The Korea Magazine

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 KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

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| “THE CRIMSON DAWN.”Circumstances which could not be controlled by Author or Publisher make it necessary to postpone the opening chapters of “The Crimson Dawn” until the August number. |



Ancient Korean Pottery

The Korea Magazine

July, 1918

Editorial Notes.

ONE is fortunate to be alive in these momentous days. Something of the times and great task the world faces, will be made plain in a great address by Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, who will speak at Wonsan Beach July Fourth on “The Fourth of July, 1918.” This address will appear in the next number of THE KOREA MAGAZINE.

SOME progress is being made in the attempt to increase the amount of land under cultivation in Korea, and to improve the quality and increase the quantity of crops raised. Both Korean and Japanese farmers are hard workers, and their hours are long and tedious. Considering the primitive implements and tools with which the work is carried on, remarkable results are obtained. With more modern methods and equipment Korea can furnish rice, beans, fruit, wheat and cotton in great quantities for export, and it should be done.

UNDER its able Editor J. W. Robertson Scott the New East has weathered the storms of the first year and celebrated the event with an Anniversary Number, which like all the preceding numbers demonstrates the substantial character of this monthly. With120 pages of English text, a department printed in Japanese, and a large advertising section, besides many illustrations, it has been found necessary to divide the issues for the year into two volumes, so the anniversary number becomes the end of Volume II. The long experience of the Editor, together with the strong London committee, guarantee the permanence of this excellent publication which in large measure is fulfilling its purpose as a monthly review of thought and achievement in the eastern and western worlds.

EXCURSION TO SONGDO.

Under the auspices of THE KOREA MAGAZINE a party started from Seoul by the morning train, June 8th, to pay a visit to Songdo and do homage to the memory of the old kingdom of Koryu that set up its capital there one thousand years ago (918 A. D. ).

It was a lovely June day and soon the intermediate stations went hurrying by, Dragon Mount, Water Colour, One Hill, Golden Village, Literati Mountain, Long Rapids, and we came to Pine Capital (Songdo).

The walk to the old palace grounds, Man-wul-Tai, (滿月臺) is through the ancient heart of the city. There are no hills to climb, but everywhere about there are irregularities to mark the landscape that must have ·added greatly to the beauty of the city. The monotony of the dead level, that so frequently attends the East, has no part or lot in Songdo. We can behold in imagination its ancient halls and gates crowning these many hills like castles framed in winding walls, a picture for the eye to see.

A wide avenue through orchards and among trees leads to the main gateway of the palace. Here the company of pilgrims joined by friends from Songdo climbed the steep stairway that led up to the Audience Hall. There they stopped to take breath and review something of the past.

Some of the facts mentioned in THE MAGAZINE of March 1918 tell how Songdo came into being. A great priest and a great king had to do with it—To-sun (道詵 ) and Wang Gun (王建). A thousand years ago Korea was broken into many fragments. Ancient Silla still held on in the south-east; the breath of life was hardly noticeable in Later Paik-je to the south-west. The Kingdom of Palhai, that took in Ham-kyung Province, reached away beyond the Amoor and included a

whole region of Tartar tribes. North-west Korea was more or less under the wandering sway of the Kitans, who rode camels and fought like Bedouin chiefs. Out of this confusion comes Wang Gun, king in name and king in nature, to piece together the distracted fragments of his country, and make Korea’s name to shine.

He was but a general to begin with, but the people’s eyes were on him, and as truly as David was the chosen king, he was the man of the hour. Here was his old palace site with the huge foundation stones intact and the bases of the pillars unshaken by time.

The day he came to his own must have been a great day indeed. We see the fierce warriors of those Medieval times dashing about in ring armour with long spears and high shields, quiver on back and bow protruding across the shoulder. It was a rattling day of storm and stress, high hearts and fair faces. King Wang set going one of the rarest little kingdoms on earth. Wonderful are the paintings it has left us; how unique its porcelain; how skillfully made its silken paper; how unsurpassed its knowledge of the art of book-making; how sweet its poetry that rings true through all the later ages. It invented moveable type evidently (鐵字 ) hundreds of years before any nation ever thought of it.

Chinamen came, looked in wonder, bowed, spoke their admiration and wrote it down.

After an inspection of the old palace site the pilgrims wended their way to the Mission compound where a Southern welcome awaited them and a luncheon in one of the open verandahs. This welcome was indeed a reward for all the labours of the day, beside the wonderful view that was impressed upon the eye.

Later, on their way to the Sun-ch’ook Kyo (善竹橋), they called at the Temple of the Go)d of War and looked in on Kwan—”a giant nine feet and five inches high” he was said to be.

“His face was red as a ripe date and he had phoenix eyes, and silk-worm eyebrows—a fierce bold fellow with presence most commanding.”

As I looked at Kwan I tried to think of what Wang Gun,

the Korean hero, would have seemed in comparison—”a dragon face” we are told, not a horrible scaly dragon, but a shining imperial mien. A “sun-horn” he had on his brow which corresponds to a halo; a “square jaw and wide forehead,” what better could there be? We turn our backs on Kwan with his bean-curds and set up King Wang in the place of honour.

Wang Gun’s tomb lies a short ten li to the west of the city over the walls, but it was too great a walk for a party on so warm a summer day. The writer made it recently and found a little colony of latter-day Wangs nestled about its feet. One pretty lad with newly fashioned top-knot stood by the side of the way to watch. I asked him his name and he smiled and said “Wang.” The thirtieth generation removed, and yet as comely as a piece of koriaki. I would like to have carried him home, preserved him, and kept him as a memento of the kingdom of the Wangs.

The party then went to the Bamboo Bridge (著竹橋) and saw where the dynasty came to an end. Deep in the stone is the mark of the blood, so they say, of the great minister Chung Mong-joo (鄭夢周) who died for king and country in 1392 A. D. He was a scholar, a statesman, a warrior who went to represent Korea as envoy to Japan and to China as well. When it came to casting aside the old rule however he wrote :

Though I die, and die a hundred times, and die again,

And all my bones turn whitened clay,

With soul and spirit gone I know not where,

This heart of loyalty to my lord the King

Shall never change, no never, never, never.

Two huge stones on turtle back stand in a temple shrine near by telling of Chung whose name will last as long as time endures. While the East gazes upon them in a kind of misty dream, the West asks, “How much do these huge stones weigh; whence came they, and how were they transported?” Fifteen minutes further round the face of the hill is Chung’s old home now marked Soong-yang Su-wun (崧陽書院). The present building erected 1573 stands among the eternal rocks unchanged and unchangeable like the memory

of the man himself. His picture was shown us, his staff, and his tablet, as well as the hall where his grateful disciples meet once a month to write verses and remember his exalted name. The Koryu Dynasty that gave us the name Korea, stands thus framed in by two great names, King Wang and Chung Mong-joo. Who is the greater, he who made the venture and attained to highest honour, or he who died as a failure under the iron bludgeon and left his blood marks on the bridge? Both are great, and great they mark their kingdom.

Buddhism with its watchword Service was the state religion under which Koryu flourished and much of her honour goes to the wisdom of those great teachers who guided her thoughts and held her hand.

The pilgrim party returned home by evening train to Seoul having recorded on the page of this late day its regard for old Korea.

KOREAN LITERATURE.

If we take the Century Dictionary’s rendering namely “the recognition of a super-human power to whom allegiance and service are justly due” as a correct definition of religion, then surely Korean literature is deeply impregnated with religious thought, from its earliest days down to 1894, when state literature ceased to be.

From the first morning of the race’s birth come voices and echoes that speak of God and set the pace for all the ages that were to follow.

We are infom1ed by credible historians that a mysterious being called Tangoon (See KOREA MAGAZINE Sept. 1917), a shin-in, angel or God-man、descended from heaven and alighted on the top of the Ever White Mountains, where he taught the Korean people their first lessons in religion. His date is contemporary with Yo of China, or Noah of the Deluge, 2333 B. C.

