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

Reworked By Richard Rutt

**Introduction**

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

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

He worked on only two sections of the book: the journey from Uiju to Mukden and the first part of the sojourn in Peking. There is [page 56] little in the introductory tables that is not either repeated in the course of the diary or else dull cataloguing of interest only to a specialist historian. Since the last published installment of the diary was subscribed “To be continued”, it is clear that Gale intended to present more of the material. He prepared more, because he draws on it in his History of the Korean People. He may also have translated the parts dealing with the journey from Mukden to Peking, but the readers of the magazine must already have begun to weary of the long journey in monthly installments, and he was wise to switch to the Peking scene when he did.

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

The mistranslations are distressing, for they are all too frequent.

At their worst they say the opposite of what Kim Ch’angop said; at other times they look like wild guesses at the general sense of the Chinese. For example, Kim describes himself gazing around a Man- churian city “like a Korean bumpkin seeing Seoul for the first time”, but Gale translates it as:” I saw a countryman of ours in the street, but never learned his name”. He gets very confused with the distinction between Chinese and Manchu and sometimes gets the identification of an individual’s race wrong. An obscure phrase translated one way at the beginning of the book may be given an entirely different meaning later on. [page 57]

The worst defect of his draft is its wordiness. This sprang from his entirely proper desire to present the work in fully understandable idiomatic English,but he let his words run away with themselves: “Did he yield to our solicitations and let us pass on our way”,says Gale, where the Chinese says,” He let us go”. Pleonasms are frequent, and the simplest phrases are expanded garrulously. This is in part due to his wanting to convey the chatty style of the diary, but he overdid it.

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

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

I should apologize that so little of Gale’s work is now left (for I have the highest regard for him ana his abilities), and also for the faults and errors which are undoubtedly left in my own version, which indeed I have probably introduced into the work. Gale was hampered by lack of informed criticism; I have little fear that half a century [page 58] later I have to face the same danger.

Richard Rutt

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

*Korea Magazine*

Vol. II vii. 311-326

 1lth moon 26th to 12th moon 2nd

 (23 to 29 December 1712)

 CKK page 41 column 2 to page 51.16

Vlll. 363-370

 12 th moon 3 and 4

 (30-31 December 1712)

 CKK 53.3-56.3

ix. 411-416

 12 th moon 5 to 7

 (1 to 3 January 1713)

 CKK 56.7-60.9; 62.8-9.

X. 458-467

 12th moon 27-29

 (23 to 25 January 1713)

 CKK 130.6-131.14; 132-135

xi. 512-519

 1st moon 1

 (26 January 1713)

 CKK 136-140.3

xii. 559-569

 1st moon 1-4

 (26-29 January 1713)

 CKK 141.11-143.4; 143.17-145.11; 146.1-148.7

Vol III i. 30-35

 1st Moon 5-7

 (30 January to 1 February 1713)

 148.8-151.6

ii. 69-78

 1st moon 8—10

 (2 to 4 February 1713) [page59]

CKK 151.7-155

iii. 116-124

1st moon 10 to 12

(4-6 February 1713) CKK 156.1-160.6

iv. 162-168

1st moon 13-16

(7 to 10 February 1713)

160.7-163.15

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

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**Section I**

**Uiju to Mukden, 23 December 1712—3 January 1713**

11th moon, 26th day (23 December 1712). Morning clear. Uiju to Chiu-lien-ch’eng, 8 miles. After breakfast we set out on our journey. All the guards accompanying us put on their military uniform. I also exchanged my white coat for a grey soldier’s dress, and wore a red silken girdle about my waist. Then I fastened my sword and pouch to my saddle and started on my way. Two of my servants, Won-gon and Son-hung, attended me. A dozen dancing girls, dressed in uniform, rode on horses in advance of us, and so we passed out of the South Gate of Uiju and came to the tent that had been erected on the river bank. The Secretary and the Governor of Uiju arrived first, and saw to the examination of the goods that were to be carried with us. My brother entered the tent and took the place prepared for him in the seat of honor. The Second Envoy followed him, and sat on the east side, while the Secretary sat next to him. The Governor sat on the west side, facing the Secretary. I remained outside the tent.

Those who were to cross the river, including the servants and runners, numbered 537 in all, and the horses 435. Beside these a great company of friends and relatives tame to see the Uiju soldiers and grooms safely off. The procession extended for several li, a confused mass of men and horses.

Great quantities of meat and drink were served, a sight for the eyes to see. The Governor had prepared this farewell luncheon, to be given us with music and dancing. He asked me to come into the tent as well and have a seat. I declined, however, saying that I was under no official appointment; but he insisted, and so at last I went in and sat down at his left hand. The cup was passed round several times, till the day began to draw to a close. [page 61]

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

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

The Second Envoy and the Secretary slept in tents made of dog skin. The three tents were pitched ten paces or so apart. Round about these was a wall of netting to keep out tigers. Within this enclosure was gathered the multitude of attendants that accompanied the envoys, with their horses. Others went to sleep where they pleased, and lighted fires wherever they were, dispelling the darkness with their flames. From time to time trumpets blared to keep the guards awake. The noise shook the mountains.

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

After dark, three Manchu frontier guards came by. After crossing the river, each envoy had ten spearmen to accompany him. Formerly there were musketmen as well, but this year, on account of a veto on [page 62] guns, there were only spearmen. Here I posted letters home by the government courier.

27th day (24th December) Bright, the air soft and warm. Chiu-lien-ch’eng to Sha-t’un-ti, 20 miles. We arose betimes while it was still dark. At the first call of the bugle everyone got up and the servants fed the horses. On the second call, hot porridge was served from the kitchen, and when the tnird call came we started on our way. As we journeyed, we could see the Sung-ku-shan to the northwest near enough to count the peaks. This range of mountains reminds me of our own Kwanak-san, though for majesty and awe these are superior.

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

By the ridge near Ma-chuan-p’o, close to the road, there is a very deep pool with sharp rocks about it. These rocks greatly impeded our way. The place is called Chin-shih-shan. At last we pitched our tent on the bank of the stream where we had breakfast. All crowded to the water to drink, men and horses, and it looked like a battlefield as they contended together. The three Manchus, whom I had seen yesterday, once more made their appearance. One, riding a horse, passed by on the right, while the two who were walking came by the envoy’s tent. One of them came where the interpreters were seated, and seeing them smoking, asked for tobacco. His clothes and headgear were indescribably dirty, and his face so foul that he was not really like a human being at all. Yi Yur-yang spoke with him, while the chief interpreter, Pak Tong-hwa, who was sitting by and listening, saia not a word, This seemed very peculiar to me. Yi asked him something [page 63] concerning the Emperor, but he said he did not know. He then gave him a drink of wine and sent him off.

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

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

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

Soon we arrived at Hsueh-yen. From there on to the stockade it is an open plam stretching to the horizon. The peaks of Fenghuang-shan which are very majestic and beautiful are the only feature in the landscape. Before we reached Fenghuang-shan, we saw another high and impressive peak called Shang-lung-shan (Upper Dragon). The hills of Hsueh-yen and Fenghuang that we were now approaching were covered with pines. These were the first pine woods we had seen since crossing the river. It was a splendid sight. [page 64]

The gate of the palisade is to the south of Fenghuang-shan, in the middle of a three-mile stretch of stockade made of great trees. The opening and closing of the gate is the responsibility of the General of the Guard, who is stationed in Fenghuang City. This gate was formerly situated some two miles to the east of Fenghuang City, about forty miles from the Yalu river. From there to the Yalu the land was left vacant, a neutral territory that no one was supposed to inhabit, the reason being that the Chinese government wanted to put a stop to fugitives going from one country to the other.

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

The envoys pitched their tents outside the palisade and had breakfast. I, too, put on my official robes and went with the officers to make my bow to my brother. My wish was to do just as the others did. Here I prepared a letter for home and sent it by the hand of a Uiju man who was returning. We waited for a time, when little by little a number of Manchus began to gather, who by means of interpreters spoke to us through the paling. Thus we greeted them with friendly faces. They were nearly all lan-t’ou (palisade men) who make their living by running carts from Fenghuang City to Liao-tung. This company [page 65], it seems, has great influence,and possesses the sole right to trade with the Korean Envoy. When any of our horses became disabled they were the ones who put our goods upon carts and carried them instead. They had brought their carts along, which were waiting, in readiness.

