, these seemed to shoot,  
 And they got to the city in spite of pursuit.

## XII.

Now first in the chase was the amorous Khan,  
 Who distanced his troops two-thirds of a ly—  
 No thought from the moment the flight began  
 Had entered his brain,  
 Except to obtain  
 The prize upon which he had fixed his eye.  
 His passion and eagerness made him so blind  
 That he did not perceive how his troops fell behind ;  
 And being well mounted,  
 He rode quite alone ;  
 And recklessly counted  
 The quarry his own,  
 As he dashed through the gate  
 Very proud and elate.

But he found his mistake in another half minute,  
When the guards closed the portal and closed him  
within it.

Then the ladies came back very joyous and gay.  
And the Khan was their prisoner there in Kinsai.

## CANTO III.

## I.

THE Empress sat on the Emperor's throne,  
And the Emperor's sceptre swayed ;  
She had slipped on his trowsers, too, over her own,  
And she gave her commands in the despot's tone ;  
    And every vassal  
    Within the castle  
    Her delegate voice obeyed.  
Oh ! a delicate voice was her delegate voice,  
And every one made it a matter of choice  
    To do her behest as soon as 'twas spoken,  
    With an eagerness owing  
    In part to his knowing  
That else every one of his bones would be broken,  
    Say nought of his being flayed.

## II.

The Empress sat on the Emperor's throne,  
And sent six ladies the Khan to call ;  
"For tell him," said she, "I've a bit of a bone  
I would pick with him here in my audience hall."

The Khan was pleased when he heard that say,  
For he'd tasted nothing since break of day.  
A pleasant look on the dames he threw,  
And shook the dust from his beard and queue;  
He looped his belt, but he would not strap it tight  
Since dinner was ready, and so was his appetite;  
And he went to the chamber to find the bone;  
    But when he came there  
    The table was bare,  
And so the poor Khan had none.

## III.

He strode through the room, nowise forlorn,  
His step was bold and free;  
Although he was not in America born,  
Yet a-merry-Khan was he.  
Round his ankles and waist and neck he bore  
Chain-cable enough for a seventy four;  
Yet proudly he paced along:  
And as all such eastern heroes do  
When they find themselves in a bit of a stew,  
    To keep up his pluck,  
    In spite of ill luck,  
Consoled himself with song.

## IV.

But whilst the Khan in his fetters,  
Marched up the hall with pride,  
Where the ladies, who proved his betters,  
Were ranged upon either side;

If his little red eyes stood out from his head,  
It was not with rage, it was not with dread,  
It was not with hate, it was not with scorn,

It was only with joy and a large surprise  
At the beautiful sight, such as since he was born  
Had never before met his little red eyes ;  
And he smiled as he glanced, with his eyes full of  
flames,  
At beautiful Empress and beautiful dames.

## v.

The Empress so bold and her ladies so fair  
Were exceedingly taken with Kublai Khan ;  
They liked his person, they liked his air,  
And to tell it in brief they liked the man.  
His jaws were wide, his forehead narrow,  
He seemed a person of pith and marrow ;  
And with eyes so red and beard so yellow,  
They thought him a very delectable fellow.

## vi.

Yet the Empress thought it fit and right  
To look very grave at the Tartar knight,  
Because, by and by, by way of a finis,  
She purposed to hang his Tartar highness.  
She meant he should hang, his neck reposing  
In a silken twist of her own composing :  
And so she considered the way to behave,  
Would be, for the present, to look very grave.



## VII.

“Kublai Khan,” the Empress said,  
In a very impressive and solemn manner,  
“Over our fertile land you’ve sped  
With bloody sword and flouting banner ;  
You have seized our maidens, you’ve slaughtered  
our youth,  
You have cut off the heads of our aged sires,  
You’ve spoiled our cities and fields with fires ;  
Nor infants in arms could move ye to ruth :  
You have poisoned our rivers, and drained our vats.  
And made short work of our rice and rats.  
The punishment then the law requires  
Is burning to death with red-hot wires ;  
But since you are brave, we all agree  
Only to hang you on yonder tree.  
Is there any thing, Khan, you can urge, of force  
To hinder the law in its simple course ?”

## VIII.

Kublai Khan he stroked his beard,  
And said very quietly “Who’s afeard ?”  
He swelled up his cheek before he would speak,  
And scratched his nose, so knowing and sleek.  
To seem at his ease he made an endeavour,  
But felt Kinsai was a comical place ;  
His eyes looked redder and harder than ever,  
And stood rather farther out from his face.  
His case was queer ; however ’twas good  
To put the best face on it he could ;

Nor had he just then a better at hand  
 Than that with his two little hard red eyes,  
 And a thick long beard, so yellow and grand,  
 Which gave him a look very fierce and wise.

## IX.

“Dear lady,”—at last he thus began,  
 And seemed by his smile to be free from fear,—  
 “We oftentimes put the beer in a can,  
 But I see you’re for putting the Khan in a bier.  
 You must do as you please, most lovely flower,  
 For Kublai Khan is in your power.

It was rather unwise  
 To be caught by those eyes,  
 So green in their hue, and so small in their size ;  
 No doubt on’t :—but there—  
 I fell into the snare,  
 And it’s often our lot to be killed by the fair :  
 So,—thus in Kinsai,—  
 I have only to say  
 That if you adjudge me death my due,  
 I am proud, dear lady, to die for you :  
 But an’ if you had not so fierce a will,  
 To live for you I’d be prouder still.

## X.

“That I’ve wasted your fields and towns with fires,  
 And filled your streams with a sanguine die,  
 That I’ve cut the throats of your youths and sires,  
 And eaten your rats, I can’t deny :

But never, believe it, most beautiful elf,  
Would Kublai Khan hurt such as yourself."

## XI.

Now how could it be but the Empress fair,  
Now how could it be but her ladies bright,  
Now how could it be but each one there,  
Should be touched at these words of the Tartar  
Knight?  
So they talked for awhile in an under-breath,  
And to do what they could  
For his comfort and good,  
Agreed to accord him his choice of a death.  
Whether to die by maiming and mangling,  
Drowning, burning, or choaking and dangling.  
And when the Khan bold answer made,  
And honestly owned that, if he might,  
(Since fighting e'er had been his trade,)  
He'd rather prefer to fall in fight,—  
The ladies acceded to this proposition,  
And chosing three heroes of noble condition,  
To slaughter Khan Kublai, they gave them com-  
mission.

## XII.

These heroes were tall and terrible chaps,  
Of warlike fame untarnished;  
Two peacocks' feathers in each of their caps,  
And their helms were of pasteboard varnished;

Their shoulder-guards and breast-plates fair  
 Were made of cotton and stuffed with hair ;  
 Their steps were fleet, and their arms were strong,  
 Their eyes were fierce, and their beards were long ;  
 And each, besides a bow and a mace,  
     Carried a terrible silken shield,  
 Pictured whereon was a hideous face,  
     To fright the foeman out of the field.  
 Each at his back a banneret bore ;  
     Through a hollow bamboo its staff was thrust ;  
 And of two placards, behind and before,  
     *That called him " Brave," and this " Robust."\**

## XIII.

The chosen ground was the palace lawn ;  
 The fence was framed, and the swords were drawn  
 The three from the East, the Khan from the West,  
 To meet in the middle their steps addressed.  
     Side by side advanced the three,  
         All heroes of one stamp ;  
     Side by side, and knee by knee,  
         With very deliberate tramp.  
 When they almost met their Tartar foe,  
     Who towards them came at swifter pace,  
 They stopped at once in a fearful row,  
     And held their shields out towards his face ;  
 Then working secret wires within,  
 Made the terrible faces squint and grin ;

\* See note, I.

And they trusted by this decisive plan  
To frighten away the Tartar Khan.

## XIV.

But lo! and behold! the Tartar Khan  
Was not prepared to take the hint;  
He looked at the shields, that fearless man!  
And "Ho!" said he, "you may grin and squint!"  
Then in both his hands his sword raised he,  
To shatter the shields of the warlike three.  
This showed a heart on the Tartar's part,  
For which the three were not prepared:  
They stepped in a crack some paces back,  
And opened their mouths and eyes, and stared.  
"Why stay we here?" cried valiant F'li,  
"Oh, fly we hence!" cried dauntless Flee.  
And in mighty dismay  
Shun-Fo ran away;  
I know not which might soonest hie,  
Or which was the fleetest of all the three.

## XV.

Their flags were all to ribands torn  
By the current of air, so fast their flight:  
The peacock plumes from their caps were borne,  
And they showed no feather except the white.  
And as they ran the bold placard  
That proclaimed them "brave" was their shield  
and guard.  
Their flight had turned it towards the Khan,  
Who never perceived they were brave, till they ran.

## XVI.

The Tartar bold pursued their flight,  
And cleft them down from crown to heel ;  
And his eyes gleamed bright with his grim delight  
As then on his queue he wiped the steel.  
He bowed to the queen and her ladies fair ;  
His face was flecked with spirits of gore :  
“ We'll leave these three to the doctor's care,  
And now, sweet queen, I am ready for more.”

## XVII.

Three more were brought, and he slaughtered them,  
And then came five, and those he slew ;  
As you with a knife cut a flowret's stem,  
As easily he chopped men in two.  
Then seven, and nine, came against him all ;  
He hacked the whole of them limb from limb :  
And dwarfs so strong, and giants so tall ;  
But giants and dwarfs were alike to him.  
The blood of his foes dripped down from his nose,  
And made his beard in a gory trim ;  
And at every blow, as he killed a foe,  
He bowed to the ladies and smiled so grim.

## XVIII.

Then the sons and sires, the brothers and cousins  
Of those sweet ladies came into the lists,  
And he slaughtered them all by tens and dozens ;  
You'd think that the work would have sprained  
his wrists.

But Kublai Khan was stout and willing,  
And not to be easily tired of killing :  
He cut off their heads spare time to amuse,  
And roped them, like onions, up by their queues.

## XIX.

When the Queen and her troop of China-roses  
Beheld the fate of their lords and masters,  
Those stars of fight, those China-asters,  
Thus snipped by the Khan and bound in posies,  
They were filled with a measureless admiration  
Of the terrible chief of the Tartar nation.  
And the Empress spake and said, "O Khan,  
Since you've shown yourself such a valorous man,  
And slain the prime of our warriors thus,  
You will not be afraid of a match with us.  
So whet you your sword on the edge of your  
shield,  
Till I and my ladies come into the field.

## XX.

Kublai bowed with infinite grace,  
Smiled in a very bewitching way,  
Wiped the blood from off his face,  
And made reply to the Empress gay :  
"O lady bold, O lady bright,  
To slaughter men I have little care ;  
Send more of such if you think it right :  
But I draw not sword on dames so fair.

A match with you and your ladies sweet,  
Is what would make my bliss complete ;  
But that which thus would sweeten life  
Is a match in love and not in strife."

## XXI.

The Queen and her beautiful ladies laughed ;  
Should the Khan be killed, they would all be  
sorrier :  
They ever had loved the warrior-craft,  
And it made them love the crafty warrior.  
They whispered some blame of the Emperor's flight,  
And declared that that ought to have kindled  
their spite :  
So the Empress bowed low, with most ladylike ease,  
And answered, " Brave Khan, be it just as you  
please."

## XXII.

Then he danced them by fours, by tens, and by  
scores,  
Over charcoal pots that were set at the doors ;  
The town of Kinsai was full of delight :  
Oh ! a wonderful man was the Tartar Khan,  
And he conquered in love what he couldn't in fight.



# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

FASHIONS IN FEET ;

OR,

THE TALE OF THE BEAUTIFUL TO-TO.\*

---

Now beat the drum and clatter the gong,  
And let us upraise our voices strong,  
And tell it aloud with music and song,  
What praise may well to our dames belong,—  
That they're sure to go right if they can't go wrong.

YA-Hoo.

IF any of our lovely country-women should meet a Chinese lady, they would deem her

\* There is little known of Shoo, the original author of this historical romance, but that he wrote a poetical treatise on Boot-Making in measures of two feet each. If an inference may be drawn from the title of his work he can have ventured but ankle-deep into the waters of the Sing-Slo, the Chinese Castaly.

lot unblessed:—at least the first idea that would occur to them would be, that they would not stand in their shoes.

The Chinese ladies do not understand “long measure:” at all events their table is peculiar, as they have but three inches to a foot. A curious fact in their anatomy is that their toes are bent, and twenty in number, being *doubled* under the sole; thus even though their feet move forward their toes go backwards.

They are extremely contentious; they cannot meet without scuffling. Their walk is uneasy—they seem to move with pain; and how should it be otherwise when nails are under their feet?

Yet, though feet so diminutive are at present, and have been for many centuries worn by the celestial ladies, this was not always the case. A French postilion has been described as all boots: the sage Ya-hoo, whom we have quoted at the head of this story, spoke of the softer sex in his time as *all slip-*

*pers* ; yet it is true that even this expression seems to set them upon a bad footing.

Their feet were not always so small. You shall find in Chinese histories that the Emperor Min-Te, who came to the throne in the thirty-first year of the sixty-first cycle,\* had a beautiful Empress, To-To, whose feet in length rejoiced in their complement of exactly twelve inches. The Emperor loved his lady with imperial measure of attachment; indeed he regarded her single self with more affection than he entertained besides for any two of his handmaidens : and he would seldom absent himself from her society except when it was necessary for him to give audience,—that is to smoke a quiet hooka in presence of his ministers,—in the celestial council-chamber. The custom of the country rendered it impossible that To-To should attend him there ; but when the formal conference was over, he would frequently detain his favourite minister, Hum, in whose character and wisdom he had great confidence, and retiring to a

\* A. D. 931.

more snug apartment, would invite his Empress to join them in a cosy pipe. On such occasions, state business was sometimes a second time discussed; and the decisions of the lesser council often annulled and superseded those of the greater.

Min-Te was a lazy monarch, and was well pleased to have all troublesome questions of policy or justice arranged in a quiet manner, without his intervention: he did not like to be obliged to decide between the conflicting opinions of different ministers; but in these agreeable little after-councils, strange to say, though a lady was allowed a voice in them, there was always unanimity, and seldom a very lavish expenditure of words. No wonder that Min-Te should value a minister whose simple eloquence, and of course great argumentative powers, sufficed at once, upon whatever subject they were exercised, to carry conviction even to an Empress. To testify his great esteem for Hum, he ordered that he should be lodged in the palace, in chambers not far distant from the imperial

apartments. He frequently employed him to instil into the lovely To-To a proper sense of all the duties she should aim at fulfilling as a woman and a wife ; but above all, as the chosen lady of the Emperor.

The beautiful Empress received meekly and graciously the lessons of virtue thus imparted to her. Nothing, to her apprehension, could be more agreeable than the counsels given by Hum. The Emperor, looking on at a little distance, was over-joyed at seeing with how much attention she listened to the instructions of so excellent an adviser; and when at other times he heard her discourse of virtue and the duties of wifehood, " this is all Hum," thought he. Thus she gained still more of his affection, and Hum of his esteem; and the fame of both went abroad throughout all the celestial dominions. When Hum appeared in the streets the people flocked about him. " A Hum! a Hum!" they cried, "the Emperor's favoured counsellor. Three cheers for a Hum!" Then they

shouted aloud, and no sound could be heard except "A Hum!"

The Emperor was a sound sleeper; that is to say, he could sleep in spite of a sound. It is strange that a *sound* sleeper and a *quiet* sleeper should be nearly synonymous expressions; not quite, indeed, for one who snores may be a sound sleeper. The Empress was a sound sleeper also; a very determined sleeper; for she was addicted to somnambulism, and somnambulists must be very determined sleepers.

From being himself such a decided somnambulist it was some time before the Emperor became aware of his lady's peculiarity. A little whisper, however,—no bigger than a musquito, which had for several days been fluttering about the palace, and buzzing into people's ears, one morning came dancing about his; and having awhile piped into it in a very small voice, gave it a sting which caused considerable irritation, then flew out at the window, and in a short time had

treated every mother's son, and no less father's daughter, throughout the celestial dominions, in nearly the same way.

That little provoking noise kept ringing in his imperial music-box, and the smart continued, so that his majesty at night was quite unable to sleep; but, in the hope, no doubt, of bringing the customary drowsy influence upon him, he lay quite still, (by his lady's side,) and breathed hard, as though he had been in slumber.

He fell, by and by, into a sort of half-doze, a dreamy mood, in which the little tune of the small whisper seemed to split into two parts; the one consisted of a number of minikin figures made up of queer bars very strangely put together, which kept dancing about his closed eyes; the other still sounded in his ear, but its members assumed an articulate character, and the sounds and the figures mutually interpreted each other; whilst the tune was still discernible in the

words and the motions of the characters kept time to it. This was the song:—

Min-Te, Min-Te, Min-Te,  
 Oh Emperor, bold and free!  
     Do as I bid,  
     Open your lid,  
 You'd better be wise and see.

With a chee, chee, cheee, chee, chee, chee, chee.\*

Lest it betide (chee, chee,)

That your wife should creep (chee, chee,)

Away from your side (chee, chee,)

For she walks in her sleep (chee, chee.)

With a chee, chee, chee, chee, cheeee, cheee, chee.

And a chee, chee, cheeee, cheee, cheee, chee,  
 cheeeeeeee.

Min-Te, Min-Te, Min-Te,  
 Lend the loan of your lug to me!  
     I'd have you be wise,  
     And open your eyes,  
 And see what you shall see.

With a chee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, chee, cheee,

There's Hum in his bed (chee, chee,)

At the end of the gallery, (chee,)

Best cut off his head, (chee, chee,)

Or at least his salary (chee.)

\* I believe it is either Captain Marryat or Captain Basil Hall who has given a specimen of the Mosquito language very closely resembling this.



With a cheee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, chee.  
And a cheee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee,  
cheeeeee.

And so the song was proceeding, like the moon, all made of *cheese*, when his imperial majesty (who lay *dos-à-dos* with his wife, for the greater convenience of dozing a doze,) was suddenly aroused to full consciousness by a gentle pull of the silken coverlid. He lay quite quiet, (though a gnat at the moment settled on his nose,) and soon perceived that the Empress was getting out of bed in her sleep, and evidently taking the greatest possible care not to awaken herself in so doing. Having no doubt at all—none whatever—not the slightest in the world—not the least possible—that she was altogether unconscious of what she was about, he thought, like a kind Emperor, that it would be right she should be looked to, lest she should break her neck down the stairs or out of window, the palace being two stories high; and, as he discovered that she moved towards the door, he rose from bed as quietly as she had done,

and followed; she all the while treading as noiselessly as though she were a fly, and he as though he were a spider.

She proceeded along the gallery, and passed the stairs without accident; and she had arrived almost at the bottom of the corridor, when the Emperor, alarmed lest she might make a false step, (a fox-paw, as the French express it,) seized her by throwing his left arm round her waist; at the same moment placing his right hand over her mouth, to prevent that natural utterance of alarm which might be expected from a lady suddenly awakened under such circumstances. Startled she was, and she certainly *would* have screamed, had it not been for his precaution. Being quite in the dark, both as to where she was, and as to who had laid such violent hand upon her, you may imagine how greatly she was frightened. She struggled to get loose, though still without making much noise; indeed, she thought that it would not be amiss if she could get back to her chamber as quietly as she came thence.

But this was not to be; for the prime minister Hum, who, with what truth I cannot pretend to say, had the reputation of being at all times wide awake, was not asleep upon the present occasion; and hearing, with his pair of very acute ears, a little scuffling in the gallery, he opened the door of his apartment, which was close to the scene of action. He had apparently been engaged in study; for he held in his hand a lighted lantern, the light of which he now directed upon the pair in the corridor. The instant he saw them, however, it dropped from his hand; and closing and fastening the door with all possible celerity, he jumped upon his bed, coiled himself into a circle less than his waist in diameter, drew the clothes over him in a heap, and lay without moving, breathing, or letting his beard grow, till the morning light had filled his apartment.

During the moment that a gleam from the lantern had been thrown upon them, To-To became aware that it was only the Emperor who had frightened her so much in the dark;

and of course much delighted at this discovery, and her fears all banished thereby, she immediately returned to the imperial apartment.

“My dearest To-To,” said his imperial majesty, as they entered, “I was not till now aware that you were a somnambulist. Why did you never mention to me that you were so afflicted? I would have had a gold collar made to surround your ankle, and a chain and lock to secure you to the bed. I myself would have kept the key, so dearly do I tender your safety.”

“I had hoped,” she replied, “that my attachment to your sacred majesty would always have exercised the counteracting influence which it has hitherto done, and have overcome entirely the infirmity to which I was formerly subject. I have no fear of another attack, and I think the gold chain therefore will be quite unnecessary.”

“As, however, you are restless to-night,” said the Emperor, “I will secure you for the present with this strap. Stay, let me pass it

round you. There, that will do—nay, one pull more—uh, uh—you can't move now, I think. That's just the thing—the lock is famous—so—and here goes the key. Don't be afraid; you can't roll down. And now, as I'm rather of the sleepest, good night, dearest madam. Indeed this sleep-walking is a terrible thing; but we'll say no more about that till the morning."

He had scarcely finished speaking before he was fast asleep; but poor To-To could not get to sleep at all, for she was almost cut in two by the strap he had fastened round her.

In the morning the Emperor liberated his wife; but he did not revert to the subject of sleep-walking till after he had finished his morning devotions and meal.

He sent for her then; and when she came into his presence he asked if she remembered the circumstances of the preceding night. She confessed that she had some confused recollection of a dream, in which she had imagined that, after her beloved lord had been a long time absent from her, whilst

ping for his return, she suddenly beheld him walking towards her, at a distance in the garden; and that in the affection of her heart she had gone forth to meet him, and to welcome him home. She was, accordingly, hastening down the long walk, when a black dragon flew out of the canal by which it was bordered, and coiled suddenly around her. That she was mortally frightened thereat, and, with the greatest presence of mind, resolved on the instant to utter a loud scream; but that the black dragon put one of its terrible paws upon her mouth, and prevented this. On partially awakening about that time, what was her satisfaction at discovering that the black dragon was no other than the Emperor himself.

Her compassionate lord endeavoured to console her with the suggestion that some remedy might possibly be found for this unfortunate habit: and he questioned her as to whether there was any manner in which she could at all account for her being thus afflicted. In answer to this, she expressed a

suspicion that her mamma had been partly concerned; and she told some long story to substantiate this view: but that I consider little worthy our attention, as she made the facts a few weeks older than herself, and might therefore be supposed to know but little of the matter. She afterwards, however, put the thing in a more philosophical light, when she said, that her habits being sedentary and her feet large, the latter, she thought, had not a proper proportion of exercise during the day; and thus made up secretly for the deficiency at night, when they knew that she was sleeping, and unable consequently to keep a look out upon their motions.

Now here let it be mentioned that large feet in the days of Min-Te were as necessary to the ideal of female loveliness throughout the celestial dominions, as small feet have been ever since; and that Min-Te himself had chosen the delectable To-To as the wife of his bosom chiefly on account of her felicities in that department of the beautiful.

Nevertheless, when his lady declared her conviction that with premeditation those her lovely members walked away with her in such an inexcusable manner, he could not restrain himself from uttering a malediction against them. This malediction was expressed in three words; but the nib of my pen turns this way and that and refuses to write the first: "their soles" were the other two.

Min-Te then informed his lady that it had come to his knowledge that, though he doubted not she was quite unconscious of the fact, the little excursion she had taken the past night was by no means the first she had made in the same direction; and he considered that if she walked at all that was the wrong way, and this he disapproved *in To-To*.

But To-To expressed great satisfaction at hearing this, as she said that actions done in sleep always went by a rule of contrary, and that her walking the wrong way in a dream was the most lucid of all possible proofs that



her ways were always correct in her waking hours.

Could the Emperor do otherwise than bow to the force of such argument? He highly applauded his lady, and assured her of his perfect confidence in her waking excellence. Yet he confessed that his strong conviction of this was in itself a source of disquiet to his mind; for she had clearly demonstrated that it would be the occasion of her always going wrong in sleep. It was his wish, if possible, that this might be avoided; and the only mode which occurred to him of escaping from the dilemma was to prevent her from going at all. How to effect this? He wished heartily that her feet had not grown since infancy, as she then would not have taken to sleep-walking; but they *had*, and what was to be done? Min-Te was an inventive genius; he hit upon an admirable plan: he sent for a cook and a cleaver, and had these offending members chopped six inches shorter. The cure was complete: it is confidently stated that To-To never more

walked in her sleep; and I recommend all somnambulists to try the efficiency of Min-Te's invention.

The Emperor next wished a private conference with his prime minister. Hum had not yet arisen, and the messengers had to seek him in his chamber. They found him nearly in the attitude in which he lay when we wished him good night; but when they endeavoured to arouse him, they discovered that he had choked himself by swallowing his pigtail.

A proclamation went abroad throughout the empire that the most honoured and exemplary Empress, the lantern of beauty and steel-yard of ceremony, had set the fashion of short feet; and though it was not absolutely required that all the ladies of the land should conform to this *mode*, it was imperative on all parents to wrap up the feet of their female children in such ligatures of cotton, silk, leather, or brass, as should effectually prevent the future growth of the pedal bones and ligaments, the toes being bent inwards

towards the sole ; “for,” said the edict, “as the toes of women have a natural bias to go wrong, it is proper that they should be turned the opposite way.”

The name of the Empress—To-To signifying “Long-Foot,”—had become inapplicable; nor could it be desirable for an imperial lady, when length of foot had ceased to be among the elements of female beauty: the Emperor therefore changed it to Fo-Paw, which may be Englished as “One who walks the wrong way.”

Min-Te and Fo-Paw thenceforth lived ever happily.\* The wisdom of Min-Te is much spoken of in this day, and he is accounted one of the greatest benefactors of his country; for the Chinese are of opinion that their wives have walked much more steadily since they lost the use of their feet.

\* This is perhaps the less remarkable as the whole reign of the Ten-Thousand-Years,—such is one of the titles of the Emperors of China,—did not extend beyond twelve calendar months.

# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

HYSON AND BOHEA.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

“THE Tea-tree,” of Tee-to-Tum, is the most celebrated of all Chinese didactic poems, and is one of those great and elaborate works to the production of which the labour of a life is necessary. The story of Hyson and Bohea, of which the following must be looked upon as somewhat a free translation, may be considered as perhaps the most pathetic of its episodes.

Tee-to-Tum did not misemploy his genius.

and his toil was not ill-rewarded; for "The Tea-Tree" may be considered the great national poem of the Chinese.

