

姜貴：旋風

The Whirlwind

By Chiang Kuei

Translated by Timothy A. Ross

AFTER THE TWO famous braves, Fang Erh-lou and Sun Hai, had been executed together, the neighboring counties were all shaken. There was scarcely anyone who didn't talk over the matter and discuss the two men. Second Tiger Hsing's status rose on account of this case. Fang Erh-lou and Sun Hai had been the greatest of braves, and since Second Tiger Hsing had been able to subdue these two braves, needless to say he was the sharpest of the sharp, and he was a brave among braves.¹

However, among those who really knew the inside story it was said that not only had Fang Erh-lou died on a false charge, but Sun Hai as well had been falsely charged. Not only had Sun Hai been falsely charged, but the Fangs of Resting in Quietude Hall had also been done an injustice, because they had certainly never been robbed of fifty silver ingots. This county in which Fang Chen was located had originally been famous as a lucrative post. By tradition, a county magistrate who managed this place for one year, honestly and without being extortionate, could still store up two hundred thousand dollars in official perquisites. The present county magistrate, however, had already served for more than two years and was soon to be terminated, but he was still empty-handed and had not managed to scrape up any money. A secretary who had come with the magistrate felt this was not right; he discussed it many times with his colleagues, and then thought of an excellent scheme. They would instigate the

¹ A previous chapter gives the story of Fang Erh-lou's false arrest and execution, along with a real bandit named Sun Hai. Fang, a local hero in the "knight-errant" tradition, was marked for extortion by the county magistrate. Sergeant Second Tiger Hsing had been bested by Fang in a previous encounter. Making the arrest through a midnight ruse, Hsing ensured the suspect's delivery to the magistracy by walking him some fifty *li* with a dagger inserted in each of his legs. After three months of trial and litigation, Fang was beheaded for his alleged crime.

Fang family of Resting in Quietude Hall to reporting a robbery and accusing Sun Hai of being the robber. Through Sun Hai they would implicate Fang Erh-lou. At that time, everyone knew that Sun and Fang were men who had money and were willing to part with it. Unexpectedly, the results were not as planned. The two men really were willing to give up money, but they were not as rich as rumor had said, and the magistrate's appetite was rather large. Thus two lives were sacrificed for no apparent reason. Naturally, this is only what was said; the dead could not give evidence, and the case would remain forever unsolved.

After the death of Fang Erh-lou, his disciples and followers, being the first to feel the impact of such a blow, one and all went into hiding and lay low, no longer daring to carry on any activities. The one who truly nourished a lifelong sorrow naturally was Fang Erh-lou's widow. Fang Erh-lou had lost everything he owned in a single lawsuit; but even with that he could not save his own life. After he died, there was only one house and ten-odd *mou* of poor land left; outside of this there was nothing. When a man had been put to "capital punishment" his relatives and friends did not dare to have anything to do with his family. But Fang Erh-lou's widow understood her duties in this difficult time; she thought of nothing else but single-mindedly, through all her trials and hardships, to raise her son Little Fifty. When Little Fifty was seven years old he went to school, and the teacher, according to his generational place, gave him a school-name calling him P'ei-lan.

In the private school, Fang P'ei-lan studied only a few primers like *The Three Character Classic* and *The Classic of the Hundred Names*. Then he stopped halfway and never read a book again. The reason was that reading books held no interest for him, and he felt that to have to be confined in the school room was a most unhappy thing.

His nature was somewhat like that of his father; he loved to practice the martial arts, and to be with friends. Although his mother would constantly warn him, saying, "Your father lost his life this way, you don't want to go the way he went," he would not obey her at all. However, he did like to ask his mother about his father, of the height of his martial prowess, the depth of his righteousness, and of how he had finally come to harm—these questions he couldn't be stopped from pursuing to the end. He greatly admired his father, feeling that it was indeed his own glory to be the son of such a father. He bitterly hated Second Tiger Hsing, regarding this man as the killer of his father, and feeling that they were enemies who could not live under the same heaven. From that time on, he practiced the martial arts, but in this area he did not achieve so much because he lacked a genuine capacity. He only learned to fire the Mauser pistol with either hand and to shoot with some accuracy. However, in the art of making friends he was not inferior to his father; he was acquainted with many people from all walks of life, and moreover his relations with them were very good.

