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THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.

BY

JAMES S. GALE.

Keum-kang San (金剛山) or the Diamond Mountains, is the famous region that lies to the east of central Korea between the lines of latitude, 38.35—38.40 and longitude, 128.2—128.12.

One Korean writer says, "From ancient times kings have wandered over it; priests of the Buddha have extolled its beauties; great scholars have sung its praises; artists have painted its views, but none have done it justice. It was the wonder of East Asia in the past, now it is gradually becoming a wonder of the world."

CONTENTS.

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The Diamond Mountains, Rev. J. S. Gale, D. D.

Speaking of these various names, one writer says: "From the 4th Moon to the 5th, the azalias and rhododendrons come out in quick succession, and all the valleys are as though coloured by an artist's skill. Flowers are seen on the faces of the time-worn eerie rocks, while the sound of bees and butterflies, and the calls of the birds fill the air with music.

"Though this is so on the lower level, higher up you will find snow still in the crevices of the rocks. So it is called in springtime the Diamond Mountains.

"In summer, luxuriant leaves and flowers fill every valley, accompanied by cool shades and soft tints of green. The water, rushing through the narrow gorges, sings to one as on a harp; while great rocks crowd about like fallen fragments from the Milky Way. Spray, like flakes of powdered marble, is flung across the line of vision. This is Summer.

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"When rains come on, the waters rush down and the streams increase till the roar of them is heard as though the hills were giving way. Travel ceases, and all the world stops still, while danger lurks on every side.

"In these summer months we call it Pong-nai, the world of the Fairy.

"In autumn, the distant sky hangs high overhead, and all the peaks wear a look of sadness, while the breeze rustles mournfully through the fallen leaves. In every glade, colour breaks forth as though done by a dyer's skill. The hills become a fabric of the reds and greens of nature's soft embroidery. Anyone having sorrow or trouble of heart will find relief at this season in writing out his woes. Thus is it called P'oong-ak, Autumn Tints.

"Following this comes the fierce, relentless grip of winter, a terror to all mankind, when its name is changed to Bare Bones Mountain."

From an old Korean book I extract the following. "The *Ch'un-ma*, (天摩) Hills of Songdo are like young lords dressed in light armour astride fast horses, that wheel down upon you as the falling snow.

"The *Chi-ri* (智異) Hills of Chulla Province, abundantly satisfied, sit like merchant princes, rolling in wealth, all the treasures of the world at their feet, gems and jewels.

"The *Ke-ryong* (鷄龍) Hills are bright and beautiful, like Confucius and his disciples in the Hall of Music, where An-ja plays the harp, and Chung-ja sings.

"The *Ka-ya* (加郍) Hills, neat and comely, are like a group of pretty girls, fresh as springtime, out on the banks of the river.

"The *Sam-gak* (三角) Hills stand up sharply defined like Paik-i (伯夷) and Sook-je (叔齊) gathering herbs.

"But Keum-kang finds no words to do it justice."

Kwun Keun (權近), who was born in 1352 A. D. and died in 1409, nearly a hundred years before America was discovered, wrote :

"When I was young I learned how everybody wished to see the Diamond Mountains, and sighed over my own failure to visit them. I heard, too, that many people hang pictures of them in their rooms and bow before them. Such is the burning desire that would peer into these mystic glades.

"I was born in Korea, only a few hundred *li* from these

mountains, and yet I have never seen them. Bit and bridle of office and affairs of state, have so held me in that I have not had a chance, no not once, to visit them, and yet the persistent desire has ever been in my heart to make the journey.

"In the autumn of the year *Pyung-ja* (1396 A. D.), when I went as envoy to China, and had many opportunities to meet the Emperor, His Majesty suggested subjects for me to write poems on, a score and more, and among them was one "The Diamond Mountains." I knew then how widely their report had gone abroad, and that what I had heard as a boy was more than true. I was so sorry I had never seen them for myself, but I made a resolve that if God blessed me with a safe return, I would assuredly go and see them, and thus pay the debt to my long cherished desire."

Mr. Kwun wrote for the Ming Emperor a poem that runs something like this :

Like snow they stand, ten thousand shafted peaks,

Whose clouds awake and lotus buds break forth.

Celestial lights flash from the boiling deep,

And air untainted coils the hills around.

The humpy sky-line forms a walk for birds ;

While down the valley step the fairy's feet.

I long to sit me on these lifted heights

And gaze down on the vasty deep and rest my soul.