The history of Tee-to-Tum is somewhat remarkable. It is related that he was cradled in a tea-chest, and that tea not only formed his earliest diet, but that through life he took no other nourishment. He lived in a retired tea-garden in the district of Sing-te; his house and furniture were formed of tea wood, and the dry branches of tea-trees served him as fuel. He lived to a green old age, and his death was occasioned by an accident similar to that which terminated the days of Anacreon, only that the Chinese poet was choked, not by a grape-stone, but a tea-stalk.

His poem is very voluminous, being divided into two hundred books, or, as he calls them, branches. Each branch comprises full a thousand "leaves;" not indeed leaves of two pages each; but the single verses of Tee-to-Tum are called "tea-leaves" by the people of the

Celestial Land. His industry was remarkable: not a day passed without his adding to or correcting his poem.

“TE veniente die, TE decedente canebat.”

## HYSON AND BOHEA.

---

“ Of the love that upsprung  
In the fair and the young,  
Let the sorrows be sung  
By most musical Tung.”

TUNG.

POUR forth, O Muse!\* thine influence let me win!  
O let me draw thee! let me drink thee in!  
Warm thou my tongue with spirit clear and strong,  
And from thy kettle breathe the steam of song:  
Gently uplift thy dewy lid and see  
The fancied forms of Hyson and Bohea;  
Imbue my lips their mournful fates to tell,  
Whilst flow hot streams for two that loved so well.

LOVE, wondrous smith! who fashions chains from  
looks,  
And from mere eyes can form both eyes and hooks,

\* The Muse of Tea, whom the poet invokes at intervals throughout his poem, and whom we have invoked at the commencement of this volume.





Old age and youth!—oh! *that* is formed for strife,  
 This—*this* for love, the bird's-nest soup of life!\*  
 And should the truth before those sires be set,  
 How well their children loved, how oft they met,  
 Not locusts, dragons, Tartars could compare  
 With the fierce wrath of that gray-pigtail'd pair.

But with a cautious care the maid and spark  
 Deceived their sires, and kept them in the dark;  
 Made assignations with a code of signs;  
 Oft met by moonlight among groves and vines.

The days pass'd on,—the nights flew likewise  
 by;—  
 Weeks past, and months: and still they met to sigh  
 And dream of bliss. Young Hyson! fond Bohea!  
 In vain ye dream of bliss that must not be.

One night,—that gloomy night no batt† would flit,  
 But crows around flew late and oft alit,  
 And winds breathed loud in melancholy wail,—  
 A treacherous friend had told their tender tale.  
 A treacherous friend, to whom Bohea confessed  
 With too fond trust the secrets of her breast,—  
 Though bound to silence by the holiest oath,  
 That friend, *too* treacherous, had betray'd them both;  
 Told more, much more than need the muse repeat,  
 And where they met, and where they next should  
 meet.

\* See note, K.

† See note L.

Bohea had told *her* all, and told her true :  
Bohea knew not that friend loved Hyson too.

Unwise Bohea ! your error now is learn'd ;  
Too soon committed, and too late discerned ;  
Too soon you trusted, and too late you vex :  
Yet not in you the fault, but in your sex.  
Each fair one of some secret thus possest,  
Whilst all the charge is hers, can take no rest ;  
So, prizing it more dearly than her peepers,  
To make it safer, finds it several keepers.

That night, that gloomy night, that night of mist,  
Bohea and Hyson sought their place of tryst :  
Bowered with green leaves, and far from haunts of  
men,  
That place of tryst was no *trist* place till then.

They rushed to meet,—they almost met ; delight  
Was in their looks. How was't they met not quite ?  
What was't that check'd their speed at once and  
joy,  
And made them pause,—that maiden and her boy ?

For such effect cause strong and good was there :  
One hand had grasped Bohea by her long hair,  
And kept her from her love,—the fond, the true :  
And one stern fist held Hyson by the queue.

Their bliss was balk'd, their hearts were fill'd with  
doubt,  
Their heads were hurt, and both shriek'd loudly  
out!

Yes, 'twas their sires: their sires had heard their  
tale  
From that false friend,—and both with rage turn'd  
pale;  
But both resolved to learn the story's truth,  
Ere one condemned the maid, or one the youth.  
With this intent they both had sought that spot:  
Oh, fair Bohea's and Hyson's evil lot!  
Just ere they met,—alas, too faithful pair!  
Those two sprang forth, and seized them by the hair.  
By hers Bohea's stern father dragged her home,  
And question'd as they went how dared she roam  
To meet young sparks by moonlight in a glen,  
And why *that* youth, of all the race of men?  
Arrived at home, he tied her to a post  
By those sweet locks young Hyson prized the most;  
Removed her scissors from the unhappy fair,  
And bound her hands, lest these unbind her hair;  
Withheld her rice and pipe, and barr'd her door,  
Until she vow'd she ne'er would do so more.

And Hyson's father let not him go free,  
But brought him home, and strapp'd him to a tree  
By his long queue,—ah me, that it would moult!  
For, fasten'd by that lock, he could not bolt.

Then as a thresher whirls round in a trice  
The ponderous flail\* and thrashes out the rice,  
So, whirling round his head a stout bamboo,  
He thrash'd his son: his son who dared to woo.  
The youth, when 'gainst his ears he felt the cane,  
(Against his *ears* was much against the *grain*,)  
Shriek'd out an oath he'd never do't again.

That self-same night, when all were lock'd in  
sleep,  
The sad Bohea, who stay'd awake to weep,  
Rose from her couch, and lest her shoes might klop,  
"Padded the hoof" and sought her father's shop.  
High in the midst a tea-pot huge was placed,  
Of finest porcelain and superior taste;  
In forming which it was her sire's fond aim  
To win at once more custom and more fame.  
So water-pots, and boots of giant size  
Oft hang from shops to attract the passer's eyes,  
To turn it to some use, besides mere show,  
Just at this time he made it a depôt  
For certain tea, some four-and-twenty lbs.  
Dried by himself—the produce of his grounds.  
There came Bohea, the beautiful! the sweet!  
And standing on the tips of her small feet,  
Scarce knowing what to do or how begin,—  
She lifted up the cover, and look'd in.

\* See note, M.

Then went she thence,—she was her father's  
daughter,—

And, one by one, fetch'd several pails of water,  
And emptied in;—but slow the liquid rose,  
And soon she brought this labour to a close.

“Oh! vain,” she cried, “with destiny to cope!  
This tea-pot, too, was formed to balk my hope.  
At such a rate as this, oh! Fortune's spite!  
I scarce should fill it should I toil all night.  
I hoped in this to bid my sorrows flee;  
But fate forbids. Unfortunate Bohea!”

She clasp'd her fair hands like some stage adept,  
Lean'd on the porcelain, raised her eyes and wept.  
The tears went down her cheeks in such array  
As floods roll down when river-banks give way.  
Oh! joy, Bohea! thy woes shall find their bar:  
Those tears in quick streams gush'd into the jar:  
So hot they fell, so large, and fast, and free,  
They fill'd the porcelain pot,—and made the tea.  
“Is't true?” she cried. “Then Fo hath heard my  
prayer—

Come back, sweet Hope! and hence, far hence,  
Despair!

If but my act shall prompt the youth I love,  
Though parted here, we soon may meet above.\*  
So now of friends and foes I take my leave,  
And drown myself to make my father grieve.”

\* See note, N.

She climb'd a chair beside the tea-pot's brim ;  
 She plunged—she sank—alas ! she could not swim.  
 White gleam'd her robes amid the watery gleam—  
 The stream arose—her breath rose with the stream.  
 No corks were there, no bladders, and no stick ;  
 Three times she kick'd, and then she ceased to kick ;  
 Strong was the tea-pot, and in vain she struck it,  
 And her last kick kick'd that, and kick'd the bucket.  
 As leaves of tea, long twisted and curl'd up,  
 Swell and unrol in tea-pot or in cup,—  
 Though downward bent her toes had long perforce  
     lain,  
 She turn'd them up in that sad piece of porcelain.

Perchance this tale improbable appears ;  
 Yet think how often maids are drown'd in tears.  
 Then deem it true, and weep for poor Bohea,—  
 First drown'd in tears,—then both in tears and tea.

Young Hyson heard—for ill news travels fast—  
 Young Hyson heard—young Hyson stood aghast.  
 He swore, he raved, he stamp'd, he tore his hair,—  
 That one long lock,—he scream'd,—he cursed the  
     chair  
 That help'd her up,—he cursed his evil lot—  
 He curs'd the tea, he also curs'd its pot.  
 He strove to weep,—but strove to weep in vain,—  
 There scem'd to glow hot lava in his brain,  
 Volcano fires before his eyes to start,  
 And more than earthquake to convulse his heart.

He strove to speak—but, oh ! no voice would come ;  
 He strove again—his words were “ Ha ” and “ Hum.”  
 Once more he strove ;—at last the fetters broke  
 That bound his speech,—he strove to speak,—and  
 spoke :—

“ Oh ! thou white lump of sugar !\* thrown too  
 soon

To sweeten tea—(ah ! would I were thy spoon !)—  
 Thou for whose sake my grief must ever keep hot,  
 Why didst thou fall in that detested tea-pot ?  
 Alas ! no power may bring her back to life,  
 Who was my love, who should have been my wife—  
 Away with words, with life—in brief, with *breath*—  
 Nought now is left worth living for, save death !  
 Though foes should gladden, and though friends  
 should weep,  
 If fires be hot, knives sharp, or opium cheap,  
 If wolves be fierce, wells deep, or girdles strong,  
 Then farewell, life !—thou shalt not hold me long.”

Thus spoke the youth : then rose from where he  
 sat,

And rush'd away—the wind bore off his hat,—  
 He heeded not—he rush'd, and on the wind  
 His clothes flew out, his pigtail stream'd behind :—

\* This metaphorical apostrophe, which occurs in the original of Tee-to-Tum, is the more remarkable, as the Chinese are not in the habit of taking sugar in their tea.

Long, black, and fluttering with his speed it stream'd,  
 And head and pigtail some huge tadpole seem'd,  
 Or comet grim, dread potent of the skies,—  
 Its tail the pigtail, and its light his eyes.

Thus on he flew, and did not turn, or stop,  
 Or pause, till, lo ! he reached a blacksmith's shop—  
 There check'd his steps. "Hillo !" but no reply—  
 "What, ho ! who waits ?"—his loud voice rent  
 the sky.

Dread silence follow'd,—and his bold heart sunk,  
 "Sure those within must be asleep or drunk."

He first peep'd in,—then enter'd,—but could find  
 None, save one old man, almost deaf and blind.

"Father !" he cried ;—the old man answer'd  
 "Son !"—

"Have you an axe ?"—the sage replied, "Here's  
 one."—

"The price ?" he asked. "Three mace." "I'll  
 give you two."

—"Enough." He seized it, paid, and on he flew.

Not far from thence—from thence it might be  
 seen—

There grew a tea-tree, of the sort called green :  
 To that he bent his flight, and there he found  
 One branch that grew breast-high above the ground.  
 He cut it mid-way through—part fell down flump,  
 And part was left outstanding from the stump.  
 The first he dragg'd away, and threw aside ;



The last he sharpen'd with the tool : then cried,  
 " Oh ! worst of all plant-kind ! malignant tea !  
 Since my sweet girl, my all-beloved Bohea,  
 For whom have I such bitter cause to grieve,  
 Amid thy lifeless leaves of life took leave ;  
 What better course could be, what wiser plan  
 Devised for me—oh ! most unhappy man !  
 To leave a world of which my soul is sick,  
 Than on thy stick thus cut, to cut my stick !"

He said and moving some few paces back  
 To gain a run, he made his girdle slack,  
 And bared his breast :—then raising to the skies  
 His hands, he oped his mouth, and closed his eyes,  
 Breathed out one last sigh for his love's sweet sake,  
 Cried " Oh, Bohea !" and rush'd upon the stake.  
 The stake went through between his lights and  
 liver—

He gave four kicks, two screeches, and one quiver—  
 He felt the sharp wood in his vital parts,  
 And in that quiver seem'd ten thousand darts.  
 " Oh Fo !" he cried, or ere his eyes grew dim—  
 " Oh Fo !" he cried, and Fo gave ear to him—  
 " Oh Fo !" he cried, " be not a foe to me,  
 But draw me hence, yet, yet my love to see.  
 Since early death thus bliss on earth denies,  
 Oh ! let us meet and mingle in the skies.  
 And though our parents hearts have yet been hard,  
 Whence our fond hearts were each from each  
 debarr'd,

Grant that they now may sorrow o'er our doom,  
And lay our bones together in one tomb,  
And write our tale, that all our fates may know!"  
This said, young Hyson was absorb'd in Fo.

Her parents in the tea-pot found Bohea—  
They drew the body thence, and saved the tea,  
Rich store, in well-cork'd jars, for livelong weeks.  
But tears meanwhile bedew'd their tender cheeks;  
And much they wish'd, when every wish was vain,  
They ne'er had parted that most faithful twain.  
And Hyson's parents found him on the stake—  
A sight to make their fond hearts yearn and ache;—  
Hung up, ah me! in every breeze to spin,  
Like windmill's sails, or chafers on a pin.  
They moved him thence—they laid him in a shell—  
They learn'd the fate of her he loved so well.  
They, too, at last relented—but too late;  
And feeling guilty, threw the blame on fate.

Then well-writ notes and courteous messages  
Pass'd between Hyson's father and Bohea's.  
Old fueds forgot, they clear'd their brows of gloom,  
And both subscribed to build one common tomb.  
Even on that spot where met those thralls of love,  
One half beneath the ground, and half above,  
Of tea-pot shape 'twas built, but partly hid,  
And the roof fashion'd like a tea-pot lid.  
The whole when lined with finest porcelian clay,  
There in two chests, Bohea and Hyson lay.

A plant of tea was set on either side ;  
 This green—the sort on which young Hyson died ;  
 That black—a kind since far and wide renown'd,  
 In whose infusion fair Bohea was drown'd.  
 The plants grew well, and, rich in leaf and bloom,  
 The branches mingled o'er the lovers' tomb ;  
 Whence those two species, from those days to  
                   these

Have borne the names of Hysons and Boheas.  
 Still maids and lovers to that tomb repair  
 To plight the vows of fond affection there ;  
 Kneel by the grave, or lift their hands above  
 To pluck the sprigs as talismans of love ;  
 And gentle brides, their husbands' hearts to fix,  
 Of those two kinds the cup of union mix.  
 Ne'er had the fond pair known that state divine,  
 " Where transport and security entwine ;"  
 But since kind Death hath tied them in one tether,  
 Their namesake leaves' full oft are brought to-  
                   gether,  
 In equal chests (with India-paper linings,)  
 In transports, with security, to Twining's.

Then weep no more for that united pair,  
 Since thus in death one common lot they share ;  
 And, like their trees that high in air embrace,  
 Fo bade their spirits rise from that low place  
 To meet above ; and Hyson and Bohea  
 Now mix their essence both in Tien\* and tea.

\* Heaven.

# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

## THE PORCELAIN BATH.\*

On the ground whence it grew  
Falls the shade of the yew :  
Thus shall those ever rue  
From whom evils accrue.

To-WHOO.

THE gallant Si-Long, who, though yet quite a youth, had attained to high rank as

\* The documents from which this story is compiled were obligingly forwarded to us, during our residence in China, by our esteemed friend Poo-Loo, who expressed himself willing, for a moderate remuneration, to make oath to their authenticity. He requested us, if ever we should throw them into form for the benefit of the English reader, (the particular object with which they were commended to our care,) to mention that the Porcelian Bath of the Empress Tou-Kéen having, when already arrived at an advanced age, been accidentally broken, an indefinite ances-

a civil mandarin, was charged with an imperial message from Peking into the province of Honan. The object of his mission was to order the attendance, in the capital, of a celebrated physician, whose extensive astrological lore had enabled him successfully to combat all diseases, and had spread his fame throughout the northern provinces of China. The Emperor had been seized with a sudden sickness, which appeared the more dangerous, as the physicians of his court admitted their ignorance of its nature; and were at a loss whether to ascribe it to hot or cold humours; to the influence of some undetected comet; to too great a prevalence of red, white, green, or yellow, in the furniture

of his purchased the remains, and that these have since been carefully preserved by his family till they came into his own possession. He wishes to assure the public that no other ingredient than a powder obtained from these talismanic antiquities is employed in the manufacture of his celebrated cement; and to inform them that some finer portions of this pulverized material are made up in small packages for the benefit of those labouring under mental diseases: a single dose sufficing to restore to sanity any individual who has the misfortune to be cracked.

of the palace and the foliage and ornaments of the gardens ; or to the withering of a peach-tree in a court of the imperial residence. Among other suggested causes, it was not forgotten that he had lately lost a fine ky-lin, carved out of *yu* or jade ; and that on the last occasion when, in conformity to the annual custom of the rulers of the Flowery Land, he set an example to his people by going forth to guide the plough, his imperial foot failed him, and he came down bodily upon a gourd, whereby that emblem of longevity was smashed ; he being himself of gourd-like shape, and no slight weight withal.\*

It was necessary, as the doctors were undecided in opinion, to seek some farther advice ; and none it was considered, was so able to supply it, as Nu-Moun, the mighty astrologer. To him, therefore, Si-Long was sent ; and, mounted on his fiery Tartar steed, which, however, was more remarkable for his roadway capabilities than for his beauty

\* See note, O.

or condition, the young mandarin had proceeded indefatigably for some days, when on his making inquiries at a barber's shop, where he dismounted for a few minutes to get shaven and shampooed, he learned that he had arrived within thirty ly of Honan, and was distant six or seven only from the residence of the physician. The situation of the latter was pointed out to him from that spot.

It lay a little out of the high road, and he struck across to it accordingly. Nu-Moun had desisted from the general practice of his art, being of studious habits, and fond of retirement; and he now lived in a small country house in a sequestered spot, with the companionship only of a daughter; his wife having died some years since without other offspring. Si-Long had no difficulty in discovering the villa, as the spot was on the slope of a hill opposite to the path by which he approached, and was sufficiently marked by a group of bamboos, among which the house was hidden. No other habitations

were in its vicinity except huts of the meanest class

Si-Long had just reached the gateway, and was congratulating himself on having finished his toilsome journey, when an unfortunate circumstance occurred. He intended to have alighted there, and to have proceeded on foot towards the house; and he had already gone over in his mind the bows, the bends, turns, gestures, and verbal compliments necessary to be observed; as well those set down in the ritual code, a copy of which he carried in his bosom, as those which the College of Forms and Ceremonies had appointed for the particular occasion. But just as he was about to rein up his Bucephalus (called Jee-Woh in the language of China,) the astrologer himself, who at the moment was walking in the garden, appeared at the gate; and the steed taking fright at his spectacles (of which, as the wisest man in the empire, he of course, wore the largest pair,) reared right on end, by which unexpected evolution the young mandarin was thrown, whilst yet





P. 124.

*Le Soup, arrival at the Philosopher.*



more unfortunately the horse fell over upon him.

The philosopher hastened to his assistance; that is to say, he ran away as fast as he could, and called loudly for help. Persons came, and poor Si-Long was released; but one of his legs and five of his ribs were broken.

When the physician had recovered from his fright, he went into his house to see the luckless youth, whom the servants had conveyed thither. He dismounted the majestic spectacles that jockeyed his own reverend nose, wiped the crystals in the bow of his pig-tail, and by means of two silken cords which passed behind his ears, and which for greater gravity were finished with huge tassels, again suspended them in their place. He approached the bed, and, by a catechism of learned questions, soon ascertained that the youth was seriously hurt; but in what particular way he was not able to discover. He repaired therefore to his observatory, that he might hold a consultation with the stars:

and it was soon decided between them that the case of the young equestrian was desperate, and that a raging fever would be followed by his speedy death.

Under these circumstances, there was little to be done but to prescribe some medicines and several ceremonies; of which the former were rather intended to facilitate death, and dispose the body to suffer embalmment kindly, than to ward away a fate which was considered inevitable. The patient, however, was not yet so far gone but that he remembered the object of his mission, and delivered to the astrologer the written order commanding his immediate departure for Peking.

Nu-Moun was startled at this communication; and seizing in each hand the pulleys of his spectacles, and drawing them downwards with some force, so as to fix the lenses more firmly in their place, he proceeded to examine the letter. When he perceived that it was signed at top with the imperial signature, he placed it reverentially on a small table, and supporting it against a vase, per-

formed the *kow-to* before it; that is to say, he knelt three times, and struck his forehead nine times against the floor. This done, he took the epistle, and squatting down cross-legged upon a mat, perused the document with great attention.

The Emperor's well-known liberality was such, that it was certain the service thus required of the physician would not be meanly rewarded. But Nu-Moun had shown how little regard he paid to the acquisition of wealth, by foregoing a profitable and honourable profession just when he had attained, by general acknowledgment, the highest rank therein, and retiring to dwell in an humble manner in a secluded country place. Yet, as he read, there was a smile upon the countenance of the philosopher, and his eyes were expanded with a pleasant surprise almost to the size of the spectacle lenses. This did *not* arise from any prospective calculation of the emolument to accrue from his visit. The high honour conferred upon him was that by which his great mind was so gratified; and

the privilege he should enjoy of beholding his august sovereign, for whom he entertained the most filial and profound veneration.

Nu-Moun had cured great numbers of great people; he had killed great numbers also: but even those he killed he cured afterwards by an embalming process; so it may be stated generally that he cured them all. Mandarins of all ranks had been under his care: where he succeeded, the merit was all his own; where he failed, the fault was in fate or nature. He was not unaware of his superior science, and he thought it no great acquisition of honour to himself, that even the governors of provinces should apply to him when their five elements were out of due proportion. But he justly accounted it no little thing that he should have been summoned from so great a distance, singly to attempt that, in behalf of his great lord and master, the Son of Heaven, and Father of the Celestial Land, which had baffled the science and

defeated the skill of the seventy-two chief physicians.

Had it been otherwise than agreeable, the Emperor's mandate must not the less have been obeyed. The physician prepared, therefore, to commence his journey by the dawn of day.

There was, however, one matter which caused him some uneasiness, and it will not be difficult to divine what that might be. The young Si-Long was bruised and battered in a manner that rendered it impossible, without the utmost inhumanity, to attempt his removal from the house; and the philosopher's daughter, a beautiful young lady, just arrived at a marriageable age, must be left under the same roof with him, without any guardian, and with only the fellowship of two or three domestics. This was certainly awkward: although of real danger there could be little or none; for the maiden was discreet, and the youth a youth of honour and of several broken bones. But the situation of affairs was such as admitted of no re-

medy; and the certainty that Si-Long had not long to live was a source of consolation to Nu-Moun.

The physician, before his departure, at the same time that he gave her much other very sensible advice, recommended his daughter to keep herself, during his visit to the capital, entirely to her own apartments: but desired her to make inquiries daily concerning the health of the young invalid, and to be sure that the domestics were not wanting in attention to him. To them also he gave discreet rules of conduct, and instructed them how to act upon the death of the stranger: an event which he stated would take place in about ten days.

He departed, and his dutiful daughter began the management of affairs in his absence with the properest circumspection. She ordered that several skreens should be expanded in the passage that separated her apartment from that in which the young man was placed; and was careful as much as possible, though sundry thick walls were between



them, to keep her back turned in that direction.

A female servant, who was old and ugly, was occasionally engaged in attendance on the youth. From her the beautiful Tou-Këen\* learned that he was handsome and had a pleasant voice. She soon found that it was awkward to be constantly moving backwards or sideways, and relaxed the severity of her observance in that particular.

Contrary to all expectation, Si-Long survived the tenth day, and at the expiration of that time showed evident symptoms of improvement. Tou-Këen, in obedience to her father's desire, received a daily report of his progress from her old attendant; and, with great consideration for his health, when she found that he was gaining strength, ordered that the skreens might be removed, to admit of the better ventilation of his apartment.

After the lapse of a few weeks he could rise from his bed and move about the chamber; and she then recommended that he

\* See note, P.

should take exercise in the passage, which was of greater extent. The youth, whose feelings of propriety were of the properest description, finding himself so far recovered, considered it time, though he was still weak, to leave a house where accident had placed him under circumstances of so delicate a nature; and he therefore, with every due form, sent in his compliments to his youthful hostess, to express his gratitude for the attentions he had received, and bid her a respectful farewell. Tou-Këen, however, thought it would not be becoming, in the absence of her father, that a visiter should be suffered to quit the house without receiving the usual compliments and politenesses due to a guest; and feeling thus, she very properly resolved to act as the representative of her papa on this particular occasion. She accordingly went into the passage to bid, on the part of her sire, a formal adieu to Si-Long; but the moment she beheld his pale cheek and sunken eye, she perceived how improper, how dangerous it would be for him to en-

counter the fatigue of a removal so soon. With the greatest delicacy, however, he persisted in his purpose; with the greatest hospitality she, upon the part of her father, insisted that he should prolong his stay. Their polite contest lasted just four hours and sixteen minutes, in which time they acted through every section of the two hundred and fifty-seventh book of the Code of Forms and Ceremonies; that being the portion which treats of the departure of a guest. In the end Si-Long was vanquished—as how could it be otherwise?—and he promised to defer his departure.

The ice was broken—it had not been thick—and a warm fountain of love sprung up in the hearts of the young people.—Thenceforth they were much together; they could not be happy apart; they sighed sighs; they vowed vows; in fine, they arranged a little scheme for boating it together down the current of matrimonial felicity.

Nu-Moun was detained in Peking longer than he anticipated. At last, however, he

succeeded in taking his revered master the Emperor off the sick-list;—though unfortunately, only by placing him upon the bills of mortality. Communicating to his daughter intelligence of this circumstance, he gave her to understand that he should return home in a very few days: and Si-Long had no longer any difficulty in persuading his betrothed that he was so far convalescent as to admit, without imprudence, of his taking his immediate departure. Before he went, however, it was settled between the pair that the young lady should obtain her sire's consent to their union, and induce him, as soon as preliminaries could be arranged, to convey her to Peking for the performance of the marriage ceremonies. So Si-Long at last departed, and in a few days Nu-Moun returned.

The physician was astonished to find that the young mandarin had gone, not having been aware that he had so far recovered as even to leave his chamber. He was more surprised, and not altogether pleased, to dis-

cover that the skreens, of which his daughter's first letter had made mention, had been so soon displaced; and his spectacles assumed a larger appearance than ever when he heard of the subsequent progress of events. His pigtail grew exceedingly uneasy, waving in gentle undulations, and occasionally coiling round his shoulders; and, lighting his pipe with great precipitation, he began to smoke with so much energy as to wrinkle up the bamboo, and contract it in length some inches.

Now the fact is that Nu-Moun would have excused his daughter's imprudence, and would have made no objection to her marriage with a young mandarin of so much repute as Si-Long, had it not chanced that he had formed a little plot of his own, with which that of the young people might materially interfere. A fortunate conjunction of stars had suggested the idea; and the more he had pondered upon it, the more it had delighted him.

