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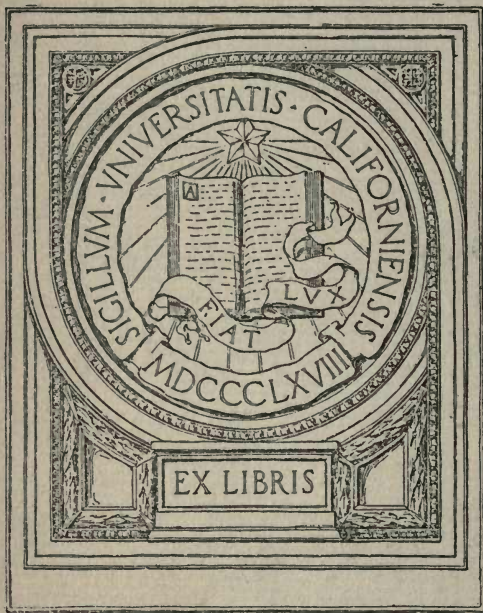
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GIFT OF
HORACE W. CARPENTIER



714
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PUSH HIM OUT!

OR

A BOOK OF CHINESE PROPHECY.



Printed at the "Shanghai Mercury" Office.

TO MISS
ANNEX 120

Carpenters

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PUSH HIM OUT!

OR

A BOOK OF CHINESE PROPHECY.



TO VIND
ANNO 1810

Carpentier

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THAT this book should attract the attention of the Government to such an extent as to put it among its proscribed books is sufficient proof of its power. That, notwithstanding this, almost every scholar in the Empire knows of it, if he has not read it in MS., and has much belief in it, is another proof of its popularity.

Tradition has it that, when the gods found out that the secret of the future had been revealed to mortal men, the heavens thundered, the earth shook, and the wind blew and disarranged the order of the chapters, and nobody has been able to put them in their proper order ever since.

The book was obviously written in the present dynasty and with the very definite purpose of driving the Tartar out: hence the name of it—"PUSH HIM OUT."

By publishing a translation of it in English we do not infringe the spirit of its proscription, as the object was to check its circulation

among the Chinese. We only publish it so that Foreigners may know what passes in the mind of the average Chinese scholar in regard to the rise and fall of dynasties and may be of special interest at the present time of war with Japan.

As it is not printed, there are endless variations in the readings and the order of the verses, and many books are not complete. This copy is the result of collating five other copies. The style is oracular throughout, therefore different interpreters will necessarily find different meanings in the oracles; but I trust some general and not inaccurate idea of its contents may be gathered from this translation. The illustrations can be filled in by those who are accustomed to Chinese art, by the help of the descriptions of each sketch and a little imagination.

In conclusion we might add that, if the author and artist had shown as much zeal in trying to drive corruption and ignorance out of China as they have shown in trying to drive away the Foreigner—the Manchu—Heaven might have granted them better success. Does not God care for Foreigners as much as Chinese? It is wickedness, not races, which God hates. It is more knowledge and more goodness that will save China.

THE TRANSLATOR.

China April 1895.

THE WILD MAN'S PREFACE.

ANCIENTLY, when chaos was divided into the two lights, sun and moon, four Ministers and three Emperors arose successively, and the five Emperors followed by the three Kings. As to the way of Heaven, opportunities are men's fortune or misfortune; succession of sovereigns are nations' making or unmaking. From of old till now, there have been many ministers who have usurped the throne of their princes, and guests who have taken the place of their masters, but this, all say, is not the natural course of things.

Now, Yuen Tien-kan was a scholar of the Tang dynasty (A.D. 618-860) who had got hold of the powers of Heaven, Earth and Man, and held the five elements in his hand. He turned the key of Heaven and recorded what he saw. He turned the key of Earth and recorded what he saw. All was revealed by means of the golden lock in a manner quite different from that of all the Sacred Books.

If illustrated and laid before the assembled Dukes (?) it will be of immense benefit to the Ruler.

When I read the book it was with difficulty I could lay it aside. In it there is much thought for reflection.

This is respectfully prefaced by your

WILD MAN FROM THE EASTERN SEA.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE Preface of Yuen Tien-kan, a Minister of the Court, a small historian in waiting on the Emperor.