There is no record that Mr. Kwun ever saw these hills, or got beyond his dream of the Diamond Mountains. He is the famous scholar known as Master *Yang-ch'on* (陽村) whose collected works today are among the treasures of the East.

He tells us in plainest terms how great a hold these enchanted hills had upon Korea's world in the days of Geoffrey Chaucer who was Mr. Kwun's contemporary. While people were travelling to Canterbury in England, long lines of pilgrims were also wending their way to this ancient, religious haunt.

As introductory to a closer view I quote from a famous scholar, Yi Whang (李滉). Born in 1501, and dying in 1570 A. D., he rose to be a religious teacher of the first order, and his tablet stands No 52 on the east side of the Master in the Temple of Confucius.

In his preface to a book on the Diamond Mountains by Hong Eung-kil (洪應吉) he writes :

"My friend, Hong Eung-kil, a man of great learning, and born with a special love of nature, in the 4th Moon of this year (1553 A. D.), along with two friends decided to visit the Diamond Mountains, and other immediate places of interest. He returned more than satisfied, full of delight, in fact, over his pilgrimage. I regretted deeply that I had not shared it with him, so, by way of consolation, I asked to see his notes. On reading them I realized more than ever that these mountains are a wonder of the world.

"Master Hong knows well, not only how to enjoy nature, but also how to record his impressions.

"According to him the Diamond Mountains are a matchless creation. 'Their peaks, and points, and spurs, and horns, are massed together as though the gods had fashioned them and the angels trimmed them off; no end is there to their variety of form and colour, and one can never grasp the extent of their mystic meaning. He who first sees them, is dazed, for to east, and west, he beholds a bewildering vision impossible to describe.'

"Hong's book takes the reader little by little, into the advancing wonders; leads him past this point and that, by the windings of the streams, up, up to their source; tells where the valleys widen and narrow down, how they circle about; brings him into the most difficult and secluded places; faces him with every kind of danger; rejoices over surprises; is lulled by the vast quiet, and yet never falls into any weariness of expression. Though he loves the odd and weird, yet he maintains his poise as he notes them down. He ascends the giddy heights and looks off upon the world beneath him; he beholds the distant waters of the sea and washes his hat-strings in its pearly deeps.

"Hong never loses that sense of power that the first look conveys, and his joy never falters. His delight comes not so much from the height of the mountains or the depth of the sea, as from the beauty and comeliness of all combined. A

most delightful report he has given, that has refreshed my soul.

"Autumn 1553."

This was a long time ago, when we think of its being eleven years before Shakespeare was born.

Here is another tribute to Mr. Hong's book on the Diamond Mountains written by Korea's most famous saint, Yool-gok, in 1576. Yool-gok (栗谷) is the Confucius of Korea, first in letters, and first in religion. His name is revered as one of the great Sages of the East. He tried Buddhism in his early years, and went and lived for a time in the Diamond Mountains; but he gave it up later and became an ardent student of the Chinese Classics. His tablet stands No 52 on the west side of the Master in the Confucian Temple.

He says: "For natural beauty, no land is superior to Korea, and in Korea what can equal the Diamond Mountains? Great numbers of the *literati* have visited them and written an account of their journey; but among them all my friend Hong has most nearly touched the heart of the matter. While his record is detailed, it is never wearisome; it is beautiful but never boastful. In it he tells of the contour of the mountains, the source and direction of the streams; how this region swallows down the clouds, and that vomits forth the mist; how the woods congregate, and the rocks roll their forms together. Endless views and prospects he has recorded, with a most delightful pen. Nothing more is left to be said. Those who read his book have seen the myriad peaks with their very own eyes, for such descriptions as his, equal the beauty of the hills themselves.

"We know that all created things are under divine law, from the sun and moon that are above us, to the grass and herbage that are beneath our feet. Even the chaff, and refuse ends of life are all under the appointment of the divine mind. By means of these He would teach us His will. But though man sees them, he so often remains unconscious of what they mean; in fact he might just as well have never seen them at all.

"So often when the *literati* visit the Diamond Mountains

they see them only with the fleshly eyes, forgetting that the inner soul should see as well."

The inner portion of the Diamond Mountains centres about two gorges *Paik-ch'un* (百川) and *Man-pok* (萬瀑). Hundred Streams, and Myriad Cascades. *Paik-ch'un* lies north and south some ten *li* in length, with Chang-an Monastery at one end and *Pyo-hoon* at the other.