Need it be said that Tou-Këen would not

have been fixed upon as the heroine of this story, had she not been at that precise period the most beautiful lady in the Chinese dominions? Now it is a custom in the Celestial Land when a fresh ruler comes to the throne, (as, thanks to the astrological science which Nu-Moun himself had brought to bear on the late Emperor, was now about to be the case,) that parents who possess unmarried daughters of great beauty, and of a marriageable age, respectfully offer them to the notice of their sovereign; and from among these, besides making up his little museum of handmaidens, he not unfrequently selects his Empress.\* The worshipful physician was already in favour with the Emperor elect; so that he might consider there would be little difficulty in obtaining for his lovely daughter an introduction to that potentate. And then—relying much on her surpassing beauty, but more on the promise of the stars—he entertained a strong hope, almost a con-

\* See note, Q.

fidence, that she would find such favour in the imperial eyes as to be the enviable one selected to share the throne;—or at least—but no “at least”—it must assuredly be thus, and not otherwise.

Nu-Moun was therefore perplexed; but entertaining no very high opinion of the permanency of ladies' affections, he determined to conceal his purpose for a time, till the ardour of her love for Si-Long might somewhat abate; but to accede to her request so far as the journey to Peking was concerned. The idea of becoming an Empress, he imagined, must kindle some feelings of ambition in any female mind; and as he reflected thus, his queue grew calmer.

Nu-Moun was not mistaken in his judgment of his daughter. He took her to Peking, and soon venturing to communicate his scheme to her, was delighted to find how readily and how warmly she entered into his views. She requested only that he would endeavour to keep their proposed proceedings a secret from Si-Long; because, if it should

prove that the Emperor was without discrimination, it would be well, she considered, to have, as the Chinese express it, another spoon to her rice.

The Emperor, though a new Emperor was already an old man. But the ladies forgot the old man in the young Emperor; and many would even have consented to have become old women, could they thereby have secured to themselves a share in the imperial throne. At his inauguration, many of those most remarkable for beauty, who in conformity with the custom to which we have adverted, had been brought from various parts of the empire, were presented to him for selection; and he chose from among them several, who were honoured with particular appointments in the palace. But when the surpassingly beautiful Tou-Këen was introduced into his presence, he rose with unspeakable condescension, and declared before the assembled court that he recognised that lady as the person to whom he had been mated some thousand years before, in a dif-



ferent state of being, and who was destined to become his spouse in this. The next day he sent forth a proclamation, giving the wisest and best reasons for having made use of an abridged edition of the marriage ceremonies, and declaring that his imperial example in this instance was not to be referred to as a precedent.

When the unfortunate Si-Long received the news of his beloved Tou-Këen's marriage with the Emperor, he for a long while refused to give it credence; declaring that the lady was engaged to himself, and that truth itself was not half so true as she. As soon, however, as he became convinced of the fact, he was well-nigh beside himself with rage and despair. He gnashed his teeth, and tore his pigtail, and declared that Tou-Këen was falsehood itself. "I will be revenged," cried he, "as sure as a bow and arrow." Guns had not at that time been introduced in China.

His conduct and declarations became a theme of wonder at court; and a mandarin,

who had been jealous of the favour Si-Long had obtained from the late Emperor, ventured to report to the new one all that he had so rashly spoken. Poor Si-Long would soon have been like a volume of fugitive poetry,—to wit, a collection of small pieces,—but for the interposition of the amiable Tou-Këen, who was opposed to such poetical justice. The beautiful Empress, however, was not unwilling that her too aspiring lover should meet with a punishment proportioned to his offence; so she suggested that he should receive two hundred strokes of the bamboo, and that, with the imperial gratuity of ten score marks which would accompany the execution of this order, he might be dismissed from the province of Pe-che-le. An Emperor of China, as the father of his people, well understands that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and the bamboo is one of the most useful plants in his dominions. His subjects naturally prize it, because they *feel* its use.

After obtaining such proof of his mistress's favour, Si-Long had little desire to remain

longer in the capital, and thus banishment became to him a matter of indifference. He was behind the world, or, as it is more commonly expressed, the world was before him; and he set forth from the great capital with his little capital upon his back. He was likely to retain his *marks* some time; but, as his mandarin's button had been taken from him, he was no longer among the *nobles*.

He wandered on, greatly depressed in spirit, and careless whither chance might lead him, and for several days mechanically retraced the way he had lately taken when intrusted with the Emperor's commission. Having at length arrived at the place where the path turned off to the dwelling of the physician, he could not resist an inclination to revisit the abode which he had left with such pleasing anticipations. Not doubting, however, that his story had got there before him, he did not venture to show himself in front of the house; but, choosing the dusk of the evening, he went stealthily through the garden, and passed along avenues of bananas

and orange-trees, till he came to a small summer-house, commanding an extensive view of a tank of gold fish. In that fantastic building he threw himself down on a bamboo bench,—he did not notice that it was of bamboo, or he would have chosen some other,—and looked pensively at the water, and at the fish that sported so merrily therein. He had once before sat in that place: the beautiful, but faithless Tou-Këen was then his companion: they had slipped forth unobserved of the domestics, and in that retreat had enjoyed an hour of delightful intercourse, such as in the Celestial Land falls to the lot of few lovers, although such hours only can make the Celestial Land a perfect paradise. His heart was low,—and as he looked at the gold fish, and thought of his false lady, he repeated to himself the words of the celebrated poet, Sing-Song, which have been so well translated by Gray:—

“ Not all that tempts our wandering eyes,  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
Not all that glisters, gold.”

“Ah!” said he, “false Tou-Këen! you deceived your faithful Si-Long; he would have treasured you as the precious metal, and behold you elude his grasp as a slippery fish. Farewell, however, Tou-Këen! far be it from me to cherish feelings of revenge or hate against one whom I have loved so truly.”

Having spoken thus, he was possessed with a strong desire to put an end to his miseries by a plunge into the tank. But the drowsy god was just at the time beginning to exercise so powerful an influence upon him, that he was constrained to defer this till he should have taken a short nap.

To this end he fell asleep; and in his sleep he had a dream. From a vase that stood upon a pedestal in the middle of the tank, a little mist seemed suddenly to arise, which, gradually spreading and approaching him, revealed amid its rolling volumes the figure of his guardian joss. This was a little punch-bellied divinity, who sat cross-legged, as is the custom of all guardian josses. His face was full of quintessential wisdom, its very

furrows seemed to have been made by "wise saws," and the air of the whole was a sort of proverbial expression. "My son," said he, "though gravity of face suiteth with wisdom, yet laughter itself is not so vain and profitless as tears; and remember that half a potfull is better than no rice. Therefore arise and go thy way, and away with ungainly grief. Bend thy steps south-eastward from this province of Honan, and pass through Hoo-Pee, till thou comest to Kiang-Si. There attend the chances that await thee. This much I read of thy fate: the Emperor yet shall honour thee, though now he hath thus cast thee down, and thy name shall go forth through all the land, and be remembered through all ages. If the honour cometh slowly, remember, the great wall was not built in a day; keep up thy courage and persevere in the path upon which thou enterest; patience and perseverance dug the great canal. Here, take this talisman. It will aid thee in all thou devisest. It will make hot cold, and cold hot. But whenever

thou hast some purpose to effect, thou must hold it in thine hand. Untouched it will avail nothing. Farewell."\*

This said, the portly joss grew fatter and thinner; fatter and fatter in size, but thinner and thinner in substance; until, as the Chinese poet,—that is to say, the poet of the Celestial Empire,—that is to say, the divine bard, expresses it,

“ Like glory, or a circle in the water,  
By gradual spreading he dispersed to nought.”

As soon as the joss had vanished, Si-Long awoke. At the time he fell asleep, the moon had not long appeared above the horizon; when he rose, she had just reached her zenith. There she hung, as the great chandelier of the night, the stars glittering round her like single candles stuck about the cupola of heaven. Majestic orb! a Chinese writer has aptly likened her to a pot of rice, and the stars to scattered grains.

Si-Long arose. He looked up at the

\* See Note S.

moon: he looked down at the water: he thought of his meditated leap into the latter, but, with the moon reflected within it, it appeared too deep. He looked at the vase that stood on a pedestal in the midst of the tank; and, as his eye fell upon this, his vision or dream returned to his memory, and quite determined him not to plunge too rashly. But as he recollected the apparition of the joss, he remembered likewise the talisman; and not until then did he notice that betwixt the finger and thumb of his left hand he held a small crooked coin, which he recognised immediately as the gift of his guardian spirit. Encouraged by such a discovery, he rose and bade adieu for ever to that sad scene of former happy hours, and, finding that the garden-gate was fast, climbed the wall with some difficulty,—declining the proffered assistance of a bamboo,—and alighting in safety on the other side, set forward at once on his journey towards the south-east, in obedience to the recommendation of the joss.

We leave him on his way, and return to



Peking. As we approach this city we hear Tou-Këen from every mouth. Within the walls Tou-Këen is the universal theme of conversation too; but there we hear less of her, for not being far from the palace, all speak in whispers. Tou-Këen the beautiful; Tou-Këen the fantastic; Tou-Këen the petulant; Tou-Këen the cruel; Tou-Këen the unjust; Tou-Këen that rules the ruler; Tou-Këen that squanders the money of the land; everywhere Tou-Këen; all day long Tou-Këen; Tou-Këen, Tou-Këen, Tou-Këen,—nothing but Tou-Këen.

The young Empress, in the mysterious way that sometimes happens, had acquired a surprising influence over the old Emperor, although he was the despotic sovereign of the great Central Empire, and she a weak woman just raised to dignity from no very high rank among his subjects. Ah, wonderful beyond all wondrous things thy fascinating power, O beauty, who imprisonest Kings with thy locks, and makest Emperors bend beneath thy lashes! Tou-Këen soon

felt her power, and she made the Emperor feel it; and like the shock of a galvanic battery, it passed from him to those next him in degree, and so through the whole circle of society. Never were humours so fantastic as those which Tou-Këen taxed her lord, and which her lord taxed the whole country to gratify. She ordered new buildings and decorations in the palace; a gimcrack arch of porcelain in the great court before it; tall columns, supporting at telescopic heights the figures of warriors and great men (it was a pity she possessed no Hershel's telescope to bring their features within view;) new gardens filled with majestic rocks of glass and terracotta, with trees dwarfed down to shrubs, and with flowers in pots upon artificial branches, fine specimens of the manner in which Art can turn Nature inside out, or make her stand upon her head. She would have, too, garden buildings devised in all the forms of Chinese puzzles, lakes of coloured water filled with artificial fish, and lofty bridges erected upon level lawns. She is-

sued her command, and temples and theatres were there mingled together, and pig-tailed and gods fantoccina flourished falcons and flags, beat drums, and smoked their pipes and incense-pots in happy emulation of each other. But in the decorations of her own apartments, in her dress, and in her food, the beautiful and proud Tou-Këen was yet more lavish and fantastic. Large pieces of furniture, wrought of rhinoceros ivory, in that exquisite style of carving in which the Chinese are yet unequalled, or in jade and precious marbles, inlaid with diamonds and rubies; pillows and beds of spider-silk, stuffed only with parrots' down; robes woven of gold filaments resembling silk, and enriched with a wonderful embroidery, which all the first ladies in the empire were compelled to execute; dishes of woodcocks' brains, the pupils of cats' eyes, snails' horns, and mouse-foot jelly; these were but a few among her multitudinous devices.

The whims of the most whimsical Tou-Këen furnished ample employment to all the

best artificers in ivory, in the precious metals in silks, in porcelain, and in whatever else might conduce to ornament and luxury.— Yet her commissions were felt to be, not patronage, but tyranny; for, though those who executed her commands in a manner which gave her satisfaction were well paid, and even rewarded for their labour; the much larger numbers who failed, in spite of their most anxious endeavours, to win her approbation were punished with various degrees of severity. Some were bamboosed; some had their shops or workhouses destroyed; some were banished to remote parts of the empire. The tasks which she set to the porcelain manufacturers were particularly troublesome: for after these had formed the clay, by the most careful and skilful manipulations, into unusual and difficult shapes, their labours were apt to be rendered unavailing by the uncontrollable effects of the fire to which the earthy material had necessarily to be subjected.

Among other fancies, she had demanded

from these artists a bath, of most fantastic form, the sides and edge of which should be formed of a filigree of flowers, fruit, birds, shells, and figures; the whole to be contrived with great intricacy and elaborated with extreme minuteness. Of this a model was prepared in Peking; and sent thence to the factory at King-te-chin, then an establishment of considerable repute, which has since become the most famous in all China.\*

No such piece of porcelain, either for size, or for the curiosity of the workmanship, had hitherto been attempted; and the proprietor of the furnaces was dismayed when he received the order. Among the artificers in his employ, however, was a young man of extraordinary skill, who had already performed some commissions of the Empress, for which the furnaces of best repute had been tried; the manufacturers of best repute bastinadoed: and this person, who had lately been looked upon as a prodigy of skill and oracle of art, readily took upon himself the perilous responsibility of forming the porcelain bath.

\* See note S.

This ingenious young artist—(perhaps you may have guessed so much) was no other than our heroic Si-Long,—at least Si-Long the hero of our story,—who had arrived one evening, tired and hungry, in the neighbourhood of the porcelain manufactories of King-te-chin. As he had found it neither reputable nor agreeable to roam about so long without money or credit, or changes of clothes, and as he recollected the advice of his guardian joss that he should tarry in Kiang-Si, it occurred to him that he might be able to obtain employment in the porcelain factories, and that as he was possessed of much ingenuity and taste, he might thus occupy himself in a manner at once lucrative and honourable. He found no difficulty in forming an engagement with the master of the principal establishment; but what may have rendered this the more easy was, that when he presented himself to make an offer of his services his hand was unconsciously placed upon the talisman he had received from the joss. But for this fortunate acci-

dent it is probable that references as to character might have been required, and it would not have been pleasant to have been forced to appeal to his friend, the Emperor, for credentials.

He afterwards remembered the talisman, and it made hard things easy to him, and aided him in all he devised. This it was which enabled him, though with such little experience in the fabrication of china ware, to perform what had balked the ablest workmen.

Si-Long applied himself assiduously, with the assistance of several ingenious artists, to imitate in the clay the model of the bath. It was wrought to its due form; was coloured and glazed. After that it was placed, not without some difficulty, in a furnace, which under his particular superintendence, had been erected for the occasion.—No vessel of porcelain clay the tenth part its size had ever before undergone the process of burning. Of course, therefore, the most extraordinary care must be requisite in

the operation. Si-Long had had the furnace formed with various apertures, in such a manner that the heat could be suddenly increased or diminished on any side; and he himself stood upon a raised platform, and looked down a sloping shaft into the enormous cistern of fire, that he might observe the progress of burning, and give orders to the workmen accordingly. It was necessary to subject the clay to intense heat: the bath was so large that otherwise a portion only might have been sufficiently baked, whilst other parts were scarcely affected by the fire. Si-Long's arrangements had been excellent: all seemed proceeding well. He did not forget meanwhile to hold the talisman in his hand: and he fully appreciated the value of the gift, and the benevolence of the giver. He looked hard at it, his heart overflowing with satisfaction and gratitude. It was lying upon the fore-finger of his right hand, and the knuckle of the thumb: his hand was half-closed, and his thumb-nail was in the bend of the middle finger. "O



thou invaluable prize!" said he, and his thumb sprang suddenly upward, and twirled it in the air. He meant to have caught it as it fell; but in his delight he had tossed it rather too high, and he caught at it rather too nervously: it struck his hand, and rebounding from that passed down the sloping shaft into the furnace, and fell into the bath. Si-Long looked after it in dismay: and, as his eyes were fixed upon the bath, he observed a line all down the side, a line which at first seemed scarcely thicker than a hair: but soon it appeared like a wire against the porcelain; then like a cord; and still it opened wider, and other similar indications of fracture became perceptible.

Si-Long was in despair. The bath was spoiled: the talisman was lost: all hopes of success were by that loss removed for ever: his reputation, of which he had grown proud, was ruined; the Empress, who in spite of the falsehood and cruelty she had exercised towards him, he had toiled, with great self-satisfaction, to gratify, would be disappointed

of her bath: and the bamboo grew more abundantly in Kiang-si than in the northern provinces. These thoughts passed as quick as pulsations through his brain. Poor Si-Long was reduced to horrible despair; and clasping his hands together in a frantic manner, and tucking up his petticoat,—swift as an *ignis fatuus* he plunged head-foremost into the fire.

When the master of the furnaces and his workmen perceived what Si-Long had done, they ran away in great fright, and with much precipitation, some calling on Fo, and some on Con-fut-ze and some on Laou-Keun. They spread about through the neighbourhood, and told the tale at all the factories; then assembled in one place, and held a council of war; and after much deliberation, agreed to return, that they might afford Si-Long all the assistance in their power.

They went back accordingly: but what was their surprise on opening the doors of the furnace, to find that the fire had burned out, that the bath was yet perfect, and fully

baked, and that poor Si-Long lay, a mere heap of cinders, within it.

When they had reduced all that remained of him more completely to ashes, they deposited these in a porcelain vase, and buried them beneath the furnace. They mourned for him very strenuously; because they remembered that the Empress might have fresh fancies; and in such case, without a Si-Long, they had nothing better to look to than bamboos, or banishment,—perhaps a bow-string.

The Empress was delighted with the bath exceedingly; but when she heard the fate of the unhappy Si-Long she was afflicted beyond measure with laughter uncontrollable.

“What,” said she, “Si-Long, the audacious youth whom we let off so cheaply with a couple of hundred blows? The youth who accused the Empress of the Central Empire of inconstancy to *him*? A handsome youth, you say; black eyes, large ears, thick lips; as fat as turtle, and with a pig-tail reaching to his heel. Believe me, it can be no other

than that same, that very same insolent Si-Long. And so he jumped into the fire? He! he! he!—how exceedingly queer! And they found him in this bath, too, you say? Ho! ho! ho!—I shall die with this fit. Quite baked! quite roasted! quite broiled! Ha! ha! ha!—how absurdly ridiculous! Come, get me ready this bath, that my poor bamboosed lover was fried in. Let it be well filled with cool cocoa-nut milk, and high-scented cinnamon waters, and spread lotus-leaf couches around. More pleasant to bathe in it then (wot ye?) than when it lay in the furnace of King-te-chin.”

As soon as the swiftest feet could convey the order, a thousand persons were up to their necks in water, gathering the petals of the sacred lotus, to heap up couches for the capricious Tou-Këen. The bath was prepared in less time than would appear possible, in a beautiful chamber, hung round with the costliest metal mirrors, and carpeted with several thicknesses of the softest silk. The walls were partly clothed with the same; and

on ivory and silver tables were disposed baskets of the choicest fruits and flowers, and cages of the most gorgeous birds; whilst at either end of the bath stood huge vases of porcelain, filled with a rare sort of water-lily, and with strange and beautiful fish.

The lovely, the amiable Tou-Këen prepared for the bath, and dismissed her attendants. She floated in the cool cocoa-nut milk and high-scented cinnamon waters; and by drawing a tasselled string, upset a basket which had been suspended near the ceiling, immediately over the bath, and brought down upon herself a dewy shower of roseleaves.

“And so,” said she musingly, “it is really the fact that that aspiring Si-Long, who would have made the surpassingly beautiful Tou-Këen a mandarin’s wife—Tou-Këen, who was born to rule the ruler of the world,—it is really a fact that he was scorched to death in this very delightful bath! Well, how exceedingly singular! Ha! ha! ha! I wonder which way he fell? whether his head was on this side or on that? I can fancy his

nose coming in contact with it here : he ! he ! he ! And here, as sure as I'm an Empress, is a little crack. Hi ! hi ! What have we here ?”

There was a little crack, as the Empress had said ; and in the little crack was a little crooked coin,—the talisman which Si-Long had lost. The little crooked coin was almost hidden in the little crack ; and both the little crack and the little crooked coin were so little as before to have escaped notice. Tou-Këen, however, detected them. When she saw the little crack she inserted in it the tip of one of her long nails, and as she scraped that along it directed her eye towards the little crooked coin. No sooner did she perceive the latter, than, as was very natural, her fingers were upon it. That little coin, you will remember, was a coin of virtues. It would make hard things easy ; it would aid in devices ; it would make hot cold, and cold hot. But untouched it would do nothing. No sooner, then, did the beautiful finger of Tou-Këen come in contact with it, than the thermome-

ter in the bath was at "Cocoa-nut milk boils;" and the lovely Empress, who was at the moment laughing ho! ho! ho! at one side of her mouth, forthwith laughed oh! oh! oh! on the other.

The fish began to wriggle their tails very livelily, and to turn up their noses; the birds to sing as merrily as though a pie had been opened; but Tou-Këen wriggled worse than the fish, and sung out more loudly than her feathered companions.

Her attendants came tottering into the chamber. Oh, remarkable sight! in the very bath in which Si-Long had been roasted, Tou-Këen was stewed!

Tou-Këen lived just long enough to devise most fantastic tortures for those who had made the bath, for those who conveyed it to Peking, for those who prepared it for her use, and for all the members of her household. But unfortunately Tou-Këen died; and the Emperor wisely considered that the loss of so excellent a mistress and Empress would be sufficient torture for all his loyal subjects.

Between ourselves,—the Emperor had grown tired of her tyranny, and was very well pleased to be thus quit of his lady; so he sent an order to King-te-chin, and to all the other porcelain factories, commanding that the youth who had formed such a wonderful bath, and who had disposed of himself in such a wonderful manner, should thenceforth be worshipped as the god of the furnaces;\* and he himself made a present of three junk loads of paper to be burned before his shrine. Thus the promise of the joss was fulfilled, that the Emperor should yet honour Si-Long, and that Si-Long's name should go forth through all the land, and be remembered through all ages.

The Emperor, though pleased, mourned very affectionately for the beautiful Tou-Kéen, and always preserved with great care a purse manufactured from her skin.

You would, perhaps, wish to know what became of the old physician. Being ill, in a moment of infatuation he prescribed for himself.

\* See note, T.



# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

## THE EMPEROR HWANG-TE.

Let the Emperor plough, and the Empress spin ;

Good iron, I wot, is better than tin ;

And a garment of silk is soft to the skin. *Song.*

Cycles and kalpas † have come and have fled,

Since the days when the Emperor Hwang-te sat  
At the door of his house, where his table was spread  
Over a carpet of cocoa-nut mat.

\* The legends of the Emperor Hwang-te, or Hoang-ty, belong to a period of Chinese history which certain even of the native writers incline to look upon as somewhat apocryphal. Hwang-te was the second of the human rulers of the Celestial Land ; “ he was called the Divine Husbandman, and taught his people the arts of agriculture, medicine, and music ; whilst his Empress introduced the manufacture of silk.” (Holman’s Travels in China.) Hum-Drum, the moralist, poet, and historian, has given, in the following narrative, a more detailed account than is to be met with in any other writer, of the origin of that still-existing custom which confers renown upon the name of Hwang.

† Chinese divisions of time, into periods of sixty years and of a thousand ages, respectively.

His diet was simple: rice, water, and meat:  
Not costly or rare,—marry, wholesome and sweet;  
Yea, whether to subjects or whether to kings,  
Meat, water, and rice be the healthfulest things.

His robe of state was a silken stuff,  
But the worms then scarce had learned to  
spin;  
His sceptre brave was of elk-horn rough,  
All adorned with knobs of brass and tin.  
And sovereign and worshipful lord was he,  
Of the Central Land of rice and tea;  
And of course all the world was beneath his com-  
mand,  
Because he was Lord of the Central Land.

But clouds o'er Hwang-te's spirit passed,  
And Hwang-te beat his breast and sighed;  
For honours high and empire vast,  
Were not enough to feed his pride.  
Though sages round his throne bowed low,  
And sceptred kings performed Kow-to,  
His soul was sad with griefs untold;  
He pined for wealth of gems and gold.

“Oh! what a glorious thing it were,  
To have a house with silver walls,  
Roofed, not with boughs of shaven fir,  
But golden bars and golden balls;

The floors of porphyry, or of brass;  
The throne hewn from a crystal mass;  
With flower-pots, tables, lamps and jars,  
Of emeralds, jacinths, jets, and spars!

“ Oh! would I had a garden rare,  
Its trees all formed with ivory stems,  
Their leaves of silver pure and fair,  
Their flowers of pearls, their fruits of gems,  
The paths inlaid with stones of price,  
And fret-works round of rare device,  
That kings might come from far to see,  
And sages envy rich Hwang-te!”

The moon arose, and rose Hwang-te,  
The richest, poorest man of men:  
He glanced around that none might see,  
And wandered up a gloomy glen,  
A gloomy glen whose shades seemed meant  
For wo and hate, and discontent;  
Its cheeriest spots were thick with graves;  
The rest with vaporous pits and caves.

And serpent roots about them twined,  
Of all unwholesome trees and shrubs,  
With cankerous stalk and leprous rind,  
Deep-gnawed by huge and ghastly grubs,  
Some leafless rose of bony white;  
Some clotted their shadows as thick as night:

And the clam and the grease that thence distilled,  
With worse than upas' bane were filled.

Not far within that haggard glen,  
Had ever a mortal's foot been set;  
It was not stored with breath for men,  
But there oozed from the rocks a venomous  
sweat;  
And cumbrous slimy lumps drew there  
A sort of life from the vicious air,  
And wherever they crawled o'er branches blue,  
A festering rot went through and through.

But Hwang, O! he was an Emperor grand,  
The "Son of Heaven" and lord of earth;  
And therefore might the taint withstand,  
Mortal to men of lowlier worth:  
And up the glen he boldly marched,  
'Mongst gaping pits and caverns arched,  
With chambers black and portals gray,  
Where night might hide herself i' the day.

He heeded not the shapeless newts,  
And worms enorme, all blotched and bloated;  
The grisly flowers and death-clammed fruits,  
And venom dewes he scantily noted:  
The stagnant, black, and glutinous pools,  
And cavernous crypts, fit haunts for ghouls:  
Nor marked he aught the rankling smell,  
That seemed as Time were dead i' the dell.

Natheless his lids were opened wide,  
And on the ground, in pensive guise,  
He seemed to look; but thought inside  
Had closed its shutters o'er his eyes.  
"Far in the valley's dismal cells,  
'Tis said a strange Magician dwells,  
Of gryphon, ghou, or dragon clan,  
Disguised beneath the form of man.

"And he hath heaps of glittering ore,  
And walls of solid marble hewn,  
And precious stones a precious store,  
And priceless shells that grow i' the moon.  
Now, I trust 'tis sooth, what conjurors tell,  
That such brave toys be hid i' the dell:  
An' I find it true I shall e'en make bold  
To ask for a part of his gems and gold."

