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by Richard Rutt
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THE NEW RELIGIONS OF KOREA: A PRELIMINARY INTERPRETATION

H. Byron Earhart

Understanding New Religions

The study of religion is a delicate process because it touches on one of the most sensitive and intimate areas of human life. Therefore in order to avoid misunderstanding it is necessary at the outset to clarify my approach. There are at least three kinds of approaches to new religions: 1) by advocates of the new religions; 2) by critics of the new religions; and 3) by scholars of various fields. Advocates of the new religions, of course, are existentially committed to their respective faiths, and usually are eager to persuade others to join their groups. Critics of the new religions, especially members of the older religions, are committed to their own faiths, and are eager to criticize the new religions and dissuade people from joining these groups. Scholars attempt to interpret new religions in universal categories. My own approach as a scholar of religion differs from the other two approaches, since I intend neither to advocate nor to criticize new religions. Rather, my purpose is to understand them.

To understand a religious movement is neither to be for nor against it, but to analyze it in terms of human history and culture.

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1I want to make special acknowledgment to two persons and institutions for making my research in Korea possible: Dr. Edward R. Wright, Director of the Korean-American Educational Commission, and Dr. David K. Suh, Director of the International Summer School in Asian Studies, Ewha Womans University. I am also grateful to members and staff of several religious groups, without whose help this study would not have been possible. Some of the ideas in this paper have been formed in conversation with a number of American and Korean colleagues.
Let me lay down here briefly some of the guiding principles of this academic study of religion. The academic study of religion is distinguished by its interpretation of religion in universal categories. In this light, religion is viewed as a generic and integral part of human culture. Religion is constituted by symbolic systems through which man gains a sense of orientation in the world, a sense of time and place which he celebrates as a world of meaning. The peculiar content of religion is relative to the culture in which it appears, but each religious tradition possesses an integral unity. To understand the meaning of religious phenomena, we study their historical development, internal dynamics, and interaction with other cultural developments.

**New Religions in Japan and Korea**

My interest in new religions first arose out of my study of Japanese religion, for in Japan there is an amazing contrast between the older established traditions and a number of dynamic newer movements. For example, in the Kyoto-Nara area, the heart of classical Japan, shrines and temples are preserved mainly as museums and the visitors are mainly tourists. A mere thirty miles away from Nara is the city of Tenri, the very lively Mecca of the new religion known as Tenrikyo. The pilgrims who visit Tenri are overflowing with enthusiasm, and Tenri is bustling with worship activities and building programs. For the past five years I have been studying the many new Japanese religions and making comparisons with similar movements in other geographical areas, such as in the South Pacific and among American Indians. My purpose in Korea is to compare and contrast new religions here, in order to understand both contemporary Korea and more generally the problem of religious change.

In Korea, too, it is easy to find remarkable contrasts between
old and new religious traditions. For example, a few days after I landed in Seoul the Confucian ceremonies for the late Yi prince were held at Chongmyo (the royal ancestral shrine). The buildings, costumes, processions, music, and rites were quite impressive, and yet it was obvious that they were being preserved as museum pieces. As one observer commented to me, there were more foreigners in attendance than Koreans. By contrast, in the Seoul area there are a number of new religious movements that have exhibited an amazing vitality. The new religion called Chondogwan (or the Evangelical Church), founded in 1957 by Pak Tae-sun, is claimed to have close to a million members. It has built three “Christian towns,” two close to Seoul and one in Pusan, each with thousands of residents. This is just one example; there are many vital new religions in contemporary Korea.

In both Japan and Korea we see a sharp contrast between some traditions that are preserved formally, almost as museum pieces, and other traditions which are blooming with vitality. This contrast provokes a number of questions about religious change. How is it that some religious traditions disappear or become fossilized at the same time that others emerge and prosper? What are the religious and social conditions that tend to foster the appearance of new religions? Is there a common phenomenon of “new religious movements” that we can compare and contrast between several countries? And generally what is the significance of these new religions? My study is not yet completed, but I will attempt some tentative answers to these questions, trying to place the new Korean religions within the larger context of new religious movements in general.

On the basis of my earlier work, I identify new religious movements in terms of four interrelated features. New religious move-

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Also called Pak Changnokyo, The Religion of Elder Pak, or the Olive Tree Movement.
ments: 1) presuppose a prior or established or classical tradition, 2) involving a radical break therefrom (not just an inner critique or reform), 3) whose thrust is toward renewal or revitalization, 4) which results in a significantly new reorganization (or Gestalt). This definition has been discussed in other articles, and will not be defended here. Rather, I would like to introduce an interpretive framework for analyzing the emergence and nature of such new religious movements. My direct work on the new Japanese religions and comparative analysis of similar movements has resulted in the following interpretive framework, which is given here in outline form.

An Interpretive Framework for New Religious Movements

I. Background

The notion of new religious movements presupposes a prior tradition (classical or established religious tradition), and significant break therefrom, not just an inner criticism or reform.

II. Preconditions and Timing

New religious movements arise out of a combination of factors:

a) when the religious tradition reaches a condition of fossilization or stagnation;

b) and when non-religious (social, economic, and political) factors reach a condition of crisis, disclosing a lack of confidence in the religious tradition, such that

c) neither the established religious tradition nor an inner reform is able to speak to the critical and existential situation of the people.

III. Content

The content of a new religious movement is the result of the

interaction of several variables:

a) the prior religious tradition as a kind of religious watershed;
b) the experience of the founder and/or leader in selecting from, modifying, criticizing, or innovating on that watershed;
c) the force of non-religious factors for placing emphasis on contemporary issues.

IV. Organization

Organization of a new religious movement is dependent on the interaction of:

a) revelation or insight of the founder or leader;
b) organizing principle of the founder/leader and/or a subsequent disciple or "organizer" who institutionalizes the founding revelation or insight;
c) The "channeling" effect of non-religious factors.

The Emergence and Nature of New Korean Religions

This outline forms the basis of my analysis of the emergence and nature of Korean new religions.

I. Background (Prior Religious Tradition)

The Korean religious tradition is difficult to analyze, because it is both diffuse and pluralistic. Even before the introduction of high Chinese culture there seem to have been two major avenues for religious expression. On the one hand was the cosmic religion venerating the sacredness of the universe typical of an agricultural society, with emphasis on family and village patterns of worship. This religious life was closely related to the seasonal rhythms of vegetation and the

human cycle of life and death. In broader terms, the sacred origin of Korea was handed down through the legend of Tangun as the first king. On the other hand was the special religious leader, *mudang*, often translated as shaman or shamaness, and the colorful religious ceremony *kut* performed by the *mudang*. In brief, the *mudang* was a professional medium between man and the sacred powers of the universe, and the *kut* was an occasion when men were able to celebrate this power and draw upon it for special blessing, such as healing. These two avenues of religion, cosmic religion and the *mudang* complex, were diffuse in that they tended to rely upon the existing institutions such as family and village. They did not form complex ecclesiastical institutions with scriptures, priesthood, doctrine, etc.

The advent of “high” or literate Chinese culture introduced to Korea not only diffuse Chinese religious practices, but also the three Chinese traditions of Taoism, Confucianism, and imported Buddhism. Taoism expanded and refined the Korean cosmic religion without ever becoming an institutionalized religion. Confucianism and Buddhism were the major institutionalized religions, and they competed for the patronage of the state. Buddhism provided a rationale for the state and a high personal ideal, but also became mixed with indigenous folk beliefs. However, by the early Yi Dynasty, Confucianism won over Buddhism, and Buddhism was forced into retreat in the mountains. Confucianism became the major religious force in the Yi dynasty, providing the rationale for individual, family, and state existence. (Some people prefer to see Confucianism as an ethical or political system, but in this case I think it can be called a religious system, since it provided an almost total understanding of the world and almost total pattern of behavior.)

All these religious elements mixed with one another to form a total worldview for the Korean people. This is the traditional religious system which forms the background for the development of new
II. Preconditions and Timing

The preconditions and timing of the new religious movements are determined by those internal and external factors which tended to undermine the traditional religious system in the late Yi dynasty. The internal factors are the tendencies for the Korean religious tradition to become fossilized, while the external factors refer mainly to political intervention of foreign powers.

From time to time every religious tradition tends to become formalized and needs renewal. When that renewal is not forthcoming from within the tradition, it occurs outside the tradition. In other words, this cycle of normalization and renewal is not limited to Korea, but occurs in many traditions. The late Yi dynasty may be seen as a period of formalization and renewal. In the late Yi Dynasty the most obvious instance of such formalism is the Confucian system. Historians have noted the high degree of formalism in late Yi Confucianism: excessive concern for ritual detail; emphasis on conformity to orthodoxy rather than creative thinking; factional strife; the gaining of yangban status through family and financial considerations rather than through merit and learning; exclusion of talented men without the right familial and financial connections; oppression of women on a formal basis. There was no effective movement of reform and renewal within Korean Confucianism. Buddhism was also in a weak position. Its long exclusion from the capital and confinement in the mountains made it rather ineffective in meeting the spiritual crisis. At the time Buddhism did not have a grassroots organization that would have made possible a large-scale renewal movement. The diffuse traditions of cosmic religion and shamanism (and we might include Taoism, too) existed and continue in abbreviated form to this day, but increasingly the fabric of traditional society became
disoriented.

During the Japanese and Manchurian invasions of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the country was laid waste and great social upheaval resulted. The government, hard pressed for money, began to sell official ranks for money or grain; the holding of rank entitled one to yangban status, and made the nonworking class even more swollen. Increasingly, financial wealth was more powerful than the traditional social status, and there was greater economic movement and social mobility than in the earlier class system. Private ownership of land became widespread. Also, due to the invasion of foreign forces, the government for the first time enlisted lower social classes into the army. This social instability, provoked partly by internal formalism, partly by external intervention, heightened during the latter part of the Yi Dynasty. Yet the Confucian establishment did not adequately reform, nor did it respond to popular movements. And because these popular needs were not met within the main established traditions, people came to seek solutions in other ways. As one Korean historian has put it, "By the middle of the eighteenth century, after centuries of patience and submission, the people came to long openly for a certain transcendental assurance for spiritual salvation beyond that world of present reality as well as for social freedom here and now."5 In short, the conditions and time were ripe for the appearance of new religious movements.

III. Content

Much of the content of new religious movements is actually composed of the older elements from the background tradition; the "newness" of the new religions is found not so much in the religious content as in the organization of old elements into a new form. The

older elements found in the new religions are standard features in the Korean tradition. For example, most of the new religions emphasize: natural affinity with the cosmos as a sacred entity; a close bond between religious salvation and national identity; orientation of the group around a semi-divine or charismatic leader; techniques of healing and divining; Confucianistic ethical codes; Buddhistic rituals and images; Taoistic (and Neo-Confucian) forms of geomancy. To take just one example—natural affinity with the cosmos—a basic teaching of the pioneer new religion Chondogyo is the unity of God and man.

In other words, the traditional worldview was a kind of watershed from which flowed various new religious movements. The particular content of a specific movement depended a great deal on the inspiration of the founder and how his movement became organized. Most groups synthesized their own religious system out of the many elements of this watershed, but some founders emphasized one set of elements rather than another. Some groups center on the cosmic power of pure water and natural healing, while other groups focus on Confucian ethical teaching; another tendency is Buddhist groups, especially Won Buddhism.

Non-religious factors also had a way of directing attention to some elements. I think that the political instability of Korea in the last few centuries has helped place the focus of most new religions on the religiously based national identity of Korea. These new religions see themselves as re-establishing the Korean identity on the basis of a Korean savior or leader, with the Korean language and the Korean country as the center of salvation. Many of the groups profess a universal salvation, but on the basis of a Korea-centered foundation.

IV. Organization

The reorganization of earlier elements into new socio-religious
forms is one of the most distinctive characteristics of new religious movements. In most cases the reorganization takes place through the dramatic, and sometimes successive, inspiration or revelation of the founder or foundress. The founder's inspiration may specify himself (or herself) as the divine or semi-divine foundation of the new world. At any rate it lifts out of the earlier tradition those elements which are to bring about the new religious orientation. For example, Chondo-gyo rejected the Confucian establishment, but in turn proposed its humanistic reinterpretation of Confucian values that linked equality among men with the unity of God and man. The founding inspirations such as this example from Chondo-gyo usually state the ideal for renewing the religious tradition.

In almost every country and age there are self-proclaimed religious leaders, but many of them fail to attract a following large enough to develop their ideal message into a religious program. To be successful a founder, often with the aid of a disciple-organizer, must institutionalize the founding revelation. As the following becomes sizeable, the founding event is canonized, usually in the form of a scripture. Gradually other marks of institutionalization appear—the ecclesiastical group, the lines of religious ministry, a recognized liturgy, and organized attempts to gain additional members. Some typical features of organization in new Korean religious are: central importance of the founder, both in his lifetime and after his death; the use of distinctive symbols, often revealed to the founder; conception of the religious group as a kind of larger family with the founder as a divine ancestor; frequent passing of the religious leadership hereditarily, or to the primary disciple; doctrinal variations on the unity between Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism; ethical codes of Confucian origin; liturgies combining indigenous practices with chanting and veneration of images more after the fashion of Buddhism.
Non-religious factors have a way of influencing the organization of new religious movements. For example, just as political instability tended to focus the content of these movements on the religious character of national identity, it also tended to channel these movements into political forces. It might also be noted that after Korea’s liberation from Japanese rule, and especially after the Korean War, Chondogyo has been less explicitly political. In the past two decades probably the most decisive non-religious factor has been the all-out thrust for industrialization, and a number of new religions have become closely linked to the development of commerce and industry.

Korean New Religions: Several Examples

This interpretive framework is still tentative, but its intention is to help us understand the general phenomenon of new Korean religions as we continue to study the many individual groups. These may be dated from as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, and continue into the present, with new appearances likely. There are many small and several rather large new religions, with the total membership of all these groups running into the millions.

In the early eighteenth century a popular book of prophecy forecast the coming of a new dynasty and a kind of paradise on earth that was associated with the former capital site at Mount Kyeryong. This prophecy was an indication of widespread disappointment with the established order, especially Confucianism, and was eagerly accepted by the common people who were looking for some means of renewal. Later this prophecy was taken more literally, and the Kyeryong valley has become a haven for many new religious movements. At present Kyeryong is a kind of living museum of traditional Korean religious beliefs and practices in contemporary dress.

The first concrete expression of religions renewal was Chondo-
gyo, founded in the mid-nineteenth century, and subsequently the model for some later groups. At this time the fate of Korea was quite grim, and confidence in the Confucian order was at a low ebb. Some Koreans had already begun to look to Western learning and Christian teachings, by way of China, for the solution to Korea's problems. However, the founder of Chondogyo posited as an indigenous solution what he called Tonghak, or Eastern Learning, the first name of Chondogyo. An able man who had been excluded from the yangban class, the founder of Tonghak had already rejected the Confucian establishment when he received a revelation from Heaven to found a new religion. The major tenet of the new faith was that man and Heaven were identical; on the earthly plane this meant the equality of all men. The new faith forged a new set of doctrines out of the old Confucian teachings, making an explicit system out of the implicitly syncretistic worldview of the late Yi dynasty. This breakdown of class lines presented a challenge to the Confucian-dominated class society. Furthermore, the founder felt obliged to lead his country into the utopian world of equality, and trained his followers in both religious and military practice.

The Tonghak teaching gained a rather wide following, and the government not only suppressed the movement but also executed the founder. Nevertheless, the next leader strengthened the doctrine and ecclesiastical organization, and it became even more highly involved in Korean nationalism. Factionalism was already a problem within the Tonghak movement in the military campaigns (which some describe as rebellion, some as revolution). At this time the third leader officially renamed the movement Chondogyo, or Teaching of the Heavenly Way. Later, during the Japanese regime, the main Chondogyo body was instrumental in opposing the Japanese, especially in the 1919 Independence Movement. Chondogyo leadership suffered after this time, and the partition of the country after liberation,
particularly after the Korean War, hurt Chondogyo, main membership strength of which was in the north. Today Chondogyo is a highly organized, intellectually sophisticated movement with headquarters in Seoul. (There are also more conservative expressions of Tonghak and Chondogyo, especially in the Kyeryong area.) Chondogyo was the major pioneer of new religious movements, and by now has practically achieved the status of an established religion.

Won Pulgyo, or Won Buddhism, was founded in 1916 by the son of a farmer, but did not emerge directly from Buddhism. The founder, known as the venerable Sotesan, received his inspiration after reflection and meditation on the meaning of life. After his enlightenment, which resolved all his questions, he studied more closely the teachings of various religions, and came to identify his enlightenment and message most closely with Buddha and Buddhism. However, he was very critical of traditional Buddhism, which had been locked up in the mountains. Traditional Buddhism was practiced by and for Buddhist monks, and was unrelated to the daily life of the common people. The founder was equally critical of the materialism and selfishness of the people. He advocated social reform for women's rights and better educational opportunities. Won Buddhism emphasizes the perfection of the circle (or won), which is the universal Buddha-nature, preferring to worship the Buddha-mind rather than the literal Buddha image. Moral training is coupled with this spiritual ideal, and it is emphasized that material civilization should be controlled by spiritual civilization. The founder himself began his movement by organizing his first disciples into cooperative ventures for improving farm lands and for mutual savings. But he insisted that such physical and moral training was integrally related to Buddhist spirituality. Gradually Won Buddhism was able to develop extensive agricultural and industrial production, and its interest in education led it to found a number of lower schools and also a modern univer-
Won Buddhism stands as a separate religious organization, as borne out by its inner structure and worship patterns. The organization claims that there is no qualitative difference between the full-time celibate devotees and lay people; nor is there a special difference between men and women. Regular weekly worship services are held with a congregational-style ceremony. There are numerous branches in Korea, with a total membership of over 600,000 and a large number of overseas branches have been started.\(^6\)

There are two highly active new religions of Christian origin: one, Chondogwan, or the Evangelical Church; the other, the Tongil-gyo, or Unification Family. In some respects these two movements are dissimilar, and are actually keen competitors with each other, but in terms of new religious movements they present some striking similarities. Both groups originated in the post-war era, are derived from Christianity, and are oriented around leaders who are similar to new Christ figures.

Pak Tae-sun, the founder of the Evangelical Church, was active in the Presbyterian Church, but by the mid-1950s he had developed his own charismatic abilities and teachings to the extent that the Presbyterians labeled him a heretic. Nevertheless, despite opposition from established Christian groups and several lengthy periods of imprisonment by the government, in about two decades his group’s membership has reached about 700,000. Pak’s inspiration to found a new religion came from his vision in which he received the blood of Jesus and the ability to transmit the power of the blood of Jesus. Through a special rite of “laying on of hands” he can transmit the blood of Jesus directly to people, and thereby assure them of for-

\(^6\)It is difficult to verify membership numbers; the figures used in this paper are taken from the 1972 publication by the Ministry of Culture and Information, *Korean Religions*. 
giveness. In another rite, he is able to change ordinary water to holy water, or the blood of Jesus, which the believers then use to purify themselves from sin. The Evangelical Church is characterized by highly dynamic singing and preaching, often led by Elder Pak himself. Especially in Seoul there is a large network of church organizations. As mentioned earlier, this group has built two "Christian towns" in the Seoul area, and now is building a third with major industrial strength in Pusan.

Moon Sun-myung, the founder of Tongilgyo, or Unification Family, was active in Christianity early in life and received special revelations which enabled him to give new interpretations to the Bible and Christian history. He first founded a church in Pyongyang after liberation from the Japanese and was imprisoned by the Communist authorities; later in Seoul he was arrested, but subsequently cleared of the charges. Nevertheless his group has grown substantially, with about 300,000 members in Korea and a rapidly increasing international division.

The major religious tenet of Moon's teachings is that the sin of Adam and Eve was not erased by Christ, who brought a spiritual but not physical salvation. Moon understands himself to be the Second Advent spoken of in the Bible. Because he is the Second Advent, he discovered the Divine Principle which explains the complete nature of human history, from Adam and Eve to the present, and a complete logical critique of all philosophical systems. The heart of Tongilgyo is the "teaching" of this divine principle in highly programmed lectures; this religion also features a highly organized church structure. The ideal is for all peoples and all religions to become one family under God. In this sense an individual's entire life, even his marriage, should be according to the divine plan, not according to one's own selfish desire. Tongilgyo also is involved in a number of industrial and business ventures. This group is very active in Korean and inter-
national anti-communist or "victory over communism" movements. Tongilgyo has a large, effective overseas network and is rapidly expanding, especially in the United States.

Both the Evangelical Church and the Unification Family have become controversial movements, especially due to the absolute commitment of the followers. It may prove profitable to examine these groups as possible "mass movements," but at any rate they must be examined on an objective basis; they cannot be rejected on the theological grounds of being heretic groups. For the moment my concern is to show that they are new religious movements.

Although it may seem strange, especially to Westerners, that Christian groups may be called new religions, nevertheless they fall within our comparative definition and general interpretive framework. They represent radical breaks from the pre-existing pattern of Christianity in Korea, and attempt to revitalize the Korean tradition through a significant new reorganization. Comparable to Christian Science, each movement is initiated by the revelation of a new founder, whose revelation becomes normative for salvation, teaching, and church organization. However, for these Korean examples, great emphasis is placed upon a Korean savior, the Korean language, and the Korean nation as the center of salvation. Therefore, however else we view them, the Evangelical Church and the Unification Family are certainly new Korean religious movements. By contrast, it is interesting that in Japan there are only a few small Christian-derived new religions, and no major Japanese new religion is basically Christian in orientation. This is an indication of the extent to which Christianity has penetrated Korean culture, something which cannot be said for Christianity in the context of Japanese culture.

**Conclusion: The Significance of New Korean Religions**

Before any definitive conclusion can be reached regarding the
new Korean religions, much more work must be done, particularly detailed work on individual groups, and then a comparative overview of the general phenomenon of all such movements. I might acknowledge here my indebtedness to some pioneering works, especially the articles in *The New Religions of Korea*, edited by Spencer J. Palmer⁷ and *Reform, Rebellion, and the Heavenly Way* by Benjamin Weems.⁸ We may look forward to the publication in Western languages of some ongoing research by Korean specialists in the field. However, even in the imperfect state of research at present, it may be helpful to venture some conclusions on the significance of new Korean religions.

The new religions appeared at a time when the traditional worldview was in question and social change made it almost impossible to maintain the earlier worldview in its traditional manner. At the inspiration of founders, the older elements were significantly reorganized into new forms that enabled the people to reintegrate themselves into the Korean worldview. Or we might say Korean religion became revitalized through these individual movements. (These conclusions, of course, can be seen as a restatement of my interpretive framework.)

What are some significant innovations of these movements? For one thing, these movements appear outside the established institutions such as formal Confucianism and temple Buddhism. In traditional Korea, as in most other traditional countries, it was very difficult to begin a movement outside the established channels. The new religions began as lay movements, rather than as elite movements from the top down. Generally these new religions can be called grassroots movements, at least in origin. Both in leadership and membership they represent individual initiative. In other words, they

⁷*Transactions of the Korea Branch, Royal Asiatic Society*, XLIII (1967).
may be called voluntary organizations. Such voluntary organizations differ markedly from the traditional religious culture. For example, in traditional Korea the Confucian system was followed by everyone in the natural institutions such as family and state. In the modern setting one must choose to follow the specific Confucian teaching of one new religion or another, or to belong to an alternative group. This voluntary organization provides both small-scale, face-to-face relationships and also large-scale organizational strength.

With the new religions, for the first time we have truly nationwide movements. For example, in traditional times people all over Korea might venerate a Buddhist statue such as a Miruk, but there was no direct tie between Miruk worshippers in different parts of the country. Now, if a new religion is founded on the revelation that a certain man is the reincarnation of Miruk, the believers of this group are united throughout the country in a tie of common religious belief. In another sense, we can say that the new religions make the traditional religious system over into more explicit kinds of religious forms. For example, in traditional times it was usually taken for granted that every major mountain was presided over by a mountain spirit who protected the area; but in one new religion there is an altar with ten specific mountain spirits surrounding the central image of the earth mother. In other words, parts of an implicit worldview generally accepted by everyone are made into an explicit pantheon accepted by a special group.

The new religious movement is not only more explicit than the traditional worldview but is also more comprehensive, in several ways. The doctrine is more comprehensive, the religious movement expands into wider social areas such as economic ventures, and a more exclusive demand is placed on the individual. In this sense—the total system, and particularly the tendency toward absolute claim on the individual—the new religious movements must be examined
further as possible mass movements.