In the 17th year of the Emperor Ching Kwan (A.D. 643), on the 13th day of the first moon, we received your Majesty's commands to prophecy the events of the future and report to your Majesty. Your Memorialists—the Minister Yuen Tien-kan and others—in obedience to Your Majesty's commands, have already memorialised that the book has been presented. The book prepared—the *Illustrated Push Him Out*—is what we drew up by Imperial Command. Your Ministers, the Memorialists, have heard of the movements of the powers of nature and of the calamities arising from imperfect adjustments. Some, though ignorant, talk wildly: this is conceit. Some, though knowing, dare not speak, because their rank is low. Now, having obtained the knowledge, how should we dare keep silence?

Peace and rebellion, prosperity and disaster, all depend on opportunities; rise and fall, peace and rebellion have all their appointed time. The Emperors Yao and Shwun, who yielded their thrones to worthy successors, did not follow human nature in doing so. The Emperors Kie and Chow, who perished, did so by Heaven's decree. As right influences did no longer prevail, then Foreigners could not but come and trouble China. When there is right succession China will find no difficulty in driving away her enemies. As to the dynasties of Chow:—Ts'in, Han, Wei, Chin, Sung, Liang Ch'i, together with Chi'n and Sui, their triumphs and troubles are past; their blessings and calamities we need not discuss. But as regards the ten thousand generations of the present dynasty, your Ministers, observing the heavens above, saw the cause of the rise and fall of nations and of peace and war, and observing human affairs below, found out the signs of fortune and misfortune; for calamities and blessings are foreordained, even on nations, and cannot be escaped.

Your Ministers, kneeling in obedience to His Majesty's grace, ordering us to write out the future, have according to our knowledge described minutely what shall come to pass and have drawn up over sixty sketches to show forth what shall come to pass during the next millenium. We are not afraid of being

considered mad or blind, and so we have prepared and presented this to Your Majesty, in the hope that in Your sacred mercy Your Majesty will look upon it and understand it, and preserve it among Your secret archives, so as to be a guide for the future.

Your Ministers have dared to lay this before Your Awful Majesty with infinite fear and trembling.

Edict issued on the 17th year of Ching
Kwan 1st moon 13th day (A.D. 643).

CHINESE PROPHECIES

(PUSH HIM OUT ILLUSTRATED):

OR

GOLDEN KEY TO OPEN THE LOCK
OF HEAVEN.

BY

YUEN TIEN-KAN (A.D. 643).

SKETCH 1.

A MAN sits on a stone and holds up in his hands
the sun and moon.

From Pan-ku, the world's first man,
Dragons, tigers always fight;
Thousand ages are too short,
Right and wrong to thus decide.

SKETCH 2.

Two swords put together like a door-frame;
and eighteen carp fish, and one of them in the
door, bleeding.

In the river eighteen carp—
One by one they leap and play;
Father, son—these twice nine live
Centuries three, all but one year.

SKETCH 3.

A woman, wearing a crown, sitting on a throne, holding a bird in one hand and a golden wand, beating a drum in the other.

Lady Woo among them is,
China's sceptre firmly holds,
Robed she is in rainbow hues,
Baton gold and golden drum.

NOTE.—This is supposed to represent the famous Empress Woo Tse-tien, who became Empress in A.D. 654, Empress Dowager in 683, and sole Empress supreme in 690; retired in 705.

SKETCH 4.

A bell; a man holding fire in his right hand and leading a dog by his left hand.

Altars sacred they divide;
Eighteen sections is the plan;
Faithful servant is the dog
Which restores the house of T'ang.

SKETCH 5.

A saddled deer on a green mountain. In the valley below there lies a dead lady.

Bell and drum go through Tung Pass;
Princes grasp the sharp-edged sword,
Perish forests as by fire,
Here they die as with the plague.

NOTE.—Tung Kwan is a famous pass near the great bend of the Yellow River, between the provinces of Shansi and Shensi. The saddled deer on the mountain is a play on the name Ngan Lu-shan, an unworthy Turkish general and favourite of one of the most famous for beauty of all the concubines in Chinese history, Yang Kwei-f. i. He rebelled, and died A.D. 757. She was executed by the Emperor's command.

SKETCH 6.

On a tree there is a yellow owl, below there
are dead bodies innumerable.

Rebels rise and fill our land—
White, nor black, their colours are ;
Eighteen lands, all desert waste,
Parted father is from son.

SKETCH 7.

One man, holding a sceptre and wearing a
crown, sits in a golden bucket. Outside there
are men with their backs to the bucket.

Heaven's son still has our realm ;
Iron chariots westward drive ;
Golden eagles fly for prey ;
Savage beasts the statesmen are.

SKETCH 8.

A large tree with 18 branches and a Buddhist
priest hiding himself below.

