

The Korean Envoy's Journey to Peking in 1712 A. D.

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These extracts are from a diary kept by a Korean gentleman on a trip from Seoul to Peking in the years 1712 and 1713 A. D. or the 51st and 52nd years of the reign of the famous Emperor, Kang Hsi.

The writer's elder brother was chief envoy at the time, carrying Korea's yearly tribute to the Imperial Court. This gave Kim Ch'ang-up, the author special opportunities to see and record his impressions.

Only that part of the journey from Eui-joo on the Yaloo River to Mukden, Manchuria, is touched upon. This will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the delights and hardships of the way. The account of his arrival on the 27th day of the 12th moon, 1712, and his stay in Peking, will be given later in full. Anyone following the story closely will see Peking, at a very interesting time, through the eyes of a refined Korean gentleman, who represents one of the oldest and best literary families of the East.

Mr. Kim was born in 1658, or twenty-five years after Samuel Pepys, and he died in 1721, so that he was 54 at the time of this visit.

As we are, so we are. What this Korean sees and records will give the reader a correct idea of what sort of man he was and what ideas lay back of his brain.—EDITORS.

CHAPTER I

26th day. Morning clear, left Eui-joo and went 8 miles to Koo-ryun San.

After breakfast we set out on our journey. All the guards accompanying us put on their military uniform. I also exchanged my white coat for a grey soldier's dress, and wore a red silken girdle about my waist. Then I fastened my sword and pouch to my saddle and started on my way. Ten dancing girls, dressed in uniform, rode on horses in advance of us, and so we passed out of the South Gate of Eui-joo and came to the tent that had been erected on the river bank. The Secretary and the Governor arrived first, and saw to the examination of the goods that were to be carried with us. My brother arrived later and took a place prepared for him at the seat of honour. The Second envoy followed him, and sat on the east side, while the Secretary sat next to him. I remained outside the tent. Those who were to cross the river, including the interpreters, numbered five hundred and thirty-seven in all, and the horses four hundred and thirty-five. Besides these a great company of friends and relatives came to see the soldiers, secretaries and *mapoos* safely off. The procession extended for several li, a confused mass of men and horses. Great quantities of meat and drink were served, a sight for the eyes to see.

The Governor had prepared this farewell luncheon, to be given us with music and dancing. He asked me to come into the tent as well and have a seat. I declined, however, saying that I was under no official appointment, but he insisted, and so at last I went in and sat down on his left hand. The glass was passed round several times, till the day began to draw to a close.

My brother, leading the van, crossed the river on the ice. From the bank on the other side, he watched the dancing girls, mounted, playing polo. At last we were in the country of the foreigner. My nephew here left us and went back, our goodbyes being very hard to say.

The attendants had already arrived and set up the tents. One was of felt and looked like a great bell. It was so prepared that it

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could be opened and closed like an umbrella. About it was a curtain wall with a wooden door in front, just as the Mongols use, "a House of the firmament" they call it. Inside of it five or six persons can sleep comfortably. On the floor straw and reeds were placed and above these were hair- cloth sleeping mats. Above these again pillows and quilts were arranged. Candles were lighted, so that on entering, one felt that he was in a dignified and roomy chamber.

The cook brought in the evening meal. The 'side dishes' were exceedingly clean and nicely arranged, just such as to quicken one's appetite.

The second envoy and Secretary slept in tents made of dog-skin. There were three in all, that were placed ten paces or so apart. Round about these was a wall of netting to keep out tigers. Within this enclosure was gathered the multitude of attendants that accompanied the envoys, with their horses. Others went to sleep where they pleased, and lighted fires wherever they were. The illumination from these broke in on the darkness with a blaze of light. From time to time trumpets blew and bugles blared to keep the guards awake. The noise of these made the mountains echo.

We slept at night with our clothes on, but still the cold air came searching through like pointed arrows; and yet the day had not been specially cold. What it would be like in a very severe season, I have no idea.

After dark, three Chinese night watchmen came by. Since crossing the river, each envoy had had ten guards or spearmen sent to accompany him. Formerly they were rifle-men, but this year, on account of a veto on guns, they have only spears. Here I posted letters home by the Government courier.

27th day. Bright. The air soft and warm. 20 miles.

We arose betimes while it was still dark. At the first call of the bugle everyone got up and the servants fed the horses; on the second call, hot gruel was served from the kitchen, and when the third call came we started on our way. As we journeyed, we could see the Songkol Hills 松鶴山 to the north- west near enough to count the peaks. This range of mountains reminds me of our own Kwan-ak San, though for majesty and awe they are superior.

As we journeyed we passed several peaks where there is

abundance of timber and forest lands. The roads were covered with ice and snow. Here and there were scattered the bones of horses and other animals that had fallen by the way. We saw also marks of fresh fires where police and night guards had halted. By the ridge near Ma-jun-pa, close to the road, there is a very deep pool with sharp rocks about it. These rocks greatly impeded our way. At last we pitched our tent on the bank of the stream, where we had breakfast. All crowded to the water to drink, men and horses, and it looked like a battle-field as they contended together. Three Chinamen whom I had seen yesterday once more made their appearance. One riding a horse, passed along on the right, while the two who were walking came by the envoy's tent. One of them came where the interpreters were seated, and seeing them smoking, asked for tobacco. His clothes and headgear were indescribably dirty, and his face so foul, that he was not really like a human being at all. Yi Yoo-ryang spoke with him, while the head interpreter Pak Tong-wha, who was sitting by and listening, said not a word. This seemed very peculiar to me. Yi asked him something concerning the Emperor, but he said he did not know. He then gave him a drink of wine and sent him off.

Leaving Koo-ryun city, the hills gradually recede so that a wide stretch of plain opens up. Very fertile it seems and excellent for cultivation. As we went along we noticed here and there old sites of dwellings that had been deserted. Occasionally too we saw smoke from chimneys as though people were still living near.

This night fires were lighted on the rear hills by the attendants to keep off tigers; and though the weather was very cold, still the same clamour of horns and trumpet-blowing was kept up as on the previous night

28th day. Morning clear and cold, 15 miles.

While it was still dark I got up and went outside the tent where I found the soldier guards sitting about the open fires, some dropping off to sleep, some warming their feet by the flames. They were lying in heaps making use of each other for rests and pillows.

In early morning when the third trumpet blew, we set out on our way; and when the day was fully light, the spearmen, who accompanied us from Eui-joo, took their departure and returned

home.

Later we arrived at Hyul-am. From here on to the stockade, it is an open plain. As far as one could see is a vast stretch of country. The peaks of Pong-whang are the only variations in the landscape; very majestic and beautiful they are. Before we arrived at Pong-whang, we saw another hill called *Sang-ryong* (Upper Dragon) with high and imposing tops. The hills of Hyul-am and Pong-whang, that we were now approaching, were covered with pines. This was the first we had seen of pine woods since crossing the river. Very splendid was the sight.

The stockade ahead of us, built of great logs, skirted the southern slope of the mountains, and circled about for three miles or more. In it there were gates, the opening and closing of which is at the bidding of the General of the Guard, who is stationed in Pong-whang City. These gates were formerly situated some two miles to the east of their present site, this being about forty miles from the Yaloo River. From this point to the Yaloo the land was left vacant, a neutral territory, that no one was supposed to inhabit. The reason for this was a desire on the part of the Chinese Government to stop fugitives going from one country to the other.

Some ten years ago the stockade was moved seven miles further east in order to make room for the increasing population of Pong-Whang City, as well as to give people a wider pasture and place to feed their flocks. But this approach toward the Yaloo was a breach of the original agreement. The stockade gate was thatched with straw and grass. On approaching it we saw the residence of the General in charge, with inns and drinking-houses near by. There were besides a dozen or so of private residences, all thatched with straw. Looking forward some distance within the stockade, a white mound stood up like a greet bank of snow. It turned out to be cotton wool that the people had prepared in readiness to sell to the Korean Embassy on its return with the Calendar. There were said to be many thousands of pounds of this material.

The envoys pitched their tents outside the paling and had breakfast, while I too put on my official robes and went with the others to make my bow to my brother. My wish was to do just as the others did, and so I acted accordingly. Here I prepared a letter for

home and sent it by the hand of a passer who was returning from China. We waited for a time, when little by little, a number of Chinese began to gather, and by means of interpreters spoke to us through the paling. Thus we greeted each other with friendly faces. They were nearly all work-a-day people who make their living by running carts from Pong-Whang City to Yo-dong. This company, it seems, has great influence, and possesses the sole right to trade with the Korean envoy. When any of our horses became disabled they were the ones who put our goods upon earls and carried them instead. They had brought their carts along and were ready in waiting.

About noon the paling gates were opened, and hundreds of Chinese came rushing out. When I first saw them I was afraid, for there were many very big men among them and many magnificently dressed, not at all like the first three China-men I had seen. Two Chinese interpreters who were with us ordered their attendants to bring mats, to be placed before the two envoys, who took their seats and received the respectful salutations of the Chinese officials. Those then withdrew and seated themselves aside with others, some ten in all just across the way. We sent presents of wine, dried fruits, and dried pheasant's flesh. The Chinese, when offered drink, simply took the glass but did not touch it to the lips.

The interpreter remarked, "Only after the Envoys have first partaken will they drink," so the two envoys took up the empty glasses and made as though they drank, after which they all talked together. A Chinese interpreter named Ma took the lead in interpreting. One was appointed to each envoy, who afterwards followed him all the way to Peking and back. These were called Government Interpreters and were so used. Those who accompanied us were O Ok-ki and Ma Pai, both Chinamen, not Manchus. Two Chinese military officers stood by and checked off the procession as it came through the gate of the palisade.

From the palisade to Pong-Whang City is a distance of ten miles. In all that way there are but two or three houses and only a very few fields to be seen. Out in the open we saw some few people feeding horses and cattle. The road circled about Pong-whang mountain, so that we saw the south, north and west sides definitely.

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This mountain is much the same in size as our open Soo-rak of Yang-joo, though its peaks are like pointed arrows and the colour of its rocks green and transparent. All the hills seem to stand out sheer and precipitous, gentle slopes being absent from the view. On the south side of the way is the site of an old wall, built of grey stone. They tell me that it was formerly Korean territory from this point east, but I have my doubts. Some also say that it is the old wall of King Tong-myung (東明王). I should not wonder if it is so.

On the road there was a great procession of carts, so closely packed that you could scarcely cross the way. Though we ordered them to clear the track, they paid no attention whatever. This was only one of the proofs of their very rude disposition, showing also that they are quite familiar with and accustomed to Koreans.

We arrived at Pong-whang where there is a wide street and long rows of shops with quantities of things to sell that I had never seen before. Crowds of people thronged the high-way and packs of children followed us. We came before the office of Inspection, and there a squad of soldiers in armour stopped our way. We asked the reason and they replied that we were all required to go to the Inspectors' office, and yet we could not well enter because the ground had been dug into and made impossible for the horses to step on. The soldiers and mapoos, however, paid no attention to this but endeavored to force us in, and plied their whips in a way that was most cruel. At the same time we looked for our interpreters but they were nowhere to be seen. It was a case of extreme exasperation and ended in a great row. Finally we were consigned to a special room though our attendants had been badly beaten and some of them lost their clothing. The house where we were stationed was on the west side of a road, about the middle of the city, a very large building. Five kan of rooms faced south, with a wide courtyard in the middle. To the east and west were rooms also, and on each side numbers of heated kang. There were double gates of entrance in front, with gate quarters attached to each, and also heated *kangs*.

The master of the house was a pure Chinamen, whose name was Yi. From this day on, all that we saw and heard was new and strange to us. I was confused beyond measure and unable to utter a

word, but I noticed that the sound of the cock that crew was just the same as in our native Korea, very strange indeed I

My servant Wun-gun informed me that there was a new Buddhist temple near by well worth seeing. On hearing this, I went on foot to inspect it. Colonel Chang-yup also came along. We found it near the main street. It was small but very beautifully built. In the inner rooms we saw a bookcase with many things on it all arranged in perfect order. We sat on the chairs and rested for a little, and then returned home and had our evening meal

Before eating, I first offered something from my table to the master of the house by way of compliment. His wife also asked for a taste, and when I gave her some she was greatly pleased.

Kim-Choong-wha, a student with us, was now busy at his first lessons in Chinese, and with this in mind, he said to the master, "Ne-ne," meaning to say, "Come here, will you." At this, however, the Manchu became very angry; he jumped up and down before the kang and beat the floor with his fist. Others exercised themselves to quiet him. We gave him an iron baton as a present and he was at last pacified. The people of this country call their wives "Ne-ne." So Ne ne may mean "you," "wife," or "come, come." But "come" is always rendered by one "Ne" and never by two "Ne-ne." Hence the master thought the student was calling his wife, and thus offering him insult. Because of this Kim became the laughing stock of all his comrades and did not dare to open his mouth to anyone. Very funny it was!

The master's wife forbade the mapoos tethering their horses below the hampers where the chickens were. She had lost many chickens she said, that had been stolen and so was very suspicious. To make sure, she had them counted safely over. Then the officer in charge of the mapoos fiercely charged them, and ordered them to keep their hands off the hostess's chickens. On enquiry next morning it was found that none of them were missing.

There was a small dog in this house not larger than a cat, that the people nursed and carried about with them. Its disposition seemed very ugly, and they admitted that it would bite.

Yong-an, Dragon's-eyes, and other sweetmeats prepared in sugar I saw for the first time.

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Along the way rice was doled out to us according to the distance we had to travel; also they supplied us liberally with chickens, pork, wine and fodder for our horses.

The Interpreter Ma P'ai had one officer with him, also two spearmen and eighteen soldiers dressed in armour. We exchanged guards along the way, so there were never more than four or five constantly with us. But we did not use them beyond Mukden, because of the question of giving them presents. Ma P'ai had us dispense with them from that point, while he himself appropriated the gifts. Each armed soldier had a sword, but it was a poor, dull implement, unfit for service. Their clothes, too, were in rags and their horses thin and poor, much like our own soldiers at home.

29th day. Pong-whang. Bright and warm. 17 miles.

In the early morning I started off ahead of the party, and again visited the temple that I had seen the day before. I did so because I had not had a chance to see it properly. Within it there was a gilded Buddha that had a broad grin on his face. I noticed that every temple had just such a Buddha, but what Buddha he is I do not know. Looking behind the image, I found a little oratory where there was another Buddha, a smaller one. On the table in front of him was a censer, but nothing else did I see. At the west side of the temple was a tiled house where the priests lived. In front of this oxen and donkeys were tethered. I entered and found two priests lying on the kang sound asleep, so I turned and came away.

I passed along the market street till I came to an old wall. Climbing up on the top, I could see the circumference of the ancient town some five or six li about, but now all fallen to ruins. The plain about Pong-whang is very wide and the land seems excellent for cultivation. Pong-whang is a great city, due doubtless to this favorable region. Their means of livelihood however, is largely gained by trade with the east. Most of the shops were of recent construction, and business seemed brisk and prosperous.

In front of the temple gate were two new coffins with the dead in them. They were carved and painted in various colours, with openings at the top by which the air might come and go. Most startling was it to see these. On the side of the way I noticed three or four more of them as well, some half rotted away, with stones

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covering the openings in them. They looked very nasty and I disliked their presence. In every town and city that we came to we saw the same. I asked the reason for this and was told that it was because there was no burial ground available for the poor. People who die away from home, are accommodated with one of these coffins that stand in the open.

We passed Sam-chai lake and arrived at Kan-ja P'o (乾者浦) and there had breakfast. There was only one shop in the place at which vermicelli was sold, a very unsavory place. The envoys sat together on one corner of the kang, while I went out and waited by the stream that flowed by.

From here on we went by a narrow way through the mountains, where the wood is very dense and where two high passes had to be crossed. The way was so narrow that we could scarcely push through. At last we arrived at the foot, where we met a Chinese woman in a cart. The cart had a cover of black sackcloth, like the covering of a mourner's chair.

Finally we reached Song-chum (松店) and entered the official quarters. There was a wall about the place on the four sides. Each side had some seventy or eighty rooms with a large hall in the middle fitted with kang. The two envoys went into one room while the Secretary and I remained in another. Our attendants went here and there and found quarters where they could. The horses and the mapoos came within the enclosure, but slept out in the open court. Before the gate a great crowd of Chinese had brought drink to sell as well as rice, beans, wood, fodder and various kinds of eatables. They blocked the way. No one could enter the official quarters unless he was acquainted with the soldiers, or was willing to give some bribe for entrance. Thus were the gates guarded.

When we were at Kan-ja P'o (乾者浦), I exchanged a Korean fan for two pheasants. I then had the birds cooked and shared them with the secretaries and attendants. The flavour was very good indeed.

I had caught a slight cold on the way, and as the newly made kang was unseasoned and impossible to pass the night on, I left, and slept in one of the town houses. Although the kang there was not what you could call cold, it was very, very dirty. Just

opposite to me on the other side, were five Chinese carters, who used tobacco and exhaled clouds of smoke in a most disagreeable way. The woman of the house brought their meals for them. I examined some of the food and found it to be Chinese rice, with grains very soft and smooth. I ate two or three spoonfuls and then ordered a table for myself. The master brought me also a plate of mustard and cabbage pickle, which was very nicely flavored.

My servant Kui-dong remarked, "When the old-wife of the place saw me eating my meal she was very much delighted; and had me come into the inner room and eat it there."