HE MARRIED at the early age of seventeen, because his mother was eager to have a grandchild. His wife was older than he by six years. They were not an altogether affectionate couple, but about once a year, or twice in three years, a child would come along. Later, in the year of the birth of his tenth child, when he himself was not quite thirty years old, his mother died. His mother's death could be said to have been caused by simple weariness from too many grandchildren. After his mother's death, a great change took place in Fang P'ei-lan's home life. First, when he went home, there was no one he could talk with. He and his wife had never had much to say to each other. Moreover, the children were too numerous and too noisy. Looking at them, in their ragged and shabby clothes, with naked heads and bare feet, eyes weeping and noses dripping, faces yellow and muscles lean, he would feel a little disgust and a little self-reproach. The two eldest children had already gone to school, but he had heard that they were good for nothing, and simply couldn't get on with their studies. "A bunch of beggars!" Fang P'ei-lan would often think.

Chiang Kuei has published ten novels, a volume of short stories and a number of essays, but nearly all of the critical attention he has attracted has been on the novel Hsuan-feng (The Whirlwind). Born in a rural town in southern Shantung in 1908, he received his middle school education in Tsinan and Tsingtao, was a youth worker with the Nationalist Northern Expedition, studied and worked in railway management, and served in the army throughout the eight years of war. In 1948, he moved to Taiwan with only one early book to his credit, a short novel set against the background of the Battle of Shanghai in 1932.

The Whirlwind was written in 1952 and published in a private edition of 500 copies in 1957 under the title Chin t'ao-wu chuan (今禱机傳), which may be rendered "A Modern Leviathan". It received immediate acclaim among a small group of readers, including Hu Shih, whose letter of warm praise (see page 123) was used as introduction to a commercial edition brought out in 1959 under its present title. The success of the novel was due as much to its author's colorful writing and conscious modeling on traditional Chinese storytelling as to its theme: an examination into the collapse of the old order and the question of why communism came to prevail in China. As such, it is an epic that spans a period of two decades from about the time of the May 4th Movement to the eve of the Pacific War. Its locale is Fang Chen, a rural town situated between T City (Tsinan) and C Island (Tsingtao); its story, the vicissitudes of the Fang clan through wars and revolution; and its characters, peasants, gentry, warlords, bandits, prostitutes, unfilial sons and starry-eyed idealists. Timothy Ross has translated the entire book, which will be published in the Occasional Series of the Chinese Materials and Research Aids Service Center in Taipei. Of the excerpt presented for the first time here, Dr. Ross writes: "Chapter 9 deals with the early career of Fang P'ei-lan, one of the major characters in the novel. It was colorful incidents of this sort which caused Chinese critics to compare the novel to the Shui-hu chuan (The Water Margin)."

Because of this he was not home very much. To dispense the boredom in his heart, he began to indulge in drinking, and every day, alone or with friends, he would be seen drunk in the street. Sometimes he would also visit prostitutes. The way he amused himself with women was obviously somewhat abnormal, because he chose ugly ones rather than pretty ones, and old ones rather than young ones. When he felt the need, he would use them, and afterwards cast them aside—he had no feeling whatever for them. If some girl of any kind of higher standing cherished fond feelings toward him and he felt that he also cared a little for her, he would put himself at a distance, determined never to make love to her, not to say sleep with her. He acted as though he strictly separated the spirit from the flesh; spirit was spirit, flesh was flesh, and they were in no way connected.

Because he was seldom at home, if he did chance to return there, he could scarcely stay. Poor as they were, his wife, burdened with worry over the necessities of life, sometimes could not help complaining to her husband when they were short of food or clothing, and the husband would not be happy to hear such talk. She, seeing that there was no answer, naturally went on saying, "The cupboards are bare at home, and you still go out and get drunk," and blaming him, and the husband at this point would get angry. He hated his wife, and thought, "You shouldn't press me, I've already worried and tired myself almost to death for the family, and you still won't understand." He kept thinking about it and felt he really had no way out.