About noon the palisade gates were opened and hundreds of Manchus came rushing out. When I first saw them I was afraid, for there were many very big men among them and many magnificently dressed, not at all like the first three barbarians I had seen. Two yamen interpreters, Wu Yu-kuei and Hsu Cheng-ming, ordered their attendants to bring mats which were placed before the two envoys who then took their seats and received the respectful salutations of the two interpreters. The interpreters then withdrew and seated them-selves with the other local officials, about ten in all, just across the way. We sent presents of wine, dried fruits, and dried pheasant’s meat. The barbarians simply took the cup but did not put it to their lips. Our interpreter remarked, “Only after the Envoys have first partaken will they drink.” The two envoys took up empty cups and made as though they were drinking the others’ health.

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

From the palisade to Fenghuang City is a distance of ten miles. In all that way there are but two or three houses and only a very few fields to be seen. We saw horses and cattle feeding in open pastures. The road circled about Fenghuang mountain,so that we were able to see it from the south, west and north. This mountain is much the same [page 66] in size as our Surak of Yangju, though its peaks are like pointed brush-tips and the appearance of its rocks grey and bare. All the hills seem to stand out sheer and precipitous, gentle slopes being absent from the view. They are quite unlike anything in our country. On the south side of the mountain is an old fortification built of stone. They tell me it was formerly Korean territory from this point east, but I have my doubts. Some also say that they are the old fortifications of King Tongmyong. I should not wonder if it is so.

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

We arrived at Fenghuang where there is a wide street and long rows of shops with quantities of things to sell that I had never seen before. Crowds of people thronged the highway and packs of children followed us. We came before the official guest house, and there a squad of soldiers in armor stood in our way. We asked them why, because we wanted to go in, but we learned that the building was new and the plasterwork was not finished. Our guards and grooms, however, paid no attention to this but endeavored to force a way in, and plied their whips in a way that was most cruel. We looked for our interpreters but they were nowhere to be seen. We were extremely exasperated and it all ended in a great row. Finally we were assigned a private residence. Our attendants had been badly beaten and some of them had their clothes torn. The house in which we were accommodated was a very large one on the west side of the road, about the middle of the city. Five kan of rooms faced south, with a wide courtyard in the middle. There were rooms to the east and west also and on each side numbers of heated k’ang. There were double entrance gates in front, with gate quarters attached to each, and also heated k’ang. [page 67]

The master of the house was a pure Chinese whose name was Li. From this day on all that we saw and heard was new and strange to us. I was confused beyond measure and unable to utter a word, but I noticed that the sound of the cock crowing was just the same as in our native Korea ; that made me smile.

My servant Won’-gon informed me that there was a new Buddhist temple nearby, well worth seeing. On hearing this I went on foot to inspect it. Colonel Ch’ang-yop also came along. We found it right in the city. It was small,but very beautifully built. Passing through two rooms inside we came out through the back gate into the main street and entered a small shop where we saw a table with many goods on it, all very neatly arranged. We sat on a bench and rested for a little, and then returned home and had our evening meal.

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

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

The master’s wife forbade the grooms to tether their horses beside the henroost. She said that many of her chickens had been stolen,and so she was very suspicious. To make sure, she had them counted and [page 68] gave the men strict orders to keep their hands off her fowl. On inquiry next morning it was found that none of them were missing.

There was a small dog in this house, no larger than a cat, that the people nursed and carried about with them. Its disposition seemed very ugly, and they admitted that it would bite.

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

Throughout the journey rice was doled out to us in daily rations; also we were liberally supplied at each stop with chickens, pork, wine and fodder for our horses. The courier and yamen interpreter shared the rations of the officers from Uiju. The courier had a military officer in attendance who commanded two spearmen and eighteen soliders dressed in armor. We changed attendants along the way; so there were never more than four or five with us at one time. We did not use them beyond Mukden, because of the problem of giving them presents. The courier dispensed with them from that point, while he appropriated the gifts himself. Each armed solider had a sword, but it was a poor, dull implement, unfit for service. Their clothes, too, were in rags and their horses thin and poor, much like our own soldiers at home.

29th day (26th December). Bright and warm. Fenghuang to Sung-tien, 17 miles. In the early morning I started off ahead of the party, and again visited the temple that I had seen the day before. I did so because I had not had a chance to see it properly. There was a gilded Buddha inside that had a broad grin on his face. I noticed that every temple had just such a Buddha, but I don’t know which Buddha he is. Looking behind the image, I found a little oratory where there was another Buddha, a smaller one. On the table in front of him was nothing but a pewter censer. At the west side of the temple was a tiled house where the monks lived. In front of it oxen and donkeys [page 69] were tethered. I entered and found two monks lying on the k’ang sound asleep, so I turned and came away.

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

The plain about Fenghuang is very wide. The city faces Feng- huang-shan, and itsfeng-shui is superb. Fenghuang is the most important town in the region, doubtless because of this favorable site. Its livelihood,h owever, is largely gained by trade with Korea. Most of the shops were of recent construction, and business seemed brisk and prosperous.

In front of the temple gate were two new coffins with the dead in them. They stood on little feet, and were carved and painted in various colors, with openings at the top through which the air could circulate. It was a startling sight. Beside the road I noticed three or four more of them, some half rotted away and patched up with stones and earth. They looked very nasty. In every town and city we came to we saw the same I asked the reason for this and was told it was because there was no burial ground available for the poor, or that the coffins of people who died away from home had not been sent back.

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

From here on we went by a narrow way through the mountains, where the woods were very dense and where two high passes had to be crossed. The way was so narrow that a sedan chair could hardly have pased through. Yet when we reached the bottom,we met a barbarian woman in a cart going in the opposite direction. The cart had a cover [page 70] of black cloth, like the cover of a mourner’s chair.

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

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

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

I asked the master for some radishes, and he brought me ten or [page 71] more red ones. He brought out some more pickled cabbage, which I kept for future use. As pay for my room I gave him two rolls of white paper and a pipe with a bamboo stem. He was a Chinese, and I asked him what he did for a living. He replied that he was a soldier. I asked how much pay he received,and he said he was paid eighteen silver dollars a year. At one end of the town was a small shrine in which were seated three clay images in royal robes. At their sides were attendant demons. The keeper was a man who had no pigtail, and so Won-gon said, “Look,he’s a Buddhist monk!” All men in this country shave the front of the heads. The presence or absence of the tail tells whether a man is a Buddhist monk or not.

30th day (27th December). Cold wind. Sung-tien to T’ung-yiian-pao, 20 miles. When day began to dawn we returned to the official guest house, and there had hot porridge. Then we set out on our way and after going about three miles crossed a very hign pass, the name of which was Hsiao-ch’ang-ling. There were many oaks upon it and other trees that I cannot enumerate. At intervals we saw aspens and maples like those in our own country. Azaleas and rhododendron seemed to be missing.

When we had crossed the pass we found a large stream that came from the west, called the Weng-pei river. On the bank was a small boat called ma-shang, or horse-carrier, by which we crossed over and arrived at a thatched hut where they sold drink. There were several fine hourses tethered at the door. The courier and the yamen interpreter stopped here for a little,saying,”When we leave this place there is another pass awaiting us called the T’a-ch’ang-ling. It is higher than the one we have just crossed.” But once over it we came to a wide plain with fields of sorghum, so you could see the soil was fertile.

We were ferried over two streams, the upper waters of the Weng- [page 72] pei, called here the Pa-tu (Eight Crossings) . It is so named because of the many times you meet it on the way. On each bank there were little huts, poor and dirty. Here we pitched tents and had our breakfast. Many hunters came by with pheasants to sell, extremely cheap in price. They said that as there was no snow this year the birds were not so dear as formerly. We also saw a barbarian with a falcon on his arm going out hawking. It had no bells on it as Korean falcons have, which I thought very strange. There were other falconers, on horseback. One of the lan-t’ou rode a white mule that was a splendied walker. I exchanged my post horse for it for a while and rode ahead. Its grace and speed were something wonderful. My servants, Won-gon and Kwi-dong,fell far behind in less than a mile’s distance,but the servant of the man who owned the mule kept up and rode beside me on his horse. It seemed but a few minutes till we arrived at T’ung- yuan-pao.

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

In a little shrine on the side was a Buddha. A rosary, a bell and a drum were on a table in front of it. The owner’s mother, whose age was about eighty, was a very devout worshipper of the Buddha. She ate only vegetables and said her prayers without ceasing. The sons and daughters of the house all seemed very busy on our first arrival, but in a little they came with tables well laden with dainties which they [page 73] offered to our attendants. Also two plates of sweetmeats were sent to me. I found among these mountain hawthorn berries cooked in honey which were very sweet to the taste. The master himself poured out the tea, and offered a second cup, which I could not refuse.