On strode Hwang-te; and he came at last  
To a rock like a skull, half-bleached by time:  
Its toothless jaws were a cavern vast,  
And the caves of its eyes were roped with slime:  
Around it a forest of fungi grew,  
Each as huge and as black and as broad as a yew;  
Whose rotten parts lay, half crumbled and eaten,  
Like pieces of wreck on a shore storm-beaten.

There, throned on a fragment of blue decay,  
Within the fungi's grumous shade,  
With bloodless flesh of a greeny gray,  
And in worm-eaten sepulchre cloths arrayed,

The Enchanter sat, with a ghastly grin,  
 While fanning himself with a dragon's fin,  
 And smoking the flabbiest leaves he could cull,  
 Through a stork's leg-bone and a badger's skull.

His head on its pivot he slowly rolled,  
 And bent his eyes on bold Hwang-te;  
 His eyes as unlike life and cold  
 As the jellies thrown up o' the sands o' the sea.  
 Then he clenched his fan in a firmer gripe,  
 And tapped on a fungus the bowl of his pipe:  
 O'er a snake-long slug its ashes flew,  
 And the venomous juice soon burned him through.

And he spoke in a voice to make flesh freeze,—  
 So strange its spell that at each cold word  
 A thick black clam oozed out of the trees,  
 And the air grew into a closer curd;  
 And Hwang-te gasped with a choky pain,  
 As though a corpse on his chest had lain;  
 His beard stood forth as stiff as a fin,  
 And his flesh grew as rough as a crocodile's skin:

“ And who art thou of mortal mould,  
 That ventur'est thus within this glen,  
 Where none but ghosts and corpses cold  
 Have walked before i' the shapes of men?  
 Where snake-bane, ghoulish drakes, dragon stools,  
 Grow rank round the craters of putrid pools?  
 Where the air is slab and hath got no sky,  
 And the light seems the ghost-light of days gone by?”

“Great Emperor I—Hwang-te my name,  
 The Son of Heaven, and Lord of Earth ;  
 The ends of space are full of my fame,  
 And stars perplexed to express my worth.  
 Yet not in the bounds of infinite space  
 Is wretch so wretched or serf so base ;  
 For, though I be great, and wise, and bold,  
 I haven't got pearls and gems and gold.

“Oh, fortune foul and fate accurst !  
 Oh, boundless draught of bitterest bale !  
 I pine for wealth with a noble thirst,  
 And therefore came I up this vale.  
 They say that thou hast heaps of ore,  
 And diamonds bright in countless store ;  
 To glut mine eyes with these I come,  
 And I mightily pray ye, give me some.”

“An' if ye dare to tread with me  
 Through the palpable dark of this cave's lone halls,  
 Where the moulds on the floor are as deep as your  
     knee,  
 And the cold reek, like charnel-fat, covers the  
     walls:  
 Where flame will not burn, and no light can exist  
 Save the luminous gleams from the rot of the mist ;  
 Where the black sucks more blackness from things  
     of dark hue,  
 Whence the young of the dragon grow ghastlily  
     blue :

“I will show ye such treasures, deep down i’ the  
earth,

As ne’er did ye even in thought behold :  
Ye shall say if my pearls be pearls of worth,  
And I’ll make ye a master of gems and gold.  
But ere we go bethink ye well  
The air how rank and the way how fell ;  
Lest your blood turn glue as the path we tread,  
And your heart be cramped in a knot with dread.”

“Forsooth, white fear, with hair so lank,  
Is what my Emperor soul contemns ;  
Though the way be fell and the air be rank,  
Hwang-te will be thinking of gold and gems.  
So lead ye the way through the cave’s black hollow,  
And doubt not but I shall be prompt to follow.  
For what worse lot could fate unfold  
Than not to have gems, and pearls, and gold ?”

They entered then the portal grim,  
Which choked what more Hwang-te would say :  
He felt cold slugs on every limb,  
And his heart seemed a cold moist lump of clay.  
Two luckless beams that had come in there,  
And never again must emerge to air,  
Showed into what ridges the roof was thrown,  
Like a skeleton’s ribs and its gray back-bone.

Hwang-te glared round, below, aloft,  
But he said to himself “ Oh, gems and gold !”  
And such like sounds which he uttered oft,  
Were talisman words that made him bold :



And he would not shrink though the sounds of the  
chasm

Seemed the gasps and groans of unearthly spasm,  
And the green mists did all hideous forms assume  
As they batted on fat of the putrid gloom.

Oh, what are the terrors but man will dare  
When led by the sateless thirst of treasure !  
What way through water, or earth, or air,  
Or fire, or blood, but his steps will measure !  
Then surely is gold a talisman strange  
That the inborn nature of man can change ;  
That can make the deaf asp put out ears as it clinks,  
Turn the dove to a vulture, the mole to a lynx.

Hwang-te knew not what hours went by  
As after his grisly guide he strode  
Down steeps and chasms, now low, now high,  
Now narrow, now wide, a hideous road.  
But the ceaseless drip of a foul bitumen,  
Whose motion served faintly the mists to illumine.  
And blast-borne shrieks, a ghostly chime,  
With horrid monotony doled out time.

Till a corpse-cold stream in its cavernous course  
Hurried them swift as a meteor could follow,  
Where a whirlpool of wind with circling force,  
Sucked them down in its plumbless hollow ;  
When thrown again on the solid ground,  
Soon as Hwang-te could gaze around,

Stunned with his ride in the demon car,  
Lo, a light like the moon afar!

Lo, a light like the moon afar,  
And there towards the Sorcerer turned;  
“Now near to the goal of our toil we are,  
And near the prize you well have earned.”  
And larger the moonlight opening grew,  
As with quick steps they towards it drew;  
And a halo around it seemed to blaze  
Of purple and green and golden rays.

And soon upon either side their way,  
The rocks were bright with veined ore;  
But ha! they have reached the gates of day,  
They emerge to a realm of light once more.  
Then down on the earth the Emperor lies,  
And shields for awhile his dazed eyes,  
For when one long hath groped i' the dim,  
Light is but a new sort of dark to him.

Oh, there was a realm! a world in the earth  
With a diamond sun and a sapphire sky!  
And a town in the midst, to sum whose worth  
In vain ten myriad tongues might try!  
With golden gates to its gorgeous halls,  
Where no life breathes and where no foot falls;  
Roofs carved of jade in twist and twirl,  
And topaz towers and domes of pearl.

And high in the midst was a palace set  
On a hundred steps of rarest yu ;  
And dragons of emerald, gold, and jet,  
In ly-long avenues led thereto ;  
Of amethyst built its walls and towers,  
Its pillars of silver wrought with flowers ;  
And silver and golden frets between,  
Formed many a fanciful fringe and skreen.

Around it twelve pagodas rose,  
With garnet base and crystal tops ;  
Adorned with prominent eaves, and those  
With horns and dragons and pearly drops :  
For seven tall stories were set between,  
Of purple and crimson, and gold and green ;  
Massive, but so transparent of hue,  
That the circling stairs were in part seen through.

And far around that palace bright  
Were wondrous gardens no less fair ;  
Where all the trees that met the sight  
Were formed of things as rich and rare.  
There were goodly clumps of golden palms ;  
One date from those were an Emperor's alms :  
And the thick dark greens of orange groves old  
Were covered, for fruit, with globes of gold.

And the apricots there had topaz fruits ;  
From the mulberry trees rich garnets fell ;  
And the rice drew pearls from its silver roots ;  
And rubies filled the pomegranate shell.

The fruits of all the trees were gems ;  
And bronze and brass were the meanest stems :  
And the leaves, o'erwrought with vein and streak,  
Were of emerald, jade, or *verde antique*.

And armies of flowers sprang out of the earth,  
Or leaned from the rich fantastic vase,  
Whose petals were carven from stones of worth,—  
Onyx, and beryl, and bright turquoise,  
Sardine, and jacinth, and thousands more,  
Such as never were seen by man before ;  
All brighter of sheen and braver of tint,  
Than such as be coined in the sun's bright mint.

And through the garden and through the town  
A river of liquid silver ran,  
Which amethyst boats came floating down,  
With never a pilot in form of man.  
And here and there, from shore to shore,  
Bridges of opal spanned it o'er ;  
And veins of its current, conveyed through the  
ground,  
Formed fountains and jets in the vales around.

Hwang-te gazed round, and he rubbed his eyes,  
For he scarce could trust the tale they told ;  
He had oft-times heard of sapphire skies,  
And oft-times fancied realms of gold ;  
But he never had deemed such wealths and glories  
Were any thing more than dreams and stories ;

And, lo and behold ! he finds at last  
All fancies and tales so far surpassed.

Oh, Hwang uplifted his hands at this,  
And nothing he thought could make him gladder ;  
The heart in his bosom seemed swoln with bliss,  
As large as a gourd, or a full-blown bladder.  
That great devotee of whom mention occurs,  
That gazed on a wall for seventy years  
Without winking an eye or bending a knee,  
Was scarce more happy than bold Hwang-te.

*He* felt a sort of devotion, too,  
And thought he for ever his eyes could fix.  
Though not upon mere brick walls, 'tis true,  
Yet on walls of ruby and diamond bricks.  
“ Oh ! were I the lord of a realm like this,  
I mightily fear I should burst with bliss,  
For the bound of my heart no ribs could withstand  
Yet I would I were lord of this very same land.”

“ I give thee all,” the Enchanter cried,  
“ The city, the grounds, the groves, the flowers.  
The river, the sky ; and far and wide  
You may roam through the halls or bask in the  
bowers.

So I leave you now to enjoy alone  
The limitless wealth that is all your own ;  
And should you wish to see me more,  
I will be at your side, if you strike the floor.”

The great Hwang-te had fixed his gaze  
Like a screw, to the sun's broad diamond face;  
And "I wonder," thought he, "how much it  
weighs?

And what is its value in taels and mace?"  
But he heard the words the Enchanter said,  
And with very great glee he turned his head;  
He turned it left and he turned it right,  
But, lo! the Wizard was not in sight.

Hwang-te was filled with a brief surprize;  
But he hadn't much time to spend in wonder,

There were so many things to engage his eyes  
And thoughts, around, above, and under.  
He was brought to such stand still by these,  
They seemed to have put a bone in his knees,  
To have stopped his wheels or broken his chain.  
And 'twas long ere he set himself going again.

At last, however, the wish arose  
To wander a little about this realm,  
And to see what more it might yet disclose,  
His spirit with joy to quite o'erwhelm.  
He wanted to know the extent of the land;  
And to grapple a few of its gems in his hand;  
And to list to the music so fine and ethereal,  
His footsteps might rouse from such precious material.

So between the dragons he paced alone,  
With foot so free and with brow so bold,  
O'er flags that seemed blood turned to stone,  
Inlaid with flowers and stars of gold.  
And up the flight of rarest jade,  
With their frosted silver balustrade ;  
Where, ranged on plinths above and below,  
Were statues of coral like petrified snow.

And he entered within the palace so bright,  
Whose amethyst walls seemed frozen wine ;  
And under a dome of wondrous height,  
The richest of all in that rich mine.  
Twelve topaz ribs around it beamed ;  
Like a strange transparent gold they seemed :  
And the parts between were of mother-o'-pearl,  
O'erwrought with flower, and leaf, and curl.

The light that the diamond sun sent through  
Was faint and sick, and it seemed to swoon ;  
And as stout Hwang-te looked up thereto,  
He fancied himself inside the moon.  
Full under the dome, in the midst of the chamber,  
Was a beautiful couch all draped with amber ;  
The frame was carven of mammoths' bones,  
And the pillows had stuffing of precious stones.

Hwang-te from home had wandered far ;  
First up the Enchanter's gloomy glen ;  
And without any light of sun or star,  
Through the cavernous root of the mountain  
then ;

And, lastly, some way he had dragged his bones  
Through this region of gold and of precious  
stones ;

And his hope fulfilled and his marvel past,  
It was like he should find himself weary at last.

For even the Sons of Heaven must crouch  
To the lash of hunger and toil and ache :  
So he threw himself on the beautiful couch,  
Where he meant some short repose to take.  
“ Oh what,” thought he, “ will dreams unfold,  
Where awake we things like dreams behold ?  
But I fear it would spoil me of much of my bliss  
Could I *dream* there was any thing richer than  
this.”

He threw himself on the glittering mass ;  
But though it was good to set one's eye on,  
He found that his mattress of feathers and grass  
Was by many degrees more pleasant to lie on :  
A bed and pillow of precious stones,  
Give very poor rest to aching bones ;  
And he 'd just then have parted with bed and  
dome  
For the homely mattress he left at home.

He toss'd about on the golden mesh,  
And twisted his body in strangest curves ;  
For emeralds and rubies ran into his flesh,  
And the points of diamonds bruised his nerves.



He uttered loud groans, and heaved deep sighs,  
And scarce had power at last to rise,  
When his back was torn, and his limbs were  
    sore,  
And he more worn than he was before.

Then he went from the dome by an arched way,  
    And passed along through a corridor dim,  
Where the lights and shadows appeared to play  
    At a game of hide and seek with him.  
And he came to a high and gorgeous hall,  
With an ivory roof and an emerald wall,  
With plianths and pilasters and pillars of jet,  
And a cornice of gold with a ruby fret.

The carpet was woven of silver twine,  
    And gold, and metals more bright than these,  
Crimson and green; with a rare design  
    Of butterflies, flowers, and birds, and trees.  
The hundred lamps, hung upon rich silver twist,  
Were of ruby, pearl, emerald, and amethyst;  
And the diamonds that lit them, seemed, each  
    one;  
A splinter hewn from the mid-day sun.

And all adown the lengthened aisles  
    (Oh, sight that made his heart rejoice !)  
Were glittering tables, heaped with piles  
    Of fruits and viands most rare and choice.  
Orange and mango, and citron and pine,  
And the clustered wealth of the golden vine :

Beetles of jet and opal snails,  
And agates carven as monkeys' tails.

When Hwang beheld these goodliest things,  
His stomach was cramped with hungers grip;  
And his jaws seemed tightly tied with strings;  
And he felt cold glue upon either lip.  
But his tongue slipped about on his upper teeth,  
With a watery bed at its sides and beneath;  
And to look at his eyes you would soon have di-  
vined  
'Twas a long time since Hwang-te had dined.

But with marble meats his teeth he marred,  
And with stone fruits there of countless sorts;  
The silver eggs he found too hard,  
And he could not quench his thirst with quartz.  
Some ivory fish he essayed to chew;  
(Such giants might use if they played at loo);  
With plum-pudding stone he cracked his jaw;  
And gneiss was a nasty thing to gnaw.

But still the stones at which he bit,  
To hunger's edge, sharp whetstones proved;  
And with ravenous fire his eyes were lit,  
And with hungry furrows his cheeks were  
grooved:  
His stomach was clammed as a cloth that is  
wrung,  
And sharp worms seemed afeed at the root of his  
tongue;

And he felt the fierce ache of desire in his jaws,  
Such as makes the hyæna devour its own paws.

He thought of his fare in the world he had left,  
And his bowels yearned sore for a pot-full of rice ;  
And he fell down as one of his reason bereft,  
With eyes starting out, and with teeth like a  
vice ;  
His throat seemed convulsed as there died in 't a groan :  
He dug his long nails through the cheek to the  
bone ;  
And he grinned a grim grin, and in rage and de-  
spair  
Ground his head on the floor till the skull was half  
bare.

As he struck the stone, lo ! a shade was thrown  
On the slab where erst no shade might be ;  
And the Wizard's voice in a cavernous tone,  
Cried, " Hwang, what wouldest thou more with  
me ?"  
Hwang stared, but new hope gave him words in a  
trice,—  
" I would fain a fair pot of your well-sodden rice,  
And a jug of fresh water to moisten my maw ;  
And a bed to repose on of feathers and straw."

" Ho, ho !" said the Wizard, " and have ye not gold ?  
And have ye not silver and stones of price ?  
Nor yet is your lust of wealth controlled ?  
And will not the gifts ye have got suffice ?

Is this banquet unworth? are my beds of no cost?  
 Do ye wail for what poor things of earth ye have  
     lost?

No rice save of pearl may be found in this place,  
 No beds save of gems in their rich silver case."

"For a pot-full of rice I thy pearls will restore,  
     Your beds of gems for a bed of straw;  
 This wealth would I lose were 't a myriad times  
     more,  
     To appease the fierce vulture at work in my  
     maw.

For what is the worth of all riches to Hwang,  
 If wolfish-eyed hunger in him fix its fang,  
 If lidless unrest to long torture condemn,  
 And he die, mid the gleaming of gold and gem?

"Oh fool!" quoth the Ghoul, "have ye learned so  
     soon  
     The value of wealth in infinite heaps?  
 Could ye feed upon rubies as large as the moon,  
     Would mountains of chrysolite yield sweet  
     sleeps?—  
 It would serve ye but well should I leave ye to gasp  
 With the wolf in your belly, your wealth in your  
     grasp;  
 To starve with the banquet spread out in your  
     view,  
 And rot among gems that pertain but to you.

“But, an’ if ye be willing to yield back my wealth,  
I will bear ye once more to the world whence ye  
came,  
Where the blessings of plenty, of rest, and of health,  
Should have made the fierce demon of avarice  
tame.  
Go home and enjoy, with enough and to spare;  
And know that more wealth is more sorrow and  
care;  
With your silk and your rice be content if ye can,  
And learn the real blessings of nature to man!”

Then fell a thick mist on Hwang-te’s eyes,  
And quite overcome with hunger’s pain,  
He fell on the floor and did not rise,  
Or open his lids in those halls again.  
How he came from thence to the upper world  
Is a secret for ever in mystery furled:  
But soon as the trance of his spirit fled,  
He found himself at his home in bed.

He found himself at his home in bed,  
His bed of feathers and moss and silk;  
And lo! at his side a table spread,  
With rice and meat and cocoa-nut milk.  
His absence had filled his serfs with doubt,  
So in search for their Lord they wandered out:  
He was found at the mouth of the Wizard’s Glen,  
And they bore him thence to the realms of men.

They had sought him at night till dawn of day ;  
 When found he was stiff with a death-cold cramp ;  
 And his raiment was heavy with slime and clay,  
 And his flesh with an unctuous dew was damp.  
 With spirit of rice they rubbed his limbs,  
 And sung by his bed some virtuous hymns ;  
 And life came back to his lips and eyes,  
 And they marvelled to hear his words so wise.

“ Oh, rice,” said Hwang, “ is better than gold,  
 And silk is softer than pointed gems ;  
 Contentment is richer than wealth untold,  
 And wisdom more sovereign than kings’ diadems.  
 So a goodly example (ye stars, hear my vow !)  
 Will I set my brave people, by following the plough ;  
 And my Empress shall teach to make raiment and  
 beds,  
 By feeding fat silk-worms and winding their  
 threads.”

And well by Hwang were his words fulfilled,  
 Whence a custom grew, and even till now,  
 On a certain day the fields are tilled  
 When the Emperor’s hand doth guide the plough.  
 And the zeal of the Empress is no wise less ample,  
 To give all the ladies a worthy example :  
 So she shows them the way to make beds and habi-  
 liments,  
 By feeding fat silk-worms and winding their fila-  
 ments.\*

\* See note, U.

# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

## MARRIAGE IN A MASK;

OR

## THE CUNNING SHAVER, CHIN.\*

Who soaps my chin,  
And tickles my skin,  
With a straw or a pin? †  
My Barber!

*From the First Book of the Celestial Classics.*

THERE are no barbers in the world to com-

\* Between this story and an adventure, forming part of a Chinese romance, which has before been translated into English, several points of resemblance are discoverable. But whether these coincidences are accidental, or which of the Celestial writers may have been beholden to the other, we shall not attempt to decide.

† See note, V.

pare with those of the Celestial Land. Barbers are a genus almost extinct among the nations of the West, and especially among Protestant nations. In Catholic countries a certain few are still kept up for the tonsure of the crowns of monks and friars; but as Catholicism seems to be spreading in our own machanical land, no doubt even these will soon be superseded by machines for depilating the head. But the barbers craft is more exercised in China than in thrice the world besides. Beards, indeed, there be few; but then there be some two hundred million of heads to give daily employment to the razor; and a man cannot venture the sharp steel over his own occiput as he can over his lip or chin. The children as well as the men are shaven. And so considerable are the crops thus reaped by the razor, that the mixed *quisquiliæ* of hair and lather form an object of traffic betwixt the barbers and market-gardeners;\* and it is said that the ground which has been fertilized by this

\* See note, W.



compost is particularly productive in bamboos and sugar-canes.

It has often been remarked that particular pursuits exercise a particular effect upon men's characters: that lawyers, for example, as the shadow—as the light, we mean—of law steals over them, become gradually cautious and cunning, and incapable of distinguishing right from wrong excepting by the aid of legal lences. The physician is known by his air of urbanity and wisdom; what can be so bland as his smile when he assures you that nothing upon earth is half so agreeable as the amalgam of rhubarb and asafœtida he has just been prescribing?—But the surgeon, whose manipulations of the suffering are of a sterner nature than mere examinations of the pulse, is a different personage quite; and can wear an unfeeling scowl, as he pokes some devil's claw of a crooked steel instrument into your body, your arm, or your eye! See how some ranting, gin-drinking scion of iniquity becomes transmogrified—we will not say in character, but

in outward development of character,—when he takes up with the art, business, and mystery of Methodist ministerialism. And it is the case in like manner with other trades and professions, that the followers of any one have their characters so modified and assimilated by their occupation that a discriminating person may detect from their behaviour and appearance, the particular school of business in which they have been educated. How instinctively do we cry out in passing through the streets, this man is a newspaper editor, and that, a publican; yet it is not altogether the green-plaid waistcoat, and unbarbered face, that certify us as to the one, nor the red nose and portly paunch that make us pronounce upon the other. The vest and the beard of the former might pertain as well to a Jew clothes-man, or a landscape-painter; and the proboscis and protuberance of the latter would be no less proper to a bishop or an alderman. But the *habits* of the man—the habits of his mind—are ex-

hibited in other ways than in his figure or his dress.

The influence of particular pursuits upon the moral and intellectual constitution of man, would form a worthy and abounding subject for a philosophical treatise; and if we could condescend to philosophy, we would follow it out at length. We are philosophers, that is, a philosopher; though too philosophical to write philosophy: but as there is no knowing to what we may be reduced, we will not affirm that we never shall devote a portion of our valuable time to this subject. Poets soar, philosophers dig; but fellows like ourselves, the comic philosophers of the day, dance about, hop, skip, and jump,—pleasant exercise, though no very useful employ. We would soar, but we have no wings—besides, it don't pay—and we would dig! but that we hold *infra dig*: or *in for a dig*, like a spade in a potatoe bed. Besides, in these days, philosophy and all kinds of useful knowledge are as plentiful and cheap as potatoes, and we find it less troublesome and

more economical to buy ours ready-made.— Well then, for the present we will have nothing to do with philosophy, convinced that to eschew it is the truly philosophical course. “Laugh and grow fat,” says the proverb, and we confess ourselves ambitious of a goodly obesity; but at present we are as lean as philosophy itself. True, we have our misgivings as to the expansive power that belongs to cachinnation; but we do *not* agree with the fat knight, that grief puffs one<sup>!</sup> out like a bladder. Therefore, we will try to be merry; and grief we will certainly eschew.

But, Daniel Appollo, Esq., where are we running away to? We started from the sign of the Pole and the Pewter Basin, and we were going to run down a barber, after some talk about the tribe; but we have got off the scent, and we must needs try back.

There are no barbers in the world to compare with those of the Celestial Land. And yet their characteristic features are as like to those of the “shavers” once indigenous in

the West, as the oranges of the Central Empire to those which draw out a feebler existence in the conservatory of Margam Abbey. I was going just now to observe,—but some observation, equally brilliant shoved this out of its proper place,—that the nature of many trades and professions at once and obviously explains the particular bent that is given to the characters of those who pursue them : thus, nothing can be more natural than that undertakers should be the jolliest dogs in life ; because events which wet the cheeks, or break the hearts of others, are sources of the most comfortable of all comforts—pecuniary comfort—to themselves. But in other cases an explanation is more difficult, and thus it is in the instance of barbers.—Why these should be a loquacious race, may not be altogether inexplicable ; but why they should be gifted with keen wits, be greatly given to practical joking, and have a universal facility in settling the affairs of other folks, it is, at least, not easy to explain. Yet that such is the case, in the paucity of

existing specimens of the genus, I appeal to the drama and romance to prove.

Loquacity, a ready wit, a disposition to tricks and devices, and a fondness for meddling in the concerns of others, are the characteristics of the ten millions of tonsors that flourish cold steel over the two hundred millions of heads in the Regions of Eternal Spring. We are afraid that talking of barbers has affected ourselves with loquaciousness; for there was certainly no need of such a number of *pages* to introduce upon the scene so humble an individual as the barber Chin.

The barber Chin was a gem of razordom, a little dapper man with a large broad head, long flexible pigtail, small rapid eyes, and an expression of countenance delightfully bland. His head was a perfect library of entertaining knowledge,—the most useful sort of knowledge to him,—a reading-room of magazines and newspapers.

Perhaps, indeed, the circulation of magazines and newspapers in the West may have

done more to extinguish the race of barbers among us than cheap razors, Mechi's straps and patent shaving soap combined. For Othello's occupation's gone: barbers were the peripatetic Heralds and Chronicles of the olden day; they went their daily rounds from house to house and received their penny at each,—not for denuding a chin, for folks might have shaved themselves then, as they do now,—but for their parliamentary reports, their police intelligence, their births and marriages, and cases of crim. con. We pay our penny now for a reading of the Times,—the newsman has superseded the barber,—the march of intellect has driven from the field the knights of the razor, and thus the progress of civilization accounts for the decline of *barberism*.

Who so full of anecdote and song and merriness as Chin? Who so dainty and scientific in mixing up a lather, so expeditious and safe in the employment of the razor? Who so dexterous and quaint in shampooing a customer, so sure of eliciting a smile, whe-

ther he tickled his ear with a straw or with a story? Who so ready with information and advice adapted to all parties and to all occasions,—with plots and assistance in cases of emergency? And all these, the merits of the barber Chin, were at any time to be brought into exercise for the most moderate fees.

For a fee of five dollars the ingenious Chin had brought about eternal happiness for the previously unfortunate lovers Wee-Ping and Wa-Ling; and within six months after, for a similar fee from each, had effected their disunion. For ten he had secured a poetical prize to the collegian Hi-Fli; and for a smaller sum had subsequently caused the unfortunate poet to be bamboozed, at the instance of his rival bard Lo-Flo. For a hundred he had obtained the liberation of the wealthy Swing, who was condemned to suffer torture and decapitation for having wantonly set fire to a village; and for another fifty had had this individual exalted to the chief magistracy of the same village when it was rebuilt.



