

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 16

Cheng Qianye, Zhang Fu and Xiao Jin were sitting in the carriage leaving the city.

“When will Weibeiyou go away? Wouldn’t you want to stay in our Bianzhou for the New Year?”

Cheng Qianye said grimly.

“I hate him very much, and I can’t put a smile on him. Zhang Fu, think of a way to let him go numbly.”

Zhang Fu was slightly surprised: “The lord thinks I can do this?”

Cheng Qianye patted his shoulder with a smile: “Gong Zhang is in my heart and is omnipotent.”

Do you think you are still a white lotus in my heart? This kind of thing is suitable for a black-bellied man like you to do.

Xiao Jin thought: The day before Weibeiyou just bullied the Moqiao student, the lord has always been worried. It seems that the slave’s weight in the princess’s heart is indeed not low. I just don’t know if he... already knows the identity of the princess.

Xiao Jin glanced at Cheng Qianye, who was raising the curtain.

Her white face was shining brightly in the warm winter sun, and she was embarrassed.

Although the princess is a woman, she is free and easy, and her demeanor does not seem to be as cautious and tender as an ordinary woman. These days, she gradually adapted to the identity of the monarch, and she became calm and steady day by day.

For such a long time, no outsider has discovered their secret of secretly changing their positions.

Xiao Jin thought this way: If the student of Mo Qiao was really taken by the princess, it would not be impossible to become a close person, but he had to help the princess pay attention to his behavior.

Cheng Qianye looked at the barren field outside the window that he couldn't see at a glance, then turned his head and pointed his finger on the cases at hand. Attracted the attention of Xiao Jin and Zhang Fu.

“I want to implement a policy to abolish the existing mine field system and adopt a land grant system.”

“The granting land system? What is the granting land system?” Xiao Jin and Zhang Fu asked in unison.

In fact, it is not called the field granting system. I have already returned the specific name to the history teacher. It's just that I am a little bit impressed by this system, and Cheng Qianye feels ashamed in his heart.

She dipped a little water in the tea cup with her finger, and drew a small circle and a large circle on the tabletop.

“Bianzhou is here, Dajin is there. If we want to continue to expand our territory from Bianzhou.”

Cheng Qianye drew a few lines out of his wet fingertips, and opened his five fingers, “It must be constant. The army conscripts from the Jin country and allocates grain and grass from the country. It travels thousands of miles, and the loss is huge. Let alone the people who have come to fight, there will be a shortage of people to grow food?”

Zhang Fu pondered for a while, stretched out his slender fingers and tapped the small circle lightly.

“Yes, I think so. Divide the deserted land according to the heads of people to the refugees to encourage wasteland reclamation.” Cheng Qianye leaned slightly, “We can publicize notices, as long

as we are willing to enter the household registration of our Jin country, do not move at will. No matter what. People of all countries are granted a certain number of fields. In the first year, I can also exempt them from taxes.”

She closed her hand and said: “In this way, our Dajin warriors will expand their territory in the front, and the rear will have a steady stream of logistical support.”

Zhang Fu’s eyesight is faint: “This matter is indeed feasible, but many details need to be carefully considered. For example, how old men can grant farmland, how many per person can grant farmland, and whether some of the received farmland belongs to the country and some are allowed. Private sale...”

Cheng Qianye was very happy to see Zhang Fu and himself hit it off.

Xiao Jin frowned and put forward an objection: “The land belongs to the nobility and the country, and the common people have never been able to privately own it. This action is detrimental to the interests of the aristocratic family, and I am afraid that it will attract resistance from the domestic scholar-officials and ministers. The foundation is not yet stable, so we shouldn’t change things lightly, and we hope the Lord will think twice.”

Cheng Qianye knew that these two people had completely different opinions because they had different attitudes towards themselves.

Xiao Jin is more loyal to herself, so his priority is the stability and safety of Cheng Qianye’s personal status.

Zhang Fu values the growth and prosperity of the Jin country, so he supports Cheng Qianye to make this kind of risky reform.

In any case, these two indeed have keen political talents, and in Cheng Qianye's few words, they can hit the nail on the head on the key point of the problem.

Cheng Qianye, who has absorbed the essence of knowledge and culture for thousands of years, does not appear to have much advantage in front of these two great talents.

Cheng Qianye patiently explained and discussed with Xiao Jin: "Xiao Sikou was right. At the beginning, we can leave the fiefs of the officials and nobles in Jin in the first place. Bianzhou is our new land, and there are no owners everywhere. Land. I want to be a pilot in Bianzhou."

"If it is feasible, I will implement this system in the future, but I will open up the territory and expand the territory in the future. From now on, I will no longer entrust the land, and only reward them with gold and silver titles. As for the existing fiefdoms, you say That's right, you can leave it alone and try to figure it out slowly."

Xiao Jin hesitated for a moment: "Bianzhou is a waste of time. The lord has a high reputation here, but...you can really give it a try."

Zhang Fu was silent, but thought in his heart: "I actually have a time to look away. Now it seems that the lord is also an ambitious person, and this pattern...not small."

When the carriage arrived by the Bianshui River, Cheng Qianye jumped out of the carriage, and Biyun, the maid who had bought it on the side of the road, hurried up to serve.

Behind her was her sister Xiaoqiu.

Biyun is relatively stable, although his appearance is ordinary, but his thoughts are delicate and thoughtful.

