

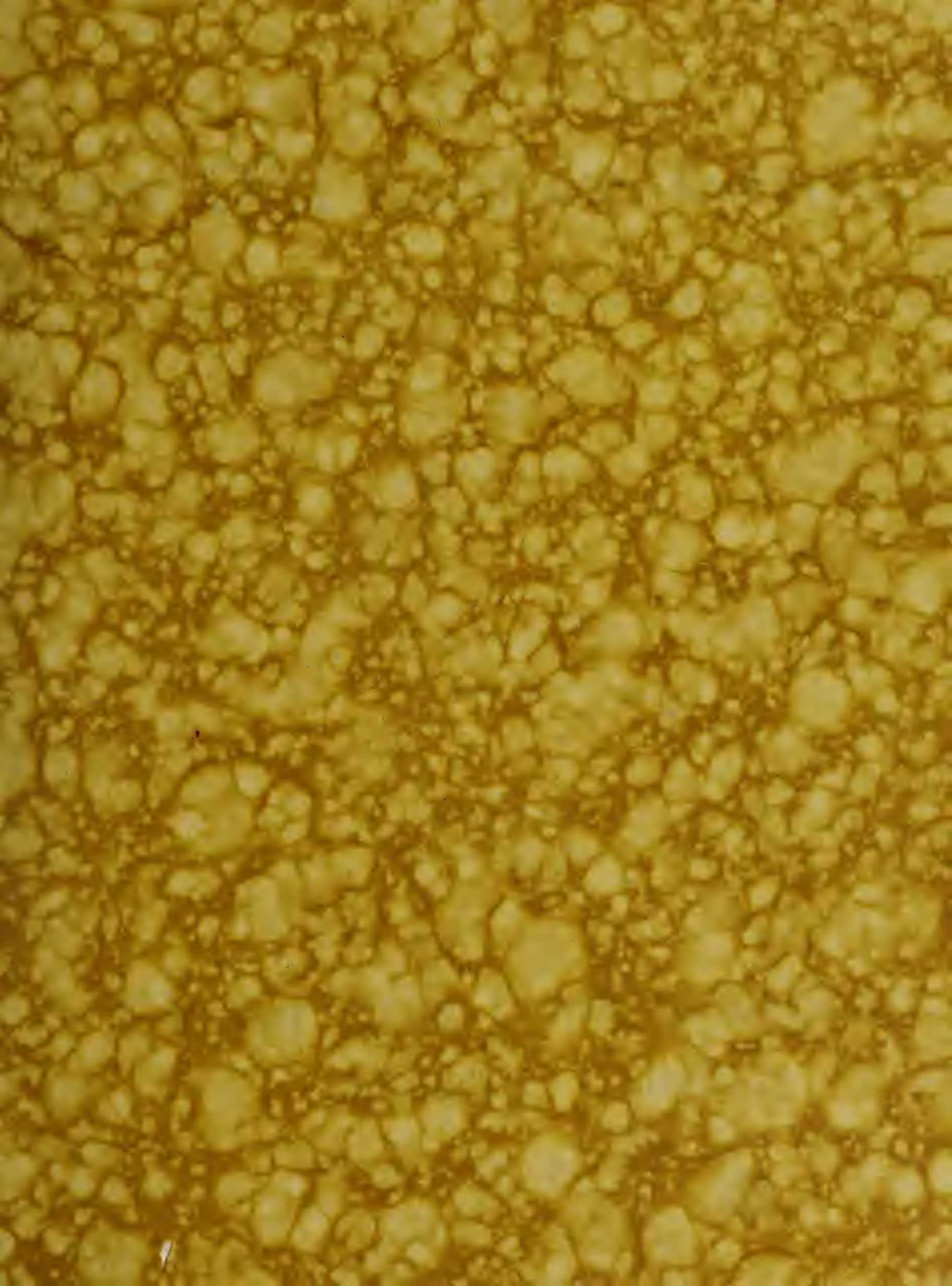
拙政園圖

An Old
Chinese Garden

Kate Kerby



C-595.17 IV 1910





An Old Chinese Garden

A Three-fold Masterpiece of Poetry, Calligraphy and Painting

by

Wen Chên Ming

Famous Landscape Artist of the Ming Dynasty

Studies Written by

Kate Kerby

Translations by

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Chung Hwa Book Company
Shanghai, China

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To My Son
PHILIP KERBY
The Source of All My Happiness
and Inspiration.

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

"A garden is a lovesome spot, God wot."

'Tis is but a little step across imagination's rainbow bridge to the garden of the heart's desire. Amid old world surroundings exhaling the perfume of contentment, one may linger safe from the swirling eddies and foam-flecked whirlpools of the river of life beyond.

Here the grains of sand flow slowly in the glass of the hours, the songs of the birds are sweeter, the leafy bowers vie with one another for the weary traveller's caress. The nights, like the days, pass regretfully, each tarrying o'er long, each striving to surpass the other in beauty and majesty. If one keep untiring vigil—so I'm told—he may hear at the first roseate blush of dawn, the faint celestial carols of the morning stars chanting a magnificat to their maker.

In far Cathay, when the great Middle Empires were ruled in justice with the pomp and splendor of the Mings—there was such a garden. Came the poets, painters, philosophers and statesmen to quaff the nectar of refreshment in devout communion with Mother Earth, to hold converse with the mighty minds of the past, and to interpret the age-old philosophies for the guidance of countless millions of their fellow men.

It was the golden age of art and literature, of "politeness of the heart" and modesty of "surpassing virtue". The "*Preux Chevalier*" set the fashion in self depreciation. Kind deeds were performed without hope of earthly reward, and quests into the misty kingdom of the mind brought forth chalices o'erflowing with the golden honey of ennobling thoughts. In this golden age lived a self styled "unsuccessful politician", one Wong Whei Yui, who revelled in the homely joys of a pastoral existence. After unceasing toil and countless labors he built him a lovely garden in the great walled city of Soochow, whither he repaired to seek solace from early disappointments, and tranquilly watch the world ride past.

It was the garden of his heart's desire.

A miniature fairyland of leafy walks and moss grown banks, crystal clear pools fed by bubbling springs and laughing rivulets set in a frame of green trees bearing exotic and luscious fruits. In the spring the kiss of the soft south wind scattered the myriad blossoms hither and yon until the sun-splashed air was a shimmering mass of misty pink fragrance.

Many of the owner's friends partook of the garden's delights but it remained unheralded and unsung until Wên Chên -Ming the foremost landscape artist of the Ming dynasty immortalized its beauties on the silken scroll. Free from prying eyes these scrolls have lain hidden in the ancestral vaults of a wealthy patron of the arts whose home is not far from the garden, still a favourite haunt of the tourist. An appeal to his sense of justice and generosity resulted in permission to publish reproductions, so that others might bathe in their reflected glories. Even in the heart of China present day progress is making a beginning, ousting the devils of malice and jealousy.

"A picture is a voiceless poem"! How frequently has the beholder of a masterpiece sought vainly to discover the libido of inspiration that begot the finished work of art. To facilitate appreciation of his artistic achievements Wên Chên -Ming wrote a complementary poem with each picture describing his emotions, thoughts and fears as he depicted some charming bower or sun-flecked pool.

So, after the lapse of several centuries we are enabled to live again at the artist's side and suffer or rejoice with him. In rendering these poems into English occasional liberties have been taken in order to preserve the continuity of thought.

Incorporated in many of the poems are little trenchant homilies on life as applicable today as when they were written several hundred years ago. An amused chuckle or wry smile escapes the reader, as a pointed barb neatly pricks a foible of society.

If you are shackled to the moil and toil of a work-a-day world devoid of sentiment and appreciation, let your spirit soar to that mystical garden of dreams, finding surcease from petty troubles in contemplation of the placid glories of a civilization forty centuries old. Journey to the land where mighty cities dotted fertile plains while the were-wolf ranged unchecked across the barren steppes of Nothern Europe, and while in the great waste plains of the Western Hemisphere the red man danced to the throbbing of the war drums.

P. K.

TITLE PAGE WRITTEN BY CHIEN YONG

Date: 1833 A.D.

TRANSLATION:

(Familiar titles Wên Chên-Ming and Wen Tai Tsao)

“(WEN) HENG SHAN’S THREE-FOLD MASTERPIECE

Written by Chien Yong on the twenty-third day
of the eighth Moon in the thirteenth year of the
reign of Tao Kwang.”

衡山先生三絕冊

道光二十二年秋月三日蘇華侯錢泳書



A TITLE PAGE WRITTEN BY YUI CHO YUEN

Date: 1891 A.D.

TRANSLATION:

“WEN TAI TSAO'S”

TSEH TSEN YUEN PICTURES.

This album shows (Wen) Heng Shan at his best in all three of the arts of painting, poetry and calligraphy. Perhaps no one has ever written a title-page for the collection, so I venture to write these calligraphs. My hand, however, has no dexterity, and these are like dirt placed on the head of a Buddha. I am really ashamed of myself.

Written by Yui Cho Yuen in the third Moon of the seventeenth year of Kwang Shu.”

文 齋 詩 政 圖

衡山先生此圖畫詩書三絕自來未有
題其端者余不自揣率尔題此忠腕
不靈佛頭見職慙愧

光緒辛卯三月由園上雨



A RUSTIC VILLA

SHIH SHU TONG

A RUSTIC VILLA

*O'er the wilds and through the woods you needn't roam to awaken your soul,
For thought may yet fly afar from even a kitchen-garden hard by.
Here I see water flowing beneath a broken bridge, and Spring's verdant grass;
A hibiscus hedge, a thatched hut, and cocks crowing in the noon.
'Tis a habitation, but horse and carriage do not hither repair;
Yet here lie these hills and groves, even in the midst of a bustling city.
I endeavor to do justice to this venerable home of hermits of yore;
So with books in hand I give instructions to the plough-boy.*

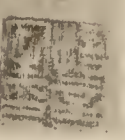
THIS picture shows a group of simple buildings with fruit trees in blossom and pines near; a high ornamental wall in the background. The quiet peaceful atmosphere, with the trill of the wild bird echoing through the shady groves, the rippling brook, and restful fragrant bowers, of this home, gives the impression of being far away from the noise and bustle of city life; but it is really situated in the Tseh Tsen Garden within the crowded city of Soochow.

It was originally the home of a famous scholar Loh Lu Vong who lived in the T'ang Dynasty, at least five hundred years before the pictures were painted. Loh Lu Vong, better known as Loh Kwei Mong, styled himself "Rambler", and "Follower of Heaven"; delightful titles revealing the trend of his inner or spirit life. His philosophical works, mostly commentaries on the teachings of Confucius, are widely read.

His friend Pee Shih Mei, familiar title Pee Shih Shou, native of Siang Yang, came to live with him later. He also was a great scholar and philosopher. He was fond of the wine cup and called himself "The Drunkard Scholar." Of this tranquil home he once said, "Though Loh Kwei Mong lives within the limits of a bustling city his house is surrounded with the true rustic atmosphere of a village." Hence the name.

The grouping of the trees in the left background with one tall pine extending beneficent arms over the others is very pleasing. The light and dark inks used in the various kinds of foliage are laid on with rare intelligence; the work is like a fine etching.

In the central foreground a figure advances leisurely toward the open gate in a low bamboo fence. He is followed closely by the plough boy with long handled spade or hoe, with which he is to break up the ground and prepare it for the sowing and planting.



若墅堂在拙政園之中園為
唐陸魯望故宅雖在城市而
有山林深寂之趣昔皮齋美
嘗稱魯望所居不出郭郭曠
若郊墅故以為名
會心何必在郊坳近圃分明見
遠情流水斷橋春草色槿籬茆
屋午鷄聲絕憐人境無車馬信
有山林在市城不負昔賢高隱
地手携書卷課畊童



DREAMY TOWER

MONG ING LOU.

DREAMY TOWER

*'Midst dream-like groves and springs passing fair,
Rises a tall tower into which I mean to retire.
This is the ancient site of Loh Lu Vong's home;
The three paths struck by him are still traceable.
I forget all about careers and fame when I lay my head on the pillows;
With a glass of wine the days and months pass away unnoticed.
I suddenly turn back and wonder where the Capital is!
Leaning on the railings, I view the sunset on the grassy mounds.*

THIS tower that borders on the Siao Tsong Long Pond is adjacent to the Rustic Villa on the south. It seems to have been a favorite spot with the owner: "The tower into which I mean to retire!". From here may be seen the mountains outside the Tsong Mung, (City Gate) rising steep and rugged. They make for variety and add a new note to the other views of this famous old garden, the haunt of many old time Chinese philosophers whose association has made every nook and corner historically interesting.

The tower and other small buildings clustered around it in the center of the picture occupy what was the ancient site of the homes of Tai Yong and Loh Lu Vong, their well-worn paths being still traceable. Around the tower at the second story runs a balcony from which the owner loved to watch the sunsets on the grassy mounds, and dream the time away.

An arm of the Siao Tsong Long Pond creeps up almost to the foot of the tower and sweeps around a group of trees in the foreground, their branches reaching out over the water.

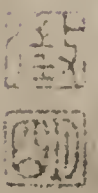
The artist shows a keen sense of values in the point of view chosen from which to present his picture. In this he gives prominence to the mountains, which are solid and firmly painted, as a strong contrast to the tender poetic flowers and softness of the other scenes.