However, granted that man's life on earth was more bitter than words could tell, sometimes good luck does come beyond one's expectations. Just when Fang P'ei-lan was at his wits' end, to his surprise a way appeared. Fang Erh-lou the Single Swordsman had formerly been the sworn brother and good friend of Chou Ta-wu. When Chou Ta-wu organized the Anti-Yuan army,² he thought of his old friend's son. The offspring of a general must be as fierce as a tiger, the saying goes, so here was

²Yuan Shih-k'ai, a high military official in the last days of the Ch'ing dynasty, was made President of the new Republic in 1912, and promptly declared himself Emperor. In December of that year an Anti-Yuan movement was started in Yunnan, and military revolts quickly spread to many other provinces.

a man who could probably help him. Chou then told P'ei-lan to raise some men, and see if he could make a go of it. It being precisely Fang P'ei-lan's asset to have a great many friends, he hurried about and quickly rallied five hundred men and more. Men are followers of strength and advantage; seeing that Fang P'ei-lan now had behind him as great a personage as Chou Ta-wu, they were willing to give him their support too.

After Fang P'ei-lan became a Regimental Commander, on the one hand he raised an army, actively trained them and awaited his orders to join the insurrection against Yuan. On the other hand, he sent out mounted spies to catch Second Tiger Hsing, so that he could avenge the death of his father. Second Tiger Hsing at this time was already a man of over sixty, and had not performed any public duties for many years. He had never married, and after leaving the county yamen, it seemed that he had little money; he had gone to live in Han Wang Hill, some thirty *li* to the north of Fang Chen. This Han Wang Hill, according to legend, was the spot where in the past Han Hsin had defeated General Lung I of Ch'u,³ and now it was a small village of twenty or thirty families. Second Tiger Hsing had a follower who was a man of a little wealth in this town, and he lived in the home of this follower.

WHEN FANG P'ei-lan became Regimental Commander, Second Tiger Hsing felt uneasy as soon as he heard the news. He feared greatly that Fang P'ei-lan would come to trouble him. He discussed it several times with his follower, and then hurried off to an even more out-of-the-way little hamlet nearby, where he had another follower. Second Tiger Hsing hid himself in this man's home, and for the life of him would not step outside. People would listen outside on his behalf for news, and Second Tiger Hsing figured that he would see how conditions were before planning to flee far away.

After several months had passed, it seemed to him that Fang P'ei-lan had relaxed somewhat, and was not so hot on his trail as before. So, once in a while, Second Tiger Hsing would take casual strolls in the village. At the time of Ch'ing-ming,

³Han Hsin, the ablest of the generals who aided Liu Pang in founding the Han empire (206 B.C.), counted among his many victories the defeat and killing of General Lung Chü of the Kingdom of Ch'u.



Cover-design of *The Whirlwind*, Ming-hua Book Co., Taipei, 1959.

Second Tiger Hsing helped his follower to plant several rows of willow trees along the irrigation channels in the fields outside the village; they all budded, and lived. Second Tiger Hsing's concern gradually lessened.

There followed a good many days when he did not go out. This day, towards evening, after Second Tiger Hsing had taken a little wine, he went outside the village and saw a cowherd boy pulling off a branch from the willows he had planted, to use for a cow switch. Second Tiger Hsing, unable to hold his temper, went up and gave the boy a stiff talking-to, never expecting that not only did the cowherd not admit his mistake, but instead he turned and scolded back.

"I've never seen anybody like you in our village before. Where'd you come from? Meddlesome busybody!"

"Where did I come from? I planted those willow trees!"

"You have the nerve to say you planted them? So you planted them, and I pulled them up, so

what?"

"If you pull them up, I'll thrash you!"

"You dare!"