I asked the Master for some radishes, and he brought me ten or more red ones. He gave me also cabbage pickle which I set aside for future use. As pay for my room I gave him two rolls of white paper, and a pipe with a bamboo stem.

I asked the master what he did for a living, and he said he was a soldier. I enquired again as to how much pay he received, and he said he got eighteen yang of silver in one year. At the side of the town was a small shrine, in which were three images seated in royal robes. At their side were judges of Hades and demon guards. The keeper was a man who had no pig-tail, and so Wun-gan said, "Behold a Buddhist!" All men in this country shave the forehead, but the presence or absence of the tail tells whether a man is a Buddhist or not.

30th day. Cold wind, 20 miles.

When day began to dawn we returned to the official head-quarters, and there had hot gruel. Then we set out on our way and after going three or four miles crossed a very high pass, the name of which was So-jang Yung. There were many oaks upon it and other trees that I cannot enumerate. At intervals willows were also seen, and maples just such as we have in our own country.

Azaleas and rhododendron seemed to be missing. When we had crossed the pass we found a large stream that came from the west called the Ong-book River. On the bank was a small boat called Ma-san or "Horse Carrier" by which we crossed over and arrived at a thatched hut where they sold drink. There were two or three tall horses tethered at the door. Ma Pai and his company stopped here for a little, saying, "When we leave this place there is

another pass awaiting us called the Great Chang Yung. It is higher than the one we have just crossed, but once over it there is a wide plain with fields of maize and fertile soil." We were ferried over two streams, the upper waters of the Ong-book, called here the Pal-to or "Eight Crossings." It is so named because of the many times you meet it on the way. On each bank there was a little hut, poor and dirty. Here we pitched tents and had our breakfast. Many hunters came by who had pheasants to sell, exceedingly cheap in price. They said, that as there was snow this year the birds were dearer than formerly. We also saw a Chinaman with a falcon on his arm, who was going out hawking. It had no bell on it as Korean falcons have, which I thought very strange. There were also falconers who were riding on horseback. One man rode a white mule that was a splendid walker. I exchanged my post horse for it, for a little, and rode ahead. Its grace and speed were something wonderful. My servants fell far behind in less than a mile's distance, but the servant of the man who owned the mule kept up and rode beside me on his horse. It seemed but a few minutes till we arrived at Tong-wun-p'o. The soldiers who had come to meet us were waiting in the road, and made the salutation, saying, "The official *Yamen* of this place is very much colder than the one you have just been in, so we have secured private quarters for you." I went to see what these were like and found a large, imposing building. My brother took up his quarters in the west room. The rooms to the north and south were warmed, as well as the one in which I slept. The owner evidently was a man of considerable means. On each kang were white mats, while round about were pieces of expensive furniture. On the table was a tortoiseshell tea-pot of about eight inches in height, while on the walls were many books which I examined and found to be all novels. In a little shrine on the west side the Buddha was worshipped. Beads, a bell and a drum, were on a table in front of him. The owner's mother, whose age was about eighty, was a very devout worshipper of the Buddha. She ate only vegetables and said her prayers without ceasing. The sons and daughters of the master all seemed very busy on our first arrival, but in a little, they came with tables well laden with dainties which they offered to our attendants. Also two plates of sweetmeats were sent to me. I found

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among these hawthorns cooked in honey, which were very sweet to the taste. The master himself poured out the tea and passed the cups. I did not decline but accepted of it and drank.

1st day. Twelfth moon. Weather fine and cold. 20 miles.

We set out on our way as the day began to dawn. Passing Suk-oo, "Stone-corner," we reached Tap-tong, "Paddy Village," where we went into an inn. The envoys separated, one going to one kang and one to another. Here we breakfasted and when we left, the master, a Chinaman, made a fuss over the small amount we had given him for the room. He shut the doors and refused to open them. The Secretary's *mapoo* whose name was Chik-san, could speak Chinese well and though he disputed the point with the inn-keeper the latter refused to unbar the door. Only after receiving a Korean pipe did he yield to our solicitation and let us pass on our way. On the road from Tong-wun-po here, we had come by a long mountain valley of some seven miles, and had crossed the same river twice. After leaving this place where we had had our breakfast the view little by little opened up, and as far as one could see it was waste land with no fields or places of habitation. It is very level like a plain of discarded rice-fields at home. In the breaking up of spring or during the rainy season, I imagine it would be very muddy and difficult to cross. It was called Tap-tong or "Paddy Village" on the same principle that names are given in our own country. We went three miles further, and reached a hill called Poon-soo or "Dividing Waters." The shape of the mountains was very rough and precipitous. Great forests covered them thick with green and smoky verdure but I am unable to say what kind of timber it was. There is a plateau on the top of a hill where the waters divide, some flowing west toward Yo-dong and some east. For this reason the pass is called Poon-soo or the Dividing of the Waters. All the hills about Yo-dong take their rise from this ridge, so say the geomancers. Their influence comes from the two points of the compass marked Im and Chook. As we crossed the pass we found the country better wooded than before. Wild pears fairly blocked our way. At intervals there were willows and odd-looking plants growing like the mistletoe.

In seven miles of distance we crossed two low passes, and

reached Yun-san Kwan (連山關). Thirty houses or so were to be seen here huddled together on the bank of the river. The owners had made a palisade de of logs, strong and closely fitted, in order to protect them from tigers. Such palisades were seen all the way from Song-chum to Nang-san or Wolf Mountain.

We slept at the house of a Chinaman named Yi Ke-ji. From this point on the Government soldiers grew less and less careful in guarding us against trespassers, and so I lost my silk girdle in the night. It was evidently carried off by some Chinese thief, and so I had to improvise a leather one to wear instead.

My father in the year *Ke-sa* (1653) passed along this same way, and one night at a certain house where he stayed, he learned that his grand-father had come by this very route and had slept in the same place on his way to Mukden. I noticed a little shrine in this village. At night the landscape was whitened by the snow that fell. The day previous when we arrived I saw four or five flags flying from a house. My servant said it was a funeral party about to set out for the place of burial. But as we came by the house in the morning the flags were gone, and only a fire was burning before the door. I noticed four or five girls come out dressed in white, and after shaking their dresses over the fire return to the house. I suppose it is some method of purification that attends the services of the dead.

The day following the snow ceased, but the morning was cloudy. Only toward evening did it clear off and become fine.

We went five miles from Yun-san Kwan and reached a pass called Whoi-yung, after which we went eight miles more and arrived at Kan-soo Chun, where we slept. The room in which we put up had a picture on the north wall of Kwan, the God of War. In the morning the women of the house placed incense in the brazier and bowed before it.

After breakfast we started on our way, crossed the stream in front and the hill, and then entered a long valley of some three miles or so. How many times we crossed the streams I do not know. The mountains grew higher and the road more narrow. There were two or three thatched huts by the stream that we passed, and then going some little distance further we came to a small shrine. This was just below Whoi-yung pass. From here on the growth of wood is very

tall and dense. We could scarcely see the sky because of the trees. There was much snow too, for the pass is higher than that of Tong-sun. The road went up by a steadily winding way so that there were no very precipitous places. When we had gone up to almost the top, we noticed three rocks on the right hand side of the road, sixty feet or so high, and very peculiar in shape, not unlike huge memorial stones. One was especially noticeable, for growing on it was a pine tree. We climbed to the top of the pass and looked toward the north. There were the great ranges of the Manchu Hills. I felt sorry to think that the wild Chinaman (Manchu) possessed them all.

For seven miles and more there was now a smooth and even road. Those who had heavy carts took this way to avoid the hill. Thus we arrived at Kam-soo-chum and entered the Government rest house, which is situated outside the walls. I went in with the Secretary, and discovered a newly built Buddhist temple, with one gate and one hall. It was small but neat and well constructed. Within it were gilded guards in armour, and a Buddha sitting in the place of honour. They were very lifelike and intelligent-looking. Also there were fine pictures on the walls. Upon a table was a box containing a set of Buddhistic works. I looked to see what the books were and found the *Pup-wha Kyung* (Law Flower Sutra). Outside the door was a great heap of horse manure. No one seemed to be charged with the clearing of it away. The temples and places of worship in this country remind me of the So Wun or Literati Schools of Korea. They desire to increase their membership but still do not look carefully after those they already have. They certainly are amusing! On the east side there was a small house where the priests lived. I opened the door and looked in and it was very unsavory.

CHAPTER II.

This diary written by the Envoy's brother, Kim Chang-up tells of the interesting things seen and the happenings by the way. It completes the journey as far as Mukden. This will suffice to give the reader an idea of what Mr. Kim saw and thought of as he moved on into the wonderland of China. Of course this was the day of the

Manchoo dynasty and so the glory that had gone with China of the Hans, the Tangs, the Songs, and the Mings was absent. Nevertheless it was the great Mother Imperium and Kim and his company were interested.

Next month we shall give his entrance to Peking and lead the reader to see its mysteries through the Korean eye—Editors.

3rd day. Weather fine and warm.

We had breakfast and set out on our way. Having gone a li or so we saw to the west a hill that stood up before us like a standing screen. There was an interesting old stone at the top, but the writing on it had become so blurred by age, that we could not make out the time when it was erected. When we got to this point my brother gave up his palanquin and rode upon a pony. I myself walked along with the attendants. The road was terribly rough and full of stones and ice, while snow covered all the surface, making it very slippery and exceedingly difficult for walking. The colour of the rocks here is of a greenish blue, and because of this the name of the range is so given, Green Stone Range. Looking down into the valley, I saw a mixture of clouds and snow views.

The first light of day tipped the peaks with the tints of the morning. In the enjoyment of it I turned and looked many times. Three or four Manchus were living here in a grass hut beneath the shelter of the rocks, and were busily engaged in the work of burning charcoal. I spoke to them and said, "Are you not afraid of big bugs?" meaning tigers. They replied, "There are no big bugs here."

We went seven or eight li further and arrived at Wolf Mountain, where there were many settlements of people. Women came out beyond the palings to see us, among whom were some Chinese that I saw for the first time. We slept at the Government quarters, where a townsman called Ko Wha said he had known Chang Hyon, Pak I-chai and Su Hyo-ram when they had come through on former embassies. I asked him his age and he said seventy-nine. He told me also that in his childhood he had seen the ceremonial robes and fashions of the Ming kingdom and could remember them well. I asked him about the Prince Imperial of the Mings as to what had become of him. He said that he had tried to assassinate the Manchu Emperor, and had then disappeared, while

all his friends had been killed. I inquired also as to whether they had set free the Ming Emperor's son, Whang. He said, "No, he is still in prison." He also said that the Shantung people, or pure Chinese, had recently lost greatly in trade at the hands of the †Nan-too and that he also had suffered as well. I told him I had heard that the people of Shantung had petitioned the Emperor regarding the matter but that he had submitted their difficulty to the Governor of Mukden. It was said that a lawsuit had been entered at Mukden regarding the matter, and so I inquired as to who was winning and who losing. His reply was "A few days ago three officers of the Department of Justice came from Peking to Mukden to settle the matter,"

†The Nan-too were brokers who acted as go-betweens between Korean and Chinese merchants but he did not know yet definitely who had won. I desired to ask him still further regarding the questions involved, when several of the Nan-too came in at this point and so the Chinaman left and did not again come back.

Five or six of the Nan-too had followed us all the way from Pong-sung. Whenever we stopped they put in an appearance, and took note of our surroundings and conditions. They had their spies also among our interpreters and so were kept posted as to everything we did or said. A wretched company! We had fourteen or fifteen of them among us I was informed, while two of them made the journey along with a Manchu interpreter.

4th day. Weather fine and clear. 25 miles .

Before it was light we set out on the journey, and went three miles or more during which time we crossed five great streams. Near the crossing of the fourth river there was a shrine, and beside it ten or a dozen huts to which they gave the name of Shrine Village, Myo-dong Chun. We noticed that in every hamlet that we passed since leaving Pong-sung there was sure to be some shrine or temple to mark the place, sometimes a Buddhist hall, sometimes a temple to the spirit of the locality. In every village, however small, some such was evident. In places more remote perhaps it would be only a pile of stones that they had built up, not larger than a rice measure, with a picture in the middle of it, and before it an earthen brazier for incense. As for Kwan the God of War, seemingly every house offered him worship, sometimes by a picture, sometimes by an

earthen image. Evening and morning incense was burned before him, and prostrations were made. The forms by which they worship the Buddha and other gods are according to what I have already stated.

We continued on our way some three miles and then crossed the Wang-sang pass, and again a mile further to Suk-moon Yung (Stone Gate). The elevation was not great but the road through the rocks was very narrow, just barely wide enough to let one cart go by. When we had reached the narrowest part we met a dozen carts drawn by oxen, which we got by only with the greatest difficulty; and three miles further reached Cold Well. We pitched our tent here and had our morning meal. The Well (Naing-jung) from which the place takes its name, was at the side of the road. Its supply of water was most abundant. It came bubbling forth from the level earth and went rushing by twenty or thirty paces without freezing. At the side of the well I noticed a quantity of wild celery growing, and I was told that on the last journey the Envoy had some of it dug up and served with his meals.

Our party had decided to go by way of old Yo-dong so as to see the Yung-an Monastery and its white pagoda. After breakfast I went ahead some two or three miles, crossed a valley and entered a plain that stretched before us seemingly without limit. It was the famous Yo-dong plain. From this point the white pagoda is visible as it stands just outside the West Gate of the city, distant from us about ten miles.

Four monks met us at Naing-jung (Cold Well), and accompanied us from that point. Among them was a young man with a very intelligent face. I inquired of him as to whether he knew the way to The Thousand Hills (Chun San) and he answered, "If you go south of Yo-dong eighteen miles you will reach them." The hills, as he spoke of them and their temples, agree with the account given by Yi Wul-sa (李月沙) when he went to Peking as Envoy. I then drew forth a tablet or Chum-sim Wun (Medicine for the Pure in Heart) and handed it to him from my horse. He took it and looked it carefully over as though he was not quite sure how it ought to be taken.

Within bow-shot of the city we crossed a stone bridge that

had a railing on each side of it. The walls of the city have fallen to ruin and only the heap of earth remains. Scarcely one brick is left upon another. For the outer coating of the wall, bricks had been used, but for the inside it was mostly earth, so when it had lost its outer support it had fallen to pieces. At first view it seemed a very dirty and deserted place, but as we proceeded on our way we found a market with crowds of people, much larger than that of Pong-sung. On the north side of the main thoroughfare there was an imposing building with a high gate. I asked what place it was, and was told that the mayor of the city lived there. Near this gate before a shop was a wooden screen, and an inscription upon it bearing the character Tang. I was informed that it meant a pawn shop.

We went a square or two more, and the Buddhists who accompanied us led our way to the north toward a little hamlet and then beyond a hundred paces or so, near to the West Gate of the city, till we came to the Yung-an monastery. We entered the enclosure and found a number of little houses grouped together. I dismounted and went through the inner gate toward a high pavilion on which was written Chang-kyung Kak, or House of the Hidden Sutras. Beneath the pavilion was another gate, and within were houses on each side to east and west. I entered the east side building and found an old Buddhist priest sitting on the *kang*, steeping herbs. When he saw me coming he arose to greet me and offered me tea. I then got pen and paper and began to make enquiry by writing. The old priest had a serving lad reply for him, and I found the answers to be just the same as the priest had given me whom we met on the way. I wrote, "Next spring on my return from Peking, I wish to visit The Thousand Hills but I do not know the way. Will I be able to find someone in your monastery who will guide me?"

He replied, "Certainly,"

I then wrote, "If there is such an one who will kindly show the way I'll see that he is rewarded liberally." Then I bade him goodbye writing this, "Let's meet again next spring."

The old priest however detained me and brought tea and fruits. The serving-man asked by pen, "What rank does your Excellency hold?"

My reply was, "I have no rank and no office."

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He again asked, "In your country in what ways do you select your literati?"

I replied, "Matriculated students are selected according to their skill in writing verse; undergraduates by their knowledge of the Classics, and graduates by their acquaintance with literary composition, prose and verse, and their skill in explaining the Classics."

He asked, "How many of the Classics do you have to repeat by heart?"

I replied, "The three sacred books of Poetry, History and Changes, and the four Lesser Ones, the Analects, Mencius, the Doctrine of the Mean, and the Great Learning."

He wrote again, "Do you not study the Ye Keui, or the Spring and Autumn Classic?" I answered, "Yes, we do." "They are oftentimes a part of the Three and then we call it Five." His answer was, "Thank you very much for telling me so fully." He asked again concerning the use of the Medicine for the Pure in Heart (Chung-sim) and added that his mother had some trouble in her chest and wanted to know if I had anything special for that. So I gave him one Chung-sim tablet and three So-hap or Reviving Pills and he was very thankful.

I asked their names and he wrote, Tan-wun, Che-sin, Eul-lai. I found that Eul-lai was his own name; that Che-sin was the name of the young priest I had met on the way, and that Tan-wun was the name of the old priest. I gave the old priest some Korean paper and a fan and then came away to see the various buildings. They were imposing and full of grandeur. In the meantime the Second Envoy and the Secretary had come and gone, starting off toward the white pagoda. I went out of the gate just in front and found the street filled with a great crowd of horses and carts. Shops lined each side of the way. Flags and signboards announced quantities of goods for sale. Many things were strange and new to me, wonders that I saw for the first time. Though I gazed to right and gazed to left I could not begin to take them all in. In the main street I saw a man who looked very like a countryman of my own but I did not learn his name.