惟素画
印

夢隱樓在滄浪池之上南
直若野堂其高可望部外
諸山君嘗乞靈於九鯉湖
夢隱隱字及得此地為戴
顛陸魯望故宅因築樓以
識

林泉入夢意茫茫
旋起高樓
擬退藏魯望五湖原有宅淵
明三徑未全荒
杭中已悟功
名勾壺裡誰知日月長
回首
帝京何處是倚欄惟見暮山蒼



THE BOWER OF FRAGRANCE

VAN SHAN WU.
THE BOWER OF FRAGRANCE.

*Beside the thatched house are many a choice flower,
The purple and the red, all arranged in well blended rows.
The Spirit of Spring brightens up everything in sight,
The fresh air and the fragrance of a hundred flowers
Pervade all through my dress and sleeves, and fill me with love;
I even forget that the dew drops have made my dress wet.
Oh, the inspiration that lifts me above this bustling crowd!
Silently I watch the busy bees flying to and fro.*

IN front of Shih Hsu Tong is the Bower of Fragrance. The two low seats suggest a cosy tête à tête soon to begin, for the boy is already bringing the tea. He advances softly, almost on tiptoe, in keeping with the ethereal surroundings, but yet with speed; the idea of movement being faithfully portrayed.

Over the thatched bower in the right foreground droop boughs of blossom-laden trees, their gnarled and rugged trunks rising from a mass of flowers; the gorgeous peony, the cinnamon, the violet and other old fashioned fragrant blooms.

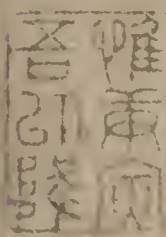
A trim fence, almost modern in its stiff lines at the left seems to shut off this corner from the rest of the garden, and gives a sense of seclusion, which is felt too in the whole picture.

The entire composition shows the tenderest and most appreciative handling.



蘇香塢在名豎堂之前雜
植牡丹芍藥丹桂海棠
紫瓊諸花孟宗猷詩云
從書小菜塢香塢

雜植名花傍草堂紫瓊丹
輕澆成行春光燥煬子機
稱淋氣薰薰百和香自爰
芳菲滿袖石齋風露濕
初卷高情二在蘇每故靜
看游海書上六粒



THE BOWER ADJOINING THE ROCK

YI YU SHI

THE BOWER ADJOINING THE ROCK

*Beside the bower is the verdure of a thousand bamboos,
And a moss-grown rock hewn from the renowned Kung Shan.
If you go up to the owner's hall to take a survey,
You'll find the breath of Spring everywhere.*

IN THIS picture, the bower in the right foreground with two sturdy pines spreading protecting arms above it, first claims our attention. Opposite is a grove of beautiful bamboos full of fresh new life. Then we search for "the rock." This is simply a small piece of perforated upstanding rock arranged in a low box with flowers and small plants, and perhaps gold fish swimming in and out of the crevices. The famous mountain Kung Shan, however, furnished this slab of a beautiful and precious species of rock which is much used in decorative garden schemes in China.

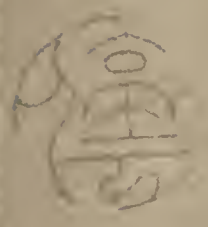
It is spring, a soft breeze flutters the light grey green leaves of the feathery bamboos; the young grass springs to the call of the sunshine, and the breath of tender growing things fills the air. A solitary figure, serene and contemplative, is standing on the open terrace calmly enjoying the freshness of the spring.

In the left foreground some low round rocks with early flowers peeping from every corner where the least bit of soil gives them root, show careful shading. The trees near the bower (as all others by this artist) invite further study. These grow from rocky soil, smooth straight trunks until they reach the height of the bower when they branch out into the most weird fantastic forms. Some trees in this collection of pictures impel a sense of beneficent protection; others of grotesque mischief! But all are interesting.



Red seal impression, likely a collector's or artist's mark.

春	如	更	倚			
風	到	割	楹	面	堂	倚
弱	王	嶼	碧	有	後	玉
目	家	山	玉	窠	偏	軒
提	堂	片	萬	山	多	在
琳	上	玉	竿	石	羨	若
瑯	寂	蒼	長		竹	翳



THE LITTLE FLYING RAINBOW BRIDGE

SIAO FEE HUNG
THE LITTLE FLYING RAINBOW BRIDGE.

*Like a rainbow arch spans the bridge across the stream,
And the sunset sky casts inverted shadows on the rippling water.
In the midst of this turmoil, when the whole country is enwrapped in confusion,
Why hast thou, Green Dragon,* suddenly soared into the sky?
I know that thou art using only a part of thy power to save,
That thou span'st the cold water that people may pass.
Thy red railings are reflected on the green ripples below;
And in the distance looms the glimmering outline of the towers.
I come as if I were tramping on the back of the Golden turtle,†
Oh, could I but cast aside this dusty world and follow in the wake of Jin Kao.‡
Bright is the moon, and oh, how far-reaching is the sky!
I take hold of a lotus stalk, and gaze into the autumnal water.*

IN this scene perhaps the first thing that impresses us is the poise of the figure,—brushed in with few strokes.—on the bridge, or the graceful arch of the bridge itself in the central foreground. To study the subject in detail the eye travels slowly from the growth of bamboos in the right foreground up past two trees of contrasting types to the well drawn simple little house across the stream. Following along the river to the left, a wealth of blossoming wind-driven trees lose themselves in the misty distance.

The opposite bank in the left foreground is crowned by more large trees with fantastic limbs which almost conceal the storied house; the points and gables and part of a balcony that runs around at the second story alone being visible. Near here is a stone abutment supporting the wide terrace that leads to the house, and from which springs the near end of the bridge.

It is a balmy evening in spring, there is a softness, a vagueness about everything; we almost catch a whiff of the perfume of the blossoms filling the still, moist air, or hear the gentle murmur of the ripples below the bridge.

But the poet finds much more in the picture. He shows us the Green Dragon with glistening scales writhing his benign way across the waters of strife which he comes to calm!

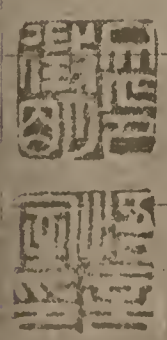
* According to the Chinese legend, peace is at hand when the dragon makes its appearance.

† The Golden Turtle, in Chinese mythology, is represented, like Atlas, as carrying the weight of the earth on its back.

‡ In Chinese mythology, a skilled musician at the lyre. He once went into the Tsoh Hsui River to catch the young of dragons, telling his pupils at his departure that he would be back on a certain day. On the appointed date, a tremendous crowd including his pupils, gathered on the bank in anxious expectation, and as promised he appeared from the water, riding on the back of a fish. He stayed with the people for nearly a month and then disappeared.



里	從	我	光	川	事	翻	此		
手	琴	來	炯	才	青	晴	蜺	豎	小
把	高	行	搖	橫	龍	波	連	堂	飛
芙	月	拂	碧	絕	忽	江	蟠	北	虹
蕖	明	踏	落	寒	騰	山	飲	橫	在
照	悠	金	傑	流	翥	沉	洪	絕	夢
秋	、	黿	閣	引	知	、	河	滄	隱
水	天	願	參	飛	君	時	落	浪	樓
	在	揮	差	渡	小	未	日	池	之
	水	塵	層	朱	試	零	倒	中	前
	萬	世	霧	欄	濟	何	影		若



THE LOTUS COVE

FU YONG WHEI

THE LOTUS COVE

*On a shady bank in the latter part of autumn my thoughts were few;
After the rain the lotus flowers, white and pink, appear more fresh;
When I watch how they shoot up from the pond, I begin to compose a good new verse,
When I notice them standing in the pond, I begin to regret that no beautiful lady
is near.*

DOWN in the south-western part of the garden is this lovely spot, still visited today by tourists, and though changed is quite as alluring as when the painter with tender brush depicted it.

The season is late autumn, when nature sweeps over forest and grove with warm splashes of color, soon turning to brown, for winter's frosts follow close behind. Many of the summer flowers are dead, and other gay but pathetic blossoms shiver as a chilly gust sweeps past singing the "Swan Song" of departing summer.

Not so the lotus; this is her day, which the artist well knows. He has cunningly waited until all the other glories of light and color are gone, so that this, the Queen of the Lillies, may have no rival to detract from her charms.

A breeze startles the surface of the water; little circles creep in and out of the still places. With stronger sweep it eddies and swirls against the frail grasses edging the bank of the pond. It bends the lotus stalks till the pink and white blossoms touch the water and spring back in graceful curves. We look for the Fairy Goddess with gifts of grace and kindness to appear suddenly in the cup of the flower! The poet too, longs for a companion to help him absorb the pleasures of the scene.

The wide leaves floating on the water are delicately veined. Tall coarse flowers fill the background at the left. The movement of the water, where it is carried off by a narrow stream to the right, is well achieved.



芙蓉隈在坤隅

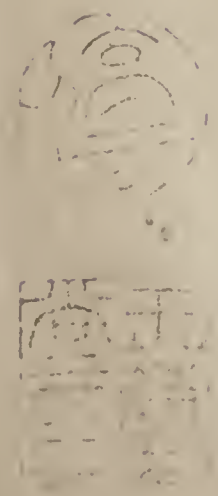
臨水

林塘秋晚思寥寥

雨浥紅蕖淡玉標

出水最憐新句好

涉江無奈美人遙



THE SIAO TSONG LONG POND

THE SIAO TSONG LONG POND

*On the bank of the Siao Tsong Long Pond is built a small bower,
With green water surrounding its balustrades.
There still linger the breeze and the moon to cheer the fishermen,
And the country boys singing "Wash your hat-fringes here."
In these rivers and lakes I mean to lodge my interest,
Though after the lapse of ages the fish and the birds' know little about the past.
The poets Soo Sung Ching and Doo Ling both died long, long ago,
And there remains none with whom I can vie in excellency as a hermit.*

IN THE Tseh Tsen Garden there is a pond extending over several mow (Chinese acres) which is very similar to the Tsong Long Pond made immortal in Su Tse Mei's verses. This fact, and a curious similarity in the experiences of Su Tse Mei and the owner of this garden, resulted in the choice of a name closely resembling the older one.

A small bower is built in the pond; it has a quaint overhanging roof and a waist high balustrade extending all round. Inside the bower are three seated figures leisurely enjoying the entrancing beauty of the moonlight and soft air of the evening on which is wafted the songs of some country boys coming round a bend, but not shown in the picture.

The water is clear as crystal; a little rocky islet rises out of the center. In the right foreground is a group of trees, willows among them, and through this grove runs a little inlet spanned by a tiny foot bridge. The irregular shore line is little more than suggested, and arouses interest in the next view. It is an evening scene skilfully rendered.



晴窗
墨戲

園有積水橫亘數畝類蘇
子美滄浪池因築亭其中
曰小滄浪昔子美自汴都
徙吳君亦還自北都蹤蹟
相似故襲其名

偶倚滄浪構小亭依然綠水
遠虛楹豈無風月供乘釣亦
有兒童唱濯纓滿地江湖聊
寄興百年魚鳥已忘情舜欽
已矣杜陵遠一段幽蹤誰與
爭



THE PLACE OF CLEAR MEDITATION

TSE TSING TSU

THE PLACE OF CLEAR MEDITATION

*I love the clear water of this cove,
I often come to hold communion with the bamboos.
I look into the water and see my own beard and eyebrows.
I take off my shoes and wash my feet there.
The sunset passes away from the banks,
Leaving in the water inverted shadows of the bamboos.
The gentle breeze blowing all the time;
The azure sky is full of little sprays of water!*

WHEN you come near deep water your thoughts are clear, runs an old Chinese proverb, hence the name of this picture. The pond is placid, deep and copious, a miniature lake, and lies to the south and a little west of the Siao Tsong Long Bcwer.

In the left foreground a figure lost in happy reverie, is seated on a flat rock in the shelter of a large tree. Bamboos stretch along the bank and further on to the right occasional young plants and stiff grasses are faintly seen in the distance. The interest of the beholder centers in this calm philosopher who comes here away from the turmoil of the world to find brief respite from his official cares and problems. This seems a favorite theme of the artist; most of his subjects are represented in this calm reflective mood and from them we understand something of the poise of the Chinese scholar. The treatment of the bamboos in this sketch is quite different to that in the others, evincing a versatility rarely seen and very pleasing.



五
十
五
日
印

志清處在滄浪亭之南
稍西背負脩竹有后磴
下睥乎池淵澗澗儼
如湖滋叢訓云臨澗使
人走清
霸此因池清時來弄寒玉
俯窺鑑須眉脫屣濯雙足
落日下迴塘倒影寫脩竹
澈風一臥搖青天散靈漾



THE WILLOW COVE

LIU AU
THE WILLOW COVE

*In mid-spring the tall willows form a sort of green cloud,
Their soft slender branches waving close to the surface of the water.
The Oriole, instead of migrating to Chang Ang
Keeps on singing among its green leaves*

IN THIS picture the artist takes us to another corner. This is the south end of the Sze Hwa Pond, still another miniature lake that made this garden the most attractive show place of the city of Soochow, "The Beautiful."

The curving line of the shore is very graceful; reaching quite across the middle distance, and winding around to the left, it outlines a small stream that is presently lost to view.