His contribution to Korean thought has ever reminded this people that a great God rules over the world, and that He expects every man to do his duty. His altar, built in the giant ages, stands on Mari Mountain overlooking Chemulpo Harbour. A temple erected to his honour in Pyengyang in 1429, has outlasted all these centuries of wind and weather. A Korean house in An-dong, Seoul, has marked over its gate to-day, “The Church of Tan-goon.” Poets and historians, Chinese and Korean, have sung his praises.

A second set of religious ideas entered Korea more than a thousand years later, in 1122 B. C., the most noted period in the history of China as far as religion is concerned. Kings Moon and Moo came to the throne, “at the bidding of God,” so reads the record. Moon had a brother called Choo-kong who was a great prophet and a teacher of righteousness. This group usurped the throne and inaugurated an era of justice but Keui-ja, one of their associates, refused to join them, claiming that he would have to stand by the old king, good or bad. In this act he became an example for all loyal ministers of the Far East, who swear to serve till death only one master.

Knowing Keui-ja’s desire, the king gave him Korea as his portion and hither the great master came.

He left an indelible religious impress upon this people and their future history. In Pyengyang, a temple erected to his worship in 1325 A. D. still stands. A stone recording the life and acts of the sages was set up before it, but was destroyed in the Japanese War of 1592. A new stone erected in the last year of Shakespeare’s life has on it the following sentences :

“Keui-ja came, and his teaching was to us, what the teaching of Pok-heui-si was to ancient China. What was this again but the plan and purpose of God?”

“God’s not permitting Keui-ja to be killed (at the fall of the Eun Kingdom), was because He reserved him to preach religion to us, and to bring our people under the laws of civilization. Even though Keui-ja had desired death at that time he could not have found it; and even though King Moon had determined not to send him he could not have helped it.”

The over-ruling sovereignty of God is something as definitely impressed on the Korean mind as it is on that of the Scotch Presbyterian. It came in with pre-Confucian teachers, and has had a mighty influence on the ages that have gone by.

Following this, for long centuries, there is a blank. What Korea was busying herself about when Confucius and the Buddha lived no one can say. Page after page of time goes by, white and unrecorded.

About 220 B. C. we hear of the landing of bands of Chinamen who had made their escape from the arduous labours of building the Great Wall and came to Korea to set up a kingdom on the east side of the peninsula, which they called Chin-han. Other kingdoms came into being called Ma-han and Pyun-han, three Hans in all, and so time dragged uneventfully by till the Christian era.

Fifty seven years before it, just about the time when Caesar was attempting the conquest of Britain, the Kingdom of Silla in the south-east corner of the Korean peninsula was founded. A few years later one called Kokuryu was established in the north, and another in the south-west called Paik-je.

Here we have three kingdoms occupying the peninsula when the greatest event in its history took place, namely the incoming of Buddhism in 372 A. D.

The wonderful story of the Buddha and his upward pilgrimage from a world of sin and sorrow to one of eternal bliss, conquered all hearts. The Koreans took to it as a thirsty man to water, and while they did not cast aside the religious ideas passed on to them by Tan-goon and Keui-ja, Buddha ruled the day.

We are told that black men from India came preaching this religion. It was Korea’s first introduction to alien races, a grateful and appreciative introduction. Their visits continued all the way from 400 to 1400 A. D. as Chi-jong one of the most noteworthy of these priests from beyond the Himalayas died in 1363 A. D.

With the 7th Century we find Korea disturbed by internal

troubles, the three kingdoms fighting against each other with no likelihood of victory for any one of them. The great Tangs were on the throne of China, and Korea had already come to acknowledge them as the suzerain state.

A young prince of Silla by name Kim Yoo-sin (金度信), disturbed by the unsettled condition of his native country, went to the hills to pray about it. We read in the Sam-gook Sa (written in 1145 A. D.) that while he fasted and prayed to God and the Buddha, an angel came to him and told him what to do. He was to seek help of the Tangs. Thither he went to the great capital Nak-yang, where his mission was accepted and an army sent to take Silla’s part. The result was that in 668 A. D. all the country was made subject to Silla and placed under the suzerainty of the Middle Kingdom.

From 700 to 900 A. D. there are no books to mark the progress of the way, and yet it was evidently a period of great literary activity. Many monuments remain still to tell of master Buddhists, and master-hands at the pen, who lived through these two centuries.

This gives in brief the foundation on which Korean Literature rests, and on which it is built. It has grown to be a vast accumulation of recorded thought on all kinds of subjects, especially on religion.

Here are a few samples that show the Korean’s appreciation of the immanence of God, and how close He is to the affairs of men :

“Ch’oi Seung-no in 982 A. D. wrote a memorial in which he said, ‘I pray that your Majesty will do away with all useless sacrifices and prayers, and show instead a righteous life and a repentant spirit, with a soul offered up to God. If this be done trouble will naturally take its departure and blessings will surely come.’”

The following extract is taken from a memorial offered to King In-jong of Koryu who reigned from 1123 to 1147 A. D. It occurs in Vol. III page 148 of the Koryu Sa (高麗史 ) (History of Korea).

“Im-Wan(林完) wrote a petition to the King in which these words occur, ‘In these days there have been great

disturbances in nature, and Your Majesty fearing that you may have been the cause, has called for honest men to tell you wherein you have erred. I take occasion, therefore, to write, regarding this invitation as the greatest privilege. I read recently a book by one Tong Chung-su of the Han Kingdom which said, ‘If a state departs from its faith and is in danger of coming to destruction, it gets, first of all, warnings from God; but if it pays no heed to these, God sends other signs and more startling reminders still to awaken it to a reality of where ii stands. If these all fail then destruction follows. This proves that God’s heart is really full of love, and that He desires to spare Your Majesty and remove from you all trouble. God is ready to help every man, make him glad and restore him whole. If Your Majesty truly takes warning and desires the way of safety, your course is one of sincere repentance. The Sacred Books read, ‘God can be approached by sincerity only and not by outward form.’

“If Your Majesty truly desires to approach God you need not pray specially, for blessing will come of itself; but if You make your service merely a matter of form there will be no profit, and you will win instead the contempt of the Most High. In the Book of the Sages it says, ‘God has no special friends towards whom He is partial, but He always responds to true virtue any and every where. Sacrifice offers no fragrance to Him but a righteous life only,’ and this comes from no other source than a pure heart and proper action. Make therefore to yourself a righteous heart and see that your deeds are in accord with the Eight Great Sages of the past.

“In conclusion I may say, God seems a long way off as though He could not hear, but His giving of blessing to the righteous, and punishment to the wicked, is as quick in its movement as the shadow’s response to the form, or the echo that follows the sound.”

Here is the prayer of a Korean wife over her sick husband

 She was grand mother of the famous Yool-gok (栗谷), Korea’s greatest Sage who died in 1584.

“Oh Almighty God, Thou givest blessing to the good and troubled, to the wayward. The world is full of evil but my dear husband has been a good and honest man, and in his acts and deeds has practiced no guile. Even when orders went out that mourning need not be worn, he dressed in sackcloth just the same for his mother. He ate only the poorest fare till he was thin and worn, keeping watch by his parents’ grave, and offering his libation daily with his own hands. He dressed in rough sackcloth for three long years. Thou knowest how faithful he was, for God sees the good as well as the evil. Why is it that Thou hast given him so sore a trial as .he now suffers?

“We have each served our parents and in order to do so faithfully have been separated for sixteen years. Only a few days ago I suffered the loss of my dear mother, and now my husband lies low. If he recovers not, I shall be left in hopeless desolation. As nothing is hidden from Thy sight, great or small, Most High God look down on me I pray Thee.”

Then she drew forth a short knife that she had brought along, and with her own hand struck two joints off her big finger.

She beat her breast as she looked up saying, “Evidently my faith and my devotion have proved a failure, and so I have come to this place of distress. This body that comes down to me through my parents we are told not to abuse. Still I view my husband as God Himself. If he should die what would I do? Please take my life instead. Great God, Highest of all, behold, I pray Thee this broken finger, and this poor devotion of mine.”

An added note says that the husband recovered.

Here is still another and final extract that comes well down to our own day by a famous literati who died in 1846 A, D., Kan P’il-ho :

“Thou High, Exalted and Glorious God dost condescend to dwell in the heart of man. When first created, all men received equally the divine light, the powers of the mind and the emotions of the soul. These were the gifts of God. But man transgressed and went far astray so that he was said to be dead. The difference between a saint and a sinner is the small departure that leads indefinitely away.