Second Tiger Hsing seized the willow switch and whipped the cowherd's buttocks several times with it, switching him so fiercely that the boy cried, yelled, and cursed, and ran off after his cattle.

A few days later, Second Tiger Hsing received a report that Fang P'ei-lan, with twenty or thirty mounted men, had been circling through the neighboring villages, as though he had gotten wind of something. Second Tiger Hsing felt uneasy. Han Wang Hill stood on the west bank of a small river. The two banks of this stream were lined with a great many curious-looking rocks; they constricted the force of the water, making it turbulent. Between winter and spring, when there was little water in the river, the rocks would show, and there were many natural caves. There was one, deep, with a winding entrance, which could never be seen from the outside. Second Tiger Hsing, burdened with fear, suddenly thought of these caves. He felt that rather than flee far away, he would do better hiding himself in that cave for security. Thus he would get up early each morning, take some dry provisions, and enter the cave, and in the darkness of evening he would come out again. And he continued this for many days.

One day, Fang P'ei-lan and some mounted followers passed outside this village, and he paused beneath a big tree to rest his horse. A cowherd boy watched him from a distance, wishing to see, but also a bit afraid. Fang P'ei-lan lifted his quirt and walked over, and patted the boy on the head.

"What are you up to, watching me all the time?" he asked, laughing.

"What are you up to, coming to our village all the time?"

"I came to your village to look for somebody."

"Who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for Second Tiger Hsing."

"There's no Second Tiger Hsing in our village."

"I heard he was hiding somewhere around here. He's not a man of your village."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"He's an old man, a tall fellow."

"Is he white-haired, with a little queue, red eyes, and a skinny body?"

"About like that." Fang P'ei-lan caught sight

of a clue, and hastily asked: "Do you know where he lives?"

"Lucky!" the cowherd boy said happily, "You'd never find him in a lifetime without asking me. This man you're looking for is not a good man. Why do you want to find him?"

"Because he isn't a good man, that's why I'm looking for him. If you can help me find him, you won't have to herd cows any more."

"This man lives in our village, but I don't know whose house he's at. A few days ago he gave me a beating because I picked a small willow from over there. When I told them at home that I was beaten by such a man, they all blamed me for provoking him, saying he wasn't a good one to pick a quarrel with. They told me to avoid him after this. These past few days, I've seen him sneak out very early in the morning and crawl into a cave on the riverbank. I don't know what he's been up to. He doesn't come out until it gets dark. He probably thinks nobody's seen him going into that cave and coming out. He didn't know that I'm watching the cattle every day along the river—I get up even earlier than he does, and go back even later, so I saw him."

The cowherd boy got excited as he spoke, and capered about.

"If you want to find him," he said, "come with me. I'll take you there, let's go!"

FANG P'EI-LAN left a few men behind to watch the horses and cattle, and taking about twenty men, they all took out their short guns and followed the cowherd boy toward the bank where the rocks were. Meanwhile, they discussed whether or not Second Tiger Hsing was carrying any weapons, for if they went into the cave to take him, and he was concealed in the darkness, they were afraid he might get the better of them.

"That's all right," the cowherd boy had a plan. "When we get there, you hide in ambush, and wait while I go and call him a few names. If he comes out to chase me, you can take him."

Fang P'ei-lan was greatly pleased with these words. He said approvingly, "Who would have thought a young lad like you would be so clever? Let me ask you, who is your father?"

"I haven't any father or mother. Since I was little I've herded cattle for Sixth Uncle Miao in this village."

"Well then, what's your name?"

"My name is Hsu, and I'm called Ta-hai."

"Let me talk with Sixth Uncle Miao. How would you like to come work for me?"

"Outside of herding cattle, I don't know a thing. I would only make you angry."

"Now you lead the way for me to catch Hsing the Second so I can settle my score with him, and you'll be my benefactor. I'll take you on as an apprentice. You just follow the master. When the master has food, you have food, and when the master has clothes, you have clothes."