Soon he shows his hobby-horse :
Studying genii becomes mad.
All the land is boiling o'er,
For no solders save the realm.

SKETCH 9.

Three brilliant stones arranged, one above
and two below ; the upper emits light.

'Tis a monkey, cherry red,
Throne usurped, and trouble leads
North and South and every point ;
But the sun shines on it all !

SKETCH 10.

Above there is a Turk walking on the clouds ;
below there is a wooden shoe flying in the air.

Honan region—who is lord ?
North, ten Turks victorious are :
Heaven's son my lord shall be ;
Swords and spears to him I bring.

SKETCH 11.

Above there is a man wearing a cowl, with a
red cloak and a band adorned with precious
stones, and a yellow face. Below there are
two men dancing.

Wild beasts battle thirty years ;
Fiery tongue from earth doth shoot ;
Joyful news to heaven bears,
Eastern legions win the day.

SKETCH 12.

There is a king standing with a man riding
over a bridge and holding in his hand a court
tablet. In front of this man is a man with a
bow shooting at him.

Shensi gained is only loss—
Parted far are fathers, sons,
Eighteen summers gaining fame,
Empty glory bubble is.

SKETCH 13.

There is a door on fire.

Heaven appoints a Taoist priest,
Leading Turks to mount the throne :
Widows, orphans, weep their loss,
Perish last in burning homes.

SKETCH 14.

Four tombstones—three large and one small. There is a woman with a flower in her hair.

Buddhist monks to Honan flee,
 Bowing low return they home,
 Till their own blood rise to power—
 Harems, courtiers, slaves to Turks.

SKETCH 15.

A Turk sits on a stone and a (Chinese) king prostrates himself before him.

China's troubles *ape* year rise,
 Turks turn Chinese, Chinese Turks:
 Heads and faces trimmed alike,
 Till there's ice in river Fên.

SKETCH 16.

A pomegranate tree with one pomegranate on it.

Tribe all slaughtered, yet they think
 That nude boy in stream is heir:
 Weeps the army to a man—
 Royal branches lopped but one.

SKETCH 17.

A boat with a king standing in it, bearing a sword on his shoulder.

Heaven's decrees how shall I know?
 Sons of men! which one seeks woe?
 Coward call whom merit has—
 Every act is read amis.

SKETCH 18.

There is a pomegranate tree in a garden close to the garden wall. A mandarin has a stick and strikes the pomegranates from inside, and two eunuchs have sticks and strike the pomegranates from outside.

Traitors screen—who sees behind?
 Palace eunuchs further see;
 Just is Heaven, just is man,
 Spear, unerring, strikes the false.

SKETCH 19.

A tree has a cover over the top of it.

Speed the horses! What good they?
 Our short month is twenty-nine,
 Royal canopy tops the tree,
 But no wand to charm a friend!

SKETCH 20.

Two (Chinese) kings are giving the imperial seal to one another. Behind them are two Turks watching them.

Falsehood first—then children slaves,
 Eighteen of them live apart;
 Low in sorrow, deep they sigh;
 Money gone and trouble come!

SKETCH 21.

Scores of birds flying over a mountain, but one bird has a broken leg and cannot fly.

Hundred birds, high, touching heaven;
 Ninety-nine o'er Shansi fly—
 One among them lame of foot,
 Donkey rides in *Ta Liang* town.

SKETCH 22.

In a bundle of fuel-sticks there is one that
buds with leaves and blossoms.

China's lord is Son of Heaven,
Faggot heaps—one sprig is green—
Green by radiance of the sun,
Not by soldiers, nor by horse.

SKETCH 23.

A boy with a hood has red robe and a band,
with precious stones. Opposite him is a pig.

Up an old tower seven-five years—
Lacks one rung to reach to heaven;
Rising, sitting with the moon;
Safe and sound, if watchmen watch.

SKETCH 24.

Above there are six small rooms opposite
each other. Below there is one small house
and three large ones.

Diviners eleven in moonlight sit,
Brothers children without break;
Brothers two the genii seek;
Snakes and dragons ride to heaven!

SKETCH 25.

An Emperor sits, and many Kings holding
court tablets pay their respects, kneeling
before him.

Master Cash-plum gets the throne;
All the rest before him kneel;
Heaven gives him the whole land,
If the people he will save.

SKETCH 26.

A woman, carrying a sword on her shoulder,
goes in a boat.

Only hear we "Rebels come!"
How can they with rebels sit?
Plain deliverance is now come;
Favours new the Emperor gives.

SKETCH 27.