“Alas oh man, why is it that thou hast destroyed and defiled thyself, leaving the good way to enter steep and dangerous defiles? You have made the flesh your master and smothered out the truth. You have turned out to be a ravenous bird or beast with only clothes to prove that you are man. Once life departs from virtue it becomes fiery conflict, with destruction as its end. The sins of the mouth and ears, the wicked spirit of the eyes, and the wandering thoughts, become diseases that envelope the whole nature. The fact that man wholly lacks virtue is due to his sins and transgressions that cover all. Thus have I destroyed the good gifts of God. I ought to be ashamed to face even the light that shines into my room. Only by humiliation can I hope once again to resume my broken communion.

“When troubles arise and dangers thicken then thoughts of repentance fill the soul. How long this body of mine has been immersed in evil! Let it be cleansed and never more transgress. Let me think of the Sages how they burned sweet incense and worshipped the Most High. Let me recount the actions of the day and tell them over at night to God. If I do so faithfully I shall have no shame, and by so doing a reform will surely be wrought. Tell me my children that you will resolve to do this. A single fault cuts one off, with a heart grieved and pained by its offence. I admit that it is hard to give up old habits, and yet with a brave and valiant spirit we may rise above them.”

Thus literature has been the greatest power in the land, not that Koreans made a study of their own literature, or

bought or sold their own books in the shops of the Capital. This they did not do, but the study of the Sacred Books of China has been their one greatest stepping stone to influence and office.

From earliest dawn till latest hours at night the sons of the literati were ever hard at work grinding away at their long list of books that ranged all the way from the Thousand Characters to the Canon of Changes.

Twice a year long lines of pilgrims, as though journeying to a hundred Canterburys, were seen wending, not only their youthful way, but old age as well, up to the Capital to try their hand at the Examination. The honour of holding the pen in presence of His Majesty, and writing on the subject given for the day, Virtue, or the Pine Tree, or whatever it might be, was the highest in the land. This ambition to share in the *kwaga* and, if possible, win honour, held young men steady through many generations. It impregnated their lives with the best thoughts of the Classics, and made them gentlemen, of the old Confucian School. As a Korean friend remarked, it was the policeman in the soul that forbade wandering thoughts and illicit ways.

Not only so, but it reached out in its influence even to the lowest classes. The coolie, or the labouring man, has just as truly had his ideals of a Confucian gentleman as the minister or the literati, so that in a large sense Korea could be said to be a land of gentle people. This was the law written in the heart that certainly has had much to do with steadying the race through long years, and while from a governmental point of view Korea was a failure, she retained certain ideals that placed her among the highly civilized races of the earth.

With the promulgation of the new laws in January 1895 the Examination ceased to be and with it has gone the universal study of the Classics. Confucianism died in a night and so the ship of state slipped its old anchor chains and was adrift.

For twenty years she has been widening the distance from her ancient anchorage just as the winds of fortune happen to drive her, so that we may truly say to-day that she is far

at sea. The old have gone and the new have not yet come to be. Japanese ideals, Western ideals, new world thoughts, are like wireless messages clashing through the air without anything as yet being clearly defined.

In the many transitions the literary one is perhaps the most momentous. One transition takes the Korean from the leisurely world of the patriarchs into the modern age of high-pressure competition, where every man is supposed to outdo his neighbour. Still another transition takes him from his native world, thoroughly ancient Chinese, into that of Japan, so that in adapting himself to new conditions of to-day he must do so as Japan does, though he has lived for long ages out of touch with that Empire. One transition more is his change from the Confucian style of writing to the unadorned modern colloquial

Today as far as the student world is concerned the Imperial Government is doing a· great service in requiring that all studies be taken in the Japanese language. This might seem to an onlooker as a great and overtaxing burden, but not so. The Korean students readily learn to read and speak Japanese .and the result is that when they graduate they are thorough masters of the educated Japanese world, with its thought and tradition. This, in addition to the fact that they are also masters of their own Korean, puts them between the ruling world and the 15,000,000 of their own people, and gives them an opportunity for useful service such as any young man might well envy. They become intermediaries for good in a day when an understanding is all important. From a literary point of view these are able to make use of all that Japan can give them.

There remains, however, the great mass of the people who have lost the Confucian ideals and are waiting for new ones to take their place. It must seem to even an indifferent passer that since Buddha and Confucius, who have both been here, and in their day have done a work of lasting service, have receded into the shadows, that nothing but the best Cristian ideals can suffice to meet the people’s needs. They are a people at present without the sign-posts

and signals that hold the soul in place, so that pleasure and money-making are all that are left them worth the while. The 20th century region of the soul so easily says, There is no God.

PLACES OF INTEREST ABOUT SEOUL.

SEUNG-KA SA. （僧伽寺)

An hour beyond the North Gate up the easy slope of the hill brings you to Seung-ka Monastery one of the most famous sites about the city. It is an easy walk that can be done by even a poor pedestrian.

The way leads past a famous pavilion called Se-keum Chung (洗劍亭). In1831, Keum Wun, (錦園) a young woman highly gifted at the pen, who wrote an account of her trip to the Diamond Mountains, visited this place. “I went outside the North-west Gate,” says she, “ to the Sword-washing Pavilion, a very beautiful outlook that sits high above the stream. In ancient days a noted general fought a great fight, won a victory, and here washed his sword, and so, written in the king’s own hand, the name Se-keum Chung, still stands on the inscription board wrapped round with yellow silk. This writing shines like the sun; no sweep of time can ever dim its glory. At the side of the Pavilion is a great rock that has written on it *hil-yoong* (converse of generals). Washed by the wind and rain the characters have become worn away till they are hard to read.”

So much for the way by which you journey. The hill beyond this point is rather bare and uninteresting, but the site of Seung-ka once reached pays you for all the trouble.

An old record that I find runs thus, “A man of Koryu, Yi O, on repairing Seung-ka wrote, ‘In the writings of Ch’oi Chiwun he says: It was the priest Soo-t’ai who left his spiritual impression on this temple: He selected the site, cleared the foundation platform, and hollowed out the cave. He also had a stone image of himself carved here. This likeness

of the master is indeed a light to the whole world for if there is any trouble in the state or disturbances in nature prayers offered here are sure to find an answer.”

When you visit this temple, gentle reader, see if you can find Yi O’s image.

Just back of the temple five minutes’ walk is Pi-pong, (碑 峯) or Memorial Stone Peak that bears on its top the boundary mark set up by King Chin-heung of Silla in 565A. D. For one thousand three hundred years it has been lashed by wind and weather and yet it stands firm on its base. Part of its underpinning has been broken away and a crack is seen across its face, but it holds its place still and will assuredly outlast all the noise and confusion of our day.

The monastery has a cave, where, if I remember rightly, a little Buddha sits, and some marks of stones that were probably broken off in 1592.

Chung In-ji, the famous author of the Ko-ryu Sa (History of Koryu), and one of the inventors of the alphabet visited this temple about the time that Columbus, as a little boy in Genoa, was taking his first lessons in geography; and he was so delighted that he broke forth into song thus:

By many a turn among the lifted rocks,

I plant my staff and hold by twig and tree.

Till by and by I glimpse a cloud-capped eave

And mark a stream that wimples o’er the way.

I call for tea, while soft the kettle sings;

I watch the spring that quivers neath my eye.

Two lonely priests live out their quiet day

And sing as into distant worlds they gaze.

AN OLD-TIME RELIGIOUS FRAUD.

BY YI KYOO·BO (1168-1241 A. D.).

NOTE:-Is there anything here that suggests Christian Science?

In the year 749 A. D. the Emperor of the Tangs was called the “Prince of Peace,” and though he finally lost his throne,

he was a very wise king far beyond his peers. I shall give you an example of this: In his time there appeared in the south of China a man named II-om, who called himself the Buddha. It is reported of him that he could cure sickness of any kind. Even the blind, the deaf, paralytics, and lepers were made whole at his hands. When the people of the capital heard this they eagerly waited for his coming.