You may think he would soon grow rich upon this plan; but out of the sums so received he could reserve only to himself a moderate per centage, as he in his turn had many parties to bribe before his different objects could be obtained. Oh, happy country! Celestial Land! where all ranks may equally participate in the manifold blessings and advantages of bribery! True, there is much of bribery and corruption in our own less fortunate country; but these only work well when they form an universal system. Now in China the lowest orders can bribe the lowest officers, the lowest officers can bribe the mandarins, the mandarins can bribe the governors, the governors can bribe the ministers, and the ministers can bribe the "Son of Heaven" himself. This is liberty and equality, and resembles the practice in shops, where all may purchase if they can afford to pay. Depend upon it, justice that is given away is not of the best quality—it *goes for nothing*; but if people pay well for it, they may be secure of the prime article.

We are on a wrong plan you may be sure, and do not consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Chinese practice does so. The offender bribes the judge, and is happy to escape punishment; the judge receives the bribe and is happy to put money in his purse; and the offended party only is dissatisfied. Now of these three persons, the offender and the judge constitute a greater number than the man offended, in the proportion of two to one; and, therefore, there can be no question as to the propriety of their being made happy, although at his expense. But, if the offended can bribe higher than the offender,—in other words, if he can afford to pay for a larger slice of justice,—that of course works a radical change in the aspect of affairs; and *he* must have justice then, his due purchase, at the market value.

Chin had more employment than he could well get through, among the *élite* of the town in which he resided: he was a clever shaver, and surrounded by sharp blades.

It was in the morning of a certain day of

a certain month of a certain year, but of what certain day of what certain month and of what certain year, is neither quite certain now nor in any way important,—the fashionable Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang was submitting his barber's block to the lather and cold steel of the easy-fingered Chin.

“Chin,” said he, in the pleasant and familiar tone in which fashionable young sparks address those of inferior condition whom they hope to make useful to themselves,—“Chin,” said he, “my old boy, I think I may depend upon you for secrecy and good counsel if I should discourse to you upon a matter of considerable importance to myself.”

We are generally ready to trust those who instruct us in the affairs of all our neighbours: the confidence they exhibit in ourselves in intrusting to us the secrets they receive from others seems naturally to challenge our confidence in return.

“You know me well,” responded Chin;—“you know my reputation;—I am an iron chest of secrecy, and all come to me as their

depository for whatever they would not wish to be known; but, secrecy is a rare virtue, and not to be called into exercise without its equivalent.

A dollar from Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang was admitted as an equivalent for so much secrecy as might be necessary in this affair.

“You must know, Chin,” said Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, relieved in mind and purse, (for like his mind, his purse was not well-furnished) “you must know that I am distressingly in love with a young lady, and can never be at peace until I obtain her to wife. Yet there are some troublesome impediments to our union. In the first place, she loves another; in the second, he loves her; in the third, he is valiant and strong; and in the fourth, she abhors me. You are a clever fellow, Chin,—tell me how to act in this disagreeable state of affairs. The lady’s name is Si-Hoo-Se; she is the niece of old No-Gho, with whom, as her parents are both dead, she has for some years resided. The

fame of her beauty has no doubt reached your ears."

"Truly," said Chin, after pondering for some time, and as he began to untie his customer's queue that he might replait it and adorn it with a fresh piece of riband,—“truly, in my time I have solved many a knotty point, but the present is a case peculiarly perplexing. I shall, no doubt, find means to overcome the difficulty ; but this will not be effected without a somewhat of consideration."

A promise of four taels, if the tonsor would devise an efficient plan, was a somewhat of consideration that sharpened up the inventive wit of Chin : and, after pondering the matter for awhile, he hinted at a scheme, by which the lovely Si-Hoo-Se should be deceived into a marriage with the young libertine.

He proposed to decoy her from her uncle's house by flattering her into a hope of a meeting and elopement with her beloved Long-Ku ; when, dressed as Long-Ku, and with a mask upon his face, Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang

should present himself before her. Masquerading is a frequent amusement in China, and masks are assumed on a thousand different pretexts. In the present case, Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang was to pretend that he had been ordered by his physician to wear a mask for three days, to benefit his *yin* and *yang*\* by the suppression of hot humours: and it was not likely that his lovely victim would receive this story with suspicion; for in China young ladies are content to leave physical mysteries to be investigated by their lords and masters. He would, then, have little difficulty in persuading her to a union with himself, for Chin would have prepared her for, and disposed her to this; and it would be time enough for her to discover her mistake after they were indissolubly united.

This plan gave great satisfaction to Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, and Chin promised to take upon himself the arrangement of all the details: so, turning his customer's head out of

\* See note, X.

hand more quickly than usual, he sallied forth without loss of time, to see some of the other persons whom he meant to make actors in his comedy, and to put all matters in a proper train.

So well was Chin informed upon most people's affairs that when a statement such as that of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang was laid before him, though he listened to it with attention, it generally happened that he was nearly as fully acquainted with the circumstances as the narrator himself. Thus it occurred in the present instance; and knowing his reputation for directing matters of the kind, and being aware that Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang had not the keenest wit to guide him in the conduct of his concerns, the acute barber was not at all taken by surprise when an appeal was made to him for his assistance and advice. Chin, perhaps, at this very time, possessed a clearer knowledge of the matter in all its bearings than did Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang; and as he had undertaken to play the game himself, he considered in what order and in what

manner he should move the several pieces. Upon due consideration, he first sought uncle No-Gho; because, to win his confidence and countenance would afford him great facilities for treating with the other parties.

Now, Chin in his time had assisted No-Gho out of some straits and difficulties; and No-Gho could not do otherwise than treat him with familiarity and friendly regard; because such cases might occur again. The barber, therefore, had no obstacles, such as the difference of station might occasion, to obtaining an interview with the mandarin: for No-Gho—we have not before mentioned the fact—was of no less worshipful degree.

It was pleasant to observe, when Chin was performing on a customer, how cleverly and how quickly he mixed his lather—how pleasantly and how abundantly he soaped him over. Albeit, he was “a fellow of exceeding honesty,” he had a keener knowledge of the world than for the most part falls to the lot of your exceeding honest men. Gifted with rare shrewdness and observation,



“ He knew all qualitics, with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings—”

and in a majority of cases, even upon a short acquaintance, understood the characters of persons better than they did themselves. He knew when to lay on his brown Windsor, when to tickle with straws, and when to drop a jest or hint into the ear of an attentive patient. If doing the kindness of his office to a female sitter, he would apply the curling-tongs with admirable judgment to the proper moment of a question in dispute, and regulate the exertion of his wrist exactly to the minimum of force requisite to induce her to take the required view of any subject in discussion. We are here, however, only speaking in a general manner of his ability; for in the case immediately under our notice, his conversation with the mandarin, though he acquitted himself ably, it was with no great exercise of his ingenuity and tact; since No-Gho was exactly in the state of mind to fall in with the plans the wily barber had to offer to his consideration.

The mandarin himself had never in any manner opposed the union of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang with his ward and niece; so that Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, in enumerating the difficulties in his way, did not include that frequent and perplexing one, an unkind guardian. Fair Si-Hoo-Se was heiress to a considerable property, which was at present, in great measure, under the management of her uncle No-Gho; and he had made terms with his young friend Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, by which, in case of the marriage of that proper person with his niece, he should reserve to himself a considerable slice out of the patrimony of Si-Hoo-Se. The mandarin, therefore, far from opposing it, was extremely desirous that a marriage should take place between his niece and Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang; but he was unable to overcome the repugnance of Si-Hoo-Se; and he did not venture to attempt compulsion, as he knew that if the case should get into the courts of law, the young lady would be able to out-bribe himself.

Now, No-Gho had a daughter of his own,

of whom he was solicitous to dispose advantageously; but Win-Fu was ill-favoured, and of unpleasing temper; and no one had hitherto made overtures to take her from her father's house. The old man, however, had never for a moment contemplated uniting her with Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang; for, though he had reasons of his own that attached him to that young estimable, he could not place in him such confidence, nor entertain for him such respect, as would render agreeable to parental feeling the idea of devoting to him an only daughter: paternal affection for Win-Fu, was one of the few virtues possessed by the old mandarin.

But Long-Ku was a person of good family, and of what was more important in the eyes of No-Gho, of good fortune; and in addition to these extraneous graces, was accomplished, and of such moral character and polite manners as engaged the esteem and regard of all. Him had No-Gho mentally elected as his future son-in-law; and he had encouraged his daughter to conceive a romantic affection for

this young man ; which the dutiful Win-F'u imagined that she had in due course done.

No-Gho and Chin conversed familiarly together, until, each party enlightening the other, they had both a pretty clear understanding of the present feelings, desires, and relative position of the rest of the dramatis personæ; and then Chin proceeded to narrate (with some reservation) what had passed between himself and Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang. He solicited the ancient gentleman to permit his niece to go forth, at a time which he would fix, to a particular spot beside the river, whereto she might be attracted by the hope of meeting Long-Ku: but he intimated that she should instead be accosted by Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang; who, impersonating Long-Ku, would prevail upon her to fly with him, that they might enter together upon the agreeable estate of matrimony. Chin was confident that no scruples upon the lady's part would be so stubborn as to thwart them in the execution of this project; and No-Gho rather inclined to a coincidence with him in opinion.

Chin proposed farther, when he had adroitly sounded the old man so as to be sure that the suggestion would not be disagreeable to him, that an appointment should be made likewise for the real Long-Ku; and that he should be deceived into the hope of meeting his beloved Si-Hoo-Se, and carrying her away, a willing bride, to his house. The place named for their encounter might be one different from that to which Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang was to be directed, and at which Si-Hoo-Se was to be in waiting; but it was ingeniously devised by Chin that Win-Fu, in the disguise of her cousin, meeting the devoted expectant Long-Ku, and suffering herself to be carried off by him, should become his wife before the mistake could be discovered. This plot presented some little difficulties, not the least of which was that which would arise from the necessary determination on the lady's part, to retain her veil till the marriage ceremonies were concluded: against such a resolve an impatient lover might be expected to raise a demurrer; but Chin en-

gaged to furnish her with excuses such as must satisfy young Long-Ku; and No-Gho had the fullest confidence in the inventive genius of Chin. The old gentleman promised the barber fair opportunities of disposing the ladies to perform their due parts in the comedy; and the tonsor did not leave him till he had obtained a pleasant bonus for the exertions he was making to arrange matters in accordance with the wishes of the mandarin.

There is an idea prevalent in our own country, it is at least very general among the young, that love affairs may be more pleasantly, and even properly arranged, without the intervention of third parties. Papa, indeed, just makes a few soundings to be sure that there is no bar in the river; and then away the young brace boat it,

“ Youth at the bow and pleasure at the helm,”

and steer their own course, and row at their own fancy, whilst no other party “ puts in an oar;” mamma, however, sitting at her window,

with spectacles on nose, to see that they do not get into any danger. But in the Felicitous Land, the juvenile couple rarely attempt to manage the boat themselves : they find it less troublesome to let some uncle No-Gho pull the oars, some Chin, the barber, steer. We have heard of a Musselman's surprize at seeing, in a western country, people of consideration toiling through a dance : his inquiry whether they might not hire professional persons to perform it for them, may appear to us ridiculous ; but not half so much so as our voluntary kicking of the toes to him. The Chinese carry their passive philosophy yet farther than the Musselman, and will not waste their valuable time in making love, which is every where acknowledged to be but profitless employ, when it can be done so cheaply and so easily by proxy. It was for this reason that the intervention of Chin excited little marvel and no indignation among the many individuals he had to address in the due arrangement of the affairs in question. All looked upon him at once

as a professional agent,—he had long been celebrated as a go-between in similar cases,—and all were ready to accord him some little tangible compliment, which he was not backward to require at the hands of each.

Chin was next admitted to a private interview with Win-Fu; and though that lady affected extreme unwillingness to perform the part marked out for her in these proceedings, and made great play with her fan during her colloquy with the barber, it was sufficiently evident to his acute perceptions, that she was ready almost to jump out of her skin with delight. She made a handsome present to the master of the ceremonies, for the kind anxiety he exhibited to provide her with an agreeable partner; and though she persisted that she would rather not have been implicated in the matrimonial quadrille, she declared her unwillingness to interfere with the formation of the set from a selfish regard to her own preferences; and therefore left the farther disposition of affairs in the excellent hands in which she found



them. Chin named the spot to which she should repair, disguised in the attire of Si-Hoo-Se; and having accomplished the drill of Win-Fu, next sought a conference with her fairer cousin.

Here Chin had a more difficult task to perform, for the scruples of Si-Hoo-Se were many and sincere, and it needed all his eloquence and ingenuity in argument to overcome them; though it must be confessed that the prospects he held out were in themselves so agreeable to his lovely listener, that she had a greater disposition than she was perhaps aware of, to construe his rhetoric in the most favourable manner. Suffice it to say, however, that the barber succeeded in the two objects he had in view—persuading the lady, and obtaining a gratuity.

It was now the hour—but, stop; this mingling of the present *now* with the past *it was* is the poetical form of determining the time;—never mind; as we have wetted our shoes in the Castalian waters, let us fairly in—head over heels—in all our toggery.—

Ah me! how pleasant are the Delphic  
streams!

'Twas now the hour when through the streets

The watchman's noisy gong resounds ;

And boatman's drum the sound repeats,

Whilst ceaseless din the air confounds :

The hour that stills small children's cries,

And man's stern cares assuages ;

When dogs are folded in their sties,

And kittens in their eages.

'Twas now the hour when those who sail in junks,

Think of sweet friends they leave as oft as comes cruise ;

Of debts unpaid to some old greedy hunks,

Of'scaped bamboos, and ankle-screws and thumb-screws.\*

Amida Buddha! 'tis the hour of wooings!

Amida Buddha! 'tis the hour of frolics!

Amida Buddha! 'tis the hour of doings

That best becomes your pastorals and bucolics.

It is the hour of mirth's outflow,

When dinner's done and girdles loosed ;

When fishermen their nets forego,

And ducks are whistled home to roost;†

\* Era già l'ora che volge 'l desio

A' naviganti, e intenerisce il core

Lo di ch' han detto a' dolei amici Addio.

DANTE.

† See note Y.

When sun-beams gild pagodas' tops,  
And smokers crowd the opium shops.

In fact, it is that delightful hour of the evening when the sun hath just set, is setting, or is about to set,—when the moon hath just risen, is rising, or is about to rise.

When stars are shining, or about to shine ;  
When owls are dining, or about to dine ;  
When wine-cups are foaming, or about to foam ;  
When wild beasts are roaming, or about to roam ;  
When young hearts are bounding, or about to bound ;  
When young steps are sounding, or about to sound :  
When young forms are greeting, or about to greet ;  
When young lips are meeting, or about to meet.

Who is it that sits in a romantic nook on the banks of the pelucent Slum, contemplating through the net-work of an exquisitely embroidered gauze veil, the quiet beauty of the scene, as the shadows of the evening are stealing over it? Who, oh who but the ever fair, the ever adorable Si-Hoo-Se? But what doth she there at the dying-time of day, alone among the thick bushes, attired in holiday trim, such as could not be necessary

to the full enjoyment of any pleasant solitude?

“ Will he come ? ” she said ; “ and has not the barber deceived me ? ” —

She seized her guitar, and ran her fingers over the chords ; and in a voice of pathos the most touching of which she was capable, sung the words which follow : they had been composed some centuries before, in anticipation of her individual case ; but heroines are always prepared in this manner with songs for every emergency.

O come, O come  
 To the banks of the Slum,  
 Where the waters flow  
     So fair to behold,  
 And the mud, in the glow,  
     Seems as yellow as gold :  
 O come, O come  
 To the banks of the Slum.

O come, O come  
 Where the murmuring hum  
 Of the wave keeps tune,  
     To your love's fond lays,  
 Beneath the cold moon,  
     As she warbles and plays.

O come, O come  
To the slow-flowing Slum ;  
And press my lips till you make me dumb :  
Oh, take me, my life, and make me your wife ;  
We are born to be kissed, so I shall not resist ;  
And with sugar the rest of our days shall be rife.

The crickets around her sang out in shrill accompaniment ; the bats flitted and wheeled above her, and mosquitoes danced fantastically before her veil ; yet she paid little attention to the crickets, the bats, or the mosquitoes. But hark !—there is a tread of feet ; the sprays of the light bamboo are shaken ; a graceful figure presses through them, and at a moment when his pig-tail is entangled in the boughs, the moon shines full upon him. “It is my own dear Long-Ku !” exclaimed she, and her first impulse was to faint away : but several considerations occurred to her immediately, which made her doubt the policy and propriety of this ; and she sat collectedly, therefore, to wait his approach.

The youth is at her side ; he is whispering to her ; and never sounded voice in her ear

so sweetly, so persuasively. If we were telling you some European love story, we should, perhaps, talk of "those familiar accents;" but, in consequence of the particular restrictions which interfere with the intercourse of the young in China, it may frequently happen there that the voice may have all the charm of novelty, even when an attachment has been of long standing. It necessarily results from Celestial system—(we do not mean from the system of the universe, but from the system to which we have adverted above, as existent in the Celestial Empire,—though, no doubt, it belongs likewise to the ordinance of the stars,)—it necessarily results from the Celestial system that in the category of love cases, love at first sight is that of the most frequent occurrence: for, when we have no time for blockade, or regular siege, what course is open but to take our towns by storm? The fond couple at present under our consideration had little acquaintance with each other; and though the young lady had long entertained

an ardent affection for Long-Ku, never till then had she sat so near him; she had seen him only, and that rarely, at some distance, and she never before had heard the breath issue, in sweet modulation, from his lips. How great then must have been her satisfaction, whatever appearance of coyness she might assume, when his winged accents, fraught with all the honey of love, came with their pleasing buzz, to find themselves a hive in her ear.

Alas! poor Si-Hoo-Se! she does not, as you do, reader, penetrate through the disguise of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, and perceive that he whom she looks upon as her dearest friend, is, in fact, the person she most abhors! However, since they converse as lovers, we will not intrude upon an interview which is meant to be so secret. The young pair did not at the moment suspect that any witnessed their meeting; but the barber Chin was behind a bush close by. It cannot be right to imitate his example, and listen to vows and protestations we have no business

to hear. Suffice that, though the maid was coy, it was agreed between them that they should wed that evening; but it was a point for farther question, where, and how they should effect that desirable purpose.

Clandestine marriages do sometimes take place in China; but, as, from the constitution of Chinese society, they are much less frequent than with us, so they are proportionably discountenanced; and a woman who has had the imprudence to resort to such a means of changing her estate from singularity to duplicity, is very sternly regarded by the prudent of her own sex, and the rigid ones of ours.

The young lady was anxious, in order to save appearances, that the marriage should take place at No-Gho's house; the young man on the contrary, fearful that such a sudden and secret arrangement might not be agreeable to the old mandarin, and that some impediment might be thrown in the way of the fulfillment of their wishes, was desirous that it should occur at his own. At her ur-



gent instances however, and her repeated assurances that it would not be disagreeable to No-Gho, he would perhaps have conceded the point, had they not been interrupted by the sudden intrusion of Chin.

That individual confessed, without hesitation, that having effected for them the present meeting, he considered it right to keep an eye upon the progress of events; and that he had, therefore, been a witness of their conference. He strongly recommended that they should make all sure by a private performance first of the ceremonies necessary to render marriage binding; especially as the most important of these, the stepping over a pot of charcoal, would be more properly effected at the husband's door than elsewhere. It was his advice, however, that they should repair immediately afterwards to the uncle's house, and have things ratified there, so as to avoid scandal. He gave such good reasons for what he recommended, that the lady considered it safest to accede to his proposal; so returning to her sedan, which she had left

among the trees at some distance, she allowed Chin to be its conductor, and direct the bearers to the door of her betrothed. There she was met by the eager lover, who having, previous to their meeting, considered as a thing of course that this would be the plan pursued, had invited some friends and matrons of his acquaintance to witness the performance of the customary ceremonies. These, in that ceremonious land, could not be hurried over in very brief time; and Chin did not remain there, as he had other pipes to smoke.

The barber made similar arrangements respecting the marriage of the other young people. He had so timed them, and he so timed himself, that he had a glimpse at their first meeting also. It was not without some reason that Chin had gained the reputation among his neighbours of possessing a faculty of ubiquity. As soon as he had disposed of these, he was at No-Gho's house.

He congratulated the old mandarin upon the success that had attended their plot; and

prepared him to expect the newly-married couples at his house that evening. No-Gho was delighted with the barber's ingenuity, and deigned to pledge him in several bumpers of wine; each cup of which increased his satisfaction, and made him more gracious and condescending. Preparations were made for a merry evening, and musicians and dramatic performers were called in; and even before the arrival of the persons who were looked for with so much glee, some little rehearsal of festivities began. Perceiving the gratifying effect which wine had upon the social feelings of the old gentleman, Chin was determined that these should not be without their stimulus; and No-Gho was in a condition of much pleasantry when, amid the hum of curiosity and gratulation from the assembled guests, the first of the newly-married couples, the two whose meeting we witnessed by the banks of the slow-creeping Slum, came bowing, and were bowed into the chamber.

It was natural that Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, as

he still retained his mask and impersonated his rival, should manifest a disposition to keep in the dimmest corners of the room; and that the greeting, which politeness made it incumbent upon him to offer to his host, should be performed as hurriedly as possible. It is true, it would be of no great consequence if his disguise were detected now; yet he was not disposed to reveal himself at once; he wished rather to wait some fitting moment, and then, with triumphant audacity, declare the course he had pursued. But whatever anxiety he felt was quite without occasion; for No-Gho was so far gone in the ways of felicity, that, presently after, he was conveyed to bed, in a state of perfect abstraction from all the cares of life.

Now the bagpipers grew busy, and the lutists twanged the strings with their long nails, and the flutists piped away till their pigtails stood on end,—bladders croning, parchment groaning, cat-gut squeaking, metal moaning! and all was proceeding in the merriest manner, Chin acting as the mas-

ter of the ceremonies, when a stir was heard outside the chamber, a rustle of pigtailed and a klop-klop of ladies' feet. The doors were opened, and attended by a considerable number of friends of both sexes, the second felicitous couple of the evening attracted general observation as they were ushered into the apartment.

“Hey-kok-ko-loh-rum,” cried one of the guests, who had been pledging the mandarin freely in wine and sam-shoo,—“What have we here? Another bridegroom, yet the same, as sure as pigs wear pigtailed! if not, I have a gift of seeing double.” It is not unlikely that the wedding guest may at the moment have possessed that faculty; but he was not indebted thereto for the twin images of Long-Ku that then fell upon his retina.

The lovely bride of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang, whose attention had been for some moments diverted from what was going forward in the apartment, by a whispered conversation with her lord, directed her eyes, as she heard the exclamation of the wedding guest, towards

the real Long-Ku; and uttering a shriek, as she perceived the manner in which she had been duped, she tottered into the arms of her attendants. Upon this occasion she fainted outright, her cheek assuming a sable hue, as is the custom in her country in such cases; and though they cut instantly the laces of her shoes, and smoked a tobacco-pipe beneath her nose, it was long ere they could succeed in restoring animation.

Her husband chuckled with delight, and with a feeling of triumph; and when she had partly recovered, he approached, and taking her hand, "My dearest Si-Hoo-Se," he said, "my ever beloved wife,—you have made some little mistake, as sure as Fo's in Fo-kien. You reckoned on a prize, but you have obtained a richer one than you expected. It is of no use any longer to keep up this disguise. And if ever ill-luck should so arrange it that you should become a widow, let me recommend you never, in future, to take a husband in a mask. This face, as you were aware, is not my face; this pig-tail, as

you are now aware, is not my pig-tail; this dress is not my dress. You took me for Long-Ku; it was a slight mistake; but make yourself happy, and congratulate yourself that you have caught no worse than Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang." As he said this he removed his mask.

"My dear Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang," responded the lady, in a tone of subdued malice, "my ever beloved husband; you have made some little mistake, as sure as there's folk in Fokien. You reckoned on a prize, but you have obtained a richer one than you expected. It is of no use any longer to keep up this disguise; and if ever, which Fo forefend, you should become a widower, let me recommend you never in future to take a wife beneath a veil. This veil, you must know, is not my veil; these boots are not my boots; these trousers are not my trousers. You took me for Si-Hoo-Se; it was a slight mistake; but make yourself happy, and congratulate yourself that you have caught no worse than Win-Fu."

As she spoke the last word, she lifted her veil, and exhibited to her dismayed husband a physiognomy the most uninviting.

Scarce a pig-tail in the room but was convulsed with laughter. The drummer beat in the head of his drum with delight; the fifer blew his fife into a thousand splinters; Chin ground his teeth to powder with a grin; the attendant ladies stamped off the heels of their little boots in their merry satisfaction; Long-Ku laughed till he had broken all his laces; and Si-Hoo-Se, who, by the suggestion of Chin, (for Chin was unwilling that Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang should prematurely discover his mistake,) had assumed the dress of Win-Fu, now threw aside her veil, and exhibiting laughter in its loveliest phase, supported herself by clinging to her husband's pig-tail, lest she should fall to the ground with cackinnation. This subitaneous overflow of mirthfulness was occasioned chiefly by the mingled expression of mortification, rage, and astonishment, in the countenance of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang. Nobody esteemed, admired,



or regarded either Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang or Win-Fu; and it was a source of the keenest gratification to those who stood around them, to see how both, scheming to outwit others, had thus outwitted themselves. Chin had provided against any interruption to the general satisfaction, by being careful that none of the few familiar friends of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang or Win-fu should be among the persons invited to the wedding.

Old No-Gho, we have seen, had lost all opportunity of participating in the joke at the time; and he was exceedingly vexed when he heard the state of the case, on the following morning. Chin assured him, however, that there had merely been a misunderstanding; that the affair was unlucky, but could not be helped; that the black dragon of the neighbouring river, must have had a chop-stick in the pudding; that there was no mending matters now; and that the way to grow fat, (a great desideratum with a China-man, and particularly with a mandarin,) was to laugh abundantly, and drown

dull care. His eloquence somewhat soothed if it did not satisfy the ancient gentleman; but he had more trouble to subdue the tempest of Ou-Rang-Ou-Tang's indignation.— That young person could hardly be brought to believe that by mere accident the barber had directed him to the wrong spot to meet his beloved: but though his wrath was greatly aroused, Chin succeeded in obtaining from him a present of five more taels for concealing those parts of the story that were known only to themselves. To his engagement on this subject, Chin always most conscientiously and scrupulously adhered: never imparting to man, woman, or child, though often importuned to do so, one syllable upon the question;—excepting upon promises of the strictest secrecy, and the receipt of a proportionable fee.