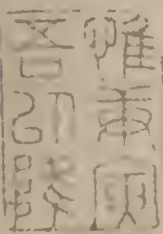
The softness of the willows suggests to the poet a filmy green cloud, which is indeed the effect young willows produce in spring-time; at a little distance they seem to veil the view in a fleecy shimmering green light. We must look closely at the delicate brushwork used to gain this ethereal softness. Countless fine strokes of a curving brush were necessary in the finishing of these tender waving boughs. The grouping too is charming and well balanced. The nearer group with drooping tendrils almost sweeping the water that fills the foreground is delightful; further away a mist envelops the distance with a feeling of spring.

Two straight trees rising from a tiny rocky islet in the left foreground completes one of the most interesting pictures of the group.



柳隩在水花池
南

春深高柳翠烟连
风约柔条拂水衙
不向长安管籥别
绿阴都付晚莺啼



THE ELEVATION FOR REMOTE THOUGHT

I YUEN TAI

THE ELEVATION FOR REMOTE THOUGHT

*When I ascend an elevation of a thousand li
My thoughts and eyes are filled with freshness.
The leaves are falling, and autumn is far advanced;
And yonder across the shore the sky is exceeding bright.
The white clouds glide over the water;
The hill lies all about under the setting sun.*

THIS view is to the north of the Siao Tsong Long Bower. It shows a huge rock jutting out of the water and rising to a considerable height. Strong and smooth, it has for many ages been a favorite observation tower for the scholar. The proverb, "When you ascend an elevation your thoughts travel far away," explains the title.

The lone figure out on the point comes here for inspiration. His servant waits at a short distance behind him. Below and around is water, and across this is seen a distant strip of hilly ground.

Tall almost leafless trees spring from the shore, while down below in the central foreground another figure is about to cross a narrow foot bridge. The setting sun suffuses the scene with a mellow light that softens all the sharp outlines. The solid quality of the huge rock is eminently convincing. The atmosphere of the entire composition reveals rare judgment and vast experience.



Seal impression, likely a collector's or artist's mark.

臺在滄海

司高可支

義訓云登高使

入臺

聞登臺里臺曠然

然心目清木濶

夏遠去江而際來

白雲度水谷日莫

山如橫



THE FISHING ROCK

TIAO CHI

THE FISHING ROCK

*The white rock is clean and dustless;
It lies flat on the verge of the water.
I sit there to watch the line move,
And enjoy the sight of swaying bamboos,
My thoughts travel far beyond the rivers and the lakes.
I forget everything and am as quiet as a wren.
You must know that the one who now casts the line
Is not a true lover of fishing!*

THIS charming sketch appeals first to one's sense of humor, for we see at once, without the aid of the poem, that the figure supposed to be fishing has not the slightest interest in the sport. Whether the fish bite or not is of no consequence to him. He appears serene and happy but absorbed in something far away, or, perhaps, in the gentle beauty of the scene around him. Perchance he indites a poem to the passing cloud or an ode to the clever fish that escapes the doom planned for him.

It is lush summer. The full leaved trees under which he is sitting offer a rare study quite apart from the intended theme. Seldom has this artist, who loves and understands the life and spirit of trees as few painters do, given us a more delightful group. Each twig and branch, each curious knot or twisted limb has been a labor of love, and from the fine shading we rather long for the soft color of the original. Through even the heaviest foliage we are given glimpses of the erratic course of the boughs and branches due to the hidden forces of sun and wind.

On the point opposite to where the fisherman sits and dreams is a clump of waving bamboos; others seem to rise from the water in the distance. This very simple study is effective and satisfying.



石湖山房
丁巳仲夏
畫

約以石在烹遠臺

六

白石淨無塵平臨

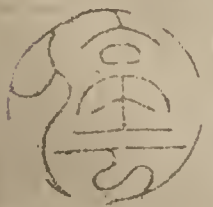
野水津生看絲鼻

象靜愛玉款得

意江湖遠忘機路

跨剛須知縮縮者

石是美魚人



SPLASHY POND

SZE HWA Z

SPLASHY POND

In this square pond are many floating leaves

Scattered round the feet of the queenly lotus.

Who is singing of these round leaves?

Who is filled with melancholy thoughts?

Spotless and clean, like fairies in beauty;

Their color is even lighter than the autumn.

At the sight of this picturesque scene along the bank,

I only regret that I have not a boat to carry me thither.

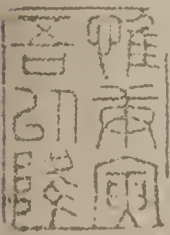
HERE the painter gives us a charming study of a spot in the north-western part of the garden. He calls it a square pond but we are only shown one end with sharp irregular points of land reaching out to the bed of pink and white lotus blossoms in the right foreground. A charming little bower, with one corner resting on a bit of the rocky shore and the rest over-hanging the water, is part of this entrancing view. Blossoming shrubs suggest a quiet shady nook, and we wonder, with the poet, how one could be sad in such happy surroundings!

A seated figure at the entrance claims our attention. He seems lost in contemplation of the beauty of the flowers, and wishes for a small boat in order to obtain a closer view. This is just a simple peaceful autumn scene rendered with much skill.



100115

水華池在西北
偶中有紅白蓮
方池涵碧落菡萏
在中洲誰唱田
葉還生渺々愁
安淨如拭壑色
於秋一片橫塘
何嘗棹小舟



THE CLEAN RETREATED BOWER.

ZING SUNG TING
THE CLEAN RETREATED BOWER

*There's a verdant cloud of ten thousand lotus stalks,
There's a shower of a thousand bamboos green.
Quiet and secluded, 'tis an ideal summer retreat;
The rustling of leaves transforms the weather into autumn.
There's no noise nor din of horse and carriage,
For 'tis the home of a plain and simple country man.
When I awake from my sleep, the tea is already made
With the steam rising temptingly into the air.*

THIS is the most decorative of all the views of this lovely garden. The artist has filled it with an atmosphere of calm satisfaction and enjoyment. The queenly lotus rises majestically from the water in the central foreground. Bordering the pond soft grasses wave graceful fringes in the summer air.

In the background is the bower, showing two seated figures under a thatched roof, evidently engaged in animated conversation. The one facing the beholder has thrown open his warm robe which grows oppressive during the discussion.

This secluded retreat facing the Sze Hwa Pond is surrounded by close growing groups of tall bamboos, each painted with firm sure stroke. Some small irregular rocks are seen at the left and lend variety to this dainty sketch, while the poem fills the picture with the spirit of the painter.



深淨亭面水華池
修竹環匝境極幽
深郭杜詩云
綠陰^有荷萬柄翠雨竹
千頭清景堪消夏涼
絳粉占秋不聞車馬
迥時有野人白晝起
於團熟青烟一縷浮



THE BOWER FOR AWAITING THE FROST

TAI SONG TING

THE BOWER FOR AWAITING THE FROST

*By the side of the bower are some beautiful trees,
Their boughs laden with yellow fruit
Fit for a tribute to the Emperor a thousand li away.
The best season in the year is when frost comes;
It is sung by Chu Yuen and Chia Ni,
And by Wei Ing Fu in his old age.
These are the favorites of the owner, and need special care,
For like Wong Yue Chuan, he knows what joys they impart.*

IN THE south-western part of the garden is a small grove of choice orange trees. It is late autumn and the fruit hangs ripe and golden on the boughs, but may not be gathered until the first frost has gently touched them. They then hold a luscious sweetness that the merely ripe ones do not possess. These oranges are to be a special gift to a beloved Emperor at a great distance and must not be picked one moment too soon. One lone figure in the bower calmly waits, hour by hour, or day by day, until a sharpness in the air denotes the approach of frost.

He is carefully muffled from the cold, with hands well covered by the long thick sleeves of his robe, and sitting curled up on a double mat is probably quite comfortable; there are curtains to draw if necessary.

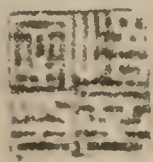
At a little distance under a tree stands his servant. He is just a small page boy, still in his teens, as shown by the curious arrangement of his hair in two points. He looks cold and shivering, and gazes eagerly toward his master for a sign that the propitious moment has arrived.

The scene is bleak and chilly. One bare gaunt tree behind the arbor stretches wild arms toward the sky as a greeting to the snow clouds that cannot be far away. We are forcibly impressed by the patience and calmness of the owner, in watching these, his favorite trees himself, but the practice was popular among Chinese scholars for we find that several poets, among them Chu Yuen, Chia Ni, and Wei Ing Fu, wrote verses on the custom.



石
山
隱
士
印

待霜亭在坤隅，傷植柑橘。
數本韋應物詩云：洞庭須
待滿，林霜而右。軍黃柑帖。
亦云：霜未降，未可多得。
倚亭嘉樹玉離離，照眼黃金
子滿枝。千里勤王芑，貢後一
年好景。雨霜時向來，屈傅曾
留誦頌。頌老去，韋郎更有詩。
珍重主人偏賞識，風情原許右
軍知。



PLACE OF SMILES

YI YEN TSU
PLACE OF SMILES

*The slanting rays of the sun descend upon the tall trees;
Idly I stand, watching the daylight's slow departure.
Far away is the Emperor from this place;
So in the dusk I enjoy myself as best I can.
Black still are my youthful hairs;
I must not wait for the autumnal winds to change them to gray.*

THE faint disc of the late afternoon sun is just discernible far to the left in the background of this picture. Below is a group of rocks, and nearby four tall bare trees which stand up boldly to meet the approaching winds of autumn.

A narrow footbridge crossing the water in the foreground connects with the mainland at the right, a charming combination of trees, rocks and water with several open bowers artistically arranged beneath the trees on the lawn. As a simple bit of landscape painting this composition is entirely satisfying; it gives a sense of quiet restful charm; here one finds inspiration for lofty ideals. The artist has brushed in softly the remaining foliage. Against the sloping bank the swish of little waves is heard in tender cadence.

The note of sadness at being so far from the Emperor brings out very clearly the loyalty of these older Chinese scholars to the old patriarchal regime; their personal love and deep devotion to their ruler was unbounded.



Small square seal or stamp in the bottom left corner, containing illegible characters.

風歛 罇在 趾莫 白日 斜光 云 盼庭 怡顏
歛 在 莫 日 光 云 庭 顏
罇 在 莫 日 光 云 庭 顏
趾 莫 日 光 云 庭 顏
白日 遲 嫩 人 不可 瞻 此
斜光 下 高 木 瞻 此
云 盼 庭 柯 臥 怡 顏
怡 顏 處 取 陶 詞



THE PLACE FOR LISTENING TO THE SIGHING PINES

TING SUNG FENG TSU

THE PLACE FOR LISTENING TO THE SIGHING PINES

*Several sparce pines are above the cold spring,
The sound of the mountain breeze fills the solitary ear,
Over the empty dale sail the cool clouds
Casting shadows on the ground below.
There is no dust to insult eye;
But there's music to beguile the hours of a bright day;
Oh, that happy man who sits 'neath the pines,
How like the fairy, Tao Hung Ching, is he!*

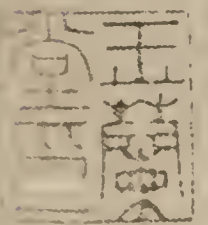
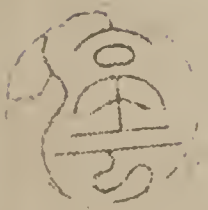
THE very spirit of the wind sweeps over this rugged mountain top. The pine trees bend to the gale as it sweeps past whistling in shrill notes through the swaying boughs, dying away in soft mournful cadence through the valley. Two wild bare arms of the forest trees reach out to clutch a near neighbor for safety. The pure air washes the cold branches and dies away lingeringly with a soft swishing sound.

The most interesting feature of the picture is the presence of the lone figure curled up under a tree with his back to the wind. He appears happy and absorbed in the music of the wind, unconscious of any discomfort he may be enduring. In the Chinese text we learn that he was impressed with the story of Tao Hung Ching, a scholar of the Nan Pei period, and was a follower of the doctrine he taught. This famous philosopher once served as Instructor to the Princes at the court of the Emperor Tsi Kao Ti (A.D. 479-483). He afterwards retired to mount Chu Cho and styled himself "The Hermit of Hwa Yang." He was a taoist, and made a special study of the arts of fasting and physical culture. These latter consisted in deep breathing and physical exercises, exactly as are being taught today. It was believed that by following these practices continuously one would gradually extend his fasts until he could live without food at all, and presently become all spirit, so light that he would at last fly up to heaven and escape death!

The theme of this sketch is of unusual interest and is depicted with great vigor. Only a famous artist could achieve so fine a piece of work, or arouse admiration in so slight a subject—a group of trees on a hill.



聽松風處在蕭瑟
樓北地多長松
踈松漱寒泉
清聽空谷度
然落雲影紅塵不到
眼白日相并永波美
枯問人何侶陶弘景



THE BIRD'S PARADISE

LAI JIN YO

THE BIRD'S PARADISE

*The cool shade of luxuriant summer boughs extends over ten mow of land,
When in this grove, the fruits are just beginning to ripen.
And when in a bamboo basket you distribute the fruits among your friends,
Do not forget to take with you the letter which conveys my hearty greetings.*

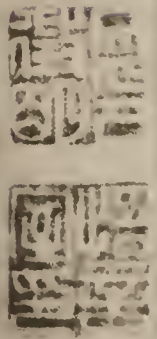
IN THIS mystical reproduction of a simple grove of low growing shrubs we find little at first glance to admire or to criticize, but the title is alluring and invites more intimate study. We find that this is really a very large orchard extending along the Siao Tsong Long pond from north to south, containing several hundred Pyrus trees (a kind of small apple). Through the summer these trees cast cool shadows over a wide distance and later furnish fruit for one's friends as well as the birds!