Speaking thus, they came near the riverbank. Hsu Ta-hai pointed out at a distance the cave where Second Tiger Hsing lay in hiding. They scanned the terrain, and chose their ambush. The riverbank was covered with great rocks that lay at uneven levels, and there were plenty of places where a man might conceal himself. Hsu Ta-hai tightened his sash, kicked away his ill-fitting and tattered shoes, wiped his runny nose clean, and ran off barefooted. He jumped atop a tall rock directly opposite the entrance to Second Tiger Hsing's cave, and began calling out abuses in a loud voice:

"Second Tiger Hsing, I—your mother. You beat your old man up and hide yourself here. You think your old man couldn't find you. You turtle, all you do is tuck your head in. If you're so wonderful, come out and settle it with your old man. Your old man's brought a knife here to cut you into pieces! . . ."

On hearing this volley of cursing, Second Tiger Hsing couldn't contain himself. He looked out from his cave, and saw that it was Hsu Ta-hai. So it's him, he thought. So he knows I am hiding here. He certainly thinks I won't dare come out and he's taking the opportunity to pay me back. Although Second Tiger Hsing had not been to school, still he understood the reasoning in the saying, "A little impatience ruins great plans." Since my opponent is only a cowherd boy, he thought, is it worth venting my anger on him? Better let it go.

"Second Tiger Hsing, I—your mother, your grandmother!"

Unfortunately, such cursing makes hard listening. And it went on and on, as though if he did not go out the young scamp would continue cursing forever. Second Tiger Hsing then thought:

逆黃先生：

謝你的十一月五日的信。大你「今樽」也寄到了，五百多頁的一本，我一氣就讀完了，可見你的日文真夠流利痛快，讀下去毫不費勁，佩服！這倒不干尋回不幸的事，——我就完全沒注意到你的「對仗」，——只是文字流暢不流暢的問題。你說是嗎？你真是有心人，可惜我沒有機會讀你以前的小說。在讀完這本小說之後，我是佩服你

不這會說的話
像「今樽」裏
十幾千日這
苦。

「今樽」裏
方纔的天翻
如「天」的

以上都是每一章的，除表表表和謝表，不我
批評，請您原諒。
敬祝 平安
胡適 敬上
此書中文字極多，兩次讀及三四遍，批評
此句話。你的從裏面手面三點，這是在三讀時

Letter from Hu Shih to the author, dated December 8, 1957, reproduced as an Introduction to the first commercial edition of the novel.

cursing doesn't matter after all, but wouldn't it be like telling other people about my hiding place? That would be most disadvantageous. "I had better teach him a lesson, otherwise it might get me into trouble!"

Second Tiger Hsing's movements had always been quick; while he was thus contemplating, his body had already darted out. He did not look this way or that, but ran straight for Hsu Ta-hai and with one leap was on top of the great rock facing him. But neither was Hsu Ta-hai slow of body or hand; he had already run some distance off, and was standing on another large rock. Second Tiger Hsing was about to pursue him when he heard the sound of a gun. This was something he was familiar with; he heard the sound and at once knew it was a Mauser, and it was no good provoking those who used Mausers. He threw himself down, dodged behind a rock, and drew his own

"eight-shot" pistol. Taking another look, he saw that Hsu Ta-hai had already vanished. He heard another shot. It had been fired from behind him hitting a rock not more than two feet away; fire and stars sprang out in all directions and several pieces of broken stone struck him in the face. Second Tiger Hsing looked around; he saw only peculiar-looking rocks, but not even the shadow of a man. Then shots were fired in quick succession, from all sides. He thought to fire back, but there was no target. He knew that this day he was surely done for.

Then the other side spoke, the voices coming from all around him.

- "Second Tiger Hsing, throw out your pistol!"
- "It's nothing that can't be settled!"
- "We've got something to discuss with you."
- "Throw your pistol out."
- "If you don't throw it out, we'll aim straight

at you."

The numerous voices made it obvious that his opponents were many; he had heard the shots, and they were all Mausers. Although he had an "eight-shot" it was clearly of no use in this situation. Might as well play it smart, he thought, and see what they can do with me!