As it was difficult for His Majesty to run counter to the wishes of so many, he sent a minister of the household first of all to see the man, and find out if these reports were true. The minister came back saying that it was indeed as reported. There being no help for it the king then sent an official and had the priest conducted to the capital and stationed in the Hong-pup Temple just outside the East Gate.

When he first came he wore a gray cowl and rode a beautiful horse, and he carried a silk fan with which he hid his face. The crowd that followed and who called themselves his disciples were impossible to number. They hid his very horse from view so that no one could see what he was like. Officials of the capital and the ordinary people crowded day and night to the temple, more than ten thousand of them there must have been. They kept calling “A-mi-ta-pool, A-mi-ta-pool” till the sound of it could be heard off three miles and more. There were ministers and high officials with their wives as well as unmarried daughters who gathered together like the trees of the forest. They used their hair as a cushion for Il-om’s feet to rest on. They collected remnants that were left over from his meals, and bottled up the water that he had bathed in. A crumb of the one or a drop of the other were as precious as a thousand pieces of gold. There was no man who did not wish to taste of these.

If at a time like this His Majesty had received him into the palace and treated him as a special guest, the whole state would have been carried away by his outrageous doings, and there would have resulted a state of affairs socially among men and women that would have been something appalling; but, wise king that he was, he looked closely into the matter

recognized the priest to be a fraud, and sent him off. Such was the wisdom of the Emperor Hyun-jong.

His children and his children’s holding to the way of rectitude may be well said to be due to this decision of his. The fact that there was no minister at that time like Han Toi-je, who remonstrated against the accepting of the Buddha’s bones, is a matter of sincere regret.

Looking into the reason for such a phenomenon as this, we find that the priest taught the peop1e saying, “The universal law is mind. If you diligently count your beads and say, ‘My sickness is cured’ your sickness will indeed depart. Never say ‘I am not yet well.’ “

Because of this the blind were wont in their stupidity to say, “‘Why I see,” and the deaf to say, “Why 1 hear.” Thus many were deceived. Was it not a source of danger to the state? Alas! a little more and the whole world would have gone after him.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

When children were named in olden days it was custom to give some offensive epithet as it was supposed to safeguard them against evil and insure a long life. The idea on the part of the better-informed was that as inferior things last long, while things prized are soon finished and done with, an inferior name would mean better luck for a child than something too finished or fine.

It was the unreasonable quest after good luck that we see in all nations. The horse-shoe over the door in the West to guard against witches, is a similar idea. Even Lord Nelson had a rusty horse-shoe nailed to to the mast of the “Victory.”

 Various sources provide these lucky names. Dogs and Pigs are creatures from which they are freely drawn. Pig is always a lucky name for a boy, toi-a-ji. It suggests toi-ta, ‘to get there,’ and that surely is everything. Ma-a-ji, colt, on

the other hand would never do, for it suggests manghata, lost, ruined, ‘damned.’

The Dragon, *ryong* (龍) very largely enters into names and we have little Blue Dragon (*ch’ung-ryong*) and Yellow Dragons (*whang-ryong*) and Black Dragons (*kam-ryong*) all over the land. This may come about from the fact that the family lives near the sea, or by a pool where the Dragon is supposed to be, and through a desire to do him honour they give the little lad the name.

Tigers too, have to do with names as the Lord of the Hills, and little boys are named *Pum*.

Children born with certain deformities are called *Kom*, with good effect, as the Bear is a beast whose influence is supposed to straighten out physical kinks.

Rocks and stones too, have a place in names. Their enduring quality bespeaks length of life and far-lasting reputation, so such a name as *Ch’ul-pa-hoi*, Iron Rock, strengthens the faith of the family in the man that is to be.

Girls are named after precious stones, pearls etc.; while the dancing-girl, who was said to be related to the fairy, is called from flowers, fruits, blossoms, the moon, etc. The toad being associated with long life and fairy-land finds itself among the names given to women, *Keum-sum, Ok-sum*, Golden Toad, Jade Toad.

The names, again, for grown-ups are made according to a fixed law. The Chinese character affords no end of possibility to be juggled with, and in the giving of names it serves a lively part. Names being mostly of three characters, one character for the clan and two for the given name, keep one of their number specially to mark the generation. Take for example the Han-san Yi family, and you will find, in one case, the character *kyung* (慶) marking the generation so that all the names of brothers, cousins, yes, cousins to the tenth degree removed, all have *kyung* in their names, *Kyung-ham, Kyung-ryoo, Kyung-whang, Kyung-paik, Kyung-joon.*

When a generation happens to have but one character for a name instead of two as the children of these Kyung’s had, its special mark is seen in the radical of the character; all of

that generation having the same radical, water for example, or rice as the case may be.

When a father has the radical for metal appearing in his name his desire is to give his son a name with water in it, as water comes from *metal*, *wood* from *water*, *fire* from *wood*, *earth* from *fire*, and again *metal* from *earth*, completing the circle of the Five Elements.

The name character generally shifts places with each succeeding generation, the father’s character occupying the second place in the name while the son’s will come in the third.

The *Cha* (字) or ‘style’ is a special name that can be called by friends without seeming to be over familiar. It is formed from some association with the original name of the person. For example Confucius’ disciple Cheung Ja whose name *Ch’am* meant Three, had for Style *Cha-yu*, Yu meaning Cart. This was so given because three people are supposed to ride in a cart, the coachman, the footman and the master.

The *nom-de-plume* or *Pyul-ho* (別號) comes first from scholars associating their teacher with a certain locality. *Yoolgok* (栗谷), Chestnut Valley, was given to Yi I (李珥) by his disciples, till finally it became his name. Yi Paik-oon (李白雲) comes from the fact that Yi Kyoo-po lived in Paik-oon Village.

The name of a writer’s literary works is made up usually of his *nom-de-plume* with the character *chip* (集) Collected Works added, Yool-gok Chip, Paik-sa Chip, would say the Writings of Yi I, the Writings of Yi Hang-bok, the Writings of Chung Mong-joo.

There are many other things that might be said about names but this will serve as a lesson.

J. S. G.

MAIN STREET, AS IT WAS.

Like the dragon of the Orient it winds its slimy length along, a highway of deep black mud, narrow as a ditch. and

hemmed in on either side by low thatched huts, beyond which are huts and still huts again.

At long intervals when the black mud reaches almost to a man’s knees the road is repaved. Round stones, the size of a man’s head, are thrown into the bog, and for a time way­farers have the comfort of wading no more than ankle deep and slipping and stumbling over the hidden stones till finally they sink out of sight, This is the main artery of the city. What energies does it feed and what activities does it reveal to us?

To a ricisha we painfully and labouriously make our way through the narrow bog, and gaze from side to side. Perforce in this flattened canyon the sun is blisteringly hot with not the slightest breeze to displace the various odours and heavy miasmas that float or hang over huts and fields. Most of these huts are shops that supply the needs of the population. Here is a man squatting on his door-step carving combs in simple fashion out of wood; yet he does it with skill, for the smooth black hair of the Korean gives no evidence of snag or snarl, or of being pulled out by the roots as ours would if it were combed with such wooden combs. Of course we see the hair with snag and snarl but that is the hair that is never combed.

Over on the other side is a fish shop which we smell before we see its wares. Dried fish tied together with strings, salted fish, roe, ancient mussel and scallop shells compose its stocks and maybe a little fresh fish, but Korea mainly depends upon dried fish for its meat.

On this side is a general store with matches, straw shoes, dried persimmons, pencils, a few cat-skins and other things of so little value, that we wonder how the owner can subsist. Here is a rice store and rice stores are the banks and warehouses of Korea. It is fairly clean, for there is nothing to attract the flies, the pest of the poor. Next comes a hardware shop with rough uncouth tools of primitive manufacture. We are progressing very slowly as the ricisha man is sore distressed. He is gasping and blowing like a man who has been running for his life though he has but walked. Pity for him

would impel us to descend and go afoot ourselves but for the overwhelming mire. The ricisha man eliminates this difficulty by wearing no shoes. So on we go, seeing but little variety of shop or industry, for the needs of Korea are few.

