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出版说明

我们现在将英语作为一种“世界英语”(WORLD ENGLISH)来看待;于是,英语不再只是单纯的一门异族语言,它同时融合着不同民族的表达形式并折射其多姿的文化。一个世纪以来,有过这样的一位位中国人,他们以各自令人惊叹的完美英语,对世界解说着中国,对祖国表达着赤忱。如今,我们相信,还有更多的中国人胸怀一样的向往,因为,跨越世纪的开放中国需要引进,也需要输出。

我们出版中国人的英语著述,正是为有志于此的英语学习者树一个榜样,为下个世纪的中国再添一份自信,还为世界英语的推广呐一声喊。

选择林语堂的作品重印出版,首先是因为林氏在向西方介绍中国文化方面杰出的成绩。他用英语创作的一系列作品曾经轰动欧美文坛,并且影响深远,其中有的被美国大学选为教材,有的被政府高层倚为了解中国之必读,一直被视作阐述东方文化的权威著述。其次还因为林氏高超的艺术造诣和非凡的文化修养。作为国际笔会的副会长,并获诺贝尔文学奖的提名,他的创作无疑为他赢得了国际文坛的巨匠地位,同时也为中国人赢得骄傲。再者,应是惊叹于林氏那“极其美妙,令以英文为母语的人既羡慕敬佩又深感惭愧”的精纯娴熟的英语;当然我们也终于让林语堂先生不再遗憾“……三十年著作全用英文,应是文字精华所在,惜未能与中国读者相见……”

《京华烟云》是旅居巴黎的林语堂先生于1938年8月至1939年8月间用英文写就的长篇小说,并题献给“英勇的中国士兵”。自1939年底在美国出版后的短短半年内即行销五万多册,闻名遐迩的《时代》周刊称其“极可能成为关于现代中国社会现实的经典作品”。该书细述北平曾、姚等几个大家庭从1901年义和团运动到抗日战争三十多年间的悲欢离合和恩恩怨怨,从侧面反映出现代中国社会历史的风云变幻,其中安插了袁世凯篡国、张勋复辟、直奉大战、军阀割据、五四运动、三·一八惨案、语丝、现代笔战、青

年左倾、二战爆发等历史事件，可谓中国现代社会的全景扫描。该书还被视作现代的《红楼梦》，林语堂先生曾提到："（该书）重要人物约八九十个，丫头亦十来个。大约以红楼人物拟之，木兰似湘云（而加入陈芸之雅素），莫愁似宝钗、红玉似黛玉，桂姐似凤姐而无凤姐之贪辣，迪人似薛蟠，珊瑚似李纨，宝芬似宝琴，雪蕊似鸳鸯，紫薇似紫鹃，暗香似香菱，喜儿似傻大姐，李姨妈似赵姨娘，阿非则远胜宝玉。"当然，不同于《红楼梦》的是，《京华烟云》或褒或贬地描写了许多新派革新人物和民国特色人物，而又宣扬了庄周生死循环的达观哲学，希望读者能够以辩证唯物主义的世界观审慎明辨。

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THE DAUGHTERS OF A TAOIST

To Tao, the zenith is not high, nor the nadir low; no point in time is long ago, nor by lapse of ages has it grown old.

From the essay on "The Master" by Chuangtse.

CHAPTER I

IT WAS the morning of the twentieth of July, 1900. A party of mule carts were lined up at the western entrance of Matajen Hutung, a street in the East City of Peking, part of the mules and carts extending to the alley running north and south along the pink walls of the Big Buddha Temple. The cart drivers were early; they had come there at dawn, and there was quite a hubbub in that early morning, as was always the case with these noisy drivers.

Lota, an old man of about fifty and head servant of the family that had engaged the carts for a long journey, was smoking a pipe and watching the drivers feeding the mules; and the drivers were joking and quarreling with each other. When they could not joke about each other's animals and the animals' ancestors, they joked about themselves.

"In such times," said one, "who can tell whether one comes back dead or alive after this journey?"