The various places that we passed later, Mukden (瀋陽), T'ong-joo (通州) and Peking were all like Laoyang with this

difference only, that some were larger, some smaller.

I went a quarter of a mile outside the West Gate where there was a stone bridge and a moat. To the north of the bridge was a shrine, and outside the gate three stone pavilions. They were beautifully decorated and gilded and within them were two towers of two stories each. On the left side was a bell with this inscription "The Dragon Voice," while on the right was a drum marked "The Tiger Cry." Beyond this again was another gate of which the upper part of earth and wood was beautifully decorated. The entrance was marked by the name of the God of War while on the east side was a shrine erected to Chang Pi (張飛). In front were two guards who had a prisoner in hand, while he turned his head and gazed up at Chang Pi. His look was very impressive and I judged that it must be General Umah or some other high officer. We went into the main temple and the guard requested that we kow-tow. He struck the bell till it resounded, and I went forward to the table and bowed before the Buddha. This beating of the bell is a custom of the place. Following this I went out of the side gate to the east, and then north along the edge of the lake. There I met my brother. He had been to see the White Pagoda and was now returning to Yung-an Temple, accompanied by the Second Envoy and the Secretary.

I arrived at the White Buddha and found it octagonal in shape and thirteen stories high. There were three stairways leading up to it, but how high it was I am unable to tell. With each story there were projecting eaves on which wind bells were hanging. It was decorated with "Companion wheels" made fast by means of brass wire. On each side were representations of the Buddha, most elaborate in workmanship. One could only wonder at the amount of labour expended on them. It looked almost as though they had been made of the finest cement, but examining them more closely I found that they were of white stone. Tradition says that it was erected about 640 A. D., when king Tai-jong of the Tangs returned after his defeat of Korea but I cannot speak definitely in regard to this. Behind the Pagoda was a large temple, the former name of which had been Kwang-oo Sa but it had fallen to ruins. In front of it is a stone marking the time when it had been repaired, the stone itself having been erected about 1520. It is now called the Shrine of

Kwan-je. A half mile or so from here is another large temple, and to the east of the Pagoda many smaller ones. I could not visit them all so I returned to Yung-an Sa. My brother at this time was in the Chang-kyung Kak, (Pavilion of the Hidden Sutra) along with the Second Envoy and the Secretary. I found him seated talking to an old Buddhist priest, a native of the province of Fu-kien whose family name was Chin. His face was very bright and intelligent, and he seemed well trained in literature and highly skilled in the use of the pen. After a short time they got up and took their departure, while the old priest and his disciples seeing me come a second time seemed very happy. They came out of the temple gate to welcome me and I followed them through the west gate into the guest room. This I found to be the lodging place of the old priest. On the table were many sacred sutras, beside which I saw also the Doctrine of the Mean and the Great Learning.

There was a young priest here of about fifteen years of age, whose name was Chung-bo, or Bright Treasure. He had an alert, intelligent look and his whole manner was most attractive. I had him read to me some passages from the sacred books. This he did and his voice was like the tinkling of gems, with no hesitating notes and no jarring sounds. From here to Old Yo-dong (Lao-tung) is not more than three or four miles. In the night when about to retire the Chinese interpreters sent me some Yung-an candy and other sweetmeats. I discovered later that it came from the Nan-too, so I declined to receive it and sent it back.

5th day. Weather fine and warm, like the 3rd moon. 20 miles.

A few yards further on we met a Manchu riding a fine high-stepping horse. Chang-yup exchanged his horse for this one, and I again exchanged mine for Chang-yup's. It was like riding the wind, and so I reached Sim-ni-bo before all the others of the party. There I went into the room of an inn and waited their arrival. Later I returned the horse to Chang-yup. On the way we met eight or nine Manchu women travelling on foot. My servant Wun-gun-i asked them where they were going, and their reply was, "We have come to see you Koreans." This seemed a very unexpected compliment, and so Wun-gun-i said, "You have done us too great an honour," at which all the women laughed heartily. We went on a little further

and saw several score of people crowded together on the edge of a field. As we came closer we saw that they were engaged in a funeral exercise. They had inscriptions written on gold and silver paper with which they covered the coffin, while a quantity of sacrificial material was placed at the side. We saw then that the women to whom we had spoken were coming here as well.

We reached Nan-li-bo (爛沱堡) where we found houses, half of them or more being inns. In the place where we stopped there was a musical instrument that looked much like a pipa harp but the body of it was round in shape and its neck long and it had only two strings. The tunes played upon it seemed very poor and thin. Six or seven of the interpreters with their chief had gone early in the morning to the home of the Nan-too, Yi Chong-sin, and now they joined us again saying that they had been magnificently treated.

After breakfast the Manchoo inn-master complained of the amount paid him, saying that it was too small, and so he took fast hold of Sin Chi-so and refused to let him go. I gave him a fan and therewith the difficulty was settled.

We proceeded on our way from Nan-li-bo some two miles till we reached a new stone bridge with a railing on each side. Near it was a tablet bearing three characters, Man-bo Kyo (Boundless Treasure Bridge). I found that it had been built in the 46th year of Kang-heui, (1707).

We passed several villages and arrived just as evening was falling at Sim-li-bo (十里堡) where we entered the post house of Yi Chak-u. Running through this village was a small river with an old wall along the bank that had tumbled down and was in a state of ruin. The master's son, only thirteen years of age, had already read the Four Sacred Books and was now engaged in the study of Mencius. His skill at reading was very remarkable. I asked him who his teacher was and he wrote the name, Chuk-sun. We ate bean-curd for supper, and I found it soft and pleasant to the taste like the best we have at home. The soup made from it was also very good.

6th day. Weather fine and warm. 20 miles.

With the second cockcrow we started on our way but only after we had gone seven miles or so did the day begin to lighten. During the early morning there were no stars to be seen, but clouds

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only, with an appearance of snow. How-ever as the day advanced it turned out fine and all the party rejoiced at it.

For several days the weather had been so warm that our people put off their outer coats as they went along and the ear-coverings that they wore. We passed several other villages and at last reached Paik-tap-bo or White Pagoda.

We then entered a house near by and secured an inner room and there had our breakfast. The master was a Chinaman, a man of considerable means evidently, for he owned horses and donkeys in abundance. There were also stacks of grain in his yard, one of millet and one of black beans. These were surrounded with boards that were plastered on the outside with mud.

The circumference of each measured a great number of feet and the height was over one *kil*. On the top were two openings for ventilation, both of which were thatched with grass.

Since leaving Yo-dong there had been a succession of inns and markets along the way and the passing horses and carts increased in number. The villages scattered here and there were like squares on a chess board. Roads and paths ran at right angles, cross-wise and in all directions. There were also many forests and woods of willows to be seen. Cattles and donkeys were going about loose, feeding here and there, being watched by groups of herdsmen. The fields abounded in stacks of maize, and there were numberless loads of corn stalks in carts going by, that made an endless procession. I was told that in Mukden they used this for fuel. Various kinds of grains were seen in the fields as well but Indian corn exceeded all others in abundance. There were places here and there, too, where upland rice had been planted. I examined the soil and found it to be partly clay and partly sand, rich and fertile in quality, from which great quantities of grain had evidently been harvested.

On the road we met many women riding in carts, also soldiers in armour with bows and arrows at their backs. A short distance before reaching the wall we found a Buddhist monastery, within which were several temple halls and several rows of out-houses. It was surrounded by a high wall, and in it was a white pagoda with octagonal base and rounded form. Looking from where I was I should think the height would be about thirty feet, as it stood

a few hundred paces from the road. I desired to go in and examine it more carefully but did not have the opportunity. There I met a young man who had on a Manchoo dress and a long robe. He carried a bow and arrows and was riding a mule. As he went past us six or seven attendants accompanied him before and behind, each carrying bow and arrows as well. They all rode fine, tall horses. I asked who he was and was told that he was a near relative of the Emperor, and that he was now out on a hunting expedition.

Near the walls there was a large stream of water, fresh and clear, a branch of the Hon River (混江) I was told. At its side were many houses and many graves likewise. Here the envoys alighted from their chairs and rode on horses. A mile beyond this we found still another inner wall, the height of which was twenty-five feet. The towers of the gates were very tall and imposing, standing up before us in a way that half hid the firmament. Outside the gate was a protecting circular wall with an opening on each side. The leaves of the gates were clad in armour and a moat surrounded the entrance which was crossed by a stone bridge. After passing the bridge and entering the double gate we found ourselves within the wall. From the outer wall to the inner, the way on each side is lined with markets that succeed each other like the teeth of a comb. Within the inner wall however, it is busier still. Such a bustle as I had never seen in my life.

The quarters where, the Crown Prince was, is now the official *yamen* of Mukden. My great-grandfather, Kim Sang-hun (金尙憲) was held a prisoner here in a building some-where north of the place where the Prince was. No one now, however, can tell me the exact spot where the house was.

We ate our evening meal and along with it cabbage pickle and *heung-pa*. It was agreeably seasoned and liberal in quantity so that I ate with relish. There was also soup and broiled fish, a kind unknown in our country and unfamiliar to me. In appearance it was something like the carp and its flavour was not unlike that of monkeys' lips. We also had served to us the *yoo-u* fish, but it was not specially good. From this point on the drinking water was very bad.

The interpreters came to say that the lawsuit of the Nan-too

had reached a very critical stage, so that all who had received bribes from them looked pale and alarmed except the head interpreter who seemed quite at his ease.

Since passing the palisade the company of the Nan-too took charge of all our buying and arranging for pack horses. With evident design to control this they treated our Korean interpreters to the best of everything, earnestly requesting that they use them in all manner of purchase. It was evident that they wanted money in order to bribe the Mukden officials. Our people discussed the question of profit and loss in the purchase of goods, and concluded that it was disadvantageous to use the Nan-too. We felt that it would be good for all parties to have them lose their case, and while we could not bring about their defeat at law, we could at least avoid giving them money. Their appearance and behaviour changed greatly in a few days and we could see that it was going ill with them. If we should give them money, and they on

their hand fail in their suit of law, from whom could we collect the debt? It seemed best that we stand aside and watch how they fared. If they won their case we could still use them, but if not, not. The smallest child might understand where profit and loss lay in a case like this, but the Chief Interpreter, for some unknown reason, wanted to put all our money into their hands in advance. He tried to force his opinion upon the others, but Yi Woo Yang and Choi Sai Sang strongly withstood him. The other interpreters were all willing to follow his lead, which seemed a great shame. I later heard that the amount of money that passed hands was over ten thousand yang.

The Manchoos came in great numbers to sell and buy. We found that among the rolls of linen that we had brought for tribute twenty four were missing. Evidently they had been stolen by the Wi-ju mapoos and sold by them. I learned that on former expeditions there were many such losses.

Mukden formerly belonged to Eup-noo (挹婁) Kingdom and during the time of the Tangs it was called Sim-joo (瀋州). The Kitan tartars again changed its name to Heungyo Koon (興遼軍). In the days of Hong-moo of the Mings, (1368 to 1393) it was made a prefectural city, but in the times of Chin-ke (1621-1628) it fell

before the Manchoos and became the capital of their kingdom. They called it Pong-chun (奉天) (Worship of God) or Sung-kung (Great capital).

7th. day. Fair and warm. Mukden.

Crowds of Manchoos came with things to sell and bringing money with which to make purchases from us they thronged about the livelong day. There were also those who sold character scrolls and pictures. After breakfast I rode out on horseback with Yoo Pong-san along the main street and saw the display of things in the market. We went north some distance till we saw to the east of us four or five great gates in line. Beautiful horses were tethered before the outer way, and we found on inquiry that this was the city *yamen*. Outside the gates were protecting walls which were called "Guardians." Again we went some distance till I saw at the side of the road a tower built of three stories, graceful in form and appearance. Inside of it were four arched gateways shaped like a cross. The circumference of the city can not be more than a mile. On each side there are two gates, eight in all. The main streets run at right angles like the strokes in the Chinese character for well. Where the two running north and south met the two running east and west there were towers erected, something like our own pavilion in Chong-no, Seoul. Crowds of people and great quantities of goods filled the market places to overflowing. We went some distance westward and then turned north following the road home. As we passed the meat-market we saw deer, stags, and rabbits hanging up in countless numbers. All sorts of work too was going on, cutting and sawing wood, the making of carts, coffins, chairs and tables. Work in metal too was to be seen, preparing implements of agriculture, brass dishes, instruments for hulling rice. Clothes were being woven and cotton gins were hard at work.

As we came by we saw Manchoos playing ball. The ball was made of twine. This they kicked and counted one, two, three, etc. So they kept kicking it and he who could keep it longest in the air was reckoned winner. It seemed like home. Here we posted letters by a returning courier.

CHAPTER III.

NOTE :—The following account of the Korean Embassy entering Peking in the grim winter of 1712 takes from the expedition something of the glamour with which one is inclined to surround the gorgeous East. They enter but find no warm rooms awaiting them; no fresh beds done up with Irish linen, no steaming soup or entrees, but only a grizzly haunted house full of dust and disorder, with the January wind of 1713 rattling through every chink. It was poor comfort to feel that they were a highly honoured mission to the great emperor Kangheui and that the ordinary conveniences of life could go by the board. Here they lived for two months and more, great China not troubling her soul one whit as to whether these top-knotted strangers from the Hermit Kingdom fared comfortably or froze to death. By following these accounts the reader will see two things: one, Peking two hundred years ago, another, the back of the Korean's mind with something of what he thinks and is.

Next month will describe an Imperial progress and an audience before Kangheui.—EDITORS.

12th Moon 27th Day. Clear. Cold Wind Blowing,

At last we entered the main East Gate of the city. Its tower has three storeys with blue tiles on top, while the protecting wall as well has a tower of two storeys similarly roofed. There are no railings about it but simply a wall of bricks.

In this wall are openings for sharp-shooters who take their station here to protect the inner gate. It is named the Tower of the Enemy. I had heard that when the Embassy reached this gate, it usually found such a crowd of horses and carts blocking the way, that often half a day was spent in attempting to push through; but it was not so in our case. The regular day for entering the city with tribute is the 26th and this date being past our road was clear. Within the city the street was not more than seventy or eighty yards wide, a third wider, perhaps, than our main street at Chong No, but I saw nothing special in the way of display of merchandise, or goods for sale.

We had gone about a mile, when we reached a cross roads, a mark being erected at it to indicate the distance. A gate ahead of us looking toward the south was marked Soong-moon. When we came

within a hundred yards or so of it, we turned directly west and went about a third of a mile further, crossing a stone bridge called the Ok-ha Kyo. On the side of the street I noticed a large gate with three openings said to be the entrance to a palace of one of the imperial princes. Three or four Manchoos, with swords at their sides, were sitting on guard. A row of spears stood before them, while their bows, arrows and quivers were hanging on the gate. We crossed the Ok-ha bridge and went a few hundred yards further till we reached the Envoy's *Yamen*, on the north side of the road. Here the Chinese interpreters came out to meet us. The Envoy simply lifted his joined hands by way of response to their greeting, and we passed on into the middle comound. Within the gate we found many outhouses along each side, that had apparently fallen to ruin. These were the quarters where the Korean interpreters were supposed to put up. Passing through a small side gate we came to the main hall. It also had outhouses on each side, all of which were in a sorry state of dilapidation. The rooms too were full of dust and lumps of clay.

The wind kept up till the night, exceedingly cold and here we were with no place to put up at, and no one knowing what to do. You can guess what a perplexity we were in. My brother went into the east room of the main hall, in which were two **kang*, [*The kang is an elevated platform of earth, with a fire beneath it, on which the Chinese sleep.] one to the north and one to the south. He chose the south *kang* while I took that to that to the north. The windows were stripped of every vestige of paper, so we had the bundles of tribute piled up against them on the outside. The inside we pasted up as well as we could, but the paste did not stick, and the paper fell off before the wind as fast as we put it on. We tried again and again but it was to no purpose, and only with the greatest difficulty did we stop some of the larger openings and manage to pass the night, The Second Envoy occupied the middle room. As he entered he found an old Buddhist priest in possession who invited him to be seated. He poured out some tea as well and offered it to him. On inquiry he gave his age as seventy-two. I took my servants and went to see the Tong-ak shrine situated just across the road in front of our main gate. This shrine has two guard-towers before it, very handsome and well

built. On these two towers are inscription boards, inside and out. One has written on it, "Great Vacant Valley;" one, "The Three Fairy Gods," and one, "Eternal Blessing to the State." I forget just what the other was. There was a tower also to the south, that stood in line with the front gate, built of marble, richly ornamented, and finished with wonderful skill. Inside of the front gate on each side were drum and bell towers. Passing these I came to still another gate of three openings with side gates to right and left. Within this I found the main hall. It has two storeys and is covered with blue tiles, The inscription on it reads "Hall of the East Mountain Spirit." A gilded image sits in it wearing royal robes and crown. This is the spirit of the Eastern Hill.