"All right, friends," Second Tiger Hsing called in a loud voice, jumping up, "See for yourselves, I've surrendered my gun!"

He tossed his "eight-shot" far away, and raised both hands high.

"All right," he said, "Now you come on out!"

Fang P'ei-lan and his followers came out from all directions, and bound Second Tiger Hsing with hemp ropes.

"Well, younger brother," Second Tiger Hsing said, looking at Fang P'ei-lan, "You've caught me today. Do what you will with me, and I won't have a word to say. But as I know you're a brave fellow too, I'm only asking one thing of you. Just give me a quick death, don't make me suffer in bits and pieces!"

"You're right about that," Fang P'ei-lan grunted. "Hsing the Second, let me ask you, that year when you took my old man, why did you stab little knives into his legs?"

"My good brother, you didn't know how capable Second Master was! The old man was nothing like you and me! Could a little hemp cord hold him? If I failed to deliver him to the County Magistrate, what would have become of me?"

"Then you should have used the big fetters! You're not supposed to stick knives into a man's calves!"

"When we are out on a case we only bring hemp cords. Only in the jail do they have fetters. It's the regulations. Good brother, you just ask around!"

"I don't have to ask. Let's go. After all, as my name is Fang, I won't stick little knives in your legs." Fang P'ei-lan waved his hand for everyone to start off together.

The kid Hsu Ta-hai came up with a thick willow cudgel. "You called Hsing, when you beat me that day, did you note down the number of strokes?"

Second Tiger Hsing saw that it was Hsu Ta-hai, and made no answer. As he walked along, Hsu Ta-hai struck him a good many cudgel blows on

the back and buttocks. He did not make a sound.

Fang P'ei-lan paid a call on Sixth Uncle Miao, and took over the youngster Hsu Ta-hai. He did not pursue the family who had sheltered Second Tiger Hsing, but took Second Tiger Hsing back to Fang Chen.

THIS WAS sensational news for the locality: Fang P'ei-lan is avenging the death of his father, and Second Tiger Hsing has been taken. Subsequently it was rumored that Fang P'ei-lan would soon kill Second Tiger Hsing as a sacrifice to his father Fang Erh-lou. Far and near, many were those who prepared to watch the excitement.

Fang P'ei-lan locked Second Tiger Hsing up, but he neither ill-treated him nor interrogated him, but each day served him good wine and good meat. By this time, Second Tiger Hsing could only put the question of life and death, good fortune and calamity, out of his mind, and drink wine to use up those too many empty hours. Sometimes he reflected that from his twenties onward, throughout the thirty years he had been in official service and handled criminal cases, too many times he had gone against conscience and wronged people. "Can it be that I won't come to a good end?" When he thought of that, his insides would burn, he would feel restless, and time and time again he would touch his hand to his neck.

"Fang P'ei-lan is a nice fellow after all," he thought. "I've never heard of him stirring up a fight with anyone. Would he really kill me? And then again, when I arrested Second Master, I was acting as a yamen runner, carrying out official business on orders, not acting on my own. It wasn't that I wanted to arrest the man, how could he blame me! At the most, maybe he would lock me up for a few days, give me a rough time, and then let me go?"

When he thought in this manner, he would feel a bit better.

Fang P'ei-lan, meanwhile, was busy distributing invitations, as he had set his dead father's eightieth birthday celebration for the twenty-eighth of April. As a matter of fact, the twenty-eighth had not been Fang Erh-lou's birthday, nor would he have been eighty years old that year. Fang P'ei-lan had merely fixed upon this date and reason of his own fancy in order to make a public show of Second Tiger Hsing.

Fang Chen had never been so crowded as on the twenty-eighth of April. People had come from as far as two or three hundred *li* away to see Hsing the Second killed. Although Fang P'ei-lan said it was to honor his father's posthumous birthday, outsiders were all certain that Second Tiger Hsing would be killed that day. The people, long used to peace and tranquility, regarded a public killing as a big and rare occasion, and countless spectators were drawn to this event.

