

**LEAVES FROM MY
CHINESE
SCRAPBOOK**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649098576

Leaves from my Chinese scrapbook by Frederic Henry Balfour

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

FREDERIC HENRY BALFOUR

**LEAVES FROM MY
CHINESE
SCRAPBOOK**

LEAVES

FROM

MY CHINESE SCRAPBOOK.

BY

FREDERIC HENRY BALFOUR,

AUTHOR OF

"WAIFS AND STRAYS FROM THE FAR EAST,"

"TAOIST TEXTS," "IDIOMATIC PHRASES IN THE PEKING COLLOQUIAL,"
ETC. ETC.

MICROFILMED BY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY
MASTER NEGATIVE NO.:

930078

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.

1887.

[All rights reserved.]

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or address, located in the upper left quadrant of the page.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

6/20/11
1911

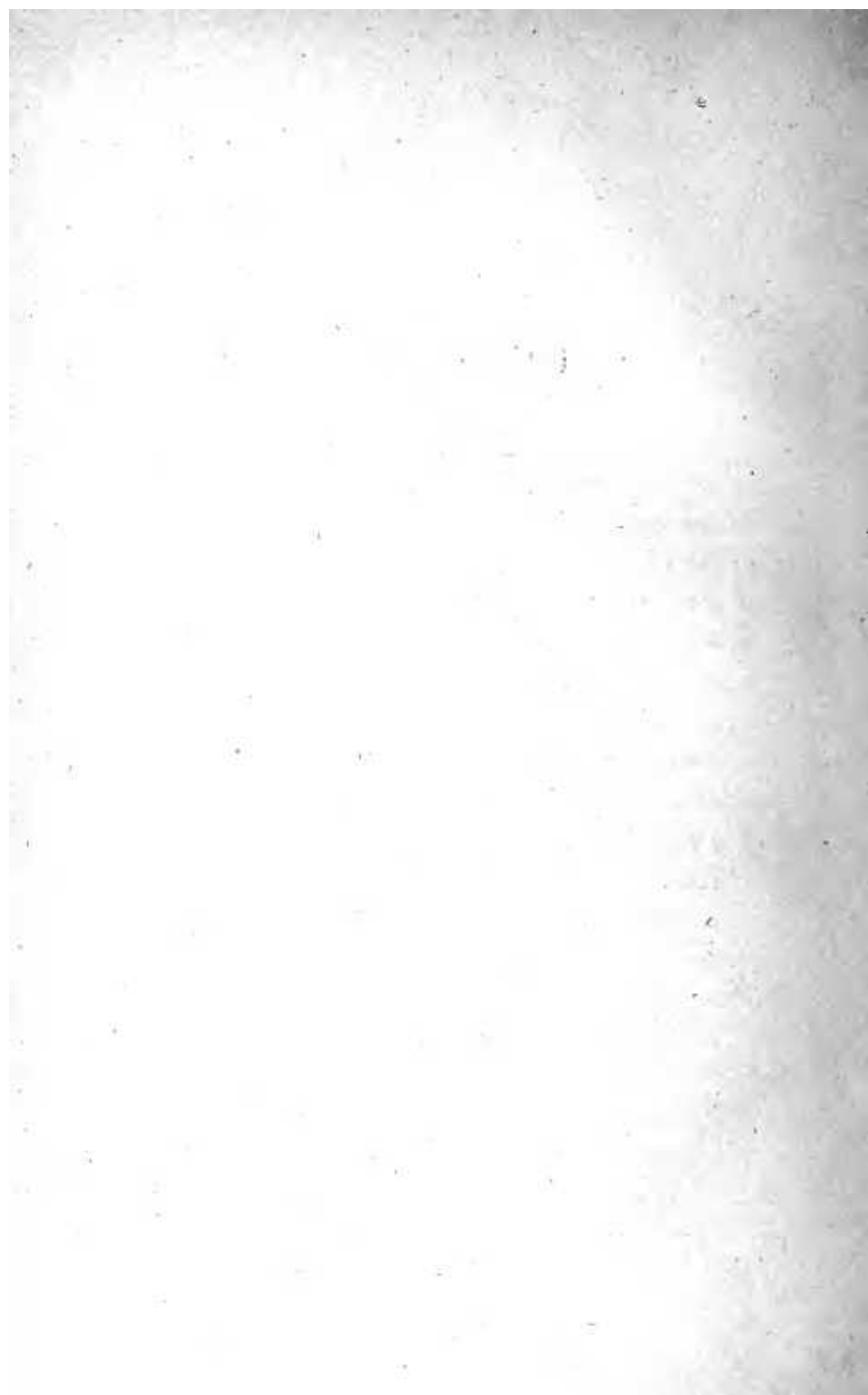
TO
MY KIND FRIENDS
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE F. SEWARD,
IN RECOLLECTION
OF
MANY HAPPY HOURS SPENT
AT THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, PEKING,