As you enter the gateway going up stream facing northward you catch something the spirit of this romantic world. The babbling of the water, the soft murmur of the pines, the calls of the birds, await you at every turn. Your heart leaps for joy as you march along this avenue of knights and kings. What a world of wonder!

A little later, pavilions and halls are seen across the stream through the foliage. This is the famous temple of *Chang-an-sa* (長安寺). You cross a wooden bridge, under which run the waters of the Myriad Cascade, and enter its enclosure.

Chang-an took its rise in the days of *Pup-hung* of *Silla*, fourteen hundred years ago, antedating the times of Mohammed. Let the foreigner, with all his freshness of soul, meditate a little ever these hoary landmarks of the past.

A stone used to stand in front of the temple with an inscription on it written by *Yi-kok* (李穀) (1298-1351 A. D.) father of *Mok-eun* (牧隱) Korea's famous writer.

He says: "When the Emperor of the Mongols had been on the throne some seven years, the palace lady-in-waiting, *Keui-si*, became empress, and had apartments assigned her in the *Heung-sung* Palace. She was a Korean and her promotion was due to the fact that she had given birth to a son.

"She said to the eunuchs, 'I am blessed from a former existence with this high office, in return for which I desire to pray to God for eternal blessings on the Emperor and Crown Prince. Without the help of the Buddha, however, no such thing is possible.

"She sought far and wide in their behalf, and at last hearing that the *Chang-an* Temple in the Diamond Mountains was a place of special prayer, she gave of her own private means,

in order to specially beautify it and make it a place of abiding worship”

This was in the 3rd year of Chi-jung (1343 A. D.). The following year she did the same and again the year after. Five hundred priests, who had their dress and food supplied, were assembled for the service, and here they prayed for blessings on the Imperial House of China.

There are three valleys, or rock gorges, that are conveniently reached from the temple of Chang-an-sa. One is the valley of a Hundred Streams, which runs from Chang-an to Pyo-hoon. Its general direction is north and it takes about forty minutes to complete the distance. The whole course is a pilgrimage of delight with the peaks of Kwan-non, Suk-ka, and Chi-jang, appearing and disappearing.

One marked point that invites to closer inspection is the Wailing Pool, *Myung-yun-tam* (鳴淵潭). We are told that two famous priests were rivals here once on a time in the matter of spiritual power. As a result of a wager Keum-tong, one of them, had to give up his life and die in the pool. His form is seen to-day in the huge rock that lies prone on its south side. We are told also that his sons followed him and died as well.

This happened about the year 1400 A. D. and, ever since, the pool has continued its mournful note of wailing for the dead.

The surroundings are quite impressive, a vision of rocks and trees, with the little temple of An-yang glimpsed through leafy bowers. One catches his first impressions of the nature of the Diamond Mountains by a walk through this valley.

Further on, and nearer *Pyo-hoon-sa* (表訓寺), is *Sambool-am*, the Three Buddha Rock, an ancient landmark chiselled out by Nan-ong (孃翁) a priest of the 14th century. He was a disciple of the Indian teacher, Chi-kong (指空) and the master of Moo-hak (無學), who had to do with the setting up of Yi dynasty in 1392 and the founding of Seoul.

Fifty three little Buddhas are carved on the back of the rock, the same fifty-three that have to do with Yoo-jum-sa and that belong in tradition to far pre-Buddhistic days

Passing a number of *budo*, or relic pagodas, and memorial stones that mark the site of the temple *Paik-wha-am* (白華庵), the visitor reaches Pyo-hoon-sa.

A short distance south of the Wailing Pool, there is a gorge, on the right-hand side of the valley, that leads directly east to *Yung-wun-am* (靈源庵). It is a good two hours journey up this rattling canyon. Twenty-two times the road crosses the stream jumping from rock to rock, before it reaches the lonely little house of prayer that sits under the shadow of *Chi-jang* (地藏), Guardian of Hell. On the way is the Mirror Rock (明鏡臺) that stands by the bank of the Pool of the Yellow Shades.