One of the problems in the modern world is the breakdown of traditional worldviews and the attempt of the individual to retain a sense of cultural identity. In this context the implicit worldview is fragmented, and the individual must deliberately put together his world out of the remaining pieces. A serious dilemma of the modern world is whether or not man can live with any sense of transcendence beyond the physical here and now. Broadly considered, the new Korean religions are attempts to transpose traditional Korean understandings of transcendence into new modes and forms. These attempts deserve further investigation, and comparative study with new religions in other geographical areas.
KAYAGO: THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF THE KOREAN TWELVE-STRING ZITHER

Coralie J. Rockwell

Introduction

Music comes from heaven and is with man. It springs from emptiness and becomes one with nature. So let people’s minds move, let the pulse move quickly and let people communicate. Since human feeling is uneven, so the moods of music are various. If one has a happy mind, then the music one creates is light, buoyant and dispersed; if one’s mind is sad, the music is falsetto and in diminuendo; if one’s mood is quick and witty then the music one produces is open and long. The production of all this kind of music depends on the leadership of the king, who is sometimes good and sometimes evil. Therefore the tone of society is shaped in accordance with the king’s reign, and music is closely related to politics and the law.

Song Hyon, from the preface to Akhak Kwebŏm, (樂學軌範) “Standards of Musical Science”, 1493.

If it were not for the writings of Chinese-educated court scholars such as Sŏng Hyŏn and his four colleagues, who compiled the first standardized study of Korean court music theory, people today would have little or no idea of medieval and pre-medieval music-making in Korea. But much of the writing of Koryŏ and Yi dynasty scholars was colored by Confucian political doctrine and other doctrines such as laws of the harmony of the universe. “If a king’s reign is productive and peaceful”, wrote Sŏng Hyŏn, “all people should praise the music of his reign. But if the king is tyrannical and lascivious, the music composed during his reign should be despised by all. Music, although not the product of man’s creative genius, is nevertheless dependent upon the attitudes and ability of man to make it succeed. It is the king’s responsibility to educate the people, because
without education, corruption will spread and society w. - decay.”

In accordance with the rules of harmony in nature, musical instruments in the *Akhab Kwebōm* were classified into *p'alum*, or eight categories, according to the material from which they were made—earth, wood, silk, stone, bamboo, gourd, metal, skin and stone—and the five musical tones were organized according to the sounds emitted by the five elements of nature—iron, wood, water, fire and soil.

Scientific classification of musical instruments and musical tones had never been attempted in Korea prior to the reign of King Sejong, although music itself had existed from the time of the Three Han period and earlier. “When Samhan was established, each country had its own music, but they did not have *p'alum* (the eight instruments’ sounds) and the texts of the music were written in their own native languages.”

Included in the *Akhab Kwebōm* classification of instruments was the *kayagūm* (伽倻琴), one of the earliest known instruments in Korea. Throughout its long history this instrument experienced little change until the middle of the nineteenth century, when it was modified to express a “new” yet ancient style.

**Origins of the Kayago**

According to the *Samguk Sagi* 三國史記 (Historical Records of the Three Kingdoms), written by the Koryŏ Confucian scholar Kim Pu-sik in 1145, the music of Silla (57 B.C.-668 A.D.) included “ko” (some kind of string zither) together with dancing and singing. Historical records of Silla also mention that “a certain Mulgeja played the *ko* in the time of King Naehae” (reigned 196–229) and that “Paekkyŏl imitated a threshing song on the *ko* in the time of King

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1Ibid
2Ibid.
Figure 1. The Three Kingdoms period, ca sixth century.

Chabi⁴ (reigned 458-479).³

The word “ko” (고), for which no Chinese character exists (not to be confused with the character for drum, 鼓, also pronounced “ko” in Korean) is a pure Korean word, exact origins of which are un-

³Han, Man-yong. Translation in The Influence of Chinese Music on Korean Music, p. 16.
certain, although its modern meaning is “a loop in a string”. It is the ancient string instrument *ko* that is now thought to have been the oldest type of multi-string zither in Korea, and a predecessor by

C. Figure 2. (a) Kayagum, as shown in Ahkak Kwebôm (b) Chinese Toe Chaeng, as shown in Ahkak Kwebôm. (c) Sanjo Kayago, as shown in Yi Sung-yol: Kayagum Kyojekpôn, p. 6.
possibly several centuries of the instrument known as kayago, later kayagüm. (The word “güm”, 鼓, or “küm” as it appears alone, is the Chinese word for string zither, and originally referred only to the Chinese seven-string ch‘in that Confucius is said to have played. The same character later came to be used by Korean Confucian scholars when referring to Korean zithers in their respective treatises in the early Yi dynasty.

Two of the most important pieces of material evidence for the existence of a string zither prior to the mid-sixth century, the date given by Kim Pu-sik in Samguk Sagi for the invention of the kayagüm, are a clay figurine holding a zither, and a pottery vase, both excavated in Kyongju, the old Silla capital.

The former object, a single clay figurine, was discovered more than three decades ago, and a photograph of it was published in Dr. Yi Hye-gu’s book, Han’guk Umak Yon’gu (Seoul, 1957). The latter object, an early Silla jar with human and animal figures moulded around the base of the neck, was discovered early in 1974 near the tomb of King Mich’u (reigned 262–283 A.D.). Both the earlier excavated figurine and the human shapes on the pottery jar are coarsely executed, but the Silla ko on the jar, played by a pregnant woman 4, is very clear, particularly the end of the instrument to the player’s left, which has the shape of two large ram’s horns. Likewise the number of strings—six in this case—is clearly evident. Whether this number is accurate we cannot be certain, but the most significant aspect of the clay ko is that its shape is the same (with slight modifications of the curl in the ram’s horns) as the present day court music kayagum, and bears little resemblance to the Chinese zither or chaeng that is said to have inspired the inventor of the kayago.

That the Silla ko on the pottery jar is included in an erotic scene in which all the human figures are naked and appear to be engaging

in various forms of sexual activity, together with the presence of fertility symbols such as snakes and turtles, leaves little doubt that the vase was used as some kind of ritual vessel in fertility ceremonies probably connected with shamanism, and that music was an integral part of these ceremonies.

Further evidence that the ancient zither *ko* was played in shamanist ceremonies, or at least for entertainment other than at the king's court, may be seen in an account in the historical records of the Three Kingdoms of the visit to Silla by the Kaya musician Urūk (干勒), who brought with him a *ko* from Kaya during the reign of King Chinhung (reigned 540–576). The titles of his twelve compositions for string zither were names of various localities in Kaya, and appear to have been pieces played for entertainment and dancing in those areas. Urūk's teaching and performance on the *ko* spread widely throughout Silla, and the instrument became known as “Kayago” to distinguish it from the Silla ko. After the annexation of Kaya by the Silla kingdom, the instrument continued to be known as the kayago, and remains so today.

Five of the twelve original titles of Urūk's compositions are still known, the other seven pieces having been discarded or condensed into the remaining five by his first three Silla students, who regarded the Kaya music as unrefined. The titles are “Ha Karado” 下伽羅都, “Sang Karado” 上伽羅都, “Pogi” 寶伎, “Talgi” 達己, and “Samul” 思勿. Unfortunately we cannot reconstruct this ancient music because of the total lack of manuscripts, and must merely speculate on the melodic and rhythmic nature of its style.

So it would seem that a large string zither with one end carved in the shape of ram’s horns existed both in Kaya and Silla before the year 551 A.D. when according to the twelfth century *Samguk Sagi* King Kasil of Kaya ordered Urūk to write twelve compositions for the instrument that he (the king) had invented using the Chinese
ch'eng (箏), pronounced “chaeng” in Korean, as a model.

Even if the kayago was a remodeled version of the Chinese chaeng—which possibility cannot be completely overruled, because of the similar size and playing method of the two zithers—its invention must have taken place considerably earlier than 551, because the Kaya state had already been subjugated by King Pôphûng of Silla in 532.5

Whatever its exact origin, the earliest shape and style of the kayago, as shown on the Silla vase, has been retained and is still the same today.

**Role of the Kayago in Court Music**

During the Unified Silla Period (668–935 A.D.), the kayago was combined with the northern Koguryo six-string fretted zither kômun’go (Akhak Kwebôm name, hyōngûm 玄琴), and the five string pip’a (琵琶) of supposedly central Asian origin, in what was known as “the three string instruments of Silla” (三樂). These instruments played entertainment music at the Silla court and then, because of considerable Chinese influence during late Silla and Koryô times, the music of the “three strings” and other indigenous Korean instruments such as the “three bamboos” (flutes) taegûm, chunggûm and sogûm, came to be known as Hyangak (Korean court music) as distinct from T’angak or court music from China.

Importations of Chinese instruments and musical compositions had increased to such an extent by the time of King Sejong’s reign (1418–1450) that classification into ritual music, Chinese court music and Korean court music (A-ak, T’angak and Hyangak) was considered necessary.

By King Songjong’s reign (1469–1494), at the end of which time

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5Sohn et al: History of Korea, p. 64.
the Akhak Kwebŏm was written, a large hierarchy of all instruments played in the court had been established. Upon examining this hierarchy and classification in the Akhak Kwebŏm, it is clear that the most important instruments were those played in Confucian ritual music (bronze bells, stone chimes, ceremonial drums, panpipes, mouth organ, flutes and the Chinese zithers kŭm 琴, and sŭl 瑟). Following the description of further Chinese instruments played in T’angak, including the taejaeng, a large fifteen-string zither, the final section on Korean indigenous instruments is reached. The kŏmun’go or hyŏngŭm is first, followed by the pĭp’a, and the last string instrument is the kayago, now written by the Confucian scholars as kayagŭm, the “Chinese style zither from Kaya.” It is obvious from this classification and the new title that the kayago was regarded as a lowly instrument whose status should be elevated in order to share the hierarchy of the other court instruments.

Later still in the Confucian Yi dynasty court, the presence of the kayago was further justified by naming it p’ŭngnyu kayagŭm (風流伽倻琴) “refined Kaya zither”, and in the last half of the Yi dynasty when it was included in the smaller Chŏngak (正樂) “right (i.e.‘correct’) music” ensembles for ‘gentlemen’s entertainment’, it lost the prefix kaya altogether, and was known as popgŭm (法琴), “lawful, honored zither”.

While during the early Yi dynasty up to 1593 the kayago and kŏmun’go had been included in music for the royal ancestral shrine along with the imported Chinese Confucian instruments, they were excluded from the sixteenth and seventeenth century A-ak ensembles of the later Yi dynasty because pure Chinese style had come to be regarded as the most desirable form of deistic and ancestor worship.

At the same time, however, other genres of music were beginning to emerge outside the court tradition, and the kayago became more or less an integral part of the instrumental ensemble that played Yöngsan
hoesang (靈山會相), a set of four related pieces derived from indigenous Buddhist chant. Since this music expressed more closely the modal characteristics of pure Korean music, the instruments selected were mainly those of Korean origin—kömün’go, kayago (zithers), taegüm (transverse flute), tanso (vertical notched flute), p’iri (double reed ‘flute’), haegüm (two strings, bowed), and changgo (hour-glass stick drum), although another imported instrument, the saeng (bamboo organ), was added to the indoor ensemble and during the nineteenth century the yanggüm (steel string dulcimer) was also included.

Still we read that the kayago was not always a part of this Chongak music—depending on when, where, and for whom it was to be performed. As in other Chongak ensembles such as kagok (歌曲), the lyric song repertoire, the most important instrument was always the kömün’go, since it was the most highly regarded of the Korean zithers, and since most of the notation in the old manuscripts was written in komun’go tablature. In fact the indoor chongak ensemble for the performance of Yōngsan hoesang is still known as kömün’go hoesang, or, given its refined title, “Chunggwang-ji-gok” (重光之曲). When the same Yōngsan hoesang melodies are played, together with five other ‘popular’ pieces to accompany court dancing, the ensemble excludes the plucked zithers and takes the title tae p’ungnyu (“bamboo music”) because the wind instruments are predominant.7

While the hoesang repertoire changed instrumentation in this fashion, the kagok ensemble did not, so that strings and wind instruments together always accompanied the singer.

And so the kayago, the instrument whose history and origin had been regarded more than a little unfavorably in the Yi dynasty court, continued to remain as part of the Hyangak ensembles, although its

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6Samhyon toduri (三絃 또드려), which possibly derived its name from the original Silla “three strings”, see page 7, Hahyon toduri, Yombul toduri, Taryong, Kunak.
7Survey of Korean Arts, Traditional Music, p. 122.
role was a subsidiary one.

**Late Yi Dynasty—Emergence of the Sanjo Style.**

Quite independently of the court circles in Seoul, and as part of a growing folk music trend in the wake of a declining court music tradition, a new style of kayago playing was developing in Choll’a Namdo, a southwestern province, in the early nineteenth century—a new style, yet one whose roots were as ancient as those of the original *ko* of the southeast Three Kingdoms period.

As part of the shamanist ceremonies or *kut*, held for the ‘reprieve’ of a dead person’s soul, or to promote good fortune for an individual household or village, small instrumental groups consisting of flute, double-reed *p’iri*, two-string bowed *haegüm*, and *changgo* (hourglass drum) were used to accompany the rituals with singing and dancing, and other associated forms of entertainment such as acrobatics and mask plays that were often included.

Out of this lively group shamanist music, known as *sinawi*, solo improvisations, began to emerge. As techniques also became more sophisticated, musicians began to look to other instruments apart from those of the standard ensemble on which to express the *sanjo* (散調), literally “scattered melody” idiom.

Somewhere around the middle of the nineteenth century a Choll’a Namdo musician, Kim Ch’ang-jo, is said to have experimented with the large kayago in an attempt to imitate the improvisations of the *sinawi* flute and *p’iri*. Finding the instrument too large to play successfully in rapid passages because of the width of the sound board and the large distance between the strings, he remodeled it by shortening the length and making the soundboard narrower, thereby reducing the size of the distinctive “ram’s horns” shape at the end. (The reduced shape became known as “sheep’s ears”.) The back of
the original kayago was uncovered, but the new kayago was given a back panel like that of the kǒmun'go. The number of strings remained at twelve, as in Urúk's time, but the basic plucking style altered rather dramatically from the style of the court music or p'ungnyu kayagûm.

Wide vibrato and other exaggerated ornaments were characteristic of the new kayago music, which took as its formal foundation a series of progressively energetic rhythmic patterns played on the changgo, and derived from kutkori, one of the basic shaman (mudang kut) ceremonial rhythms. Once again the nobility saw fit to denounce the crude rhythms and wild vibrato of the kayago!

Following the consolidation of the new sanjo, other kayago players began to follow suit. By the early twentieth century at least four "schools" of sanjo playing had been established by Kim Changjo's student Han Song-gi, Ch'oe Ok-san, An Ki-ok and Kim Pyongho. Later four other "schools" evolved, and gradually the sanjo had become very popular amongst students of the instrument. However, while the earliest sanjo forms were completely improvised, the same is no longer true today.

With increasing emphasis on technical skills, the kayago sanjo has become a showpiece "art form" of Korean traditional music, but as a result much of the original spontaneity and a certain "earthiness" of style have been lost. Once a man's instrument, it is today played mainly by women, in a more delicate manner and in substantially "cut" versions of the original sanjo.

As a result of massive transcription efforts on the part of several kayago performers and teachers, including Hwang Byŏng-gi (Ewha Womans University) and Mrs. Yi Chae-suk (Seoul National University College of Music), students can now learn set sanjo pieces from western music staff notation. Hwang Byŏng-gi has also written many expressive compositions for solo kayago, and has created new sanjo pieces as well that, together with the older schools, provide the bulk
of the modern kayago player’s repertoire.

The concert stage kayago is therefore an established phenomenon in the contemporary world of Korean music, and the instrument has again been restored to a position of respectability.

So today we may see the “old” and the “new” kayago played either in chôngak (now more often called simply “habak” 合樂, “combined music”) ensembles played by members of the Kungnip Kungakwon, or members of Seoul National University College of Music students, or on numerous graduation occasions of the latter institution, or in various other recital situations.

Finally, the sanjo kayago may be heard in other popular forms such as the accompaniment of folk songs, or for kayagŭm p’yŏngch’-ang, selected accompanied portions of the best known p’ansori stories. In all these forms, as in the sanjo, the changgo plays an indispensible rhythmic role.

**Description of Tuning and Playing Techniques of the Chongak Kayago and Sanjo Kayago**

Both instruments have twelve strings of twisted silk fiber, each string separately supported by a movable bridge. At the end to the the player’s left is a large coil made by the rope-like tuning laces to which each string and its reserved knot of string is attached. Beneath the player’s end are twelve small tuning pegs for fine tuning adjustment. The body of the instrument, which is hollow, is made of paulownia wood.

The thumb, index and middle fingers of the right hand only pluck the strings. No plectrum of any kind is used—unlike the Chinese cheng player who grows long right-hand nails, or the Japanese koto player who wears three finger plectra on the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand. To acquire a percussive sound the kayago player flicks the string with the index fingernail, or the middle and
index fingernails in rapid succession.

While the chongak kayago player raises his right hand in a very formal positon, with fingers rather stiffly extended away from him, the sanjo player curves his hand more softly and lowers it to a flatter position against the communal bridge and string course.

The function of the left hand is to press down on the string being excited, to the left of the bridge, so that desired ornaments such as vibrato ("shaking") and glissando ("sliding") can be achieved.

Three tuning systems are used for Chŏngak and only one for san-jo.\(^8\) The strings are tuned in cyclic fashion—octaves and fifths—after the first four strings have been tuned in the order as indicated below. This numbering indicates order of tuning only and not the number of the string itself. (String 1 has the lowest pitch and string 12 the highest pitch.)

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\(^8\)Tunings given are those in: Chang Sa-hun, Kug’akki Yŏnjudŏb, pp. 13–15.
Plate 2. Choe Ch’ang, Member of the National Classical Music Institute, Seoul, Playing (a) Ch’ongak Kayago, wearing Court musician’s dress; (b) Sanjo Kayago, wearing Kwangdae musician’s dress.
Plate 3. (a) Chōngak Kayago, (b) Sanjokagago and Chōngak Kayago.
(c) Basic right hand plucking technique (d) "Tuingga nunpyo", or string flicking method.
Plate 4. (a) Chōngak Kayago left hand vibrato technique  
(b) Chōngak Kayago right hand position  
(c) Sanjo Kayago right and left hand technique  
(d) Kōmungo and Sanjo Kayago
Notation for the Kayago

Notation for the chôngak kayago was not used until early in this century, when some of the members of the Kungnip Kugakwon (National Music Institute, formerly the Yi Palace Conservatory) decided to write down the existing repertoires from the performances as they knew them in chôngganbo (井間譜), the unique Korean system of mensural notation, invention of which is accredited to King Sejong. Without the existence of these transcriptions, students today would have great difficulty in learning the old repertoires because most of the descendants of the Yi dynasty court music tradition have since passed on.

Kayago chôngganbo as used today is written in yuljabo, Chinese character notation that expresses pitch exactly. The characters are placed, usually one to a square, in a column of six, ten, twelve, sixteen or twenty squares. according to the meter of the music, and one square represents a single beat. Taking the present example (see figure 3, Hahyôn Todörü), which is the kayago notation for the sixth piece of the nine-movement suite Tôngsan Hoesang, each rhythmic unit is a vertical column of only six squares, indicating that there are six more or less equal beats to one metric cycle. This can, in turn, be transcribed into western staff notation as "simple triple" (\(\frac{3}{4}\) or \(\frac{2}{4}\)) time, resulting in a fairly accurate representation on paper of the meter of the music. Earlier chôngganbo examples of 20 or 32 squares to one column present more complex transcription problems, however, because the music is slower and more flexible rhythmically.

Hahyôn Todörü (下絃도르리) is a reasonably uncomplicated piece of music, and is played at a moderately brisk tempo with the changgo interpreting the changdan according to the pictorial notation for the drum strokes written in the right hand columns. These mnemonic symbols may be read as follows:
1. Strike the left head with the palm of the left hand, and the right head with the stick, simultaneously, “t’ǒng” (шение).

Strike the right head quickly twice, “ki-dok” (기독).

o Strike the left head only, “kung” (쿵).

Bounce the stick lightly on the right head to create a “roll”, “tō-rō-rō” (토 둔 둔).

Tap gently with the stick on the right head, “tō” (tearDown).

The music is written in the U key (羽調), Kyemyǒn mode (界面調), or in approximate western music equivalents (given that the intervals and pitches of Korean music are not exactly the same as the western tempered system based on A = 440 c.p.s.), the E flat key and pentatonic “plagal” kyemyǒn mode as it exists today with a predominant fourth occurring between pitches one and three (huang and chung), and a characteristic downward glissando from pitch four to pitch three (im-chung).
My transcription of Habyon Toduri is as follows:

The symbols placed below the staff lines are for right and left hand fingering and ornaments, as indicated in the narrow columns to the right of the yuljabo characters in the chöngganbo notation.

**Right hand symbols.**

- "sulkitung". Pluck the second, first and third strings in the rhythm \[.\]
- "s'araeng". Quickly pluck the octave below the written pitch, then the written pitch. Use middle finger and thumb in the rhythm \[.\]
- "kõmji". Pluck the octave below the written pitch, then the written pitch, in equal time value, using middle finger and thumb \[.\]
Figure 3. Chöngak Kayago Chongganbo Notation for “Hakyon Toduri”,
from the Suite Yongsan Hoesang.
— "moji". Pluck string with thumb.
○ "t’uinggi nönpyo". Flick the string with nail of index finger, first making a tight circle with index finger and thumb.
▼ "t’ul". Pluck string backwards with thumb nail.

**Left hand symbols.**

**壽** "chônsóng". Depress the string with the first two fingers of the left hand, then quickly curl all fingers around the string and play a 'mordent' (given pitch, pitch above and return to the original pitch).

**艮** "t’üisông." Curl all fingers around the string and make a glissando.

**天** Depress string 6 (tuned to huangjong, E flat, in the kyemyon tuning) to make pitch ‘F’ (t’eju).

**乙** "kongnunpyo." Depress the string sharply, then by pulling the string back towards the bridge, make a downward glissando.

Notation for *Kayago Sanjo* was non-existent until only about two decades ago, when transcriptions of the original improvisations were made in western staff notation. Both Korean and western students may now learn these condensed versions of the old masters’ creations by referring to Yi Chaesuk’s *Kayagûm Sanjo* transcription of five sanjo “schools”,

which was published in 1971.

These transcriptions provide a representative portion of the main sanjo sections, each of which is identified by a separate *changdan* or rhythmic cycle. As transcribed by Mrs. Yi

for the changgo, they are as follows:

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9These schools were named either after the original master, or the present performer as indicated: i) Kim Chiukp’a ryu (present performer); ii) Kang Taehong ryu (original master); iii) Kim Pyong-ho (original master); (iv) Kim Yundok (present performer); v) Pak Sanggun (original master).

10Yuap’a-e T’arûn Kayagûm Sanjo-ûi T’ukjing p. 5.
Chinyangjo (신양조) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 35 \) (slow 6)

Changmori (장모리) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 84-92 \) (moderate 12)

Changjungmori (장중모리) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 80-96 \) (slightly faster 12)

Kukkori (국기리) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 60-72 \) (moderate 12)

Onmorid (온모리) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 200 \) (rapid 5)

Chajinmori, Huimori (자진모리, 희모리) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 94-144 \) (fast 12)

Tamori, Sesanjosi (담보리, 세산조) \( \text{\textasciitilde} = 208-230 \) (extremely fast 4)

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Numerous terms are used to describe the many modal forms of sanjo, but the predominant ones are ujo, p’yonjo, kyemyonjo, kyongdurum and kangsanje”. While the first two modes are more clearly pentatonic, the kyemyon mode, which comprises most of any sanjo music, is basically tritonic.

Confusion has arisen in attempts to explain the “fundamental” or “tonic” of this sanjo kyemyon mode and its “dominant”, particularly in terms of cadences in western music, which rise rather than fall as is the case in most Korean music.

The sanjo kyemyon mode is, in fact, a melodic pattern consisting of a fundamental pitch, a pitch a fourth above the fundamental, and a third pitch with upper auxiliary ornamentation, a fifth above the fundamental. The upper octave of the fundamental pitch also plays an important role in adding the distinctive descending half-vibrato, half-glissando to the kyemyon melodic patterns.