Boy fairies were in waiting to right and left, about a dozen in number. Beautiful curtains hanging about on all sides served as decoration. There were many costly dishes about, evidently used when offerings were made to the spirit. A glass lamp stood in the middle of the hall and before it a table beside which was an iron kettle, large enough to hold a score and more measures, filled full of oil. From this they fed the lamps which burned night and day. There were wings to right and left of the main hall, that extended like outstretched pinions, each having gates through them. The main hall and the outhouses all stand on a well built platform as high as a man's shoulder. On the south side stands a brazier about three feet high. Before each gate of the outhouses there is one as well, each having an incense stick in it, so that the odour of incense filled the rooms. Many memorial stones stand about, so many that I could not look them all over. Some of them had inscriptions written by the Emperor and these were covered with yellow tiles. Last night the whole company, men and horses, slept in the open court, and so were almost frozen to death. The officers too sat out in the cold. It was worse than camping in the fields on the other side of the palisade beyond Pong-sung. As I mentioned, the room that I was assigned to was full of holes that could not be mended, and so we asked the guardian of the yawn to call a plasterer and have him prepare mud and stop the openings in the *kang* as well. But the house was so high, and large, and wide, that nothing seemed possible in the way of bringing comfort. Between the rooms, where

we were and the main hall, there were wooden doors adorned with numberless chinks and cracks through which the cold wind blew. We were so chilled and frozen that we didn't seem to be in a room at all but outside wholly exposed. My brother sought out one *kang* and had a cover or wind-net erected over it. I undertook to make a protection out of our baggage, piling it up so as to leave only an opening of about three feet for one to crawl in and out of. This door on the south side was the only means for the admission of light. I hung a curtain over it and had it rolled back during the day and let down at night. After what we had experienced it seemed almost a cosy and comfortable room with a grass mat for carpet underneath and oil paper above for roof. Inside of it I had quilts spread out, and here also I had my books, papers and other things, An economical and reasonable room it was and I greatly rejoiced in it. In my delight I exclaimed, "When I leave, what shall I do about this fair castle that I have built?" All laughed over it. I went to see where the officers were and found them in a two *kang* room, the fires being on the north and south side. They had repaired the fire places, and pasted up the holes in the wall, but at best the room was small and too cramped for the number who occupied it. I was very anxious on their account. The military officers in charge of the Eui-joo guards, the Envoy's physician, the accompanying merchantmen had no place whatever to go to. They all repaired to the rear court, made a hut of the baggage and crawled into it. With bricks they also made a stove. The soldiers, mapoos and servants huddled about underneath the shelter of the wall, and put up mats as a protection against the wind. With broken odds and ends of brick they managed to build a wall, and so eked out a very unhappy existence. Those having money sufficient had a hut erected with felt covering. My three servants had gone to the east side of the room where my brother was, and there they were discussing the putting up of a felt shelter. I went to the room of the Secretary to see how he fared and found his quarters to be a room of five *kang* the fireplaces being on both sides. It was light and clean and more pleasing than the room occupied by the First Envoy, The Secretary had the military officer No Heup stay with him on the north *kang* while his interpreter, Oh Chi-hang, slept on the south side.

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In the morning the Envoys and the Secretary paid a visit to the Office of Ceremony where they presented their credentials. The other members of the Embassy went along while I remained by myself. Later, on their return, I asked them about their visit and was told that the Office of Ceremony was about half a mile distant from the Envoy's *yamen*. Attending officials led the way for them, and had them sit down and wait in the outer-quarters. An hour later the Minister of Ceremony and the Secretary came to the Hall and took their places on the seats facing south. There was a table in front of them before which the Envoys and the Secretary now came and made obeisance. Two interpreters, bowing low as they appeared, presented the communications. The First Envoy took them, laid them on the table, and then retired a few paces to the rear. When the time came for them to withdraw the Secretary of the Department of Ceremonies who was a China-man and not a Manchoo, had the Envoys wait for a little as he had some inquiry to make of them.

The Minister of Ceremonies had ridden in a four-man chair with a dark silk canopy over it. It was much like the palanquin chairs seen in our own country, though the poles were not fastened beneath, but at the sides, and tied with leather thongs that passed over the shoulders of the bearers. Before them heralds led the way, calling out much the same as they do with us. I was told that they had borrowed this custom from Korea. Chinese may ride in chairs, but Manchoos are not allowed to do so; they must ride on horses. My servant, Kwi-dong, took note of everything that passed and told me of it. The Royal Communication was wrapped in oil-paper and, when it came to opening it, the barbarian Manchoos did not even wait to unfasten the string in a comely way, but fought for the wrapper and pulled and tugged furiously, all of which time the officials paid no attention whatever. There was such a tussel that no one got more than a mere scrap of the paper, and yet each seemed very much delighted with his prize. What they intended to do with it I have no idea.

The Department of Ceremony is said to be in a terribly tumbledown condition, altogether dilapidated. I asked the official assigned to the place the reason for this state of affairs, and he said, "Necessary repairs for the *yamen* have to be paid for privately by

the officials in charge, as His Majesty will make no appropriation for them." Thus, things are left to go as they please. If this be true the Emperor's rule must be a sorry rule indeed.

Formerly when the Envoy came to Peking the Main Hall and the side rooms to be occupied by the Embassy, were all floored with new matting; and new paper was put on the walls; but now this has been neglected, and today everything was left as we found it, not even equal to the official quarters in the common country stopping places. Those in charge receive money we are told for the purpose of repairs, but do not carry out the matters assigned them. Laws and observances are evidently on the decline in the Imperial domain, and our people too, I doubt not, deserved just such a reception as they received for sins they themselves have to answer for. Alas! Alas!

In the morning the head interpreter came and said, "One of the soldiers of our party fell behind at Pal-li Po yesterday, and not reporting yet the Government has ordered a party of guards to go out and find him. This is the first trip of the missing soldier and he cannot speak Chinese, beside the weather was so cold yesterday that I fear if he did not find shelter he may have been frozen to death."

In a little however the guard brought him in safe and sound, I enquired as to how he had come to fall behind; he said it was because the day was so bitterly cold, that he had gone into an inn to warm himself. He found a heated kang to set on and the people had treated him most kindly to refreshments, He concluded that the Chinese were a very liberal and good people indeed.

Our *yamen* had one man in charge who was General in Chief. It had also a Directing Officer, six orderlies, six interpreters, and six under interpreters. These all lived outside the *yamen* itself. There were two guards whose duty it was to watch the gates; also twenty armed soldiers. The gate-guards were changed daily, while the soldiers were changed every five days. The Chinese interpreters came and went at will. The General in Chief looked in every few days to see how we fared. Though the soldiers never all attended at one and the same time they came at about two P. M. to close the gates, and only when the next day dawned did they open them again. On the opening and shutting of the gates the soldiers never failed to

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come and inform the Envoy. Before the gates were closed they would clear the court and see that all Mancoos were sent out as well as the pedlars who had come to haggle and bargain. The threatening sounds these soldiers made were very terrible and such as to fill one's soul with fear. Every morning the guard in attendance made their salutation before the Envoy. The Captain along with our interpreters showed special respect to the Chinese translators, bowing down to the ground in their efforts to do them honor. Colonel Choong Wha seeing this did not like it.

During the night the servants were huddled together by the side of the kang, and passed the dreary hours saying, „I'm cold, so cold,—I cannot sleep,”

29th day. Peking. Weather fine but cold. Later milder.

One of the interpreters, a Manchoo, sent me a plate of cut bread such as we call cho-ak, in our country. Kim Eung-hum also sent me grapes, oranges, thornapples, pears and persimmons. They were all fresh, just as though picked. The oranges were like those seen at home, very juicy and sweet of flavor, They had been kept frozen in the storehouse, and so had lost a little of their delicacy, but still they were very good. The larger pears were as big as one's fist, while the small ones were about the size of a hen's egg. They were yellow in color, the skin very thin and the flesh tender. On eating them no pulp remained in the mouth. The persimmons were long in shape and large. Unlike our own varieties, the skin was thick, but the flavor very good. The hawthorns were about as big as a plum with small seeds and no worms in them.

Pak Tong-wha and Choi Soo-chai brought me several kinds of cake and candy, as well as sweet oranges that were of a very agreeable flavor. Sim Chi-soon brought me chestnuts, that were equal to the best red variety of our own country. When I saw so many sweetmeats piled up, I thought of my children at home and how they would enjoy them.

After our meal the Chinese interpreter led the way and we went together to the Hong-yu Office where we rehearsed the forms necessary for audience with the Emperor. This office is within the east gate of the of the Department of Ceremony. There is an octagonal pavilion in it with a throne erected over which is an

inscription written in gold reads "May His Imperial Majesty live forever."

Before the throne stood two criers, one on the right hand and one on the left. The envoys then entered the court and took up their position on the west side, facing north. The twenty seven officers and interpreters of the party stood behind the envoys, while the criers shouted out their order in Chinese. The Chinese interpreters stood on the left of the envoys and translated it into Korean. Three times they knelt and three times arose, and each time they knelt they kowtowed three times. The ceremony is called "Sam-pai Koo-ko", (Three bows, nine kowtows). The slightest irregularity in the doing of it was called attention to, and they were asked to try again. After seeing that all was well understood, the order was given to disperse.

In the evening I made a call upon the Secretary. The New Year refreshments were brought in and the envoys after assembling the attendants, stepped down into the lower court, and bowed with their faces to the earth, beating their heads upon the ground.

Ordinarily these refreshments were brought from the Kwang-nok Office, but we waited this night till late and they did not come. Only after the officer in charge had gone to inquire the reason, and with orders to make haste, did they come. The character of the food was very bad and the number of the dishes less than on former occasions. The interpreters too, expressed themselves as displeased. Each of the envoys and the Secretary were given separate tables, on each of which were some forty dishes made of brass and very large. The "side-dishes" were mostly of Chinese fruits and such like. Among the sweetmeats was to be seen o-wha-tang (sugar). There were also parched beans, dyed in various colours but they were lacking in sweetness and quite uninteresting. Other things, too, were somewhat tasteless. Among the various kinds of flesh served was wild-goose. There were two tables sent also to the interpreters who came in later. A small pourboir was given to the messengers who brought them. A Chinese interpreter here brought a message saying, "Tomorrow you are to have audience, so make ready early," He repeated the order several times before he left. From the time that darkness fell the city was one roar of rockets and fire-crackers that kept up all night.

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The Ok-ha Kwan (Envoy's *Yamen*) was enclosed on three sides by high walls. On the south side which was the main street there were the houses that blocked the view. We constantly heard the sound of horses and carts going by.

Outside the cast wall there was a small dwelling before which stood a tall bamboo with a red lantern on it. From to-day on this lamp was lit only to be extinguished in the second moon. The interpreters who came with us entered and expressed their good wishes for the New Year and then withdrew. We were all sad at thus being exiled from home. From to-day on each one received his portion in the way of Government supply according to his rank. The First and Second Envoys received the same, while the Secretary came next. After them came the three chief interpreters and then the twenty-four guards who had charge of the tribute; then the attendants, each receiving his set portion. Besides these others were also served who had charge of the horses. They were all remembered and provided for. Each man received a measure of rice and each horse four measures of beans and two sheaves of hay. On every fifth day the Chief Interpreter took charge of this distribution. The dried materials were equally divided between the soldiers and the interpreters. What the servants and horses were to have the Eui-joo officers took charge of and apportioned. The dry measures used here were more than double the size of those at home, but when the final distribution came, they were divided according to our own measures, while the part remaining over went to two or three persons only. This had always been done they said. But it was unfair and orders were given to divide it so that all the attendants might receive an equal portion. At this they all greatly rejoiced.

Peking 1st moon, 1st day (1713 A. D.) Weather bright and clear

At the fifth watch word came from the city yamen summoning all hands to make ready to enter the Palace. I was eating my breakfast when the official interpreter came to ask that we hurry as the hour was late. My brother set out straight-way and I too put on my official robe and followed, but the way was barred against us, the gates being still closed. Out-side, soldiers were on guard and so we called to them through the chink of the gate to

open, but they refused. The soldiers required baksheesh first. We gave a fan to each of them and soon the gates were opened. Already the road was lined with passers whose procession seemed endless. Many were going by palanquin with lighted lanterns carried before them. There was evidently a great audience on hand. Our man, who carried a lantern before us, missed the way and passed the opening that led to the main gate of the Forbidden City. We finally reached the office of Ceremony and he then recognized that he had gone wrong. On this we returned, but our light went out and left us in total darkness. Fortunately a stranger coming by carrying a lantern led us out to the main roadway. Finally we reached the main gate on the east side of the great square before the Palace. It was packed with horses and men, of a number impossible to estimate. Lantern-bearers in an endless procession were going and coming, I dismounted, followed by my servant, and having gone a hundred paces or so crossed a stone bridge. On the south of the bridge to right and left were carved pillars marked 'Proppers up of Heaven.' It was still so dark that I could not distinctly make out their forms but they seemed to me to be at least twenty five feet high.

Passing the bridge we entered a gate called 'Divine Peace.' The gates were the same in number as the bridges, and were about thirty paces in depth.

My brother had sent a servant to find me and so we passed by another gate through the inner wall called the Tan Moon. I here entered a wide court and found the envoys and secretaries seated on the west side where I finally made my way and took my stand behind my brother. On the two sides of the court the civil and military were ranged up in numbers impossible to compute. Lanterns came and lanterns went above each of which was recorded the special rank of the holder. Every man kept his appointed place and no sound of confusion attended this vast assemblage.

Our interpreters who sat near us served tea to the envoys and also passed a large bottle of camel-milk preparation. The envoys did not like this but I, having heard of it before, tasted it and indulged in a couple of glasses.

After a long wait the eastern sky began to lighten. Bells rang out from the high gate-tower in countless peals. On this signal the

officials arose and stood while the Emperor came out and offered incense in the tablet-hall.

At this point the soldiers pushed each and everyone out of the west gate unless he had a special permit. I too had to go and so found a place in the outer court and sat down upon the ground.

A crowd of Manchos circled about me making a horrible uproar, with no possibility of my understanding a single word of what they were talking about. They pressed around me and said, "Si ma kwan?" which means I suppose What's your rank? Some held a light and peered into my face in a most impudent way.

A moment later the Emperor set out on procession and the gates were again opened. I pushed in and asked as to the manner of the Imperial outgoing. They told me that he had taken his departure in the darkness with horses and soldiers about him but only two lanterns to dimly light the way. Nothing could be seen. The interpreters said that when he came back there would be no need for me to retire, but that I could put on a black coat, mix with the crowd and stay. According to this suggestion I took off my outer robe and sat down behind my brother. Again, however, I was about to be ordered off by one of the overseers of the guard, when the chief interpreter gave me a felt-hat instead of my own to put on my head. By this means I escaped detection. Very funny it seemed!

There were about thirty drummers and buglers in all arranged along each side of the road by which the Emperor was to come. They were dressed in red coats with a dash of yellow across them. Their head-gear was of felt crowned with a red tassel, and above the red tassel a yellow feather.

When the day had lighted sufficient to see numbers of the Imperial Guard came in by way of the Tan Gale. Those in advance carried long-handled umbrellas and those behind dragon-flags. All the flag-bearers rode on horseback each having behind him a company of soldiers. I could not well make out the number as they were too far off. When the flag-bearers appeared, drums sounded and bugles began to blow. So loud were they that they fairly shook the earth. Music burst forth, now high in key, now low, now lengthened out, now fast and furious. The tune they played was very different from anything I had ever heard; it seemed inspired to fill

hearers with unbounded terror. When the Imperial palanquin arrived the officials arose, took two or three steps forward and again sat down. A hundred or more horsemen streamed in behind the palanquin; but no order was kept or regularity.

When the palanquin entered by the South Gate the officials retired, east and west into the side porches, while the Chinese interpreters led the way for the envoy into a waiting-room on the west. Outside the main South Gate two yellow covered chariots, with wheels painted red were waiting. the body of these was very large, a kan I should think in size. Around each was a railed-in passage sufficient in width for a person to pass by. The whole was bedecked with gold, jade, gems and green ornaments. Fixed to the shafts was a yellow flag, on each side of which a dozen dragons were embroidered. Scarlet lines wound together into a great rope were attached to the axles as a cable is to a ship at sea. By means of these the chariot was drawn. Such was the gilded conveyance in which His Majesty rode. Officers attending marched on each side, while guards went before the elephants that drew them.

Five of these came in by way of the Tan Gate. As I beheld they seemed like huge mounds of earth moving. On each was a gilded howdah with yellow awnings and at the side gilded pillars with ropes fastened that drew the cart. On each elephant's neck just back of the ears sat a mahout with an iron hook in his band, by means of which he guided the beast. A Manchoo said to me, "Even though the elephant's neck is injured by the hook till the blood flows, by the time the stars come out in the evening it is perfectly healed."

The elephants came as far as the South Gate, then stood waiting three to the right and two to the left. Among them were two specially large ones eight feet high I should think. Their length I imagine to be even greater than the height. The long nose was such that it came down to the ground, while on each side tusks stood out five feet or more. Their eyes were very small, not larger than an ox's, and their lips beneath the trunk were pointed like a bird's bill. Their ears were as large as a winnowing sieve. At time; they lifted them up in front or moved them from side to side as they walked. Their skin was of an ashy gray colour; their hair short and the tail diminutive like a rat's tail.

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These elephants had their ears and tails wrapped in blue cloth. When it came to hitching up, several men brought in a box on their shoulders that they threw down before the elephants and opened. In it were bridle and other necessary trappings, ornamented with embroideries and gold. Green and red gems were set in them as well, and other decorations as large as a persimmon. With such things was the elephant attired. People ascended and descended from his back but he never moved. When a sheaf of fodder was placed before him he would pick it up with his trunk, roll it inwards and put it into his mouth. Meanwhile the mahout kept the people from coming too near. I asked why we could not go closer and he said, "The elephant hates to have people bothering him. If you come too near he may suddenly give a swing with his trunk that will kill you."