A tiny bower is seen in the foreground, a mere suggestion of a building almost hidden in the trees. To this the owner comes in the spring-time to enjoy the pink mistiness of the blossoms and their fragrance filling the air. Later he watches the mellow ripening of the fruit and the joyous fluttering of the beautiful birds that come to feast; the graceful white heron, the gleaming iridescent swallow, the gorgeous kingfisher and saucy magpie with many smaller birds that fly through the branches and sing through the happy summer.



山水
卷之五
五

小	孫	正	清			
憲	重	是	陰	數	南	來
親	錫	長	十	百	北	舍
搦	新	林	畝	本	雜	園
書	分	乘	夏		植	陰
事	贈	點	技		林	浪
書	文	初	疎		檉	池



THE ROSY WAY

MEI KWEI CHIA

THE ROSY WAY

*At the eastern corner of the wall I planted some beautiful roses
Which I brought here from thousands and thousands of li away.
At daybreak a slight shower sprinkled all over the grove,
And the fragrant perfume emanates from among the red petals.*

PASSING the Teh Tsung Ting we come suddenly upon this charming spot at the eastern corner of the garden near the wall. Roses entwine the trunks of some large trees in the centre of the picture and many others of choice variety fill the background. The owner who had brought these roses from a great distance and watched them with assiduous care is here shown among them in the misty light of early morning.

The ground is rocky and uneven, rising to a mound at the right of the picture; from its foot a tall gaunt bare tree rises to a considerable height, and another at the left towers over those in the centre. The full foliage of these as seen through the mist shows great skill in handling; few persons outside the art world realize how difficult it is to paint a composition seen through a misty atmosphere.

This bit of painting leaves much to the imagination, and perhaps a longing for a little more detail, yet all through it is a tender poetic study.



紉

斂

飛

名

玉

苛

穉

琴

琴

真

璵

林

東

蕞

亭

璵

澗

田

里

植

新

璵璠

香

曉

來

璵

璠

璵璠

澗

雨

植

璵

璠

THE PLUM SLOPE

TSUNG LI PAN
THE PLUM SLOPE


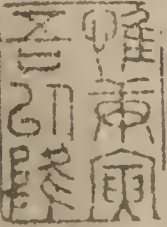
*The choicest plum trees are found only in the north,
So at great pains I have brought some over and planted them here.
I often can't help laughing at the story of one Wong Ni Feng,
Who raised the best plums that ever delighted human taste,
But, fearing that other gardeners might outwit him in the art,
Bored a hole into each plum-stone, to destroy it, once and forever.*

UNLIKE most of the other pictures of this group the artist here portrays a rugged hill rising abruptly from the left foreground. It is brushed in very firmly; a clear atmosphere reveals every point and hollow with refreshing vividness.

Its irregular slope with flowers and grasses springing from every little crevice along the sides is well shown. The plum trees extending all the way down seem to have been planted hap-hazard; a group near the top, another at the foot, with several in between. Careful delicate brushwork in the foliage distinguishes them from a grove of Chinese juniper trees to the right, where the leaves have been "massed in" by the "boneless" method popular in the Sung period, and is quite effective at this distance.

There is strength and dignity about the hill, and the composition as a whole is entirely pleasing.



鑽	王	勤	珍				
振	安	遠	李	好	高	真	珍
	豐	知	出	李	B	亭	李
	當	植	上	植	育	後	坂
	孝	卻	馨	其	燕	其	在
	苦	笑	辛	上	知	坤	得

THE BOWER OF NATURE

TEH TSUNG TING


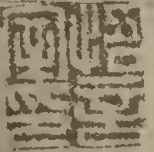
THE BOWER OF NATURE

*With my own hands I planted the juniper and made me a bower,
That, like the poet Tso Tai Tsoon, I may look Mother Nature in the face;
Though broken and unshapely, the trees are not fit to shade the Emperor's Court,
Yet all through the year they are as green and as fresh as ever.*

THIS rather bleak corner in the north-eastern part of the garden offers a surprise in being so unlike the other views. Planted here are four Chinese juniper trees. They have weird spiky boughs pointing downwards, and are set in the side of a hill at the right of the picture. A small house is visible through their tall trunks, built in firmly against the bluff. There is a small flower bed near by enclosed by a border of closely woven bamboo strips which supplies a cheerful note.

To the left two tall trees of a different species lend balance to the picture and all the middle distance stretches away bleak and bare. The pond wanders along the foreground in erratic windings. The outlines of the shore are sharp and clear and quite high above the water. The name of this view comes from a line in a poem by Tso Tai Tsoon, "Bamboos and junipers reveal the truth about Nature."



時	明	聊	手				
	堂	詠	植	真	冲	植	得
	用	左	蒼	之	招	四	真
	常	冲	官	語	隱	檜	亭
	得	詩	結	為	詩	結	在
	青	支	小	名	竹	亭	園
		離	茨		柏	取	之
	保	雖	得		得	左	良
	四	枉	真		其	太	隅

THE ROSY WALK

HSIANG WEE CHING

THE ROSY WALK

Strolling along the winding, secluded pathway

Are some country people, plucking the flowers as they go;

They complain not of the morning dew, that moistens their dress,

But rather enjoy the spring breeze, and the fragrance on their pattens.

THE Rosy Walk is a curious bit of the garden. An irregular piece of ground is enclosed by a low bamboo fence covered with climbing roses. Here the country people come and stroll about, picking the roses and enjoying their perfume. The Teh Tseng Ting described on a former page, is back of this neat well kept space, which is entered through a lodge gate under a tree in the left foreground.

To the right is a group of Chinese evergreen, juniper, and dryandra trees partly inside the rose hedge, and beyond is a large plantain growing in the side of the hill and shading an open bower of which we see only the roof. Here again we are charmed by the fine brushwork in the long leaves of the plantain by contrast to the finer foliage of the tree beside it, or the others still farther on.

The stiff conventional arrangement of the lovely rose trellis is a surprise, yet it is a popular form of landscape gardening in China.



Small square seal impression, likely a collector's or artist's mark.

蓄蓄徑在得真

亭前

窮寇通此一途長

聖人緣徑擷羣芳

不嫌朝露衣裳濕

自喜春風伎倆香



THE PEACH-TREE BANKS

TAO HWA PAN

THE PEACH-TREE BANKS

*I plant many a peach-tree on the bank of a pond;
In the warmth of spring they bloom in full beauty.
I often see the broken petals floating on the water,
And suspect some fairy must dwell there.
The gentle breeze ruffles the placid water,
And with the dawn comes the pink mist.
Why then should we crave to be in Fairy-land,
When in your own home you can see flowers all the year round?*

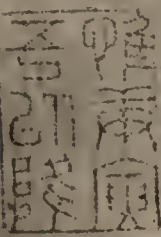
THIS delightful scene is a dream of fairy beauty, quite the daintiest of the entire group. It is a little to the east of the Siao Tsong Long Pond.

Several small buildings, one with a tower and a balcony are seen on a point of land in the right foreground. These are sheltered by a high bank crowned with blossoming plum trees which also cluster round the houses at its foot. To the left a narrow footbridge leads to a group of tall juniper trees that give balance to the composition. A lone figure sits on the bank in calm contemplative enjoyment of his surroundings. Some rocks in the foreground add strength and variety to the picture.

Across the pond in the middle distance is the Peach-tree Orchard. These trees in a long line, are painted with exquisite care. The fantastically shaped branches are seen through a misty atmosphere. The air is filled with a delicate fragrance when the spring breeze scatters the pink and white petals. Many, like fairy boats, float over the placid bosom of the pond. This view is full of poetic charm.



梅花洪在小澗
溪東折南夾
嶺植桃
花時望
紅霜
種桃臨野水
春煖樹
交花時
先流殘片
疑有隱家
激波吹
簫浪曉
色晴紅
霜何必
玄都觀
山中自
歲華



THE BAMBOO GROVE

SIANG CHUEN WU

THE BAMBOO GROVE

*On the hillock I plant many tall bamboos,
Which form themselves into a grove at its foot.
There even in midsummer you have autumn weather,
And, under the dense foliage, you won't know when it is noon.
In this grove there is one who, free of worldly cares,
With a lute and a goblet, is enjoying the sweetness of life.
When the wind blows he wakes up from intoxication,
And, sitting erect, he listens to the rustling of the leaves.*

THIS little bamboo grove among the rocks is to the south of the Peach-tree Banks, and north of the Hwai Yui Ting. It is a very quiet, secluded spot in a valley between two low lying hills with tall bamboos on all sides, an ideal place to which to retire, "just around the corner of the world!"

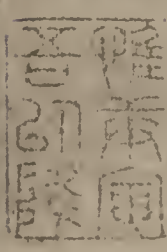
Other trees, the juniper, loquat, and rhododendron shrubs appear at the right. A pine taller than the rest stretches out long gaunt arms and pushes away the nearest ones that are encroaching on the grove of revered bamboos!

In the center of the picture is a figure who comes here "to enjoy the sweetness of life!" He is shown in an attitude of adoration, as if chanting a hymn of praise to the Universe; but among these uplifting influences of nature, he does not forget the temporal joys of the wine-cup and the lute.

This is not one of the most interesting of this collection; yet we return again and again to the study of the brushwork in the trees, and the rocks in the foreground. We find too, constant surprises, and grow to feel the lure of nature's attractions almost as keenly as the artist.



酒	人	深	成	種			
六	琴	不	均	竹	竹	之	湘
醒	樽	知	盛	連	連	南	蜀
坐	自	午	夏	牙	直	槐	塢
狂	空	中	已	罔	境	雨	在
清	與	有	驚	罔	特	寺	桃
沐	風	遺	枯	四	幽	北	花
雨	來	世	林	竹	迥	修	泣



THE LOCUST TENT

HWAI WO
THE LOCUST TENT

*Out on the lawn grows a locust of immense size
That casts an extensive shade like a verdant tent.
Awakening from my dream I see the black ants busy at boring holes,
And remember that in spring-time the green caterpillars will be spinning thread.*

IN THIS piece of work we feel sure the artist found great joy, for in this huge tree which bends itself into the shape of a dragon he shows us an intimate and well loved friend.

Its wide spreading branches like a large tent cast cool green shadows, also forming a shelter from storms of wind and rain. To the left is a sloping hill. A sanctuary and inspiration for scholars is found within the arc of cool shade and diffused light beneath the friendly branches at the base of the hill. The figure seated here with back to the beholder is clearly subordinated to the great tree.

This green dragon, symbol of peace, that the painter sees in the huge twisted trunk is brushed in with firmness and vigor. It is alive! See with what fierce tenacity its claws clutch the ground! What rugged strength in every line!

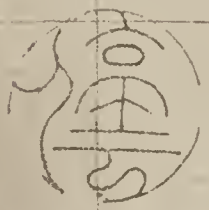
The foliage is rich and full, the heavy dark massing very effective, and on closer study we find that every leaf has been worked over twice at least, a faint light brush stroke, followed by a fine one with dark ink for all the outlines. From the crooked twigs in the topmost boughs to the curved roots, the perfection of detail is marvellous. Our attention is also drawn irresistibly to the curious windings of the branches, some in gently waving lines, others abruptly turning and twisting, suggestive to the artist, no doubt, of the work of the Civil Service Examinations which are held at this time.

Through all the skilful technique and characteristic handling by this finished artist, the *spirit* of the tree shines out forcibly! Here in China, as no where else, are trees endowed with spiritual life.

NOTE.—The locust is the symbol of the Eighth Moon when the civil service examinations were held. The spinning of thread is here used metaphorically to denote the scholars hard at work on their essays.



虫	玄	陰	庭			
對	儀	徑	種	如	岫	槐
吐	爭	亦	宮	翠	古	帷
絲	穿	翠	槐	較	槐	在
	穴	成	已	陰	一	枕
	春	帷	十	夜	株	雨
	長	旁	圍	數	蟠	亭
	書	田	密	多	屈	西



THE OWNER'S FAVORITE BOWER

HWAI YUI TING
THE OWNER'S FAVORITE BOWER

*Near the bower a locust tree towers' high above the wall;
The vapor from its green leaves moistens one's dress.
Scattered all around are flowers that scent the air,
And here a cool shade that will be a permanent blessing.
'Tis the Eighth Moon when the civil service examinations remind me of bygone days,
When my son has a chance of competing for high public office;
For now I am advanced in age and dream no more,
I'd rather enjoy a quiet evening on a sofa 'neath the shade.*

THIS charming bower with the seated figure is unlike most of the others we have seen. It is more neat and finished; the railing is very precise. At one side is the table where the tea has been served. This view is of a spot to the south of Tao Hwa Pan and next to Tso Kan on the west.

There is an orderly refinement in keeping with the habits of an elderly occupant. The calm serenity of the entire scene together with the contemplative attitude of the proprietor who comes here to rest, "under the shade of the moist locust," after an active and honorable public life, is a graphic sketch of the calm advance of age. The drowsy senses are lulled by the lingering fragrance of the flowers permeating the evening air.