But here is a food-shop the sight of which would make one prefer to eat hay if that were the alternative. A shelf protruding over the steps serves as counter. On this reposes a large slab of glistening white unhealthful looking dough, some of which is coloured yellow. This is their famous rice bread. A woman presides at the stall whose clothes are black and greasy, most unsavoury to look at even from a distance. She is carelessly handling the dough as though she were fondling it, while the expression on her face is a most human vacant stare such as to make the heart sink. She is looking at us from the depths of the “submerged tenth,” a place of despair that we cannot fathom, the ultimate of naught. “Whence have we come and whither are we wending” has never crossed her mind. She is simply an instrument of dogged and fruitless toil.

On the lower step sits a woman with a child before her, listlessly dabbing their hands in the black filth, having nothing else to do for the moment, as she looks at us with same vacant stare. There is not even curiosity in their faces. We feel sensitive when curiosity presses and surges around us, but the face that looks and sees nothing, at that we are appalled.

At one place we are forced to descend for an ox-cart is in the way and must be unloaded before it can be removed. We step fearfully onto the narrow foot-path which leads from the main road eastward between the maze of thatched huts. We glance along the footpath and remove our eyes. A rough Korean pony is pinioned on the ground so completely that he cannot move, while a group of Koreans are busy about him with crude irons and a fire. Some barbarous cruelty is about to be perpetrated and we dare not look. (Though it turns out to be only a simple case of shoeing.- Ed.)

Again we step in the ricisha and creep along at a snail’s pace it seems.

Again and again the same scene is repeated and we see the same shops and the same blank faces. The ricisha man pants and struggles and we are oppressed with a feeling of a never ending effort that has no goal or destination, grim force being its goad and master. Our ricisha man meets a fruit-seller. He throws him a few pennies, snatches the green fruit and devours it ravenously. We feel a deep compassion for these men doing the work of beasts, and would fain give them five times their fare. They deserve more than that for saving one from the morass.

Now we see a heavy-barred cage in which is a lark. Sweet prisoner, your heart is breaking for the sky and fields. It is the refinement of cruelty to keep you here where even human hearts sink, and the slimy dragon casts his baneful influence over everything. You are dumb with sorrow; you are no longer the “Blythe spirit” that Shelley knew.

At last we are emerging from the murky road, “c’est le dernier pas qui coute,” it is the last step that counts, and for this last step we are truly grateful to the ricisha man. The road has lost its straight and narrow contour and we are beginning to see the open. But we have to cross a narrow path that runs beside a filthy, almost stagnant stream. The path is broken with ruts and bumps and deep pools of mire. Can the ricisha man balance the carriage over this even though he is bold enough to venture it? We question it and we add How could we ever put foot down here? But the man is both brave and skilful; he has crossed even though the ricisha was tilted to a perilous degree all the time.

Our journey has almost drawn to an end. We have come to clear open spaces where we can see the green hill that overlooks the sea. It has taken three hours, though it seems much longer. It is an immense relief to breathe clean air once more and away from the black mud.

If anyone would know the missionary’s courage and the courage of the ricisha man, let him become acquainted with this Main Street, as it was.

SYDNEY M. REID,

THE KOREAN ENVOY’S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712 A. D.

PART I.

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

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

Only that part of the journey from Eui-joo on the Yaloo River to Mukden, Manchuria, is touched upon. This will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the delights and hardships of the way. The account of his arriva1 on the 27th day of the 12th moon, 1712, and his stay in Peking, will be given later in full. Anyone following the story closely will see Peking, at a very interesting time, through the eyes of a refined Korean gentleman, who represents one of the oldest and best literary families of the East.

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

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

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

After breakfast we set out on our journey. All the guards accompanying us put on their military uniform. I also exchanged my white coat for a grey soldier’s dress, and wore a red silken girdle about my waist. Then I fastened my sword and pouch to my saddle and started on my way. Ten dancing girls, dressed in uniform, rode on horses in advance of us, and so we passed out of the South Gate of Eui-joo and came to the tent that had been erected on the river bank. The Secretary and the Governor arrived first, and saw to the examination of the goods that were to be carried with us. My brother arrived later and took a place prepared for him at the seat or honour.

The Second envoy followed him, and sat on the east side, while the Secretary sat next to him. I remained outside the tent. Those who were to cross the river, including the interpreters, numbered five hundred and thirty-seven in all, and the horses four hundred and thirty-five. Besides these a great company of friends and relatives came to see the soldiers, secretaries and *mapoos* safely off. The procession extended for several li, a confused mass of men and horses. Great quantities of meat and drink were served, a sight for the eyes to see.

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

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

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

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

The second envoy and Secretary slept in tents made of dog-skin. There were three in all, that were placed ten paces or so apart. Round about these was a wall of netting to keep

out tigers. Within this enclosure was gathered the multitude of attendants that accompanied the envoys, with their horses. Others went to sleep where they pleased, and lighted fires wherever they were. The illumination from these broke in on the darkness with a blaze of light. From time to time trumpets blew and bugles blared to keep the guards awake. The noise of these made the mountains echo.

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

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

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

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

As we journeyed we passed several peaks where there is abundance of timber and forest lands. The roads were covered with ice and snow. Here and there were scattered the bones of horses and other animals that had fallen by the way. We saw also marks of fresh fires where police and night guards had halted. By the ridge near Ma-jun-pa, close to the road, there is a very deep pool with sharp rocks about it. These rocks greatly impeded our way. At last we pitched our tent on the bank of the stream, where we had breakfast. All crowded to the water to drink, men and horses, and it looked like a battle­field as they contended together. Three Chinamen whom I

had seen yesterday once more made their appearance. One riding a horse, passed along on the right, while the two who were walking came by the envoy’s tent. One of them came where the interpreters were seated, and seeing them smoking, asked for tobacco. His clothes and headgear were indescribably dirty, and his face so foul, that he was not really like a human being at all. Yi Yoo-ryang spoke with him, while the head interpreter Pak Tong-wha, who was sitting by and listening, said not a word. This seemed very· peculiar to me. Yi asked him something concerning the Emperor, but he said he did not know. He then gave him a drink of wine and sent him off.

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

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

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

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

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

Later we arrived at Hyul-am. From here on to the stockade, it is an open plain. As far as one could see is a vast stretch of country. The peaks of Pong-whang are the only variations in the landscape; very majestic and beautiful they are. Before we arrived at Pong-whang, we saw another hill called *Sang-ryong* (Upper Dragon) with high and imposing

tops. The hills of Hyul-am and Pong-whang, that we were now approaching, were covered with pines. This was the first we had seen of pine woods since crossing the river. Very splendid was the sight.

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

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

The envoys pitched their tents outside the paling and had breakfast, while I too put on my official robes and went with the others to make my bow to my brother. My wish was to do just as the others did, and so I acted accordingly. Here I prepared a letter for home and sent it by the hand of a passer who was returning from China. We waited for a time, when little by little, a number of Chinese began to gather, and by means of interpreters spoke to us through the paling. Thus

we greeted each other with friendly faces. They were nearly all work-a-day people who make their living by running carts from Pong-Whang City to Yo-dong. This company, it seems, has great influence, and possesses the sole right to trade with the Korean envoy. When any of our horses became disabled they were the ones who put our goods upon earls and carried them instead. They had brought their carts along and were ready in waiting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The master of the house was a pure Chinamen, whose name was Yi. From this day on, all that we saw and heard was new and strange to us. I was confused beyond measure and unable to utter a word, but I noticed that the sound of the cock that crew was just the same as in our native Korea, very strange indeed I

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

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

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

The master’s wife forbade the mapoos tethering their horses below the hampers where the chickens were. She had lost many chickens she said, that had been stolen and so was very suspicious. To make sure, she had them counted safely over. Then the officer in charge of the mapoos fiercely

charged them, and ordered them to keep their hands off the hostess’s chickens. On enquiry next morning it was found that none of them were missing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I passed along the market street till I came to an old wall. Climbing up on the top, I could see the circumference of the ancient town some five or six li about, but now all fallen

to ruins. The plain about Pong-whang is very wide and the land seems excellent for cultivation. Pong-whang is a great city, due doubtless to this favorable region. Their means of livelihood however, is largely gained by trade with the east. Most of the shops were of recent construction, and business seemed brisk and prosperous.