The guards and interpreters were all in ceremonial dress. I, too, wore an underlings outfit with a leopard skin vest which attracted the attention of the Manchos. I had to put it off at last while I drove away some of those who followed after me, and let others see what I had taken off. To those who asked questions as to who I was, I replied "I'm a pang-ja (bastard slave)." A Manchoo, whom we did not know, wrote in the palm of Dr. Kim Tuk-sam's hand asking the age of the envoy, his rank, also what office I held. I winked to Dr. Kim to make no answer and he at once said, "Poo-ji tao." But they kept at it and persisted till Tuk-sam shouted, "Don't ask me, I don't understand you." He, on the other hand, asked, "What rank are you." They replied, "Small officers with diminutive rank."

The Manchos usually wear dark clothing so that one cannot distinguish rank or social standing by their dress. Their ceremonial garb, however, included epaulettes, sleeve ornaments and breast marks.

The cap, the belt, and the place of honour indicated the rank to which each belonged. On the top of the cap was a mark that showed the particular degree, a red stone being the highest. Next to that was a green stone, and below that a smaller green stone, and last a crystal bead. Those who had no distinguishing mark were of the lowest rank. When the frame of the belt was of jade stone it also

indicated the highest rank. The next was a belt of flowered gold, the next of plain gold, and the next and lowest a belt of ram's horn. The mat indicating the highest rank was of tiger skin with the head and claws on it, the next was a skin without the head and claws, the next a badger's skin, the next a raccoon's, the next a sheep-skin, the next a dog's skin, and the lowest of all was a mat of white felt. The special ornament on the dress of the civil officials, followed the custom of the Mings and was a bird. The undergarments they wore were long and came down to the feet; the sleeves light, and the flaps wide; while the outer coat came down only to the belt with sleeves to the elbows. They wore also a garment of silk, made of one Piece and put on over the head, with no opening in front or behind. This, as well as the outer and inner garments, was of dark material. Among the embroideries seen on the clothing, a four-clawed boa-constrictor indicated the highest rank. The ceremonial robe was worn outside with the belt underneath. All those of civil and military rank above the 4th degree were allowed to wear gems and a breast-plate, but the exact shape of the latter I am not able to give definitely. This dress as I saw it was not of Chinese origin and yet it served to mark definitely the various ranks and degrees so that there was no misunderstanding or confusion.

We call our country a land of "hats and belts," and mark our rank and office by them, but you could not definitely distinguish our people as we gathered, here, for the 2nd envoy wore an embroidered stork on his coat as well as my brother, and so there was no special emblem to show who was first or who second. Very strange it seemed.

The people of this country are very tall in stature and many of their faces indicate affluence and power. Our people, in comparison, seemed like pigmy dwarfs. The marks of the dust of the long journey were still upon us, and we were all tanned black by the winds except the envoys who had somewhat escaped. It is true we were all dressed in coats and hats but many of them were hired for the occasion. Some of the coats were too long and some were too short. Some of the caps were so big that they came down over the eyes and left the wearer looking anything but like a human being. Alas! alas it was a sight.

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING

Outside of the South Gate in the west of the court was a brick tower with a sun-dial on it. When the chin hour came the officials went forth from the waiting porches to the South Gate. Here they knelt down and touched their faces to the ground. This was a salutation made in honour of the Empress Dowager. When they had finished they divided into two lines and went through the side gates that stood to the east and west of the main entrance, the east rank by the Left Gate, and the west rank by the Right Gate. The envoys following the west rank entered also. I went as far as the gate but was stopped, and so do not know just what took place inside. Nevertheless when the South Gate was opened wide I could see in as far as the main gate in the Forbidden City where the Emperor was, also the front pillars of the palace indistinctly. Immediately after the officials came drummers, buglers, soldiers, and swordsmen who stood at attention along the route that the Emperor would take. The soldiers kept back the crowds. I went out to a place immediately behind the Sa-jik. There was a wall to the south-west and inside of it a thick grove of arbor-vitae trees, with a yellow tiled house in the midst of them, which was said to be a place of sacrifice. To the north was a wall and above the wall a three-storied watch-tower. The height of it must have been thirty feet or more and the moat around it as many yards across. There were railings of stones protecting each side. Here they had cut holes in the ice and were drawing water so that it must have been very deep. Between the wall and the moat was a road along which many people were passing. I walked along this road till I came to the western corner. Outside of the moat to the west of the Forbidden City were the houses of the people.

While I was walking back and forth along the side of the moat a Manchoo came out of a little house by the corner of the Wall and invited me in. There were also two other Manchoos in it who pointed me to a seat on the kang. They sat facing a fire and invited me to join them at a cup of tea and some tobacco, most hospitable they were. They inquired too, as to what rank I held, and I answered that I was only a pang-ja bastard. On the wall were arms and accoutrements for some ten men or so, bows, swords, etc. It was evidently one of the guard-houses of the Forbidden City. After

a little I returned to the place where I had first taken my station but the gates were not open as yet. A great company of vendors of wine and vermicelli crowded about. In a little the gates opened and I entered. The Manchoos were divided into two companies on the east and west sides of the court, and they proceeded to go forth in ranks. There were many who wore the red stone on the top of the cap but as I saw their faces there was nothing remarkable about them. Before the envoys took their departure I went to the west porch outside the Tan Gate where I opened a small door and peeked in. I found it was the front court of the God of the Harvest with a lot of trees growing about it. Over the gate was written, Left Side of the Sa-jik." Beside it also was the same inscription in the Manchoo character. On all the gates I found the inscriptions thus written in the two languages.

CHAPTER IV.

Peking 1st moon, 1st day (1713 A. D.) Weather bright and clear.

The Palace in Peking was built in the days of Yung-nak (1403-1424 A. D.) but was burnt down in the rebellion of Yi Chasing in the year 1644. It was restored shortly after according to the style of ancient architecture, beautifully ornamented, a fitting place for kings and emperors to dwell in. The South Gate is especially noticeable, for it has a foundation terrace of about 25 ft. in height, and it measures some 60 paces from east to west. There are in it three wide arches while its towers are of two storeys each, and of nine kan.

On each corner there are watch-towers three storeys high. Between the upper storeys of the gate and the watch-towers are passages joining them covered with yellow tiles. The watchtowers, too, have gilded tops and shine with great brilliance. I heard, however, that this was not gold but some other kind of metal brought from abroad, more precious even than gold, and that it grows brighter and more brilliant by the action of wind and weather.

The court of the palace from the Tai-chung Gate inwards is paved with bricks, some of them out of place standing on their ends

or pushed sideways. The Manchoos exercise their horses here and so the pavement is spoiled by it and rendered unfit to walk on.

From the Chang-an Gate to the O Moon is a long distance, a very difficult part for old officials to walk over. Our Second Envoy had to rest here on his way out. I heard that there was once a very noted officer who came to Peking as secretary of our Embassy who could scarcely walk at all. The Chief Chinese interpreter urged him on, but the Korean attendant said he was ill and had to go slowly. The Chinese Interpreter grew angry at this and shouted, "Has your country no men of health that you send such a creature as this?" Now this Secretary was a man of very quick temper, and when he heard this his face grew furiously red. The Interpreters all laughed over it and to this day they tell the story.

We passed out of the East Chang-an Gate and returned to our quarters. It was then about noon, so we had our breakfast and lay down, tired out, and slept till evening.

A secretary of the Seung-moon office named Kang Oo Moon came to me and said, "Outside of the west wall is a camp of Mongols. These people eat lice off their body." I went to one part of the wall and piled up our saddles one above another until I could see over. There I found a wide open space in which were several score of Mongol tents, with eighty people or more to each tent. They all had high cheek-bones and differed markedly in features from the Chines. Their dresses seemed to me to be mere rags so that they did not look like human beings at all. One barbarian among them had his clothes off and was catching lice. As he caught them he eat them, the dirty wretch! But not only are the Mongols guilty of this filthy act but the Chinese themselves There were over a hundred camels about and many fine horses. Some fifty families of the Mongols it seems have just now come to Peking. Beside this encampment there are also many other places where they have their tents fixed. There are said to be women among them as well but I did not see them. Their dresses I understand to be like those of the Manchoo women, while they do up their hair much as Korean women do. They go about without any fear of the men and are indeed not far' removed from the brute beasts.

Our New Year bread was brought in from the kitchen, but

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the flavor of it was very bad, and it was impossible to eat it. This was due to the bad water, and besides we had no tables to eat it on.

Peking, 1st moon, 2nd day (1713). Weather fine and not cold.

After breakfast the Second Envoy and the Secretary came to see my brother. I was suddenly awakened in my little mat house as I lay behind the felt door by a large dish of fruit being pushed in to me, a gift from the Second Envoy.

For evening meal we had a pig's head boiled and I invited Dr. Kim and others to share it with me. We also had oranges and pears which I divided among them. On this day for the first time I ate Chinese crab-apples. They were quite agreeable to the taste but quite different from anything in our own country. My brother didn't eat anything at all, so that I was somewhat anxious on his account. In the middle of the night I heard the sound of a flute from behind the east wall, but it was very badly played. The sound of fire-crackers, too, ceased not the livelong night. The Emperor and Empress had come in from the Summer Palace to receive the congratulations of the court, and now had returned again.

Peking, 1st moon, 3rd day. Fair and not cold.

After breakfast Chang Wun-ik came and said, "Two visitors have come to call who are descendants of Chung-chai and Chung-keui." I met them and gave them Yi Tong-pai's writing and a picture of Yi Yu-paik.

Among others who came to call on me at this time was a certain Master of Ceremonies named Pan Tuk-yu. He seemed a very interesting person and I found him a skilful master of the pen. As he came in I rose to meet him. We passed the time of the day, and I saw at once by his manner that he was quite out of the ordinary. I asked him about his native state, also his name and how old he was. He replied, "My home is in Che-kiang, my family name is Pan, my given name is Tuk-yu, and my age is 27." I asked again how long he had been in Peking and he said he had come in the 47th year of Kang-heui (1708); inquiring as to the language spoken in Peking as to whether it was the same as that of Che-kiang, he replied, "No, very different." I then asked him how long it took to learn Pekinese. "Half a year," was his answer. "Then you have great ability in languages, surely," I said, "for your replies are most clear and

distinct. I like you. There is something more that I should like to ask. Among the elder statesmen rated first for virtue and literary excellence, and among the generals, who is wisest and bravest?"

Tuk-yu replied, "I am sorry we never met before, for you are a friend worth knowing. One ought never to deceive, and should only speak the truth, yet the affairs of state are such that I have no heart to tell you. You ask concerning the elder statesmen, they are all brothers of the rice-table, and know only how to eat and drink; and as for brave generals, no such exist."

Again I asked, "I hear that the general in command of the East Gate of the city has done some wrong and has been arrested, what is the reason for this, pray?" He replied, "The General's name is To Wha-keui and his evils are countless in number, I could never relate them all."

I asked, "Has he really been killed or not?" He answered, "He is in prison, but not yet executed."

I said, "I imagine he has little chance of getting off. "Very little," was the reply.

The General of the Gates who is the master of all the approaches of the city, I had been told had received bribes, and the Emperor had had him beheaded, and so I wished to know if this were true or not.

Again I said, "When at audience I saw that the uniform of the soldiers was worn and ragged, and that their bows, arrows and swords had not been cleaned or put in order for many a day. Some tell me that this is a custom that prevails during peace, but that when war comes it is altogether changed, new uniforms are given and everything put into ship shape. Is this so?"

He replied, "Why should one wait till he is thirsty to begin digging a well? Think it over and you will know."

Again I asked, "I notice that the Imperial musicians are not dressed alike in red uniform but have different outfits, some new and some old. This is evidently due to the economy exercised by His Imperial Majesty."

He replied, "It is not economy on the part of the Emperor, but miserliness."

"But what use has the Emperor for money, that he should do

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so?" I asked. He replied, "I am sure I do not know."

I inquired again, "I hear also, that His Majesty does not keep the palace or the parks in order. Is that true?"

He replied, "Yes, that is true." If that is really so, surely there was never such an economical emperor as his majesty seen before.

The reply was, "The Emperor's virtue in the way of economy is not something superior to all the past, but merely a proof that he wastes money on other things and is always hard up."

I asked, "What does he spend it on?" His reply was, "He makes 'silver-shoes' and gives them away to his barbarian relatives."

I asked where these relatives lived and his answer was, "Away beyond Yong-go Tap (Manchuria)."

"For what reason does he give silver shoes to these people?"

He replied, "I am sure I do not know."

"Are these barbarians Mongols?" He answered, "Yes." I asked, "How many Mongols are there here in the capital and why are they here?" He replied, "Forty-eight tribes in all are here, and continue to stay, but I have no idea why they remain so long."

"How much does he give them yearly in silver?"

"Each year the amount that goes to these forty-eight tribes is four or five thousand sycee."

"Does he give silks and so forth as well as silver?"

"Yes, he gives them all sorts of things."

I went on, "What do the Mongols give in the way of tribute, and how much does it amount to?"

He replied, "These things are all in the hands of the Foreign Office, we in the Ceremonial Office know nothing whatever about them. I have never heard definitely."

But I said, "Even though this is not a matter that concerns the Ceremonial Office directly, still you must have heard and must know."

His reply was, "I have heard that their tribute is made up of ginseng and skins."

Again I asked, "Do Mongols inhabit all the region from Shen-su to Mukden, and why did you refer to Yong-go Tap as specially Mongol? Do the Mongols of Shen-su offer no tribute or render no service?"

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The reply was, "These barbarians formerly lived in Kee-wei, a region that has no end of special names, one could never learn them all." "Then are these Mongols who are here in the capital all from Yong-go Tap?" He replied, "I understand they are all from that district or thereabouts."

I asked again, "I hear that the pirates about Kin-chow-laotung have a king of their own, is it so?" The reply was, "Yes, there is a certain Chin Sang-eui who claims to be such."

My question then was, "Is it well to let such things continue?"

The reply was, "It keeps Shantung and Che-kiang in a state of unrest. In fact five provinces in all. These pirates make their escape on the wings of the wind and so cannot be caught or located. Last year in the tenth moon the General of Manchuria, Pai-wha, Nak-chung, presented a memorial concerning them."

I asked, "Then why did they not send troops and have them broken up?" His reply was, "Pirates are the most difficult of all robbers to locate. Besides, the Government troops are afraid of them, afraid that they may get killed, and so when they set foot on ground where the chances of life are only one in ten they have no heart to fight with pirates."

I again asked, "How many soldiers have these pirates?"

"I have heard said that they have three or four hundred thousand."

I asked, "Are you married?" His answer was, "No, not yet."

It seems there are very few people in Peking who are well versed in the character. On account of this pure Chinamen are generally used as secretaries and so six of them had been commissioned to act for the Korean Envoy's Yamen. They are all men from the south and have not the round fat faces of the Manchoo race. Though they are paid a salary, they are paid very poorly. In the thousands of miles that they have come from their homes they have endured all sorts of hardship, and one can read in their faces evidences of many a trial. These men take charge of the selling or buying of books that the envoy requires. If a Korean wishes to find out the inner workings of the Chinese Empire, he need only inquire of these secretaries, they frequently however tell

falsehoods to deceive our interpreters, speaking of times perfectly quiet as greatly troubled. They magnify the slightest matter into something exceedingly important, so that one finds little reason to put faith in what they say. Thus, in the conversation that I had just had there were evidences of these defects, and many of the answers would bear correction.

Colonel Pak Tong-wha came bringing me half of an Arabian melon. He said, "This is a sample of what is offered to His Majesty the Emperor."

It looked like one of our squashes though a little smaller. The outside was blue in colour while the inside seeds were yellow like what are called "ox-horn" melons in our own country. The flavour was sweet and fragrant and far superior to anything of the kind found in Korea. The skin was thick like that of a water-melon and yet I found on peeling it off that the inner part was soft to the teeth and tender. A crunching sound accompanied the eating of it. The flavour of the outer part I found superior to the inner, but as it was cold to the mouth one could only eat a little at a time.

It was four days since we had had water brought from the Temple of Heaven. This was better than water brought from elsewhere and yet it was very bad. From this day on we had it brought from a place near Pal-li-po outside the East Gate. In comparison with the water from the Temple of Heaven it was a little better, but the gruel made from it was not good as it had a salty taste, more marked even than water from Chong-no in Seoul. The more you drank of it the saltier it seemed to grow. The most disgusting thing about it was that in the midst of the salty taste there was a sweetish flavour as well. Actually it refused to go down one's throat. If you washed in it your face grew wrinkled and cracked while rag-nails came out on your fingers ends. After washing my towel in it for three or four days, it became as stiff as the limb of a tree, but for what reason I could not make out.

About 13 miles beyond the East Gate there is good water. When Minister Yi (Wul-sa) of Yun-dong came as envoy to Peking he called for this water, but he had to pay a great price for the bringing of it.

To-day I had some minced meat from a sealed bamboo. On

the way here the interpreters had told me that the minced meat would spoil and that it would not be fit to eat, so I had a large bamboo opened, filled carefully and sealed tight, joining the ends together, and binding them with paper. To-day as I opened this and ate I found the flavour perfectly good.