From that time forth Chin enjoyed an honourable situation in the family of Long-Ku; and it may be not uninteresting to the ladies to be informed that in due time he shaved the heads of four-and-twenty little Long-Kus.

# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

## THE STUDENT OF HANLAN:

### A TALE OF OPIUM-SMOKING.\*

---

Wee-Ping-Wa-Ling-Tuh-Ye Kum

Hoo-be-Pi-Ping Ho-Pi-Hum.†

Hoo-KAH.

Oh, the gentle Fum-Fum was a worshipful youth,  
A student of talent, of trust, and of truth!

\* PI-PING, an eminent modern poet of China, wrote a series of poems with the excellent design of warning his countrymen against the vices which most prevailed amongst them. From these we have selected the one devoted to the subject of Opium-Smoking; but we have found it impossible to preserve, in an English version, the epic gravity and high moral dignity of tone that characterize the serious poetry of the Chinese. It may give additional interest to the subject to mention, that the author died but a few years since, of the pernicious habit he deprecates; having sought inspiration from the pipe whilst engaged in the composition of this poem.

† These lines contain a beautiful moral reflection and warning, applicable to this story; but are printed in the original language, from having baffled every attempt at translation.

Of excellent parentage,  
 Wit with an arrant edge,  
 Eloquence burning,  
 And subtle discerning;  
 Of manners most excellent,  
 Formed to enchant;  
 And when to the sex he leant,  
 Gay and gallant.  
 As fat as a pig,  
 And as sleek as a Cadi;  
 As fresh as a fig,  
 And as fair as a lady.  
 In learning he beat all competitors hollow;  
 And, in short,  
 Was a sort  
 Of a pig-tailed Appollo.

He could tell you by heart  
 Any part  
 Of the works of the sages  
 Who shined in past ages,  
 Meng-tze, Laou-tze, and Confucius;  
 And of all whom the Muse  
 Of the Central Land  
 Imbues  
 With her dews,  
 Up to this very day—  
 A great many they,  
 But I only can name one or two she has.

There's exquisite Nin-Kum,  
 Whose pen makes the tin come,  
 And Hum-Drum the poet, who has no great in-  
 come  
 (For income and ink- 'em  
 Although we may clink 'em,  
 Are not such first cousins as perhaps you may  
 think 'em.)

There's Ly the historian, and Bo the philosopher ;  
 Si lost his mistress, and weeps for the loss of her ;  
 Flum, Skum, and Hum—but all these we will pass  
 over,  
 Some are yet living, and some grows green grass  
 over.

There's Fang the great critic,  
 With pen analytic,  
 And Sting, an ingenious satirical writer ;  
 Slo, Lo, and Co, the political journalists ;  
 Yawn, known because of his  
 Moral philosophies,  
 Sensible works which he's welcome to learn who  
 lists ;  
 And Fun, Pun, and Grin, whose effusions are lighter.  
 There are authors besides of wit, learning and pas-  
 sion ;  
 But, above all that ever yet wrote or sang,  
 The writer just now at the top of the fashion,  
 Is elegant, moral, and eloquent Slang.

But here we digress, and mishaps may enmesh us,  
 Whilst wasting our moments so few and so precious.

At all times it's right to "take Time by the queue,"  
So let us return to Fum-Fum, and pursue.

With so much learning, taste, and knowledge,  
You easily may suppose  
To what distinguished rank he rose  
Among the youth at college.  
Hanlan College, Peking,\*  
Is that of which we're speaking:  
Nor was there another student  
In all the imperial city  
So proper at once and prudent,  
So clever, and wise, and witty.

Nay, only one besides was there,  
Who might with him in the least compare—  
A reader was he for a doctor's degree,  
A foe to Fum-Fum, and his name Fec-Fee.

Fee-Fee and Fum-Fum were inveterate foes,  
Not only because they were bent to oppose  
Each other in contests for classical prizes—  
And that fair renown that from learning arises;  
But also because, as they both of them saw,  
So they both fell in love with the lovely Faw-Faw.

Oh, the lovely Faw-Faw was the loveliest maid  
In all the Celestial Land;  
With her brows lovely bend, and her queue's lovely  
braid,  
And those sweet little claws on her hand!

\* See Note Z.





*Tow Tow and Tee Tee united. p. 283.*



*Tum Tum smoking his own tail. p. 260.*



With her little coatee, so delightful to see,  
 And her trousers so artfully planned;  
 Eyes like cockatoo's, and such dear little shoes,  
 In which not a fairy might stand!  
 O happy the youth (for him fortune in truth,  
 Hath a white page without any blot,)  
 To whom it occurs that his pig-tail with hers  
 Shall be tied in a true lover's knot.

Fum-Fum and Fee-Fee—Oh, how each of them  
 sighed,  
 And wished for the lovely Faw-Faw as his bride!  
 Into loneliest corners all moodily drew,  
 And neglected his studies, his dress, and his queue.  
 Yet of slovenly manners, O lovers, beware!  
 If ye seek in your nets to entangle the fair,  
 The whole of your art in your dress ye should use.  
 And take the best care of your P's and your Queue's.  
 But Fum-Fum and Fee-Fee, how could they but  
 discover

The passion of their hearts to the worthy old Fo-  
 Fo,  
 The father of Faw-Faw, who was seeking for a  
 lover,  
 To give his girl away to, since off she must go!  
 For 'tis not the practice, within the Central Land,  
 To keep such household chattels as daughters dear,  
 on hand,  
 But to sell them at a discount, because it's very clear,  
 That they eat their heads in provender when food is  
 all so dear.

And therefore, old Fo-Fo, he would not say "No, no,"

To the offers of Fum-Fum, or the proffers of Fee-  
Fee;

But he asked a little while just to see how things  
might go,

Before he should determine whose the lady was  
to be.

And he promised that that one should be in law his  
son,

Who should reap the largest honours in learning's  
ample field;

Who should pluck the golden crown from the fore-  
head of renown;

To him, and to him only, his daughter he would  
yield.

And so Fum-Fum and so Fee-Fee,

They hated each other as much as could be:

They hated each other as much as could be,

And either would see, with exceeding much glee,

His hated corival brought down on his knee,

To do some great penance, to bear some great shame,

That should lose him all hope of the beautiful dame.

Now we know not whether you may know, but there  
is a certain festival,

That is held once in three years, at the college of  
Hanlan:

Examinations then take place, whereby to choose  
the best of all,

Among the young collegians who do the best they  
can.

Excitement 'mong all parties then rises to a high zest,  
Then Messrs. the professors, each strives to look the  
wisest ;

Then parents come, and all is hum and bustle in the  
capital,

And boobies gaze as lanterns blaze, and flags and  
pennons flap it all.

The Emperor, that temperer of the mortar of society,  
Whose edicts serve so well to keep the frame of  
things together,

Who trowels up the state with such prudence and  
propriety,

And watches it, and botches it in times of evil  
weather ;

Sits on his throne of state, with his councillors about  
him,

Who never must presume at all to contradict or  
doubt him ;

Who seek to please him first, before or gods or little  
fishes,

And never recommend a thing but what they know  
he wishes.

The Emperor he sits

Upon his throne of state,

To mark the exercise of wits

In thesis or debate ;

And every young collegian

Of all the Central Region,

Receives the royal command to

Do the best he can do.

And this triennial festival was drawing near at hand,  
And many young competitors to gain its prizes  
planned,

Whose hearts were beating high with hope or sink-  
ing with misdoubtings,

As often as they thought upon the innings and the  
outings.

Fum-Fum, among them all was the sharpest and  
the learnedest,

(As far as, ere the trial, any body could discern, id  
est,)

But being a tea-totaller, he suffered in his nerves so  
much,

He scarce could hope to gain a prize, although he  
might deserve so much ;

For trepidations frequently will set the brain a  
turning,

And self-possession often wins what should be won  
by learning.

And next to him, Fee-Fee

Was the likeliest man to be

At the top of all the tree, the glorious tree of  
learning ;

He knew the different pages

Of the books of ancient sages,

Who illumined former ages with the rays of their  
discerning ;

And as with modest timorousness he was not aught  
afflicted,

That he should bear the prizes off by many was  
predicted.

Therefore Fum-Fum was despondent excessively,  
 And felt the thing weigh on his feelings oppressively;  
 His brow was all day puckered up in a frown,  
 And ever his *pigtail* hung *sheepishly* down.

This was foolish we own,  
 And he ought to have shown

A greater amount of self-confident ease ;

He ought to—but lauk !

It's so easy to talk,

Whilst, to tell you the fact,

It's much harder to act ;

And funk is, we fancy, a sort of disease ;

Good wine, to be sure,

Is its very best cure ;

But tea we should think

The worst thing you could drink :

And the fact may be proved by plain argumenta-  
 tions ;

Because the Chinese are the funkiest of nations.

The day was drawing nearer when Fum-Fum  
 ought to win

A most abundant harvest of both renown and tin ;  
 Of both renown and tin, for we'd have you under-  
 stand,

Those are not incompatible in that Celestial Land.

But still he grew more nervous,  
 (So Fortune loves to serve us,)

And felt his fears would nail him,  
 In spite of all his heed of it ;  
 And that his heart would fail him,  
 Just when he had most need of it—  
 Unless he could discover some artificial means  
 Of keeping up his courage, when he came before  
 the skreens.

Now, we cannot tell how the case might be,  
 When you were reading for your degree,  
 But we know how numbers seek  
 To nerve both mind and body ;  
 Depending—for Latin and Greek—  
 Upon cold-without and toddy ;  
 Those are capital things to fill the skin,  
 And cold-without makes warm within.

“ White spirits and black,  
 Red spirits and gray,  
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
 You that mingle may.”

Though some people think that without any ming-  
 ling,

Pure spirit produces a pleasanter tingling.  
 The spirit of rice, which is called “ Sam-shoo,”  
 Was the only spirit that Fum-Fum knew :  
 It's a sort of a gray spirit, sparkling and frisky,  
 And bears a resemblance to Irish whisky.

But Fum-Fum disliked it extremely,  
 And held it not proper or seemly  
 To sharpen his wit's very clever edge  
 By any such species of beverage.

Oh, Fum-Fum, beware! for the case will be more  
dire,  
If, when you shun the frying-pan, you fall into the  
fire.

The night was dark and dreadful—  
Of horrors it had fed full;  
The rain came down a deluge,  
The rattling hail-stones fell huge;  
And the lightning flames were glancing,  
Like fiery demons dancing;  
And the thunder peals were rolling,  
As the knell of earth were tolling;  
And all the broad black river  
Was in such fume and fever,  
As though the great black dragon, he  
Were writhing in an agony.  
And Peking's lords and spouses  
Were mostly in their houses;

For few, you may imagine it, without compulsory  
reason,  
Would wish to be abroad in such a hideous season.

But Fum-Fum all day had been studying Slang,  
And feeling oppressed,  
And wanting some rest,  
He put by his books in the afternoon—  
He put by his books with a bit of a pang,  
And forth he must fare,  
For a gulp of fresh air,  
But intending of course to be back again soon—

To be back again soon,  
 After tasting the boon,  
 Which hard-reading students,  
 A class of imprudents,  
 So seldom enjoy, having no time to spare,  
 Of bodily needments  
 To take the due heedments,  
 And feeling the carcass no part of their care.  
 He was hastening back when the storm  
 Began in an ominous form,  
 With a distant growl, and a few big drops,  
 Such as make all the passengers run into shops,  
 And promote the sale of umbrellas and pattens,  
 To save their silks, their crapes, and satins.  
 We like to observe when storms begin,  
 How the folks run helter-skelter,  
 In search of the nearest shelter;  
 And sometimes make a blunder  
 In the roofs they are entering under.  
 Rain-water (whose reasons of course must be fal-  
 lacies)  
 Hath decoyed your tea-totaller into gin-palaces;  
 When, nevertheless, you must know very well he  
 meant  
 But to seek some relief from too much of the *ele-*  
*ment.*  
 Made haughty lords stand among groups of low  
 sots,  
 And proud ladies visit the poor in their cots:



And induced your grave magistrate into mine uncle's,  
 Without any purpose to pawn his carbuncles,  
 Though your worshipful friend, whom so much thou  
     reverest,

Hath a set of nose jewels the rarest and queerest.  
 It hath brought your good pastor to pray in a  
     chapel, he

Else would have looked on extremely unhappily ;  
 And as all will be swift to get out of the lurch,  
 Hath drawn your fell schismatics into the church.

But, as touching Fum-Fum,—on his way to his home  
     He was caught in the storm, and he wished to get  
     out of it,

Because he could tell from the darkness full well,  
     That it would not pass over without a fair bout  
     of it :

    And Fum-Fum was frightened  
     Whenever it lightened ;

And didn't like thunder, or hail-stones, or water-  
     spouts :

    He wasn't a buck  
     Of such nerve and such pluck,  
     As should make him defy  
     The wrath of the sky,

Or go where waves roar and the red stream of  
     slaughter spouts.

    It can't be expected  
     That persons connected

With quiet pursuits, such as science and learning,  
     Should take much delight

In the fury and fright,  
Where elements clash, or the battle is burning.

Therefore Fum-Fum looked round to find  
A house, to escape from the rain and wind;  
    And what should he see,  
    Close under his lee,  
But a bamboo skreen hanging down before  
The neighbouring door,  
Which seemed contrived to balk the wet,  
Which came down thicker and heavier yet;  
So, lifting it up, in his fear to be sopped,  
Speedily into the house he popped.

Alas! that Fum-Fum did not know  
That the bamboo-screen before the door,  
Him thus provoking to shun a good soaking,  
    Oh, sign of wo! was meant to show  
    That *there* dwelt a similar spirit to Fo,\*  
The spirit of opium-smoking.—  
    The spirit of abstraction,  
    The spirit of inaction,  
    The spirit of delusion,  
    The spirit of confusion;  
    The spirit of inanity;  
    The spirit of insanity,  
    Of life without reality,  
    Of living dead vitality.

\* See note, .A

When he found himself in an opium shop,  
He didn't, of course, much like to stop;  
But then again, it was equally true,  
That he didn't much like to get wet through;  
Moreover, he didn't much like to stay  
Without having something for which he might  
pay;

So he gave his mouth a back-hand wipe,  
“ Well, once in my life, I'll try a pipe;

By Fortune thus sent here,  
I think I may venture;

For, as to my e'er being brought to smoke opium,  
Though many would do it,  
And afterwards rue it,

I'm rather too wise for it—faith, I should hope  
I am.”

So he threw off his hat,  
And down he sat,

With a hand on his hip,  
On a bamboo mat;  
Put a pipe in his lip,  
And began to flip,

The flies away with his pigtails' tip.

He stared round the room,  
Through the thick curling fume,

To know all about both his where and with  
whom;

And he saw some strange faces,  
With hideous grimaces;  
Some moeing and mopping,  
And some with jaws dropping;

Some looking most wise,  
 With their green sunken eyes ;  
 Some fretful, some foolish,  
 Some ghastly and ghoulish :  
 Some half-naked skeletons, livid and green,  
 Whose stagnated blood left no life in their mien ;  
 With lips drawn awry, and gums sunken and  
     blue,  
 And their teeth, black and yellow, thrust forth in  
     full view ;  
 And with minds in the last rags of idiocy cloaked,  
 These their horrible appetites feebly provoked  
 With the dregs of the poison that others had  
     smoked.

When thou would'st, O death, carouse,  
 Bind the poppy round thy brows ;  
 Bind it round with bony glee ;  
 'Tis the fittest wreath for thee !  
 Toadstools, and nightshades, and darnels,  
 Mould-mosses fatted in charnels,  
 Hemlocks, and henbanes, and aconites,  
 Witch-gathered deep in the black o' nights,  
 Though they be poisons of dignity,  
 Match not the poppy's malignity.  
 Though death be a Proteus of horrible shapes,  
     His worst forms beside be but second-rate copies,  
 Of those wherein under his gray bones he drapes  
     When he 'noints  
     His old joints  
 With the unguents of poppies.

'Twas a fearful sight and well might yield  
A warning to the student ;  
And here morality opens a field ;  
But we shall not intrude in 't.  
If we show you where her grounds begin,  
And give you leave to sport therein,  
You will think that quite enough, no doubt,  
And not ask us to measure them out.

But, strange to say, the sight he saw,  
Though it filled him quite with horror and awe,  
Had not the effect,  
We so well might expect,  
Of making him loosen the pipe from his jaw ;  
But he smoked away  
At his yard of clay,  
Or his piece of bamboo, we rather should say,  
As though it were pleasant  
To him to be present  
At a scene such as that we have just been de-  
picting,  
Where still with worse horrors were horrors con-  
flicting.

When Fum-Fum had finished he found,  
His brains spin pleasantly round,  
And he seemed to be floating through oceans  
Of pleasantest fancies and notions.  
He rose, and walked off in delightful excitement,  
And thought he before never knew what delight  
meant ;

Like wheels running down a gentle declivity,  
 His memory was in such a state of activity,  
 That the works of great Slang he remembered each  
                   word of,

And knew books by heart he had not even heard of.  
 And his nerves, too, got into such excellent trim,  
 That he felt he had courage to look very grim,  
 If the Emperor's self should look crossly at him.

                  On the following morning, however,

                  He felt himself funkier than ever ;

The simplest lessons he couldn't say through,  
 And he got three cuts from his master's queue.

                  This made him despond

                  “ Beyond beyond,”

And inclined him almost to jump into the pond :  
 But he afterwards thought he might find some  
                   relief

In an opium pipe, from his dulness and grief ;  
 And what could it hurt, if he smoked but a wee,  
 Just to keep up his pluck, till he passed his de-  
                   gree ?

                  'Twas the sensible part,

                  If only because

                  It might gain such a heart

                  As the lovely Faw-Faw's.

                  More rational still,

                  Because it should kill

                  Every hope that might be

                  In the foolish Fee-Fee.

So Fum-Fum smoked his pipe with particular glee.

At last came the day so desired and feared ;  
At last came the day, and the daylight appeared.  
All Peking flocked into the learned rehearsal.  
And hubbub and hurry became universal.  
The tailors were busy the week before,  
In mending old dresses and making more ;  
And now all the barbers were so in demand,  
'There were scarcely enough to be found in the  
land ;  
What with shaving the heads of man, women, and  
lad,  
You'd have fancied, i' faith, all the world had gone  
mad ;  
There was shaving of heads and plaiting of queues,  
And painting fair cheeks of all beautiful hues ;  
There was tinting of nails and squeezing of feet,  
For who but would wish to look handsome and  
neat,  
When the whole of the city was forth in the street ?  
On his throne of high state sat the Emperor bold,  
Like " X with his legs across " cross-legged  
sat he ;  
And his ladies were near him, so fair to behold,  
But in small wicker cages that no one might see.  
And six pairs of spectacles, ranged on each side,  
Formed a spectacle proper to kindle his pride ;  
For behind every pair sat a councillor keen,  
With a nose of great gravity peeping between.  
The pastors and masters, the doctors and proctors,  
Of learnings great digest the learned concoctors,

Were ranged in due order; and next on the boards,  
Were the small mandarins, with their buttons and  
swords,  
Then the parents and uncles, and guardians of  
students,  
Had their part of the floor just marked out by a few  
dents;  
And last came the scholars, so proud of their know-  
ledge,  
Of morals, and rhetoric, and history its big tales;  
Whilst the great court was filled up in front of the  
college,  
With rag-tail and bob-tail, all bobbing their pig-  
tails.

The spectacles put on their learnedest looks,  
And the orators spoke like printed books;  
Joy was in flower and wisdom ripe,  
And the Emperor smiled as he smoked his pipe;  
The Emperor smiled as the crew he scanned,  
To think what learning was in his land;  
For there was not a student the least in size,  
But had got his head stuffed with the works of the  
wise;  
So that each of their heads, to his fancy's view,  
Seemed a book full of print, with a mark for the  
queue.  
Well! some heads are books to hold learning—but,  
marry,  
Know as much as do books of the learning they  
carry.



At last they began, sir :  
The trial was hard,  
And question and answer  
Played thrust and guard ;  
Some fumbled, and stumbled, and tumbled ; then  
mumbled,  
And grumbled because their ideas were jumbled,  
Whereby all at once they were painfully hum-  
bled,  
And hope's handsome fabric so cruelly crumbled :  
And some got on better by muttering and stut-  
tering,  
And sputtering as though their tongues wanted a  
buttering,  
With muscles all twitching and pig-tails all fluttering,  
And big drops of heat from their foreheads down  
guttering,—  
For no one could make out the words they were  
uttering.

But at last came the turns of Fee-Fee and Fum-  
Fum,  
And there rose a great hum when the folks saw  
them come,  
For the tongue of report had by no means been  
dumb ;  
She had whispered to some, or made signs with her  
thumb,  
And at other times spoke out as loud as a drum,  
And had told of the pair,  
Of their learning so rare,  
And besides of their rivalry touching the fair.

Fee-Fee stepped forth with confidence, collected  
quite and cool:  
He knew himself, if not the best, the second best at  
school;  
And he knew his rival, poor Fum-Fum, at other  
times his match,  
Was likely to break down with funk when he came  
up to the scratch.

But Fum-Fum had been smoking well his opium  
pipe that morn,  
And so could speak as free and bold as any man  
that's born;  
And looked with scorn on rivalry so paltry as Fee-  
Fee's,  
For he thought himself the better man by number-  
less degrees.

Yet when they underwent the proof it chanced to  
fall out so,  
That which might be the abler youth not any one  
might know:  
I can't get all within my page reporting Fame could  
cram in hers;  
Suffice that either knew enough to puzzle his ex-  
aminers.

Though questions made sharp thrusts at them to  
take them by surprise,  
Prepared were they to parry these with pointedest  
replies;

And tried in logic, rhetoric, and classic prose and  
rhymes,  
Fum-Fum but hesitated twice, and Fee-Fee but  
three times.

And so the judges for awhile suspended their de-  
cision,  
Till they could look the question through, and view  
with clearer vision ;  
And bade the rival youths meanwhile in an outer  
room to stay,  
That their presence in the hall might cause no bias  
either way.

And the learned heads were busy, when the two  
young men were gone,  
In sifting through the business with their *pro* and  
with their *con* ;  
And they laid their learned pigtails all together to  
make plain,  
Whether Fum-Fum or Fee-Fee might be the cle-  
verer of the twain.

But when the fact was laid before their consciences  
so nice,  
That thrice Fee-Fee was found at fault, and Fum-  
Fum only twice,  
In Fum-Fum's favour they prepared their verdict to  
impart,  
When they heard a sudden noise that made their  
learned pigtails start.

Now it came to pass, as it well might be,  
 That when Fum-Fum and when Fee-Fee,  
     Those rivals alike in love and books,  
 Met by themselves in an outer apartment,  
 Each knowing full well what the other at heart  
     meant,

They cast at each other some comical looks :

    And with scornings and sneers

    And with jibings and jeers,

    And with laughter and leers,

    As in fact it appears,

They treated each other, each anxious to show  
 Himself such a much greater man than his foe.

“ Faugh, faugh !” said Fum-Fum in low voice to  
     Fee-Fee,

“ Would Fo-Fo give Faw-Faw to a fellow like  
     thee ?

By my fay, no, Fee-Fee : fair Faw-Faw is to  
     come

As a fee from Fo-Fo to thy foeman Fum-Fum.”

“ Nay, few, few,” said Fee-Fee, “ can believe that  
     Fo-Fo

Would affy fair Faw-Faw too a youth so so-so :

Fye, fye, no, Fum-Fum ! fair Faw-Faw is to be

As a fee from Fo-Fo to thy foeman Fee-Fee.”

As thus spoke Fee-Fee, oh, how wrath grew Fum-  
     Fum,

His rage made him hot and his scorn made him  
     dumb :

His swift indignation he could not restrain,  
For the fumes of the opium were still in his  
brain.

He could not restrain it, so what did he do,  
But he seized poor Fee-Fee with both hands by the  
queue,

And exerting his arms with more strength than  
would rope y<sup>em</sup>

If he hadn't been highly excited by opium,

He made him his victim,

And knocked him and kicked him,

And then swung him round and round over his  
head,

Till his queue

Broke in two,

And away Fee-Fee flew,

When stopped by the door,

He fell plump on the floor,

Which occasioned the noise which we mentioned  
before,

And frightened the sages, as also was said.

When the cause of the clamour was known in the  
hall,

The judges looked grave and the councillors  
blinked,

And the Emperor put on a frown to appal

So fearful that none who looked at him but  
winked :

Unhappy Fee-Fee was found lying along,  
No life in his limbs and no breath in his jaws,  
And a little way off was the cause of the wrong,  
With the tip of the pigtail still left in his paws.

The learned professors were greatly perplexed,  
And to clear up the mystery asked, "What will  
come next?"

The lenses loomed large on the noses of sages,  
And the dear little ladies squeaked out of their  
cages;

The parents and guardians stood twiddling their  
queues;

The mandarins coughed, and the students turned  
pale;

And the rag-tag and bob-tail asked what was the  
news,

When his Majesty ordered the culprit to jail.

On hearing the fact of how Fum-Fum attacked,  
And made such rude siege on  
His fellow collegian,

What mode might be left for the judges to act?

It was plain that Fum-Fum, by his headstrong pro-  
ceeding,

Would have thrown himself out of the field,  
In spite of his worth and his erudite reading,

If Fee-Fee should ever be *healed*:

He had lost every claim,

And they struck off his name:

But as Fee-Fee appeared to be *dead*,  
Why there seemed every chance  
(His ill-luck to enhance)  
That they shortly might strike off his head.

And sure 'tis a prospect one's nerves to relax,  
To think that one's head should be docked by an  
axe,

Or a hatchet, or great guillotine ;  
And if we should live long enough ever to see  
Our own head struck off, oh, we hope it may be  
By a copper-plate printing machine !  
Or we don't mind wood *blocks*,  
So they be but of box,  
And the headsman an artist of name :  
But an' if we be hung,  
We shall hope to be slung  
In a neat little maple-wood frame.

Well, the people all stared when the judges declared  
That Fum-Fum was struck off the list ;  
And that Fee-Fee would be at the top of the tree  
If he had not so ceased to exist.  
They gave up his body, so battered and bloody,  
To some of his friends that were there :  
And they broke up the court to betake them to sport ;  
And with kites and sky-rockets, and squibs in their  
pockets,  
With fifes and drums and with nice sugar plums,  
The sages, we bet, grew a frolicsome set,  
And cared very little for care.

But, alas! for the fate of the foolish Fum-Fum,  
 Had he only been wise, he'd have joined in the hum!  
 Now thrust in a dungeon so damp and so dim,  
 The squibs, fifes, and sugar-plums were not for him.  
 His renown, his Faw-Faw, too, he lost for his freak,  
 And might perhaps lose his head by the end of the  
     week.