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

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

Three miles further on we reached a pass called Fen-shui, or “watershed”. The mountains were rough and precipitous. Great forests covered them thicKly with green and smoky verdure, but I cannot say what kind of timber it was. There is a flat place at the top of the pass where the waters divide, some flowing west towards Liao- tung and some east, hence the name of the pass. The geomancers say that all the hills about Liao-tung gain their virtue from this point, and [page 74] that their influence flows from the north. After we crossed the pass we found the country more wooded than before. Wild pears fairly blocked our way; willows grew here and there, and I saw many parasitic plants.

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

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

When we arrived the day before, at T’ung-ylian-pao I saw four or five flags flying from a house. My servant Won-gon said it was a funeral party about to set out for the place of burial. But as we came by the house in the morning the flags were gone and a fire was burning before the door. Four or five girls came our dressed, in mourning white ; they shook some clothes over the fire and went back inside. I suppose it was some purification rite that is performed after funerals.

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

We went five miles from Lien-shan-kuan and reached a pass called Hui-ning, after which we went eight miles more and arrived [page 75] at T’ien-shan-tien, here we slept. The room in which we put up had a picture on the north wall of Kuan Yu, the god of war. In the morning the women of the house came in, burned incense in the brazier and bowed before the picture.

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

There was now a smooth and even road for about seven miles. I was told that people with heavy carts come this way to avoid the mountain route. Thus we arrived at T’ien-shui-tien and entered the official guest house, which is situated outside the walls. I shared a room with the Secretary. Within the city wall there was a newly built Buddhist temple, with one gate and one hall, small, but neat and well constructed. Inside were gilded guards in armor, and a Buddha sitting in the place of honor. They were very lifelike. There were some intersting murals, and a sutra box on a table. I looked to see what the books were and found the Lotus Sutra. Outside the door was a heap [page 76] of horsedung. No one seemed to be responsible for clearing it away. The temples and places of worship in this country remind me of the sowon or local Confucian schools of Korea. They put up fine buildings and then cannot take care of them. They make me laugh! On the east side there was a small house where the monks lived. I opened the door and looked in ; it was very squalid.

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

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

We went two and a half miles further and arrived at Lang-tzu-shan, Wolf Mountain, where there was a flourishing settlement. Some women came out to look at us. This was my first sight of Chinese women. We slept at the official guest house, where a Chinese named Kao told us he had met Chang Hyon, Pak I-jol and So Hyo-nam when they had come through on former embassies. I asked him his age and he said seventy-nine. He told me also that in his childhood he had [page 77] seen the ceremonial robes and fashions of the Ming dynasty and could remember them well. I asked him about the Prince Imperial of the Mings. He said that he had tried to assassinate the Manchu emperor and had then disappeared. All his friends had been killed. I also asked whether they had released the Ming Emperor’s son. He said, “No, they had not”. He also said that the local people had recently lost trade at the hands of the lan-t’ou and that he had suffered as well. I told him I had heard that the border people had petitioned the Emperor about this matter, but that he had referred their problem to the Governor of Mukden. It was said that a lawsuit had been begun at Mukden ; I asked who was winning, and he replied that a few days before three officers of the Department of Justice had come from Peking to Mukden to settle the matter, but he did not know yet who had won. I wanted to question him more closely, but several of the lan-t’ou came in at this point and Kao left and did not come back.

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

4th day (31st December). Fine and clear. Lang-tzu-shan to Hsin-liao-tung, 25 miles. Before it was light we set out on the journey, and went three miles or more, during which time we crossed five big streams. Near the crossing of the fourth river there was a shrine, and beside it ten or a dozen houses to which they gave the name of Shrine Village, Miao-tang-ts’un. In every hamlet that we had passed since leaving Fenghuang there was either a Buddhist temple or a shrine to the spirit of the place. Even the smallest group of houses had one or the other. It might be only a hut of rough stones no bigger than a [page 78] bushel basket, with a picture inside, and an earthenware incense burner in front of it. Kuan Yu seemed to be enshrined in every single house, sometimes with a picture, sometimes with a clay image. Morning and evening, incense was burned before him, and prostrations made. They worship the Buddha and other spirits in the same way.

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

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

Five monks from Lung-an had met us at Leng-ching, and came along with us. One of them was a young man with a very attractive face. I asked him if he knew the way to the Thousand Hills (Ch’ien Shan), and he said they were seventeen miles south of Liao-tung. What he told me about the hills and the temples there agreed with what Yi Wol-sa wrote in his account of his journey to Peking as Envoy. I took out a tablet of ch’ongsim-won (medicine for purifying the heart) and handed it to him as I rode along. He took it and looked over it [page 79] carefully as though he was not quite sure how to use it.

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

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

He replied,”Certainly.”

I then wrote, “If someone will be my guide, I’ll see that he is rewarded liberally.”Then, to bid him goodbye, I wrote, “Let’s meet [page 80] again next spring.”

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

My reply was, “I have no rank and no office.” He again asked, “In your country how do you qualify for office?” I replied, “The examination for the first degree (chinsa) is in verse composition ; for the second degree (saengwon) it is in knowledge of the Classics ; and for final graduation (kupche) the examination is in the composition of various kinds of prose and verse, and in exposition of the Classics.”

He asked, “How many Classics do you have?” I replied, “The three sacred books of Poetry, History and Changes ; and the four lesser ones, the Analects, Mencius, the Doctrine of the Mean, and the Great Learning. “

He wrote again, “Do you not study the Li-chi, and the Spring and Autumn Annals?” I answered, “Yes, we do. They are often included with the Three, and then we speak of the Five Sacred Books.”

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

I asked their names and he wrote Chan-yuan, Ti-hsin,Yun-lai. I found that Yun-lai was his own name; Ti-hsin was the name of the young monk I had met on the road, and Chan-yuan was the name of the old monk. I gave the old monk a paper fan, and then left him to look around the temple buildings. They were imposing. In the meantime the Second Envoy and the Secretary had already viewed the temple, and were said to have gone to look at the white pagoda. I [page 81] went out of the front gate and found the street full of horses and carts. Shops lined both sides of the way. Flags and signboards announced quantities of goods for sale. Many things were strange to me, wonders that I saw for the first time. I was gazing right and left, but could not begin to take them all in. I was just like a Korean peasant in Seoul, seeing Chongno for the first time.

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

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

When I arrived at the white pagoda I found it was octagonal in shape and thirteen stories high. The lower terrace also had three [page 82] stories, but how high it all was I cannot say. Each story had projecting eaves with windbells hanging on them, and the finiai was decorated with horizontal rings and made fast with brass wire. Buddha-images were carved on every side. I cannot imagine how much it all cost. It was all made of tiles and plaster, but it looked like white stone. Tradition says that it was erected about 640 when the Emperor T’ai-tsung of T’ang returned after defeating Korea, but I do not know whether this is true or not.

Behind the pagoda was a large temple called Kuang-hu-szu, but it had fallen to ruins. A stone in front of it recorded that it had been repaired about 1520. It is now called the shrine of the God of War. About a mile away is another large temple, and to the east of the pagoda many smaller ones. I could not visit them all, so I returned to Yung-an temple. My brother was in the Storehouse of Sutras with the Second Envoy and the Secretary. I found them talking to an old monk, a native of Fukien province, whose surname was Ch’en, his Buddhist name Ch’ung-hui, and his literary style Yun-sheng. His face was very bright and intelligent, and he seemed well-versed in literature and highly skilled with the writing brush. After a short time we got up and left.

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

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

We spent the night at the official guest house, about three miles from old Liao-tung. Late in the evening the interpreters sent me some [page 83] long-an and other sugared fruits. I thought these came from the lan-t’ou, so I declined them and sent them back.

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

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

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

After breakfast the Manchu innkeeper complained that the amount paid him was too small. He took hold of Chi-sun and refused to let him go till I gave him a fan, and the difficulty was settled. [page 84]

Two miles from Lan-ni-pao we came to a new stone bridge with a balustrade on each side. A tablet nearby bore the three characters Wan-pao-ch’iao, Boundless Treasure Bridge. It had been built in 1707.

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

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

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

We passed several villages and at length reached Po-t’a-pao, where there is an octagonal white pagoda in the middle of the village. We entered a house there and secured an inner room where we had breakfast. The master was a Chinese, evidently a man of considerable means, for he owned many oxen and donkeys. There were two large grain bins in his yard, one for millet and one for black beans. They were made of wood plastered on the outside with mud, at least thirty feet around and twelve feet high, with two holes for ventilation near the top. Both were thatched with straw. [page 85]

From Liao-tung onwards there had been a succession of inns and markets along the way, and an increasing number of horses and carts on the road. The landscape was crossed with roads running at right angles like the lines on a chessboard, and the villages were set like chessmen on the crossings. The few clumps of trees that we saw seemed all to be willows. Herds of cattle and donkeys were grazing here and there, and there were numberless stacks of sorghum stalks in the fields. A continuous procession of carts loaded with sorghum stalks went by, and I was told that the stalks were to be sold in Mukden for fuel. Various kinds of grain were grown, but much more sorghum than anything else. There was also some dry-field rice. I noticed that the soil was very sandy, fine and fertile, and I should think it would produce good harvests. On the road we often met women riding in carts, and soldiers in armor with bows and arrows.