In the Book of Hell, *Myung-boo Sa-sin-nok* we read, "Beyond the Fragrant Sea is the Iron Hill and beneath the hill the great kingdom of Yum-na (Hades). Here ten kings bear rule, each carrying a bright mirror, in which he reads each man's destiny, his length of days, his sins, his errors, and judges accordingly. In the time of Silla, a man called Suk-pong was arrested wrongfully and taken to hell. The mirror, however, reflected his innocence, and so he was sent back and restored to life among men. Later, on his way through the world, he came to this place in the Diamond Mountains, and beholding the rock, its shape reminded him of the mirrors he had seen in the hands of the Ten Kings of Hades and so he named it *Myung-kyung-tai* (明鏡臺) or Mirror Rock."

Near Mirror Rock stands an old wall, one of the ancient landmarks of Silla. Tradition says that when the King, in 918 A. D., unable to withstand the increasing power of *Koryu*, (高麗) bowed submission, the Crown Prince, after a fiery protest which his father heeded not, wept, spoke his farewell and withdrew to this secluded gorge where he took up his hermit abode and remained till the day of his death.

Passing up the valley of the Hundred Streams, we return to Pyo-hoon Temple that stands at the entrance of the Myriad Cascade Valley.

It was built by a priest named Eui-myung in the days of *Moon-moo* (文武) of Silla (661-681 A. D.) and is one of the

four largest temples of the Diamond Mountains. Though the buildings are extensive and were repaired during the Yi Dynasty they wear a somewhat neglected look to-day.

Behind Pyo-hoon, about half an hour's walk up the hill, is *Chung-yang-sa* (正陽寺), Temple of the Noontide. It stands on the main ridge of the Diamond Mountains and from it can be seen all the highest peaks round about. In the middle of the court is a stone lantern that was set up over 800 years ago, a symbol still of the Light of Asia. A hexagonal hall at the rear, erected in honour of the Great Physician, *Yak-sa* (藥師), has pictures in it said to have been painted by the famous artist O To-ja (吳道子) of the Tangs though the truth of this may be questioned.

In front of the temple is the *Heul-sung Noo* (歇惺樓) Pavilion of Rest, where the whole circle of the hills is in view. This is indeed the fairy's outlook. When the king of Koryu came here a thousand years ago (918 A. D.) the Buddha Tam-moo, appeared to him. His light illuminated the place so that the king called it *Pang-kwang-tai* (放光臺) Shining Pavilion.

To the east of Pyo-hoon Temple is a hill called *Ch'ung-hak Pong* (靑鶴峯) Blue Crane Peak, that guards the entrance to Man-pok Valley. It has a peculiar history. King Moon-moo of Silla, it seems, commanded Master Pyo-hoon to build this temple. The day the pillars and cross-beams were set up, a blue crane came down from the adjoining peak and danced with delight. Later, on occasions of special rejoicing, cranes were seen to gather on this fairy summit as though deeply interested in what they saw.

Passing Blue Crane Peak we enter the Man-pok Valley, that runs from Pyo-hoon to Mahayun. Here rocks and walls confront the passer in a most bewildering way. Coloured lights add their share to this vale of wonder. All through the chasm, that cuts a way clear to *Pi-ro-bong* (毘盧峯), rocks are piled upon each other in wildest confusion. The streams roar through its depths, skid across the smooth worn surfaces and break up into every variety of feathery foam. Hence it is called the Valley of a Myriad Falls,

Green Dragon, Black Dragon, Spray Fall, Pearl Fall, Fire Dragon, Green Lotus, Turtle Pool, Fairy Basin. etc.

At the entrance of the valley there is an inscription written by Yang Sa-un (楊士彦) on the floor of the rocks:

Pong-nai p'oong-ak wun-wha tong-ch'un. (蓬峯楓岳元和洞天) AMONG THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE FAIRY.

Yang's dates were 1517 to 1584, so it was evidently written when Shakespeare was alive. The characters are said to be wonderful examples of the master-penman's craft.

Po-tuk temple (普德庵) sits like a swallow's nest on the face of the overhanging wall of rock. A brass pillar supports it to its clinging hold. Beneath the temple is a cave with an accompanying Buddha. A very old temple it is that has looked down for centuries upon the world at its feet.

Although this is the ordinary way to Mahayun there is still another road for anyone who loves the dangers of the almost inaccessible, north of Pyo-hoon, leading over the giddy heights to eastward.

Ma-ha-yun (摩訶衍) is situated far back in the central valley of the Diamond Mountains. An awesome silence, except for the echoes of the passing stream, fills its world. Before it, the hills, Paik-oon, Hyul-mang, Moo-gal stand like a screen. This is indeed the centre of the world of the Buddha. In the autumn season Oct. 1st, it is a region of enchanting colour.