Thus the sanjo kyemyon mode may be represented as follows:

\[ \text{fundamental pitch} \]
\[ \text{fifth} \]
\[ \text{upper octave of the fundamental} \]

A short excerpt from the Pak Sanggún sanjo\(^{13}\), chinyangjo changdan, part four, in kyemyonjo shows this typical melodic karak.

\[ \text{upper fifth} \]
\[ \text{upper octave descending} \]
\[ \text{vibration of the fundamental pitch} \]

Without the wide vibrato, one can see that the same basic

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\(^{11}\text{Survey of Korean Arts: Traditional Music, p. 205.}\)

\(^{12}\text{Ibid., p. 205.}\)

\(^{13}\text{Yi Chae-suk transcription in: Yulp’-e T’arun Kayagün Sanjo-ui T’akjung, p. 155. Transposed for present purposes from the original alto clef transcription by the author.}\)
kyemyŏn melodic movement also exists in the chŏngak Yŏngsan hoesang repertoire (see preceding transcription). Certain important similarities such as the vibration of the fundamental pitch occur, although it is much more subtle in chŏngak, and the same style of ornamental downward glissando that occurs on the pitch a fifth above the fundamental is also present.

Thus in concluding the history and development of the kayago and its many repertories it might be said that the very clue to its musical origin and distinctive "Koreanness" can be found in the melodic patterns of the pure Korean kyemyŏn mode.

That, in itself, is the subject of another essay, but for the present it is hoped that this, as an organological analysis, will have served as an introduction to what is still largely an unexplored area in Korean studies.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


The study of Korean plants began with the introduction of herbal knowledge from China. It seems likely that herbal literature was introduced to Korea before the Silla Dynasty, because there already existed a bureau of medicine in the Paekche era and in the first year of King Hyoso of Silla. As in western countries, the importation of herbal knowledge was aimed at curing human disease. Therefore, the exploration of plant resources was naturally restricted to their medicinal use. Many herbals were published at the beginning of the Yi Dynasty, but these were copies of Pen Tsao Kang Mu (本草綱目) by Li Chi Chen, published in 1596.

The first botanical collection of Korean plants was made by Baron Alexander Schlippenbach, a German admiral, in the year 1854 while he was on a mission to survey the eastern coastline of Korea in his warship the “Palace.” About fifty species collected by him were reported by F.A.W. Miquel, a Dutch botanist, in the Proclusia Florae Japonicae during the years 1865 to 1867. Rhododendron schlippenbachii Max and Salix Koreensis Andersson were first made known by the Baron’s collection.

In 1858 Charles Wilford, a botanist of the Kew Royal Botanical Gardens, collected some plants from Kômun-do, off the southern

coast of Korea, and from Pusan when the British surveying ship the "Actaeon" was surveying the coastlines of East Asia. His specimens were reported afterward by J.D. Hooker and C.J. Maximowicz.  

In 1863 Richard Oldham, a botanist of the Kew Royal Botanical Gardens who followed the crew of a British ship, the "Swallow", collected plant specimens from the southern part of Japan and the southern part of Korea. Those specimens were reported by Miquel and D. Oliver in 1865. R.A. Williamson went on a botanical expedition to Mount Paektu through Manchuria in 1869.

Admiral W. Wykeham Perry, on his British warship the "Wills", collected some plants during the period from 1881 to 1884. His specimens and those collected by Captain Carpenter of the British ship the "Magpie" on his voyage to the Far East were sent to the Kew Botanical Gardens. Carles, who stayed in Inchon from 1883 for two years, extended his plant expeditions to the northern boundary of Korea. All of those specimens appear in the Index Flora Sinensis of F.B. Forbes and W.B. Hemsley published from 1888 to 1905.

Carl Gottsche, a German geologist invited to Japan, participated in a botanical trip from Inchon to Seoul and up to the Yalu River during the years 1883 and 1884. Specimens collected are preserved in the Berlin Museum. The Japanese ambassador Y. Hanabusa stayed in Korea from November 25, 1877 to September 18, 1882. Specimens collected during his sojourn in Korea are kept at the University of Tokyo and were reported in 1886 as being 148 species belonging to 47 families.  

5Catalogue of plants in the herbarium of the College of Sciences, Imperial University, Tokyo (1886), pp. 271-280.
In 1884 the specimens collected by two Christian missionaries, Rossi and Webster, from Manchuria to the frontier of Korea were sent to the Kew Botanical Gardens in England. These men discovered Viola websteri Hemsley\(^6\) and Aceriphyllum roossii Engler.\(^7\) From April to October of 1886 Kalinowsky made collections, and those specimens plus the collections made by Warburg, a German explorer who stopped in Korea on his expedition to East Asia, appeared in the *Monsunia* (Volume One) in 1900.

In April of 1889 a medical doctor, A. Bunge, collected about thirty species from Inchon and at the same time another medical doctor, N.C. Epow, went from Pusan on a plant hunting trip up the eastern coast. In 1892 Herry, a collector for Veitch Nurseries, collected some specimens. From 1893 for a two-year period a Russian missionary, A. Sontag, collected plants from the Seoul area. V.L. Komarov who began a plant expedition from the regions of Amur and Ussuri in 1895 reached the northern part of Korea over the border through Manchuria in 1897. The specimens collected at that time were reported in his *Florae Manshuriae*\(^8\) published from 1901–1907.

From 1898 to 1901 J. Palibin compiled three volumes of *Conspectus Florae Koreae*\(^9\) in which 635 species and twenty known varieties were included.

During the years 1900 to 1901 a Catholic priest named Faurie (1847–1915) from France, stationed at Aomori, Japan, sent many specimens collected from Tsushima Island and Korea to Europe. From 1906 to 1907 Father E. Taquet of Quelpaert (Cheju-do) joined him and sent many thousands of Korean specimens to Europe, which

were published by C. Christensen (1872–1942), H. Christ (1833–1933), H. Leveille\(^{10}\) (1863–1918), C. Vaniot\(^{11}\) (?–1913), G. Kukenthal (1864–1956), E. Hacken\(^{12}\) (1850–1916), and H. Boissien (1875–1912).

Father E. Taquet, a pioneer in plant study in Korea, was born at Hecq, Quesnoy, Nord in France near the border of Belgium on October 30, 1873. In 1897 he was ordained a Catholic priest upon his graduation from seminary in Paris. From the time he arrived in Seoul on January 5, 1898 until 1902 he concentrated all his efforts on pastoral work in Tongnae, Miryang, Kimhae, Chinju, Koje and Masan. From 1902 to 1915 he was stationed on the southern side of Quelpaert. He began to collect plant specimens in 1906. His collections came mostly from Mt. Halla, but some came from the Mokpo area. The larger part of his collection was made between 1908 and 1912. After 1915 he stopped plant collection and concentrated his efforts on the Catholic Churches in Mokpo, Chindo and Wando. Finally he became head of the School of Theology in Taegu. Although he died on January 27, 1952 at Namsan-dong in Taegu his specimens are well kept in the famous herbaria of the world, including Tokyo University, Kyoto University and the National Museum of Tokyo. However, none remain in Korea. He collected many new species, such as Tilia taquetii Schneider and Ligularia taquetii Nakai, which were discovered by him.

From the beginning of the twentieth century Japanese botanists became interested in Korean Flora. T. Uchiyama of Tokyo University made collection trips to the Diamond Mountains through Pusan


\(^{11}\)Leveille, H. et Vaniot, *In Fedde Repertorium Novarum Specierum Regni Vegetabilis*, Vol. 9 (1911); Vol. 13 (1914); Vol. 16 (1919).

during the summers of 1900 and 1901. This collection was taken over by T. Nakai of Tokyo University who made a study of Korean Flora as his doctoral thesis. He published the first volume of *Flora Koreana* in 1909. His second volume included materials he collected on an expedition from Wonsan to the northern frontier of Korea together with specimens from previous collections. In 1912, Nakai published a collection of Korean plants made by G. Mills,\(^{13}\) and the following year he was appointed botanist of the Government General of Chosen. After 1914, when he published his first volume of Korean plants, he wrote 22 volumes of *Flora Sylvatica Koreana*\(^{14}\) during the period 1915–1939. In addition to these books he wrote many articles until 1942 when he suspended his study for several years. *Synoptical Sketch of Korean Flora*, published in 1952, ended his study of Korean plants.

From the year 1910 three Japanese botanists, T. Mori, T. Ishidoya and H. Uyeki, studied Korean plant life. T. Mori, after publication of his *An Enumeration of Korean Plants* in 1922, shifted his field of study to ichthyology. Ishidoya turned to the study of medicinal plants. However, Uyeki continued his study of woody plants up to the time of the Liberation, along with the teaching of forest botany and silviculture at the College of Agriculture and Forestry at Suwon.

In the year 1911 Chung Tae-hyon, the first plant collector of Korean birth, began to collect woody plants in cooperation with Ishidoya at the Forest Experiment Station in Seoul. From 1913 Chung followed Nakai as a local guide during his botanical explorations of Korea. Abelia taihyni Nakai was named in memory of him.

At the same time Chung was collecting plants, many biology teachers in the high schools of Korea began to collect local plants.

\(^{13}\) *The Botanical Magazine of Tokyo, Japan*, Vol. 26, pp. 29–49 (1912).

\(^{14}\) Vols. 1–2 (1915); Vol. 3 (1917); Vols. 4–6 (1916); Vol 7 (1918); Vols.8 (1919); Vols. 9–10 (1920); Vol. 11 (1921); Vol. 12 (1922); Vols. 13–14 (1923); Vols. 15 (1926); Vol. 16 (1927); Vol. 17 (1928); Vol. 18 (1930); Vol 19 (1932); Vol. 20 (1933); Vol. 21 (1936); Vol. 22 (1939).
Among those amateur taxonomists who have remained well-known up to the present are Lee Sung-hyon, Chang Hyung-du, To Pongsup, Lee Tuk-bong, Lee Hui-jae, Chon Suk-kyu, Pak Man-kyu, Choi Ki-chul and Shim Hak-jin.

In 1923 the first volume of the *Journal of the Korean Biological Society* was published, continuing up until the end of the Second World War. The first volume of the *Journal of Local Plants* in 1934 was also its last. On August 8 of the same year the Government General of Chosen proclaimed a law for the preservation of natural monuments. The following year on May 1 some natural resources were designated as natural monuments.

From 1923, names of Korean botanists appeared in botanical articles. *An Enumeration of Common Names of Korean Plants* was published in 1937 by a group of high school teachers. This publication gave an opportunity to revert from Japanese to Korean nomenclature. Publication of the *Illustrated Forest Plants of Korea* by Chung Tae-hyon in 1943 encouraged amateur taxonomists of Korea to further the study of natural resources.

However, drastic changes in the botanical society as well as the administration were inevitable with the withdrawal of the Japanese after Liberation. Some botanists shifted to administrators and some were kidnapped to the North at the time of the division of the country. Moreover, all of the herbaria of Korea, including specimens and references, were destroyed during the Korean War. In spite of this chaotic situation, from these ashes botanists again emerged and began to work diligently. The College of Agriculture of Seoul National University has restored over 70,000 specimens through assistance furnished under United States Public Law 480. Around 40,000 specimens were sent to the College of Arts and Sciences of Seoul.

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National University, and about 20,000 specimens to Sung-kyunkwan University. Seoul National University decided to establish an arboretum in 1967,\textsuperscript{16} which was at last made possible by Presidential Decree 5666 on June 10, 1971.

JAMES GALE’S TRANSLATION OF
THE YONHAENG-NOK: AN ACCOUNT
OF THE KOREAN EMBASSY TO
PEKING, 1712-1713

Reworked By
Richard Rutt

Introduction

James Gale did not sign the translations that appear in the Korea
Magazine, but his authorship is identifiable from internal evidence as
well as external indications. His typical tricks of style—echoes of the
Authorized Version of the Bible, inversion of subject and predicate,
use of “literati” as a singular, use of “while” for “and”, and so on—
would give him away even if we did not know that he was the chief
editor and writer of the magazine. We have also a note in his own
“Short List of Korean Books in the Chosen Christian College Libra-
ry” (TKBRAS XXI, 1932, page 63) saying that he had translated
this book.

The sections translated are shown in detail in the accompanying
table. The table, however, takes no account of omissions of one to
three columns of type in the Chosen Kosho Kanko-kai edition. Gale
omitted several passages that were either too dull to interest his read-
ers or possibly too hard for him to understand with certainty. A few of
these I have supplied in this version, but the majority of his omissions
were well made.

He worked on only two sections of the book: the journey from
Uiju to Mukden and the first part of the sojourn in Peking. There is
little in the introductory tables that is not either repeated in the course
of the diary or else dull cataloguing of interest only to a specialist
historian. Since the last published installment of the diary was sub-
scribed “To be continued”, it is clear that Gale intended to present
more of the material. He prepared more, because he draws on it in
his *History of the Korean People*. He may also have translated the parts
dealing with the journey from Mukden to Peking, but the readers of
the magazine must already have begun to weary of the long journey
in monthly installments, and he was wise to switch to the Peking scene
when he did.

The translation was never edited. It is full of inaccuracies and
clumsy sentences, with occasional passages of unintelligible verbiage.
It is clear from his other writings that at this time Gale relied very
heavily on his Korean pundits, and it is a reasonable guess that he
often wrote down in English what the pundit read aloud in Korean.
Sometimes the Korean helper added a phrase or two of comment or
explanation which Gale wrote down as part of the translation. This is
the only logical explanation of how some of the sentences which are
not in the original got into the translation, and it also helps to explain
some of the mistranslations.

The mistranslations are distressing, for they are all too frequent.
At their worst they say the opposite of what Kim Ch’angöp said; at
other times they look like wild guesses at the general sense of the
Chinese. For example, Kim describes himself gazing around a Man-
churian city “like a Korean bumpkin seeing Seoul for the first time”,
but Gale translates it as:” I saw a countryman of ours in the street,
but never learned his name”. He gets very confused with the distinct-
tion between Chinese and Manchu and sometimes gets the identifica-
tion of an individual’s race wrong. An obscure phrase translated one
way at the beginning of the book may be given an entirely different
meaning later on.
The worst defect of his draft is its wordiness. This sprang from his entirely proper desire to present the work in fully understandable idiomatic English, but he let his words run away with themselves: "Did he yield to our solicitations and let us pass on our way", says Gale, where the Chinese says," He let us go". Pleonasms are frequent, and the simplest phrases are expanded garrulously. This is in part due to his wanting to convey the chatty style of the diary, but he overdid it.

This translation is based on Gale's work, but not very closely. I have pruned his mannerisms and his solecisms and tidied up his terminology to the point where the work has become a new translation. Some words which I have had difficulty in verifying in the short time available to me I have left in Gale's meanings, but I have distinguished Chinese and Manchu as he did not. Although ch'ing is sometimes used by Koreans to mean "Chinese" in an imprecise sense, I have always translated it as "Manchu", because I believe that this is what Kim Ch'angôp means by it in practically every case. "Chinese" I have kept for han, and where Kim says hu (Korean ho) I have translated it by "barbarian", because though it usually means "Manchu", Kim intended it to be disparaging, and it was the source of his embarrassment when asked to show his diary to the emperor.

I have also given all Chinese and Manchu names according to the standard Wade-Giles romanization of the Chinese pronunciation. Gale followed his usual practice of transliterating Chinese names as though they were Korean. The practice is indefensible, and indeed misleading when applied to proper names.

I should apologize that so little of Gale's work is now left (for I have the highest regard for him and his abilities), and also for the faults and errors which are undoubtedly left in my own version, which indeed I have probably introduced into the work. Gale was hampered by lack of informed criticism; I have little fear that half a century
later I have to face the same danger. Richard Rutt

Bibliochronology, showing appearance of original translations in Korea Magazine, lunar and solar dates of diary, and references to the Chosen Kosho Kanko-kai text:

*Korea Magazine*

**Vol. II**

vii. 311–326
11th moon 26th to 12th moon 2nd
(23 to 29 December 1712)
CKK page 41 column 2 to page 51.16

viii. 363–370
12th moon 3 and 4
(30–31 December 1712)
CKK 53.3–56.3

ix. 411–416
12th moon 5 to 7
(1 to 3 January 1713)
CKK 56.7–60.9; 62.8–9.

x. 458–467
12th moon 27–29
(23 to 25 January 1713)
CKK 130.6–131.14; 132–135

xi. 512–519
1st moon 1
(26 January 1713)
CKK 136–140.3

xii. 559–569
1st moon 1–4
(26–29 January 1713)
CKK 141.11–143.4; 143.17–145.11; 146.1–148.7

**Vol. III**

i. 30–35
1st Moon 5–7
(30 January to 1 February 1713)
148.8–151.6

ii. 69–78
1st moon 8–10
(2 to 4 February 1713)
CKK 151.7–155

iii. 116–124
1st moon 10 to 12
(4–6 February 1713)
CKK 156.1–160.6

iv. 162–168
1st moon 13–16
(7 to 10 February 1713)
160.7–163.15

The arrival back at Seoul was on the 30th day of the 3rd moon (24 April 1713). The solar dates given are correct according to the Gregorian reckoning. Thus they are correct for most of Europe, but not for Britain and America in 1712–1713. At that time the Julian calendar was eleven days in arrears.
Section I

Uiju to Mukden, 23 December 1712—3 January 1713

11th moon, 26th day (23 December 1712). morning clear. Uiju to Chiu-lien-ch’eng, 8 miles. 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. Two of my servants, Wōn-gōn and Sōn-hung, attended me. A dozen dancing girls, dressed in uniform, rode on horses in advance of us, and so we passed out of the South Gate of Uiju and came to the tent that had been erected on the river bank. The Secretary and the Governor of Uiju arrived first, and saw to the examination of the goods that were to be carried with us. My brother entered the tent and took the place prepared for him in the seat of honor. The Second Envoy followed him, and sat on the east side, while the Secretary sat next to him. The Governor sat on the west side, facing the Secretary. I remained outside the tent.

Those who were to cross the river, including the servants and runners, numbered 537 in all, and the horses 435. Beside these a great company of friends and relatives came to see the Uiju soldiers and grooms 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 at his left hand. The cup was passed round several times, till the day began to draw to a close.
My brother, leading the way, crossed the river on the ice. From the bank on the other side he watched the dancing girls on horseback parading with banners. 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.

Dusk was falling when we reached Chiu-lien-ch’eng. The Uiju soldiers had already arrived and set up the tents. One was of felt and looked like a great bell. It was so prepared that it 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. They call it a “house of the firmament.” Inside it five or six persons could sleep comfortably. The floor was covered with loose straw, with hair cushions and mattresses on top of the straw. Above these, pillows and quilts were arranged. Candles were lighted, so that on entering one felt that one was in a dignified and roomy chamber. The cook brought in the evening meal. The side dishes were exceedingly clean and nicely arranged.

The Second Envoy and the Secretary slept in tents made of dog skin. The three tents were pitched 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, dispelling the darkness with their flames. From time to time trumpets blared to keep the guards awake. The noise shook the mountains.

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

After dark, three Manchu frontier guards came by. After crossing the river, each envoy had ten spearmen to accompany him. Formerly there were musketmen as well, but this year, on account of a veto on
guns, there were only spearmen. Here I posted letters home by the government courier.

27th day (24th December) Bright, the air soft and warm. Chiu-lien-ch’eng to Sha-t’un-ti, 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 porridge was served from the kitchen, and when the third call came we started on our way. As we journeyed, we could see the Sung-ku-shan to the northwest near enough to count the peaks. This range of mountains reminds me of our own Kwanak-san, though for majesty and awe these are superior.

As we journeyed we passed several peaks where there was an abundance of timber and forest lands. The roads were covered with ice and snow. Here and there we saw the bones of horses which had died and been left there by former Korean travellers. By the side of a stream we also saw the remains of recent fires where the Manchu frontier guards had spent the night.

By the ridge near Ma-chüan-p’o, close to the road, there is a very deep pool with sharp rocks about it. These rocks greatly impeded our way. The place is called Chin-shih-shan. 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 battlefield as they contended together. The three Manchus, whom I had seen yesterday, once more made their appearance. One, riding a horse, passed by 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 Yur-yang spoke with him, while the chief interpreter, Pak Tong-hwa, 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.

Beyond Chiu-lien city, the hills gradually receded so that a wide stretch of plain opened up. It seemed very fertile and that it would be excellent for cultivation. The feng-shui also looked good. As we went along we noticed here and there old sites of deserted dwellings. In the distance we saw what looked like smoke, as though there were people there.

We arrived at Sha-t’un-ti and camped for the night. We were still five miles from the palisade. A Manchu interpreter was sent to Feng-ch’eng for information. This night the servants lighted fires on the hills behind to keep off tigers; and though the weather was very cold, still the same clamor of trumpets blowing was kept up as on the previous night.

28th day (25th December). Morning clear and cold. Sha-t’un-ti to Fenghuang, 15 miles. While it was still dark I got up and went outside the tent where I found the grooms and soldiers sitting about the open fires, some dropping off to sleep, others warming their feet by the flames. They were lying in heaps, using one another as rests and pillows. Before dawn, when the third trumpet sounded, we set out on our way; and when the day was fully light, the Uiju spearmen left us and returned home.

Soon we arrived at Hsüeh-yen. From there on to the stockade it is an open plain stretching to the horizon. The peaks of Fenghuang-shan which are very majestic and beautiful are the only feature in the landscape. Before we reached Fenghuang-shan, we saw another high and impressive peak called Shang-lung-shan (Upper Dragon). The hills of Hsueh-yen and Fenghuang that we were now approaching were covered with pines. These were the first pine woods we had seen since crossing the river. It was a splendid sight.
The gate of the palisade is to the south of Fenghuang-shan, in the middle of a three-mile stretch of stockade made of great trees. The opening and closing of the gate is the responsibility of the General of the Guard, who is stationed in Fenghuang City. This gate was formerly situated some two miles to the east of Fenghuang City, about forty miles from the Yalu river. From there to the Yalu the land was left vacant, a neutral territory that no one was supposed to inhabit, the reason being that the Chinese government wanted to put a stop to fugitives going from one country to the other.

Some ten years ago the palisade was moved seven miles out in order to make room for the increasing population of Fenghuang City, as well as to give the people a wider pasture and ploughland. But this move toward the Yalu was a change from the original intention. The pavilion of the palisade gate was thatched with straw. Inside the gate was the residence of the general in charge, with inns and drinking houses nearby. There were, besides, a dozen or so private residences, all thatched with straw. While we were still some distance outside the palisade we could see a white mound standing up like a great pile of snow. It turned out to be cotton wool that the people had prepared in readiness to sell to the Korean Embassy as it passed through. There were said to be many thousands of pounds of this material. It was an astonishing sight.

The envoys pitched their tents outside the palisade and had breakfast. I, too, put on my official robes and went with the officers to make my bow to my brother. My wish was to do just as the others did. Here I prepared a letter for home and sent it by the hand of a Uiju man who was returning. We waited for a time, when little by little a number of Manchus began to gather, who by means of interpreters spoke to us through the paling. Thus we greeted them with friendly faces. They were nearly all lan-t'ou (palisade men) who make their living by running carts from Fenghuang City to Liao-tung. This com-
pany, 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 carts and carried them instead. They had brought their carts along, which were waiting, in readiness.

About noon the palisade gates were opened and hundreds of Manchus 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 barbarians I had seen. Two yamen interpreters, Wu Yü-kuei and Hsü Cheng-ming, ordered their attendants to bring mats which were placed before the two envoys who then took their seats and received the respectful salutations of the two interpreters. The interpreters then withdrew and seated themselves with the other local officials, about ten in all, just across the way. We sent presents of wine, dried fruits, and dried pheasant’s meat. The barbarians simply took the cup but did not put it to their lips. Our interpreter remarked, “Only after the Envoys have first partaken will they drink.” The two envoys took up empty cups and made as though they were drinking the others’ health.

A yamen interpreter and a ma-pei were appointed to go with us all the way to Peking and back. The yamen interpreter was additional to our own interpreters; the ma-pei was an officially provided courier to look after us on the journey. The interpreter’s name was Wu Yü-kuei, and the ma-pei’s family name was Hei; he was a Manchu. Two military officers stood by and checked off the procession as it came through the gate of the palisade.