And Xiaoqiu was still young, and after staying with Cheng Qianye for a few days, he gradually recovered his cheerful and lively nature, and his sallow face was slightly white and round.

Cheng Qianye likes these two little girls, and often takes them when going out, so that their sisters can also come out and let go, so that they won't be overly restrained by the new environment.

She took Xiao Qiu's hand and asked, "Xiao Qiu, you tell me, why don't your parents farm in their hometown, and would rather come to Bianzhou in exile?"

Xiao Qiu replied: "My family has no fields to grow. The good fields are occupied by the noble masters. After planting a large piece of public land for the noble masters every year, can we plant the little bit of thin fields on the slopes of my family. It takes a lot of hard labor to feed the whole family. My youngest brother starved to death."

Biyun answered, "Return to the lord, the lord from the previous hometown would arrest people and go to war at every turn. There are ten young people in the village. My father is an adult man in my family, and father is afraid of being arrested as a strong man. Leaving a family of young and old starved to death at home, this led us to escape."

Biyun lowered his head: "But after escaping here, she also encountered wars. Daddy and Aniang had no choice but to sell our sisters to support the younger brother."

"If you give your family a piece of land that belongs to you, and you only need to pay 30% of the tax each year, do you think your parents would want to move over."

"That's for sure, not only my parents, but my whole village will want to move over. It belongs to my own land. I want it in my dreams. My dad will definitely take care of it with extra care. Make good use of every inch of land. on."

Cheng Qianye patted her hand, "It will be there soon."

Zhang Fu and Xiao Jin exchanged glances, and saw a sense of relief in each other's eyes.

By the Bianshui River, the newly appointed Bianzhou officials have long been waiting.

The leader of the Bianzhou Mu Wang Sili, and the newly appointed local officials including Zhou Cheng, Zhou Wei, and Zhou Sima, hurriedly greeted him.

Kow on the bow and salute, and see the Lord.

Wang Sili is a middle-aged man with a dark complexion and a short stature. He smiled very honestly.

He was wearing hemp shoes and trousers rolled up, stepping in the mud, walking in the mud. Looks like a capable official who is diligent and caring for the people.

But Cheng Qianye felt very uncomfortable because she saw the color that made herself uncomfortable.

I asked you to be passive and sabotaged some time ago, and ended up doing such a thing as a Bianzhou animal husbandry. Now I will ask you if you should not respond.

Cheng Qianye hit them haha and asked about the situation of Bianshui River.

This river is a tributary of the Yellow River, and the water is fierce, so Xiao Jin always attaches great importance to the protection of the river embankment and often comes to check it.

Wang Sili bent over and said respectfully: "Return to the lord, thanks to the lord Shengming, Xiao Sikou's talents, promptly mobilizing the people to reinforce the river embankment. At this moment, the autumn flood has passed, and we can protect Bianzhou from flooding this winter."

Cheng Qianye nodded in praise symbolically, not impatient to deal with it.

She glanced at the crowd and pointed to an official crowded at the end of the crowd and said, "Look at your clothes. It's the Sagong who is in charge of the construction work? Let's talk about it. Are there any problems with water conservancy?"

The man bowed to the ground and saluted, "I would like to ask the lord, the humble position is Zhou Sikong Cui Youyu. Now the autumn flood has been passed safely. But this winter is cold early this year, and the water freezes quickly. The humble servant feels..."

Wang Sili coughed from the side.

Cui Youyu looked up at his boss, thought about it, and continued: "I think it is very likely to cause lingxun. He also asked the lord to dredge the river and reinforce the embankment to prevent water damage. According to the investigation by the minister, in Bianzhou, Shang The following river sections are severely damaged and need to be strengthened urgently."

He took out a volume of papers from his arms and held them in both hands.

Cheng Qianye unfolded and saw that it was densely written with text, and there were also cross-section and topographic maps of water conservancy.

The surrounding state officials looked a little ugly.

Cheng Qianye looked at Cui Youyu who was kneeling in front of his eyes without realizing it, and smiled in his heart: This is a stunned officialdom. No matter where he is, this kind of person is probably a person to hate his boss, but he works seriously. , The professional skills seem to be very good. Of course, the main reason is that his color is very beautiful, so I can see it at a glance.

"Yes." Cheng Qianye put away his documents, "You write a detailed plan for the overall management of Bianhe River, and give it to me directly... Uh"

She remembered that she couldn't understand, so she changed her mind.

“Give it directly to Xiao Sikou.”

The group inspected the embankment.

On the way back to the city, Cheng Qianye said to Xiao Jin: “That Wang Sili is very bad, you can find an excuse to replace him.”

Xiao Jin said in surprise: “Master Wang has served as a pastoralist in Dajin for many years. He has rich experience and good reputation. I don't know why the lord has such a bad comment on him.”

“Um.” Cheng Qianye made up a temporary reason, “I heard some comments about him, all kinds of styles are very bad. Otherwise, Zhang Fu, you can help to check this person carefully to see if it is true. .”

I don't know where he is bad, but it must be bad.

Zhang Fu, you can definitely find out.

Cheng Qianye picked Zhang Fu with expectant eyes.

Zhang Fu had no choice but to take the order.

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Mo Qiao gave birth to the camp and returned. The guard at the door called him, pointed to a person standing by the door and said, “That person is looking for you. I have been waiting for a long time.”

When Mo Qiaosheng saw it, it was Afeng. He was wearing thin clothes and his face was pale, standing motionless in the cold wind.