The servants had made a kang floor in the shelter where they were and from now on they slept on the warmed earth and were quite comfortable.

Sin Chi-soon asked from the person in charge an inkstone, a pen, and a penholder, and so we managed to get the necessaries for writing. We got candles daily from the steward, and as my room was crowded with people during the day, I let my blanket down and by one of these candles did my writing at night. In the midst of this hardship I found a certain delight and comfort. The nights were long; and there was no chance to sleep and so it was an ideal time in which to read and write.

Peking, 4th day. Not cold, cloudy toward evening.

After breakfast I went to the office of the secretary, and there I found that Colonel Yoo Pong-sam had got hold of two books on military matters. One was called Moo-pi Chi-rak (Extracts from Military Requirements) and was made up of 5 or 6 volumes. One was called Moo-pi-chi (Requirements for the Soldier) of which there were seventy volumes in all. Everything pertaining to military matters is said to be recorded in this book.

Since yesterday morning many volumes had been bought. In each case however, they would bring only one volume, and demand that we buy the whole set before we could see the others. Once having decided, there was no help for it but to take them as they were. Thus it was that I could not see the books I wanted before buying them, a miserable practise.

The soldiers formerly forbade the bringing of books.

Only when bribed would they allow them to pass in secretly; volume after volume being hidden away in the folds of the clothing. The only way to get a whole set was to have it brought in by night over the wall.

My servant, Kwi-dong, had gone with the captain of the northern guard to Pal-li-po, in order to wash rice to make drink

from and on return said to me, "On the way we met the Emperor's daughter as she came with her retinue in three covered carts. There accompanied her a dozen guards or so who rode on horseback ahead, while behind there were a score and more of other soldiers also mounted. Those ahead shouted out to clear the way." Kwi-dong and the captain dismounted and stood on the left hand side of the road to let them pass. "Suddenly from the inner quarters of the cart came the sound of a girl's voice, and an attendant lifted up the curtain when lo, a young girl appeared in the inner recess of the cart, looking out upon us. Her head was covered with gems and jewels that sparkled till our eyes were dazzled to behold them. The two carts to the rear held the servants and attendants of the Princess."

To-day Cheung Se-t'ai sent me a pot of narcissus flowers. It had a dozen or more stalks and flowers that were out in the richest sort of bloom. The flowers were as large in their bunches as peach blossoms, and the soft white of the petals was most delicate and beautiful to behold. I had bought a number of them before but they had never bloomed for me. Now I saw them at their best and was delighted.

The side-dishes sent us from the yamen kitchens along the way were very good as far as Mukden, but from Mukden on they grew poorer in quantity and quality. Since coming to Peking we have not found a thing in the way of side dish that is fit to eat. The things that we brought with us had not only lost their flavour, but the man in charge, the careless rascal, has taken no interest in flavouring them whatever, lazy and indifferent mortal he is! Our rice too was spoiled by the bad water of Peking, and an inferior quality of Chinese rice had been mixed with it so that it was wholly unpalatable.

The rice that we had brought all the way from Sun-ch'un and Kwak-san was of the very best quality. The cook, however, used it to feed to the soldiers and interpreters who were special friends of his, while the wretched stuff that he left for us to eat was upland, or dry-field rice. Because of this our meals are very far from being a delight, and as there is no way of setting matters straight we have to make the best of it. I usually have for breakfast and tiffin a dish of eui-i, or water-lily seeds, and some dried beef that I brought

along with me. When I go out, I usually take half a glass of wine to stay my appetite. At such times too, I constantly make use eui-i seed and frequently eat rice gruel. Altogether in a single day I have only a few spoonfuls of rice. Were I to reckon up my eating on the whole journey it would certainly not exceed three or four mal. As for side-dishes, it meant that when I had anything at all my brother had none. Among the things on my table were vinegar and soy, as well as fish and some other kinds of meat, three or four dishes in all. But there is really nothing fit to touch my chopsticks to. It all goes to Kwidong who eats it for me. If a better sample appears I pick it out and send it to Interpreter Yi Yoo-ryung, who is old and is feeling ill. I also send some at times to Dr. Kim Tuk-sam and to my cousin, Ch'ang-yup.

What the officers have to eat is very poor and spare, worse in fact than mine. Colonel Yoo Pong-san, unable to endure his, whenever he visits me asks for a little dried fish and beef that he carries away. I have one jar of salt pickle with me which was made of radishes, squash and melons mixed together and cured in soy. From to-day on I have decided to use this, for while it is nothing very special it helps the general flavour somewhat. I divided it among the officers, who were most grateful for a share. The cook had bought white-fish for us and made soup. It is very much like the same kind of fish that we have in our own country, and has quite an agreeable flavour.

One of the interpreters brought us word that the 7th son of the Emperor was ill at the Chang-ch'oon Palace and that they desired the services of the Korean physician who was in attendance on our party. Tomorrow or the day after the Chinese interpreter said he would come and show the way.

CHAPTER V.

Peking 5th moon, Clear cold wind. Sand flying and beating against the windows.

One of the Chief Interpreters, Pak Chai-pun, brought me a pot of orchids which has in it over twenty stalks. The leaves are thin

and some six or seven inches in length. It looks as though it had been newly planted in the pot, and as if the root had not yet taken hold. I asked where it came from and was told that it came from the master of the yamen., so I placed it along with the narcissus under the mat shelter where I live.

After dark, the wind fell somewhat and I went to call on the Secretary. When the envoy's meal was over we took a leisurely walk in the north court where we examined the water of the well. It is over 3 *kil* deep (18 feet) and the well mouth is covered with stone. An opening has been made through the stone by which water is drawn, but it is so small that the bucket can scarcely pass. This, I imagine, is to prevent people from falling in. Wells hereabout are all so constructed. The bucket for drawing it is made of willow staves, and formed in the shape of a scoop and yet does not spill. It is light and very easy to handle. The taste of the water is something terrible, and yet the servants drink of it freely. How they do is more than I can understand. As for quantity there seems no limit. Our men and horses drink freely and there still remains as much as ever.

The mapoos, drivers and servants who remain outside have all made huts for themselves where they huddle together underneath them. Two companies however, have to sleep in the open, which is a distressful sight to see. Fortunately it is not very cold, though it is the dead of winter. This year the weather has been specially warm, something seldom seen before. Though the wind blows fiercely as it did to-day it is not so keen and cold after all, more like a wind of the 2nd Moon. On this account the people seem able to bear it. The horses of the embassy, having no place in which to be stabled, are left out unsheltered in the court. The fodder, too, is very limited in quantity, so at night they get loose and race about the courtyard eating up the mat-sheds under which the men sleep. Sometimes, too, the horse-keepers steal the fodder belonging to each other and feed it to their own horses. The fightings and strugglings of these animals that go on at night make sleep impossible.

Peking, 6th moon. Weather fine.

After breakfast, Pan Tuk-yu, Secretary of the Office of Ceremony came to call, and we talked together in the outer court. I gave him a pen and some ink, and he went away very much

delighted. I asked him if he could get me an artist who would be able to paint the portrait of my brother, so he called one whose name was Na-yun. His age is about forty and he seems a very nice man. When he came in he stood before the fire-place and made me a polite bow. I invited him up onto the *kang* and after again bowing he accepted my invitation. His home he said was in Chi-choo County, Kang-nam Province. I inquired as to why he had left and come to the Capital, and he said he had been summoned here to paint the frescoes on the Palace wall. He had my brother dress in ceremonial robes and seat himself in a chair. I, too, sat beside him with a table between us.

He, first of all, sketched us on paper and then transferred it to silk, after which he put in the colours. We can not tell as yet, what the real character of the picture will be, but his use of the brush is very wonderful and his manner of work exceedingly skilful. He could not finish all, however, in one sitting. So in order to make his exit before the doors closed he made his bow and departed.

To-day Dr. Kim Tuk-sam went to the Summer Palace and returned at nightfall. He told me that a palace assistant and a eunuch had come with a cart early in the morning to take him with them. There were also two interpreters in attendance.

Said he, "We went out by the West Gate of Peking and kept on for about seven miles till we reached Chang-ch'oon Palace. A high wall encloses it through which we entered by a large gate-way. Inside the gate is an artificial lake with two boats upon it. At two points we crossed bridges the railings of which are painted red. At the side of the lake are palace halls and other public buildings not specially neat or clean. At last we reached the part in a room of which the prince was lying. Along with the interpreters I made my bow before him. A mat was brought and I was invited to sit down. After having had tea I asked concerning His Highness' illness. He is a little over thirty years of age, and this trouble had been upon him for five years and more. He was exceedingly thin and all the colour had gone from his face, so that he was as white as snow. It was evident from the symptoms that he had tuberculosis. His knees were stiff and his head ached he said. I gave him the acupuncture needle in two or three places in his head, but as to medicine, I said I would

have to see him again before I could prescribe definitely. Then I made my bow and took my departure.

“I went outside the main gateway to a separate pavilion where I was asked to be seated, and there they brought me all sorts of dainty fare on which I dined.”

Dr. Kim also said, “The Prince asked for my hat and looked it over, but when I said Good-bye, he gave it back to me.”

“The dress the Prince had on and his quilts and pillows were of very coarse material, not even equal to those of a low class Korean at home. Neither did the dishes or pieces of furniture have any special value.”

He told me as well that on his departure he suggested a horse to ride as simpler than a chair, but they would not consent and insisted that he ride a cart.

The cart had a cover enclosing three sides, the front only being open. The carter sat just in front and interfered greatly with the view. “When we first approached the Summer Palace they put down the front curtain so that I could not see at all. I wished to know what the surrounding country was like, and so asked to have it open, but the interpreter said ‘If the dust gets on your clothing the Emperor will reprimand us for having treated you badly; we must keep it down just now.’ Thus he spoke but by the looks of his face I knew that some other thought lay behind it.”

Interpreter, O Chi-hang, found a book to-day the name of which is *Tai-keung Hyun-ji*. Now within the walls of Peking there are two great wards the one to the east called Tai-heung and the other to the west Wan-pyung. All the Palaces in and about the east part of the city, with the shrines, hills, settlements, streams, the people, their habits, customs etc., are recorded in this book, the flora and fauna as well, flowers, birds and beasts, all made note of. When I had seen something of the book I desired more than ever to venture out and see the city. I consulted with my brother as to using some of the extra tribute supply to get possession of this book, and later to present it to the Hall of Records (Ok-tong).

On this day the Chinese interpreters sent some special water saying that it had come from the north of the city, but it was not good.

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The horse that O Moon rode fell ill and has died.

Peking. 7th day Weather fine. Wind not cold.

After breakfast Na Yun came in with his portrait finished, even to the colouring and the final touches, but it was no likeness at all. It was a full-face portrait and so I asked him to try a side-face. He said he would take it away, correct it and do the colouring afresh. As I saw the way in which he did his work I admired but it was not a portrait in any sense true to the original. He did not seem to me to be a true artist, or a man specially gifted in artistic taste.

He gave me a roll of writing which was taken from a tomb memorial of a faithful woman, Madame Cho.

This lady, it seems, was a native of Yo-dong, who at 17 years of age became the wife of Ma-i Kil-to. When Kil-to died the lady was then 29 years of age and had four children, who were still small and helpless. She had no means of making funeral preparations, so she sold her house, her living, all that she had, and used it for this final journey. For 19 years she lived in poverty and starvation, doing needlework and the like till her sons and daughters were grown. Then she had them married off. The neighbours all praised her virtues and excellence by a memorial to the governor, and had a gate of honour erected to her memory.

The woman's father was the chief of Po-ji County and had died in office. According to the custom of the place his body was cremated and his ashes were buried near his official residence. In a little the mother died also and her remains were buried to the east of the capital. The father's bones were to be removed and buried by the mother's, but before this was done the older brother had died as well. Yoo-in in tears said, "My father and mother brought up us four children, one brother and one sister dying early. One sister alone remains, poor, miserable and old. Who will see that my father's and mother's remains are finally buried together." On a certain holiday with her remaining sister she went to Po-ji County, but the house near which the bones of her father had been buried had fallen to ruin and the place was a desolation. No mound had been raised at the time or trees planted, and now 60 years had passed; so there was no way of knowing or finding out. Yoo-in cried and called on God, and prayed to the angels to help her as she went here and there

seeking the place. At last she came to a spot at which she said, "Let's dig here." Before they had dug more than a shovel or two of earth the jar with its inscription and the bones appeared. With this she returned and had them buried beside her mother.

But she thought again, "The graves of the Na's are to the north of the city and so if we bury our parents to the east, their spirits will grow hungry by and by and be unattended." So she found another hill near the hill of the Na's' tombs and there she buried them saying, "Children, when you bury me do not forget my parents."

Yoo-in also prepared a neat room in her house, and there she offered incense night and morning before the Buddha. When she died she gave away all her possessions to her family slaves and servants, called her sons, grandsons, and relatives and spoke her last words. She addressed them in a clear and distinct voice not different at all from when she was well and strong.

Yoo-in was born in the year *pyung-sool* (1646) of Sim-ji, and died in the year *sin-myō* (1711) of Kang-heui, so she was 65 years of age.

Na Yun said Cho Il-yung who had written the inscription was a relative of his, and so he had brought the memorial rubbing to let me know of his family.

The main characters were written according to the law of Chin or Wang Heui-ji (王羲之). The seal characters of the name were also well and skilfully done. The artist desired that foreigners should know of the good acts of Yoo-in, and her sterling worth and character.

On this day we made an experiment at wine by a special receipt that I had had copied off, called paik-wha choo (hundred-flower wine). We made it carefully according to the receipt and yet everyone pronounced it a failure, The reason given was that the water was so bad, and the dish used for making it different from our own. The lower part of the dish was narrow and the top very wide. Besides it was an inch or two thick and big enough to take in a score of measures, while the wine that we wished to make was only about one measure altogether. We tried to find a more suitable dish but failed.

CHAPTER VI

Peking, 8th day, Weather fine. Wind arose at the Evening.

In the morning along with Chang-up I looked over the walls at the Mongols, while they came to the foot and gazed up at me. Our four eyes looked at each other, but not a word could our mouths speak. In a little a soldier came and ordered me away so I had to come down. One soldier followed us whose manner was gentle and prepossessing and I told my servant Wun-geun, to make friends with him; so they made a plan to go together when we went to draw water, since it was the custom for a soldier to accompany us.

After breakfast I told the captain of the guard that I would dress and go instead of him with the water-carriers which I did. I had with me a horse, a mapoo and three servants. In carrying the water, jars were used, two being placed on each pack-saddle. An officer went ahead and two soldiers as well to guide the way. One of them was the soldier whom we met in the morning and made an agreement with. I gave him a fan as a present before we started.

We passed out of the gate of the city and went by the main roadway toward the east. The Manchoo children by the side of the way would point their little fingers at us and call "Koryu, Koryu!" In going we crossed the Ok-ha Bridge and then went by a middle way some distance to the north. Frequently we saw high gates before doors, the owners of which I concluded must belong to the official class. On the west side of the road I noticed a house with yellow tiles on it, and a watch-tower behind, of which the tiles were blue. This place I found to be a shrine where the Emperor offers incense on the morning of the first day of the 1st moon. Toward the east was a brick wall 20 feet or so high. It had plaster on the lower part but for two or three feet from the top it had only bricks. These were laid in open formation to serve as decoration, and I was told that it was a palace of the Emperor's son.

A quarter of a mile or so further on we turned east along the main road. This was the way by which we had entered. The market shops seemed now more attractive than ever decorated as they were

throughout with red paper lanterns. The shape of the lanterns and characters on them were much the same as we have in Korea. Carts and horses filled the streets like the warp and woof of the loom. In each cart were three or four women. They had removed the cart covers so that one could see their faces clearly. Some again were walking. Their dresses were new and beautiful and I judged from this that they were people out for New Year festivities.

I desired to find the Shrine of The Three Faithful Ones (*Sam Ch'oong Sa*). These three were Che Kai-yang (諸葛亮) of Han, Ak Pi (岳飛) of Song, and Moon Chun-sang (文天祥) also of the Song Dynasty. We asked as to whether the Tai-tong Bridge was far distant or not, as I knew that the Three Faithful Ones had their shrine at the side of this bridge.

The soldier replied, "The bridge is a mile or so from the East Gate but there is nothing about it worth seeing. Still I'll show you the way." So we went outside the East Gate and passed the bridge, where we sent on the horses and servants for water, while we took the road along the bank of the moat, which at that time was frozen over. Five or six Manchooks with sleds were waiting on the shore. Seeing us come they stepped up and asked if we would not ride. Along with Colonel Yoo Pong-san I mounted one sled, while my two servants and the Chinese soldier took the other. We flew along at the speed of a falling star, a delightful sensation, and before we knew it we were at the Tai-tong Bridge where we alighted. The soldier gave of his own money to pay the sled men.

The form of the bridge was quite unusual and very imposing. On each side was a stone railing and it had an arched elevation sufficient to let boats pass underneath. From the East Gate to this bridge must be a mile or more. Between the walls and the moat there were store-houses and buildings and beyond the- bridge many house-boats. This was the end of the water-way for Teung-chow. On the east bank of the canal there were many willow trees, with graves, tombs and houses mixed among them. To the south of the bridge some ten paces or so the walls of the Manchook and Chinese cities meet. A gate is there marked .East Side. Great crowds of people and horses were passing through it, camels as well, hundreds of them. These were said to be owned by the Emperor and now out for water.