"You are well paid for it, aren't you?" said Lota. "You can buy a farm with a hundred taels of silver."

"What is the use of silver when you are dead?" replied the driver. "Those bullets from foreign rifles don't recognize persons. *Peng-teng*! It goes through your brain-cap and you are already a corpse with a crooked queue. Look at the belly of this mule! Can flesh stay bullets? But what can you do? One has to earn a living."

"It's difficult to say," rejoined another. "Once the foreign soldiers come into the city, Peking won't be such a good place to live in, either. For myself, I'm glad to get away."

The sun rose from the east and shone upon the entrance to the

house, making the leaves of the big colanut tree glisten with the dew. This was the Yao house. It was not an imposing entrance—a small black door with a red disc in the center. The colanut tree cast its shade over the entrance, and a driver was sitting on a low stone tablet sunk into the ground. The morning was delightful, and yet it promised to be a hot day with a clear sky. A medium-sized earthen jar was standing near the tree, which provided tea in hot summer days for thirsty wayfarers. But it was still empty. Noticing the jar, a driver remarked, "Your master does good deeds."

Lota replied there was no better man on earth than their master. He pointed to a slip of red paper pasted near the doorpost, which the driver could not read; but Lota explained to him that it said that medicines against cholera, colic, and dysentery would be given free to anybody.

"That's something important,"said the driver. "You'd better give us some of that medicine for the journey."

"Why should you worry about medicine when you are traveling with our master?" said Lota. "Isn't it the same whether you carry it or our master carries it?"

The drivers tried to pry out of Lota information about the family. Lota merely told them that his master was an owner of medicine shops.

Soon the master appeared to see that all was in order. He was a man of about forty, short, stumpy, with bushy eyebrows and pouches under the eyes, and no beard, but a very healthy complexion. His hair was still perfectly black. He walked with a young, steady gait, with slow but firm steps. It was obviously the gait of a trained Chinese athlete, in which the body preserved an absolute poise, ready for a surprise attack at any unsuspected moment from the front, the side, or behind. One foot was firmly planted on the ground, while the other leg was in a forward, slightly bent and open, self-protective position, so that he could never be thrown out of his balance. He greeted the drivers and, noticing the jar, reminded Lota to keep it daily filled with tea as usual during his absence.

"You're a good man," chorused the drivers.

He went in, and soon appeared a beautiful young woman. She had small feet and exquisite jet-black hair done in a loose coiffure, and wore an old broad-sleeved pink jacket, trimmed around the collar and the sleeve ends with a three-inch broad, very pale green satin. She talked freely with the drivers and showed none of the shyness usual among higher-class Chinese young women. She asked if all the mules had been fed, and disappeared again.

"What luck your master has!" exclaimed one young driver. "A good man always is rewarded with good luck. Such a young and pretty concubine!"

"Rot your tongue!" said Lota. "Our master has no concubines. That young woman is his adopted daughter and a widow."

The young driver slapped his own face in fun, and the others laughed.

Soon another servant and a number of pretty maids, from twelve or thirteen to eighteen in age, came out with bedding, packages, and little pots. The drivers were rather dazzled, but dared not pass further comments. A boy of thirteen followed, and Lota told the drivers it was the young master.

After half an hour of this confusion, the departing family came out. The beautiful young woman appeared again with two girls, both dressed very simply in white cotton jackets, one with green, the other with violet trousers. You can always tell a daughter of a well-to-do family from a maidservant by her greater leisureliness and quietness of manner; and the fact that the young woman was holding their hands showed the drivers these two were the daughters of the family.

"*Hsiaochieh*, come into my cart," said the young driver. "The other's mule is bad."

Mulan, the elder girl, thought and compared. The other cart had a smaller mule, but his driver had a more jovial appearance. On the other hand, this young driver had ugly sores on his head. Mulan chose by the driver rather than the mule.