From the palisade to Fenghuang 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. We saw horses and cattle feeding in open pastures. The road circled about Fenghuang mountain, so that we were able to see it from the south, west and north. This mountain is much the same
in size as our Surak of Yangju, though its peaks are like pointed brush-
tips and the appearance of its rocks grey and bare. All the hills seem to
stand out sheer and precipitous, gentle slopes being absent from the
view. They are quite unlike anything in our country. On the south
side of the mountain is an old fortification built of stone. They tell me
it was formerly Korean territory from this point east, but I have my
doubts. Some also say that they are the old fortifications of King
Tongmyong. 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 get ahead. 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 Fenghuang 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 highway and packs of children
followed us. We came before the official guest house, and there a
squad of soldiers in armor stood in our way. We asked them why,
because we wanted to go in, but we learned that the building was new
and the plasterwork was not finished. Our guards and grooms, how-
ever, paid no attention to this but endeavored to force a way in, and
plied their whips in a way that was most cruel. We looked for our
interpreters but they were nowhere to be seen. We were extremely
exasperated and it all ended in a great row. Finally we were assigned
a private residence. Our attendants had been badly beaten and some
of them had their clothes torn. The house in which we were accom-
modated was a very large one on the west side of the road, about the
middle of the city. Five kan of rooms faced south, with a wide court-
yard in the middle. There were rooms to the east and west also and on
each side numbers of heated k'ang. There were double entrance gates
in front, with gate quarters attached to each, and also heated k'ang.
The master of the house was a pure Chinese whose name was Li. 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 crowing was just the same as in our native Korea; that made me smile.

My servant Wŏn'-gŏn informed me that there was a new Buddhist temple nearby, well worth seeing. On hearing this I went on foot to inspect it. Colonel Ch'ang-yŏp also came along. We found it right in the city. It was small, but very beautifully built. Passing through two rooms inside we came out through the back gate into the main street and entered a small shop where we saw a table with many goods on it, all very neatly arranged. We sat on a bench 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 a compliment. His daughter also asked for a taste, and when I gave her some she was greatly pleased.

Kim Chung-hwa was now busy with his first lessons in Chinese, and with this in mind he said to the master, "Nai-nai," meaning to say, "Come here, will you?" At this, however, the man became very angry; he jumped off the k'ang to attack Kim. Others exercised themselves to quiet him. We gave him an ornamented tobacco pipe as a present and he was at last pacified. The people of this country call their wives nai-nai. So nai-nai may mean "you", "wife", or "come, come". But "come" is always rendered by one nai and never by two nai-nai. Hence the master thought that Kim was calling his wife, and thus insulting him. Because of this Kim became the laughing stock of all his comrades and did not dare to open his mouth to anyone. It was very funny!

The master's wife forbade the grooms to tether their horses beside the henroost. She said that many of her chickens had been stolen, and so she was very suspicious. To make sure, she had them counted and
gave the men strict orders to keep their hands off her fowl. On inquiry
next morning it was found that none of them were missing.

There was a small dog in this house, no 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.

Here I saw for the first time longan (dragon’s eyes) and other
fruits preserved in sugar.

Throughout the journey rice was doled out to us in daily rations;
also we were liberally supplied at each stop with chickens, pork, wine
and fodder for our horses. The courier and yamen interpreter shared
the rations of the officers from Uiju. The courier had a military
officer in attendance who commanded two spearmen and eighteen
soldiers dressed in armor. We changed attendants along the way;
so there were never more than four or five with us at one time. We
did not use them beyond Mukden, because of the problem of giving
them presents. The courier dispensed with them from that point,
while he appropriated the gifts himself. 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 (26th December). Bright and warm. Fenghuang to Sung-tien,
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 be-
cause I had not had a chance to see it properly. There was a gilded
Buddha inside that had a broad grin on his face. I noticed that every
temple had just such a Buddha, but I don’t know which Buddha
he is. 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
nothing but a pewter censer. At the west side of the temple was a
tiled house where the monks lived. In front of it oxen and donkeys
were tethered. I entered and found two monks lying on the k'ang sound asleep, so I turned and came away.

I passed along the market street till I came to the old city wall. Climbing up on top, I could see that it was no more than an embankment of earth, about two miles in circumference. There were forty or fifty houses within the walls. Among them stood the yamen, a tiled building of ten kan, and a military granary.

The plain about Fenghuang is very wide. The city faces Fenghuang-shan, and its feng-shui is superb. Fenghuang is the most important town in the region, doubtless because of this favorable site. Its livelihood, however, is largely gained by trade with Korea. 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 stood on little feet, and were carved and painted in various colors, with openings at the top through which the air could circulate. It was a startling sight. Beside the road I noticed three or four more of them, some half rotted away and patched up with stones and earth. They looked very nasty. In every town and city we came to we saw the same I asked the reason for this and was told it was because there was no burial ground available for the poor, or that the coffins of people who died away from home had not been sent back.

We passed San-cha' lake and arrived at Ch'i'en-che-p'u, and there had breakfast. There was only one shop that sold noodles, a very unsavory place. The envoys sat together on one corner of the k'ang while I went out and sat beside the stream.

From here on we went by a narrow way through the moutatans, where the woods were very dense and where two high passes had to be crossed. The way was so narrow that a sedan chair could hardly have passed through. Yet when we reached the bottom, we met a barbarian woman in a cart going in the opposite direction. The cart had a cover
of black cloth, like the cover of a mourner's chair.

Finally we reached Sung-tien and entered the official guest-house. There was a wall about the place on the four sides. Each side had seventy or eighty rooms, with a large hall in the middle equipped with k'ang. The two Envoys went into different rooms. The Secretary went with the second Envoy. The interpreters went outside and found accommodation in private houses. The horses and grooms came within the enclosure, but slept out in the open court. Before the gate a great crowd of barbarians had brought drink to sell as well as rice, beans, firewood, fodder and various kinds of food. Many of them were selling spirits. No one could enter the guest house unless he was acquainted with the soldiers, or was willing to give a bribe for entrance. That is the way the gates were guarded.

When we were at Ch’ien-che-p’u, I exchanged a Korean fan for two pheasants. Now I had the birds cooked and shared them with my attendants. They tasted very good indeed.

I had caught a light cold on the way, and as the newly-made k'ang was unseasoned and impossible to pass the night on, I left and slept in one of the town houses. Although the k'ang there was not what you would call cold, it was very, very dirty. Just opposite me on the other side were five barbarian carters who used tobacco and blew out 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 very soft, smooth grains. I ate two or three spoonfuls and then ordered a table for myself. The master brought me also a dish of vegetables prepared with mustard and another of pickled cabbage. The flavor was excellent. My servant Kwidong said that the master’s wife was very pleased that I was eating the food, and that we were invited to come into the inner room and eat there.

I asked the master for some radishes, and he brought me ten or
more red ones. He brought out some more pickled cabbage, which I kept for future use. As pay for my room I gave him two rolls of white paper and a pipe with a bamboo stem. He was a Chinese, and I asked him what he did for a living. He replied that he was a soldier. I asked how much pay he received, and he said he was paid eighteen silver dollars a year. At one end of the town was a small shrine in which were seated three clay images in royal robes. At their sides were attendant demons. The keeper was a man who had no pigtail, and so Won-gon said, "Look, he's a Buddhist monk!" All men in this country shave the front of the heads. The presence or absence of the tail tells whether a man is a Buddhist monk or not.

30th day (27th December). Cold wind. Sung-tien to T'ung-yüan-pao, 20 miles. When day began to dawn we returned to the official guest house, and there had hot porridge. Then we set out on our way and after going about three miles crossed a very high pass, the name of which was Hsiao-ch’ang-ling. There were many oaks upon it and other trees that I cannot enumerate. At intervals we saw aspens and maples like those 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 Weng-pei river. On the bank was a small boat called ma-shang, or horse carrier, by which we crossed over and arrived at a thatched hut where they sold drink. There were several fine hourse tethered at the door. The courier and the yamen interpreter stopped here for a little, saying, "When we leave this place there is another pass awaiting us called the T'a-ch'ang-ling. It is higher than the one we have just crossed." But once over it we came to a wide plain with fields of sorghum, so you could see the soil was fertile.

We were ferried over two streams, the upper waters of the Weng-
pei, called here the Pa-tu (Eight Crossings). It is so named because of the many times you meet it on the way. On each bank there were little huts, poor and dirty. Here we pitched tents and had our breakfast. Many hunters came by with pheasants to sell, extremely cheap in price. They said that as there was no snow this year the birds were not so dear as formerly. We also saw a barbarian with a falcon on his arm going out hawking. It had no bells on it as Korean falcons have, which I thought very strange. There were other falconers, on horseback. One of the lan-t’ou rode a white mule that was a splendidly walker. I exchanged my post horse for it for a while and rode ahead. Its grace and speed were something wonderful. My servants, Wŏn-gŏn and Kwi-dong, 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 T’ung-yüan-pao.

The Uiju officer was waiting for us in the road and said, “The official guest house here is very cold, so we have secured private quarters for you.” We went to see what these were like and found a large, imposing building. My brother took up his quarters in the west room. The room had k’ang on the north and south sides. I slept on the north one. The owner, a lan-t’ou named Chiao Hua-main, was evidently a man of considerable means: the house was big, each k’ang had white rugs on it, and the furniture was expensive. On the table was a tortoiseshell teapot about eight inches high, and on the walls were many books. I examined them and found they were all novels.

In a little shrine on the side was a Buddha. A rosary, a bell and a drum were on a table in front of it. 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 house 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 among these mountain hawthorn berries cooked in honey which were very sweet to the taste. The master himself poured out the tea, and offered a second cup, which I could not refuse.

12th moon, 1st day (28th December). Fine and cold. T'ung-yüan-pao to Lien-shan-kuan, 20 miles. We set out on our way as day began to dawn. Passing Shih-yu (Stone Corner), we reached T'a-tung (Paddy Village), where we went into an inn. The envoys separated and went to different k'ang. Here we ate breakfast, and when we were about to leave, the master, a barbarian, made a fuss over the small price we had paid him for the room. He shut the doors and refused to let us out. Chik-san, the Secretary's groom, could speak Chinese. He tried to argue with the innkeeper, but without success. Only after being given a Korean pipe did the innkeeper let us go.

On the road here from T'ung-yuan-pao, we had come through a long mountain valley for about seven miles, and had crossed the same river twice, but after we left the place where we had breakfast, the view little by little opened up, and as far as eye could see there was nothing but waste land with no cultivated fields or houses. It was flat and marshy, like abandoned rice fields. In the spring thaw or during rainy weather, I imagine it would be very muddy and difficult to cross. It was called Paddy Village, just as though the name were Korean.

Three miles further on we reached a pass called Fen-shui, or "watershed". The mountains were rough and precipitous. Great forests covered them thickly with green and smoky verdure, but I cannot say what kind of timber it was. There is a flat place at the top of the pass where the waters divide, some flowing west towards Liao-tung and some east, hence the name of the pass. The geomancers say that all the hills about Liao-tung gain their virtue from this point, and
that their influence flows from the north. After we crossed the pass we found the country more wooded than before. Wild pears fairly blocked our way; willows grew here and there, and I saw many parasitic plants.

In seven miles we crossed two low passes and reached Lien-shan-kuan. Thirty houses or so were to be seen here huddled together on the bank of the river. The owners had made a palisade of logs, strong and closely-fitted, in order to protect themselves from tigers. Such palisades were seen all the way from Sungtien to Langshan (Wolf Mountain). We slept at the house of a Chinese named Li Kuei-chih. From this point on the guards were less careful in guarding us against trespassers, and so I lost my silk girdle in the night. It was evidently carried off by some thieving barbarian, and I had to wear a leather one instead.

My father passed through this place in 1653, and learned that the house where he stayed was the one where his grandfather had slept on the way to Mukden; but I could not find out where it was. I noticed a small shrine in this village. That night a little snow fell.

When we arrived the day before, at T’ung-yüan-pao I saw four or five flags flying from a house. My servant Wön-gön 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 a fire was burning before the door. Four or five girls came our dressed in mourning white; they shook some clothes over the fire and went back inside. I suppose it was some purification rite that is performed after funerals.

2nd day (29th December), Lien-shan-kuan to T’ien-shui-tien. were any moles given in oilginal. The snow ceased, but the morning was cloudy; only toward evening did it clear off and become fine.

We went five miles from Lien-shan-kuan and reached a pass called Hui-ning, after which we went eight miles more and arrived
at T’ien-shan-tien, where we slept. The room in which we put up had a picture on the north wall of Kuan Yu, the god of war. In the morning the women of the house came in, burned incense in the brazier and bowed before the picture.

After breakfast we started on our way, crossed the stream in front of the house, went over a little hill, and then entered a valley about three miles long. How many times we crossed streams I do not know. The mountains grew higher and the road more narrow. We passed several thatched huts beside the stream, and a little further on there was a small shrine. This was just below Hui-ning pass. From here on the woods were very thick, so that we could scarcely see the sky. There was much snow too, for the pass is several times higher than that of Tung-hsien. The road went up by a steadily winding way so that there were no very precipitous places. When we had gone up almost to 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. In the hundred miles since we left Fenghuang we had not seen a single pine tree until this one. We climbed to the top of the pass and looked toward the northwest. There were the great ranges of the Manchu Hills. I suddenly felt depressed.

There was now a smooth and even road for about seven miles. I was told that people with heavy carts come this way to avoid the mountain route. Thus we arrived at T’ien-shui-tien and entered the official guest house, which is situated outside the walls. I shared a room with the Secretary. Within the city wall there was a newly built Buddhist temple, with one gate and one hall, small, but neat and well constructed. Inside were gilded guards in armor, and a Buddha sitting in the place of honor. They were very lifelike. There were some interesting murals, and a sutra box on a table. I looked to see what the books were and found the Lotus Sutra. Outside the door was a heap
of horse dung. No one seemed to be responsible for clearing it away. The temples and places of worship in this country remind me of the sowŏn or local Confucian schools of Korea. They put up fine buildings and then cannot take care of them. They make me laugh! On the east side there was a small house where the monks lived. I opened the door and looked in; it was very squalid.

3rd day (30th December) Fine and warm. T’ien-shui-tien to Lang-tzŭ-shan, 13 miles. We had breakfast and set out on our way. After about three miles we came to another pass, not quite so high as the Huiling Pass. There was an interesting old stone at the top, but the writing on it had become so blurred that we could not make out the date when it was erected. When we got to this point my brother gave up his palanquin and rode on a pony. I myself walked with the attendants. The road was terribly rough and stony, and snow covered all the surface, making it very slippery and difficult for walking. The color of the rocks here is greenish-blue, and because of this the name of the range is Ch’ing-shih-ling (Green Stone Range). Looking down into the valley, I saw a blur of clouds and snow.

The first light of day tipped the peaks to the north with the tints of morning. In the enjoyment of this I turned and looked many times. Three or four barbarians were making charcoal in a grass hut beneath the shelter of some rocks. I spoke to them and said, "Are you not afraid of tigers?" They replied, "There are no tigers here."

We went two and a half miles further and arrived at Lang-tzu-shan, Wolf Mountain, where there was a flourishing settlement. Some women came out to look at us. This was my first sight of Chinese women. We slept at the official guest house, where a Chinese named Kao told us he had met Chang Hyŏn, Pak I-jŏl and Sŏ Hyŏ-nam 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 dynasty and could remember them well. I asked him about the Prince Imperial of the Mings. He said that he had tried to assassinate the Manchu emperor and had then disappeared. All his friends had been killed. I also asked whether they had released the Ming Emperor’s son. He said, “No, they had not”. He also said that the local people had recently lost trade at the hands of the lan-t’ou and that he had suffered as well. I told him I had heard that the border people had petitioned the Emperor about this matter, but that he had referred their problem to the Governor of Mukden. It was said that a lawsuit had been begun at Mukden; I asked who was winning, and he replied that a few days before three officers of the Department of Justice had come from Peking to Mukden to settle the matter, but he did not know yet who had won. I wanted to question him more closely, but several of the lan-t’ou came in at this point and Kao left and did not come back.

They were five or six of the lan-t’ou who had come with us all the way from Fenghuang. Wherever we stopped they put in an appearance, and observed how we were getting on. They had their spies also among our interpreters and so they knew everything we did or said. It was miserable! We now had fourteen lan-t’ou among us altogether, I was informed; and two of them were spying on the interpreters.

4th day (31st December). Fine and clear. Lang-tzü-shan to Hsin-liao-tung, 25 miles. Before it was light we set out on the journey, and went three miles or more, during which time we crossed five big streams. Near the crossing of the fourth river there was a shrine, and beside it ten or a dozen houses to which they gave the name of Shrine Village, Miao-tang-ts’un. In every hamlet that we had passed since leaving Fenghuang there was either a Buddhist temple or a shrine to the spirit of the place. Even the smallest group of houses had one or the other. It might be only a hut of rough stones no bigger than a
bushel basket, with a picture inside, and an earthenware incense burner in front of it. Kuan Yü seemed to be enshrined in every single house, sometimes with a picture, sometimes with a clay image. Morning and evening, incense was burned before him, and prostrations made. They worship the Buddha and other spirits in the same way.

We continued on our way for another three miles and then crossed the Wang-hsiang Pass, and then, a mile further on, Shih-men-ling (Stone Gate Pass). This pass was not very high, but the rocky road was very narrow, barely wide enough to let one cart go by. At the very narrowest part we met a dozen ox carts, which we passed with the greatest difficulty; three miles further on we reached Leng-ching, Cold Well, where we pitched our tent and had breakfast. Beside the road was the well from which the place takes its name. The spring gushed forth and the water flowed across the level ground thirty or forty paces without freezing. At the side of the well I noticed wild cresses growing abundantly, and I was told that the Envoys always gather and eat it on the way back to Korea.

The three Envoys wanted to go by way of old Liao-tung to see the Yung-an monastery and its white pagoda. After breakfast I went two or three miles ahead, descended a valley and entered a plain that stretched away to the horizon. It was the famous Liao-tung plain. From this point I could see the white pagoda outside the west gate of the city, about ten miles away.

Five monks from Lung-an had met us at Leng-ching, and came along with us. One of them was a young man with a very attractive face. I asked him if he knew the way to the Thousand Hills (Ch’ien Shan), and he said they were seventeen miles south of Liao-tung. What he told me about the hills and the temples there agreed with what Yi Wöl-sa wrote in his account of his journey to Peking as Envoy. I took out a tablet of ch’ôngsim-wôn (medicine for purifying the heart) and handed it to him as I rode along. He took it and looked over it
carefully as though he was not quite sure how to use it.

Three hundred yards from the city there was a stone bridge with a stone balustrade on either side of it. The city walls have fallen to ruin and only the bank of earth remains. Although the earthworks had originally been faced with brick, now scarcely one brick was left upon another. We entered by the east gate. At first it seemed a derelict place, but as we went on we found a market with crowds of people, much larger than that of Fenghuang. On the north side of the main thoroughfare there was an imposing building with a high gate. I asked what it was, and was told the mayor of the city lived there. Near this gate was a shop with a board on which was written the character tang. It must have been a pawnshop.

We went half a mile further, and the monks led us northward and then a hundred paces to the west down a lane to the gate of Yung-an Temple. We entered the enclosure and found a number of small buildings. We dismounted and went through the inner gate toward a big pavilion on which was written Tsang-ching-ko, the Storehouse of Sutras. Beneath the pavilion was another gate, and beyond it a courtyard with rooms on the east and west sides. I entered the eastern building and found an old monk sitting on the k'ang, steeping herbs. When he saw me come in he invited me to join him and offered me tea. After a while I asked for a brush and paper, and began to make enquiry by writing about the way to Ch'ien Shan. The old monk had a young man reply for him, and I found his answers were the same as those of the monk to whom I had spoken on the way. I wrote: "On my return from Peking next spring, I wish to visit the Thousand Hills, but I do not know the way. Will there be anybody in your monastery who can guide me?"

He replied, "Certainly."

I then wrote, "If someone will be my guide, I'll see that he is rewarded liberally." Then, to bid him goodbye, I wrote, "Let's meet
again next spring."

The old monk, however, detained me and offered me more tea and fruit. The young man asked me, "What appointment does Your Excellency hold?"

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

He again asked, "In your country how do you qualify for office?"

I replied, "The examination for the first degree (chinsa) is in verse composition; for the second degree (saengwôn) it is in knowledge of the Classics; and for final graduation (kupche) the examination is in the composition of various kinds of prose and verse, and in exposition of the Classics."

He asked, "How many Classics do you have?"

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 Li-chi, and the Spring and Autumn Annals?" I answered, "Yes, we do. They are often included with the Three, and then we speak of the Five Sacred Books."

He said, "Thank you very much for telling me so fully." Then he asked how to take the medicine for purifying the heart (ch'ongsinsin-wôn), explaining that his mother had some trouble in her chest and wanted to know if I had anything suitable for that. So I gave him one ch'ongsim tablet and three sohap or reviving pills, and he was very grateful.

I asked their names and he wrote Chan-yüan, Ti-hsin, Yün-lai. I found that Yün-lai was his own name; Ti-hsin was the name of the young monk I had met on the road, and Chan-yüan was the name of the old monk. I gave the old monk a paper fan, and then left him to look around the temple buildings. They were imposing. In the meantime the Second Envoy and the Secretary had already viewed the temple, and were said to have gone to look at the white pagoda. I
went out of the front gate and found the street full of horses and carts. Shops lined both sides of the way. Flags and signboards announced quantities of goods for sale. Many things were strange to me, wonders that I saw for the first time. I was gazing right and left, but could not begin to take them all in. I was just like a Korean peasant in Seoul, seeing Chongno for the first time.

The places we passed through later, Mukden, T'ung-chou and the market outside Peking, though they were said to be the most flourishing places, were very little different from Liao-tung, except in size.

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 there was a shrine with a triple ceremonial gate outside. It was beautifully decorated and gilded. Inside the shrine were two two-story buildings. The one on the left was inscribed The Dragon's Voice, and contained a bell; the one on the right was marked The Tiger's Roar, and contained a drum. Further in was another gate, beautifully constructed and decorated. The main hall enshrined a plaster image of the god of war; the shrine on the east side contained Chang Fei. In front of this shrine were two demon guards holding a bound prisoner who was looking up at Chang Fei. He looked very impressive, and I guessed he must be the Shu general Yen Yen. When we went into the main temple, the keeper asked us to kowtow. He struck a bell as I went forward to the table and venerated the image. This beating of the bell is a custom of the place. After this I went out of the side gate to the east, and then north along the moat. Here I met my brother, who had been to see the white pagoda and was now returning to the Yung-an Temple, accompanied by the Second Envoy and the Secretary.

When I arrived at the white pagoda I found it was octagonal in shape and thirteen stories high. The lower terrace also had three
stories, but how high it all was I cannot say. Each story had projecting eaves with windbells hanging on them, and the finial was decorated with horizontal rings and made fast with brass wire. Buddha-images were carved on every side. I cannot imagine how much it all cost. It was all made of tiles and plaster, but it looked like white stone. Tradition says that it was erected about 640 when the Emperor T’ai-tsung of T’ang returned after defeating Korea, but I do not know whether this is true or not.

Behind the pagoda was a large temple called Kuang-hu-szu, but it had fallen to ruins. A stone in front of it recorded that it had been repaired about 1520. It is now called the shrine of the God of War. About a mile away 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 temple. My brother was in the Storehouse of Sutras with the Second Envoy and the Secretary. I found them talking to an old monk, a native of Fukien province, whose surname was Ch’en, his Buddhist name Ch’ung-hui, and his literary style Yun-sheng. His face was very bright and intelligent, and he seemed well-versed in literature and highly skilled with the writing brush. After a short time we got up and left.

The old monk Chan-yuan and his disciples seemed very happy to see me back. I went into the first room of the west wing, which was Yun-sheng’s lodging. There were many sutras on a table, and among them the *Doctrine of the Mean* and the *Great Learning*.

There was a novice here about fifteen years old, whose name was Ching-pao, Bright Treasure. He had an alert, intelligent look, and his whole manner was most attractive. I had him read to me from the sacred books, and his voice was like a string of pearls, with no faltering.

We spent the night at the official guest house, about three miles from old Liao-tung. Late in the evening the interpreters sent me some
long-an and other sugared fruits. I thought these came from the lan-t'ou, so I declined them and sent them back.

5th day (1st January, 1713). Fine and warm, like April. Liao-tung to Shih-li-pao, 20 miles. After a few miles we met a barbarian riding a fine high-stepping horse. Ch'ang-yop exchanged his horse for this one, and then I changed with him. It was like riding the wind, and I reached San-li-pao before the others. I went into an inn room and waited for them. I returned the horse to Ch'ang-yŏp when we left. On the way we met eight or nine barbarian women travelling on foot. Wŏn-gŏn asked them where they were going, and they replied, “We have come to see you Koreans.” They were teasing him, so he said, “You do us too much honor,” at which they all laughed heartily. We went a little further and saw a small crowd gathered beside a field. As we came closer we realized that they were a funeral party. The coffin was covered with inscriptions of gold and silver paper and at the side were the sacrificial offerings. The women to whom we had spoken were obviously coming to this funeral.