    Poor pigtailed Apollo!  
     What course could he follow,  
 Not now having opium to smother his dread?  
     Why, giving a wipe  
     To the bowl of his pipe,  
 He cut up his pigtail and smoked it instead.

The days rolled slowly o'er Fum-Fum within his  
     prison cell;  
 The first day passed—the second came—the third,  
     and all was well;  
 The fourth rolled by on leaden wheels,—the fifth on  
     wheels of lead;  
 The sixth a heavier pace than all,—he wished that  
     he were dead!

He looked around, but looked in vain, for poison  
     rope, or knife;  
 “Oh, would I'd died ten thousand times, or ere I  
     came to life!”  
 He tried his belt,—“Ah me! ah me! I almost had  
     forgotten,  
 This would not serve to hang a mouse, it is so old  
     and rotten!”



The seventh day came,—with every day his hope  
had grown more dim,—

The seventh day came,—of all the days the saddest  
day to him;

For lying so long in the damp, he had caught a  
cold and cough;

Besides,—men came to lead him forth and see his  
head chopped off.

They led him forth—those heartless men—they led  
him forth from jail,

They lugged him forward by his head,—they could  
not by his tail,—

By reason that, as we just now made mention in our  
lay,

The latter, pressed into his pipe, had all been puffed  
away.

At first, as he was hauled along, it somewhat eased  
his dread,

To fancy favour might be shown to one so deeply  
read;

But when brought in the judgment hall, so stern the  
judges looked,

He knew that books were all in vain,—he knew  
that he was booked.

And when he glanced around the hall,—to prove  
that hope was vain,

Lo! executioners were there with instruments of  
pain;

Bamboos, cangues, and harsh thumb-screws, and  
ankle-screws he saw,  
And hatchets dread to chop the head,—stern minist-  
trants of law.

Those horrid executioners they seized on poor Fum-  
Fum,  
And through the hall of judgment then rose expecta-  
tion's hum:  
They screwed his thumbs as flat as leaves and  
crunched his ankle bones,  
And all the people clapped their hands to hear his  
fearful groans,

And then they strapped him, waist and knees,  
against an upright board,  
And would have lopped away his head by whirling  
round a sword;  
But just as one had raised it up, prepared his head  
to lop,  
Lo! some one called aloud to them, requesting them  
to stop.

So they just stopped to know  
Who had called to them so,  
And asked, rather angry, "Who is he? Who is he?"  
When who should it be  
But the very Fee-Fee  
On account of whose death they had all been so  
busy.

And Fee-Fee stepped forth and went up to the  
judges,

And told them he bore no ill feelings and grudges  
Towards hapless Fum-Fum, who had suffered  
already

Enough, for the future to make him more steady.

He said (but they scarcely believed him at all)

That he had not been killed out and out by his fall ;

But had lain, as it chanced,

For a season entranced,

And when he recovered was not very sore ;

So had little to rue,

Save the loss of his queue,

And that very probably time would restore.

“And now,” said Fee-Fee, “I have married Faw-

Faw,

Who begged me to come

And pray that Fum-Fum

Might not suffer farther distress from the law.

So I only just waited a moment to see

How thumb-screws and ankle-screws act,

And I trust you will let my friend Fum-Fum go free,

Now that some of his bones have been cracked.”

The judges consulted a little, aside,

And briefly in answer to Fee-Fee replied,

That they pardoned the life of Fum-Fum :

To the great disappointment of all in the court,

Who expected to witness some excellent sport,

And found it was only a hum.

So Fum-Fum was sent home, for he couldn't well  
walk,

And his story occasioned a great deal of talk:

But as for himself, oh, ne'er

From that very time forth could he hold up his head,

Though it wasn't cut off,—and the life that he led

Was a very great burden to bear.

You fancy he couldn't be much at his ease,

When he knew fair Faw-Faw was his foeman Fee-

Fee's;

So to banish regret,

(Though it got him in debt,)

He laid out in opium all he could get,

And he smoked it away

By night and by day,

Not minding at all what his parents might say.

And his face grew green

And he got very lean,

And his eyes were too terrible things to be seen;

And his wasted lips round his teeth were spread,

With the horrible grin of a live death's head.

And he moped and he pined as his health declined,

Until, from an equal marasmus of mind,

In an idiot fit, one day, [type,)

(Though it's likely the fact may look strange in our

He sat himself down on the bowl of his pipe,

And by a mistake,

Which he happened to make,—

Or urged thereunto by the woes he endured,

And because to be *smoked* is the way to be *cured*,—

Smoked his very own self away.

“Go, my song,” says Pi-Ping, in concluding this  
tale,

“O'er the waters of fame with thine oar and thy  
sail;

And tell ages and ages and ages to come,  
Of Faw-Faw, and Fee-Fee, and Fo-Fo and Fum-  
Fum.”

# THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

---

## THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.\*

“ Heigh-ho!

Amida-Fo—

What shall I do?

Where shall I go?

With my Hey-ho, hey nonny no.”

No-WUN.

Is there any one, we mean, who has not heard of that great annual festival of China, yclept the Feast of Lanterns? It occurs at the commencement of the year: not indeed in your January; it is not a snug fireside solemnity like our Christmas, but an out-of-door jubilee. It would not, therefore, be

\* The Feast of Lanterns is a comical story by Jing-Go. It would be superfluous surely to say any thing of a writer whose name must be so familiar to all our readers.

sited to a Peking mid-winter, when the snow, as is frequently the case in the "Region of Eternal Spring," has well nigh buried the houses. It is celebrated at the full of the moon, about the commencement of the Chinese year, but towards the end of our February. At that time, in the Far East, the spring has made some progress; the peach-trees are in blossom, and little birds, in the southern provinces, pour out their sweet "Te-te," in measures now weak and now strong; from the branches of the tea-trees. The Feast of Lanterns takes place at the full of the moon; but the new-year's holidays commence about a fortnight earlier, and continue for three weeks. These holidays are of the merriest possible description; the whole population of the most populous of lands dispensing for the time with all toil, and banishing all care; and thinking of nothing but eating and drinking, and acting courteously, and making merry.

Now, in all lands, at all festivals, eating and drinking are well understood, and equally

well practised by most that have the means. And the people of continental Europe make merry at the Carnival, and the time when ourselves did so at Christmas, is within the recollection even of young persons; but the festivals of no other people have at any time been made so resplendent by the polish of courtesy as those of the Chinese. It has been calculated that during the three weeks of their new-year's jubilee, upwards of four millions of bows, besides other forms of salutation are annually made by this polite race. Their presents to each other on the same occasion are likewise very numerous, about one, it is supposed, to every ten thousand bows.

There is not at any time a lack of ceremony and external politeness among the Chinese; but at this particular season a certain cordiality prevails among them; and makes them, for a while, forego some of their colder and less social forms and customs. All swarm into the streets, with little to do but to greet and to be greeted; and even the



ladies enjoy for a brief period a certain degree of liberty, which is not allowed them during the remainder of the year: they mask themselves and go forth into the streets with their husbands and parents, and witness the exhibitions of fireworks, kite-flying, boat-racing, or whatever happens to offer in the streets or on the canals, for the amusement of the idle multitudes. No one keeps within doors. The very servants are allowed to wander forth; and houses are frequently left quite vacant; the doors, of course, at such times being locked to prevent the entrance of any who might otherwise, by mistake, find their way into apartments not their own.

Shops are shut up: manufactories are deserted: there is no business in the public courts and offices. Grave magistrates trundle hoops in the streets; philosophers, like so many Franklins, fly kites. Myriads of paper boats are set afloat upon the rivers; squibs and crackers at night make the whole air luminous, and the smell of the sulphur may be perceived afar off at sea.

Such are the rejoicings at the new year. But the grand feast of all the festival is on the night of the full moon ; and this is called, as we have said, the Feast of Lanterns. It takes its name from an exhibition then made of paper or silken lanterns of all varieties of form and colour, with one of which every individual is careful to be provided.

The day of the Feast of Lanterns had arrived, and all the population of Peking were awaiting with anxiety the display that was to take place in the evening. The weather was delightfully fine, and anticipation was standing, Taglioni-wise, upon the very tip of her great toe ; an awkward position for a less buoyant lady to have preserved through so many hours. Multitudes of the citizens were prepared with new lamps, and multitudes more were furbishing up old, all hoping that their individual lights would attract individual attention. Many a little urchin had formed for himself a lantern out of scraps of paper that had lain about the streets, and in the innocence of his heart be-

lieved that his little fistful of darkness-visible would excite the same admiration in all others that it raised in himself. Lanterns were the universal theme of conversation; and upon that night you might be sure no livers in Peking would be without their lights.

The family of the worthy Hou-Nou participated with the other citizens in anxiety upon the all important matter. The family of the worthy Hou-Nou consisted, besides himself, of his wife, Nae-Nae, his daughter, Hey-ho, and two or three domestics. Hou-Nou was a person of some consideration in the "business part" of the city: he was a dealer in candles and oil, and, therefore, the Feast of Lanterns, it may be supposed, occasioned in him even more than the ordinary interest. It was a gratification to him to walk forth in the evenings at seasons like the present, and imagine that any lantern whose consumptive flickerings he detected at a distance, might possibly be indebted for its little dole of vitality to the oil pots at No. 1, in the "Alley of Salted Sturgeon." Number 1, in the Alley

of Salted Sturgeon, was the house in which Hou-Nou resided, as had done many generations of his progenitors; and its shelves and corners were abundantly stocked with venerable oil jars, for he carried on a thriving retail trade; yet, perhaps, like many a worthy alderman, Hou-Nou gave himself credit for contributing to the enlightenment of his fellow citizens, more than was in reality the case. His wife, Nae-Nae, fully appreciated the great public value of her husband and his oil; and if she sometimes shook him by the nose, it was from no want of proper respect, but merely from a little infirmity of temper. The daughter of this felicitous twain was a damsel of sixteen, exceeding comely, but too simple to have grown, at so tender an age, at all aware of the fact. Let another year or two roll over her,—let the shepherds of Peking write madrigals to her trotters, and throw up their sheep's eyes at her window, and no doubt a change would come over the spirit of her dreams. But as yet, when she heard of fireworks and lanterns, she thought not of

her eyes; she had little idea how well these were calculated to attract the eyes of others; and if she had possessed ten thousand pairs she would have considered one pyrotechnic volley worth them all.

The day had arrived: the white slave whose business it was to see that all preparations were duly made for the approach of the expected Ethiop queen,—proud lady, with thousands of “rich jewels” in her ear, and carcanets of stars about her brows,—and Hou-Nou, one of the artisans employed upon the decorations of the palace, was busily engaged in cleaning up old lanterns, supplying fresh paper where needed, and oiling it to make it more transparent, when a knock was given to the gong at the door, and that being answered, a servant delivered a letter. This was taken to Hou-Nou, who put down the lantern he had at the moment in his hand, wiped his oily fingers, and perused the epistle.

Hou-Nou was, as we have said, a very worthy little gentleman; but he was of hot tem-

per, as little gentlemen are very apt to be. "A little pot is soon hot," says Grumio, and Hou-Nou was a little pot. Imagine not, however, that Hou-Nou was a round little man; on the contrary, he was what the Chinese call "short weight," both short and thin; and he rejoiced in a face and forehead that might have been mistaken for a monkey's. Well, as Hou-Nou read the letter his indignation arose, and was expressed in numberless twitchings of his by no means prepossessing physiognomy: he scratched his head and rubbed his chin, and casting a look with his two large, monkey eyes, upon the domestic from whom he had received the document, he demanded who had left it at the door. Being informed that it had been brought by a gentleman's servant, he desired that the gentleman's servant might come into the apartment; but his own attendant, on going to the hall, discovered that the bearer of the letter had disappeared.

"Who the black dragon can have sent me this?" said Hou-Nou to himself, as he turned about the epistle in his hands, and examined

it carefully sideways and upside down. The motto upon the seal did not assist him at all in unfolding the mystery. "Who the black dragon can this be from?" was the motto.

The object of the communication which was anonymous, was to warn Hou-Nou to keep a strict watch upon his beautiful daughter Hey-ho, during the approaching evening of the Feast of Lanterns; for it proceeded to state, that that young lady had made an engagement with a young gentleman, a certain Fun, to withdraw herself from the fostering care of her parents, and to throw herself upon his protection; and that the evening of the Feast of Lanterns was the time agreed upon between them for carrying this purpose into effect. There is no season of the Chinese year so propitious for marriage as the holiday with which it commences; and the nearer the full of the moon, the more fortunate the occasion is considered. We are inclined to believe that even in the West a majority of marriages are agreed upon at the full of the moon. This was, doubtless, one reason which might

have had some weight in inducing the young people to select that particular time; but another, which would be likely to possess still greater ponderosity, was, that the temporary liberty then usually accorded to young ladies would very considerably facilitate the execution of such a project.

Hey-ho was to have gone forth with her parents, in the evening; to have witnessed the exhibition of lamps and fireworks; and (as the letter informed Hou-Nou,) would take advantage of a moment when all eyes and minds were engaged with some fresh display of pyrotechnical ingenuity, to steal off with the insidious Fun. Little wonder then, that the young lady's respectable father was surprised, and wrathful at the receipt of such intelligence; but he was naturally curious to discover who was his informant, and how his unknown correspondent became possessed of such a secret. He was not able to unravel this mystery; and he determined, before he resolved on any decisive step, to question his daughter, without making her



aware of his suspicions. He sent, therefore, for Hey-ho.

“You wish, Hey-ho,” said he, when his daughter appeared before him, “you wish to accompany your parents this evening, to see the fireworks and lanterns?”

“If my highly-honoured father will permit,” replied Hey-ho, making a very profound bow.

“And why do you so much desire to attend the festival? what very particular object have you in view?”

“None very particular,” she said, with another most lowly bend; “I wish, with my parents’ permission, to go, for the sake of fun.”

“Oh! for the sake of Fun. You are fond of Fun then, are you? But I do not intend that you shall have anything to do with Fun; I shall lock you up this evening when we go forth.”

“I trust,” said Hey-ho, with a surprised and imploring look, and making use of the figurative mode of speech, so much employed

in the ordinary discourse of the Chinese," I trust a potent and magnanimous cat will not treat its poor mouse so harshly," And she accompanied her words with a bow, more expressive of deep filial reverence than either of those by which it had been preceded.

"I shall do as I say," continued Hou-Nou; "and a bamboo grows in the garden. Audacious girl! to think of Fun without permission of your father."

"Alas!" cried Hey-ho, "I thought, as a thing of course, that my lofty tower of a father would wish me to have fun. I should have been careful else how I entertained the idea."

It was all in vain that poor little Hey-ho entreated. Her father was inexorable, as he considered that she had owned her fault, and established the truth of the statements in the epistle by confessing her predilection for Fun. Her mother also took part against her, and declared her to be a most profligate little creature for entertaining this unaccoun-

table fondness for Fun: she fully coincided with her husband in the propriety of locking her up, and not allowing her to witness the amusements of the evening. Poor little Hey-ho vainly ventured some very respectful remonstrances, accompanying the same with most filial reverences; but finding that these were quite without effect, she betook herself with a heavy heart, to solitude and tears.

Well the evening came: the lanterns were ready; and Hou-Nou and his wife went forth. They permitted their domestics to accompany them, but left the unhappy Hey-ho to meditation and misery. Unfortunate little Hey-ho! disconsolate little Hey-ho! She had been haunted for months past, awake and asleep, with visions of the Feast of Lanterns—the holiday of the year. The rest of the twelve moons had passed away in the dullest monotony, and gave her a keen appetite for a little taste of amusement. She had long been reckoning with confidence upon this; she had looked to the Feast of Lanterns as an occasion of perfect felicity. She had

behaved with the most dutiful attention to her parents; they had hitherto appeared perfectly willing that she should accompany them on that evening; she had no idea that there could be any other object in attending such a festival except enjoyment, or, as she called it, fun; she had congratulated herself in the morning that the day was so fine; and she had anticipated abundance of fun in the evening. Oh, must not then the disappointment of Hey-ho have been exceeding bitter, as the goodly fabric which hope had reared for her of all the prettiest cards in the pack, was thus blown down by the breath of an unkind father?

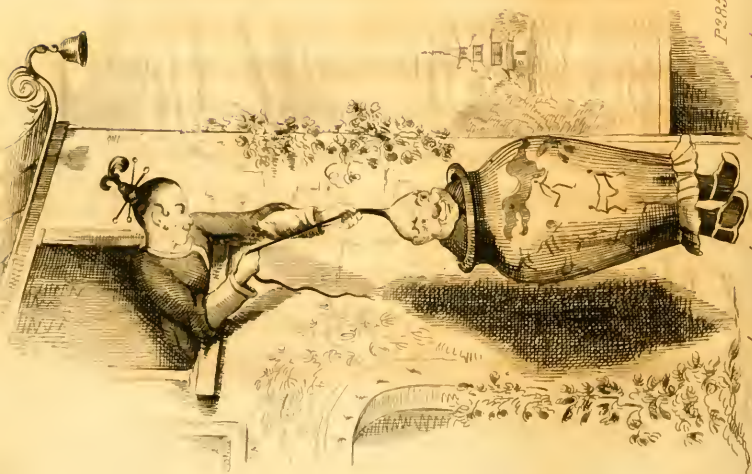
With vain entreaties she followed her parents to the street door: they went out, closed it, and removed the key, leaving her only one dull lantern to console her for the loss of the illumination.

She leant against the cruel portal and sobbed as though her little heart would have split into a thousand flinders. "Well, this





My, Ho discovers Jun. 1877.



P285.

Jun leaved from the window.

is no fun at all," she cried; "there's no fun for me!"

"That's as *you* please," observed a little voice somewhere; but Hey-ho could not for a while discover from whence the little voice proceeded. She was startled and terrified, and glanced round without perceiving any one. At last her eyes fell upon a large jar, which stood in one corner of the hall; and her astonishment was great at observing a small, round head appearing above the neck of this earthen vessel, the lid of which was raised, and served as a cap to the small round head.

Hey-ho's heart beat fast when she noticed this apparition, and she almost sank upon the ground with fright; but she kept her eyes upon the small round head, and the very good-humoured and waggish expression of the face a little reassured her.

"Don't be frightened, most beautiful Hey-ho," said the good-natured little apparition.

"I wouldn't if I could help it," stammered Hey-ho; "but who are you?"

“Why,” replied the head, “I am just what you didn’t expect to meet with,” and it laughed.

“He laughs like fun,” said Hey-ho to herself.

“I am Fun,” continued the apparition; “and very much at your service.”

“Who?” asked Hey-ho.

“Fun,” said he; “Fun, Fun, Fun,—nobody else but Fun;” and he looked excessively funny.

“And why came you hither?” demanded Hey-ho, who began to gain courage from the pleasing manners of Fun, and to enjoy the joke of thus unexpectedly meeting with a companion.

“I came hither to see the beautiful Hey-ho,” replied he; “and, if it were in my power, somewhat to console her. If she will, Fun shall be hers for ever and a day.”

“But *how* came you hither?” she asked, her fear somewhat returning as that question occurred to her: surely, she thought, by some supernatural means.



“Why” responded Fun, “I came here,—I got in,—I appeared,—that is to say,—I have a certain talisman—”

And here Fun hatched up a long story of as many *lies*\* as there are between Peking and Canton. There is no occasion that we should repeat all he said, or attempt to impose upon your credulity, as he did upon Hey-ho’s. It was no talisman that assisted him into the jar; we will explain to you the whole truth of the matter.

Hey-ho being, as hath been said, a damsel extremely fair and comely, and Fun having once seen her by accident, he had entertained from that time a strong and very natural desire to have her to wife. How to obtain her, however was rather a difficult question. He could find nothing in the Book of Rites, that would justify his forcing himself upon the acquaintance of her father; and, as a Chinese proverb observes, “if you cannot get over the outer wall, you will not get over the inner.” But Fun consoled himself with

\* See note, page 56.

another Chinese saying: "He that would steal fruit does not borrow the gardener's ladder;" and he set his brains at work to devise some plan whereby he might possess himself of Hey-ho, without consulting her father.

When the Feast of Lanterns drew near, it occurred to Fun that that might be a convenient as well as propitious time for effecting his object; and at first he pondered on the practicability of enticing away Hey-ho, when with her parents, she would attend the exhibitions of the evening. But a more happy idea afterwards entered his mind; and he immediately engaged in operations for the execution of this project. He wrote the letter which we have already described Hou-Nou as receiving; and arraying himself as a servant, delivered it at the old gentleman's door. Whilst the domestic into whose hands he had given it was absent, he looked round for a snug place in which he might hide; and observing the large jar, and considering that it was not likely he should be detected in

that, with some little difficulty he squeezed himself in, and shut down the lid. We need not speak of the mortal fright he was in, until he was "safely stowed," lest any one should appear in the hall; but things happened luckily, and his concealment was complete.

From within his jar, the cover of which he raised a little occasionally, as well to listen to what was going forward as to obtain air, he overheard much of what passed between Hou-Nou and Hey-ho, in the neighbouring apartment. He was delighted at finding that every thing occurred according to his anticipations; and waited, therefore, with great patience and fortitude in a hiding-place which would not have been agreeable, certainly, for a protracted residence.

Perhaps it may occasion surprise that in writing to Hou-Nou, Fun should have given his own name; that he should have directed suspicion to himself, when it would have been so easy to have found for it a different channel. But Fun was fond of frolic, and

the most impudent dog in all the Central Land. He would have considered it no sport to have put old Hou-Nou on a wrong scent altogether. His object was to set him at first upon a right one, and afterwards baffle him by well-managed doublings and windings; and he would not probably have troubled himself to get married at all, had it not been for the compound extract of sport he expected from hunting and from being hunted.

“And how is it, Thousand Pieces of Gold,” said Fun, “that you are not abroad this night, when all other houses are deserted?—that you are not abroad, outshining the lanterns of the moon?”

“My parents,” responded Hey-ho,—and at the recollection she burst again into tears—“my parents would not allow me to go forth. My father locked me up here, and told me there grew a bamboo in the garden; and all for no better reason than because I was fond of fun.”

“Cruel parents! cruel father!” exclaimed

the young audacious; "if I were the Thousand Pieces of Gold, I would exert me somehow to spite them."

"And what could poor little I do?" asked Hey-ho. "Oh, poor little luckless I!"

"I could talk more freely," said the young gentleman, "if I were out of this jar. But here I am wedged in,—I'm in a regular *case!* *Jam* in the jar, by Jing-Go!" and Fun struggled to get out.

He struggled to get out, but in vain. We know not how it was—he had got cramped, we suppose, by his position; but, like the weasel in the fable, he could not obtain egress at the hole by which he had entered. Thus unfortunately situated, he appealed to young Hey-ho for assistance; and this, after some hesitation, she accorded. By dint then of much struggling upon his part, and of an energetic handling of his pigtail on hers, after a time he got free to the waist; but there occurred another hitch, which all their endeavours failed to overcome. Some would have been immensely annoyed; but Fun was immensely

amused. At last, by stamping violently he broke out the bottom of the jar, and thrusting his legs through, regained in part his locomotive power.

It will not be necessary to detail the arguments by which he overcame the scruples of Hey-ho, and induced her assent to an elopement with him. She was anxious to spite her papa, and no less so to see the fireworks; she was pleased with the manners of Fun, and was fond of a good joke. All these considerations, aided by the young man's eloquence, might well prevail on a youthful and inexperienced girl. So Hey-ho agreed to fly with Fun; and, by way of carrying the jest up to its climax,—to get married.

In carrying into execution this rash resolve, it was necessary, of course, to guard against her being recognised by any in the streets. She disguised herself, therefore, as well as she was able, and covered her face with a thick veil.

Another difficulty now presented itself.

They were locked in!—how were they to escape?

The house was of two stories; and the upper windows were not secured. They went up stairs; the young lady assisting the youth, whose jar would otherwise have proved a sad impediment to his proceeding.

But for the inconvenient armour of porcelain in which he was arrayed, Fun could easily have leaped down from the casement; for he was active and brave. As it was, however, he was again dependent upon the lady's assistance; and exerting all her strength, more than you would have imagined could be in her slender wrists, she lowered him down by his pig-tail. When she let go, he had yet a few cubits to fall, and this perhaps was a fortunate circumstance, as the porcelain jar was thereby shattered, and he walked as freely as ever. Fun, however, was a little disappointed, as he had enjoyed the idea of stalking about in such a quaint disguise.

Fun being safely on the ground, Hey-ho,

with the courage befitting a heroine, leaped into his arms. They were quite unobserved; for that part of the city was wholly deserted, the people having gone to witness a very grand display of fireworks and lanterns in a neighbouring square.

Towards that square Fun immediately conducted his prize, and a very few turnings among some narrow streets and passages brought them thereunto. They met with none to question them on the way; for even the watch had taken holiday, deeming it quite unnecessary to keep guard in empty streets. Hey-ho, no doubt, was a little frightened, as soon as she had taken her rash leap from the window, at thinking of what she had done; and very probably wished herself again within the house: but as the door was locked, it was impossible to get back; and Fun used every argument to convince her of the propriety of their proceeding, and to keep up her spirits. It was certainly a novel situation for one who before had scarcely ever even exchanged words with



any gentleman, unless related to herself; but the state of excitement in which she had been all day, first from delight, and then from disappointment and anger, had led her on to do that which in other circumstances she would have looked upon as most heinous. But what had the greatest effect in restoring the courage and spirits of Hey-ho, was the lively scene that unfolded itself before her, as with her conductor she approached the square.

This was bounded on three sides by houses; but, on the side opposite to the one where they had entered, was terminated by the river, in that place broad, though shallow. The streets through which they had come lay somewhat higher than the square itself, and a flight of steps led down thereinto; so that, before they descended, they had a good view of the large open area, and also of the water and houses beyond. Immediately before them was a dense mass of people, every individual flourishing a lantern; festoons of lanterns were suspended above them upon

poles, and likewise between the houses; the stream was overspread with boats of all sorts and sizes, the decks, the masts, and, in fact, every part covered with lamps and lanterns; and numberless pagodas and other high buildings on the farther side of the river, some near, and others at a great distance, were similarly adorned with lights innumerable. From a raised platform in the middle of the square, as well as from many remoter points, a girandola of rockets was frequently thrown up; and in the intervals a display was made of other fireworks of most ingenious invention. Luminous globes rose high in the air, and burst with showers of coloured light, from among which soared large birds, and winged horses and dragons, blue, yellow, green and crimson; and these seemed to chase each other, and again to spit forth fire in new forms. Now and then down the river would float a huge and stately serpent, its body drawn up in many graceful bends—a serpent, perhaps, of emerald light, with eyes of intense red,—and from its mouth would drop

continual balls of fire, which, falling on the river assumed the form of little luminous boats, and spread far and wide upon the surface. From myriads of people arose constantly shouts of applause and laughter; and when these for a moment were still, the more melodious tones of musical glasses and other instruments seemed to supply a sort of magical harmony, in keeping with the wonderful sights.