Fang P'ei-lan had several hundred tables set up in the main street, serving wine and food in an endless stream, and anyone, rich or poor, friend or stranger, could sit down to eat and drink, all without discrimination welcomed by the host in accordance with the best hospitality. The feasting began at noon and would go on until late at night. Towards evening, paper articles for the dead were brought to the open space before the East Mountain Temple—carts, boats, sedan chairs, horses, houses, terraces, pavilions, and a crowd of male and female servants, chickens, dogs, geese, and ducks—everything arranged in good order, just as though it were real. And among all this, what the spectators most admired was an opium couch, with real tools for opium smoking laid out on it, and a whole jug full of genuine opium paste.

The sacrificial altar was set up on the opera stage in front of the East Mountain Temple; in the center was hung an enlarged photograph of Fang Erh-lou. The sacrificial animals were whole cows, pigs, sheep, and chicken. A pair of sixty-catty red candles were lit in front. Fang P'ei-lan's retainers stood about, with loaded guns strapped onto their shoulders, to keep order. In the evening, torches were lighted, and the whole place was lit up as bright as day. Fang P'ei-lan, in his formal military

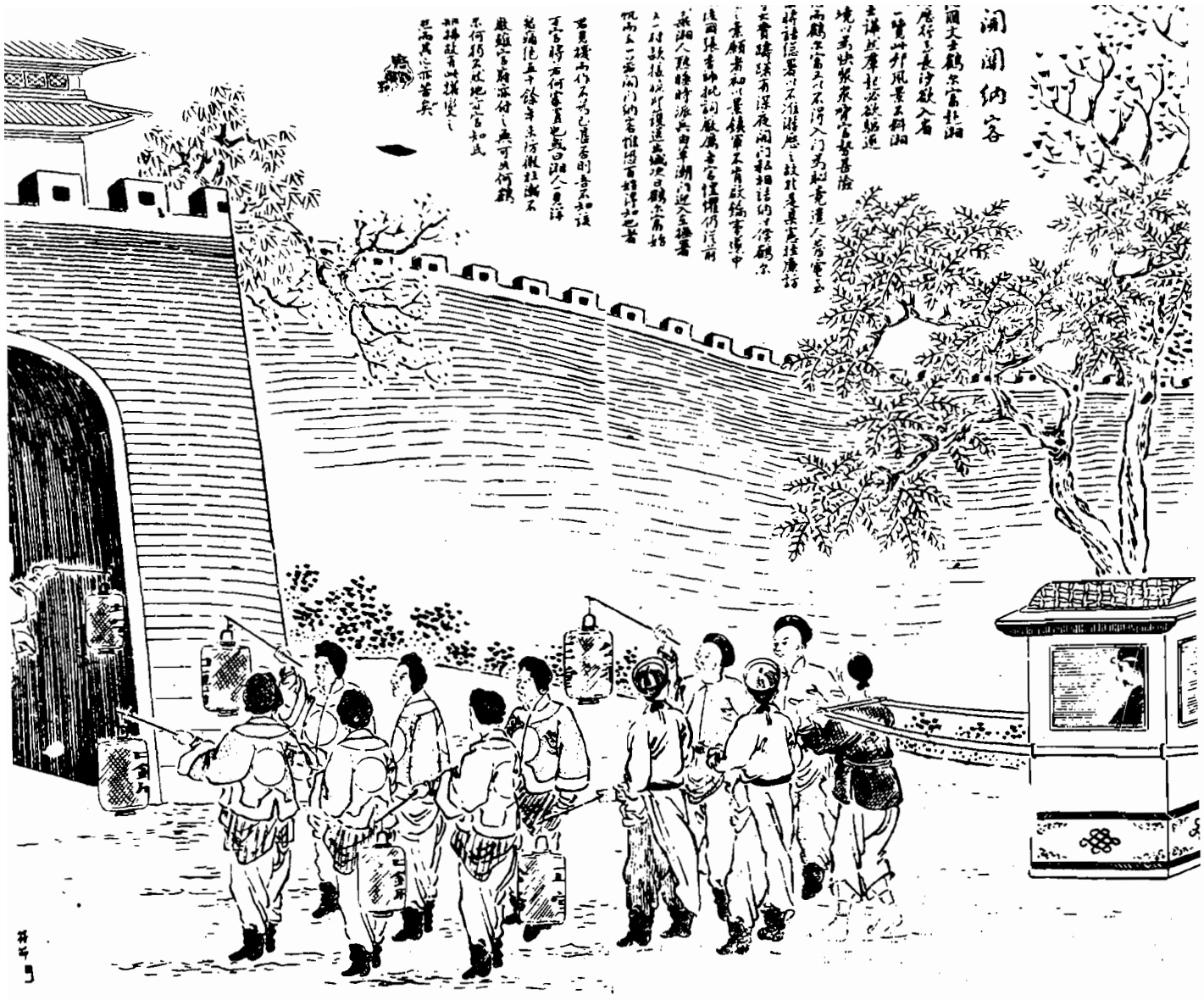
uniform and long riding boots, slinging a Japanese sword and followed by twenty or thirty retainers, dismounted before the temple. He first offered incense to the god of the East Mountain Temple and performed the ritual of the three prostrations. Then he mounted the sacrificial altar before the temple, again offered incense, and performed the grand ritual of the three kneelings and the nine prostrations to the portrait of his dead father. At this time, the spectators all around suddenly stirred in excitement, then quickly quieted down once more. A squad of soldiers had brought out Second Tiger Hsing, his hands tied behind his back, and forced him to kneel before the opera stage.