We reached Lan-ni-pao, where we found thirty or forty houses, half of which were inns. In the place where we stopped there was a musical instrument that looked much like a pip'a (mandolin). The body was round, the neck was long, and it had only two strings. The tunes we heard played on it were very dull.

Six or seven of the interpreters with their chief had gone early in the morning to the home of a lan-t'ou, Li Chung-hsin, and now they joined us again, saying that they had been magnificently entertained and that his four or five grandchildren could all read Chinese.

After breakfast the Manchu innkeeper complained that the amount paid him was too small. He took hold of Sin Chi-sun and refused to let him go till I gave him a fan, and the difficulty was settled.
Two miles from Lan-ni-pao we came to a new stone bridge with a balustrade on each side. A tablet nearby bore the three characters Wan-pao-ch’iao, Boundless Treasure Bridge. It had been built in 1707.

We passed several villages and arrived at Shih-li-pao as evening was falling. I stayed at the house of the deputy postmaster, Li Tsou-chou. Running through the village was a small river with an old wall along the bank that had crumbled to ruins. Our host’s son, only thirteen years of age, had already studied the four Lesser Classics, and I made him read to me from Mencius. He never stumbled over a word. I asked him who his teacher was, and he wrote the two characters, Chai Hsuan.

The beancurd was as tender as the best that is made in Korea. The soup made from it was also very good.

6th day (2nd January). Fine and warm. Shih-li-pao to Mukden, 20 miles. We set off at second cockcrow, but the day did not begin to dawn until we had gone about seven miles. In the early morning we could see no stars; it was dull, and looked like snow. But as the day advanced it turned out fine, and everybody cheered up. For several days it had been so warm that our people had left off some of their clothes and their earmuffs.

We passed several villages and at length reached Po-t’a-pao, where there is an octagonal white pagoda in the middle of the village. We entered a house there and secured an inner room where we had breakfast. The master was a Chinese, evidently a man of considerable means, for he owned many oxen and donkeys. There were two large grain bins in his yard, one for millet and one for black beans. They were made of wood plastered on the outside with mud, at least thirty feet around and twelve feet high, with two holes for ventilation near the top. Both were thatched with straw.
From Liao-tung onwards there had been a succession of inns and markets along the way, and an increasing number of horses and carts on the road. The landscape was crossed with roads running at right angles like the lines on a chessboard, and the villages were set like chessmen on the crossings. The few clumps of trees that we saw seemed all to be willows. Herds of cattle and donkeys were grazing here and there, and there were numberless stacks of sorghum stalks in the fields. A continuous procession of carts loaded with sorghum stalks went by, and I was told that the stalks were to be sold in Mukden for fuel. Various kinds of grain were grown, but much more sorghum than anything else. There was also some dry-field rice. I noticed that the soil was very sandy, fine and fertile, and I should think it would produce good harvests. On the road we often met women riding in carts, and soldiers in armor with bows and arrows.

About half a mile outside the city wall of Mukden we saw a large temple, with many buildings inside a whitewashed wall. In it was a white pagoda with a square base and a cylindrical tower. It must have been about thirty feet high, and stood a few hundred paces from the road. I wanted to go in and look at it, but had no chance to do so.

We met a young man wearing Manchu dress with a robe of sables. He carried bow and arrows and was riding a mule. Six or seven barbarians attended him, also carrying bows and arrows. They all rode magnificent horses. I asked who he was, and was told that he was a close relative of the Emperor, who lived at Mukden, and that he was now out hunting.

Near the walls was a large stream of clear water, a branch of the Hun River. Beside it were many houses, and the ground was scattered with graves. When we arrived at the wall the three Envoys alighted from their palanquins and mounted horses. A mile inside the walls we found the inner city wall, which was about forty feet high. The pavilions on the gates were very tall, and half hid the sky. They can
be seen from miles away. Outside the gate was a baffle wall with an opening on each side. The leaves of the gates were covered with iron plates, and outside the gate was a moat crossed by a stone bridge. After crossing the bridge and entering the double gate we found ourselves within the walls. From the outer wall to the inner the road is lined with market stalls like the teeth of a comb, but within the inner wall it is even busier, ten times busier than Liao-tung. A few hundred paces within the wall in a little lane to the east was the official guest house. I heard the grooms saying that this was where the Korean hostages had been kept after they were brought to Mukden in 1637, but the place where the Crown Prince was imprisoned was on the site of the present official yamen of Mukden. My great-grandfather was held prisoner in a building somewhere north of where the prince was, but nobody now knew where it was.

At supper we ate white cabbage and spinach. The taste was fresh and the helpings were liberal. There was also fish soup and broiled fish, a kind that is not found in Korea, looking very much like a perch, and tasting like monkey's lips. It was four to six inches long. There was also liu fish, but the flavor was not especially good. From now onwards the water was bad.

The interpreters came to say that the lawsuit of the lan-t'ou had reached a critical stage. Those of our people who had handed over money looked very worried, except the head interpreter, who seemed quite at ease. Since passing the palisade the lan-t'ou had wanted to receive money in advance to contract for us, so they had treated our interpreters lavishly and pressed them earnestly because they wanted to use the money for bribes to the court officials in Mukden. Our people discussed the matter, knowing full well that recent losses in trade had been due to the lan-t'ou, and if the lan-t'ou lost their case it would be to our advantage. Although we could do nothing to arrange this, putting money into their hands would only strengthen their
position. Their mood had changed greatly during the last few days, and it was clear that they were losing confidence. If we gave them money and then they lost their case, we should never get the money back. It would be better to wait till we got to Mukden and see how things turned out. Even a child could have appraised the situation, but the chief interpreter was in favor of handing the money to the *lan-t'ou* and he tried to force his opinion on the others. Yi Yu-ryang, Ch’oe Tae-sang, Chang Wön-ik and Hong Ma-nun stood out against him, but the others all gave in and followed him like sheep. It was a great pity. I heard later that ten thousand *liang* changed hands.

As we were travelling, the chief interpreter told the Envoy that in recent years the grooms had bought many forbidden articles in Mukden. This had caused trouble and he wanted to prevent it. The commandant of the soldiers should be strictly ordered not to stay long in the city. He suggested it would be better to send the men back to Korea before we left for Peking. So the Envoy ordered the commandant to return on the day that we left. All the Uiju men were very angry about the *lan-t'ou*s scheming, and determined that after the Envoy had left they would complain to the Department of Justice, and finish the *lan-t'ou*. The *lan-t'ou* knew this threat did not amount to much, but they plotted with the chief interpreter to foil the plan. All this was well known throughout the cavalcade, and everybody was very angry, because the soldiers had brought a great deal of money with them, and by custom they had to take things back to Uiju for the tax officers. They usually stayed two or three days in Mukden, and they said that whether they bought the forbidden goods or not, it was not right to make them go back at once without resting for a day or two. When my brother heard about this he gave fresh orders to the commandant that they should leave the day after the Envoy left for Peking.

Many Manchu came with goods to sell. We found that twenty-
four of the rolls of cotton cloth we had brought for tribute were missing. Evidently they had been stolen by the Uiju grooms. I learned that this sort of thing had often happened on former expeditions.

Mukden was once part of the old I-olu kingdom. During the T'ang dynasty it was called Shen-chou, but the Khitan changed its name to Hsing-liao-ch'ün. Under the Ming emperor Hung-wu it was made a prefectural city till in the reign of T'ien-ch'i it fell before the Manchu and became their capital. They called it Feng-t'ien or Ch'eng-ching (Shing-king).

7th day (3rd January). Fair and warm, like yesterday. Mukden. Crowds of Manchu came with things to sell, and thronged about all day long. Some of them were selling calligraphy and paintings. After breakfast I went out on horseback with Yu Pong-san along the main street to look at the market. We went north a short distance, then turned east, where there were four or five great gates close together, with some fine horses tied outside. It was the city yamen. Outside the gates were protecting walls, called baffle walls. We went several hundred paces further till we saw a three-story pavilion, very large and elegant, built over the street. Beneath it were four arched gateways opening in the four directions of the compass, so that everyone who comes or goes must pass underneath. The city wall is less than a mile square, and on each side there are two gates, eight in all. The main streets run through the city at right angles, like the strokes in the Chinese character ting for a well. Where the two streets running north and south met the two running east and west, there were gates like this one, resembling the one in our own Chong-no in Seoul.

Crowds of people and great quantities of goods filled the market places. We wandered a little way westward, then returned and went north for the same distance before coming back and going towards the east gate. There was a dazzling variety of goods for sale. In the
course of a few hundred yards I saw more roe deer, red deer and rabbits hanging up than I could possibly count. All sorts of work was going on, cutting and sawing wood, making carts, coffins, chairs and tables. Metal workers were making pots in iron and pewter. Others were hulling rice, making clothes, ginning cotton, doing all sorts of work with very efficient tools, so that one man could do as much work as ten did in Korea.

We saw some barbarians playing with a ball made of calico. They kicked it, counting one, two, three and so on, to see who could keep it in the air longest without letting it fall to the ground—just as they do in Korea.

In the evening I wrote a letter to Seoul and entrusted it to the commandant of the returning guards.

Section II

Peking, 23rd January—10th February, 1713

12th moon, 27th day (23rd January, 1713). Clear, cold wind blowing. At last we entered the Chao-yang-men, the main East Gate of Peking. Its pavilion had three stories, roofed with blue tiles, and the protecting wall also had a two-story pavilion, similarly roofed. There were no balustrades, but simply a wall of bricks with openings for guns to protect the inner gate. This was the so-called Tower of the Enemy. I had heard that the embassy usually found such a crowd of horses and carts blocking the gate that it often took half a day to get through; but it was not so in our case. Those coming with tribute for New Year's Day normally arrived before the 26th, but we had arrived later.

Inside the city the main street was not more than seventy or eighty paces wide, about a third wider than Chong-no in Seoul, but
I saw nothing special in the shops on either side of the street. We had gone about a mile when we reached a crossing with roads going in four directions. We turned south towards the Ch'ung-wen-men, the Southeast Gate of the city. When we came within about a hundred yards of it we turned west and came to a stone bridge called Yü-ho-ch'iao, Jade River Bridge. Beside 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 barbarians, with swords at their sides, were sitting on guard. A row of spears stood before them, and their bows, arrows and quivers were hanging beside the gate. We crossed the Yü-ho bridge and went a few hundred yard further till we reached the Korean Envoys' Hostelry on the north side of the road, where Chinese interpreters came out to meet us. The Envoy simply lifted his joined hands by way of response to their greeting, and we passed through to the inner compound, where we found many buildings along each side, all apparently gone to ruin. These were the quarters where the Korean interpreters were supposed to stay. Passing through a small gate we came to the main hall. It also had subsidiary buildings on each side, all of which were in a state of sorry dilapidation. The rooms were full of dust and dirt.

The wind which was exceedingly cold kept up till night. We had no place to sleep, and did not know what to do. You can imagine our perplexity. My brother went into the east room of the main hall, where there were two k'ang, one on the north and one on the south. He chose the south and I took the north. There was no vestige of paper on the windows, so we had the outside screened with paper from the baggage and sorghum stalks. We pasted up the inside as well as we could, but because of the cold the paste did not stick and the wind blew the paper off as fast as we put it on. We tried again and again, but to little purpose, and only with the greatest difficulty did we manage to pass the night.
The Second Envoy occupied the middle room. As he entered he found an old Buddhist monk in possession, who invited him to sit down and poured out some tea for him. When asked, he gave his age as seventy-two.

I took my three servants and went to see the Tung-yüeh shrine, just across the road opposite our main gate. This shrine has a double gate of honor before it, very handsome and well built. Both openings had inscriptions above them, inside and outside. One said, *Great Empty Valley*; one, *The Three Fairy Worlds*; and another, *Eternal Blessings on the Land*. I forget just what the last was. There was another gate of honor to the south, in line with the front gate, built of marble, richly ornamented in gold and green and finished with wonderful skill. Inside the front gate on either side were the two-story towers containing the drum and bell. Passing these I came to yet another gate with three openings, and smaller gates on either side, within which I found the main hall. It had a double roof covered with blue tiles, and the inscription on it read: *Hall of the East Mountain Spirit*. Inside it was a plaster image, seated, wearing royal robes and crown—the spirit of T’ai-shan, the eastern one of China’s five holy mountains. About a dozen boy fairies attended him to right and left. Beautiful curtains hung on all sides, and many strange vessels. A glass lamp hung in the middle of the hall, and before a table stood an iron cauldron big enough to hold a score or more measures, and full of oil. From this they fed the lamps, which were said to burn night and day. There were wings to right and left of the main hall, outstretched like pinions, with doors through them.

The main hall and the wings all stood on a well built platform as high as a man’s shoulder. . . . at the south end stood a brazier about three feet high, and before each room of the wings was another. They all had incense sticks in them, so that the fragrance of incense filled the court. There were so many memorial stones that I could not
examine them all. Some had inscriptions written by the emperor, and they were covered with yellow tile copings.

28th day (24th January). Wind dropped, but colder than yesterday. Last night all our men and horses slept in the open court and were almost frozen to death. The officers also stayed outside all night. It was worse than camping in the open on the other side of the palisade. The k’ang we were on was full of holes, so we asked the keeper of the place to call a plasterer to stop up the openings. The house was lofty and wide, and between the rooms where we were and the main hall there were wooden doors with many chinks through which the cold wind blew. It was so freezing cold that it did not seem like being indoors at all. My brother had a cover of hangings erected over his k’ang. I made a protection for myself out of our baggage covers, about eleven feet long and half as wide, with an opening on the south side. I had a curtain over that, rolled up during the day and let down at night. It made a cozy and comfortable room, with grass mats on the floor and oil paper for a roof. Inside I had quilts and pillows, and my books and papers. It was private and dignified, and I was very pleased with it. I said jokingly: "When the time comes to leave, I shall be sorry to say goodbye to this desirable residence." Everybody laughed.

I went to see where the officers were, and found them in a three-kan room with k’ang on the north and south sides. Kim Chung-hwa, Yu Pong-san and Kim Tôk-sam were on the northern one, Ch’ang-yŏp, Hong Ma-nun and Ch’oe Su-ch’ang on the other. They had repaired the k’ang and pasted up the windows, but the room was too small for the number that occupied it. I was very concerned about them. The captain of the Uiju guards, the physicians, clerks and accompanying merchants had no rooms. They all repaired to the rear court, made huts of the baggage covers, and crawled into them. They bought some bricks and made a k’ang. The soldiers, grooms and
servants huddled in the shelter of a wall. They managed to build another wall with broken odds and ends of brick, as protection against the wind. Those who had enough money put up mat-sheds. My own three servants had gone round to the east wall of the main building and were discussing building a mat-shed there. I went to the Secretary's room and found he had a five-kan room with two k'ang in it. It was light and clean, and pleasanter than the room where the Envoy was. The Secretary's military officer, No Hup, was with him on the north k'ang, and his interpreter, O Chi-hang, was on the south k'ang.

In the morning the Envoys and the Secretary paid a visit to the Office of Rites to present their credentials. The other members of the Embassy went with them, but I stayed alone. When they returned I asked them about their visit and was told that the Office of Rites was about half a mile from the hostelry. The interpreters led the way for them and made them sit and wait in the outer quarters. An hour later the Chinese President and the Vice-president of the Board of Rites came and stood in the main hall facing south. There was a table in front of them, before which the Envoys and the Secretary came and bowed. Two senior interpreters presented the documents with obseisances. The First Envoy received them, laid them on the table and then stood back. When they left, the Vice-president asked the Envoys to wait a little while he scrutinized them. He also was a Chinese; his name was Wang Shih-chih.

The President of the Board of Rites had ridden in a four man palanquin with a black canopy over it. It was much like a Korean chair, but the poles were fastened at the sides and had leather thongs attached to them that passed over the bearers' shoulders. A herald went in front, calling out just as is done in Korea. Indeed, I heard that they borrowed the custom from us. Although Chinese ride in chairs, the Manchu are not allowed to do so. Kwi-dong told me
everything when he came back. Our king's letter to the Emperor was wrapped in oiled paper and when it was opened the barbarians fought for the wrapper. The officials did nothing to stop them. One man got a piece about the size of a bookpage, and looked thoroughly delighted. I cannot think what he intended to do with it.

The yamen of the Board of Rites is throughly tumbledown and dilapidated. I asked an interpreter why this should be so, and he replied, "The yamen repairs have to be paid for by the officials in charge, because the Emperor makes no appropriation for them, so this is what happens." If this is true, then the Emperor's rule is a very strange one.

Formerly, when the Korean envoys came to Peking, the main hall and all the k'ang in the hostelry were repaired and floored with new matting, and new paper was put on the windows. Recently, however, this had been neglected, till now everything was completely dilapidated; worse than the official guesthouses in the towns on the way. The people in charge of the place were given money for repairs, but did not do the work. The laws are gradually being ignored and our own country is much the same. It is very sad.

In the morning the chief interpreter came and said, "One of our soliders fell behind yesterday at Pa-li-p'u and has not come in yet. We reported this to the yamen and they have sent out a search party. It was very cold yesterday. That man was on his first trip, and cannot speak the language. I am afraid that if he did not find shelter he will have been frozen to death."

Very soon after, the guards brought him in safe and sound. When he was questioned, he said that he went into an inn because the weather was so bitterly cold. He found a warm k'ang and the people had given him food. This story shows how hospitable the local people are.

Our hostelry had a Yamen Governor, a diplomatic officer, six
protocol officers, six senior interpreters and six junior interpreters, all of whom lived outside the compound. The guard consisted of two officers, two spearmen and twenty gateguards. The officers changed daily and the spearmen changed every five days. The interpreters came and went as they liked, and you could never tell whether the Governor would be there or not. The soldiers were never all there at the same time. Every day when the interpreters closed the gates in the late afternoon and opened them after sunrise, the soldiers came and told the Envoys. Before the gate was closed the soldiers would come in and shout to disperse the barbarian traders. They made a bloodcurdling noise, enough to frighten anybody. Every morning our own interpreters came in to salute the Envoys as they had done on the way. When the gate was opened, our guards and interpreters would salute the Chinese interpreters, bowing on the ground to do them honor. Kim Chung-hwa was very unhappy about this.

At night the servants lay huddled together beside the k’ang and passed the dreary hours complaining about the cold, because they could not sleep.

29th day (25th January). Fine but cold, growing milder later. Wen Feng-hsien, one of the interpreters, sent a bowl of steamed ricecake, some of which was like the choak of Korea. Kim Ürg-hön (one of our officers) brought in some grapes, tangerines, hawthorn fruit, pears and persimmons, all as fresh as if they had just been picked. The tangerines were like pomeloes, sweet and very juicy. They had been frozen and so they had lost some of their flavor and were not comparable to Korean oranges. The larger pears were as big as a man’s fist, and the smaller ones were the size of hens’ eggs. They were yellow, with thin skins and tender flesh. They melted in the mouth, and the flavor was good, but rather faint. The persimmons were longer and bigger than Korean persimmons, with thick skin but good flavor. The
hawthorn berries were as big as plums, very fleshy, and had no grubs in them.

Pak Tong-hwa and Ch’oe Su-ch’ang came in with several kinds of candied fruit, including some oranges with a most unusual flavor. Sin Chi-sun brought some sugared chestnuts. Their flavor was very good, like the best red chestnuts in Korea. When I saw all these sweet-meats piled up before me, it made me think of my children at home.

After breakfast, a Chinese interpreter led the way to the Hung-lu-szū (the Chamberlains’ Office), where we rehearsed the ceremonial for the imperial audience. This office was inside the east gate of the Board of Rites. It had an octagonal pavilion with a throne set up inside it. Over the throne was an inscription in gold letters saying, “May the Emperor live for ever and for ever and ever.”

Two chamberlains stood before the throne, one on either side. Our three Envoys stood at the west side of the court, facing north. The twenty-seven officers and interpreters stood behind them in three lines. Then the chamberlains called out their orders in Manchu. The Chinese interpreters stood to the left of the Envoys and translated into Korean. They all knelt three times and each time they knelt they kotowed three times. This was the famous sambae kugodu (three bows, nine kotows). If there was the slightest irregularity it was pointed out and the ceremony was rehearsed again.

In the evening I went to see the Secretary. At night the New Year feast was brought in. The Envoys assembled all the party, stepped down into the lower court, and kotowed. By custom, this New Year feast is provided by the Kuang-lu-szū (Imperial Household Office), but it grew very late and the feast did not come. Only after the Governor of the hostelry had sent an interpreter to hasten it did it begin to arrive. The food was very poor, and the number of dishes less than in former years. The Chinese interpreters also grumbled about this. The two Envoys and the Secretary each had a separate
table, with forty-five dishes. The dishes were made of pewter, and twice the size of ordinary plates. Most of the food was Chinese sweetmeats, including *wu-hua-t'ang*, which is made of parched beans dyed in various colors, but it was not very interesting. Nor were the other dishes. The only meat served was a goose. Two tables we sent in later for the interpreters. It was the custom to give a tip to the men who brought the food, and so this was done.

The Chinese interpreters said, "You must go to the palace at dawn tomorrow, so get up early and be ready." They repeated this several times before they left.

From the time that darkness fell that city was one roar of firecrackers that kept up all night. The Yü-ho-kuan was enclosed on sides by high walls. On the south side was the main street, where there were also houses which completely blocked the view, but we constantly heard the sound of horses and carts going by. Outside the east wall there was a little shrine with a red lantern hanging from a bamboo pole. The lantern was lit on this day and kept burning till the second moon.

Our interpreters came to give their New Year greetings. We all felt homesick.

From today rations of food and fodder were distributed from the Emperor. The two Envoys received the same, then the Secretary, then the three chief interpreters, then the twenty-four tribute guards, and then the sixty attendants each received their graded portion. Every groom and horse was also provided for: a measure of rice for each man, four measures of beans and two bundles of hay to each horse. The chief Chinese interpreter supervised the distribution of rations every fifth day, giving the rations for officers and interpreters to our chief interpreter to divide them up. The grooms’, other attendants’ and horses’ rations were all given to the officer of the Uiju guard for him to distribute to the individuals. Now the dry measures
used in China were twice as big as those used in Korea, so he used
Korean measures for dividing the rations and all that was left over
went to two or three people only. This was what had always been
done before, but it was very wrong, and orders were given that this
time it was all to be divided properly. The grooms and servants were
very happy about this.

*Lunar New Year's Day (26th January 1713). Fine and warm.* Before
four o'clock in the morning the hostelry was full of the soldiers' shout-
ing to urge us to get ready to go to the palace. I was just about to
eat some boiled rice when an interpreter came saying that it was
getting late. My brother set out straightaway and I put on my robe to
follow, but the gates were still closed. The interpreters were all ready
to go, but the guards were outside. We called through the chinks of
the gates to get them opened, but the guards would not hear. Their
officer, Yi Yur-yang, was too old to attend at the palace, but he came
to the gate and called them. They were holding out for tips. They
were each given a fan, and the gates were opened. I left Wŏn-gŏn to
look after my room, and went out into the street with Sŏn-hŭng and
Kwi-dong. The street was already full of an endless procession of
passers-by. Some were in palanquins with lanterns carried behind
them, officials going to attend at the palace. Kwi-dong, who was
carrying our lantern, missed the way and passed by the opening that
led to the Ch’ang-an-men, the main gate of the Forbidden City. We
reached the Office of Rites before he realized he had gone wrong.
We retraced our steps along the palace wall, but suddenly our lantern
went out and we were in total darkness with no idea of the way.
Fortunately somebody with a lantern came by and we followed him
out to the main road until we reached the Ch’ang-an-men. The
square was packed with horses, men and palanquins; inside the gate,
crowds of people were moving to and fro with lanterns. I dismounted,
followed by Sôn-hŭng, and after a hundred paces turned north to the five stone bridges. To the south of the bridges, to right and left, were the carved pillars called Pillars of Heaven. It was still so dark that I could not see their shape distinctly, but they seemed to be at least forty feet high.

We crossed one of the bridges and passed through the T’ien-an-men, Gate of Heavenly Peace. The five arches of the gate matched the five bridges, and were about thirty paces in depth. My brother had sent his groom Hu-wŏn to fetch me inside the Ying-men. A hundred paces further on we passed into a second court through a gate called the Tuan-men, built like the T’ien-an-men. I found the Envoys and Secretary on the west side of the court, and took my stand behind my brother. The civil and military officials were arranged to east and west in numbers far greater than I could count. Lanterns came and went, each with the rank of its owner written on it. Every man kept his appointed place, and there was no hubbub. Our interpreters, who sat near us, served tea to the envoys, and also passed around a large bottle of camel milk. The Envoys did not accept this, but I had heard that it was good, so I indulged in two cups of it.