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

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

Near the walls was a large stream of clear water, a branch of the Hun River. Beside it were many houses, and the ground was scattered with graves. When we arrived at the wall the three Envoys alighted from their palanquins and mounted horses. A mile inside the walls we found the inner city wall, which was about forty feet high. The pavilions on the gates were very tall, and half hid the sky. They can [page 86] be seen from miles away. Outside the gate was a baffle wall with an opening on each side. The leaves of the gates were covered with iron plates, and outside the gate was a moat crossed by a stone bridge. After crossing the bridge and entering the double gate we found ourselves within the walls. From the outer wall to the inner the road is lined with market stalls like the teeth of a comb, but within the inner wall it is even busier, ten times busier than Liao-tung. A few hundred paces within the wall in a little lane to the east was the official guest house. I heard the grooms saying that this was where the Korean hostages had been kept after they were brought to Mukden in 1637, but the place where the Crown Prince was imprisoned was on the site of the present official yamen of Mukden. My great-grandfather was held prisoner in a building somewhere north of where the prince was, but nobody now knew where it was.

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

The interpreters came to say that the lawsuit of the lan-t’ou had reached a critical stage. Those of our people who had handed over money looked very worried, except the head interpreter, who seemed quite at ease. Since passing the palisade the lan-t’ou had wanted to receive money in advance to contract for us, so they had treated our interpreters lavishly and pressed them earnestly because they wanted to use the money for bribes to the court officials in Mukden. Our people discussed the matter, knowing full well that recent losses in trade had been due to the lan-t’ou, and if the lan-t’ou lost their case it would be to our advantage. Although we could do nothing to arrange this, putting money into their hands would only strengthen their [page 87] position. Their mood had changed greatly during the last few days, and it was clear that they were losing confidence. If we gave them money and then they lost their case, we should never get the money back. It would be better to wait till we got to Mukden and see how things turned out. Even a child could have appraised the situation, but the chief interpreter was in favor of handing the money to the lan-t’ou and he tried to force his opinion on the others. Yi Yu-ryang, Ch’oe Tae-sang, Chang Won-ik and Hong Ma-nun stood out against him, but the others all gave in and followed him like sheep. It was a great pity. I heard later that ten thousand liang changed hands.

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

Many Manchu came with goods to sell. We found that twenty- [page 88] four of the rolls of cotton cloth we had brought for tribute were missing. Evidently they had been stolen by the Uiju grooms. I learned that this sort of thing had often happened on former expeditions.

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

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

Crowds of people and great quantities of goods filled the market places. We wandered a little way westward, then returned and went north for the same distance before coming back and going towards the east gate. There was a dazzling variety of goods for sale. In the [page 89] course of a few hundred yards I saw more roe deer, red deer and rabbits hanging up than I could possibly count. All sorts of work was going on, cutting and sawing wood, making carts, coffins, chairs and tables. Metal workers were making pots in iron and pewter. Others were hulling rice, making clothes, ginning cotton, doing all sorts of work with very efficient tools, so that one man could do as much work as ten did in Korea.

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

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

**Section II**

**Peking, 23rd January—10th February, 1713**

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

Inside the city the main street was not more than seventy or eighty paces wide, about a third wider than Chong-no in Seoul, but [page 90] I saw nothing special in the shops on either side of the street. We had gone about a mile when we reached a crossing with roads going in four directions. We turned south towards the Ch’ung-wen-men, the Southeast Gate of the city. When we came within about a hundred yards of it we turned west and came to a stone bridge called Yu-ho-ch’iao, Jade River Bridge. Beside the street I noticed a large gate with three openings, said to be the entrance to a palace of one of the imperial princes. Three or four barbarians, with swords at their sides, were sitting on guard. A row of spears stood before them, and their bows, arrows and quivers were hanging beside the gate. We crossed the Yu-ho bridge and went a few hundred yard further till we reached the Korean Envoys’ Hostelry on the north side of the road, where Chinese interpreters came out to meet us. The Envoy simply lifted his joined hands by way of response to their greeting, and we passed through to the inner compound, where we found many buildings along each side, all apparently gone to ruin. These were the quarters where the Korean interpreters were supposed to stay. Passing through a small gate we came to the main hall. It also had subsidiary buildings on each side, all of which were in a state of sorry dilapidation. The rooms were full of dust and dirt.

The wind which was exceedingly cold kept up till night. We had no place to sleep, and did not know what to do. You can imagine our perplexity. My brother went into the east room of the main hall, where there were two k’ang, one on the north and one on the south. He chose the south and I took the north. There was no vestige of paper on the windows, so we had the outside screened with paper from the baggage and sorghum stalks. We pasted up the inside as well as we could, but because of the cold the paste did not stick and the wind blew the paper off as fast as we put it on. We tried again and again, but to little purpose, and only with the greatest difficulty did we manage to pass the night. [page 91]

The Second Envoy occupied the middle room. As he entered he found an old Buddhist monk in possession, who invited him to sit down and poured out some tea for him. When asked, he gave his age as seventy-two.

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

The main hall and the wings all stood on a well built platform as high as a man’s shoulder.... at the south end stood a brazier about three feet high, and before each room of the wings was another. They all had incense sticks in them, so that the fragrance of incense filled the court. There were so many memorial stones that I could not [page 92] examine them all. Some had inscriptions written by the emperor, and they were covered with yellow tile copings.

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

I went to see where the officers were, and found them in a three-kan room with k’ang on the north and south sides. Kim Chung-hwa, Yu Pong-san and Kim Tok-sam were on the northern one, Ch’ang Yŏp, Hong Ma-nun and Ch’oe Su-ch’ang on the other. They had repaired the k’ang and pasted up the windows, but the room was too small for the number that occupied it. I was very concerned about them. The captain of the Uiju guards, the physicians, clerks and accompanying merchants had no rooms. They all repaired to the rear court, made huts of the baggage covers, and crawled into them, they bought some bricks and made a k’ang. The soldiers, grooms and [page 93] servants huddled in the shelter of a wall. They managed to build another wall with broken odds and ends of brick, as protection against the wind. Those who had enough money put up mat-sheds. My own three servants had gone round to the east wall of the main building and were discussing building a mat-shed there. I went to the Secretary’s room and found he had a five-kan room with two k’ang in it. It was light and clean, and pleasanter than the room where the Envoy was. The Secretary’s military officer, No Hup, was with him on the north k’ang, and his interpreter, O Chi-hang, was on the south k’ang.

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

The President of the Board of Rites had ridden in a four man palanquin with a black canopy over it. It was much like a Korean chair, but the poles were fastened at the sides and had leather thongs attached to them that passed over the bearers’ shoulders. A herald went in front, calling out just as is done in Korea. Indeed, I heard that they borrowed the custom from us. Although Chinese ride in chairs, the Manchu are not allowed to do so. Kwi-dong told me [page 94] everything when he came back. Our king’s letter to the Emperor was wrapped in oiled paper and when it was opened the barbarians fought for the wrapper. The officials did nothing to stop them. One man got a piece about the size of a bookpage, and looked thoroughly delighted. I cannot think what he intended to do with it.

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

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

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

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

Our hostelry had a Yamen Governor, a diplomatic officer, six [page 95] protocol officers, six senior interpreters and six junior interpreters, all of whom lived outside the compound. The guard consisted of two officers, two spearmen and twenty gateguards. The officers changed daily and the spearmen changed every five days. The interpreters came and went as they liked, and you could never tell whether the Governor would be there or not. The soldiers were never all there at the same time. Every day when the interpreters closed the gates in the late afternoon and opened them after sunrise, the soldiers came and told the Envoys. Before the gate was closed the soldiers would come in and shout to disperse the barbarian traders. They made a bloodcurdling noise, enough to frighten anybody. Every morning our own interpreters came in to salute the Envoys as they had done on the way. When the gate was opened, our guards and interpreters would salute the Chinese interpreters, bowing on the ground to do them honor. Kim Chung-hwa was very unhappy about this.