In front of the temple gate were two new coffins with the dead in them. They were carved and painted in various colours, with openings at the top by which the air might come and go. Most startling was it to see these. On the side of the way I noticed three or four more of them as well, some half rotted away, with stones covering the openings in them. They looked very nasty and I disliked their presence. In every town and city that we came to we saw the same. I asked the reason for this and was told that it was because there was no burial ground available for the poor. People who die away from home, are accommodated with one of these coffins that stand in the open.

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

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

Finally we reached Song-chum (松店) and entered the official quarters. There was a wall about the place on the four sides. Each side had some seventy or eighty rooms with a large hall in the middle fitted with kang. The two envoys went into one room while the Secretary and I remained in another. Our attendants went here and there and found quarters where they could. The horses and the mapoos came within the enclosure, but slept out in the open court. Before

the gate a great crowd of Chinese had brought drink to sell as well as rice, beans, wood, fodder and various kinds of eatables. They blocked the way. No one could enter the official quarters unless he was acquainted with the soldiers, or was willing to give some bribe for entrance. Thus were the gates guarded.

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

I had caught a slight cold on the way, and as the the newly made kang was unseasoned and impossible to pass the night on, I left, and slept in one of the town houses. Although the kang there was not what you could call cold, it was very, very dirty. Just opposite to me on the other side, were five Chinese carters, who used tobacco and exhaled clouds of smoke in a most disagreeable way. The woman of the house brought their meals for them. I examined some of the food and found it to be Chinese rice, with grains very soft and smooth. I ate two or three spoonfuls and then ordered a table for myself. The master brought me also a plate of mustard and cabbage pickle, which was very nicely flavored.

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

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

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

*30th day. Cold wind, 20 miles.*

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

Azaleas and rhododendron seemed to be missing. When we had crossed the pass we found a large stream that came from the west called the Ong-book River. On the bank was a small boat called Ma-san or “Horse Carrier” by which we crossed over and arrived at a thatched hut where they sold drink. There were two or three tall horses tethered at the door. Ma Pai and his company stopped here for a little, saying, “When we leave this place there is another pass awaiting us called the Great Chang Yung. It is higher than the one we have just crossed, but once over it there is a wide plain with fields of maize and fertile soil.” We were ferried over two streams, the upper waters of the Ong-book, called here the Pal-to or “Eight Crossings.” It is so named because of the many times you meet it on the way. On each bank there was a little hut, poor and dirty. Here we pitched tents and had our breakfast. Many hunters came by who had pheasants to sell, exceedingly cheap in price. They said, that as there was snow this year the birds were dearer than formerly. We also saw a Chinaman with a falcon on his arm, who was going out hawking. It had no bell on it as Korean falcons have, which I thought very strange. There were also falconers who were riding on horseback. One man rode a white mule that was a splendid walker. I exchanged my post horse for it, for a little, and rode ahead. Its grace and speed were something wonderful. My servants fell far behind in less than a mile’s distance, but the servant of the man who owned the mule kept up and rode beside me on his horse. It seemed but a few minutes till we arrived at Tong-wun-p’o. The soldiers who had come to meet us were waiting in the road, and made

the salutation, saying, “The official *Yamen* of this place is very much colder than the one you have just been in, so we have secured private quarters for you.” I went to see what these were like and found a large, imposing building. My brother took up his quarters in the west room. The rooms to the north and south were warmed, as well as the one in which I slept. The owner evidently was a man of considerable means. On each kang were white mats, while round about were pieces of expensive furniture. On the table was a tortoiseshell tea­pot of about eight inches in height, while on the walls were many books which I examined and found to be all novels. In a little shrine on the west side the Buddha was worshipped. Beads, a bell and a drum, were on a table in front of him. The owner’s mother, whose age was about eighty, was a very devout worshipper of the Buddha. She ate only vegetables and said her prayers without ceasing. The sons and daughters of the master all seemed very busy on our first arrival, but in a little, they came with tables well laden with dainties which they offered to our attendants. Also two plates of sweetmeats were sent to me. I found among these hawthorns cooked in honey, which were very sweet to the taste. The master himself poured out the tea and passed the cups. I did not decline but accepted of it and drank.

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

We set out on our way as the day began to dawn. Passing Suk-oo, “Stone-corner,” we reached Tap-tong, “Paddy Village,” where we went into an inn. The envoys separated, one going to one kang and one to another. Here we breakfasted and when we left, the master, a Chinaman, made a fuss over the small amount we had given him for the room. He shut the doors and refused to open them. The Secretary’s *mapoo* whose name was Chik-san, could speak Chinese well and though he disputed the point with the inn-keeper the latter refused to unbar the door. Only after receiving a Korean pipe did he yield to our solicitation and let us pass on our way. On the road from Tong-wun-po here, we had come by a long mountain valley of some seven miles, and had crossed the same river twice. After leaving this place where we had

had our breakfast the view little by little opened up, and as far as one could see it was waste land with no fields or places of habitation. It is very level like a plain of discarded rice­fields at home. In the breaking up of spring or during the rainy season, I imagine it would be very muddy and difficult to cross. It was called Tap-tong or “Paddy Village” on the same principle that names are given in our own country. We went three miles further, and reached a hill called Poon-soo or “Dividing Waters.” The shape of the mountains was very rough and precipitous. Great forests covered them thick with green and smoky verdure but I am unable to say what kind of timber it was. There is a plateau on the top of a hill where the waters divide, some flowing west toward Yo-dong and some east. For this reason the pass is called Poon-soo or the Dividing of the Waters. All the hills about Yo-dong take their rise from this ridge, so say the geomancers. Their influence comes from the two points of the compass marked Im and Chook. As we crossed the pass we found the country better wooded than before. Wild pears fairly blocked our way. At intervals there were willows and odd-looking plants growing like the mistletoe.

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

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

My father in the year *Ke-sa* (1653) passed along this same way, and one night at a certain house where he stayed, he learned that his grand-father had come by this very route and had slept in the same place on his way to Mukden.

I noticed a little shrine in this village. At night the landscape was whitened by the snow that fell. The day previous when we arrived I saw four or five flags flying from a house. My servant said it was a funeral party about to set out for the place of burial. But as we came by the house in the morning the flags were gone, and only a fire was burning before the door. I noticed four or five girls come out dressed in white, and after shaking their dresses over the fire return to the house. I suppose it is some method of purification that attends the services of the dead.

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

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

After breakfast we started on our way, crossed the stream in front and the hill, and then entered a long valley of some three miles or so. How many times we crossed the streams I do not know. The mountains grew higher and the road more narrow. There were two or three thatched huts by the stream that we passed, and then going some little distance further we came to a small shrine. This was just below Whoi-yung pass. From here on the growth of wood is very tall and dense. We could scarcely see the sky because of the trees. There was much snow too, for the pass is higher than that of Tong-sun. The road went up by a steadily winding way so that there were no very precipitous places. When we had gone up to almost the top, we noticed three rocks on the right hand side of the road, sixty feet or so high, and very peculiar in shape, not unlike huge memorial stones. One was especially noticeable, for growing on it was a pine tree. We climbed to the top of the pass and looked toward the north. There were the great ranges of the Manchu Hills. I felt sorry to think that the wild Chinaman (Manchu) possessed them all.

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

(To be Continued) .

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the June Number.)

XXIII. JUDGEMENT.

The Commissioner’s servant hearing Oonbong read this verse from behind the screen, came forward and gave orders, “Call the three office chiefs,” said he; “call the heads of departments; the chief writers, and proceed accordingly; call the guards of the treasury; call the chief of works; call the head of the rites office and see how the prison is; call the steward, the head runners, the head beaters, flagbearers, workers, and see how matters stand with them; call the jailor and inquire as to punishments; call the butcher and see how the candle

lights are; summon the head soldiers and the head slaves; call ‘Big-bell’ the flogger and the executioners, and have them fall in in order, slaves, *keesang*，runners, waiters, soldiers, etc.”

Such wild confusion you never saw, people running here and there, there and here.