We waited a long time. As the sky began to lighten in the east a bell sounded many times from within the Wu-men, the Meridian Gate. All the officials stood up and dressed their ranks because the Emperor was coming out to offer incense in the tablet hall. The soldiers made everybody but the accredited officials go outside the west gate. I had to go too, and sat down on the ground. A crowd of barbarians stood around me, eyeing me curiously. I could not understand a word of what they said, but I heard them say, "Shen ma kuan?" I suppose it meant, What's your rank? One of them held a light to me and peered into my face. It was thoroughly unpleasant.

After a while the Emperor left and the gates were opened again. I got in and asked what the imperial ceremony had been like. They
told me the Emperor had left in the darkness with a mounted escort lit by two lanterns only. Nothing else could be seen. The interpreters said that when he came back there would be no need for me to withdraw, but if I wore a dark robe I could mix with the crowd and stay; so I took off my outer robe and sat down behind my brother. Interpreters often say that sort of thing, but I was about to be ordered away again when Chang Wön-ik, the chief interpreter, gave me a military felt hat to put on instead of my own, and I escaped detection. It was very comic.

Thirty drummers and trumpeters were drawn up along each side of the road by which the Emperor was to come. They wore red coats with yellow design on them, and their wide brimmed felt hats were topped with red tassels, and yellow feathers above the tassels.

When the day grew light the imperial insignia were brought in through the Tuan-men. There were not many: first came the golden umbrella, then a dozen double-dragon flags. The flag bearers rode on horseback and each was accompanied by a troop of soldiers—they were too far away for me to see how many they were. When the flag bearers appeared, the trumpets sounded, so loud that they fairly shook the ground. The music was now high, now low; now slow, now fast; quite unlike Korean military music. It was an awesome sound. When the imperial carriage arrived all the officials rose, took a few steps forward, and sat down again. A hundred or more horsemen streamed in behind the carriage, but without order or formation.

When the carriage passed through the Wu-men, the officials retired into the buildings on the east and west sides of the court. The Chinese interpreters led our envoys into a room on the west. Outside the Wu-men two yellow-covered chariots with red wheels and shafts were waiting. The domed bodies were round and as big as a small room. Around each was a railed-in passage wide enough for a man to pass around. The whole was decorated with gold, jade, gems
and green ornaments. Fixed to the shafts was a yellow standard with twelve dragons embroidered on it; a great rope made of scarlet threads twisted together was tied to the axletrees like the hawser of a ship. The ends of the rope were draped over the shafts because the carriage was to be drawn by them. When the Emperor rode in the carriage, attendants stood on the sides and went before the elephants that drew the chariot.

Five elephants came in through the Tuan-men. They looked like moving mountains. Each had a gilded howdah with yellow awnings and gilded pillars several feet high, to which the drawropes were fastened. A man with an iron hook by means of which he controlled the animal sat on each elephant's neck—these men are called mahouts. A barbarian told me that even though the hook makes the elephant's neck bleed, by the time the stars come out the sore closes and by morning it is perfectly healed.

The elephants came as far as the Wu-men, then stood waiting, three to the right and two to the left. Two of them were especially big. They must have been over ten feet high, and longer than they were tall. Their noses were so long that they reached the ground, and their tusks were more than five feet long. Their eyes were as small as a cow's, and the lip beneath the trunk was pointed like a bird's beak. Their huge ears, as big as winnowing baskets, pointed forwards, but flapped when the animal moved. Their entire skin was ash-colored, their hair was sparse, and their tails as insignificant as rats' tails. Their ears and tails were covered with green cloth.

Several men brought in a huge box, set it down in front of the elephants, and opened it. It contained the harnesses, made of yellow rope, ornamented with gold thread and inlaid with blue and red gems the size of persimmons. These were the elephants' halters. The men got on and off the elephants' backs, but they never moved. When a bundle of fodder was put in front of an elephant, it would
pick it up with its trunk, roll it inwards, and put it into its mouth. The mahout told people not to come too near. I asked why and they said that the elephants did not like strange crowds. If one went too near the animals might suddenly swing their trunks with a blow that could kill a man.

Our guards and interpreters were all in ceremonial dress. I was dressed to look like one of the servants, with a leopard fur which attracted the attention of some of the barbarians. I had to take it off in the end to get rid of them. I was among the underlings, and they pestered me. Some of them asked me who I was, and I replied, "Pang-tzu, pang-tzu!"—which is their word for a slave. A barbarian traced words on Kim Tok-sam's arm, asking the age and rank of the three Envoys and me. I winked at Kim and he said that he did not know. But the barbarian persisted until Tok-sam shouted, "I don't understand you! Don't pester me!" Then Tok-sam asked him his rank, and he said that he was a very minor official.

The barbarians usually wear dark clothing without distinction of rank, but that day their ceremonial garb included epaulettes, sleeve ornaments and breastplates. Their caps, belts, rugs and badges all differed according to rank. The mark on the top of the cap was a red stone for the highest rank, next below that a dark blue one, then a smaller dark blue one, then a crystal, and below that no mark at all. The belt of the highest rank was of jade, the next rank of chased gold, the next of plain gold, and below that of ram's horn. The rug for the highest rank was a tiger skin with the head and claws on it. The next rank down had a tiger skin without head and claws, the next had a wolf skin, the next a badger skin, the next a raccoon-dog skin, the next a wild sheep skin, then a dog skin and lowest of all a mat of white felt. In summer the three highest ranks had red felt and all the others white felt. The badges were birds for civil officials and beasts for military officers, keeping the Ming custom. Their under robes
were long, reaching to the feet, with narrow sleeves and wide skirts, but the outer coat reached only to the waist and the sleeves came only to the elbows. They also wore a silk garment made of one round piece put on over the head like a cape, hanging back and front without an opening. This, like the under robe and coat, was of dark material, but with embroidery of four-clawed dragons to indicate rank. The embroidered breastplate was on the outer coat underneath the belt. All those of fourth rank and above were allowed to wear gems and the breastplate, but I could not see the form exactly. Although this dress is not a Chinese style, it serves to mark the various ranks clearly so that there was no confusion. We call Korea "the land of caps and belts", and distinguish our ranks in this way, but we do not distinguish in such detail. Our Second Envoy was wearing a fairy crane embroidered on his coat, just as my brother was. It was odd that there was nothing to distinguish them.

The people in Peking were tall and many of their faces suggested affluence and power. Our people looked like dwarfs beside them. We still had the dust of the journey on us, and except for the Envoys we were all tanned. We were all wearing robes and hats, but most of them were hired for the occasion. Some of the coats were too long and some too short; some of the hats were so big that they came down over the wearer’s eyes so that he hardly looked human. We were a sorry sight.

Outside the Wu-men, in the west court, there was a brick tower with a sundial on it. At seven o’clock the officials came out of the side rooms and entered the east court outside the Wu-men, where they knelt and kowtowed in honor of the Empress Dowager. Then they divided and went through the side gates to the east and west of the Wu-men into the palace. Our Envoys went in with the western rank. I followed them as far as the gate and then stopped. I could not tell what was done inside. The Wu-men was open and I could see as far
as the T'ai-ho-men and the pillars in front of the palace, but only indistinctly. Immediately behind the officials went the drummers, trumpeters, soldiers and swordsmen who had lined the Emperor's route. Some soldiers kept back the crowds.

I went out of the west gate and found I was just behind the She-chi altar, the altar of the gods of the soil and grain. There was a wall to the southwest, and inside it a thick grove of cypresses, and among them a house with a roof of yellow tiles—a house of retirement for study and fasting. The wall to the north linked up with the Wu-men, and at each end there were three-story towers. The wall was thirty feet high and the moat round it thirty yards across, and had a stone balustrade on each side. They had cut holes in the ice and were drawing water, so it must have been deep. Between the wall and the moat was a road along which many people were passing. I walked along it to the western corner, than turned north and saw a gate, the Hsi-hua-men, about a hundred paces ahead of me. Beyond the moat to the west were the houses of the city.

Walking along beside the moat I was hailed by a barbarian who came out of a little building by the corner of the wall. He asked me in and I found two other barbarians who invited me to sit on the k'ang. They offered me tea and tobacco, most hospitably, and inquired what rank I held. I answered, "Pang-tzū." On the wall there were bows and swords for ten men. It must have been a guardhouse.

After a short time I returned to my place, but the gates were still not open. There were many people selling wine and noodles crowding around. It was some time before the gates opened and I went in again. All the barbarians were lined up on the east and west sides of the court, coming and going in due order. Many wore the red gem on their caps, but I saw nothing remarkable about their faces. The Envoys had still not appeared, so I went to the west portice outside the Tuan-men, where I opened a small door and looked through it.
I saw a lot of cypress trees. It was the front court of the altar of the gods of Soil and Grain. Over the gate was written: *Left Side of the She-chi*, in Chinese with a Manchu inscription beside it. I found double inscriptions like this on all the gates.

Inside the T’ien-an-men were two more “Pillars of Heaven” made of stone that looked like our Ch’ungju stone, pure white like jade. They were beautifully carved with dragons from top to bottom. On either side of the bridge was a lifelike stone lion. The water under the bridge was black and still, so I could not see whether it was shallow or deep. They say you can sail to T’ung-chou on it.

In 1644 the rebel Li Tzū-ch’eng entered the Ch’ang-an-men and went to the Ch’eng-t’ien-men, pointed to the name board and said, “I will shoot at the heaven character (t’ien). If I hit it that will be an omen of my success in gaining the empire.” He shot, and the arrow pierced the board just below the character. He was frightened and turned pale, but his companion said, “Under heaven is right in the middle.” Tsū-ch’eng was happy again and picked up his bow. Ch’eng-t’ien was the old name for T’ien-an.

Two elephants drew each of the yellow carriages from the T’ien-an-men to the east Ch’ang-an-men. There were also two carriages drawn by six horses, with a crowd of men pulling on the ropes, but they could hardly keep up with the elephants, so you can tell how strong the elephants were.

Soon after this our envoys appeared. My brother rested a little by one of the “Pillars of Heaven”. I asked some of the lower officials what the ceremony had been like. They said that they had entered the palace door and inside it had been pitch dark. Inside they turned right and came out again over another five-fold bridge to a place where there were more porticoes to the east and west of the court. They went through yet another gate, the T’ai-ho-men, to the court of the T’ai-ho-tien. Two yellow parasols were set up facing south and
three more pairs were set up on the dais. Below the dais were six horses with golden saddles, then a red and black canopy, then lanterns in many colors, and then eighty banners, yellow, red, black and white, some with golden dragons on them, some with sun, moon and stars, some with the character men (gate), but all on red poles decorated with dragons. Then there were iron clubs and halberds.

The drums sounded and a whip was cracked three times. This was the announcement of the Emperor’s arrival. The noise shook the palace foundations. The Emperor ascended the throne and everybody bowed and rose. The princes stood on the dais. Suddenly a chamberlain shouted and all the officials present bowed low. A man on the dais read a congratulatory address. When he finished, music came from the pavilion over the T’ai-ho-men—music like our Korean music, but quite short. Everybody present performed the three bows and nine kotows as the chamberlain summoned them. Everything went well and there were no mistakes. When the ceremony was over an interpreter led our party to the west court, paid his respects and left. Then the whip cracking was heard again, and the Emperor went into the palace. So they had not yet been able to observe the Emperor’s procession.

We had heard that in earlier years there was tea and refreshments after the audience. My father said that it was so in 1653 and 1673. In 1673 the President of the Board of Rites took him into the T’ai-ho-tien and gave him wine, so there is no doubt that there was such a custom. But of recent years it has been discontinued. There used also to be twelve braziers burning scented wood aloes in the T’ai-ho-tien, but they were no longer there. The Emperor is very economical, and tries to save expense.

The imperial palace was built in the Yung-lo period (1403–1424) but was burnt down during the rebellion of Li Tzü-ch’eng, in 1644. It was restored soon afterwards in the old style, a magnificent
place worthy of the imperial prestige.

The meridian gate (Wu-men) has a foundation terrace twenty-five feet high, and is sixty paces long from east to west. There are three wide arches in it, and its pavilion has two stories, each of nine *kan*. On either side of the gate the wall reaches sixty paces to the south with a three-story tower at each end. Between the upper stories of the gate and these towers are connecting colonnades roofed with yellow tiles. The towers have gilded tops which shine brilliantly. I heard, however, that they were not made of gold but of some other metal brought from abroad, more precious even than gold, that grows brighter by the action of the wind.

The whole place was wonderful, like a picture one could walk through, thought the paintwork is rather faded, and the court of the palace inside the T'ai-ch'ing-men is paved with bricks, with a very uneven surface. The barbarians ride their horses on it and displace the bricks so that the pavement is ruined and hard to walk on.

From the Ch'ang-an gate to the Wu-men is three hundred yards, a difficult part for old officials to walk over. Our second Envoy had to rest here on his way out. There was once a well-known Korean official who came to Peking as Secretary of the Embassy, but who was very lame and could scarcely walk at all. The Chinese interpreters urged him on, but the Korean interpreters explained that he could not hurry. The Chinese interpreter grew angry and shouted, "Have you no healthy men, that you have to send such a lame dog as this?" This secretary was a very sensitive man and his face turned scarlet. The interpreters still laugh over the story.

We passed out of the east Ch'ang-an gate and returned to our hostelry. By that time it was almost noon. We had breakfast and then lay down, tired out, and slept till evening.

A secretary of the Sŏngmun office named Kang Umun came to me and said. "There is a camp of Mongols outside the west wall.
They eat the lice off their bodies.” I went out to the wall and piled up some saddles so that I could climb up and see over. There was a wide open space with several score of Mongol tents. Each tent had about eighty people living in it. They all had broad cheekbones, quite different from the Manchus. Their clothes were such dirty rags that they hardly looked like human beings. One of them had his clothes off and was catching lice. As soon as he caught one, he ate it. It was disgusting. However it is not only Mongols who eat lice; the Chinese also eat them.

I saw more than a hundred camels in the camp, and many fine horses. Forty-eight families of Mongols had recently arrived, and they were living in many other places besides this. There were women with them, but I did not happen to see any. I heard that their clothes were like those of the Manchu women, but their hair style is like the Korean. They make no attempt to avoid men; in fact they are little better than brute beasts.

The kitchen provided New Year rice cake and soup (ttokkuk) but the flavor was so bad that I could not eat much. This was because the water was bad, and besides, we had no tables to eat from.

2nd day (27th January). Fine, 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 with the felt door closed. A large dish of fruit was pushed in, a gift from the Second Envoy, who had also given one to my brother.

At the evening meal we had a pig’s head boiled, and I invited Kim Chung-hwa, Yu Pong-san and Kim Tök-sam to share it. I got out some pears and oranges and shared them too. On this day I first ate Chinese crab apples. Their taste was superb, quite different from anything I had eaten in Korea. My brother did not eat anything at
all, which was worrying.

In the middle of the night I heard the sound of a flute from behind the east wall, but it was badly played. The sound of firecrackers never stopped all night.

The Emperor and Empress Dowager, who had come in from the Summer Palace for the New Year ceremonies, returned there again today.

*3rd day (28th January). Fine, not cold.* After breakfast Chang Wŏn-ik came and said that Li Ch'eng-liang's descendants, T'ing-tsai and T'ing-chi, had come. I got out Yi Tong-bae's letter and Li Ju-pai's portrait for them. Li Ju-pai was Li Ch'eng-liang's second son. When his elder brother, Li Ju-sung, came to Korea to help repel the Japanese during the Hideyoshi invasion, Ju-pai came with him. His younger brother, Ju-mai, after the Battle of Shen-ho in 1618 when the Manchus were fighting for the control of China, fled to Korea and became a Korean citizen. His great-grandson, Tong-bae, had gone to Peking with the embassy of Min Song-yu in 1711, and met T'ing-tsai and T'ing-chi, the great-grandsons of Ju-mai's elder brother, Ju-chen. T'ing-tsai gave Tong-bae copies of family genealogical records, and said he had heard that Ju-pai's portrait was in the Muryŏl shrine at P'yŏngyang. He asked for a copy of it to be sent to him. Min Songyu arranged for it to be copied and sent it by us together with a letter from Tong-bae to be given to T'ing-tsai. Hearing that the two men were in Chang Wŏn-ik's room, I went to see them. They were quite unlike the barbarians. I sat down among the officers with them. Chang told me that Li Ch'eng-liang had had five sons: Ju-sung, Ju-pai, Ju-chen, Ju-chang and Ju-mai. These were Ju-chen's descendants. Ju-sung had no descendants. They said that the whole family had been well treated by the Manchu rulers. They had been given stipendiary posts, and some had even married into the imperial
clan. T’ing-tsai had just been given a magistracy.

Among the protocol officers was a young man named P’an Te-yü, who was very intelligent and adept at writing. He came to sit with me. We exchanged a few generalities and I noticed that he was unusually bright. I asked him his native place, his name and his age. He said, "I come from Shan-yin in Chekiang, my name is P’an Te-yü and I am twenty-seven." I asked how long he had been in Peking, and he said he had come in 1708. I asked whether the language of Peking was the same as that of Chekiang, and he replied, "No, it is very different." I asked how long it took him to learn Pekingese. "Half a year," he said. "You are obviously good at languages," I said. "Your replies are very clear. I like you. I should like to ask some more questions. Among the elder statesmen, who are the wisest, and who are the best and bravest generals?"

Te-yü replied, "I am sorry we never met before, for you are obviously a worthy man. One ought not to prevaricate, but I hate to talk about the state of things in this country. To tell the truth, the elder statesmen are no more than a dining club, and there are no wise and brave generals."

Again I asked, "I hear that the governor of the palace has been arrested for some crime. What was the reason?"

He replied, "Governor T’ao ho-ch’i’s misdoings are numberless. 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 governor, who was responsible for all the nine gates of Peking, was said to have taken bribes and to have been put to death by the Emperor’s order. I wanted to find out the truth of the matter. I asked again, "At the audience I noticed that the soldiers’ uniforms were worn and frayed, and their bows and swords were in
very poor condition. They say that this is the custom in peacetime, but in time of war new uniforms and equipment are provided. Is this so?"

He replied, "Should one wait till one is thirsty before digging a well? Just think of it."

I asked again, "I noticed that the imperial musicians’ red uniforms were not all the same. Some were new and some were old. I suppose this is because of the Emperor’s frugality."

He replied, "It is not frugality at all, it’s miserliness."

"But what use has the Emperor for money?" I said.

He replied, "I have no idea." I enquired again, "I hear that the Emperor doesn’t keep the palaces and parks in good order. Is it true?"

He replied, "Yes, that is true."

"There can never have been such a frugal emperor in history before."

He retorted, "The Emperor’s economies have nothing to do with superior virtue. They merely prove that he wastes money and is always hardup."

"What does he spend it on?"

"He makes silver money and gives it to the otters outside the Great Wall."

I asked where these "otters" lived, and he answered, "Somewhere beyond Ninguta."

"Why does he give them silver?"

"I do not know."

"Are these barbarians Mongols?"

"Yes."

"How many Mongols are there in Peking now, and why have they come?"

"Forty-eight tribes are here. I don’t know why they stay so long."

"How much silver does he give them every year?"
“Every year these forty-eight tribes get forty or fifty thousand pieces.”

“Does he give silk and stuff as well as silver?”

“Yes, he gives them all sorts of things.”

“What do the Mongols give as tribute, and how much do they give?”

“Those matters all belong to the Li-fan-yüan (Office for Barbarian Relations), and have nothing to do with us in the Board of Rites. I have never heard the details.”

“Even though it doesn’t concern the Board of Rites directly, you must have heard, and you must know.”

“I have heard that their tribute is nothing but ginseng and skins.”

“Mongols live in the region to the north of Shensai and Mukden. Why did you speak of them as living beyond Ninguta? Do not the Shensi Mongols send tribute and receive gifts?”

“These otters all live outside the Great Wall, where there are no end of regional names. One could never learn them all.”

“Then are these Mongols who are now in Peking all otters from Ninguta?”

“All I know is that they come from the other side of the wall.”

I changed the subject, and asked, “Is it true that the Chin-chou pirates have a king of their own?”

“There is a man called Ch’en Shang-i.”

“Is it a good thing to let such things go on?”

“It keeps Shantung and Chekiang in a state of unrest. The pirates escape on the wings of the wind, and can never be found. Last year, in the tenth moon, the commanding general from Shing-king presented a memorial concerning them. It is still under consideration.”

“Why don’t they send troops and get rid of the pirates?”
“Pirates are the most difficult to catch of all bandits. Besides, the government troops are afraid they may get killed, because their chances of life are only one in ten thousand when they fight with pirates.”

“How many soldiers do the pirates have?”

“I have heard that they have thirty or forty thousand.”

Then I asked him whether he was married, and he said not yet.

I asked what the Chinese meant by man (southern barbarians). He said, “Confucius meant the men of Ch’u, but the word is not precise. Now we call any non-Chinese barbarians.”

I asked whether the barbarians and otters intermarried, and he said, “The so-called ‘Chinese army’ (Han-chun), both Chinese and non-Chinese, often intermarry with the otters, but not loyal Chinese.”

I asked about these Chinese and non-Chinese people. I wanted to know exactly who they were. He replied, “At the beginning of this dynasty, the people of Shan-hai-kuan were not loyal to the Ming, and after peace was established they were called the Han-chün.”

I asked also who the Wu-chin were. He said they were Han-chün. I asked, “Do any of them live south of the Yang-tze?”

“There are some in the capital.”

“Do they intermarry with the Chinese?”

“About half of them.”

I asked him again, “What is your work as a protocol officer?”

“I have to work hard as a secretary, and because of this work I get to know a great deal.”

It seems there are very few people in Peking who are well-versed in the characters, so Chinese are generally employed as secretaries. Six were appointed to the Korean envoys’ hostelry. They were all from south China, and did not have the round faces of the northern races. They received a salary, but a poor one. One can read in their faces signs of the hardships they have endured in coming thousands
of miles away from their homes. They usually undertake the buying
and selling of books for the Envoys, on which they often make a
profit. If a Korean wants inside information he can learn it from
these men, but half of what they say is falsehood intended to deceive
our interpreters. They speak of great difficulties when there is nothing
of the sort, and magnify trivial matters into serious affairs, so that one
can put little faith in what they say. In this conversation which I
had just had I was doubtful about the reliability of some of the in-
formation.

Pak Tong-hwa brought me half a Turkish muskmelon. He said
it was a sample of what was offered to the Emperor, and had been
sent by P'u Te-jen, one of the interpreters. It looked like a Korean
squash, but smaller. The rind was green, and the flesh was orange,
rather like a Korean oxhorn melon (seoppul-ch'amoe). The seeds
were like ordinary muskmelon seeds, but bigger. The flavor was
sweet and fragrant, much better than anything in Korea. The rind
was thick, like watermelon rind, but when I peeled it I found that
the part just underneath the skin was firm and crisp. This was the
tastiest part of the melon, and made a crunching sound as one ate it,
but it was so cold that one could eat only a little at a time.

It was four days since we had water brought from the Temple
of Heaven. This water was better than that from other places, but
still it was very bad. So from this day we had water brought from a
place near Pa-li-pu, outside the Chao-yang-men. It was a little better
than the water from the Temple of Heaven, but it did not make good
porridge. The water in China is saltier than the saltiest market water
in Korea. If you drank it for a long time you grew accustomed to it,
but the most unpleasant thing about it was a slight sweetness. I could
hardly swallow it. If I washed in it, my face grew chapped and I
suffered from hangnails. I washed my towel in it for three or four
days and it became slimy like a wet stick; I could not understand why.
About fourteen miles outside the Cheng-yang-men there is good water. When Yi Chông-gwi came to Peking he always drank this water, but he had to pay a high price to get it.

Today I had some minced spiced meat (pokkûn-jang) from a sealed bamboo. When we left to come here the interpreters told me that its flavor would change and it would not be fit to eat. However, I had a large piece of bamboo cut into two, and filled each half with the spiced meat; then I joined the ends together, sealing the joint with paper so that the air could not get in. When I opened it now the meat was in perfect condition.

The servants had made k'ang in their mat-sheds, and from now on they slept on hot floors and were quite comfortable.

Sin Chi-sun asked the superintendent for an inkstone and brush case. We were provided with few writing materials. Candles were provided every night from the kitchen, and as I was much distracted during the daytime I let down my felt door at night and sat in the candlelight. It was uncomfortable, but I found a certain pleasure in it. The nights were long and I could not sleep, so it was an ideal time for reading.