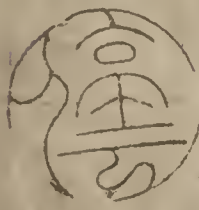
Near the bower to the left flows a stream crossed by a narrow bridge; the shore line extending back is lost in the foliage of the trees in the middle distance, reaching quite across the picture. Here are several species of trees, the elm, locust, bamboo and cypress. This gives the artist wide scope in treatment, and shows a clever and profound knowledge of the various shapes, color and texture of their foliage. Nothing is overlooked, even the faint tracing of a bare branch that crosses the thatched roof shows infinite care of the smallest-detail.

This is one of the most finished and satisfactory studies of this beautiful garden, through all of which runs the artist's devout love of nature.



山水图
卷之二
第...页

槐雨亭在桃花沂之南
西臨竹澗榆檉竹栢所
植非一云槐雨者著君
所自號也
亭下高槐欲覆塘氣蒸寒
翠濕衣裳踈靡花靡流芳遠
清蔭垂垂世澤長八月文
場懷往事三公勲業付諸
郎老來不作南夢柯獨自移
林卧晚涼



THE "LET GO" BOWER

ER ER SHIEN
THE "LET GO" BOWER

*Here is a queer shaped rock,
Not high but just like a cliff;
On its top are bushes and weeds,
And at its foot is a cool spring
Gurgling and bubbling
Among the white teeth-like stones.
There's neither height nor depth,
Nor distance; but it is always nearby.
On the eastern side is an open bower
Commanding a view of the thicket growths.
But what is the man doing?
He is calm and contented.
Green is the calamus
Which covers the rock.
The year is drawing to a close
So you'd better enjoy yourself;
The true scholar even in his leisurely hours
Is forever seeking the truth about nature.
There is an old, old saying,
"Let it go at that."
Thus I have my own profitable occupation
Which keeps my mind in good trim.
So gleefully I roam
As happy as can be.*

A CHINESE proverb says, "Since you are not able to rid yourself of the influence of custom, you must let it go at that." This and the fact that the Chinese are fond of building artificial hills by piling rocks one upon another explains this rather curious composition. This place was formerly a flat bare space behind the Hwai Yui Ting.

Here for amusement the proprietor has placed a fantastic rock and some flower pots in which he put pebbles and some water and therein planted a calamus and "Water Evergreen." At the foot of the rock is a natural spring of clear cool water. Facing this to the right is a small open bower shaded by two trees from one of which most of the leaves have fallen, for the "year is fast drawing to its close."

From within this bower, this grotesque rock viewed through the fragrant vapor of hospitable tea, or the dreamy haze induced by a bottle of excellent wine, easily becomes a rugged verdure-clothed cliff, with a wild growth of small trees and shrubs reaching over the top. There is much that is imaginative in Chinese landscape gardening. Delightful ideas of size and distance are accomplished in unexpected ways, so a study of this apart from the technique of the picture is fascinating. This poem gives a glimpse of Chinese psychology.



爾耳蕪在標用亭後吳俗喜疊
后為山君特於盆盎圍上水后
植芎蒲水寒青瓠適興古語云
未能免俗聊復爾耳
有拳者石弗崇瓠蠟上於灌莽下
引寒有泉有泉涓涓白石齒涇
曰高深不遠伊邇言敞東燕睨涓
蕪棘君學于何惟晏已適青者
蒲被于崇山歲云莫矣式晏瓠游
君子于游匪物伊理古亦有言聊
復爾耳豈不有營我心勛勞載欣
載遨瓠永消搖

THE PLANTAIN BALUSTRADE

PA TSIAO CHAN

THE PLANTAIN BALUSTRADE

*The fresh plantain is full ten feet high,
And after a shower it is as clean as one after a bath.
It does not object to the height of the white wall;
It is in love, apparently, with the red balustrade.
Oh! Be careful not to clip its leaves recklessly;
Save them for a cool shade which extends to the house.
The autumnal sounds pervade my cool pillows,
The dawning light brightens up the green window sills.*

THIS tall plantain is in the corner to the left of Hwai Yui Ting, and surrounded by a red balustrade near a very high white wall. A curious ornamental rock stands quite close as if guarding the precious leaves that provide cool shade for the house, a little farther to the right but not shown in the picture. These rocks with quaint holes worn by the weather, are brought from the hills and are very popular with the Chinese for park and garden decoration; but many are artificial, being made by cementing small pieces of rock together and perforating them in weird and curious forms, sometimes with rough scalloped edges.

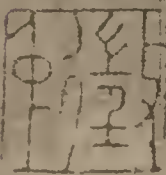
The plantain, with long, rather coarsely veined leaves is something like our century plant but it bears a fruit much like the banana which is a staple article of food in the southern part of China.

The artist considered it worthy of being painted and its use and beauty sung in a poem. His treatment of the leaves is delightful; the quality, shape and veining are faithfully rendered.



行
山
圖

芭蕉檻在懷雨亭
之心左
新蕉十尺彌得雨暎
如沐不嫌粉堦高雅
稱朱欂櫨補戲人枕
飄曉色分窻綠莫教
輕翦取雷待陰連屋



MOUNTAIN STREAM AMONG BAMBOOS

TSO KAN

MOUNTAIN STREAM AMONG BAMBOOS

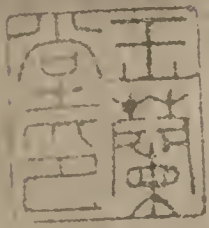
*Among a thousand bamboos runs the stream,
Flowing from out the heavy cloud, as it were;
Its ripples leap over the cold rocks;
Mingled with the song of the brook over the moving pebbles,
Is the rustling of the leaves like pattering raindrops.
The mournful notes of a solitary lute wake echoes through all the valleys.
The greatest pity is that during such a moonlight night
There remains only myself and my shadow to enjoy the beauty of the night.*

HERE again is a new theme, a mountain stream beginning as a tiny rivulet away up near the clouds. This part is but faintly traced, the stream grows stronger as it winds in and out among the rocks, gurgling over the loose pebbles on its riotous way down, until suddenly checked in a large basin at the foot it whirls around in wild eddies, splashing up foam with leaves and twigs gathered in its course among the bamboos. This view lies to the east of the Yao Pu.

It is a moonlight night; the silver shimmer of dancing ripples, or the little falls tumbling from rock to rock is entrancing. There is a compelling beauty in the scene which the artist has faithfully rendered. Through the crevices of the brown rocks grow flowers and soft mosses to cover the sharp edges, and fill the night with fragrance, while the quivering notes of a distant flute join the song of the brook and float through the valley in sad and yearning echoes. Even the poet longs for some presence more tangible than his shadow. The picture is full of charm.



明	雨	吹	自	爽		
月	孤	雜	流	水	澗	竹
夜	琴	鳴	回	竹	美	澗
涼	萬	球	波	子	竹	在
影	壑	短	灑	頭	子	瓊
共	秋	梅	寒	雲	挺	園
思	最	三	玉	深		東
	憐	湘	清	水		爽



THE GARDEN OF THE GEMS

YAO PU

THE GARDEN OF THE GEMS

*Gently descends the spring breeze upon the tall trees laden with gem-like blossoms;
Serenely shines the queenly moon as if hung on a hook of coral.
Her silvery light falls upon this spot and dispels the vision of Mount Koo Yih,
home of the fairies,
But back comes again the dream of Mount Lu Ver, land of the plum flowers,
when I lie on the pillows in slumber.
I dream that the cruel east wind is raging over the Mount, bent on his
mission of destruction,
And awaking, I see Orion's transit and the moon's decline among the hills.
This immortal flower, favorite of bards of old, now comes to crown your garden;
You cleave the tough greensward and plant a gem-like tree and wait to see it
burst forth into full bloom.
Methinks I have ascended into a silver palace of the fairies,
Teeming with queens of rare beauty, their skin white as snow and clear as ice.
Thousands upon thousands are they in number, all inhabitants of Boon Lai Isle,
Dancing and frolicking in wild glee upon the moon at Yao Tai.
But then Yao Tai and Yuan Pu, realms of the fairies, are far, far away,
They are away beyond the shoreless, limitless oceans, misty, obscure regions are they.
If the kingdom of the fairies could be moved into this dusty world,
Wouldn't the owner also be a fairy, a merry, care-free sprite of the enchanted forest?
I recall the time years ago when he departed from the Capital,
Harassed by untoward circumstances, and yet stout of heart;
But now he has returned through all the long way to preserve his integrity,
To remain spotless and undefiled even in ugly adversity,
Yes, to remain spotless and undefiled even in ugly adversity!
But he comes quietly, without playing the fife on a high tower.*

THIS view of the south-eastern corner of the garden is indeed a little gem. A long grove of many plum trees stretches quite across the picture nestling against the hill at the right. The pearly blossoms gleam in the spring sunshine; the delicate fragrance floats on the gentle breeze. A light rustic fence in wavy lines, with a gate in the centre, toward which the owner with a long staff is slowly approaching, encloses the orchard. He is gazing at the pink flowers that spring around his path, and in some spots along the hillside.

A little to the left of the gate is a tall sentinel pine tree, and barely seen through the blossoming trees is the dim outline of the roofs of two buildings.

There is a dainty and tender beauty in this simple sketch that is refreshing. It should occupy an intimate corner of a cosy room where its pastoral harmony might be often enjoyed.



瑤圃在園之巽隅中植江梅百本花時
燦若瑤華因取楚詞語為名

春風麗樹森琳瓊海月冷掛珊瑚鈎寒芒
隨地失姑射幽夢落枕移羅浮羅浮不柰
東風惡酒醒參橫山月落千年秀句落西
湖一笑閒情付東閣祗今勝事屬君家開
田種玉生琪華瑤環瑜珥絲觸目琅玕玉
樹相交加我來如升白銀闕綽約僊肌若
冰雪彷彿蓬萊萬玉妃夜深下踏瑤臺月
瑤臺玄圃隔壺天遠在滄瀛縹緲邊若為
移得在塵世主人身是瓊林仙當年揮手
謝京國手握寒英香沁骨萬里歸來抱雪
霜歲寒心事存貞白嗚呼歲寒心事存貞
白馮仗高樓莫吹笛



THE BOWER OF DELICIOUS FRUITS

CHIA ZEH TING

THE BOWER OF DELICIOUS FRUITS

*The noble nature prizes his own integrity,
So rending the official cap, he declines to walk in the field of fame.
Crystal and clear is his heart,
Shining like the autumnal moon;
Like the blossoms of the orange trees,
Though on seemingly withered branches, their fragrance pleases all.
The burden of your life is to do what pleases you,
So there's no need to seek official posts;
Thus you keep yourself out of harm's way,
And you have time to taste the joys of the cup;
And true it is that the most delicious taste
Is not to be found in the din and noise of the world.
Like the bitter plum on the wayside,
You spare yourself just because of the bitterness of your fruits.
Thus sorrowfully I meditate,
A sadness pervading my heart.*

WITH the thoughtful stoop of leisurely grace we here see the poet-philosopher ascending the steps to a favorite bower. Branches of the orange trees extend over the roof, with the wealth of golden fruit quite within reach. The bower too, commands a delightful view over a large part of the garden, though this spot is within the Yao Pu.

Two majestic forest trees crowning the hill above the bower add a note of dignity and strength to this unusual composition, and lift one's thoughts above the petty trifles of the world, or the unsatisfying confusion of political ambition. It is a thoughtful study.



雁東圖

嘉賓亭在瑤圃中取丛谷

古風江榭有嘉賓之句因

次山谷韻

高人夙尚志
襟冠謝名塲中

心秉明潔皎然
魏月亮有如

江榭琴枝槁
心獨香人生貴

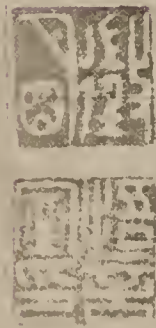
遠志何必育
巖廊不見山木

災犧牲搏漫
青黃所斲鼎中

實不受時
楚嘗曾不如苦李

禽生衢路
獨惻不忍圓
悠

梳心自傷



THE CRYSTAL SPRING

YU CHIEN

THE CRYSTAL SPRING

*Once I drank of the water of a spring at Shang San
And the water was cool and delicious and sweet.
But do you know that thousands of miles away
There is another spring just as crystal clear?
With a bucket and a long rope I get the water
Which I boil in an earthen pot.
You needn't call in aid Loh Hung Chien, the tea expert,
For you'll love its taste when you drink of it yourself.*

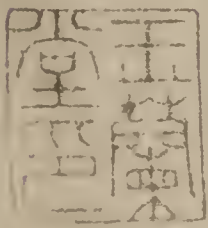
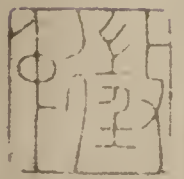
WIDE open spaces under stately pines are here presented, with the figures of two people deep in conversation, seated on the ground. At a short distance to the right is the famous spring, "Yu Chien." The proprietor was so delighted at finding this cold clear bubbling spring on his new estate, that he at once added a new title to his name, "Yu Chien Sang Ren," (The man of the Crystal Spring). One must live in the Orient to understand the value of pure water. Here it is immortalized in a short verse.

Down to the left the servants are preparing tea; the master with head turned toward them is evidently giving instructions regarding the ceremony.