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We asked for the Shrine of the Three Faithful Ones and were directed to it by the pointed hand. I went some distance along the edge of the stream till I came to a bridge, and there by the bridge found a memorial stone, erected in the year ke-ch'ook of Mallyuk (1613). A little beyond the stone is a small shrine on the bank of the moat. The front gate was closed and so I alighted from my horse and went in by a side gate where I found the building to be of three kan only. In the hall there were three images; the one in the middle was of Che Kai-yang, the one to the right, Minister Moon; and the one to the left Ak Pi. Che wore a dragon cap, a stork robe, and had a feather fan in his hand. Moon had on a scholar's graduating cap, and a ceremonial dress. Ak had on a military dress, a coat of mail and a helmet. Their faces were just like living beings. Ak was looking to the right, his mouth open just as though he was speaking; his features were very impressive and his bearing undaunted. Moon had a beautiful expression of peace upon his countenance. The ancients used to say, "Those greatly gifted wear an expression of quiet," which statement I believe to be true.

Along with Yoo Pong-san I went in front of them and made obeisance. We were greatly impressed and moved.

The house itself was all in ruins which was evidence that it saw but few worshippers. We felt very sorry indeed over this sad neglect.

On the right and left of the court were two memorial stones that had been erected in the year kap-sool of Mallyuk (1574).

A Buddhist priest was in charge of the shrine and he asked us to come in and sit down in his little room that had a *kang* fire. There he brought us tea. I asked him the order of honor of the Three Faithful Ones, when an old man sitting by replied by writing. On my inquiring he gave his name as Chin Pyung-jik, and his age as 77. I gave him a package of medicine, and the priest a fan. Then we left and returned by way of the East Gate.

Inside the gate is a large stone bridge and beneath it a roaring torrent of water that made a thundering noise. I wanted to see it more closely, and went underneath. The water was so deep that I could not guess its fathoms. It comes from the west and is called the moat within the walls. In the midst of it here and there are

stone locks built so as to dam the water, with high gates in them. These are used to keep back the flood or let it free, and were called ap, or armoured gates. When a boat comes within them they are closed; the water is then let in and the boat lifted up. By a contrivance such as this there is no place in the world where a boat cannot go.

We went on about a mile and reached the South East Gate of the Tartar City which is similar in style of architecture to the East Gate. Over the canal here, is a large stone bridge and on each side a crowded market, where carts and horses crushed through the gateway and got in and out only with the greatest difficulty.

I had heard that So-boo's shrine was a short distance from this gate, and I wished to see it but the soldier told me that as the day was late we had better go back. But I found it was not necessary as the light was still quite sufficient.

As I ascended the terrace a Chinaman came up to me and gave me two stones out of his sleeve. The larger one was two or three inches long, round in shape and not unlike a stone washed up by the sea, but clear and soft in colour. It was of a yellowish tint with blue streaks through it. Looking more closely I found these streaks resembled men, trees, rocks, clouds and smoke. It was impossible for it to have been a natural formation yet it was hard and heavy and not at all like anything baked or made of plaster. I tried to scrape it, but could make no impression whatever. Neither was it a stone that had been dyed for the colours. were within it. It was indeed a strange and unaccountable thing. He asked only a fan as price and I knew therefore that it was a made-up object, but just how or of what I am unable to say. There are men in this country, skilful in all sorts of tricks, doing things better than even the Creator himself. I took it and gave him the price asked.

On my return I went to see the Secretary, intending to call on my brother, but he was having a consultation at the time with the 2nd Envoy so I did not go in.

The Secretary and I ate our evening meal together. We had bamboo soup of which the flavour was very good, and as fresh as though it had just been dug from the earth.

In the evening the horses in the front court were counted

over and examined, my brother taking oversight as he sat in a chair and looked on.

Peking. 9th day. Clear and bright. Strong wind. The coldest day since coming.

I invited Pan Tuk-yoo (Chinaman) to come and see me as I had something to ask of him, but just as I had treated him to wine, he was called away and had to go.

Yi Chung-jai and his brother had come to see me and were waiting in Chang Wun-ik's room. He brought me five pens, some fruit and dainties. The dainties were made up of cucumber, and other vegetable preparations, but the flavour was not agreeable. He also handed me a greenstone archer's ring which he said Yung Wun-paik had used, and asked that I pass it on to Yi Tong-pai. The ring was small and would never fit the finger of Yi Tong-pai.

Today the Emperor comes in from the Summer Palace and on the 13th he offers prayer and sacrifice for seed-sowing at the Sil-long Shrine. This shrine was said to be outside the South Gate of the Manchoo city.

It happened when my father was in Peking that General O Sam-ke of the Mings raised a rebellion. Such a state of confusion resulted that soldiers were marshalled at the South-East Gate and along the wide streets to guard the city. Soon a great army was raised and sent out to meet the rebels.

Again a rumor was heard that at the Western Hills a man named Choo had appeared who claimed to be the son of the Emperor Soon-Jong (1628). He had an army of many thousand men and his announcement was that he would enter Peking, by way of the Ko-san Barracks. This was on the 23rd day of the 12th Moon.

He donned his royal robes and had his people begin right and left setting fire to houses. There arose a great disturbance, some attempting to put the fires out while others rushed with information as to where the trouble lay. Soldiers were sent forth in great numbers to capture Choo who made good his escape. He was never caught though his royal robe was found at his house.

A few days later, on New Years a fire broke out in the Office of Public Works. On that day also a northwest wind was blowing, and the flames drew nearer and nearer to the Ok-ha Kwan where my

father was staying. Outside the north wall fire started near the room occupied by the 2nd Envoy. Our whole company were put to great confusion. The servants mounted the roof and had water sent up to them, while others broke down the buildings beyond the wall and so stopped the way for the flames. They also gathered up the mat huts that were in the court of the Kwan and put them out of the way. At that time a Secretary of the Office of Ceremony along with the chief interpreter came hurrying in to urge that the tribute goods be put in place of safety. They were finally all piled up by the wall of the Ok-ha Bridge, and there guarded by interpreters and soldiers. After dark the fire was got under control but the smoke still kept rolling up so that no one could tell when it would break out again. This necessitated leaving the tribute things where they were for the night, the officers of the Board of Ceremony and the interpreters taking turns at watching them. Great care was exercised as well lest the fire start up again. Some said it had been set going in the Office of Public Works evidently with intent. Now, however, word was that they had caught the rascals and were putting them through torture.

All this time outside the office crowds of soldiers were riding by on horseback with bows and arrows ready; others were placed in ambush here and there ready to act. Every one looked afraid and terror marked every face. Usually the soldiers carried only a sword but on this occasion they carried bows and arrows as well. Every morning they awaited new developments.

All this I find recorded in my father's diary.

The old interpreter Yi Yoo-yang who was with us had been present at that time also. He said; "When the fire began the interpreters were all frightened to death, great and small, fairly beside themselves, out of their wits. Your father, however, sat where he was and never moved, so that all the company marvelled at him."

He also added, "While the trouble was under way the brokers and vendors of goods offered their wares at half price or less, the finest white silk, watered silk, thick silks for next to nothing, saying, 'This will not remain mine anyway, so take it. If the trouble blows over you may then pay for it.'" In this way the interpreters on that trip made such money as was never seen before. They tell of it even till today.

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Peking. 10th day. Cloudy and cold but moderated later.

After breakfast we went out again to draw water. Wun-geun, Sun-heung, Kwi-dong all came along, and the soldier to whom I had given the fan as well. On this day the officer of the northern guard, Ch'a Choon-gul, accompanied us on horse-back. We went out by the same road that we had taken the day previous. The women that we saw today were even more numerous than the crowds we saw before. Colonel Yoo Pong-san came with us then but for no other reason than to see the women. His not coming today I know would be an eternal regret on his part. Whenever I see a beautiful woman I naturally think of Yoo Pong-san. Certainly I shall tell him what I saw and have a laugh.

We passed the corner of Tong-an Street, went toward the north, and there again turned east along the great horse-market road. By this way we reached the four towers marking the cross roads. I sent Ch'a Choon-gul along with the horse-boys to go as far as Pal-li-po and get the water, while I, along with the soldier, went toward the north. There were numberless shops and stores and countless strange things for sale, that I could never enumerate. Two men came along bearing between them four green lanterns on a pole. They rested for a time in the roadway. The largest of the lanterns was like a good-sized water-jar. They had red railings round them and were decorated with gems that were strung on strings, most wonderful to behold.

In the market many lanterns were hung up all about. Some were like flowers; some shadow-lanterns like these in our own country; some were like peony flowers in shape but otherwise there was nothing specially different from our own. I was afraid that if I met Chinese officers in the street they might regard my being out as strange, but they took no notice, and made no inquiry. The crowd of barbarians that followed was something terrible. If we stopped but for a moment they surrounded us, and it was with difficulty that we made our way out of the press.

We noticed within the walls of a house near by five or six bamboo poles standing erect. At the end of each was a paper lantern and a flag. Within the front gate funeral flags were seen, the staffs of which were nearly 20 feet long, and two or three spans round.

There were stakes stuck into them and both the stake and the pole were painted red. The stake handles again, were ornamented and gilded. The flags were made of red silk with characters written on them in gold, and so long were the streamers that they swept the ground. Outside the gate was a mat hut that Wun-geun said indicated a house of mourning.

When Chinese people are at the point of death they are removed from the house to this temporary straw shed. Buddhist priests are then called who circle round and read the sutras till the last breath leaves the body. They do the same also when the bier departs, and the flags and lanterns are carried forth.

From the four watch-towers we went a distance of a *li* or so, but as there was nothing special to see but market-shops I decided to return. The soldier then led the way toward the western quarter, On each side to right and left were sale-rooms and shops. Among these was one where birds were sold. Some were in bamboo cages that stood on the ground; some again were in cages hanging up. There were five or six different varieties of winged fowl each placed in groups according to its own species. Among them was a bird something like a cock-pheasant but with a white head and a white tail. Others again, rather smaller, had the head and tail of the hen-pheasant, but the feathers were white with red mottled colours in the wings, very beautiful indeed. I asked the name and they replied by writing the characters for "stone" and "hen."

We went from here by a narrow road southwards, and arrived once more at the horse-market This we crossed and went into a narrow street where we found two people in a shop selling funeral flags. One man was writing on them and the other applying gilding. The patterns were just like what we had seen before the house of mourning. On a book-table at the side were a heap of things, dishes of various kinds and images of men and beasts made of coloured paper. Such are the trappings used at funeral ceremonies.

We then went east by a narrow path till we found a pen-shop on the south side of the road. Here I got down from my horse to rest a little and have a look at the pens. The way they make them seems very rude and unfinished but they are admirably adapted for use. We then went out to the main streets and turned home.

CHAPTER VII.

Peking 10th day, (Continued). A half *li* or so before we had reached the South-east Gate we turned off and went by a narrow alley toward the east quarter. The reason for our taking this road was that I wished to see the Shrine of the Faithful (忠節崩). On the side of the way was a small prayer house and thinking this to be the one I sought, I dismounted and went in, but it was not the one I sought but the Shrine of the Warriors (眞武順), and the gate was fast shut. I sat in

the court and rested for a little, when several sightseers came following after me. With my whip I wrote on the ground the three characters Shrine of the Faithful (忠節社), asking where it was, but none of them could read and so they made no reply.

My Boy, Wun-geun said, "Only a little way from here is the Monastery of the Ten Regions (十方) where the embassy used to be entertained. It is a large temple and many priests are connected with it. If we go there and ask I am sure some one will tell us." We went on a hundred paces or so and came to a high gate on the left side of the road, that was covered with upper and lower tiles. It is the custom in China that only official buildings, temples, Taoist Halls, Imperial Palaces, etc., be so tiled. Apart from these, upper, or "male" tiles, are not used. I concluded therefore, that this was not a private house but some public building. Before I could ask, however, I had already gone past the gate some ten paces or so, when a young Manchoo came running after me to say, "My master invites you in."

I asked, "Who is your master?" He replied, "He is an official."

I felt some doubts of him but since he had thus invited me I thought I would enter and see, so I turned my horse and arrived at the gateway. A little maid-servant who was there, seeing me coming, hurried in. Then a Manchoo came out through the middle gate to greet me. The court was very large and the house imposing. Toward the east was a little gate where three or four women peeked out at me, the little girl servant, whom I had seen, being there also.

I arrived at the main hall but there was no one sent to greet me. The servant in charge lifted his hands in salutation and indicated that I should step into the east room. Here I met a young man of about thirty years of age, whose face was extremely handsome. He got up, bowed, saluted me, and had me sit down. I sat on the mat while he sat with his feet hanging over the side of the *kang*. Thus I continued on my knees till he asked me to sit comfortably, sans ceremonie. Then another young man brought a pen and ink from the inner quarters, took a chair and sat before us, below the *kang*.

His age I imagine to be about twenty-five. Though slightly freckled and thin he had a very intelligent face and nice expression.

Unfolding a red piece of paper he began writing, and his first question was my name. Two other people came close to me and turned back the edge of my thick cotton clothing to examine it. They asked also about the rice of our country as to whether it was good or not, and did I have things to sell. I told them I had brought nothing.

Again they asked, "Would it be agreeable to you to make an exchange of some paper, pen, and ink?" I replied, "Let us not exchange, I'll send you some that I have with me." The young man hearing this seemed greatly pleased.

He again wrote, "What office does Your Excellency hold in the Government?"

I replied, "I have no office, and am only an idler, a mere man of leisure."

I asked his name but he wrote only the character, "Yi" (李).

Again I inquired, "In what Department do you hold office?"

He replied, "My office has to do with compiling Government land-records."

He asked me if I ever wrote poetry, to which I replied, "Occasionally."

The young man, seated below, then hurried into the room and brought out a special kind of note-paper, yellow and red, placed it before me and asked me to write something of my own composition.

I replied, "I am a poor writer and have written nothing worth your seeing."

But he still insisted, "Never mind, please write."

I then wrote what I had composed on New Year's eve. It ran:

As I come thus within those walls remote,

The year draws to a close;

The night is long, I sit with silence round,

By candle-light's repose.

Attending lads who come to build my fire,

Add comfort to my stay;

A dream it is, a misty heart's desire,

For home so far away.

The young man seeing this was greatly delighted and wrote. "This is like what the Tangs used to write;" and he added, "What do you say to our being friends?"

I laughed and replied, "How could I look up to such an one as thee?"

The young man said, "Don't be so humble-minded, please." He had tea brought by the hand of the lad whom I had seen in waiting. Again he went into the inner room and brought out a quince. This he placed before him and then wrote me a couplet, seven syllables to the line, concerning it

He wrote me also several songs, taking up two sheets of the paper, and said that as they were composed by himself. I really must say they were very well done. They each had a note appended as by some man of distinction. One sheet was signed "Ko-yang, Yi Wun-yung," and one, "Yi Wun-yung, Song Poon-jai." Wun-yung being the name of the young man, Ko-yang his family seat, and Song Poon-jai his pen-name. I had some wine with me that my servant had brought along, so I ordered him to bring me a small glass. The master then had two cups brought, that were dark in colour as though varnished with lacquer. They were ornamented in gold, beautifully and wonderfully done. I poured out some of my spirit, the colour of which sparkled in the dark glasses. Then I took one glass in my hand and asked the master to take the other. He asked me what kind of drink it was, and I wrote the two characters so-joo, distilled liquor (燒酒). He drank it off and then asked if he might send some to the inner-quarters. I called the servant and poured out all I had, one large bowl. This I gave him as well as two packages of candy. He asked what the candy was made of and I wrote, "Oil, honey, and flour." He tasted it and then sent the candy along with the wine into the inner-quarters. I presented him also with some dried octopus and clams. He did not know what they were, evidently, and so asked the names. To the north-east of the room there was a small door by which the young man went and came. When this door was opened a shadow was dimly outlined as though some one was looking.

On the east side of the room was a scroll picture, and

beneath it a book-shelf on which several books in cases and a few pots of narcissus flowers were placed. I asked him if he had any orchids. and if so, said I would like to see them.

The young man replied, "We have two or three varieties." I then asked the price of them but his reply was, "These flowers do well here but can not be carried away." The reason he gave was that climate not being the same, he feared they would die. I said that some had been successfully brought to Korea, and when he asked if they lived, I said, "Yes, lived and bloomed beautifully."

He then brought a set of books from the case and opened them before me. The title written on them was *Kwang-koon Pang-po* (廣群芳譜) by Pai Moon-jai. It seems it was a new book by His Majesty the Emperor Kang-heui. Every kind of flower, medicinal plant, vegetable and fruit was recorded in them, also directions as to how to cultivate them. There was scattered through the book poems by famous writers of the past. Also Kang-heui's own verses were interspersed. The preface too, was by the Emperor. I saw books at the Summer Palace that were marked in the same way, namely, Pai Moon-jai. This was evidently the special name of the Emperor. This book had four cases in all, 20 volumes, each volume being of many pages and the print small.

There was another book which I asked to see that he brought, and showed me. It was the Choa-jun (左傳). The style of binding was like that of the *Kwang-koon Pang-po* and on its white pages it had red dots to mark off the phrases. As this, too, was edited and issued by the Emperor, the cover was of imperial yellow.

I asked him if he would lend me the *Pang-po* for a little and he did, the first part, saying, "As soon as you are through with this and return it, I'll send you the second part."