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

29th day (25th January). Fine but cold, growing milder later. Wen Feng-hsien, one of the interpreters, sent a bowl of steamed ricecake, some of which was like the choak of Korea. Kim Urg-hon (one of our officers) brought in some grapes, tangerines, hawthorn fruit, pears and persimmons, all as fresh as if they had just been picked. The tangerines were like pomeloes, sweet and very juicy. They had been frozen and so they had lost some of their flavor and were not comparable to Korean oranges. The larger pears were as big as a man’s fist, and the smaller ones were the size of hens,eggs. They were yellow, with thin skins and tender flesh. They melted in the mouth, and the flavor was good, but rather faint. The persimmons were longer and bigger than Korean persimmons, with thick skin but good flavor. The [page 96] hawthorn berries were as big as plums, very flesh, and had no grubs in them.

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

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

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

In the evening I went to see the Secretary. At night the New Year feast was brought in. The Envoys assembled all the party, stepped down into the lower court, and kotowed. By custom, this New Year feast is provided by the Kuang-lu-szu (Imperial Household Office), but it grew very late and the feast did not come. Only after the Governor of the hostelry had sent an interpreter to hasten it did it begin to arrive. The food was very poor, and the number of dishes less than in former years. The Chinese interpreters also grumbled about this. The two Envoys and the Secretary each had a separate [page 97] table, with forty-five dishes. The dishes were made of pewter,and twice the size of ordinary plates. Most of the food was Chinese sweet-meats, including wu-hua-t’ang, which is made of parched beans dyed in various colors, but it was not very interesting. Nor were the other dishes. The only meat served was a goose. Two tables we sent in later for the interpreters. It was the custom to give a tip to the men who brought the food and so this was done.

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

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

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

From today rations of food and fodder were distributed from the Emperor. The two Envoys received the same, then the Secretary, then the three chief interpreters, then the twenty-four tribute guards, and then the sixty attendants each received their graded portion. Every groom and horse was also provided for: a measure of rice for each man, four measures of beans and two bundles of hay to each horse. The chief Chinese interpreter supervised the distribution of rations every fifth day, giving the rations for officers and interpreters to our chief interpreter to divide them up. The grooms’, other attendants’ and horses’ rations were all given to the officer of the Uiju guard for him to distribute to the individuals. Now the dry measures [page 98] used in China were twice as big as those used in Korea, so he used Korean measures for dividing the rations and all that was left over went to two or three people only. This was what had always been done before, but it was very wrong, and orders were given that this time it was all to be divided properly. The grooms and servants were very happy about this.

Lunar New Year’s Day (26th January 1/13) . Fine and warm. Before four o’clock in the morning the hostelry was full of the soldiers’ shouting to urge us to get ready to go to the palace. I was just about to eat some boiled rice when an interpreter came saying that it was getting late. My brother set out straightaway and I put on my robe to follow, but the gates were still closed. The interpreters were all ready to go, but the guards were outside. We called through the chinks of the gates to get them opened, but the guards would not hear. Their officer, Yi Yur-yang, was too old to attend at the palace, but he came to the gate and called them. They were holding out for tips. They were each given a fan, and the gates were opened. I left Won-gon to look after my room, and went out into the street with Son-hung and Kwi-dong. The street was already full of an endless procession of passers-by. Some were in palanquins with lanterns carried behind them, officials going to attend at the palace. Kwi-dong,who was carrying our lantern, missed the way and passed by the opening that led to the Ch’ang-an-men, the main gate of the Forbidden City. We reached the Office of Rites before he realized he had gone wrong. We retraced our steps along the palace wall, but suddenly our lantern went out and we were in total darkness with no idea of the way. Fortunately somebody with a lantern came by and we followed him out to the main road until we reached the Ch’ang-an-men. The square was packed with horses, men and palanquins; inside the gate, crowds of people were moving to and fro with lanterns. I dismounted. [page 99] followed by Son-hung, and after a hundred paces turned north to the five stone bridges. To the south of the bridges, to right and left, were the carved pillars called Pillars of Heaven. It was still so dark that I could not see their shape distinctly, but they seemed to be at least forty feet high.

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

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

After a while the Emperor left and the gates were opened again. I got in and asked what the imperial ceremony had been like. They [page 100] told me the Emperor had left in the darkness with a mounted escort lit by two lanterns only. Nothing else could be seen. The interpreters said that when he came back there would be no need for me to withdraw, but if I wore a dark robe I could mix with the crowd and stay; so I took off my outer robe and sat down behind my brother. Interpreters often say that sort of thing, but I was about to be ordered away again when Chang Wŏn-ik, the chief interpreter, gave me a military felt hat to put on instead of my own, and I escaped detection. It was very comic.

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

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

When the carriage passed through the Wu-men, the officials retired into the buildings on the east and west sides of the court. The Chinese interpreters led our envoys into a room on the west. Outside the Wu-men two yellow-covered chariots with red wheels and shafts were waiting. The domed bodies were round and as big as a small room. Around each was a railed-in passage wide enough for a man to pass around. The whole was decorated with gold, iade, gems [page 101] and green ornaments. Fixed to the shafts was a yellow standard with twelve dragons embroidered on it; a great rope made of scarlet threads twisted together was tied to the axletrees like the hawser of a ship. The ends of the rope were draped over the shafts because the carriage was to be drawn by them. When the Emperor rode in the carriage, attendants stood on the sides and went before the elephants that drew the chariot.

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

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

Several men brought in a huge box, set it down in front of the elephants, and opened it. It contained the harnesses, made of yellow rope, ornamented with gold thread and inlaid with blue and red gems the size of persimmons. These were the elephants’ halters. The men got on and off the elephants’ backs, but they never moved. When a bundle of fodder was put in front of an elephant, it would [page 102] pick it up with its trunk, roll it inwards, and put it into its mouth. The mahout told people not to come too near. I asked why and they said that the elphants did not like strange crowds. If one went too near the animals might suddenly swing their trunks with a blow that could kill a man.

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

The barbarians usually wear dark clothing without distinction of rank, but that day their ceremonial garb included epaulettes, sleeve ornaments and breastplates. Their caps, belts, rugs and badges all differed according to rank. The mark on the top of the cap was a red stone for the highest rank, next below that a dark blue one, then a smaller dark blue one, then a crystal, and below that no mark at all. The belt of the highest rank was of jade, the next rank of chased gold, the next of plain gold, and below that of ram’s horn. The rug for the highest rank was a tiger skin with the head and claws on it. The next rank down had a tiger skin without head and claws, the next had a wolf skin, the next a badger skin, the next a raccoon-dog skin, the next a wild sheep skin, then a dog skin and lowest of all a mat of white felt. In summer the three highest ranks had red felt and all the others white felt. The badges were birds for civil officials and beasts for military officers, keeping the Ming custom. Their under robes [page 103] were long, reaching to the feet, with narrow sleeves and wide skirts, but the outer coat reached only to the waist and the sleeves came only to the elbows- They also wore a silk garment made of one round piece put on over the head like a cape, hanging back and front without an opening. This, like the under robe and coat, was of dark material, but with embroidery of four-clawed dragons to indicate rank. The embroidered breastplate was on the outer coat underneath the belt. All those of fourth rank and above were allowed to wear gems and the breastplate, but I could not see the form exactly. Although this dress is not a Chinese style, it serves to mark the various ranks clearly so that there was no confusion. We call Korea “the land of caps and belts”, and distinguish our ranks in this way, but we do not distinguish in such detail. Our Second Envoy was wearing a fairy crane embroidered on his coat, just as my brother was. It was odd that there was nothing to distinguish them.

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

Outside the Wu-men, in the west court, there was a brick tower with a sundial on it. At seven o’clock the officials came out of the side rooms and entered the east court outside the Wu-men, where they knelt and kotowed in honor of the Empress Dowager. Then they divided and went through the side gates to the east and west of the Wu-men into the palace. Our Envoys went in with the western rank. I followed them as far as the gate and then stopped. I could not tell what was done inside. The Wu-men was open and I could see as far [page 104] as the T’ai-ho-men and the pillars in front of the palace, but only indistinctly. Immediately behind the officials went the drummers, trumpeters, soldiers and swordsmen who had lined the Emperor’s route. Some soldiers kept back the crowds.

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

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

After a short time I returned to my place, but the gates were still not open. There were many people selling wine and noodles crowding around. It was some time before the gates opened and I went in again. All the barbarians were lined up on the east and west sides of the court, coming and going in due order. Many wore the red gem on their caps, but I saw nothing remarkable about their faces. The Envoys had still not appeared, so I went to the west portice outside the Tuan-men, where I opened a small door and looked through it. [page 105] I saw a lot of cypress trees. It was the front court of the altar of the gods of Soil and Grain. Over the gate was written: Left Side of the She-chi, in Chinese with a Manchu inscription beside it. I found double inscriptions like this on all the gates.