This artist is especially skilful in depicting pine trees; he endows the king of the forest with a truly regal aspect, a towering strength and dignity rarely attained in a picture. The firmly painted trunks, and the spreading branches with their crown of stiff wiry needles, stand out sharp and clear; for contrast the cypress and loquat with soft tender leaves and blossoms have been planted quite near. This idea of contrast is often shown in Chinese gardens, to illustrate the path of the human life; just beyond the hard and rugged climb may be the peace and gentleness so desired by the famous Chinese scholar. Always in these pictures one must look for the inner meaning.



京師香山有玉泉君嘗
勺而甘之因號玉泉山
人及是得泉於園之巽
隅甘冽宜茗不減玉泉
遂以為名示不怠也
曾勺香水山冷然玉一泓
寧知隔瑤漢別有玉泉清
脩綆和雲汲餅沙帶月烹
何須陸鴻漸一啜自分明



A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF WONG'S TSEH TSEN GARDEN

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF WONG'S TSEH TSEN GARDEN

BY
WÊN CHÊN-MING

MY FRIEND Wong Whei Yui, also known as Wong Chin Tsz, lives in the north-eastern part of the city of Soochow. His residence lies between the Lou Mung (Gate) and the Chi Mung and consists of a large tract of waste land with a pond in the centre. At considerable pains my friend undertook to beautify this piece of land by dredging and draining the swamps and by planting a large number of trees.

On the southern side of the pond he built a storied house which he named Mong Ing Lou (Dreamy Tower); on the northern side is Shih Shu Tong, (A Rustic Villa) with Van Shan Wu (The Bower of Fragrance) in front, and Yi Yu Shi (The Bower Adjoining the Rock) in the rear, the latter being joined to Mong Ing Lou on the north.

Spanning the pond is a small bridge known as Siao Fee Hung (The Little Flying Rainbow Bridge). Going across the bridge to the northern shore and turning westward along the bank, you come to Fu Yong Whei (The Lotus Cove) surrounded with hibiscus bushes.

On the west, standing midway along the bank, is Siao Tsong Long Ting, a bower which is shaded by a bamboo grove on the south. Beyond it to the west and jutting out into the water is a rock on which you may sit and bathe your feet in the placid water below. This is called Tse Tsing Tsu (The Place of Clear Meditation). Here the bank turns toward the north. There is a remarkably splendid view of the pond from this angle, with all the voluminousness of a true lake. On the opposite shore are a large number of fine trees. A group of willows stand farther toward the west; this is Liu Au (The Willow Cove).

On the eastern bank rises an earthen mound. At its base is a flat piece of rock, the Tiao Chi (The Fishing Rock), where you may beguile your leisure hours with fishing. From here northward the estate grows more and more secluded; the groves become denser and the water clearer. At this farther end, a smaller pond is dug and connected with the main body of water. In this smaller pond, called Sze Hwa Z (Splashy Pond) are planted many lotus. Encircling the shores are a thousand beautiful bamboos whose cool shade is especially inviting during the summer. Beneath their shade is a bower which is known as Zing Sung Ting (The Clean Retreated Bower). Farther on to the east is a group of orange trees. This is known as Tai Song Ting (The Bower for Awaiting the Frost). Still farther east at the back of Mong Ing Lou are many fine trees and the place is known as Ting Sung Feng Tsu (The Place for Listening to the Sighing Pines).

Turning from this point to the front of Mong Ing Lou you come to a group of ancient trees whose overhanging boughs and closely grown leaves cast a cool shade on the spot below, making it an ideal place for rest; this is Yi Yen Tsu (Place of Smiles).

Farther along the bank on the east is a stretch of fruit trees which serve as a welcome home to birds, hence the place is named Lai Jing Yo (The Bird's Paradise). At the far end of this grove are four locust trees which form a sort of tent; this is Teh Tsung Ting (The Bower of Nature). Behind it is Tsung Li Pan (The Plum Slope); in the front is Mei Kwei Chia (The Rosy Way), and still farther on is Hsiang Wee Ching (The Rosy Walk). Here its bank turns southward.

On the opposite shore is seen a large number of peach trees; this is Tao Hwa Pan (The Peach-Tree Banks). On its south is Siang Chuen Wu (The Bamboo Grove). Farther south is an old locust tree which casts an extensive shade; this is Hwai Ho (The Locust Tent). Below this runs a small brook spanned by a foot bridge. From here on eastward you pass through a cool and shady bamboo grove with a few elms and locusts scattered about to fill in the gaps. Beyond this, on the west, and bordering on the water is the beautiful Hwai Yui Ting (The Owner's Favorite Bower). Behind is Er Er Shien (The "Let Go" Bower). On the left is the Pa Tsiao Chan (The Plantain Balustrade).

All the bowers, buildings, and edifices are built with the front facing the water. From Tao Hwa Pan southward the water flows in narrow streams until finally it runs under cover, reappearing at a distance of a hundred yards beyond among the bamboos; this is Tso Kan (Mountain Stream among Bamboos).

On the east of this is an orchard of plum trees which at blossom time presents a brilliant view of "Fragrant Snow" and makes one think of the happy land of the fairies. This place is known as Yao Pu (The Garden of the Gems). In this orchard is a bower named Chia Zeh Ting (The Bower of Delicious Fruits) and a spring named Yu Chien (The Crystal Spring).

Among the subjects chosen by the artist for reproduction in this album are: One tong (reception room), one storied house, six bowers, balustrades, ponds, coves, brooks, etc, making a total of thirty-one different views. The name given to the whole garden is Tseh Tsen Yuen (The Garden of the Unsuccessful Politician). The proprietor gave the reason for selecting this name in the following manner. He said; 'In history, you remember, that Pan Yo, being dissatisfied with his own political career, retired and devoted his remaining years to building, tree-planting, gardening and marketing of the greens. In his own words, This is also one form of administration except that it is undertaken by the less skilled class of politicians.'

"My case is not unlike Pan Yo's. I have spent the better part of the last forty years in politics with but meagre success. Many of my acquaintances have risen to high

and responsible public posts, while I had to be content with the office of a City Magistrate, the highest post I ever held, and even from this I have recently retired. I therefore consider myself even more unsuccessful in public life than Pan Yo. I have built this garden as a memorial of my failure in politics."

According to my estimate, however, the case of my friend Wong is entirely different from that of Pan Yo. Wong is a scholar of recognized standing. In public life, he once served as a judicial officer. He possesses an enviable reputation for uprightness and integrity and for this very reason he had a bitter experience in politics, rising and falling, until finally he was thrown out of office. He is therefore not one who is willing to be content with the foul practices of the age, nor is he willing to drift along with the times. Quite dissimilar to this was the career of Pan Yo, who in actual practice was a shameless flatterer of the authorities of his age, bowing and stooping to their wishes only to bring misfortune upon himself at last. Though he is the author of this beautiful sentiment about the joys of a leisurely life he was never out of politics during the whole of his life and never was he able to enjoy the sweetness of leisure.

And there are almost any number of celebrities, in the past, who, like Pan Yo were unable to gratify their heart's desire either because they were unable to free themselves from the bonds of politics or because they preferred to rise and fall with the times. My friend however, withdrew from public life in the prime of his political career in order to enjoy the peace and happiness of a home life. For the past twenty years he has been busily engaged in building, tree planting, gardening, and marketing of the greens, enjoying himself as many of the ancient celebrities could not, not to mention Pan Yo specifically. He compared himself to Pan Yo, perhaps, for the purpose of giving vent to the disappointment resulting from his failure in politics. There is no doubt that he enjoys this life more than he did politics. The average person sets his heart upon high office and wealth but he seldom understands that likely as not there are grave dangers hidden beneath, as if prearranged by Providence. Had my friend been successful in politics, the chances are that he would have suffered misfortune, but fortunately enough he has wisely chosen the leisurely life, and is now able to look down upon the vain glory of the world.

Happily enough, I am also retiring from public life. The course I took was not similar to that of my friend. I quite agree with him in his notion about worldly desires. Yet I haven't got a single mow of land wherein to express my heart's desire and I cannot help envying my friend's good fortune. I have therefore written this description of the garden in addition to a number of little verses on the various views in it.

The fifteenth day of the fifth moon of the twelfth year in the reign of Cha Ching (1533).

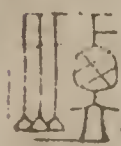
(Signed) WÊN CIÊN-MING

王氏拙政園記

陳雨先生王君敬止所居在郡城東北果婁齊門之間居多隙地有積水亘其中稍加濬治環以林木為重屋其陽曰亭隱樓為堂其陰曰若墅堂堂之前為蘇香塢其後為倚玉軒軒北直亭隱絕水為梁曰小飛虹踰小飛虹而北循水西行岬多木芙蓉曰芙蓉隈又西中流為榭曰小滄浪亭亭之南翳以脩竹經竹而西出於水滢有石可坐可俯而濯曰志清處至是水折而北滉漾渺瀰望若湖泊夾岬皆木其多柳曰柳隩東岬積土為臺曰意遠臺臺之下植石為磯可坐而漁曰釣磬遵釣磬而北地益迥林木益深水益清駛水蓋別疏小沼植蓮其中曰水花池池上美竹千挺可以退涼中為亭曰淨深循淨深而東柑橘數十本亭曰待霜又東出亭隱樓之後長松數植風至冷然有聲曰聽松風處自此繞出亭隱之前古木踈篁可以憩息曰怡顏處又前循水而東果林彌望曰來禽園園縛盡四檜為幄曰得真亭亭之後為珍李坂其前為玫瑰紫又前為薔薇徑至是水折而南夾岬植桃曰桃花泝泝之南為湘筠塢又南古槐一株敷蔭數弓曰槐幄其下跨水為杠踰杠而東篁竹陰翳榆檉蔽虧有亭翼然西臨水上者槐雨亭也亭之後為爾耳軒左為芭蕉檻凡諸亭檻臺榭皆因水為面勢自桃花泝而南水流漸細至是伏流而南踰百武出於別圃葦竹之間是為竹澗竹澗之東江梅百株花時香雪爛然望如瑤林玉樹曰瑤圃圃中有亭曰嘉實亭泉曰玉泉凡為堂一樓一為亭六軒檻池臺塢澗之屬

二十有三摠三十有一名曰拙政園王石之言曰昔潘岳氏仕宦不達故築室種樹灌園鬻蔬曰此亦拙者之為政也余自是仕抵今餘四十年同時之人或起家至八坐登三事而吾僅以一郡倅老退林下其為政殆有拙於岳者園所以識也雖然君於岳則有間矣君以進士高科仕為名漢從直躬殉道非以被斥其後旋起旋廢迄擢不復其為人豈齷齪自守視時浮沉者哉岳雖淪為閒居之言而諛事時人至於望塵雅拜軋沒勢權終罹咎禍考其平生蓋終其身未嘗暫去官守以即其閒居之樂也豈惟岳哉古之名賢勝士固有有志於是而際會功名不能解脫又或升沉遷徙不獲遂志如岳者何限哉而君甫及強仕即解官家處所謂築室種樹灌園鬻蔬逍遙自得高閒居之樂者二十年於此矣究其所得雖古之高賢勝士亦或有所不逮也而何岳之足云所為區區以岳自况亦聊自宣其不達之志焉耳而其志之所樂固有在彼而不在此者是故高官撫仕人所慕樂而禍患攸伏造物者每消息其中使君得志一時而或橫罹災變其視末殺斯世而優游餘年果孰多少哉君子於此必有所擇矣徵明淪仕而歸雖蹤跡不同於君而潦倒末殺略相曹耦顧不得一畝之宮以寄其栖逸之志而獨有羨於君既取其園中景物悉為賦之而復為之記

嘉靖十二年歲在癸巳五月既望長洲文徵明著



INSCRIPTION BY LING SIAO ZIEN

INSCRIPTION BY LING SIAO ZIEN

IN THE autumn of the year Ting Yu (1537?) on my retirement from public life, I passed, on my way home, the city of Soochow where I once served as magistrate. Many of my friends from the populace there came to meet me. We entertained each other by long talks about old times. Upon one such occasion Mr. Wong Hwai Yui gave me the privilege of seeing this album on which he asked me to write an inscription. I often regret that I never had an opportunity to visit this garden. But upon seeing this book I could not but admire Wên Chên-Ming's skill and genius in the paintings as well as the accompanying verses. He has vividly portrayed all the views in the garden; the hillocks, the brook, flowers, birds, bowers, buildings, springs, rocks etc. In my opinion this work is not excelled even by a picture of Vong Tsai (name of a beautiful mountain in the province of Shensi).

I often think it a matter of regret that the proprietor of this garden suffered such hardships while yet in the earlier part of his political career. He served in the capacity of an Administrative Censor, and while on his official trip to the east, he offended some political demagogue and was consequently imprisoned by an imperial edict and his life was in danger. But fortunately an official friend of his pleaded for him to the emperor and secured a reprieve. This incident gave Wong Hwai Yui a nation-wide reputation for uprightness and integrity. No doubt he owes a great deal to this friend who made it possible for him to enjoy the happiness of a peaceful life even up to this moment. This, however, has nothing to do with the paintings, nor is it intimated in the verses. I took the liberty to write it out just to make Wong Hwai Yui laugh at it.

(Signed) Ling Siao Zien.

NOTE.—The writer of this inscription was himself a very prominent officer.