The way from Mahayun to *Yoo-jum-sa* (楡岾寺) which is said to be ten miles distant, leads up Man-pok Valley and past the great statue of the Buddha, *Myo-kil-sang* (妙吉祥). This giant image was carved out of the rock-face by Nan-ong, 500 years ago. With an expression of eternal silence it sits by the roadway, to give its priestly blessing to all who pass.

Crossing the hill in front, four thousand feet and more above the sea, the traveller suddenly finds himself in the Outer Region. From this point on a varied pathway downwards brings him in three hours to *Yoo-jum-sa*.

A fairy tale clings to this temple—a tale that, in spite of its absurdity, has outlasted a thousand years. Fifty three

little Buddhas are said to have set sail from the Punjab, down the Indus, on a long journey to the region of the Diamond Mountains.

How they came in a stone boat over all the distance is a question that troubles not the ancient world of Korea.

No-ch'oon (盧春), the magistrate, learning of their arrival, hastened to meet them, but they were gone. He hurried along the trail of their departure till he suddenly met an angel who pointed him to the peaks that beckoned him up the hill. Then a dog led his way for a time, then a deer, till finally he found himself at the top where all the little Indian Buddhas were sitting in the trees. Here he built a temple and called it Yoo-jum-sa. This was 4 A. D., or 64 years before Buddhism reached China. Let us not trouble to cross-question the story too closely. It will appear again in later accounts in its proper place. Suffice it to say that it is one on which the stately halls of Yoo-jum rest, and that is ample proof for all the ancient East.

This will serve as a general introduction to the Diamond Mountains. It leaves out *Sin-ke-sa* (神溪寺) that will be taken up later. *Sin-ke-sa* is really in another world. All of the Inner Region, and the outer as far as Yoo-jum-sa, is 2,000 feet up in the air where the immortals live. *Sin-ke-sa* is down on the sea-level, next door to the common abodes of men. Its hills and rock-canyons, however, are infinitely grander than those of the Inner Region but they lack the whisper of the genii that makes the Diamond Mountains what they are.

From this point on we give an account of a trip made by the writer to this famous resort in the autumn of 1917 and, following that, an extract from trips made in former ages by noted scholars of Korea.

DIARY OF A TRIP TO THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.

(Sept. to 21st, Oct. 22nd, 1917.)

We were off for a month to the Diamond Mountains and what a heap of baggage we seemed to require: sleeping-rolls, boxes of canned goods, hamper-baskets of clothes, pots, pans

and kettles. Foreigners are surely to be pitied compared with the light travelling man of the East, who picks himself up with a wisp of trouser, transparent jacket and a pair of straw shoes and hies him off on light and easy toe. He is not *cangued* with collar or cuffs, but goes simple as nature made him. With all the hair on his head, thick and black, to protect him from the sun, he laughs to scorn William Shakespeare and Company as he flings hat and turban to the winds and faces the day undaunted. How close to nature he is. My friend Yi as interpreter for the world in general went along. He is congenial and can read the inscriptions down the face of time-worn rocks in a way that would make the Rhys Davids and Sayces of the world look green with envy.

Another general help was the *chokha*, nephew of a man we left at home on guard. My wife, who likes English sounds in preference to Korean, calls him "the choker."

Thus we drew out of Nandaimon Station along the Gensan (Wonsan) line, that swings off toward the east skirting the bank of the river.

It was a lovely morning with an abundance of sunshine to bless and cheer the world.

After making the round of the city, the railway line turns almost directly north toward the port of Gensan.

We passed many stations some of which have the word Light in their names ; others Dragon, foot-prints of the Buddha and the Old Philosopher.

One is called *Eui jung-boo*, (議政府) Government Office. This is a sad reminder of the days of 1392 A. D. when the man who founded the dynasty, like Saul the son of Kish, changed his vacation from farmer to king. Like Saul, also, he was not happy, for he was the head of a household of lawless sons, who turned against the counsels of their father and against one another. He threw up the job of being king and went off in a huff to his native Hamheung, some 220 miles to the north.

Later, his people begged him to come back. He finally came as far as this railway station, where he set up a temp-

porary rule, and so the place to-day is called Government Office.

On we hurry north through fields of rice and millet till we come to *Pyung-kang* (平康) 75 miles from Seoul. The name of the place means Peace.