4th day (29th January). Not cold, cloudy in the evening. After breakfast I went to the Secretary's room, where I found that Yu Pong-san had obtained two military textbooks. One was five or six volumes entitled *Wu-pei chi-lûeh* (The Arts of War, abridged); the other was *Wu-pei-chî* (The Arts of War) in seventy volumes, and contained everything a soldier needs to know.

Since yesterday morning many books had come in, but only the first volume of each set was sent for us to look at before we bought it. They would not send the rest of the set until we agreed to buy. Once we agreed we had to take them as they were. I had no chance to examine the books before buying them. It was exasperating. The
soldiers at the gate forbade the bringing in of books, so volume after volume was hidden under clothing and brought in that way. Whole sets had to be brought in over the wall at night, which was a hazardous proceeding. This evening Ch’oe T’ae-sang got more than eighty volumes in. I kept the *Pen-ts’ao kang-mu* (The Great Pharmacopoeia of Li Shih-chen, completed in 1578), but sent the rest back.

My servant Kwi-dong went with the Uiju guard to Pa-li-p’u to wash rice for making wine. When he came back he told me that on the way they had met the Emperor’s daughter and her retinue, traveling in three covered carriages. Five or six pairs of mounted barbarians rode in front of her, and a crowd of others came behind. Those in front shouted to clear the way. Kwi-dong and the captain dismounted and stood to the left of the road. Suddenly a girl’s voice was heard inside the cart, and an attendant raised the curtain. A young girl was sitting inside looking out with her face uncovered. Her headdress was covered with dazzling gems and jewelry. The other two carts were said to contain the ladies-in-waiting.

Today Cheng Shih-t’ai sent me a pot of narcissus. It had a dozen stalks in full bloom. The flowers were as large as single-petalled peach-blossom, and of a beautiful white color. I had bought a number of them before, but they had never bloomed. Now I saw them at their best.

The food that was sent to us from the kitchens along the way before we got to Mukden was very good. From Mukden onwards it grew progressively worse. Since we had been in Peking there had been nothing fit to eat. What we had been given was often bad, and the men in the kitchen were lazy and careless. The rice was spoiled by the bad water and inferior Chinese rice was mixed with it. The rice we had brought with us had been the best quality from Sŏnch’ŏn and Kwaksan, but the cooks fed this to their friends among the soldiers and interpreters and gave us Chinese dry-field rice. Our meals were
very unpleasant, and there was nothing we could do about it. For
breakfast and tiffin I usually nibbled a dish of i-i (waterlily seeds) and
one or two pieces of dried beef. When I went out I usually drank
half a cup of rice spirits to stay my appetite, and while I was out I
constantly ate i-i seeds. From time to time I ate gruel, but in any day
ate no more than a few spoonfuls of rice. Indeed, what I ate on the
whole trip would not be more than three or four mal. When I ate side-
dishes I was depriving my brother, because apart from vinegar and
pickled meat there were not more than three or four dishes of fish or
meat, and none of it worth putting the chopsticks to. It all got eaten
by Kwi-dong and his friends. If anything better than usual appeared,
I sent it to Yi Yu-ryang because he was old. Occasionally I sent it to
Kim Tŏk-san and Ch’ang-yŏp, because what the officers got to eat
was very poor. Yu Pong-san could not stomach it and used to ask me
for dried fish or beef, which he ate in my room. I had brought a jar of
pickled radishes, squash and melons cured in soy. From today I
started to eat it. It was not especially good, but it satisfied the appe-
tite. I shared it with the officers, and they all said how good it was.
The cook had bought some white fish and made soup. The fish was
very much like Korean white fish and it tasted good. It was the best
fish we had in Peking.

The interpreters told us that the Emperor’s seventh son was ill at
the Summer Palace, and asking to see our Korean physician. The
Chinese interpreter said that he would take the doctor there tomor-
row or the day after.

5th day (30th January). Fine, strong wind, sand blown against the
windows. One of the senior interpreters, Pak Chae-bŏn, brought me a
potted orchid, of the ordinary kind but with more than twenty stems.
The narrow leaves were six or seven inches long, and it looked as
though it was newly-potted and the roots had not yet taken hold. I
asked where it came from and he said that he got it from the keeper of
the hostelry. I put it with the narcissus in my mat shed.

After the evening meal the wind dropped a little. I went to see
the Secretary and we walked together in the north court, where we
examined the well. It was about twenty feet deep and the mouth was
covered with stone, in which there was an opening through which
water could be drawn, barely big enough for the bucket to pass
through. I suppose this was to prevent people from falling in, because
all the wells we saw were made in that way. The bucket was made of
woven willow, like a curved basket, yet it did not leak. It was light
and durable—an admirable piece of work. The taste of the water was
horrible, yet the servants all drank from this well. I don’t know how
they could do it. The water supply was plentiful: and our men and
horses drank it, but there was never any shortage.

The grooms, drivers and others who had camped in the open
had all made mat-sheds for themselves which they could huddle
underneath, except for two groups who were still sleeping out of
doors. It was pitiful to see them. However, although it was the middle
of winter, it was not very cold. That year was unprecedentedly mild.
Even when the wind blew fiercely, as it did that day, the sun shone
rather like the month of March in Korea. So they were able to bear
it. The horses were tied up outside and the fodder was sparse, so at
night they got loose and roamed about the courts nibbling at the
mat-sheds. Sometimes the grooms turned their horses loose so that
they could eat the fodder belonging to others. The sound of the ani-
mals fighting together during the night made it even more difficult to
sleep.

6th day (31st January). Fine. After breakfast the young protocol
officer, P’ani Te-yü, came in and we talked together. I gave him a
brush and a stick of ink, which pleased him very much.
I wanted an artist to paint a portrait of my brother, and the chief interpreter sent for one. His name was Lo-yen, and his pseudonym was Mai-lin (Plum Forest). He was forty years old and a very pleasant person. When he came in he kotowed before the k’ang. He kotowed again before accepting my invitation to join us on the warm floor. He said he came from Ch’ih-chou in An-huei province. I asked him why he came to the capital and he said he had been summoned to paint frescoes in the palace. He asked my brother to put on his court dress and sit on a chair. I sat on a chair facing him, with the table between us. First of all he made a rough sketch on paper, then he did it on silk with colors. We could not tell how the picture would turn out, but he used the brush confidently and skilfully. Before he could finish, the gates of the hostelry were closed, so he took his leave.

Today Kim Tök-sam went to the Summer Palace and returned at sunset. He told me that a palace servant and a eunuch had come with a carriage to fetch him, and two interpreters had gone with them. They left Peking by the West Gate and went about ten miles to the Summer Palace, which they entered through a gate in the high wall that surrounds it. Inside the gate was an artificial lake with two boats floating on it. Twice they crossed the water by bridges with red balustrades. The palace buildings are on the lakeside, but are not very showy.

They went into the room where the prince was lying and bowed before the k’ang. A mat was brought and Kim was asked to sit down. After tea had been served he asked about the prince’s illness. The prince was in his thirties and had been ill for five years. He was very weak and pale, as white as snow. It was obvious that he was phthisic. He said that his knees hurt and his head ached. Kim gave him acupuncture in a few places on his head, but would not prescribe medicine until he had seen him again. Then he took his departure and was given a seat in a pavilion outside the main gate, where he was
given some refreshments.

He also told me that the prince asked to see his hat, but gave it back to him as he left. The prince’s clothing and bedding were very simple, not even as good as an ordinary rich barbarian had. Nor were the dishes in any way remarkable.

Kim said that when he went he had asked to ride a horse, but had not been allowed to. He was compelled to ride in a carriage which had a cover closing it in on three sides, but leaving the front open. The carter sat in the front and impeded the view. When they approached the Summer Palace, the front curtain too was pulled down, so that he could not see the scenery. He was very disappointed and asked to have the curtain opened, but the interpreter said that if his clothing got dusty the Emperor would reprimand them for having treated him badly, so they could not open the curtain. But Kim said he could tell from the man’s face that there was some other reason.

The interpreter O Chi-hang obtained a book called Ta-hsing-
hsien hsih. Peking is divided into two wards (hsien): the west ward, called Wan-p’ing- hsien, and the eastern ward, called Ta-hsing- hsien. This book contained an account of all the palaces, shrines, residential areas, hills and streams, and customs of the east part of the city. It also recorded the flora and fauna. After seeing the book I wanted more than ever to go out and see the city. I suggested to my brother that we might use some of the surplus tribute supply in order to buy this book and send it to the government record office in Seoul.

Today the Chinese interpreters sent some new water which they said came from the north side of the city, but it was not good.

The horse that Kang Um-un rode fell ill and died.

7th day (1st February). Fine. Strong wind, but not cold. Lo-yen came after breakfast with the finished portrait. It was not a good likeness at all. It was a full-face portrait, so I asked him to try again with a side
view. He said he would take it away to his house and bring it when it was finished. When I saw the way he did a painting I realized he was more interested in elegance than in likeness to life. He was not a great artist.

He gave me a rubbing taken from the tomb memorial of a faithful woman named Ts’ao Ju-jen. She was a native of Liao-tung, who at seventeen years of age became the wife of man named Ma. He died when she was twenty-nine, and left her with three small children. She had no money for his funeral, so she sold her house and her lands, in fact all that she had to live on. For the next nineteen years she lived close to starvation, keeping herself and her children by doing needlework until they were all married. The neighbors all praised her virtues and a gate of honor was erected for her.

Her father was stationed in Pao-ch’ih county and died in office. According to local custom, he was cremated and the ashes temporarily buried near his place of office. Shortly afterwards Ju-jen’s mother died too, and was buried to the east of the capital. Ju-jen’s elder brother intended to move their father’s remains and bury them with the mother’s, but before this was done the brother also died. Ju-jen wept, “My parents had four children; my brother and one sister are dead. I have one sister left, who is old and poor. Now who will arrange for my parents’ remains to be united?”

One festival day she went with her sister to Pao-ch’ih, but found the place all overgrown and no marker or trees set to show where the grave was. Nearly sixty years had passed, so there was no way of finding it. Ju-jen invoked heaven and prayed to the spirits as she walked around searching. Suddenly she pointed to one place and said, “Dig here.” They soon dug up the urn. She went back and buried it beside her mother.

But she thought again. “The graves of the Ma family are to the north of the city, and my parents are to the east. Before long their
souls will grow hungry.” So she obtained a new site near the Ma family graves, and when she moved her parents’ remains there she begged her children, when she was dead, not to forget her parents.

She also prepared an oratory in her house where she burned incense at morning and evening before the Buddha. When she came to die she gave away all her clothes and other possessions to her servants, called her sons, grandsons and relatives, and spoke her last words in a voice as clear as it had ever been. She was born in 1646 and died in 1711, so she was sixty-five years old.

Lo-yen said that Ts’ao Yüeh-ying, who had written the inscription, was a relative of his, so he had obtained this rubbing. The text was in the style of Wang Hsi-chih, and the seal characters of the title were also very well done. He wanted the story of Ju-jen to be told in Korea, but he also wanted to boast of his composition and calligraphy.

The Secretary used to come to see my brother. He would sit on the k’ang with us. To-day he tried to make some wine, called paekhwa-ju (hundred flower wine) from a recipe he had copied when he came. The recipe was carefully followed, but everyone agreed it was a failure, because of the bad water. But the jar was also wrong; it was narrow at the bottom and wide at the top. It was an inch or two thick, and big enough to hold many measures, while we had only one measure of wine to ferment. We tried to find a better jar, but could not.

8th day (2nd February). Fine; cold wind at night. In the morning Ch’ang-yöp and I were looking at the Mongols over the north wall. A Mongol came to the foot of the wall and gazed up. Our eyes met, but we were unable to speak to each other. Soon a soldier came and made us get down. One soldier who came later was gentle and good-looking, so I told Wön-gön to make friends with him, and they made a
plan to go together to draw water, because a soldier always went on
the trip.

After breakfast I told the captain of the Uiju guard that I would
go to fetch the water. Wŏn-gŏn, Sŏn-hŭng and Yu Pong-san went
with me, all wearing official uniforms. We were accompanied by
three grooms, each with a horse carrying two tuns. One man went
ahead, and there was another soldier who was the one we had met
that morning and made an agreement with. I gave them each a fan
as a present.

We went out of the hostelry gate and along the main road to the
east. The barbarian children by the roadside pointed at us and
shouted, "Kaoli!" We crossed the Yu-ho bridge, then a few hundred
yards further on turned north through a side street. Some of the
buildings had very high doors. I concluded they were the houses of
mandarins. To the west of the road there was a building with a yellow
tiled roof and a blue tiled gate of honor behind it. This was the shrine
where the Emperor burns incense. To the east there was a twenty-
foot wall with plaster on the lower part, but several feet of openwork
made with bricks along the top. This was the palace of the Emperor's
son. Half a mile further on we turned east into a wide road. This was
the way we had come into Peking. The market stalls looked even
more prosperous, all hung with colored paper lanterns. The shape of
the lanterns was like ours in Korea. The street was full of horses and
carts, and in one cart I saw three or four women riding together.
They had removed the cart covers and one could see their faces.
Some people were walking in the street wearing bright new clothes.
They were paying New Year visits.

I wanted to visit the San-chung-tzʻū, the shrine of the Three
Loyal Ones. These three were Chu-ko Liang, of Han, and Yüeh Fei
and Wen Tʻien-hsiang, of the Sung Dynasty. I asked first whether the
Ta-tʻung Bridge were far away, because I knew that the shrine was
beside that bridge. The soldier said that the bridge was a mile and a half outside the East Gate, but was not worth going to see. Nevertheless he would show me the way. So we went out of the gate and crossed the bridge over the moat, where we sent the servants and horses to fetch the water, while we took the road beside the moat, which was frozen over. Five or six barbarians were waiting on the shore with sleds. When they saw us coming they vied with each other for our custom. Yu and I mounted one sled, and the two servants mounted another, with the Chinese soldier. We moved at great speed, a delightful sensation. When we arrived below the Ta-t'ung bridge the soldier paid the fare with his own money.

The bridge was magnificently constructed, with stone balustrades, and high enough for boats to pass below it. It is more than a mile from the East Gate. Between the city wall and the moat there were storehouses, and under the bridge there were many houseboats which had come here from T'ung-chou. On the east bank of the moat there were willow trees with grave mounds and houses among them. Only a dozen paces south of the bridge is the place where the walls of the Chinese and Tatar cities meet. There is a gate there called the Tung-pien-men. Crowds of people and horses and hundreds of camels were passing over the bridge. The camels were said to belong to the Emperor and they were going out to be watered.

We asked for the shrine and a man pointed the way for us. We followed the moat for a hundred yards or so, till we came to a bridge with a memorial stone on it. I noticed that the memorial was erected in 1613. A little way beyond the memorial a small shrine stood on the bank of the moat. The front gate was shut, so I got off my horse and went in by a side gate. The building was only three kan; it contained three plaster images: Chu-ko Liang in the middle, Wen T-ien-hsiang on the right and Yueh Fei on the left. Chu-ko Liang wore his "sleeping dragon" cap and robe trimmed with cranes' down, and held a
feather fan in his hand. Wen T'ien-hsiang wore a scholar's cap and court dress. Yüeh Fei was dressed in armor. Their faces looked lifelike. Yüeh turned his face to the right and looked as if he were about to speak—a peaceful and thoroughly refined countenance; Wen also had a face radiant with peace. There is a saying that men who deal with great affairs have an expression of peace, and I believe that is true.

Yu Pong-san and I prostrated twice before the statues, and felt deeply moved. The shrine building, however, was desolate. It was clear that there were few worshippers. I felt very sad about this.

On the right and left of the court stood two memorial stones erected in 1574.

The priest in charge of the shrine invited us to sit down on the k'ang in his room and gave us tea. We asked about the order of honor of the Three Loyal Ones, and an old man who was there wrote the replies. He said his name was Ch'en Ping-chih, and he was seventy-seven years old. I gave him a packet of cakes, and the priest a fan. Then we returned to the Tung-pien-men.

Inside this gate there was a large stone bridge beneath which the waters formed a torrent that made a thundering noise. I wanted to look at it more closely, and went down under the bridge. The water was so deep that I could not see the bottom. It came from the west and flowed through the city. Here and there in it were stone locks to dam the water. They had solid gates in them which could be opened or shut so that boats could navigate different levels of water. The boat would come in when the water was low, the water would be let in and the boat would rise. If the boat came in when the water was high, the gate could be shut. In this way boats can go anywhere. The boats from T'ung-chou can circulate in the canals both inside and outside the walls. There is a lock close to the gate.

Between the wall of the Tatar City and the canal there is a wide road. On the south side of the canal the houses of the people are close-
ly packed. About a mile along is the Ch'ung-wen-men, which is similar to the East Gate in structure. Here there was a large stone bridge over the canal and on either side a crowded market where horses and carts struggled to get through the gateway.

I had heard that the shrine of the Shao-fu was not far to the east of this gate, and I wanted to see it, but the soldier said it was too late for us to go. I returned to our lodgings without having seen it, but there was still plenty of daylight left.

As I stood on the terrace, a barbarian came up to me and took two stones out of his sleeve. The larger one was two or three inches long, round and flat, as though it had been worn smooth and polished by water. It was light yellow in color, with green veins in it. Looking at it closely I observed that the veins resembled men, trees, rocks and clouds. It seemed impossible that it could have been naturally formed, yet it was hard and heavy and did not look as if it were ceramic. I tried to scratch it, but could not: it had not been dyed. It was fascinating. He only wanted a fan for it, so I knew that it was an artifact. Some men can do better than the Creator himself. So I bought it.

I went to see the Secretary, but my brother was talking with the Second Envoy, so I did not get in, but later on I went again and the Secretary and I ate our evening meal together. We had bamboo soup of excellent flavor, as though the shoots had been fresh.

In the evening the horses were inspected in the front court. My brother sat in a chair on the terrace and watched the inspection.

9th day (3rd February). Strong wind all day; the coldest day since we arrived. In the morning I asked P'an Te-yü to come and see me, and offered him food and wine, but just as we were beginning to talk I was called away and had to get up and go. Li Ts'ing-ts'ai and his brother were waiting for me in Chang Wôn-ik's room. They had brought me five writing brushes, some fruit and also some vegetables
pickled in soy. The pickles were not very tasty. They also produced an archer's thumb ring made of jade, which they said had belonged to Li Ch'eng-liang, and asked me to take it to Yi Tong-bae, but it was very small and would never go on his hand.

Today the Emperor came in from the Summer Palace. On the thirteenth he would offer sacrifice for the grain harvest at the altar of Agriculture, which is outside the Cheng-yang-men.

Ch'ang-yöp brought in a lump of yellow rock as big as a half-gallon measure, carved like a tree root and weighing four or five pounds. We looked it over but sent it back.

When my father was in Peking in 1673 the former Ming general Wu San-kuei was reported to have raised a rebellion. Peking was in a tremendous ferment. Soldiers were marshalled in the broad street before the Ch'ung-wen-men. A great army was raised and sent off to the south.

My father also said that a man named Chu somewhere in the western hills claimed to be the third son of the Emperor Ch'ung-chen (reigned 1628–1644). Chu had an army of many thousand men and made a secret understanding with the Pa-ku-shan troops in the city for the twenty-third day of the twelfth moon. He put on red clothes and started setting fire to houses in the city. Some people joined the rebels in the hope of saving their property from fire, and some of them gave information about the rebels. Many soldiers were sent out to capture or kill Chu, but they never caught him. His royal robe was found in his house.

On the fourth day of the New Year, during the forenoon, fire broke out in the Office of Works. A strong northwest wind was blowing that day, and the flames drew nearer to the Yü-ho-kuan. A house near the north wall, close to the place where the Second Envoy was staying, caught fire. Our Korean group was in great confusion. The grooms climbed on the wall and some of them pulled water up while
others broke down the buildings outside the wall, trying to make a firebreak. They removed all the mat-sheds from the courts of the hostelry. A secretary from the Board of Rites kept coming in with the chief interpreter, urging that the tribute goods be moved. They were finally put under the wall of the city by the Yu-ho bridge, where the interpreters and soldiers guarded them. After supper, although the fire began to subside a little, the ruins were still smoking and the interpreters said that there was still danger during the night. So they could not bring the tribute goods back into the hostelry, and had to leave them where they were. The senior interpreters of the Board of Rites went to guard them and make reports during the night if there were any danger of fire breaking out again. Some said that the fire in the Board of Works had been started deliberately, and that the men responsible would be caught and examined under torture.

All this time soldiers were riding by the gate of the hostelry with their bows and arrows ready, and others were set in ambush here and there. Everybody was looking frightened. The guards at the gate usually carried swords, but this day they had bows and arrows as well. Every day they expected news of fresh disturbances. These things were all recorded in my father’s diary, but the old interpreter, Yi Yu-ryang, had been in Peking at the same time and he told me that when the fire began the Chinese officials were all very frightened. From the highest to the lowest they were in a state of panic, but my father just sat where he was and never moved. They were all amazed at him. The old man also told me that the merchants had sold their goods very cheaply, white silk, watered silk and heavy silk. Much of it they gave away for nothing, saying that they would probably have no use for it themselves, but if the trouble blew over the goods could be paid for later. That year our interpreters made profits such as have never been seen at any other time. They are still talking about it.
10th day (4th February). Cloudy and cold, but improving later. After breakfast we again went out to fetch water. Wŏn-gŏn, Sŏn-hŭng and Kwi-dong all came with me, and the soldier to whom I had given the fan two days before. This time Ch’a Chun-gŏl, captain of the Uiju guard, accompanied us on horseback. We went by the same road as before. We saw even more women in the streets than we did before, when Yu Pong-san had come with us for the purpose of seeing the women. I knew that he would be very sad that he had not come with us this time, because every time I see a beautiful woman I immediately think of him. When I returned I told him about this and we laughed together.

We passed the end of Tung-an-men street and went north, then turned east along the horse-market road. This brought us to the street of the Four Ceremonial Gates (Tung-ssŭ-p’ai-lou). I sent Ch’a Chun-gŏl with the horse boys to Pa-li-p’u to get the water, while I and the soldier went northward. There were numberless shops with more strange things for sale than I could ever remember. We saw two men carrying four glass lanterns, who rested in the middle of the road. The lanterns were as big as small waterjars, surrounded by red railings and decorated with colored beads on pendant strings, most beautifully made. Lanterns were hanging in all the shops, mostly made of paper in lotus shapes, or shadow lanterns, like Korean lanterns. Some were peony shaped, but otherwise there was nothing unusual about them.

I was afraid that if I met officials in the street they might think it strange that I was out, but in fact I was never questioned. We were followed by crowds of inquisitive barbarians. If we stopped for a little while we were immediately surrounded, and it was difficult to push through them when we wanted to move on.

Inside the wall of a house by the road were five or six bamboo poles with paper lanterns and paper banners on them. Inside the
great gate were funeral banners on poles nearly twenty feet high. The poles and crossbars were painted red and ornamented with gold. The banners were of red silk that reached to the ground, and the characters were written in gold. Outside the gate there was a matshed. Wön-gön told me that this was a funeral house. In Peking a man at the point of death is moved into such a hut and priests are called to stand around him and read sutras until he dies. The flags and lanterns are carried in procession when the bier leaves the house.

We went a short distance from the Four Ceremonial Gates, but there was nothing to see but shops, so I went back. The soldier led the way towards the west. On both sides there were still more shops, and among them one where live birds were sold. Five or six kinds were grouped according to species in cages hanging from the eaves. One of the species was like a cock pheasant with a white head and tail. Another looked like a cock pheasant, but rather smaller, and with the head and tail of a hen pheasant. Its feathers were white with red mottlings on the wings. It was very beautiful. I asked its name and they wrote the two characters for “rock-hen” (shih-chi).

From here we turned south down a narrow street and came out in the horse market again. We crossed the horse market, continuing south down the narrow lane, and I saw a shop where two men were making funeral banners. One man did the writing and the other applied the gold leaf. The banners were like those we had just seen. On a table at the side I saw paper dolls in many colors, and various dishes—all funeral goods.

Then we turned east down a narrow alley where we found a writing brush shop. Here I got off my horse to rest awhile and look at the brushes. They looked very roughly made, but were quite serviceable.