“Look out what are you doing!” some one shouts. “Don’t you know that a lot of you’ll get killed?” says another.

The Commissioner waited for the noon hour just outside the *yamen*, The secretary, by the raised hand gave the signal “Boots and saddles” and ordered that they should all make ready.

“Steward take these orders!” shouts some one, “On with outer coats, red shoulder sashes and leggings.

“Saddle the horses; fasten the reins; bring the large horse for His Excellency; shorten the girths; tack on the outer reins; on with your felt hats, girdles, sticks and swords.”

Like tigers they rushed to make all ready, and with their six sided batons held aloft they came sweeping in. They beat loudly on the outer gate with noisy thumping .

“The Commissioner of His Majesty! The Commissioner of His Majesty!” shouted they.

Two or three such calls in front of the *yamen* rendered the place electrified.

“Hither the Three Counsellors!”

“Yea-a-a!” responded they.

The Commissioner then gave this order, “Ask the officers of the Six Boards and others who were in the service of my father to stand by out of the way,’’ then to the soldiers he said, “You soldiers, forward!”

The soldiers heard this order and went in, smashing up the remnants of the feast. Silken and embroidered screens went careening over the banister. All the fancy tables, dishes, spittoons, platters, plates, wine bottles, went crashing and splintering before this onset of clubs and batons. Harps and fiddles, flutes and pipes, drums and gongs went kicking and scattering their remains all over the place. The frightened guests fled for their lives. Oonbong lost his seal and found

he had in hand a gourd instead; the governor of Tamyang, in place of his hat had carried off a reed basket; the chief of Sun­chang lost his big divided coat, and escaped in a mongdoree, while the host in craven fear made his exit and hid in the women’s quarters.

It was a time indeed for fear for here was His Majesty’s Commissioner with all his powers. Such noises and confusion and reversing of commands and orders were never heard. Horses refused to go but backed up into the face of His Excellency. The ground seemed to roll up in front of his fiery chariot. One set of servants seemed to have lost their heads; others went shouting and crying about like maniacs. At a given signal an agile attendant bounded into the place of office.

“Steward!” shouted he.

“Here!” answered the steward.

“Stop the noise will you, and get these people quiet”

“Yes, sir.”

“What is it?”

“Get these people quiet will you!”

“All you runners fall in,” said the steward.

“Yea-a-a!” was the answer.

Then suddenly every thing fell into a great calm. Those who had played in the band ceased playing; the dogs who had barked themselves hoarse, fell silent; the birds refused to fly and all the noises of the hills and streams, in the fear that fell on them were quiet

The Royal Commissioner then took his seat in the place of office, and after making preliminary arrangements, spent his first hour in running over the list of prisoners, a hundred or more. He called them one by one, spoke kindly to them and let them go, so that a prisoners’ dance resulted and praises were sung to the glory of his name. He then called the Chief of Torture and inquired particularly for Choonyang, and when the Chief had told him all carefully and explicitly, he suddenly ordered Choonyang to be brought in.

The warden called the jailer and they went together to the prison. They summoned the attendants of the Six

Bureaus and conferred thus, “He is an enlightened Commissioner. If he lets Choonyang go free he will be renowned for a hundred years; and yet we do not know just what· he will really do.” They reached the prison and found its locked gates standing like a city wall. These opened with a great creaking, groaning noise. They took a saw with them, went in and set to, *kokak, kokak*, sawing off the cangue from poor Choonyang’s neck.

“Take courage, little woman,” said they. “The Commissioner orders that you be sent to Seoul, and though we do not know definitely his commands, we are sure that he will set you free. Just gather your wits about you and answer him clearly. God knows your faithfulness which is like the eternal green of the bamboo and the pine. How can it be otherwise?’’

But Choonyang’s mind was all confused. “Hyangtanee!” she called.

“Yes.”

“Look and see who is outside the prison.”

“There is nobody,” answered Hyangtanee.

“Look again.”

“There is nobody.’’

“The hardest master in all the world is surely he. When he came I charged him earnestly, and now noon is past and he doesn’t come, and no message either. Where has he gone that he does not wish to see me die? Is he tired and has he fallen asleep I wonder? Hard and cruel master, he does not come to see me even once before I die. Why does he not come? My tears like blood fall on my bedraggled clothing.”

Choonyang’s mother stamped. her feel and beat her breast

“What shall we do?”

Hyangtanee cried as well. The warden and the jailer were both in tears but they said, “Don’t cry, don’t cry. Even among the confusion of horses and spears there are unexpected ways of escape; and though the heavens fall there are corners and holes into which one can fly.”

The ‘Whip’ of the *yamen* comes with a roar that fairly upsets the universe, calling ‘‘Hurry up, you!”

In the haste of it Choonyang is conducted to the *yamen*, Hyangtanee helping her along while her mother follows hard behind. Just at this time all the widows of the town have come in a group to save Choonyang if possible. They present a petition. One beautiful old lady with a white dress on was there. The younger women, shamefacedly, and in comely manner have coats over their heads. The one who spoke was tall and neat and eloquently gifted. There were poor widows too with hoe and spade in hand fresh from the field, also wood- cutter’s old wives from the hillsides, several hundred of them so that the court was filled with women, and the Commissioner said,

“Who are all these women folk? What do you want here?”

Then one stepped forward and said, “Our coming is because we have a petition to present to your enlightened Excellency.”

He again asked, “What is it you want? Tell me now exactly.”

The widow replied, “A woman’s faithfulness to her husband is the first of queenly virtues. All know of this Your Excellency, lords and governors as well as common folk. Now Moonplum’s daughter Choonyang, though born of a *keesang* has gentle blood in her veins, for her father was a Minister of State. The son of a former governor, Master Yee, took Choonyang by a sworn marriage contract, but alas there are so many devils on earth who seek woe and misery for people, she was compelled to say goodbye to him, she has been faithful. The present occupant of office had this good woman arrested and tortured in order to force her name into the register of the *keesang*, and to compel her to a life of dishonour. But she has held out so that he has beaten her nearly to death. This may be the way, however, that God wants to show forth her faithfulness. Her wavering thread of life hangs in the balance, and we have come hoping as from God, that you will see how true she is and let her go.”

The Commissioner made reply, “Choonyang is a dancing-girl who has been disrespectful and disobedient to the Governor, she cannot, therefore, be forgiven.”

On this statement, there came bundling forth, from among the widows, a woman of well nigh a hundred years, with well favoured face still, hearing and eyesight intact, strength unimpaired, having a soul gifted with a fierce and implacable flavour, and a tongue skilled at invective. She was indeed a woman to be feared. She came forth, bobbing her head, With her eyebrows fiercely poised across her face, and her jaw set for immediate action.

“What do you mean by such a decision?” said she. “Because she was faithful to her husband is that her crime? To give up her virtue and save her life she refused; and because she refused will this man who put her under the paddle go unpunished? You say that her sin is one of disobedience, a ridiculous decision! And now that Your Excellency has the power, why don’t you send soldiers to Seoul and arrest a rascal there called Dream-Dragon or whatever his name is. A thief and a robber assuredly, who ought to be gagged and manacled and put into the torture chair.”

The soldiers on hearing this said “Sh-h-h!”

“Sh-h-h! What do you mean by Sh-h-h? Is there a snake going by that says Sh-h-h? What are you anyway you craven creatures you? If I were once in the place of this mock Commissioner I’d make it lively for some of you folk.”

The Commissioner, delighted with all this, shook inwardly with laughter. He said, “It will all turn out right, ladies, don’t get yourselves worked up. Thanks, you may go now.”

As they went out the old woman said farther, “Your Excellency, don’t you dare to do as you said, or you’ll meet with a catastrophe that will be something awful.”

And now they all retired outside the *yamen* to await the decision regarding Choonyang.

The Commisioner gave orders to bring her in.

She was helped in as one nearly dead. Her pitiful condition was such that no one could see it without being moved to tears, so to hide his feelings and to disguise himself he shouted loudly.

“Listen now to what I say, you, a *keesang* of the common

order, have disobeyed the commands of your superior officer, and have made a disturbance in the courtyard of the *yamen*.