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

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

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

 Soon after this our envoys appeared. My brother rested a little by one of the “Pillars of Heaven”. I asked some of the lower officials what the ceremony had been like. They said that they had entered the palace door and inside it had been pitch dark. Inside they turned right and came out again over another five-fold bridge to a place where there were more porticoes to the east and west of the court. They went through yet another gate, the T’ai-ho-men, to the court of the T’ai-ho-tien. Two yellow parasols were set up facing south and [page 106] three more pairs were set up on the dais. Below the dais were six horses with golden saddles, then a red and black canopy, then lanterns in many colors, and then eighty banners, yellow, red, black and white, some with golden dragons on them, some with sun, moon and stars, some with the character men (gate), but all on red poles decorated with dragons. Then there were iron clubs and halberds.

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

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

The imperial palace was built in the Yung-lo period (1403- 1424) but was burnt down during the rebellion of Li Tzu-ch’eng, in 1644. It was restored soon afterwards in the old style, a magnificent [page 107] place worthy of the imperial prestige.

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

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

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

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

A secretary of the Sungmun office named Kang Umun came to me and said. “There is a camp of Mongols outside the west wall. [page 108] They eat the lice off their bodies.” I went out to the wall and piled up some saddles so that I could climb up and see over. There was a wide open space with several score of Mongol tents. Each tent had about eighty people living in it. They all had broad cheekbones, quite different from the Manchus. Their clothes were such dirty rags that they hardly looked like human beings. One of them had his clothes off and was catching lice. As soon as he caught one, he ate it. It was disgusting. However it is not only Mongols who eat lice; the Chinese also eat them.

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

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

2nd day (27th January). Fine, not cold. After breakfast the Second Envoy and the Secretary came to see my brother. I was suddenly awakened in my little mat house as I lay with the felt door closed. A large dish of fruit was pushed in, a gift from the Second Envoy, who had also given one to my brother.

At the evening meal we had a pig’s head boiled, and I invited Kim Chung-hwa, Yu Pong-san and Kim Tok-sam to share it. I got out some pears and oranges and shared them too. On this day I first ate Chinese crab apples. Their taste was superb, quite different from anything I had eaten in Korea. My brother did not eat anything at [page 109] all, which was worrying.

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

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

3rd day (28th January). Fine, not cold. After breakfast Chang Won-ik came and said that Li Ch’eng-liang’s descendants, T’ing-tsai and T’ing-chi, had come. I got out Yi Tong-bae’s letter and Li Ju-pai’s portrait for them. Li Ju-pai was Li Ch’eng-liang’s second son. When his elder brother, LiJu-sung, came to Korea to help repel the Japanese during the Hideyoshi invasion, Ju-pai came with him. His younger brother, Ju-mai, after the Battle of Shen-ho in 1618 when the Manchus were fighting for the control of China, fled to Korea and became a Korean citizen. His great-grandson, Tong-bae, had gone to Peking with the embassy of Min Song-yu in 1711, and met T’ing-tsai and T’ing-chi, the great-grandsons of Ju-mai’s elder brother, Ju-chen. T’ing-tsai gave Tong-bae copies of family genealogical records, and said he had heard that Ju-pai’s portrait was in the Muryol shrine at Pyongyang. He asked for a copy of it to be sent to him. Min Songyu arranged for it to be copied and sent it by us together with a letter from Tong-bae to be given to T’ing-tsai. Hearing that the two men were in Chang Won-ik’s room, I went to see them. They were quite unlike the barbarians. I sat down among the officers with them. Chang told me that Li Ch’eng-liang had had five sons: Ju-sung, Ju-pai, Ju-chen, Ju-chang and Ju-mai. rhese were Ju-chen’s descendants. Ju-sung had no descendants. They said that the whole family had been well treated by the Manchu rulers. They had been given stipendiary posts, and some had even married into the imperial [page 110] clan. T’ing-tsai had just been given a magistracy.

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

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

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

He replied,”Governor T’ao ho-ch’i’s misdoings are numberless. I could never relate them all.”

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

I said, “I imagine he has little chance of getting off.” “Very little,” was the reply. The governor, who was responsible for all the nine gates of Peking, was said to have taken bribes and to have been put to death by the Emperor’s order. I wanted to find out the truth of the matter. I asked again, “At the audience I noticed that the soldiers’ uniforms were worn and frayed, and their bows and swords were in [page 111] very poor condition. They say that this is the custom in peacetime, but in time of war new uniforms and equipment are provided. Is this so?”

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

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

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

“But what use has the Emperor for money?” I said. He replied, “I have no idea.” I enquired again, “I hear that the Emperor doesn’t keep the palaces and parks in good order. Is it true?” He replied, “Yes, that is true.”

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

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

“What does he spend it on?”

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

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

“Why does he give them silver?”

“I do not know.”

“Are these barbarians Mongols?”

“Yes.”

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

“Forty-eight tribes are here. I don’t know why they stay so long. “How much silver does he give them every year?” [page 112] “Every year these forty-eight tribes get forty or fifty thousand pieces.”

“Does he give silk and stuff as well as silver?” “Yes,he gives them all sorts of things.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why don’t they send troops and get rid of the pirates?” [page 113] “Pirates are the most difficult to catch of all bandits. Besides, the government troops are afraid they may get killed, because their chances of life are only one in ten thousand when they fight with pirates .”

“How many soldiers do the pirates have?”

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

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

I asked what the Chinese meant by man (southern barbarians) .

He said,”Confucius meant the men of Ch’u, but the word is not precise. Now we call any non-Chinese barbarians.”

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

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

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

“There are some in the capital.”

“Do they intermarry with the Chinese?”

“About half of them.”

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

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

It seems there are very few people in Peking who are well-versed in the characters, so Chinese are generally employed as secretaries. Six were appointed to the Korean envoys’ hostelry. They were all from south China, and did not have the round faces of the northern races. They received a salary, but a poor one. One can read in their faces signs of the hardships they have endured in coming thousands [page 114] of miles away from their homes. They usually undertake the buying and selling of books for the Envoys, on which they often make a profit. If a Korean wants inside information he can learn it from these men, but half of what they say is falsehood intended to deceive our interpreters. They speak of great difficulties when there is nothing of the sort, and magnify trivial matters into serious affairs, so that one can put little faith in what they say. In this conversation which I had just had I was doubtful about the reliability of some of the information.

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

It was four days since we had water brought from the Temple of Heaven. This water was better than that from other places, but still it was very bad. So from this day we had water brought from a place near Pa-li-pu, outside the Ghao-yang-men. It was a little better than the water from the Temple of Heaven, but it did not make good porridge. The water in China is saltier than the saltiest market water in Korea. If you drank it for a long time you grew accustomed to it, but the most unpleasant thing about it was a slight sweetness. I could hardly swallow it. If I washed in it, my face grew chapped and I suffered from hangnails. I washed my towel in it for three or four days and it became slimy like a wet stick ; I could not understand why. [page 115] About fourteen miles outside the Cheng-yang-men there is good water. When Yi Chong-gwi came to Peking he always drank this water, but he had to pay a high price to get it.

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

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

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

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

Since yesterday morning many books had come in, but only the first volume of each set was sent for us to look at before we bought it. They would not send the rest of the set until we agreed to buy. Once we agreed we had to take them as they were. I had no chance to examine the books before buying them. It was exasperating. The [page 116] soldiers at the gate forbade the bringing in of books, so volume after volume was hidden under clothing and brought in that way. Whole sets had to be brought in over the wall at night, which was a hazardous proceeding. This evening Ch’oe T’ae-sang got more than eighty volumes in. I kept the Pen-ts’ao kang-mu (The Great Pharmacopoeia of Li Shih-chen, completed in 1578), but sent the rest back.

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

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

The food that was sent to us from the kitchens along the way before we got to Mukden was very good. From Mukden onwards it grew progressively worse. Since we had been in Peking there had been nothing fit to eat. What we had been given was often bad, and the men in the kitchen were lazy and careless. The rice was spoiled by the bad water and inferior Chinese rice was mixed with it. The rice we had brought with us had been the best quality from Sonch’on and Kwaksan, but the cooks fed this to their friends among the soldiers and interpreters and gave us Chinese dry-field rice. Our meals were [page 117] very unpleasant, and there was nothing we could do about it. For breakfast and tiffin I usually nibbled a dish of i-i (waterlily seeds) and one or two pieces of dried beef. When I went out I usually drank half a cup of rice spirits to stay my appetite, and while I was out I constantly ate i-i seeds. From time to time I ate gruel, but in any day ate no more than a few spoonfuls of rice. Indeed, what I ate on the whole trip would not be more than three or four mal. When I ate side-dishes I was depriving my brother, because apart from vinegar and pickled meat there were not more than three or four dishes of fish or meat, and none of it worth putting the chopsticks to. It all got eaten by Kwi-dong and his friends. If anything better than usual appeared, I sent it to Yi Yu-ryang because he was old. Occasionally I sent it to Kim Tok-san and Ch’ang-yŏp, because what the officers got to eat was very poor. Yu Pong-san could not stomach it and used to ask me for dried fish or beef, which he ate in my room. I had brought a jar of pickled radishes, squash and melons cured in soy. From today I started to eat it. It was not especially good, but it satisfied the appetite. I shared it with the officers, and they all said how good it was. The cook had bought some white fish and made soup. The fish was very much like Korean white fish and it tasted good. It was the best fish we had in Peking.