A Turk sits in a boat, with two men behind
him holding a banner and a sword; a woman
sits opposite on a Turkish bed.

Cow-head woman if you meet
Going on to *Tochow* town—
Having there ten thousand gods,
China's trouble comes from these.

SKETCH 28.

A woman wearing a golden crown leads a
dog.

Heroine great appears now,—
All the world is in her palm;
Ships of war from all four seas;
Horn she has whose right's divine.

SKETCH 29.

Two (Chinese) kings, with royal apparel, sit
in a felt tent as if half laughing and half
crying.

Smiling Emperors of two realms
Urge their generals on to war
Which is right—to go or not?
Killing work it is to tell!

SKETCH 30.

A man, wearing a hood, worships before an incense table; two Turks stand by serving him.

Stream of time bears many sons,
Down from T'ang Yü to the Han.
Rulers daily private plan:
Heaven alone their counsels tell.

SKETCH 31.

Three men in armour and bearing swords.
A monkey lifts up his hand and three pigs run.

Twenty rats play games at men.
Men are helpless without friends,
But, in *Tschchow*, Heaven calls
Ch'in Shu-pao reform to make.

SKETCH 32.

A red sun on a yellow cloud. A monkey with three fingers.

Golden Turk rebellion stirs,
Heaven's son claps hands to hear,
But his smile hides sharpened sword;
Yet that sword is stolen away!

SKETCH 33.

A house is tumbling; and a man with a bushel on his head.

Royal house see falling is:
This the hour of statesman's help,
Grant him power—his helmet 'tis—
Storms and hail strike down in vain.

SKETCH 34.

A red serpent goes with its head lifted up.

Sovereign has a *Dragon's* care :
Ministers have a *Kilin's* shield :
People, *Jupiter*, and snake :
Then complete is China's peace !

SKETCH 35.

A withered tree sprouts up again and one
branch grows downwards.

Know where Zeus his chariot rests—
Dragon changes into hare.
From the north-east do they come—
Come to change our China's lord.

SKETCH 36.

A huge bill-hook with a long handle on the
ground.

North and east—their homes we find :
This day soldiers come like flood :
Foxes seek their holes to rest
When the silkworms turn to 'coons.

SKETCH 37.

An Emperor clothed in a red robe, holding a
court baton, and sitting reverently.

Sages reign and people rest :
Rule is easy—sparklike goes :
Without effort Yao Shwun ruled ;
Tribute poured from all around.

SKETCH 38.

A spear and a sword thrust in the ground.

When Zeus planet is in Süh,
Troubles thick fall on the land;
Fear no ruler, fear no man,
All depends on Dragon's will.

SKETCH 39.

A tree, with a carpenter's square hanging
on it. Below is a Buddhist monk, sitting.

Branch and leaf each sheds a light—
Each light shines on all around:
On the bank a brighter light,
Shakya's son is China's King!

SKETCH 40.

A man's eye in a plum tree.

Master Plum has eye for war;
Rides his horses to King's Court;
In his anger doughty Kwei
Asks for help: the Manchus reign!

SKETCH 41.

Eight banners in four colours.

Northern Tartars rule the land;
Every inch is under sway:
Twice four banners order keep—
Kerchiefs red and narrow sleeves.

SKETCH 42.

A yellow cow has a green duck on her back.

Yin Mao year sleeps China sound ;
Waking, finds the Gospel come !
Scans the world on mountain tops ;
Lightning speed she takes all in !

SKETCH 43.

A man, with armour, holds an iron battle-axe.

Then another rules the land,
Not by horsemen warriors bold,
Only bells resound throughout :
China's best before him bow.

SKETCH 44.

A bow hangs on a tree. On the water's edge
is a pig ; in the water there is a tortoise.

When one reigns for fourteen years,
Then hangs up his shooting bow,
Former toil of war seems vain—
Hundred twice the House will reign.

SKETCH 45.

A general, in armour, holding a kind of
spear.

Seek my surname—'tis three heads ;
Seek my name—the deluge 'tis,
People turn to virtue's side.
Spears and arrows—what use they ?

SKETCH 46.

One, in armour, sleeps across; another, in
armour, holds a sword, and looks fierce.

Clothed in raiment, rainbow hues,
Graceless children grow around :
Without goodness, useless all ;
Ruin comes—or soon or late.

SKETCH 47.

A golden phoenix in the gorgeous sunset
clouds.

From all quarters, all the good
Bow their heads before the Lord.
Voice from heaven sobers all—
Clouds he tramps on as on rocks !

SKETCH 48.