All unexpectedly, on the landing, I met an old friend Pak, a most interesting character, headman of his town, whom I had come to know from the fact that he had no end of experiences with "fire-devils" in the thatch, that had set not only his house but the palings ablaze time and again. He had told me all about it and how he could feel the devils going up and down his back playing *heusal heusal* with the soul within him. Pak's experiences continued till one day these fire-devils, suddenly got the better of him and up went his house in smoke, and thirty others with it.

Pak left the village, but where he had gone I did not know, till, suddenly, he reappeared to-day on the station platform, and hailed me with such a smile as would have done honour to a king,

All our bundles, packs, traps, and boxes, he handed over to the care of his son and marched us off triumphantly to his home in the town. Whither were we bound? He would help us on our way though it were to the moon. Pak's face was slightly redder than when I had seen him last, and there was a suggestion of light drinks about him, but he was so kindly hospitable that even a Wilbur Crafts could not have found it in his heart to launch out on a tea-total sermon.

We found the distance to the Diamond Mountains, to be 220 *li*, or 73 miles though it turned out to be 90. Pak scoured the town for horses, and four of them at last came hobbling in. They would take our packs and let us ride to Chang-an Temple for five yen and fifty sen a head.

Pak had really done us good service, for hiring horses from the ordinary dealer is one of the trying experiences of East Asia. They were soon loaded and off we went, 17 miles south-east, to *Kim-wha* (金化) (Golden Transformation).

What Buddha or old Philosopher in the past, I wonder, tipped this place with his wings and left so exalted a

name? Religious foot-prints are evident all along the way.

It was a yellow golden afternoon with long stretches of rice-field before us blending into the declining day. The road was like the high smooth entrance to a palace. So we found it, all those 90 miles. With the exception of a broken bridge-way here and there it was level as a table, a wonderful band of silver winding its way through the inaccessible approaches to Kang-wun Province.

But we ran into difficulties. The small boy, George, who was to ride on the coolie's back, seated in a little chair, found his man unable to keep up with the rapid stepping ponies. He fell away out of reach of his mother's ear, and so all the caravan must stop. It finally came to putting the six-year old lad on a pony by himself and giving him a rope-end to hold by.

For part of the way, the road led along the table-land, till suddenly we turned the corner of a hill and dropped down into the rice-field lowlands. Round and round we went past smoking hamlets, where the evening meal was being prepared, on and on till darkness fell and then into the the uncertainties of the night we drove following the *mapoos*, who led the horeses along by a swinging gait.

One *mapoo* was old, 68 years he had seen, and still he tramped the roadway at his horse's head. I inquired as to his welfare and he replied "Damned!" *mang hayusso*.

"Why?" I asked.

"Three daughters and no son."

Poor old fellow! The only consolation I saw him have, in all the weary round of the day, was his long pipe. Frequently he would fill it and puff sweet clouds of pure tobacco far to the rear.

The younger *mapoo* was an unwashed lad, who sang lustily as the evening stars came out. He had no wife and no family, and not a care in the world. His face shone and his firm knit body swung along on easy step that kept pace with the moving world.

We found a little Japanese inn and put up comfortably for the night.

By 8 A. M. we were off again into the glorious mists of the morning.

The fields were waving heavy with crops of grain, rice, yellow millet, black millet, sorghum, white beans, black beans, green beans, buckwheat, tobacco, pumpkins, gourds, peppers, hemp and sesamum. There were radishes too.

Tall fields of sorghum, and crowded patches of millet filled the lower landscape. Ripe chilli-peppers touched of the world with brilliant red. Soft gray leaves of tobacco lined the roadway. Woven by the stems into long strings of straw rope they were hanging before the houses to dry, row upon row.

Harvest hands were out cutting the sorghum. Women, too, were busy picking heads off the *cho*, or yellow millet.

One could hardly imagine a more delightful excursion than a September ride by pack-pony along the beautiful road that leads to the Diamond Mountains.

I called little George's attention to the delights of the way but he said a question to ask.

What was it?

"Do pack-ponies, have souls, or do they simply die and that's all?"

I told him I did not have any definite knowledge as to the future of the pack-pony. He would like to have felt sure in heart that his good pack-pony at least might have hopes of heaven to come.

By one o'clock we had made 50 *li*, or seventeen miles, and entered the town of *Kim-sung* (金城) (Golden City), by a beautiful approach along a clear and sparkling stream.

We did not leave till four o'clock, and by that time the shades of evening were not only upon us, but dark clouds of wind and rain were threatening. Would it rain?

