

moved to arrest his flying brush and take a few moments off to wipe away his tears.²³

In his later translations these frills and addenda were greatly curtailed. Gone without a trace were his verses; and the "Translator's Prefaces" such as graced the opening pages of 孝友鏡 (a Belgian work, original title unknown). Commentaries such as the series of interjections—"What a laugh!" "What a big laugh!" and "Enough to make you laugh!" etc.—found in Chapter 2 of 烟火馬 (*Swallow*, by H. R. Haggard) also became extremely rare. Even such a work as 金臺春夢錄 (co-authored by a French writer and a Russian, original title unknown), which had Peking as its background and dealt with China's own flora and fauna, failed to stimulate him into expressing his sentiments. He no longer treated the works he translated with his wonted intimacy and seriousness; his whole attitude had become casual, one might even say cold and indifferent. If we recognized the translator's work as "literary romance", we might say that Lin Shu's later translations had, to borrow his own words, skidded into 冰雪姻緣—"a romance of ice and snow".

²³Commentary in 冰雪姻緣 (*Dombey and Son*), translation I had already wept three times!" Chapter 59: "By the time I reached this point in my

David Hawkes on Lin Shu

The voluminous output of the great translator Lin Shu included a good deal of modish trash. But the people who read his elegant classical renderings of Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle were not in search of merely entertainment. They were in conscious pursuit of the Occident, and were constantly reminded in the prefaces to these translations of the morals they might be expected to draw from them. In introducing *Allan Quatermain* 斐洲烟水愁城錄 Lin Shu lectures his readers on the white man's love of adventure and innovation; and in his preface to *People of the Mist* 霧中人 he reflects that if an Englishman would endure the sufferings and hardships that its hero underwent for the sake of a bag of rubies, the outlook for China with her vast resources of gold, silver, silk, and tea was very poor indeed.

—DAVID HAWKES
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