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

5th day (30th January). Fine, strong wind, sand blown against the windows. One of the senior interpreters, Pak Chae-bon, brought me a potted orchid, of the ordinary kind but with more than twenty stems. The narrow leaves were six or seven inches long, and it looked as though it was newly-potted and the roots had not yet taken hold. I [page 118] asked where it came from and he said that he got it from the keeper of the hostelry. I put it with the narcissus in my mat shed.

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

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

6th day (31st January). Fine. After breakfast the young protocol officer, P’an Te-yu, came in and we talked together. I gave him a brush and a stick of ink, which pleased him very much. [page 119]

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

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

They went into the room where the prince was lying and bowed before the k’ang. A mat was brought and Kim was asked to sit down. After tea had been served he asked about the prince’s illness, The prince was in his thirties and had been ill for five years. He was very weak and pale, as white as snow. It was obvious that he was phthisic. He said that his knees hurt and his head ached. Kim gave him acupuncture in a few places on his head, but would not prescribe medicine until he had seen him again. Then he took his departure and was given a seat in a pavilion outside the main gate, where he was [page 120] given some refreshments.

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

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

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

Today the Chinese interpreters sent some new water which they said came from the north side of the city, but it was not good. The horse that Kang Um-un rode fell ill and died.

7th day (1st February). Fine. Strong wind,but not cold. Lo-yen came after breakfast with the finished portrait. It was not a good likeness at all. It was a full-face portrait, so I asked him to try again with a side [page 121] view. He said he would take it away to his house and bring it when it was finished. When I saw the way he did a painting I realized he was more interested in elegance than in likeness to life. He was not a great artist.

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

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

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

But she thought again. “The graves of the Ma family are to the north of the city, and my parents are to the east. Before long their [page 122] souls will grow hungry.” So she obtained a new site near the Ma family graves, and when she moved her parents’ remains there she begged her children, when she was dead, not to forget her parents.

She also prepared an oratory in her house where she burned incense at morning and evening before the Buddha. When she came to die she gave away all her clothes and other possessions to her servants, called her sons, grandsons and relatives, and spoke her last words in a voice as clear as it had ever been. She was born in 1646 and died in 11711, so she was sixty-five years old.

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

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

8th day (2nd February). Fine, cold wind at night. In the morning Ch’ang-yop and I were looking at the Mongols over the north wall. A Mongol came to the foot of the wall and gazed up. Our eyes met, but we were unable to speak to each other. Soon a soldier came and made us get down. One soldier who came later was gentle and good-looking, so I told Won-gon to make friends with him, and they made a [page 123] plan to go together to draw water, because a soldier always went on the trip.

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

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

I wanted to visit the San-chung-tz’u, the shrine of the Three Loyal Ones. These three were Chu-ko Liang, of Han, and Yueh Fei and Wen T’ien-hsiang, of the Sung Dynasty. I asked first whether the Ta-t’ung Bridge were far away, because I knew that the shrine was [page 124] beside that bridge. The soldier said that the bridge was a mile and a half outside the East Gate, but was not worth going to see. Nevertheless he would show me the way. So we went out of the gate and crossed the bridge over the moat, where we sent the servants and horses to fetch the water, while we took the road beside the moat, which was frozen over. Five or six barbarians were waiting on the shore with sleds. When they saw us coming they vied with each other for our custom. Yu and I mounted one sled, and the two servants mounted another, with the Chinese soldier. We moved at great speed, a delightful sensation. When we arrived below the Ta-t’ung bridge the soldier paid the fare with his own money.

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

We asked for the shrine and a man pointed the way for us. We followed the moat for a hundred yards or so, till we came to a bridge with a memorial stone on it. I noticed that the memorial was erected in 1613. A little way beyond the memorial a small shrine stood on the bank of the moat. The front gate was shut, so I got off my horse and went in by a side gate. The building was only three kan; it contained three plaster images: Chu-ko Liang in the middle. Wen T-ien-hsiang on the right and Yueh Fei on the left. Chu-ko Liang wore his “sleeping dragon” cap and robe trimmed with cranes’ down, and held a [page 125] feather fan in his hand. Wen T’ien-hsiang wore a scholar’s cap and court dress. Yueh Fei was dressed in armor. Their faces looked lifelike. Yueh turned his face to the right and looked as if he were about to speak—a peaceful and thoroughly refined countenance ; Wen also had a face radiant with peace. There is a saying that men who deal with great affairs have an expression of peace, and I believe that is true.

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

On the right and left of the court stood two memorial stones erected in 1514.

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

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

Between the wall of the Tatar City and the canal there is a wide road. On the south side of the canal the houses of the people are closely [page 126] packed. About a mile along is the Ch’ung-wen-men, which is similar to the East Gate in structure. Here there was a large stone bridge over the canal and on either side a crowded market where horses and carts struggled to get through the gateway.

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

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

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

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

9th day (3rd February). Strong wind all day; the coldest day since we arrived. In the morning I asked P’an Te-yu to come and see me, and offered him food and wine, but just as we were beginning to talk I was called away and had to get up and go. Li Ts’ing-tsai and his brother were waiting for me in Chang Won-ik’s room. They had brought me five writing brushes, some fruit and also some vegetables [page 127] pickled in soy. The pickles were not very tasty. They also produced an archer’s thumb ring made of jade, which they said had belonged to Li Ch’eng-liang, and asked me to take it to Yi Tong-bae, but it was very small and would never go on his hand.

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

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

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

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

On the fourth day of the New Year, during the forenoon, fire broke out in the Office of Works. A strong northwest wind was blowing that day, and the flames drew nearer to the Yu-ho-kuan. A house near the north wall, close to the place where the Second Envoy was staying, caught fire. Our Korean group was in great confusion. The grooms climbed on the wall and some of them pulled water up while [page 128] others broke down the buildings outside the wall, trying to make a firebreak. They removed all the mat-sheds from the courts of the hostelry. A secretary from the Board of Rites kept coming in with the chief interpreter, urging that the tribute goods be moved. They were finally put under the wall of the city by the Yu-ho bridge, where the interpreters and soldiers guarded them. After supper, although the fire began to subside a little, the ruins were still smoking and the interpreters said that there was still danger during the night, So they could not bring the tribute goods back into the hostelry, and had to leave them where they were. The senior interpreters of the Board of Rites went to guard them and make reports during the night if there were any danger of fire breaking out again. Some said that the fire in the Board of Works had been started deliberately, and that the men responsible would be caught and examined under torture.

All this time soldiers were riding by the gate of the hostelry with their bows and arrows ready, and others were set in ambush here and there. Everybody was looking frightened. The guards at the gate usually carried swords, but this day they had bows and arrows as well. Every day they expected news of fresh disturbances. These things were all recorded in my father’s diary, but the old interpreter, Yi Yu-ryang, had been in Peking at the same time and he told me that when the fire began the Chinese officials were all very frightened. From the highest to the lowest they were in a state of panic, but my father just sat where he was and never moved. They were all amazed at him. The old man also told me that the merchants had sold their goods very cheaply, white silk, watered silk and heavy silk. Much of it they gave away for nothing, saying that they would probably have no use for it themselves, but if the trouble blew over the goods could be paid for later. That year our interpreters made profits such as have never been seen at any other time. They are still talking about it. [page 129]

10th day (4th February). Cloudy and cold, but improving later. After breakfast we again went out to fetch water. Won-gon, Son-hung and Kwi-dong all came with me, and the soldier to whom I had given the fan two days before. This time Ch’a Chun-gol, captain of the Uiju guard, accompanied us on horseback. We went by the same road as before. We saw even more women in the streets than we did before, when Yu Pong-san had come with us for the purpose of seeing the women. I knew that he would be very sad that he had not come with us this time, because every time I see a beautiful woman I immediately think of him. When I returned I told him about this and we laughed together.

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

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

Inside the wall of a house by the road were five or six bamboo poles with paper lanterns and paper banners on them. Inside the [page 130] great gate were funeral banners on poles nearly twenty feet high. The poles and crossbars were painted red and ornamented with gold. The banners were of red silk that reached to the ground, and the characters were written in gold. Outside the gate there was a mat-shed. Won-gon told me that this was a funeral house. In Peking a man at the point of death is moved into such a hut and priests are called to stand around him and read sutras until he dies. The flags and lanterns are carried in procession when the bier leaves the house.