A spear, a bow, a sword. A Turk leads a
dog opposite the bow.

In north China born is King ;
Warlike weapons he has by ;
All at once in quiet reigns ;
Searches deep the hearts of men.

SKETCH 49.

A man, wearing a crown, has two mouths.

Battling o'er, the Sun doth rise
As of yore, to rule the land.
Horses, soldiers he needs none !
All rejoice to own him lord.

SKETCH 50.

A giant, with a hood, robed in a red-sleeved gown, tied with a band at the waist, raising his two clenched fists in anger.

Warrior fierce—his bow in hand—
Still says—"Fear not: I am old."
On the threshold has a sword,
To the palace straight he goes!

SKETCH 51.

Thirteen red banners.

Ursa Major—new lord owns;
Close beside the rebels burn;
Regions three all wasted are,
Oxen turn and white horse slay.

SKETCH 52.

A woman, with a guitar, two long swords and a rabbit on the ground, close by.

Western maiden plays a lute;
Gorgeous garments fortunes cost;
Now to Court an entrance gains;
Henceforth rulers are undone!

SKETCH 53.

A boy, on whose head there grows a green branch, drawing his bow to shoot a Foreigner.

Torn hat, coloured—watch ye well!
Sons of Ming fresh troubles bring;
Frightened by the Western gods,
Eighteen Turks all rebels turn.

SKETCH 54.

A man, dressed in black, holding an iron battle-axe.

When the water-lily buds,
When heirs royal early fade,
Look then for our ruler new ;
Henceforth rest shall fill the land.

SKETCH 55.

A man, wearing a cowl, is riding, and a strong man goes before him.

Hares to hens run ; sheep are slain ;
Withered trees bud forth afresh ;
But the times are wintry cold ;
Sovereign born should spring-time be.

SKETCH 56.

People walking on water.

Western dogs at Eastern bark.
Turn the sovereigns into serfs.
Wives and daughters helpless are—
Drowned the husbands—sons are none.

SKETCH 57.

A slab of ink divided into three parts.

Every home its children mourns ;
Regions three all slaughtered o'er.
Rotten tree stops Northern leak,
Out of sorrow comes Ming's King.

SKETCH 58.

Beneath three small peaks, the waters
divide into four seas.

Now the rebels fill the land;
Emperors, Kings, divide the spoil;
Homes or nations few are good,
Till the true lord comes to reign.

SKETCH 59.

A horse, from whose neck rise eight streams
of light.

Cows, seven hundred, *plus* seven white,
Lost is one thirteen years past;
Regions three no weapons have;
Hence their living they must beg.

SKETCH 60.

A circle of light, in which a Buddhist monk,
clothed in yellow, sits.

Man and woman begging are,
Thirty-five their ages sum,
Starving pilgrims, seeking food
From their lord of eastern town!

SKETCH 61.

On the shore are two dead bodies. There
are two others—one in armour and one in short
clothes.

Peace unfinished, fresh war comes;
Leaders, soldiers—all are fled
Northward, asking—Who is lord?
People finding, need not die.

SKETCH 62.

On the river are four felt tents opposite
each other; on the right and left of each are
banners.

Dogs, four thousand, westward bark ;
Eastward, angered myriads are ;
On they move to death's door nigh,
Swords and spears before ONE lay.

SKETCH 63.

A man, clothed in black and wearing a rain
hat, leads a yellow cow.

Victim is the LAMB for cow ;
People look for help in vain ;
Clothed not HE in statesmen's garb ;
Bound to-day is China's friend !

SKETCH 64.

A man and a boy, clothed in red, wearing a
cowl and a jade girdle.

When the hare to dragon goes,
Who can tell its work is done ;
But a tree has taken root—
Thirty years, *plus* three, bears fruit !

SKETCH 65.

A man, with a cowl and red robe, has two
serving women standing by in great laughter.

Rebels crushed, the sovereign reigns ;
Death all round a thousand *li*,
Lest an heir remains unslain ;
Thus the youth seeks boundless peace !

SKETCH 66.

A white-robed elder, with black scarf.

Western dogs at Eastern bark—
Vexing scholars many springs.
Guests turn masters—How endure?
Wait till ONE comes to avenge.

SKETCH 67.

An armoured man, with a boy pushing
behind him.

Times and seasons seek ye here ;
'Tis not man who governs all
Pictures study—PUSH HIM OUT !
All is well when Heaven reigns !

Photon
Pamp
Bind
Gaylord
Mak
Syracuse
PAT. JAN 2

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