In a little, fruits and sweets were sent us from the inner quarters, five different varieties. In one dish were pumelos, in one oranges, in three dishes candy made of sugar and flour. One kind was very like our kang-jun, or rice candy. Among these the one prized most by the Koreans was a kind of cake much like the Kap-san Sam, but more delicately flavoured, Another kind looked as though it were wrapped in thin rice paper, not unlike our Yo-wha candy.

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The host asked me to taste this. I did so and it was light and tender, somewhat like sweetened custard. After I came home I heard that it was not made of eggs but of cows' milk. They regard this as a very special and rare kind of candy.

Again another young man, about twenty years of age, came in and sat down by my side. The first whom I had met by the *kang* was Wun-yung's older brother, and the others his younger brothers. There were three other people beside, and many others standing before the *kang*; some were educated and some uneducated.

The older brother was a very distinguished looking person, but he sat aside busily playing chess with some other person, while Wun-yung talked to me by the pen. It looked almost as though he was unacquainted with the character and unable to read.

The soldier reminded me that the day was growing late and that we ought to go, so I made my salutations and came away.

In front of the main hall there were four octagonal lanterns made of silk and ornamented with flowers. The cords that held them were decorated with a variety of gems and beautiful stones. Beneath the terrace, in the outer quarters of the court, there was a scroll of landscape painting, while in the main hall a glass screen was hanging that looked something like a clothes frame. The width of it was some three feet, and the length, I should think, four. As the people passed by they were reflected before and behind. How many panels there were in it I really do not know. Near the wall by the middle gate was a large tree the name of which I wished to know. On inquiry I learned that it was a persimmon.

Wun-yung came with me as far as the outside gate and there again was the young lad who had followed me so diligently from the four cross-road towers. On my way home he continued on after my horse. Evidently there are idle boys here as well as in Korea. I gave him an orange and then returned to the Ok-ha Kwan.

It was already evening and time for dinner; later I called to see the Secretary.

Peking 11th day. Weather fine, warm.

After breakfast I wrote a letter to Yi Wun-yung, also a poem in twelve couplets, and sent him three pens and some ink. He wrote his reply on a small piece of paper, besides which he sent one sheet

of paper, two pens and a fan. He did not say anything about my poem which I thought rather strange.

My servant, Sun-heung, reported that he had said he would like to see samples of Korean paper, tobacco, beche-demer, rice, glutinous rice, etc. The interpreter Pak Teuk-in had told me of quinces that had been sent by the chief Chinese interpreter. These I found are not to be eaten but kept simply for the sweet fragrance they emit. Chinese quinces are larger than an orange, though otherwise like quinces I have seen elsewhere.

As the evening drew on, the moon was so bright that I came out into the court and sat and talked with the officers. One of the mapoos, named Chick-san, I had heard could imitate all kinds of birds and beasts, and sing comical songs to no end, so I called him and had him try. He sang exactly like a Chinaman. It was so amusing that all who heard fairly split their sides with laughter. He also sang the *Man-sang Pyul-gok* (灣上別曲), a Eui-joo song that tells how their merchants go from place to place and fall from bad to worse, lose all they have and then buy other goods on credit, go to Peking and lose again; how they go back to Eui-joo and sell themselves as slaves, and how their children are beaten and tumbled about the official yamen. He pictured all the difficulties of their way most vividly, just as though one saw it before his eyes, even to their talks with wild Chinamen (Manchoos), interspersed here and there with Chinese words to make it more that ever realistic.

He told also how the secretary of the magistrate of the district of Choong-joo fell a victim to a dancing-girl, and could not bear to say good bye to her, while she cared nothing for him in the least, but wished him gone, in fact when he did go, turned about and sang him off.

This Chik-san could sing with a perfect girl's voice; no one would have guessed otherwise. He was a servant from the official stables at Choong-joo, and the dancing-girls there hearing that he made fun of them in his songs secretly desired to kill him.

He again sang of a military officer. This officer, going ahead, arrives first at the rest-house with handsome face and uniform decked to perfection. He sees the dancing-girls come forth to greet him and sits up straight and tall, looking majestically to right and

left showing great satisfaction. The song was rendered to perfection.

At that time Kim Choong-wha, the officer in charge, took a dislike to this fun being made of one of his kind, and tried to stop it. The moment he did so the silence that followed was so profound and noticeable that he himself shouted out, "Go on then, go on."

Chic-san was in charge of the cart on which the secretary rode. He had had this to do on successive occasions when the embassy came. In the year *kap-sin* (1704) when Minister Yi from Yun-dong was envoy, the three officers frequently called Chick-san and had him perform. Minister Yi when he called him did not designate him Chick-san but the wife of the Secretary. The reason for this was that he sang women's songs so well. Yi Myung-joon was Secretary at that time and he was a very modest man and when he heard the name *pyul-sil* (wife) applied to him he was put to no end of shame.

The *materia medica* man, Han Tai-myung, brought me two lanterns, one a peony lantern and one a shadow lamp. In shape they were the same as our own lanterns but within this shadow-lamp there was seen moving birds, beasts and other things.

The interpreter informed us that tomorrow the Emperor would go out to the Man-se Hills to hunt tigers.

Peking. 12th day. Weather fine and cool. Ground frost at first but thawed later.

I heard from Wun-geun that even in very cold years one could drive a stake at any time into the ground within the Ok-ha Kwan. Judging from this I should say that the weather is much less severe here than in our own country.

Again I wrote a letter to Yi Wun-yung and sent Wun-geun with two rolls of paper, two packages of tobacco, and one measure each of plain and glutinous rice. When I visited his home he seemed very pleased with the willow box in which I carried my lunch, so I sent him a new one. I also asked him to send another volume of the Pang-po. He replied, "This book is not mine but belongs to the Office of Home Affairs. Because I had something to copy out of it I had it brought but cannot keep it longer. If I can get another set I shall send you that instead."

I asked Wun-geun to inquire of Wun-yung the place of the

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Ch'oong-jul Shrine and so Wun-yung sent a servant from his home to show him the way but they failed to find it.

On this day the Emperor went out to the Man-se Hills but he did not get a tiger. He received, however, a tribute of horses from Mongolia.

The moon shone so brightly at night that I came out and sat in the court where the various guards and military assistants were congregated. One of them a soldier named I-man recited selections for us from the History of the Three Kingdoms (221-277 A. D.). He chose the part about Che Kai-yang's defeat of Wi in the plains of Pak-mang. So-ryul and Chang-pi were men of Tak-koon, and Tak-koon is modern Tak-joo not far from Peking. Hearing this it seemed more real than ever. The Secretary also came and listened. Pak Se-jang sang for us till late at night and only then did the company break up.

Peking. 1st moon (1719) 19th day. Cloudy. A high wind.

Early in the morning the sound of the great bell was heard from the Imperial Palace, like that which we heard on the first day of the moon. It indicated, I was told, that the Emperor was returning from a sacrifice offered at the Altar of Agriculture. I looked out over the west wall, but there was nothing to be seen but the Mongol tents. I counted them and found there were about 30 large and 30 small ones. The interpreter told me that the Mongols would remain in Peking till the 3rd Moon and take their departure after the birthday of the Emperor. Why they remain so long I cannot understand as every day costs them much in the way of mutton, rum-rice and horse fodder. Some say they wish to see the Imperial birthday and offer their felicitations, as well as to be present at the choosing of the Crown Prince, but I do not know definitely as to this.

A Manchoo brought ten cups of tortoise shell for me to see, and the price he asked was very low. I wished to buy when one of the servants said to me, "These are not real tortoise-shell, sir, but only imitation. If you put water into them they will soon crack and become useless. I was once cheated myself and so I know." However I looked them carefully over and concluded that they were not imitation.

A wild barbarian to-day by the name of Ma-pai-ro Tam-ga

came in and presented me with a package of tobacco.

Peking. 14th day. Windy Morning.

The Chinese interpreter Moon Pong-sun informed me that his son was to be married on that day and that he was having a feast. So he sent a collation to the Envoy and the Secretary, two tables, on one of which were various kinds of fish and meat, and on one all sorts of sweetmeats and dainties gathered from land and sea. Everything was very dainty and clean. Between these were dishes of all sorts steaming with soup, etc. I tried this and that and found everything very agreeable to the taste. Clams, beche-de-mer, and cod-fish were to be seen as well. Among the fruits were "dragon's-eyes," oranges, pears, persimmons, in fact every kind of fruit that grows. I took the peel off the oranges and picked the fruit to pieces to eat it. Rice candy (yak-pap) was also present, made like that in our own country, very delicious in flavour. The plates and cups were all larger than what we use in our country, and were made of decorated porcelain. On the two tables I counted 58 dishes in all.

As a return present for this liberal entertainment I sent two rolls of paper, one tobacco-pouch and two fine pens. To the man who brought it I also gave a fan and a tobacco-pouch. Yoo Pong-san now came in with the son of some wild Manchoo in tow, whom he said was governor. The lad was very handsome and certainly wore the stamp of a distinguished race. I asked him his age and he said fourteen. Again I asked him his name but he merely wrote "Poo", without the given-name. His dress was costly and beautiful, the outside coat being lined with blue silk. The sides were decorated with gilded girdle strings, and had on them knot-buttons and button-holes most wonderfully made. He carried a short knife with a green porpoise skin case that had evidently come from Korea. I gave him some pine-nut cake, about half of which he ate, leaving the rest.

Late in the evening the wind fell and the moon came out brightly. Sounds of flutes, bamboo-pipes, and drums were heard on all sides, while fire-crackers snapped and crackled everywhere. The sound of carts passing kept up the live-long night. From early in the morning I had been troubled with a kind of dizziness that prevented my going out to walk, so I had some sparrow-tongue tea prepared and felt better. I did not go out beyond the gates however. At night

Kim Tuk-sam and Sin Chi-soon came to see me and we ate dried persimmons together. I gave them a few hawthorns and plums and we said good night.

Peking. 15th day. Cloudy.

Today cake was sent in from the kitchen that was something like our rice candy (yak-pap). I was delighted with it. The Chinaman, Pak Teuk-in, also sent me a great variety of cakes and candies. Among these I found some Korean kan-jung as well as two packages of moon-tan sweetmeat, and a number of pumelos. One I measured with a string and it was nine inches and a half round. Its flavour was very agreeable, sweet, and yet tart and full of juice, a very delightful fruit indeed. Comparing it with an orange it is larger and the skin is out of proportion, rather thick.

· He sent me also deer-tail, which I had roasted, but I found it was somewhat spoiled from over long keeping.

When the evening meal was over I went out to take exercise in the west court and the Secretary came also. He had chairs brought and we sat and talked, Yoo Pong-san joining us as well. He reported that the Chinese interpreter had told Kim Choong-wha that the Emperor is about to take a Mongol for his son-in-law, "Korea" said he, "has shown much more honour to the Emperor than ever the Mongols have. If you people make petition to provide the son-in-law I am sure His Majesty would not refuse."

When the Secretary heard this he said to Yoo "Go in, old chap, and secure the place for yourself." So they joked and jested with each other.

Now the Manchoo looks upon the Mongol as a mere beast, and yet the Emperor gives his daughter in marriage to one of them. This, so the Chinese interpreter says, is a source of very great disappointment and disgust.

Regarding this I said, "But if such a hero as So-moo (蘇武) (100 B. C.) could marry with a wild barbarian and have children, why should not the daughter of the Emperor marry with a Mongol? What's wrong about it?" They all laughed at the idea.

I also said, "However, today, if So-moo should come back to earth the officials would doubtless make a terrible row and prove that he was a barbarian and a disgrace to his country." All agreed

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saying, "Yes, that's so." I added, "When So-moo was an exile living in a cave, he ate hair from his mattress, mixed with snow. What thoughts could have possessed him, such a time to make him marry? Surely he must have been a greater champion of mankind than even Yoo Pong-san." Here they all laughed together.

I had heard that in China on the 15th of the 1st moon lanterns were used in great profusion, but looking over the wall tonight none were to be seen. Some tell me that, as is the case in our own country, they are hung under the eaves and so do not show from the outside. Sky-rockets were heard ascending from every courtyard. These they also call lanterns. They assumed the shapes of birds, beasts, trees, plants, in fact all sorts of things. As they burst and opened out their forms appeared. The cost of them in some cases ran up to several hundred cash; while those the Emperor had for himself cost thousands. Looking from the inside of the wall I saw a great flame shoot up toward the sky with many kinds of strange and uncanny accompaniments. This is what is called a "fire-gun."

Even till late at night the rumble of drums continued, mingled with the sound of carts, horses and fire-crackers keeping up an endless din. I could not get out, however, to see it as the gates were fast locked. It is very distressing to be made so much a prisoner.

When the Emperor was at the Chang-ch'oon Palace he ordered a great feast to be prepared with lanterns hung. At this feast were gathered the Imperial princes, the King of the Mongols also being present to take part.

As the 2nd Envoy's officer, Ch'oi Tuk-chun, on his way to get water, was returning by the Cho-yang Gate, his attending soldier went off to buy something and was arrested and taken to the City Yamen. This was told the Envoy and the soldier was beaten and reprimanded for going off thus by himself. From this time on the matter of drawing water was rendered more and more difficult for us.

Peking. 16th day. Fine weather.

The Chief Interpreter, Pak Tong-wha brought me two pots of flowers, one a rose and one a plum. He said he had got them from a

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Chinaman named Cheung Se-tai. The flowers were very beautiful, this variety of rose being called in our country the Mountain Tea Plant. I had doubts before but seeing it now I was confirmed in the conclusion that they were one and the same.

In the evening the interpreters came and gathered in the court.

Kim Eung-hun said, "In a talk with the Chief Chinese interpreter I asked about the princes of the Court as to who was good and who was bad. He said, 'They are a lot of rascals, every one of them. Among them the 8th is a little better than the rest, a peaceable sort of man, but the 10th is a very bad fellow. When Kang-heui dies we shall see a sorry state of things surely.'

"Such words as these they speak with uncovered lips. I said to him. 'The tribute paid yearly is to the Emperor. If he dies what reason will there be for our continuing to come?'

"The Chinese Interpreter answered, 'That's so.' They did not mind talking thus in the least.

"The Chinese Interpreter again said, 'His Imperial Majesty is a man of great wisdom and so must know his sons as to who is good and who is bad, yet he leaves them without definitely settling as to who shall succeed him. He must have some reason for this.'

The Korean Interpreter asked, "Is it true that the Emperor goes out at the first of the new year to the shrine of Teung-chang Koon? Who is this Teung-chang Koon?"

They replied, "Teung-chang Koon is not a person's name but the name of the cap of the father of No-ra-ji (founder of the Manchoo dynasty). This cap is kept in the shrine and so the Emperor goes there on the first of the year to burn incense to it."

"Is it because it is so precious?" asked the interpreter. "Why no?" was the answer, "It is only a seal skin cap eaten with moths." So they all laughed.

Moon Pong-sun, a Chinaman, remarked that the Empress Dowager was not the Emperor's real mother. The Interpreter asked, "But how comes that?"

Pong-sun replied, "Emperor Soon-chi lost his empress and so he had the palace ladies-in-waiting invited to a feast, where all the princesses and wives of high officials as well took part. Among

them was the wife of a Ming general Tong-se, a very beautiful woman. Soon-chi saw her, and captivated by her beauty, did not allow her to leave the palace. The husband, on learning this, committed suicide. Soon-chi then took her and Kang-heui was born. The Empress who now lives, however, is not she but his step-mother. We learned that the Emperor was very devout in his attention to her, that the Empress was good and that she greatly assisted in affairs of state. Some time previous when the Emperor went to Mukden, he desired to pay a visit to the Ever White Mountain, but the people of Korea hearing of it were greatly alarmed. Then it was that the Empress pretended to have fallen ill, and had the Emperor called home, so that he at once went back to Peking. This one act if no other, would show her a wise and tactful woman.

“The Emperor’s readiness to fall in with her wishes is evident in many instances. We had heretofore understood that she was his real mother, but hearing now that it was not so, his acts and behaviour seemed more commendable than ever.”

Moon Pong-sun again said, “No-ra-chi’s father when he lived to the east of the Ever White Mountain, had five brothers who were all good horsemen and renowned archers. Children used to sing, ‘A Son-of-Heaven (Emperor) will come from among six brothers.’ No-ra-chi, with this in mind, made his constant prayer to God. Later he removed and came and lived in Koon-joo and from there took his rise and became Emperor.

“Where he originally lived is not far distant from Korea. Once in Eui-joo I heard people from the north say that the stone walls of the place where he lived are still to be seen. Later the Emperor sent to make inquiry and find out, and lo, they discovered the stone walls in fact proving that what the north Korean had said was true. Thus we talked together.

The moon was bright. I was on the point of returning to my room and retiring for the night when suddenly a sound of singing was heard from the shrine beyond the east wall. I threw on my cloak and went out to listen. One man sang the song and many others joined in the chorus. Drums and gongs kept time to the music. It was like what our witches indulge in, when they exorcise demons.

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In the north court about midnight a dreadful confusion arose. I asked what could be the matter, and was told that a wild Chinaman had climbed over the wall and was caught by the mapoos and attendants. They made him fast and in the morning handed him over to the city yamen. Again I heard that he had been drunk and had fallen on the outside of the wall, that the mapoos and attendants desiring to create an excitement, had tied a rope to him and pulled him over. This was later found to be the case and he was let go.

(To be Continued).