Hey-ho was bewildered and delighted. She watched for a time the more striking and resplendent fireworks, and was dazzled and confused by the myriads of starry lights that studded the air all around, that sprinkled the sky, and were reflected from the water. After a little she began to examine the lanterns and other luminous devices in detail; they were worth examination, for their ingenuity was great, and their variety surprising. Every one had striven to outdo his neighbour in providing himself with a lantern, remarkable for its size, or for its colour, or its form, or for the designs wherewith it was

embellished. There were some of all sizes, from an orange to a watch-box; of all shapes, round, square, polygonal, vase-like, like flowers, like trees, like animals, like men; of all colours, with inscriptions and paintings of all shades of colour, and ornamented with devices of the variety of which could be given but a faint idea: the current of air caused by the flame was used to set in motion small figures of men, birds, and butterflies, junks, windmills, fish, and other things and creatures; and warriors fought, and horses leaped, and mandarins bowed, and monkeys swung upon cords.

“He-he!” said Hey-ho, “see there! that tumbler standing on his head—look! look how he turns about!—and there is a mandarin with a blue body and a yellow face. Ski! hi! what a beautiful firework!—as like a peacock as two betel nuts! But, ha! he! hey! ho! hee! what is this little fellow doing? just look! see! note! observe! mark!—why he’s dancing Djim-Kro!”

(Djim-Kro was a famous tumbler, who lived in the days of Yu.)

“Do but behold that absurd little man,” said Fun, pointing in another direction, “how he waddles along, with a lantern twice as large as himself. And that ugly old woman by his side; hers looks, for all the Celestial Land, like a gentleman’s petticoat.”

(A gentleman’s petticoat in the Celestial Land corresponds to his——trousers in this.)

Hey-ho looked at the persons to whom he pointed, and immediately uttered a scream. The cause of her alarm may be easily divined. The twain were no other than her dreaded papa and mamma. She well nigh fainted; but was supported by Fun, who reminded her that her disguise was such, as if she would but command her fears, must render detection impossible.

Of course, Fun immediately conducted the runaway young lady to a part of the square remote from that in which they had discovered Hou-Nou. No “of course” in the case. Fun did no such thing: he ob-

tained from Hey-ho a promise that she would keep up her courage, and he immediately walked with her up to the old gentleman, her highly respectable papa.

Hou-Nou was strutting with the importance of a person who knew that he was burning his own oil ; he had fastened a long bamboo to his back by means of a cord round his waist ; and to the end of this, which rose two or three yards above his head, was suspended his enormous lantern ; his wife carried hers in the same manner, as did thousands of other persons.

Fun approached, and having made six or eight very polite bows, in returning which the old gentleman nearly shook his lantern off the end of the bamboo, our audacious young friend demanded, with the politest form of circumlocution, whether his "venerable,"\* a Chinese term of respect quite unconnected with the "Three Balls," did not rejoice in the "honourable appellation" of Hou-Nou.

\*See note, B.

“Hou-Nou,” replied Hou-Nou with the affected humility so common among the politest of nations, “Hou-Nou is your servant’s very ignoble name.”

“Methinks,” said Fun, “your paltry rat has the honour of addressing that very illustrious Hou-Nou, who lives in the conspicuous corner house of the highly magnificent lane, called the Alley of Salted Sturgeon?”

“Your servitor,” answered Hou-Nou, “dwells in the place you mention. May he ask your most honourable title?”

“The continually-to-be-sneezed-at name of your ever-ought-to-be-beaten dog,” said Fun, “is Fan-Si. Your dog just now slunk along by your most noble dwelling, and had the little deserved honour of beholding your pile-of-volumes son, and your string-of-rubies daughter, at the window. Your dog wondered greatly that they came not hither to make the lamps burn more brightly.”

“Of a truth,” responded Hou-Nou, “had more of my oil been used, the illumination would have been more luminous. But dog

of a son have I none, though I have a bamboorable cat of a daughter.

“It was then perhaps your full-of-desert daughter’s most profoundly-to-be-reverenced husband?”

“There was no one,” replied Hou-Nou, “there was no man whatever in my house: my daughter is not married. Surely your exemplary eyes must have made some mistake.” But Hou-Nou was startled somewhat.

“Indeed!” cried Fun: “toad as I am, I am quite certain that I beheld with my one-bigger-than-the-other eyes, two persons, a gentleman and a lady, at the window of your dwelling.”

“Though I will by no means deny it,” answered Hou-Nou, (he would not be rude to the stranger, and therefore responded in such a form,) “yet I know not how it may be possible, for I have brought with me the key of the house. I pray you, tell me,” he continued, “who might this have been?”

“Nay,” said Fun, “I know not; I fear I have been impertinent to speak so much.”



“No,” answered the old man, “I thank you greatly. My ought-to-be-squeezed-in-a-vice daughter—But imagine for me, who *could* this person have been?”

“Very reverentially speaking, is there not any whom she loves?”

“And if there should be, how could he get through the key-hole?”

“Had not the door been open in the day?”

“But if he had come in then, where should he have concealed himself?”

“Oh, some will hide themselves in very small corners. I know a youth, a certain Fun, who could hide himself in a good-sized porcelain pot.”

“Fun? Fun?—Why that’s the very muddy pool of a youth. I had a letter in the morning which informed me so much.”

“A letter?—from whom?”—When conversation grows very serious, forms and compliments are a good deal dispensed with, even in China.

“‘Who the black dragon can this be from?’

that was the motto. I don't know from whom it came."

"Why that," said Fun, "is the very motto of Fun's own seal. I am well acquainted with Fun; he and I are inseparable: and from what I know of him, I would wager my brain to a pint of oil, that he brought you the letter himself, and then hid in some corner or jar."

"Oh, it is too true,—is is too true!" cried Hou-Nou. "Come with me, Nae-Nae. I will boil my daughter in oil."

"Nay, Nay," said Nae-Nae, believing him to be serious,—“Boil only her hands therein.”

"Oh, wicked snake of a daughter!" cried Hou-Nou, slapping his hands together with great violence. Bang went in the sides of his lantern, and he was fain to put out the light.

"Oh, little wolf of a daughter!" echoed Nae-Nae: and a similar action was attended by a similar result.

Hou-Nou and his wife hurried back to their domicile, and Fun, with their daugh-

ter, followed. When they reached it they observed that a window was open above; but they saw no person, and no light.

“Alas! alas” cried the parents, “our wicked daughter has fled. She has gone away with accursed Fun. We shall see her no more.” Hou-Nou opened the door, and Nae-Nae entered. Hou-Nou had not withdrawn the key, when Fun drew the portal suddenly together and locked it on the outside; in doing so he dexterously contrived to lift up at the same moment the old gentleman’s queue, which was caught in the door as it shut. Hou-Nou was fast by his pigtail. His wife sought in vain for the means of striking a light; the flints and steel were not in their places, and she broke her shins in the search. You may imagine the state of wrath and indignation in which Hou-Nou and his wife passed the night.

“Ho,” said Fun ere he left the door, “I am the particular friend of Fun,—he begged me to serve him this good turn, and the wine which I drank with him half made me merry.”

“Fun,” screamed Hou-Nou, “shall be pounded in a mortar for this, and the friend of Fun shall be tied in a sack of snakes.”

“Nay,” answered Nae-Nae, “they shall laugh the wrong side of their noses. But, you foolish old blockhead,” said she, “to be duped after this fashion;” and she felt in the dark for Hou-Nou’s ear, which she twisted severely when she found it.

From the time the young gentleman first accosted the old one, poor Hey-ho, who was in a mortal fright, kept as much out of view as possible. Several times she was on the point of confessing her fault and throwing herself upon the mercy of her father; but she could not gain courage to do so; and when the door was closed, Fun hurried her away as fast as possible. He promised to effect a reconciliation with her parents, if she would become his wife; and having placed her in a sedan, he took her to his house, where many of his friends, whom he had invited to attend his wedding on the propitious evening of the Feast of Lanterns, had been for some time

expecting them. At the door they were met by some matrons, his relatives, who assisted Hey-ho out of her sedan, and lifted her over the pan of charcoal placed at the door, agreeably to the marriage custom in the Celestial dominions. They conducted her then to a chamber, and bound up her hair according to the manner in which it is worn by married women; after which she was led by a train of young ladies into the great hall, where she was encouraged to invite the guests to partake of the prepared betel-nut. Some other forms were gone through. The most extravagant encomiums were passed upon her beauty: she was compared to the sun, the moon, and stars,—to gold and silver,—to gold and silver fish,—to gold and silver pheasants,—to gems, to flowers, to a dove, to an antelope, to the tea-plant, to the graceful reed, to lanterns and fireworks,—to silkworms,—to rice. The bridegroom, too, was praised as well as congratulated; they made him drink wine; presents were given to both; they wished them honours, long life, and a quiver

full of sons. And Hey-ho was the wife of Fun.

The next morning Fun took his beautiful bride to call upon her father. She was in disguise as before; and when they reached the house of Hou-Nou, Fun at first entered alone, leaving her in her sedan. Fun presented himself with his wonted audacity; but the fury of Hou-Nou was so great at seeing, as he supposed, the friend and colleague of Fun,—a person towards whom he had now conceived a greater hatred than toward Fun himself,—that our hero was almost frightened away, without entering into any explanation. He, however, summoned up fortitude, and kept bowing and bending with great humility, whilst a storm of abuse was poured upon him, not from Hou-Nou only, but also from his wife Nae-Nae; and when from mere fatigue of these indignant parties, the tempest a little relaxed, he began in the most conciliatory tones to beg pardon for the unlucky accident of the preceding evening.

“ Son of a rotten onion !” cried Hou-Nou;

“ look at my tail ! I could only liberate my head by the loss of my tail. My domestics were obliged to enter my house by placing a ladder to the window.”

“ Your so-much-dog’s-meat of a Fan-Si,” responded the youth, “ hurried hither this morning, as soon as he remembered his fault, to unlock your majestic door.”

“ Wherefore did thy swine-feeding hand turn the key in it last night ?” roared Hou-Nou

“ Of a truth your scrag-end-of-less-than-nothing was beside himself with wine,” humbly ejaculated Fun; “ but now, being of clearer sense, the ball of evil which he threw strikes back upon his own nose ; and that he may find a salve for the soreness it occasions, he has brought hither a string of pearls, which he solicits your generous condescension to accept.”

“ Be they real pearls ?” said Hou-Nou, a little mollified, as he stretched out his hand to receive them.

“ Nay, nay,” interrupted Nae-Nae, “ I fear me they be not real.”

“They be real pearls,” said Hou-Nou. “I forgive you your floutings for this: but how about the loss of my tail?”

“Your most reverence-commanding tail will grow again,” replied Fun; “and meanwhile I have other pearls, of which, with humility, I will entreat your greatly-to-be-knelt-for acceptance.”

“It is enough,” said the old man. “Let this bond of pearls bind us to friendship.”

“And may it never be worn out,” said Fun.

“Or if it should,” answered Hou-Nou, “may it be renewed.”

Having so far succeeded, Fun intimated to the old gentleman that he had another favour to request; but begged, before he mentioned it, to be allowed to introduce a lady who was waiting for him below in her sedan, and who he was afraid would feel fatigued. Hou-Nou bowed to this with all possible Chinese politeness, and was solicitous to know who the more bright-than-ten-thousand-stars lady might be.

“To tell you the truth,” answered Fun, “this lady is a bunch of lilies whom I but



yesterday took to wife. She is the daughter of a highly respectable old gentleman, for whom I entertain a very cordial esteem."

He conducted the lady into the room. She was still closely veiled. Fourteen minutes elapsed in the usual bows and compliments. Fun then announced the farther favour he had to request;—it was a pardon to his friend Fun, and to Fun's wife, Hou-Nou's daughter.

"Alas!" cried Hou-Nou, "my poor little daughter! I shall never see her more."

"If you will graciously accord pardon to both," said Fun, "I will promise you shall see her this day."

"Wicked Fun," said the father, "shall be strangled, beheaded, poisoned, flayed, and cut in nine millions of pieces."

"If your worshipful stomach," responded the youth,—Chinese philosophers hold that the stomach is the seat of reason,\*—"if your worshipful stomach be so ill-minded towards them, I fear you will never find either Fun or your daughter. If you should, Fun, you

\* Chinese Miscellany.

may be sure, will bribe the mandarins higher for his safety than you will do to get him punished."

"Alas!" exclaimed Hou-Nou, "if I may get back my dear daughter whom, however, I will well bamboo, I will forgive wicked Fun."

"You must freely pardon your daughter, also, or you will see her no more," responded the youth.

"I will do all things so she shall not be lost to me wholly," said the old man.

"But your virtuous and venerable hand will furnish me with a promise in writing?" asked Fun.

"Any thing—any thing at all!" replied Hou-Nou.

So down they sat and committed the promise to paper. It received the old gentleman's signature. Fun folded it and put it in his vest.

"Most-reverentially-to-be-bowed-before, sir, I am Fun," said Fun.

And Fun bowed lowly and twiddled his queue.

"Most-on-my-knees-to-be-honoured, and

more-than-my-life-to-be-loved parents, I am Hey-ho," said Hey-ho.

And, bending reverentially, Hey-ho cast back her veil.

The old man raised his staff.—The young one drew out the bond.—The youthful pair fell on their knees, and the aged pair embraced them both.

So join with us now, such as have honest hearts, and let us drink long life to Fun and all his family.

FO SAVE THE EMPEROR!





## NOTES.

---

WE have adjudged it expedient to append a few notes to the foregoing stories. Fully to illustrate all the usages and things referred to in the narratives, would swell the commentary to a bulk exceeding that of the text.

---

### HO-FI OF THE YELLOW GIRDLE.

#### NOTE A, p. 14.

Tradescent Lay, the author of a highly interesting volume called "China As It Is," has given no very enchanting picture of the feet of Chinese ladies. From his connexion with the British Medical Board at Canton, he has had opportunities of seeing them without the covering; and he declares that the "golden lilies" would never have obtained the admiration they now excite among the men of China, were they not always concealed with Masonic secrecy.

## NOTE B, p. 17. &amp; 261.

The College of Hanlan is the University of the Chinese empire: the buildings devoted to it form part of the imperial residence at Peking. None are admitted as its members but those who have obtained the highest honours at the great provincial schools throughout the kingdom, and thus it may be considered as containing the very cream of Chinese wit and learning. A grand commemoration is held triennially; and those who distinguish themselves in its examinations are appointed to fill some of the highest offices of the state.

## NOTE C, p. 36.

“The Chinese seldom select, for burial places, situations capable of agricultural use and improvement; and inter their deceased friends on the hill-side, or under the craggy precipice; where little else could be made of the soil.

\* \* \* \* \*

“At the great island of Choo-san, scores of coffins were observed under a precipice, scattered about in confusion, some fresh and others in a state of decay, all denied the right of sepulture from the crying necessity of a want of room.”—MEDHURST'S *State and Prospects of China*, p. 31.

## NOTE D, p. 37.

“The Orphan of the House of Chao.”—This tragedy was, many years ago, translated into French, and from the French version into English. It formed the ground-work of Voltaire’s “Orphelin de la Chine.” Such unusual stratagems as that mentioned in the text abound in this curious specimen of Chinese dramatic art.

## NOTE E, p. 39.

“There is a species of white-necked crow, for which they have a high veneration.” A gentleman, in the late embassy, gave great offence by shooting one of these birds. The respect paid to them appears to have arisen “from their having once performed some essential public service; just as geese are said to have saved the Roman Capitol.”—DAVIS’S *Chinese*, p. 241.

## KUBLAI KHAN.

NOTE F, p. 65.

“ With foong-hangs rare  
Of jewels and gold—”

“ The Chinese women sometimes wear an ornament representing the foong-hang, or Chinese phoenix, composed of gold and jewels, the wings hovering, and the beak of the bird hanging over the forehead, on an elastic spring.”—DAVIS'S *Chinese*, chap. x.

NOTE G, p. 68.

“ Tied by their Pigtails.”

The fashion of shaving the head and leaving only one long lock at the crown, was originally a Tartar practice, and was only adopted by the Chinese, upon compulsion, at the beginning of their reigning dynasty. On this, as on some other points, the ingenious Klang has not always been careful, nor (as it would seem) desirous, to avoid anachronism. Indeed the same might be observed of several of the writers of whom we have given specimens



in this collection; and it may, perhaps, be fairly inferred from this that the organ of time is not, in general, strongly developed among the Chinese.

NOTE H, p. 69.

“Slung over their shoulders thus tied by their queues—”

A very interesting narrative has been published by a person named Glasspoole, who was an officer on board an English merchant vessel, of his captivity and adventures among the Ladrone pirates, on the south coast of China. He attended them sometimes in their raids upon the sea-coast towns and villages, and on one occasion, when the pirate captain had offered a reward for each head of a Chinese, he mentions having seen a Ladrone with his sword drawn and dripping with blood, engaged in pursuit of a villager, whilst the heads of two whom he had just slaughtered were suspended on either side his neck, their pigtailed being knotted together.

NOTE I, p. 80.

The description in the text of the military heroes of China closely resembles those given by Tradescant Lay, and others of our own writers.

In Alexander's "Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of the Chinese," the following observations are appended to a plate representing a soldier of infantry.

"The annexed figure, either from the striped dress, or the furious-looking head painted on the shield, has been called a tiger of war; but he is not so fierce as he appears to be, or as the name would imply; indeed, the Chinese admit that the monstrous face on the basket-work shield is intended to frighten the enemy, and make him run away; like another Gorgon's head, to petrify those who look upon it. This corps of infantry, in its exercise assumes all kinds of whimsical attitudes, jumping about and tumbling over each other, like so many mountebanks." The writer adds a truism; "Indeed the whole of the Chinese military tactics are *as absurd as they are ridiculous.*"

## HYSON AND BOHEA.

NOTE K, p. 109.

“—— The bird's-nest soup of life——”

It need scarcely be mentioned that bird's-nest soup is one of the delicacies most in esteem among the epicures of the Flowery Land. The nests used in its composition are those of the Java swallow, and are said to be formed of a gelatinous matter obtained from insects. These nests constitute one of the government monopolies, and, the importation being large, form a considerable source of revenue.

NOTE L, p. 109.

“—— That gloomy night no bat would flit,  
But crows around flew late and oft alit——”

In China, bats are considered creatures of good omen; but crows (with the exception of that white-necked species of which mention is made in the story of “Ho-Fi”) are regarded as birds of very evil augury.

## NOTE M, p. 112.

“ —As a thresher whirls round in a trice  
The ponderous flail, and threshes out the rice—”

“ The grain (rice) has been said to be trodden out sometimes by cattle; but the most usual implement for threshing is the common European flail.”—DAVIS’S *Chinese*, chap. xxi.

## NOTE N, p. 113.

“ Though parted here, we soon may meet above.”

“ It is specifically urged against the doctrines of Fo by the Confucians, that they unfit men for the business and duties of life by fixing their speculations so entirely on another state of existence, as to lead some fanatics to hang or drown themselves, in order to anticipate futurity; *nay, two persons have been known to commit suicide together, with a view to becoming man and wife in the next world.*”—DAVIS’S *Chinese*, chap. xiv.

## THE PORCELAIN BATH.

## NOTE O, p. 122.

“The bottle-gourd, a curious species of the genus *cucurbitus*, closely resembling a bottle, is represented in ornaments as an emblem of longevity.”—DAVIS’S *Chinese*. “This was not, however, the species of gourd that the Emperor resembled in his form. Much superstitious regard is paid to the peach-tree. At a particular season, sprigs of this plant are placed at door-ways to avert misfortunes. The ky-lin is a fabulous animal, of which carved representations are often worn about the person as a charm. It is said to have appeared at the birth of Confucius.”—*Ibid*.

## NOTE P, p. 131.

“Though there are some Chinese words which appear to be dissyllabic, and are written with a diæreses, as kēen, tēen, &c., yet they are as really monosyllabic, and sounded as much together as our words, ‘beer,’ and ‘fear.’”—MEDHURST’S *State and Prospects of China*.

## NOTE Q, p. 136.

“When a new Emperor accedes to the throne, it is said that very respectable persons of the country take their daughters to the palace for his choice; and the families of such as are accepted think themselves highly honoured.” Staunton, from whom the above is quoted, has not mentioned, what we have discovered, from the papers of Poo-Loo, to be the fact, that from among those thus offered as hand-maidens, one, more beautiful or more fortunate than the rest, is sometimes elected by the sovereign as his future Empress.

## NOTE S, p. 145.

“The general proneness of the Chinese to superstitious practices could not be more completely proved than by an account of the charms, talismans, and felicitous appendages hung up in houses, or worn about the person, specimens of which were sent home a short time since to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Mr. J. Morrison. Among the principal are ‘money-swords,’ consisting of a number of ancient copper coins, each with a square hole in the middle, fastened together over a piece of iron, shaped like a sword with a cross hilt.”—See DAVIS’s *Chinese*, chap. xv., where will be found a farther account of Chinese spells and talismans.

## NOTE S, p. 151.

“The manufacture of porcelain commenced with the Tang dynasty, A. D. 630, and the first furnace on record is that at Chang-nan, in the province of Kiang-si, from whence a tribute of porcelain was sent to the court of Han Kaoutsoo, and called ‘imitation gem ware.’”—MEDHURST’S *State and Prospects of China*, p. 115.

“The famous furnaces of King-te-chin, just to the eastward of the Poyang lake, were not established until about A. D. 1000.”——DAVIS, *Chinese* chap. xviii.

## NOTE T, p. 162.

From a comparison of the following passage from “Davis’s Chinese” with the story of Poo-Loo, it will be seen that the French writer, Dentrecolles, has given a pretty correct account of the origin of the god of the furnaces; but he has omitted the name of the deified youth, and has no mention of the Empress.

“This god, according to Dentrecolles, owed his origin to the difficulties encountered by the workmen in executing some orders from Peking, on account of the Emperor. Several models were sent from thence, of a shape and size which defied all the efforts of the people to imitate them. \* \* \* Rewards and punish-

ments were held out to those employed, but all in vain ; when one of the workmen, reduced to despair by the result of his unavailing efforts, threw himself into the red-hot furnace, and was instantly consumed. The story says that the specimens then baking came out perfectly fine and conformable to the models, and from that time the unfortunate victim passed for a divinity, becoming the god of the furnaces.”—DAVIS’S *Chinese*, chap. xviii.

---

### HWANG-TE.

NOTE U, p. 184.

“ From the earliest antiquity the Emperor has set an example of industry to his people, by personally and publicly holding the plough once a year, whilst the Empress does the same with regard to the loom.”—MEDHURST’S *State and Prospects of China*, p. 32.



## MARRIAGE IN A MASK.

## NOTE V, p. 135.

“In China the luxury of shampooing is enjoyed by all ranks of men, it consists of pulling the joints until they crack, and of thumping the muscles until they are sore. It is generally an operation performed by the barbers, who at the same time cleanse the ears, tickle the nose, and play a thousand tricks to please and amuse their customers, to whom, and the surrounding audience, they tell their gossiping stories.”—ALEXANDER’S *Picturesque Representations of the Chinese*.

## NOTE W, p. 136.

“Every substance likely to answer the end is anxiously collected, and carefully disposed, so as to provide for future exigencies; such as decayed animal and vegetable matter, the sweeping of streets, the mud of canals, burnt bones, lime, and, what is not a little singular, the short stumpy human hair, shaven from millions of heads, every ten days, is industriously gathered up, and sold for manure throughout the empire.”—MEDHURST’S *State and Prospects of China*, p. 34.

## NOTE X, p. 200.

*Yang* and *Yin* are terms in the Chinese system of physiology, applied reciprocally to heat and cold, to energy and inertion, and generally to the active and the passive principles, whether in the constitution of man, or of external nature: and upon their proper adjustment depend health in the former, and stability with progression in the operations of the latter.

## NOTE Y, p. 212.

“ And ducks are whistled home to roost—”

Immense numbers of ducks are reared by that part of the Chinese population who spend their lives in boats upon the rivers; and these birds, salted and dried, form one of the chief articles of diet in the Celestial Land. They are kept in large cages, or crates; from which in the morning they are sent forth to seek food upon the river banks: a whistle from their keeper brings them back in the evening; and, as, according to Tradescant Lay, the last to return always receives a flogging for his tardiness, their hurry to get back to the boats, when they hear the accustomed call, is in no small degree amusing.

NOTE Z, see NOTE B, p. 17.

## THE STUDENT OF HANLAN.

NOTE A, p. 242.

“——A similar spirit to Fo——”

“ One of the favourite doctrines of Buddha (or Fo) is, that all things originated in nothing, and will revert to nothing. Hence annihilation is the summit of bliss; and *nirupa nirvana*, or nonentity, the grand and ultimate anticipation of all contemplation and abstractedness of mind, with a gradual obliteration of all sense and feeling, are considered the nearest approaches to bliss obtainable on earth; and the devotees of this system aim and affect to have no joys or sorrows, hopes or fears, sense or emotion, either of body or mind; living without looking, speaking, smelling, or feeling; yea, without eating, and without breathing, until they approach to that enviable state of perfection, annihilation.”—MEDHURST'S *State and Prospects of China*, p. 215.

For a collection of evidence as to the horrors of opium-smoking, See “The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China,” by the Rev. S. A. Thelwall.

## THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

## NOTE B, p. 292.

“ ‘ Venerable uncle,’—‘ honourable brother,’—‘ virtuous companion,’—‘ excellent sir,’ are used in addressing a stranger, instead of the pronoun *you*: and the worthless fellow,’—‘ the late born,’—‘ the unworthy disciple,’ instead of *I*, are terms of common occurrence. ‘ What is your noble patronymic ?’ is the first question; to which the usual reply, is, ‘ My poverty-struck family name is so and so.’ Again the question is asked respecting the ‘ honourable appellation, the exalted age; and the famous province’ of the stranger; which questions are replied to by applying to one’s self the epithets ‘ ignoble, short-lived, and vulgar.’ \* \* \* ‘ Honourable young gentleman,’ for a friend’s son; and ‘ the thousand pieces of gold’ for his daughter, are usual appellations; while the individual replies by bestowing the epithets, ‘ dog’s son,’ and ‘ female-slave’ on his own offspring.”—MEDHURST’S *State and Prospects of China*, p. 100.