So important are little things in our life, perfectly meaningless in

themselves, but as we look back upon them in their chain of cause and effect, we realize they are sometimes fraught with momentous consequences. If the young driver had not had sores on his head, and Mulan had not got into the other cart with the small and sickly-looking mule, things would not have happened on this journey as they did, and the course of Mulan's whole life would have been altered.

In the midst of the hustle, Mulan heard her mother scolding Silverscreen, a maid of sixteen in the other cart, for being overpainted and overdressed. Silverscreen was embarrassed before everybody; and Bluehaze, the elder maid of nineteen, assisting the mother into her cart, was silently smiling, being secretly glad that she had known better than to overdress for this journey and had listened to the mistress's instructions.

You could see at a glance that the mother was the ruler of the family. She was a woman in the middle thirties, broad-shouldered, square-faced, and inclined to be stout; and she spoke in a clear, commanding voice.

When everybody was well seated and ready to start, a little maid of eleven, whose name was Frankincense, was seen crying at the door. She was utterly miserable about being left behind to stay alone with Lota and the other servants.

"Let her come along,"Mulan's father said to his wife. "She can at least help fill the tobacco for your water pipe."

So, at the last moment, Frankincense jumped into the maids' cart. Everybody seemed to have found a place. Mrs. Yao shouted to the maids to let down the bamboo screen at the front of their covered cart, and not to peep out too much.

There were five covered carts, with one pony among the mules. The maternal uncle, Feng, and the young boy led the party, followed by the mother, riding with the elder maid, Bluehaze, who was holding a baby two years old. In the third cart were Mulan and her sister Mochow and the adopted daughter, whose name was Coral. The three other maids, Silverscreen, Brocade, fourteen, and little Frankincense, were in the next cart. Mr. Yao, the father, sat alone

and brought up the rear. His son Tijen had avoided riding in the same cart with him, and had preferred the uncle.

A manservant, Lotung, who was the brother of Lota, sat on the outside in Mr. Yao's cart, one leg crossed on the shaft and one left dangling.

To the people who had gathered to watch the departing family, Mrs. Yao loudly announced that they were going for a few days to their relatives in the Western Hills, although actually they were going south.

Whatever their destination, it was obvious to the passers-by that they were fleeing from the oncoming allied European troops who were marching upon Peking.

And so with a *waddle-ho*! and *ta ... tr*! and crackings of whips, the party started. The children were all excited, for it was their first trip to their Hangchow home, about which they had heard their parents speak so often.

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Mulan greatly admired her father. He had refused to flee from Peking until the evening of the eighteenth; and, now that they had decided to seek safety in their home at Hangchow, he had made extremely cool and unperturbed preparations for the departure. For Mr. Yao was a true Taoist, and refused to be excited.

"Excitement is not good for the soul," Mulan heard her father say. Another argument of his was: "When you yourself are right, nothing that happens to you can ever be wrong." In later life Mulan had many occasions to think about this saying of her father's, and it became a sort of philosophy for her, from which she derived much of her good cheer and courage. A world in which nothing that happens to you can ever be wrong is a good, cheerful world, and one has courage to live and to endure.

War clouds had been in the air since May. The allied foreign troops had taken the fort at the seacoast, but the railway to Peking had been destroyed by the Boxers, who had grown in power and popularity

and swarmed over the countryside.

The Empress Dowager had hesitated between avoiding a war with the foreign powers and using the Boxers, a strange, unknown, frightening force whose one object was to destroy the foreigners in China and who claimed magical powers and magic protection against foreign bullets. The Court issued orders one day for the arrest of the Boxer leaders, and the next day appointed the pro-Boxer Prince Tuan as minister for foreign affairs. Court intrigue played an important part in this reversal of the decision to suppress the Boxers. The Empress Dowager had already deprived her nephew the Emperor of his actual power, and was planning to depose him. She favored Prince Tuan's son, a worthless rascal, as successor to the throne. Thinking that a foreign war would increase his personal power and obtain the throne for his son, Prince Tuan encouraged the Empress Dowager to believe that the Boxers' magic actually made them proof against foreign bullets. Besides, the Boxers had threatened to capture "One Dragon and two Tigers" to sacrifice to heaven for betrayal of their nation, the "Dragon"being the reformist Emperor whose "hundred days of reform" two years earlier had shocked the conservative mandarinate, and the "Tigers"being the elderly Prince Ching and Li Hungchang, who had been in charge of the foreign policy.