It sprinkled now and then, grew dark and then lighted up, grew dark again, sprinkled more, threatened, held off, till finally at 7 P. M. we arrived at this little town of Chang-too where I now write.

Sep. 23th, 1917.

It was raining this morning and so we settled down to a quiet day.

Across the way was an unsavoury house where lived the mother of three or four dirty children. Talk of microbes and germs being the enemy of man seems folly, in view of these youngsters caked with every known bacilli, and yet fat and vigorous and strong.

The mother enlivened the day somewhat by giving off long paragraphs of invective in a hard, driving tone, proving that, like John Knox, she feared not the face of man. She would label the children who lurked about her noisome den as sons of dogs, swine, devils and what not, in a way most extraordinary. Where, in this quiet country place, she had acquired such a ready tongue to lash all the world with was a mystery.

The day went by and closed with a sombre evening.

Sep. 24th, 1917.

By 8. A. M. the four pack-ponies had arrived, the old man of sixty-eight and the young lad of twenty-two. Yi informed me that twenty-two made some slighting remark regarding the wobbly condition of the old man's legs. Quick as lightning sixty-eight turned on him, and, with an iron grip that threatened the very soul within him twisted his body into a lump of excruciating agony. Twenty-two is wiser now and walks warily in regard to seniors.

About 10 A. M. we reached the gorge of the river Chi-t'al, a yawning chasm, that took an hour to push our way through. A vast sword-cut of primeval nature it would seem that has never healed. The surveyor's hand has done good work in making the way easy and safe for the motor-car. From here on we crossed a rather dreary upland and reached the town of Shin-an.

An hour or so later we took our departure along the apparent way, but called a halt on seeing a road far to our right that bent seemingly in the direction of the Diamond Mountains. I asked the old *mapoo* how about this and he sudden-

ly concluded that we must be bearing away toward the north-west in the direction of Hoi-yang when we ought to be going to *Wha-ch'un* (華川). Such an amount of profane language as he expended over this situation I never would have dreamed of.

We finally found the right road and entered a long ascent that took us across the small of Korea's back and landed us partially on the other side. The streams we now found running toward the Sea of Japan and the verdure and foliage richer and more picturesque than ever.

The long sweep down the hill was taken in the cool of the evening—almost cold, and by dark we reached the picturesque village of *Wha-ch'un*. Here a retired Korean soldier provided quarters for us, very neat and clean. His name is *Song In-soo* and he certainly does credit to all Korean inn-keepers.

Sep. 25th, 1917.

By 8 o'clock in the morning we were off south-east on our way to *Mal-hwi-ri*, seventy *li* distant.

Thus had we come the whole distance of the motor-car road: *Pyung-kang* to *Kim-wha*, 50 *li*; *Kim-wha* to *Kim-sung* 40 *li*; *Kim-sung* to *Chang-too* 30 *li*; *Chang-too* to *Shin-an* 40 *li*; *Shin-an* to *Wha-ch'un* 40 *li*; and *Wha ch'un* to *Mal-hwi-ri* 70 *li*; 260 in all.

Here the special road ended and we entered one, less favoured, to go the remaining 7 miles to the monastery of *Chang-an-sa*.

The shades of night were falling as we crossed the Fairy Bridge that marks the entrance to the wooded world of the Diamond Mountains. Stately pines meet overhead and cast a deep shadow. Just as darkness was falling we moved briskly along under the entrance gateway of the temple.

The abbot, *Kim Pup-ke*, met us and bowed his kindly greetings.

Sep. 26th, 1917.

We walked out by morning light to view the scene.

Crossing the bridge near the temple we came to a large white monument that I had noticed the evening before. On

closer examination I found it to be a copy of the Nestorian Tablet, erected by the Hon. Mrs. Gordon in May 1916. How strange to find this recommendation of the Christian religion standing before one of the oldest Buddhist temples in the land.

In the afternoon my wife and I made our way to Pyo-hoon-sa, the second temple of the Diamond enclosure.

The way impressed us greatly. Walls of rock, fringed with pines to the very top, mark its border. Through some of the rifts are seen immense battlements ornamented with a delicate green. We saw also temple eaves here and there through the mazes of leaf, and rock, and tree.

The master of Pyo-hoon, named Han, a native of Seoul, was most cordial in his greeting, and, after talking for a time, told us of Chung-yang-sa, a temple some distance up the hill. We found it a stiff climb but were rewarded abundantly by its far-seeing top.