Is that not so? You therefore deserve a thousand times to die. You were ordered to be the servant of the Governor but you refused. I would ask, will you be a servant to me now, the Commissioner?”

He shouted so loudly that the place echoed. She replied, “Similar trees are all of a similar colour; crabs and crayfish are the same in kind. All the gentry are of like mind it seems, in their view of a low woman’s faithfulness. I am the daughter of a *Keesang* but am not a *keesang* myself. Can Your Excellency not see that I am innocent? In ancient times a faithful *keesang* served the learned Doctor Tai; and the woman Hong­bul followed Yee Chong. Cannot low women of the *keesang* class even be faithful? While they may or not believe me, the sharpest knife may kill me, the deepest sea may drown me, the fiercest fire may burn my soul, still I must be faithful. Do what may be best, but know that I cannot do other wise. If I be destined to death let me die, or if to live please let me live!”

The Commisioner after another question or two, took from his pocket the ring that she had given him on his departure, and called the head *keesang*, saying, “Take this ring and give it to her, will you.”

The head *keesang* took the ring and placed it before Choonyang; but she was so dazed and stupefied, that she simply saw that it was a ring, but never recognizing for a moment that it was the one that she had given to him so long ago.

Then he said, “Look up, won’t you?”

After repeating this order two or three times, Choonyang looked up, and lo it was her husband, who had visited her in the prison the night before. She might have bounded forward at once, put her arms around him and wept and danced for joy. But did she? No. One kind of human nature is such, that when it lights upon unspeakable joy it cries out its soul in tears of tenderest emotion. The crowd of onlookers saw falling from her eyes upon her dress skirt tears like

pearls. There were tears not from the ordinary affections, nor from the six thousand joints and ligaments of the body, but tears from the heart of hearts, the inmost of the very being. “Oh my husband is it you? Am I dead or am I dreaming? You came last night to the prison and saw my plight. You said to me a hundred times, ‘Let your spirit be at peace, rest and wait,’ but I did not understand you.”

She buried her poor bruised heart in the folds of his Royal Commismonership and wept at last her inarticulate feelings of relief from pain, of safety, and of her entrance into bliss and joy.

XXIV.

THE LAUREL WREATH.

The Commissioner then had a four-man chair brought and had her sent to her home. On account of the recognized prohibition to enter the *yamen* without permission, her mother had been all this time outside, going through stages of excitement. On seeing her daughter come forth thus she simply went mad with delight, sent her on ahead while she stayed for a time to talk it over with the women,

Said she, “*Ul-see-go-na*! My beggar son-in-law, who came last night is a Royal Commissioner! What do you mean? Is it a dream, or am I alive? If it is a dream, may I never wake; and if I am alive, may I live forever. Chee-hwa-ja, chee-hwa-ja.’’

“Look here, you soldier boys, open that gate, the mother of the Commissioner is going in. She is going in. What shall I do? Buy fields or lands? Such a day as this! All you women don’t wish for sons, wish for daughters. This is my daughter’s gift to me, this day.”

In she went,

“I’m crazy, I insulted you, my son, last night to no end, and treated you disgracefully. You wretched woman, what did you do it for? Bring a knife and make an end of this woman’s evil tongue. He is like the gods and yet he was a beggar last night. Why did he deceive me so? This morning

at the last cock crow, there were several runners who came in uniform, coats and hats, peeking in at our garden gate and pointing with the finger. Now I know they were his soldiers.

“I hope he’ll not be angry with me. However angry he may be, what can he do with me his mother-in-law? After my son went up to Seoul, this old woman built a shrine in the rear garden, and prayed to the Seven Stars and lit the lights; prayed day and night that our son-in-law might fare him well and prosper, and God heard it and made him to become a Royal Commissioner. But I have something to tell him, please hear it, it is this. Don’t be hard on the present Governor. He is old and yet is greedy and revengeful. Hearing that Choonyang was beautiful beyond all others, he called her and attempted to compel her to become his concubine. He tried to coax her too, in a thousand ways, till at last he took the course of severity, and in fierce anger endeavoured to break her down. If you were like him you would have him killed, but since now by your favour we live, let it be extended to him likewise. If it were not for him we should never have known of Choonyang’s worth.

“Wonderful it is! Last night’s beggar, my son-in-law and Royal Commissioner. Wonderful it is! Choonyang who was at the point of death is alive, alive. Wonderful it is! The woman Wolmai is the mother of a Royal Commissioner, wonderful it is! Let’s all dance for the joy of it, wonderful indeed! Among all the wonders that be greatest, wonderful, wonderful!”

She and the women, hand in hand, made their way to her home. A beef was killed and all who came were welcomed to a share in the feast.

And now the boy Half-wit who had been locked up in Oonbong’s town, hearing that the Royal Commissioner had arrived at Namwon, made his escape and came flying to pay his respects to Dream-Dragon.

The Commissioner said, “You rascal, you were locked up by Oonbong, how did you get out without my orders?”

He replied, “Have I done any wrong to be locked up so?

In Your Excellency’s letter there was an order to lock me up and that’s why I was arrested. Do you treat a chap who has been faithful to you for years in that way?”

The Commissioner laughed. “You had done no wrong, but because you are a half-wit with a long tongue I had you locked up.”

At once he wrote out his promotion to a higher office in the district, signed the paper, which appointed him for ten years, and gave it to him.

At this time the Governor, pale as death, brought his seal of office and gave it up to the Commissioner, who called him and spake to him kindly.

“I have heard of your high reputation, but we meet for the first time. Do you know who I am?”

The Governor bowed and said, “Of course I know.”

The Commissioner said with a laugh, “Men all like beautiful women; and if we did not have some way to prove it, the pure and beautiful would never be known. If it were not for you no one would ever have guessed the worth of Choonyang. Thanks for what you have disclosed.”

The Governor ashamed and abashed, made no reply.

The Commissioner then went on to say, “Namwon is a large District, and in a year of famine would suffer greatly. Do your best to govern well, be a shelter for the people, and make ready to help them in time of need.”

When they said goodbye the Governor bowed twice and said, “I am most grateful for your liberal treatment.”

It was now the third watch of the night, and all the voices of the people had ceased. The noisy world had receded into the region of sleep, so he ordered a soldier to conduct him to Choonyang’s home. As he went along, the shadows of the trees were just as they used to be, and the moon’s soft beams were as of yore. The tookyon bird in the shadowy hills called to him; and there was the cry of the heron who felt his old love return, and shook his wings to say, “Glad to see you, sir.” In the lotus pond the gold-fish were sporting in the moonlight, and the geese in the shade of the plants and flowers awoke at the sound of passing feet.

The soldier called, “Swee-e-e.”

Choonyang’s mother gave a start, ‘‘Dear me, has the Commissioner come, I wonder?”

She came out to welcome him, and he went at once into Choonyang’s room. She was resting and arose with difficulty and took him by the hand. He wiped away all traces of her tears saying cheerfully, “Of all the heroes of the ages there were none who won the day without trial. You met me by accident but yet you have suffered hard for me. It is all my fault, don’t ever cry again my dear.”

He comforted .and consoled her with a thousand loving words, had all the sweet things known prepared for her and the best medical treatment.

“Now we two are happy to live out our hundred year agreement,” said he, “Be quick to return to health. Sell your things here and go first up to Seoul and wait for me. As I am under His Majesty’s orders I cannot tarry longer just now. I shall have to leave to-morrow, but shall send you a messenger from every stopping place. You shall hear often. The head of the Board of Rite will go with you and prepare your way. I have written home so that servants will be here soon to meet and escort you with a guard of honour.”

He thus gave his orders to the mother and daughter and departed. Once again, but only for a little, they had to say goodbye. He came at break of day, had his baggage set in order, and left.

He went through all the fifty-three Districts of Chulla Province, like a passing cloud, making careful note in every place, and when his records were prepared he went back to Seoul.

He became in time a Royal Secretary, the Guardian of Literature, a Cabinet Minister, a special Adviser to the King. When he reported Choonyang’s wonderful behaviour she was decorated by His Majesty and recorded in the state records as one of the Kingdom’s ‘‘Faithful Women.” Her name made all the age in which she lived to resound with her praises.

THE END.