. . .

The Boxers were actually within the capital. A lieutenant colonel who had been sent out to fight them had been ambushed and killed, and his soldiers had joined the Boxers. Highly popular and triumphant, the Boxers had captured Peking, killing foreigners and Christian Chinese and burning their churches. The diplomatic corps protested, but Kang Yi, sent to "investigate" the Boxers, reported that they were "sent from Heaven to drive out the Oceanic People and wipe out China's shame" and secretly let tens of thousands of them into the capital.

Once inside, the Boxers, under the covert protection of the Empress Dowager and Prince Tuan, terrorized the city. They roamed the streets, hunting and killing "First Hairies" and "Second and

Third Hairies." The "First Hairies" were the foreigners; the "Second and Third Hairies" were the Christians, clerks in foreign firms, and any other English-speaking Chinese. They went about burning churches and foreign houses, destroying foreign mirrors, foreign umbrellas, foreign clocks, and foreign paintings. . . .

Mr. Yao, being a well-read man and in sympathy with the reformist Emperor, thought the whole thing silly and dangerous child's play, but kept his convictions to himself. He had his own good reasons to be "antiforeign" in a sense, and hated the church as a foreign religion protected by a superior foreign power; but he was too intelligent to approve of the Boxers, and was grateful that Lota and his brother Lotung had kept away from the rabble.

There was fighting in the city. The German Minister had been fallen upon and murdered by Manchu soldiers. The Legation Quarter was under siege, and the Legation Guards bad been holding out for two months, waiting for relief from Tientsin. Yung Lu, one of the most trusted men of the Empress Dowager, who was put in command of the Imperial Guards to attack the Legations, was not in favor of the attack and secretly gave orders for their protection. But whole blocks of the city near the Legation Quarter had been razed to the ground, and whole streets in the South City burned down. The city was truly more in the hands of the Boxers than of the Government. Even the water carriers and toilet cleaners were not allowed to pursue their business unless they had red and yellow turbans wound around their heads.

All through this period Mr. Yao had refused to consider moving. All he consented to was to destroy a few big foreign mirrors in his home and a collapsible foreign telescope that he had bought as a curiosity. His house was a little out of the zone of great destruction. To his wife's pleadings for flight from the killing, looting, and turmoil, he did not reply; he refused to consider them. The country around was swarming with troops, and Mr. Yao thought that it was better to sit still than to make a move. He believed that men contrive, but the gods decide; and he was willing to take things as they came.

His calm and nonchalance exasperated his wife. She accused him of intending to live and die with his curios and his garden. But when the allied troops were actually approaching there was a real fear of a sack of the city, and she said, "If you don't care for your life, you must think of these little children."

This argument drove home, although he said, "How do you know it will be safer on the way?"

So on the afternoon of July 18 they decided to go. He thought that if they could get mule carts and go straight south to Tehchow, the first city in Shantung, an eight- or nine-day journey, they would then be safe. The new governor of Shantung had driven the Boxers out of his province by force. . . .

One day the new governor, Yuan Shihkai, had asked a Boxer leader to come to him to prove their magic powers. He ordered ten Boxers to stand in line and face a firing squad armed with modern rifles. At a signal, his men fired and, marvelous to behold, the ten Boxers were unhurt; the rifles had not been loaded. The Boxer chief was elated, and cried, "You see . . . !" Before he had finished the governor himself drew a revolver and killed the Boxers one by one. That had finished the Boxers in Shantung, and after a brief campaign they all drifted over to Chihli.