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

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

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

We turned out into the main road and went south. A few hundred yards before we reached the Ch’ung-wen-men we turned [page 131] into a side street to the east because I wanted to visit the Shrine of the Faithful Ones (Chung-Chueh-tz’u). I saw a small shrine beside the road, and thought it might be the one I was looking for, so I dismounted and went in to look, but it turned out to be the Chen-wu-miao, and the doors were barred. I sat down on the steps to rest and several sight-seers came after me. I wrote on the ground with my whip the three characters Chung-chueh-tz’u, but none of them could read, so they could not answer me.

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

I arrived at the main hall but no one came out to greet me. The little barbarian ushered me into the east room where there was a handsome man, about thirty years of age, who greeted me and gave me a place to sit on the k’ang. He sat with his feet hanging over the side of the k’ang, and I was kneeling politely. He asked me to sit [page 132] comfortably, and then a youth brought writing brushes and ink from the inner quarters, drew up a chair, and sat beside the k’ang. He was about twenty-four years old. His face was pock-marked and thin, but he had a very pleasant expression. Unfolding a piece of red paper, he began writing. First he asked my name. Both of them fingered my heavy cotton clothes and asked whether our Korean cloth was good, and whether I was going to sell it or not. I told them I had nothing to sell. Then they asked whether we could exchange writing brushes, ink and paper. I replied that there was no need to exchange,I would like to present some to them. This seemed to please the young man very much.

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

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

Here I am in Peking,on the last night of the year,

Sitting alone and late, in the glow of the candle flame.

My servants come to tend the fires together.

Talking of home, as though this were a dream.

The young man was delighted when he saw this, and wrote:

“This is the T’ang style.” Then he added: “Can we not be friends?”

I laughed and protested that I was not worthy. He told me there was no need for false humility, and called the serving maid to bring tea—the same girl I had seen at the gate. Then he went to an inner [page 133] room and came back with a quince, which he set down in front of me and wrote a seven-syllable quatrain:

They say that beauty does not outlast spring,

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

I can scarcely bear to give it to another;

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

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

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

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

On the east wall was a scroll painting, and by it was a table with [page 134] ten or more cases of books and a pot of narcissus on it. I wrote asking if they had any orchids, and the youth replied that they had one or two pots. When I asked if they were very valuable he said that although they grew well in Peking, they would not travel. I asked him what he meant by this, and he explained that he feared they would not live in another climate. I told him that they had already been taken to Korea, and when he asked if they had lived I told him that indeed they bloomed beautifully.

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

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

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

Then fruit and sweets were brought in, five different kinds, and placed on the table. There was one dish of pomeloes, one dish of oranges, and three dishes of sweet paste confections. The first was like Korean glutinous rice candy. The one they said was best was a kind of steamed ricecake rather like Korean sapsansam, which tasted very good. The other looked like rolls of thin paper, about the size of [page 135] Korean smartweed stalks. The master of the house asked me to taste this first. I found it was light and soft, and tasted like eggs mixed with sugar, but I heard later from the interpreters that it was not made of eggs but of milk. They praised its flavor highly.

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

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

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

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

11th day (5th February). Sunny and not very cold. After breakfast I wrote to Li Yuan-ying and sent him three brushes and three sticks of ink, together with six quatrains of poetry. Son-hung took them. Yuan-ying [page 136] sent his reply on a small piece of paper, together with a sheet of red paper, two brushes and a fan, but he did not say he had looked at the poems, which I thought rather odd. Sun-hung said that Yuan-ying wanted to see samples of Korean paper, tobacco, beche-de-mer, plain rice and glutinous rice.

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

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

He also tola how an official of Chongju fell for a dancing girl and could not bear to to part from her, though the girl disliked him and could barely wait for him to leave. When he did leave she was so pleased that she sang him off. Chik-san could sing in a high falsetto just like a girl, and he was a groom of the government stables at Chongju. The dancing girls knew that he imitated them, and it was said that they would happily have slain him. [page 137]

He also sang of a military officer. This officer, going ahead of his troop, arrives at the official guest house first, preening himself on his good looks and the impression he is creating. He sees the dancing girls coming to greet him, and sits bolt upright on his horse looking majestically to left and right in the most self-satisfied fashion. Chik-san performed this perfectly, but Kim Chung-hwa, himself an officer, disliked this fun and told him to stop. The sudden silence was so unpleasant that Kim promptly told him to go on with the song.

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

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

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

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

I wrote another letter to Li Yuan-ying, and sent it by the hand of Won-gon, together with two rolls of high quality rice paper, two bundles of tobacco, and one measure each of plain and glutinous rice. When I had visited his house he had seemed very pleased with my [page138] willow lunchbox, so I sent him one as a present and asked him to send me another case of the plant encyclopaedia. He replied that the book was at the office, because he had to refer to it there, but it would not be there long, and when it came back he would send me another section. I also asked him where the Chung-chueh-tz’n was. He sent one of his servants to show Won-gon the way, but they failed to find it.

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

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

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

I looked over the west wall, but could see nothing save the Mongol tents. There were thirty large and thirty small tents with about four hundred barbarians. There were many more to the north. The Chinese interpreters said that the Mongols would stay till the third moon, and leave after the Emperor’s birthday. Every day they use an enormous quantity of mutton, wine, grain and fodder, and yet they stay. I cannot understand why. Some say it is for the Emperor’s birthday, and for the investiture of the Crown Prince, but I am not sure about this. [page 139]

A barbarian brought ten tortoiseshell cups, for which he asked a very low price. Kang U-yang wanted to buy them, but one of the servants said they were imitation, and that if filled with water they would soon crack. He said he knew because he had been cheated before. I looked at them carefully: no one could have guessed they were imitations.

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

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

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

Yu Pongsan brought in a barbarian child who said he was the son of the governor of the Yu-ho-kuan. He was very good-looking in an aristocratic way. I asked how old he was and he said twelve, but when I asked his name he wrote the single character Fu and said nothing about his given name. His clothes were magnificent: the outer coat was girded with blue silk, had broad borders and gold [page140] thread embroidery on front, back and sides. The knot buttons and loops were beautifully worked. He had a knife on his girdle, a presentation piece from Korea with a black lacquer case and silver inlay. I gave him a piece of pinenut cake, but he ate only half of it and left the rest.

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

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

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

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

After breakfast the Secretary came to see me.

After the evening meal I walked in the west court. The Secretary came too and we had chairs brought for us to sit and chat. Yu Pong- san joined us. He said that the Chinese interpreters had told Kim Chung-hwa the previous day that the Emperor was marrying one of [page 141] his daughters to a Mongol. The interpreter thought that since Korea had paid the Emperor much more honor,if the Koreans petitioned to provide a son-in-law, the Emperor would not refuse. When the Secretary heard this, he suggested we might offer Yu Pong-san for the job.

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

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

Every household seemed to have fireworks. They exploded in the shapes of men, birds, beasts, trees and plants—all sorts of things. Many of them cost hundreds of cash. The emperor’s were said to cost thousands. I stood watching from inside the wall. Every now and then a spurt of flame would shoot through the sky, scattering sparks like mystic arrows, “the local name for these fireworks was “fiery cannon55.

The noise of drums, horses and carts, and firecrackers went on late into the night, but just as yesterday I could not go out to see. I [page 142] felt thoroughly frustrated.

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

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

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

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

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

The Korean interpreter asked who was the General Teng in [page 143] whose shrine the Emperor prayed at the beginning of each year. The Chinese explained that Teng Chiang-chun did not mean “General Teng, but was the name of a cap that had belonged to Nurhachi’s father, the ancestor of the Manchu Emperors. It was kept in this shrine and the Emperor went to burn incense to it at the beginning of every year. The Koreans thought it must be very precious, but the Chinese said that on the contrary it was nothing but a moth-eaten piece of otterskin. And they all laughed about it.

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

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

Wen Feng-hsien also told our men that Nurhachi’s father originally lived to the east of Ch’ang-pai-shan and had five sons who were all good riders and bowmen. At that time, there was a children’s [page 144] song, “One of Six Men Will Become Emperor.” He prayed constantly to heaven and later moved to Chien-chou, whence Nurhachi emerged to become Emperor. The place where he originally lived was not far from Korea, and in Uiju Wen Feng-hsien had heard a man from the north say that the stones of the old palace still existed. Later the Emperor sent somebody to find out, and the stone walls were indeed there, so the man from the north had told the truth.

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

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