This Book

IS
DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE FIRST EMPEROR OF CHINA	I
II. THE EMPRESS REGENT	44
III. THE FIFTH PRINCE	50
IV. A PHASE OF COURT ETIQUETTE	55
V. FILIAL PIETY	59
VI. CHINESE IDEAS OF PATHOLOGY	64
VII. CHINESE MEDICINES	68
VIII. THE HORSE IN CHINA	72
IX. HIPPOPHAGY AMONG THE TARTARS	79
X. A PHILOSOPHER WHO NEVER LIVED	83
XI. TAOIST HERMITS	136
XII. A TAOIST PATRIARCH	140
XIII. THE PEACH AND ITS LEGENDS	145
XIV. TREE AND SERPENT WORSHIP	149
XV. THE SOPHISTS OF CHINA	153
XVI. PORTENTS	158
XVII. FEATHER-BRUSHES	163
XVIII. THE SEVEN WONDERS OF COREA	167
XIX. CHINA'S GREATEST TYRANT	171
XX. THE FLOWER-FAIRIES : A TAOIST FAIRY-TALE	176



LEAVES FROM MY CHINESE SCRAPBOOK.

CHAPTER I.

*THE FIRST EMPEROR.**

AN eminent writer of the present century has hazarded the conjecture that in the unwritten history of the globe might be found the names of many great and distinguished men of whom the world knows nothing; that in bygone ages and in distant lands there have been Ciceros and Cæsars, Hannibals and Homers,—may we suggest, in all seriousness, Beaconsfields and Bismarcks?—whose fame has never reached the shores of Europe, and whose memories have perished with their lives. Strange to say, we have heard this striking notion characterised as shallow. The criticism seems ungracious: profound it may not be, but there can be no question of its truth, nor of the fact that it is very little realised or thought of. That there are great countries in the world, with long and eventful histories, of which not one man in ten thousand knows the smallest trifle, is a statement

* Authorities consulted:—The *Shih Chi*; the *Tung Ch'ien*; the *Kok Shi Riak*; the *T'ai Ping Kuang Chi*; *Mémoires concernant les Chinois*; and *Histoire de la Chine*.

which no one acquainted with China will dispute. The educated European is versed only in the ancient and modern history of the continent to which he belongs, and in that of Western Asia. The rise and fall of the Greek and Roman powers; the development of their intellectual life; the varying fortunes of their component states; the prowess of their commanders; the writings of their dramatists and poets, and the speculations of their philosophers: all these are familiar enough, in a general way, to the well-read gentleman of Europe. But does it ever enter his consciousness that Greece may not be the only land which ever produced a Plato or a Sophocles; that other worlds than that he is so well acquainted with may lie beyond the Ural Mountains and the Caucasus, the literatures of which present a treasure-house of instruction and delight, to which he may have access if he will; that Europe has not monopolised the statesmen and the warriors, the poets and reformers, the men of mark and women of command who have hitherto appeared among the nations of the earth; that deeds of heroism and daring, scenes of voluptuousness and revelry, triumphs of intellect and skill, brilliant campaigns and hard-won victories, revolutions, restorations, and reforms—all the phenomena, in a word, of national and social life—have signalised the history of a giant land whose past is shrouded in obscurity, and whose present is substantially ignored? Hardly; or, if such a speculation were to cross his mind, he would dismiss it as treating of persons and events as far removed from his sphere of being as if they belonged to another planet than our own. It is this apathy and this ignorance which future years will, we hope, dispel.