題槐雨先生性以園圖詠冊

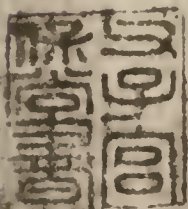
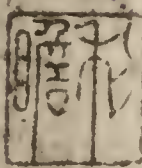
丁酉秋歸老過吳門辱舊治士民款留
不忍別依、性為并州加鄉之念槐雨
先生出視此冊索題予方以未及遊覽
斯園為歎然披讀之悔則衡山文子
之有於畫無於詩兩臻其妙凡山川
蒼秀亭臺泉石之勝暮寫無遺雖輟
川之圖何以論是予何主哉獨念先生

卷以名御史攬轡東迎觴作權奸連繫

祐徽禍且不可測時克父安良南銓冢宰
抗章論救始獲從輕典而松雨之直
躬益振海內矣然則今日之保全終
始安享和平之福者烏可不知所自哉
此文圖尔之志歌誦之所未及者特表
之以發先生一笑云

賜進士光祿大夫太子太保工部尚書
且賜廩與馳驛致仕小泉林庭棉題

于舟中



INSCRIPTION BY TAI SHEEN

INSCRIPTION BY TAI SHEEN,

(A STUDENT OF WÊN'S ART)

OF ALL the paintings by the artist Wên Chên-Ming that ever came under my notice, this Tseh Tsen Yuen Album is by far the richest and the most complete. My friend Zoon Tsing has a very fine collection of famous paintings, but he prizes this above all his other works; in fact, he prizes it even more than he does his hands and legs! He never lent it to anyone. In the autumn of the year Ping Sung (1835) he brought it here on the lake (the West Lake, Hangchow), and asked for my inscription. I begged him to let me have it for an evening. He surprised all his friends by complying with my request without a moment's hesitation. My friend's deep-seated love for art pictures, and my fortune in securing his confidence are both matters worthy of commemoration. I have therefore drawn a complete view of the Tseh Tsen Yuen (Garden) which I present to my friend as a souvenir.

Under the lamplight I went over the drawings several times. I felt as if I could see the whole garden before my eyes. I immediately caught the brush and drew the picture. All of the thirty-one views are faintly discernible in the picture. I indulged in a slight divergence in the Tai Song Ting, as I felt by reading the description that its true location is not in the south-western corner.

I have a very strong love for art. But I have been completely fettered by the number of requests from all quarters for my pictures, and have not as yet been able to devote my whole energy to art. This picture is the result of a momentary inspiration which made me forget all about my own imperfection. I have heard that my contemporaries Sung Wu and Hou Shan are both skilled artists. I wish that my friend Zoon Tsing will get their opinions for me, so that I may improve in the study of Wên Chên-Ming's art.

These three inscriptions are written specially for my friend Zoon Tsing.

(Signed) Tai Sheen, A student of Wên's Art.

拙政園圖

丙申七月

戴熙画



余平生所見文字世出政固之多者，少認極文之大觀。仲青珍秘書畫是夥，此固蓋愛逾于其未嘗傳人。丙申之秋，挾之來湖，上索跋于余。但借觀一夕，仲青竟慨然先知者，以為奇。仲青之病于畫，余之見信于其友，皆以是傳者，因作拙跋。因全圖存，贈書畫，這真鑒者，余以為妄。

燈下展玩，如見國之大勢，恍惚首因，振筆
追摹田端，竟高三十一景，可於顯晦中
得之，各惟情霜亭，得共文揚，畫次或
不尚，在塊隅，遂不淫也。

予於文畫，愛之入骨，每以為
所能所累，不能考其學也。此作
似亦真，畫為之，自忘其陋。近時
和畫，後山兩先生，皆深於文者。
仲青，僅能為事，然正公予
于文，或可，得進步爾。

右三跋，李求

仲青大兄先生 正之

文衡山私淵弟子

戴正魁記



A REQUEST TO WÊN HOU SHAN

A REQUEST TO WÊN HOU SHAN

My friend Zoon Tsing, upon showing me this album of pictures of Tseh Tsen Yuen painted by my ancestor Wên Chên-Ming, requested me to imitate the Yao Pu picture. I gave him this copy for his criticism.

17th day of the Ninth Moon in the 16th year of Tao Kwang (1836).

OVER three hundred years after Wên Chên-Ming had rambled delightedly through this interesting garden choosing as he pleased favorite spots to paint, the collection of pictures was shown to Wên Hou Shan, a descendant of his. Zoon Tsing, a friend, who owned the album, asked Wên Hou Shan to copy the picture of Yao Pu, "The Garden of the Gems," for him to compare with the original.

This Yao Pu is one of the daintiest views in the group, full of the freshness of spring and vibrant with young life. The silver radiance of the sparkling blossoms had cast a spell over the great artist, Wên Chên-Ming. He had filled his painting with this alluring charm, and aroused the same appreciation in the beholder.

This copy is a faithful reproduction in treatment, method and grace of line. The figure with a long staff over his shoulder, coming along the road between the hills toward the gate, is exactly like the original; the identical pine tree guards the orchard. But somehow, intangibly, it impresses one as a shadow picture. It is like glancing from a view of real trees and flowers to the reflection of them in the water. Though technically a remarkably good imitation, it lacks virility; the spirit is dead. Much of the finishing detail, too, is missing here; but as a simple sketch it is light and pleasing.

道光丙申九月望後
仲青中翰先生携示家待詔公拙
政園畫即以瑤圃一景屬臨因
為摹此請正 文鼎



INSCRIPTION BY WU CHIEN

INSCRIPTION BY WU CHIEN

THOUGH I had heard much about Wên Chên-Ming's Tseh Tsen Yuen paintings, I had never had the good fortune of seeing them. It so happened that one Hu Yui Pu of my native city became the owner of this valuable collection. Through the introduction of a mutual friend, Chow Tsz Chi, I was able to borrow the collection from Hu Yui Pu, whereupon I immediately cleaned my desk and went over the paintings with the greatest satisfaction. I consider this happy incident my good luck in the study of art.

This garden is undoubtedly the most famous sight in Soochow. It was first built by Wong Hwai Yui, but in the course of time it changed hands and underwent a good many ups and downs, all of which have been intimated in the writings of scholars of the past regarding the garden. In my compilation of "Little Verses about Tseh Tsen Yuen by Lady Hsu" I stated there that the date of these paintings is the 12th year of Cha Chin (1533). At this time the proprietor, Wong Hwai Yui, had already retired from public life and was living at Soochow. Since then, a period of over three hundred years has elapsed, and though this garden is still in existence, its flowers, trees, bowers and edifices have all undergone great changes. Fortunately, however, we still have this collection of paintings from which we may clearly see the garden as it was originally.

I feel that these pictures lead me into Fairyland, with enchanting trees and grass on every hand, making me forget all about the dusty world outside. All these circumstances lead me to believe that this garden has been preserved down to this day by Providential care.

The proprietor, Wong Hwai Yui, when he was in office, had a nation-wide reputation for uprightness. He actually did offend some political demagogues several times. The artist was probably an intimate friend of his. He not only drew the pictures and composed the accompanying verses, but wrote also a descriptive sketch of the whole garden. There are altogether thirty-one pictures, each representing a notable scene in the garden. The style of the paintings is versatile, and variegated, being based mostly upon the styles of the artists of the Sung and Yuen Dynasties, touched by the artist's own characteristics. This is undoubtedly his masterpiece.

In an inscription by Ling Siao Zien appearing at the beginning of this album it is intimated that Wong Hwai Yui secured a reprieve from the emperor through the influence of the former's father. This statement, I find, is fully borne out by accounts in the history of the Ming Dynasty and is a valuable point to note in history.

Hu Yui Pu asked for my criticism of the album. I have therefore written the above account and gratefully returned him the collection.

(Signed) Wu Chien, of Haining

Summer of the 14th year of Chia Ching (1809)

文詩詔拉政園圖乎夙昔慕想以不得一
見為悵令為同色胡君豫波所蔽間屬周
子紀君為紹分欣然允假潔几焚對之心
目俱爽可不謂哀丰翰墨出緣焚園為東
吳第一名勝期始于王敬止侍御厥後屢
轉易王盛哀興替管人顯訊記載竝詳予
所輯徐夫人拉政園詩餘外錄中此園位
于嘉靖十二年癸巳蓋時侍御已歸老於
吳迄今且三百載園雖尚存其中等木臺
榭不知幾經榮瘁變易矣牽留斯園猶可
徵當日之經營位置歷二眉睫又如身入
蓬島閨苑琪華瑤州使人應接不遑幾不

知有塵境之隔又非所謂若有神物護持
者耶侍御居官以屢忤權奸直聲著朝野
詩詔殆雅相知契故既為此圖像以題咏
復為之作記園中諸景凡卅有一景各一
圖筆法從橫變化大抵集宋元名家之大
成而參以己意故為此小絕構至卅首林
康懋題詞言敬止賴其父文安論採得從
輕典此圖外之意歌詠所未及者皆與明
史本傳相應會亦可資考證者豫波厲予
審定爰識其梗槩而歸焉固未知有當乎
不也

香

嘉慶己巳夏月海寧吳璣



INSCRIPTION BY CHIEN YONG

INSCRIPTION BY CHIEN YONG

ON THE 7th day after the Mid-autumn Festival in the 13th year of Tao Kwang (1863), I passed Hai Chang on my way home from Ling Ang. Under a rain-storm I paid a visit to my friend Zoon Tsing at Chang Ang Li. It was then that he good-naturedly showed me this album of Wên Chên-Ming's Tseh Tsen Yuen pictures, consisting of 31 paintings, with a little verse accompanying each picture, written by the artist himself in neat calligraphs (in the "formal" and "clerkly" styles). This is undoubtedly the greatest masterpiece of the artist Wên Chên-Ming.

According to the "Guide-book to Soochow," the Tseh Tsen Yuen is located on the Pei Kia (Street) inside of Chi Nu Mung (Gate). It was first built by Wong Shi Zung (Wong Hwai Yui), an Administrative Censor in the middle part of the reign of Cha Ching (1522-1566). After his death, his son, who had a craving propensity to gamble, lost the title to the whole garden in one night's game. The property was thus transferred to one named Hsu, and thereafter, at the beginning of this dynasty it passed into the hands of Chen Tsz Ling, who was once a Prime Minister. Not long afterwards, when a garrison was stationed at Soochow, the garden was converted into the General's head-quarters. There is in the garden a twin "gem-pearl" tea tree which is immortalized by the poet Wu Mai Tsung in a beautiful poem which may be found in his works. After the garrison left, the place was again made the official residence of the Defense Commissioner.

Shortly afterwards, it was occupied by one Wong Yong Kong, son-in-law of Wu San Kwei, the famous leader of the Revolution against the Ming Dynasty. Upon the defeat of Wu San Kwei, the property was confiscated, until by the 18th year of Kong Shi it was once more made the new official residence of the Defense Commissioner for Soochow, Sungkiang and Changchow. Thereafter it passed into the hands of the common people until it came into the possession of Tsiang Chi, once Viceroy of a Prefect. The garden was named by him Fu Yuen, which became a favorite resort of famous scholars

who gathered there in the spring and autumn to drink and to compose poems. The scene was commemorated in a picture entitled "A Happy Gathering at Fu Yuen." In the fifty years following, the ponds fell into a dilapidated condition, and the paths and walks were overgrown with moss and weeds; the garden lost all its glory of former days.

Towards the middle part of the reign of Chia Ching it was bought by Cho Tsai Yui, a scholar, who spent more than a year in eradicating the weeds, draining the ponds, watering the flowers and planting bamboos and the place was restored to its former beauty. Recently the garden was again mortgaged to Premier Wu Sung Pu.

I am often of opinion that the fortune of a garden is closely connected with that of its owner. If its owner enjoys a lasting fame, his garden will stand through the ages even though it may occasionally fall into decay; if the contrary is the case, the garden will eventually be left in ruins even though it may prosper for a time. Only I am of opinion that literary compositions are more lasting than gardens and bowers, as the former has in them the quality of non-destructibility. This statement is fully borne out by the pictures and sketches and poems written by Wên Chên Ming which vividly portray the original beauty and glory of the bowers, flowers, and trees. The reader may see clearly how through these three hundred years the garden prospered and fell into ruins, how it disintegrated like the dispersing cloud, and how it passed from hand to hand like the blowing wind. This is a subject that ought to arouse much melancholy thought on the part of any reader.

The extent to which my friend Zoon Tsing prizes this album, the long hours which he spent in its study, and the amount of new pleasure which he derives from it every time he turns over its leaves convincingly prove the truth of the foregoing statement that literary compositions last longer than bowers and gardens, in spite of the fact that the latter require much labor and planning in their construction.

As my boat happens to anchor for the night at Hangchow on account of a high tide, I have undertaken to write the foregoing sketch in a rather random way under the lamplight.

Chien Yong, aged seventy-five.

