

He . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 His kinsmen wailed aloud,  
 The neighbouring hamlets were sorely . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 The land of . . . . .

## XI. Ast. ix. 5. (Transcript and poor photograph.)

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○  
 ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○  
 ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○  
 ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○  
 ○○○○○○○○○○○○○抱○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○  
 ○少乎愴○卒河○○年已○○○○○○○○○○  
 銘仕斯逝五於圖砥臺每爰言○○○○○○  
 之之及川日任一礪閣以自滿德○○○○  
 云美量之葬所旦恒○恭弱鄉無人縣  
 尔年由嘆於尋風心衡謹齡閭虧也故  
 實受長州繹燭冀擢爲之既冰稟○  
 亦生悲城春俄應任美歲能玉志智  
 ○奄宗北秋追眉安既瑀敬居高○  
 ○殯族原卅以壽西得瑩上心明墓  
 ○○○禮有永遐府名高順襟松○  
 ○○○而也○淳  
 ○元

[Inscription on] the tomb of the late [ ] Chih<sup>1</sup> of . . . Hsien . . . He was a native of . . . His character was lofty and distinguished. The pine . . . virtues without failing. His heart was the abode of ice and jade<sup>2</sup>, his affections . . . words filled the villages and hamlets. Since he was able to reverence those above him, obey . . . And so from the time of his earliest childhood he had the lustre of carved jade, of lofty . . . year. Always he made respect and courtesy the subject of his praise. When he gained fame . . . towers and pavilions. . . . He was selected for the post of prefect of An-hsi . . . embrace . . . perseveringly he worked for self-improvement. One might have hoped that he would be vouchsafed a hoary old age<sup>3</sup>, long-enduring . . . Plan of the Yellow River<sup>4</sup>. One day the fate of the candle in the wind suddenly overtook him<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> The surname is missing. The rest of the column should probably read 之墓表也.

<sup>2</sup> It was as pure as ice, as incorruptible as jade.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, 'an old age of (bushy) eyebrows'.

<sup>4</sup> This was a diagram on the back of a dragon-horse which emerged from the Yellow River. It was copied by the

Emperor Fu Hsi and made the basis of his Eight Trigrams. See *Tz'ü yüan*, 巳 45.

<sup>5</sup> A flickering candle symbolizes the uncertainty of human life. The 古樂府 'Old Song Treasury' has the couplet: 百年未幾時奄若風中燭 'Long before one approaches a hundred, one's life is like a candle in the wind.'