"Second Tiger Hsing," declared Fang P'ei-lan from where he stood on the stage, "My father died in your hands without any cause or reason; you and I are enemies who cannot live under the same heaven. Today I'm going to kill you, and use your head and your heart to sacrifice to my father. You shouldn't feel any injustice!"

No one heard what reply Second Tiger Hsing may have made. All they saw was two fellows wearing black stepping forward; one seized Second Tiger Hsing's queue and pulled his neck straight; the other lifted his sword, gave a rapid chop, and the head fell. A wooden tray was handed down from the stage, and the head was placed in it. The executioners turned Second Tiger Hsing's corpse over, opened the chest, and took out the heart, which was put into another wooden tray. Both trays were passed up and placed in the innermost part of the sacrificial altar. Just then, fire-crackers sounded all around and the paper funerary articles were lit, causing a blaze of red to flare up in an instant.

閩閩納客

閩文士鶴來富北湖
 歷行多長涉啟入者
 一覽此州風景天料湖
 去海於岸北必欲馳逐
 境內亦快聚來有言甚險
 而鶴來富云不謂入門為地竟道人所宜
 再誌往者不惟游歷一故其是是甚佳廣話
 文書蹟跡有深夜閩門私相話約之修鶴來
 一景願者知以景錄當不有故編書中
 後因張香帥批詞嚴厲主官懼懼仍原前
 一無人敢睡時派兵由華湖門迎入至橋者
 一財款後始行復進至城城日鶴來富始
 慨而云云云閩門之奇惟恐有轉洋如也者
 若其機也仍不為也甚否則吾不知該
 一官將不何家實也其曰湖人之身洋
 能編能去之餘年未河撤社不
 嚴短官願亦付一無可如何錄
 不何仍不地地之官和武
 如排故有此機也



Opening the gates to a foreigner
 by FU CHIEH.

During the late Ch'ing dynasty the pioneer newspaper Shen Pao (申報) and its supplement the Tien-shih Chai Pictorial (點石齋畫報) attracted much popular attention with their reportage of national events and contemporary social life. Founded in 1884, in the reign of the Emperor Kuang-hsu, the Tien-shih Chai Pictorial was China's first lithographic magazine. Under the supervision of the well-known artist Wu Yu-ju (吳友如), it carried a total of over four thousand pictures, each of which reported a current news item. The journalistic and artistic merits of these illustrations are clearly seen in the selections reprinted here from Selected News Pictures from the Tien-shih Chai Pictorial, Chinese Classical Art Press, Peking, 1958.