We turned out into the main road and went south. A few hundred yards before we reached the Ch’ung-wen-men we turned
into a side street to the east because I wanted to visit the Shrine of the Faithful Ones (Chung-Chueh-tz’ü). I saw a small shrine beside the road, and thought it might be the one I was looking for, so I dismounted and went in to look, but it turned out to be the Chen-wu-miao, and the doors were barred. I sat down on the steps to rest and several sight-seers came after me. I wrote on the ground with my whip the three characters Chung-chüeh-tz’ü, but none of them could read, so they could not answer me.

Wŏn-gŏn said that we were only a little way from a temple called Shih-fang-yüan, a large establishment with many priests, where our embassy had been entertained on former occasions, and probably there would be someone there who could help us. We went eastwards for several hundred yards and came to a high gate on the left-hand side of the road that was roofed with interlocking tiles. Now in China this type of roofing is used only for official buildings, temples, and imperial residences, so I concluded that this was not an ordinary house, but before I could ask we had already passed the gate. Suddenly a barbarian ran out saying that the master of the house had invited me in. I asked him who his master was, and he said he was an official. I felt dubious about the whole matter, but since he had invited me I thought I would at least have a look at the house, so I turned my horse and went back to the gate. A little serving-maid saw me coming and ran in. Then a little barbarian came out through the middle gate to meet me. The court was large and the house was imposing. On the east side I saw a small gateway where three or four women were looking at me. The little serving-maid was with them.

I arrived at the main hall but no one came out to greet me. The little barbarian ushered me into the east room where there was a handsome man, about thirty years of age, who greeted me and gave me a place to sit on the k’ang. He sat with his feet hanging over the side of the k’ang, and I was kneeling politely. He asked me to sit
comfortably, and then a youth brought writing brushes and ink from the inner quarters, drew up a chair, and sat beside the k‘ang. He was about twenty-four years old. His face was pock-marked and thin, but he had a very pleasant expression. Unfolding a piece of red paper, he began writing. First he asked my name. Both of them fingered my heavy cotton clothes and asked whether our Korean cloth was good, and whether I was going to sell it or not. I told them I had nothing to sell. Then they asked whether we could exchange writing brushes, ink and paper. I replied that there was no need to exchange, I would like to present some to them. This seemed to please the young man very much.

He asked me what office I held, and I replied that I was a man of leisure with no public appointment. When I asked him what his name was he wrote the single character Li. I asked what his public position was, and he told me that he worked on the compiling of government reference books.

He inquired whether I wrote poetry, to which I replied that I did so occasionally. When he heard this he fetched some red and yellow writing-paper, put it in front of me and asked me to write something I had composed recently. I declined, saying that I had written nothing worth while; but he persisted, so I wrote a quatrain I had composed on New Year’s Eve:

Here I am in Peking, on the last night of the year,
   Sitting alone and late, in the glow of the candle flame.
My servants come to tend the fires together,
   Talking of home, as though this were a dream.

The young man was delighted when he saw this, and wrote: “This is the T‘ang style.” Then he added: “Can we not be friends?”

I laughed and protested that I was not worthy. He told me there was no need for false humility, and called the serving maid to bring tea—the same girl I had seen at the gate. Then he went to an inner
room and came back with a quince, which he set down in front of me and wrote a seven-syllable quatrain:

They say that beauty does not outlast spring,

But here is last year’s fragrance still fresh and unimpaired.

I can scarcely bear to give it to another;

I would not part with this jewel save to a man of distinction.

He also wrote ten other poems, filling two sheets of paper, and saying that they were his own compositions. The verses were neatly turned, and each sheet had a note appended as though by some man of reputation. One sheet was signed Kao-yang Li Yüan-ying, and the other was signed Sung-fen-chai Li Yüan-ying. Kao-yang was his native place, Yi Yüan-ying was his name, and Sung-fen-chai was his literary name.

I had brought some wine with me, and I wanted to drink it, so I asked for a cup. The master of the house had two porcelain cups brought that were black as though lacquered, but with golden designs on them. They were beautifully made. I poured some of my wine into them, and it looked delightful. I picked up one cup and invited him to take the other. He asked me what sort of wine it was and I wrote the two characters for soju. He drank it and then asked if he might send some to the inner quarters. I told the servant to pour out all that I had, one large cupful. I also gave him two large honey-cakes. He asked their name and I wrote that they were made of oil, honey and flour. He tasted them and sent them to the inner quarters with the wine. I also presented him with some dried oysters and oreilles-de-mer. He evidently did not know what they were, for he asked their names.

In the northeast corner of the room there was a little door through which the younger man came and went. When it was open I could see a dark shadow by it as though somebody was watching.

On the east wall was a scroll painting, and by it was a table with
ten or more cases of books and a pot of narcissus on it. I wrote asking if they had any orchids, and the youth replied that they had one or two pots. When I asked if they were very valuable he said that although they grew well in Peking, they would not travel. I asked him what he meant by this, and he explained that he feared they would not live in another climate. I told him that they had already been taken to Korea, and when he asked if they had lived I told him that indeed they bloomed beautifully.

Then the youth brought a case of books from the table. The title was *Kuang-chün-fang-p’u*, by P’ei-wen-chai. It was one of the Emperor’s new editions, and it recorded every kind of flower, medicinal plant, fruit, vegetable and other plant and tree, with directions for their cultivation, and appropriate poems by writers both ancient and modern. The Emperor’s verses were there, and he had written the preface. Later I saw books from the Summer Palace which all bore the name P’ei-wen-chai. Evidently it was the Emperor’s literary mane. These books were in four cases, twenty volumes in all, each with many pages and small type.

I asked for another book to be shown to me. This was the *Tso-ch’üan*. It was bound in yellow paper like the encyclopaedia of plants, and the white pages were marked with red dots. This was also an imperial edition.

I asked if I might borrow the plant encyclopaedia, and he gave me the first case only, saying that I could have the next when I returned this one.

Then fruit and sweets were brought in, five different kinds, and placed on the table. There was one dish of pomelos, one dish of oranges, and three dishes of sweet paste confections. The first was like Korean glutinous rice candy. The one they said was best was a kind of steamed ricecake rather like Korean *sapsansam*, which tasted very good. The other looked like rolls of thin paper, about the size of
Korean smartweed stalks. The master of the house asked me to taste this first. I found it was light and soft, and tasted like eggs mixed with sugar, but I heard later from the interpreters that it was not made of eggs but of milk. They praised its flavor highly.

Another young man, about twenty years old, came in and sat beside me. The one who had greeted me first on the k’ang was Yüan-ying’s elder brother, and this was his younger brother. Several other people were standing by the k’ang, and some of them could read. The elder brother had a distinguished looking face, but while Yüan-ying was conversing with me by writing he was playing chess with somebody else. It appeared that he was not able to read much.

The soldier said that it was getting late and we ought to go, so I took my leave. I noticed four octagonal lanterns hanging in the main hall. They were made of painted silk and had brightly colored beads hanging from them. They were very pretty. There were some landscape paintings hanging on the walls of the other quarters, and in the main hall there was a folding screen of glass beads, rather like a Korean clothesframe, about three feet wide and four feet long. Men could see one another through it from either side and not know there was anything between them. Beside a wall near the middle gate was a large persimmon tree.

Yüan-ying accompanied me to the outside gate. A little lad about fourteen years old who had followed me from Szü-p’ai-lou was outside the gate, and he ran after my horse as I left. Evidently there were idle boys there too. I gave him an orange.

When I returned to the Yü-ho-kuan, it had already grown dark. Later I called on the Secretary.

11th day (5th February). Sunny and not very cold. After breakfast I wrote to Li Yüan-ying and sent him three brushes and three sticks of ink, together with six quatrains of poetry. Sôn-hŭng took them. Yüan-
ying sent his reply on a small piece of paper, together with a sheet of red paper, two brushes and a fan, but he did not say he had looked at the poems, which I thought rather odd. Sün-hŭng said that Yüan-ying wanted to see samples of Korean paper, tobacco, bèche-de-mer, plain rice and glutinous rice.

One of the interpreters sent me a quince and a scented citrus fruit. He said they were not to be eaten but simply kept on one's table for the sake of their fragrance. The scented citrus was as big as a Chinese pomelo, and its skin was fragrant like a Korean pomelo, but the quince was no different from any other quince.

That evening the moon shone brightly and I went out to sit on the terrace and chat with the officers. I had heard that the Secretary's groom Chik-san could imitate all sorts of birds and animals and sing amusing songs, so I sent for him. He could imitate Chinese songs perfectly. All who heard him were convulsed with laughter. He sang the "Mansang Pyŏlgok," a song from Uiju which tells how a Uiju merchant goes from place to place, falls from bad to worse, loses all he has, then buys goods on credit and goes to Peking, where he loses all his money again; then he goes back to Uiju and sells himself as a slave while his wife and children are beaten in the yamen. Chik-san described all the difficulties of the journey most vividly, till one thought one was seeing it all, even to the conversations with barbarians in which he mixed Chinese phrases so that it became even more dramatic.

He also told how an official of Chongju fell for a dancing girl and could not bear to to part from her, though the girl disliked him and could barely wait for him to leave. When he did leave she was so pleased that she sang him off. Chik-san could sing in a high falsetto just like a girl, and he was a groom of the government stables at Chŏngju. The dancing girls knew that he imitated them, and it was said that they would happily have slain him.
He also sang of a military officer. This officer, going ahead of his troop, arrives at the official guest house first, preening himself on his good looks and the impression he is creating. He sees the dancing girls coming to greet him, and sits bolt upright on his horse looking majestically to left and right in the most self-satisfied fashion. Chik-san performed this perfectly, but Kim Chung-hwa, himself an officer, disliked this fun and told him to stop. The sudden silence was so unpleasant that Kim promptly told him to go on with the song.

Chik-san had charge of the Secretary’s carriage. He always came with the embassy, and in 1704 when Yi Wól-sa came, the three envoys frequently sent for Chik-san and made him perform. Wól-sa never called him Chik-san, but always called him “the Secretary’s concubine”, because he could sing like a woman. Yi Myŏng-jun, who was Secretary that year, was a rather silly man, and when he heard this he blushed—at least so the interpreters say.

Han T’ae-myŏng, our apothecary, brought me two lanterns, a peony lantern and a shadow lantern. They were made like Korean lanterns, but the shadow lantern contained moving men and birds and animals.

The interpreters told us that the Chinese interpreters said that the Emperor was going out to the Wan-sui Hills to hunt tigers the next day.

12th day (6th February). Fine but rather cold. The ground frozen, thawing later. Wŏn-gŏn said that even in very cold years he had never known a time when you could not drive a stake into the ground in the Yū-ho-kuan. The climate is much warmer than it is in Korea.

I wrote another letter to Li Yüan-ying, and sent it by the hand of Wŏn-gŏn, together with two rolls of high quality rice paper, two bundles of tobacco, and one measure each of plain and glutinous rice. When I had visited his house he had seemed very pleased with my
willow lunchbox, so I sent him one as a present and asked him to send me another case of the plant encyclopaedia. He replied that the book was at the office, because he had to refer to it there, but it would not be there long, and when it came back he would send me another section. I also asked him where the Chung-chüeh-tz’i was. He sent one of his servants to show Wōn-gōn the way, but they failed to find it.

On this day the Emperor went out to the Wan-sui Hills, but did not shoot a tiger. However, he received a tribute of horses from the Mongols.

The moon shone brightly at night and I went outside to sit in the court with the military people. A soldier named Iman recited parts of the *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*. He chose the part about the defeat of Wei by Chu-ko Liang in the plains of Po-wang. Chao Lich and Chung Fei were men of Cho-chūn, which is the modern Cho-chou, not far from Peking. Hearing the story in this place made it seem very real. The Secretary also came and listened, and had Pak Se-jang sing for us till late at night before the company broke up.

13th day (7th February). *Dull and very windy*. In the morning the sound of bells and drums was heard from the palace, like what we heard on New Year’s day. We were told that it meant that the Emperor was returning from a sacrifice at the Altar of Agriculture.

I looked over the west wall, but could see nothing save the Mongol tents. There were thirty large and thirty small tents with about four hundred barbarians. There were many more to the north. The Chinese interpreters said that the Mongols would stay till the third moon, and leave after the Emperor’s birthday. Every day they use an enormous quantity of mutton, wine, grain and fodder, and yet they stay. I cannot understand why. Some say it is for the Emperor’s birthday, and for the investiture of the Crown Prince, but I am not sure about this.
A barbarian brought ten tortoiseshell cups, for which he asked a very low price. Kang U-yang wanted to buy them, but one of the servants said they were imitation, and that if filled with water they would soon crack. He said he knew because he had been cheated before. I looked at them carefully: no one could have guessed they were imitations.

The courier, Nu-chan-ko, came in and presented me with a package of tobacco.

14th day (8th February). Morning windy. The Chinese interpreter Wen Feng-hsien was to have his son married on this day, and he sent some food from the feast, two tables to each Envoy. One table had various kinds of fish and meat, and the other had sweetmeats and fruit. There were all the flavors of land and sea, and everything was very clean. Many of the dishes were soups and stews. I tasted this and that, and found it all very good. There were Korean oysters, bêches-de-mer, and codfish. For fruit there was everything from longans, oranges and tangerines to pears and persimmons; nothing was missing. I peeled an orange and ate it by sections. The honeyed rice was made like that in Korea, and tasted very good. The dishes were of painted porcelain and they were all large. On the two tables I counted 58 dishes altogether.

In return for this kindness we sent two rolls of fine rice paper, a bamboo pipe and two special fans. The man who brought it was also given a fan and a pipe.

Yu Pongsan brought in a barbarian child who said he was the son of the governor of the Yü-ho-kuan. He was very good-looking in an aristocratic way. I asked how old he was and he said twelve, but when I asked his name he wrote the single character Fu and said nothing about his given name. His clothes were magnificent: the outer coat was girded with blue silk, had broad borders and gold
thread embroidery on front, back and sides. The knot buttons and loops were beautifully worked. He had a knife on his girdle, a presentation piece from Korea with a black lacquer case and silver inlay. I gave him a piece of pinenut cake, but he ate only half of it and left the rest.

After supper the wind stopped and the moon came out. Flutes and drums were heard from all parts of the city with firecrackers everywhere. The sound of horses and carts went on all night. From early in the morning I had been troubled with dizziness, which prevented me from getting up and moving about. I drank some linnet's tongue tea and felt a little better, but I did not go outside my blanket door all day long.

At night Kim Tök-sam and Sin Chi-sun came to see me, and we ate some dried persimmons together. I gave them some wild hawthorns and crabapples before they said goodnight.

15th day (9th February). Cloudy. In the morning sweetmeats were sent from the kitchen, like Korean honeyed rice, and very pleasant. P'u Te-jen also sent a variety of sweetmeats, among them some Korean glutinous rice candy, two sweet dumplings (wen-tan), and a kind of orange the size of a large bowl. I measured one with a string, and it was nine and a half inches around. The flavor was sweet but pleasantly acid, and it was full of juice—splendid fruit. The flesh was much denser than the flesh of a pomelo.

I also received a deer tail, but when it was roasted the flavor was poor, as though it had been kept too long.

After breakfast the Secretary came to see me.

After the evening meal I walked in the west court. The Secretary came too and we had chairs brought for us to sit and chat. Yu Pongsan joined us. He said that the Chinese interpreters had told Kim Chung-hwa the previous day that the Emperor was marrying one of
his daughters to a Mongol. The interpreter thought that since Korea had paid the Emperor much more honor, if the Koreans petitioned to provide a son-in-law, the Emperor would not refuse. When the Secretary heard this, he suggested we might offer Yu Pong-san for the job.

We began to joke on the subject, because though Mongols are men, they are considered no better than beasts, yet the Emperor marries one of his daughters to them, and the Chinese interpreters say that it was a matter of great disappointment. I said that if such a hero as Su Wu could marry a barbarian woman and have children, surely there was nothing to prevent the Emperor from having a Mongol son-in-law. Everybody laughed at this, so I went on to say that if Su Wu were to come back to earth, he would surely be treated as a disgrace to his country. Everybody agreed. I went on to recall that even when Su Wu had been living in a cave, eating snow and sucking his mattress, he had thought about his marriage, which proved that he was a very lusty character, possibly even lustier than Yu Pong-san. Everybody was convulsed with laughter.

I had heard that in China on the first full moon of the year many lanterns were used, but when I looked over the wall at the people’s houses I could see no lanterns. Perhaps, as in Korea, the lanterns are hung indoors and so cannot be seen from outside.

Every household seemed to have fireworks. They exploded in the shapes of men, birds, beasts, trees and plants—all sorts of things. Many of them cost hundreds of cash. The Emperor’s were said to cost thousands. I stood watching from inside the wall. Every now and then a spurt of flame would shoot through the sky, scattering sparks like mystic arrows. The local name for these fireworks was “fiery cannon”.

The noise of drums, horses and carts, and firecrackers went on late into the night, but just as yesterday I could not go out to see. I
felt thoroughly frustrated.

The Emperor held a banquet by lantern light with the imperial princes at the Summer Palace. They said that the Mongol Khan was also present.

The Second Envoy’s military officer, Ch’oe Tök-chung, went to fetch water and when he was returning by the Cheng-yang-men one of his attendants bought something, but was arrested and brought back to the hostelry, where he was reprimanded and beaten. Because of this the water carrying trips became more difficult.

16th day (10th February). Fine. Pak Tong-hwa, the chief interpreter, brought me two potted plants, a rugosa rose and blossoming plum. He said he got them from Chong Shih-t’ai. They were in full bloom. The rose was what is called in Korea the “mountain tea”. I had already heard that the two names belonged to the same plant, and now I was able to confirm the fact.

In the evening the interpreters came, and Kim Īng-hön told us what he had heard from the Chinese interpreters. He had asked them about the characters of the royal princes, and they and said that none of the princes was distinguished, though the eighth was a little better than the rest, but not above average, while the tenth was no good at all. After the Emperor’s death they expected trouble. They said these things without the slightest reticence.

Our interpreters asked whether there would be any point in continuing to bring tribute from Korea after this Emperor was dead, and the Chinese interpreters said no, without any embarrassment. They also said that the Emperor was a very capable man and unquestionably knew the qualities of his sons, but did not choose one as Crown Prince. He must have had a reason, but they did not know what it was.

The Korean interpreter asked who was the General Teng in
whose shrine the Emperor prayed at the beginning of each year. The Chinese explained that Teng Chiang-chun did not mean "General Teng", but was the name of a cap that had belonged to Nurhachi's father, the ancestor of the Manchu Emperors. It was kept in this shrine and the Emperor went to burn incense to it at the beginning of every year. The Koreans thought it must be very precious, but the Chinese said that on the contrary it was nothing but a moth-eaten piece of otterskin. And they all laughed about it.

Feng-hsien remarked that the Empress Dowager was not the Emperor's real mother, and when our men asked who his real mother was, Feng-hsien told them that the Shun-chih Emperor had lost his consort so he had invited all the palace ladies to a feast with the princesses and the wives of high officials. Among them was the wife of a Ming general, a very beautiful women whose surname was T'ung. Shun-chih saw her and liked her, and did not allow her to leave. Her husband committed suicide. Shun-chih then married her and the present emperor was born, but the present Empress Dowager was his step-mother.

We had heard that the Emperor was devoted to her, and that she was a good woman who helped much in state affairs. Some years before when the Emperor was in Mukden, he wanted to visit Paektusan, but when the Koreans heard about this they were greatly alarmed. The Empress Dowager pretended to be ill, and sent for the Emperor, who went straight back to Peking. This one instance alone shows how wise she was. The Emperor's readiness to fall in with her wishes was well-known. We had thought that she was his real mother, but now that we learned that she was not, we were even more impressed.

Wen Feng-hsien also told our men that Nurhachi's father originally lived to the east of Ch'ang-pai-shan and had five sons who were all good riders and bowmen. At that time, there was a children's
song, "One of Six Men Will Become Emperor." He prayed constantly
to heaven and later moved to Chien-chou, whence Nurhachi emer-
ged to become Emperor. The place where he originally lived was not
far from Korea, and in Uiju Wen Feng-hsien had heard a man from
the north say that the stones of the old palace still existed. Later the
Emperor sent somebody to find out, and the stone walls were indeed
there, so the man from the north had told the truth.

The moon shone brightly this night. I was getting ready for bed
when I heard singing from the shrine outside the east wall. I threw
on my coat and went out to listen. One man was singing and others
were joining in the chorus and keeping time with drums and gongs.
It was like the noise made by our Korean shamans.

In the middle of the night there was a disturbance in the north
court. I asked what was the matter and was told that a barbarian had
climbed over the wall and had been caught by the grooms, who had
tied him up and were taking him to the yamen at daybreak. Later
I heard that this barbarian had been drunk and fallen down outside
the wall. The grooms heard him and pulled him over the wall by his
arms. So the fault was ours, and the man was released.
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE KOREA BRANCH OF
THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, 1973

It is now seventy-three years since the founding of the Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society by a small group of foreigners living in Korea. They were concerned with the scholarly pursuit of things Korean. At that time the society had three overseas members and thirty-four local members. The list of those first members reads like a Who's Who of pioneers in the field of Korean scholarship.

The Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society has grown tremendously. Its programs have expanded from a few yearly to 29 for 1973. The aims of the society have not changed, but we are reaching a larger number of people concerned with Korea and things Korean.

Membership. As of December 31, 1973 the total membership was 1,054, an all-time high. Of this number 40 were life members; of the others, 314 were overseas and 700 were in Korea. During the year we have kept in touch with our overseas members by means of our quarterly newsletter and with our local members by our monthly activities bulletin.

Finances. After all the tours, lectures and the purchasing of office supplies, etc., our operating funds increased from $1,490 to $1,520.

Douglas Fund. Four tuition scholarships were awarded during 1973 by the Douglas Fund, which is administered by RAS for that purpose. They went to Park Yong Ch’ol of Yonsei University, Kim Yong-il of Sogang, Sung Hokyung of Seoul National, and Oh In-rok of Sungkyunkwan. All were given in the field of Korean studies, as stipulated in the terms of the gift from Dr. William Douglas in memory of his son.

Meetings. During 1973 we held 29 meetings which were attended by 4,597 persons. This includes seven meetings held in Taegu. The programs were wide and varied, and included “Takamatsu Tomb Wall Paintings”, “But Is It Korean?”, “Farmers’ Band” and “Religions of Old Korea”.

Tours. During 1973 we took 1,339 people on 24 tours including one overseas tour. Average participation in domestic tours was 58 persons. Our largest tour was the Paltang Dam and Yongmunsa; we took 110 persons there. Our schedule included tours to Cheju Island, Hyunchung-sa, Sorak San, Haeinsa and Yongwol. We conducted nine weekend tours; the remainder were one or half day tours.

Publications. The year 1973 saw an important step forward in regard to Royal Asiatic Society books. We signed an agreement with the University of Washington Press giving them sole distribution rights to our books overseas. Our membership, both overseas and in Korea, is exempt from this restric-
tion. This year also saw the publication of Volume 48 of the *Transactions* which is yet another milestone in the Society's contribution to knowledge of Korea. There are at present ten RAS books in print as well as the *Transactions*.

*Dr. Harold F. Cook.* Last July the Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society said farewell to Dr. Cook who had served for two years as corresponding secretary. We thank him for all he has done to further the growth of the RAS, and wish him well in his new position in the United States.
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Bridges, Mr. Ronald Claude
Bunger, Mr. Karl
Carroll, Rev. Msgr. George M.
Clark, Dr. Allen D.
Cook, Dr. & Mrs. Harold F.
Crane, Mr. Paul S.
Curll, Mr. Daniel B., III
Daniels, Miss Mamie M.
Dines, Mr. Frank E.
Folkedal, Mr. Tor D.
Goodwin, Dr. Charles
Gordon, Prof. Douglas H.
Hahm, H.E. Pyong-Choon
Henderson, Mr. Gregory
Kinney, Mr. Robert A.
Koll, Miss Gertrude
Leavitt, Mr. Richard P.
Ledyard, Dr. Gari
MacDougall, Mr. Alan M.
Mattielli, Mrs. Robert E.
Miller, Mr. Carl F.
Moffett, Dr. & Mrs. Samuel H.
Murphy, Miss Sunny Burchell
Pai, Mrs. Inez Kong
Park, Mr. Sang-cho
Quizon, Mr. Ronald P.
Rasmussen, Mr. Glen C.
Rose, Miss A. M.
Rucker, Mr. Robert D.
Rutt, Rt. Rev. Richard
Slep, Mr. Gerald
Smith, Mr. Warren W., Jr.
Steinberg, Mr. David I.
Strauss, Dr. William
Terrel, Mr. Charles L.
Wade, Mr. James
Wright, Dr. Edward R.

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