Flight through Tientsin was impossible. If Peking was in a state of pandemonium, Tientsin was in a state of hell; and the route to it was in the direct line of battle. Refugees from Tientsin to the capital said that traffic on the Grand Canal was jammed for miles, and boats had been known to make only half a mile advance in a whole day. So they were to go by land south to Tehchow, on the Shantung border, before taking a boat on the Grand Canal; and because there were *hunhun*, or bandits, outside Yungtingmen Gate, they must go by way of the Marco Polo Bridge, and follow the route to Chochow before they struck southeastward.

The journey from Tehchow down the Grand Canal to Shanghai and Hangchow would be safe also, because the governors in southeast China had signed an agreement with the foreign consuls to preserve

peace and protect foreign lives and property, so that the Boxer conflict had been strictly localized in the north.

"When are we leaving?" asked Mrs. Yao.

"The day after tomorrow," replied her husband. "We have to arrange for the mule carts. Then we have to do a little packing."

Now that she had won her point, Mrs. Yao was dismayed at the thought of packing.

"How can I do it in a day?" she exclaimed. "There are all the trunks and carpets and furs and jewels—and your curios."

"Never mind about my curios," said Mr. Yao curtly. "Leave the house entirely as it is. There's nothing to pack, except some summer clothing and some silver for the journey. We are not taking a pleasure trip; we are fleeing in war. I shall leave Lota and a few servants to guard the house. It may be looted by the Boxers. Secondly, it may be looted by the soldiers. Thirdly, it may be looted by the foreign troops. And fourthly, the whole house may be burned down, whether you roll up your carpets and pack your trunks or not. If we escape all these, we escape; and if we lose, we lose."

"But all our furs and treasures?" said his wife.

"How many carts are we going to take? The men and women alone will need five carts, and I am not sure we can find even that many."

Later, he called Lota to the hall. Lota had been with the family for years, and was himself a distant relative from Mrs. Yao's village. The master knew he could trust his entire fortune to his hands.

"Lota," he said, "tomorrow I shall pack up a few things with you, the porcelain and jade and the best paintings, and store them away. But we will leave all the cabinets and stands as they are. If any looters come, offer no resistance but ask them to help themselves. Do not risk your old life for these trash and rubbish! They are not worth it."

He instructed Feng, his wife's brother, who was managing the business of the household and looking after their medicine shops and tea firms, to go next day for some silver and gold for the journey, in ingots and broken pieces. Feng was also to call on the Imperial Physi-

cian and see if he could get some sort of official protection on the journey.

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In the dead of the night, Mr. Yao, who was sleeping alone in his studio in the southwest court, got up and woke Lota. He told Lota to light a lamp and follow him to the back garden, bringing a hoe and shovel, and to make no noise whatsoever. So they went out, old master and old servant, with six Chou and Han bronzes and several dozens of jade pieces and seal stones, that he had himself packed up carefully in sandalwood boxes, and buried them under the date tree in the garden. There they worked for over an hour under the light of the lamp and the summer stars.

Cheerful and really excited, Mr. Yao came back into the house before anyone was up. The dew was heavy, and Lota, coughing a little, suggested that he should go and make a pot of hot tea.

Mr. Yao often slept alone and he had no concubines. As head of a wealthy family, he had no great interests outside his books and curios and his children. He had no concubines for a double reason. First, because his wife would not permit it. Second, because there had been an abrupt change in his life at his thirtieth year, when he married Mulan's mother. Then a sensuous, adventurous rogue and playboy became a Taoist saint. His life before then was a complete dark chapter to his family. He had drunk, gambled, ridden on horseback, fenced, boxed, philandered and kept a sing-song artist, had traveled widely and known the best society. Suddenly he changed. His father died a year after his marriage and left him a huge fortune in medicine shops and tea firms in Hangchow, Soochow, Yangchow, and Peking, with regular service of herbs from Szechuen, and tea from Fukien and Anhwei, and a few pawnshops besides. The spiritual history of this man in that period was so hidden in mystery that even his wife did not know whether he had reformed after marrying her or before. He stopped not only his gambling and the reckless drinking, for which he had enormous capacity, his philandering and otherwise