道元十有三年中煠後七日余自臨安回道
出海昌院風雨中奉訪仲青中翰于長安
里遂出其所藏文符詔批政園畚見示計三
十一幅符詔既為作記復有詩歌作精楷或
小隸書各系於諸幅之後此衡翁生平傑作
也案蘇州府志批政園左齊女門內北街明
嘉靖中御史王獻臣執御史歿後其子好搏
捕一夕共之歸于徐氏
國初為海昌陳相國之遺所得未幾曰添設
駐防兵遂改為將軍府園中有連理寶珠山
茶一樹吳梅邨祭酒有詩紀之見梅邨集迨
撤去駐防又為兵備道行館既而復為逆臣
吳三桂壻王永康所居三桂敗事乃藉入官
庠熙十一年又改為蘇松常鎮道新署復
裁去散為民居又歸郡人蔣太守祭名曰復
園春秋佳日名流觴詠有復園嘉會圖後五
十年則池館蕭條蒼苔滿徑無復舊時光景
嘉慶中查懋餘孝廉又購得之雜草溜池灌
華種外者未餘類還舊觀近又為吳裕圃相
國家為質庫矣余嘗論園亭之廢興有時而
亦繫乎其人其人傳雖廢猶興也其人傳
雖廢猶興也其人傳雖廢猶興也其人傳

實有不能摩滅者今讀斯翁之畫再讀其記
 與詩恍惚夫當時樓臺華木之勝而三百餘
 年之廢興得失雲散風流者又歷歷如在目
 前可慨也已今仲青之環藏是冊也展玩循
 環而不厭摩挲歷久而彌新已視諸公之經
 營構築爰諮爰度者其相去為何如也是夕
 解維錢塘潮溢流累漲遂停泊挑鎧湯記操
 步溪居士錢泳時年七十有五



湖山下蘇漢芳

道光庚戌初夏伯蘭世講持文符詔巨冊初正也
 道先庚戌初夏伯蘭世講持文符詔巨冊初正也
 亦晚作

INSCRIPTION BY CHIEN TU

INSCRIPTION BY CHIEN TU

DURING his visit to the lake (this refers to the famous West Lake at Hangchow, a beautiful resort), my friend Zoon Tsing had his quarters at only a few yards' distance from my villa, Yea Au Tsong. In his leisure hours he showed me an album of Wên Chên Ming's Tseh Tsen Yuen paintings consisting of thirty-one pictures with corresponding captions and verses by the artist. In these pictures the arrangement of the hillocks and vales, the brush-strokes and the shading followed in general the style of the artist Chao Sung Hsueh.

In the depiction of the trees, rocks, buildings, human life, flowers and grass, the artist showed remarkable versatility and rare skill in imparting to each object a distinctive individuality so that no two objects look alike. To go over this album is not unlike taking a trip on San Ying Tao (a famous mountain path) with beautiful sights on every hand to allure you. This is undoubtedly a great masterpiece.

I myself have also a large collection of the works of the artist Wên Chên Ming, but there is in it nothing that may be considered a worthy equal of this album—which speaks volumes for this collection. This reminds me of a statement by Ni Yuen Tsung in his inscription on a picture by Wong Yu Zung entitled, Lu Hung Tsao Tong, which runs; "When I went over the picture with the incense burning by my side, my heart was filled with ecstasy, and I felt its uplifting influence in the study of art." There he strikes the key-note in art study. To me, however, who am old and infirm, and who have long since become estranged from the brush and the ink, this album appears as if it were a mere passing cloud. But as I have ever had a genuine admiration for the artist and the excellence of this album, I simply couldn't help imitating it in my mind as well as copying it with my hands. So, after all, even on me, this album is not without its uplifting influence. For a whole day I lost myself in this album, gazing upon it, touching it with my fingers, and was unwilling to move my hands away from it. It happened at this writing that the distant mountains around the lake assumed a new freshness after the rain, and served as a beautiful background for these pictures. Sitting there before my desk under the window I felt as if the ghost of my ailment had been scared away.

Chien Tu

Written in Siao Pei Wei Lou

the 30th day of the 8th moon in the year 1836.

仲青曰翰來遊湖上與余野鷗莊相距咫尺暇日攜所藏文太史
拙政園圖冊見不圖凡三十一幀各有題咏其立壑布置用筆敷色
皆師松雪翁而樹石屋宇人物花草草意態變化無一重複觀
者如在山陰道上應接不暇允稱大家僕家舊藏太史真款卷
軸最夥皆無出其右者真希世珍也昔倪元鎮觀王右丞盧鴻
草堂圖題云愁香展翫不獨娛目賞心庶可為吾輩進取之
資此真能讀畫者僕則老病筆墨頽廢只可作雲煙過眼
觀耳然太史向所心折又是冊之精之妙已益釀胸次不覺心
摹手追未始無萬一之助摩挲相對竟日不忍釋手時湖上
雨晴諸峯秀色與是冊並周旋於前病魔退避三舍矣

丙申八月朔日



錢杜觀於



徘徊樓謹



後展

INSCRIPTION BY SU TWEN YUEN

INSCRIPTION BY SU TWEN YUEN

IN THE third Moon of the 24th year of Tao Kwang (1834), I took a trip to Chang Ang Tsung in Hai Tsang. There I formed my first acquaintance with Chin Zoon Tsing (elsewhere known as Zoon Tsing) which soon ripened into intimate friendship. One day he showed me this album of pictures by Wên Chên Ming wherein I find also some exquisite autographic poems.

The pictures, thirty-one in number, exhibit the characteristic features of the North and South Schools of painting, and the calligraphs are written in the "script," "formal," "seal" and "clerkly" styles. Each picture has a distinctive individuality.

The album shows the artist at his best, and, besides being his masterpiece, is a rare work in art. I went over the album carefully several times and was unwilling to move my hands from it. I have therefore written these lines to commemorate my good fortune.

Su Twen Yuen, of Tung Zung.

16th day of (Year not given)

道光甲午三月余遊海昌長安鎮晤朱中翰仲青

傾蓋以故一日出其所藏衡山先生此冊其行文雅

健畫畫南北宗書備行楷篆隸各體凡三十一幅

而皆不相雜衡山諸長畢萃於此乃衡山甲乙誠

希世珍也余回環把玩不忍釋手因書數字以

志欣幸年 十月 桐城程煜元 欣



INSCRIPTION BY WU ZAO KI

INSCRIPTION BY WU ZAO KI

I WAS at Soochow recently and under the rain I visited the Tseh Tsen Yuen which now belongs to the Hu family. I found that its water is still clear and its rocks are still secluded. But most of its bowers are fast falling into dilapidation; this is probably due to the fact that the owners are away at their official posts. After that I went to Hangchow for a short stay on the lake. One day my friend Zoon Tsing invited me to go to Wu Shan Hill. It was upon that occasion that he showed me this album of Wên Chên Ming's Tseh Tsen Yuen paintings which contains 31 pictures with a poem accompanying each picture.

The pictures show much thought and skill on the part of the artist. He based his pictures on the natural scenes, but he portrays them with an originality all his own, giving to each picture a lively vividness.

But judging from what I saw I found that the garden in its present state falls far short of the beauty as portrayed in these pictures. This may be due to the fact that a period of three hundred years has elapsed and much change in human affairs as well as in the locality has taken place. It is not improbable that there still remained many features in the garden which were not shown in the pictures. The garden changed hands, many times after it left its original founder Wong Hwai Yui, passing sometimes into the official class and sometimes to the common people.

While in Soochow I also visited Chen's garden which was originally the residence of Yo Joen Ung. After being conveyed to divers owners, it passed, by the beginning of this dynasty, into the hands of Tsao Joen Pu, who named himself in honor of the original founder. Afterwards it was again transferred to the Chen family. Thus it may be seen that even one like Joen Ung who is a descendent of a famous patriot is unable to tie up the property so as to let his offspring enjoy it forever. Such being the case, it is not to be expected that Wong Hwai Yui should be able to retain the ownership of these springs, trees and grass. Moreover, the hillocks and dales are always subject to the change of the times, and are in this respect different from these pictures in which the art student finds new light and inspiration through all the ages.

My friend Zoon Tsing has long been in possession of this valuable collection, and recently he is intending to give it to his son Pah Lang, who is quiet in nature and loves art. The album will thus become a valuable heirloom of the Chiu family, and may be considered in this respect even of more value than the garden that has been transferred so many times since its founding by Wong Hwai Yui.

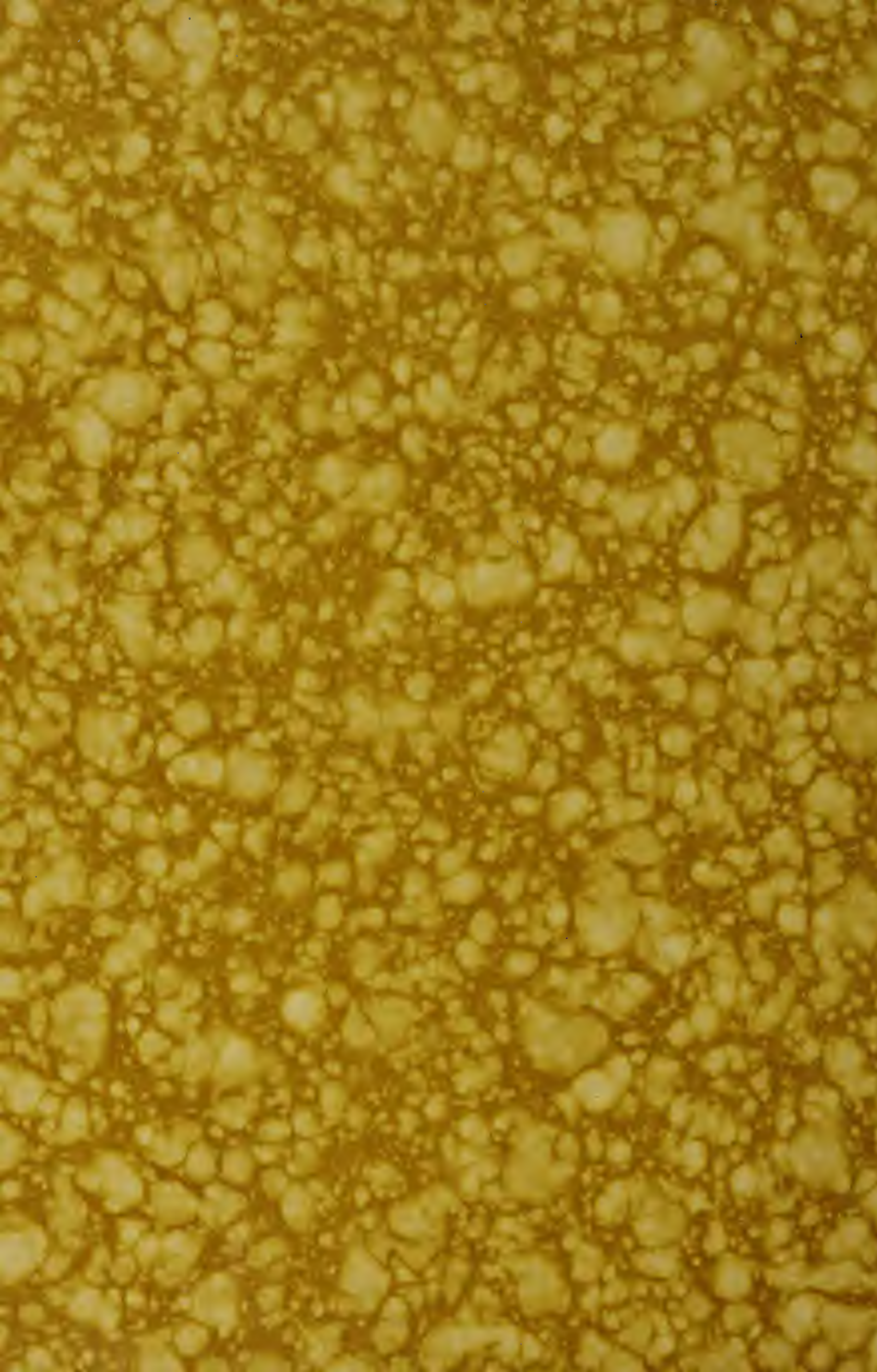
As Pah Lang is young and promising, and capable of a great career, I hope that he will devote his time first to studies and to establishing a reputation for himself, aiming always at the greater and more important things, and then he is free to devote his leisure hours in the pursuit of art. Should he make the mistake of devoting his whole time to this album in copying it and imitating it, then Wên Chên Ming may ask with a grin (if he were still living): "Why don't you look for me outside of the Tseh Tsen Yuen?"

Wu Zao Ki, of Tao Chow.

Written in the latter part of the summer in the 30th year of
Tao Kwang (1850) in the Zing Z Temple.

余昨過姑蘇嘗冒雨至拙政園今為吳氏園矣
水石清幽而亭屋頗多欹倒主人皆官於外也
至杭州小住湖上一日朱誦清兄招遊吳山出示
文衡山拙政園圖冊圖凡三十有一各係以詩其
畫意精趣別各就其景自出奇理以騰躍之故
能幅：入勝以余昨迹證之多不能到畫中妙處
蓋人事地形閱三百年恐當日園中妙處尚有
畫所不到者未可知也此園自王氏槐雨後忽官
忽私屢易主而至吳氏憶余昨泊禾郡游陳氏
園即岳倦翁故業展轉至國初歸曹倦圃
沿倦翁以自號也又再傳而屬陳氏以倦翁精
忠之裔不獲使子孫長有此園亭若槐雨者又
安能永占乎泉艸木乎況陵谷變遷必不能如
此圖之日久愈新又必歸於孫鑒之家也誦翁
久秘此冊比年因乃郎伯蘭世講性恬澹喜績
事遂以畀之將為朱氏世寶視園之暫屬王
氏旋入它人手者得失相去甚遠伯蘭年少
英邁能者古吾望其績學樹名務期遠大
以其餘事究情畫妙可也若日抱此冊而模
之範之衡山有知且笑曰盍索我於拙政園
也外道光庚戌季夏道州何紹基記於淨慈寺
之萬峯庵





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