The temple stands on a lovely elevation in view of the whole range of Keum-gang Mountain.

The abbot, also named Han, was a charming gentleman of the old school. He showed us the two halls of Yaksa, the Great Physician, and Pan-ya; also a stone lantern that adorns the court, which is said to have been set up by one of the kings of Silla.

He brought out two foreign books that he desired us to see, Mrs. Gordon's *Symbols of the Way*, and Dr. Richard's *Epistle to All Buddhists*.

Mrs. Gordon was a friend of his, he said, and had sent him these, books. He pointed us out Pi-ro Peak through the gathering mists, and other peaks as well, a view perfectly wonderful.

Sep. 27th, 1917.

A lovely autumn day dawned upon us, such weather as one sees when September blends into October, fresh, sweet, invigorating. The question was where should we go. We finally decided, after conference with the abbot, to go and see Yung-wun-am, the picturesque temple that has a place among the paintings of the Chosen Hotel.

The distance was said to be 7 miles. The chief told me, too, that the road was good, and that I need have no anxiety. But what a Buddhist abbot regards as a good road may be the most awful collection of primeval rocks imaginable. He expects you to jump from one to the other like the wild-goat of the mountains or the ibex.

We started with a coolie of the place, who served as guide; our man of all work, Yi Sun-saing and little George.

Leaving Chang-an-sa we entered a gorge on the right hand between the peaks of Chi-jang and Suk-ka. For a time the road led through a lovely woods no sound accompanying but that of running water. Cliffs circled us about in the most amazing way, closing the view time and again and leaving no exit as far as the eye could see. A limpid stream of polished water, with a yellow tinge in its bosom, rattled down the gorge. Enormous rocks that have been beaten upon by wild wind and rain have here taken on wierd and awesome personalities.

To my confusion I found we had to cross and recross this stream by the most precarious ways, stepping a seven league pace from one bald rock-head to another. These boulders have been polished too by the passing footsteps of 2,000 years. Forty-four such crossings, think of it! In the maze of watching our feet we would stop at times to look upon a landscape that grew more and more wonderful—the road to dreamland, the avenue to the worlds of mystery.

The most startling part of the way is where you come to the River of the Yellow Shades, and the Gateway of Hell, with the peaks Suk-ka and Chi-jang one on each side.

The Yellow Shades, or rather Springs, is the name of the world that lies underneath this mortal existence. So often Koreans say, "With what face shall I meet my father in the Yellow Shades?" Here was its picture. This world that is to be, surely, for startling beauty of nature, surpasses the imagination.

The Tower of the Bright Mirror stands over a silent pool, the water, tinged with yellow, lying at its feet. Such masses

of walled rock confront you; so deep the gorge, so delicate the decorations that soften its aged face!

A little Korean girl, named Keum-wun, nearly a hundred years ago, passed here and wrote a description of what she saw. She says, "The hills seemed to close us in as prisoners. Great rocks stood barring the way. Round we circled, in and out, till at last we reached what is called Pavilion and the Tower. Here a little stretch of open greeted us. Before it is a wonderful wall of rock, a half hundred paces wide that shoots up to heaven. It is as smooth on its face as a mill-stone and as broad as the sail of a ship. It glittered before my eyes like polished marble. For this reason it is called the Bright Mirror of Past Deeds."

As we continued our way up the valley we came upon one of the sad reminders of failure. The King of Silla, a thousand years ago, (918 A. D.) found the tide of events set against him and the Wangs in power. He resigned his kingship and bowed submission to the usurper. His son, in desperation, cut away from kith and kin and made this haunt of the Diamond Mountains his fiery soul's retreat. Here by Hell Gate and the amber Pool of Hades he built himself a fortress wall in defiance of all the tides that were against him. I had heard of this wall, but a thousand years of time will fling into oblivion greater things than loose stones unset by mortar. Was it a dream for here to-day, the same stones were before my eyes and the old wall still standing as it has stood through the centuries. The only passers in these long years have been those who have looked with pity on the sad remembrance of a broken knight and a broken kingdom, and with reverent feeling, have left the loose stones untouched. There it stands, one stone upon another, as it stood in the days of Alfred's England.

Yung-wun takes its name from a boyish priest of Silla who came here, lived, prayed, and died. One of his followers built the temple and called it after him.

In a little side building dedicated to the white-haired *Nahan* we lit our kerosene stove and had a far-Western tiffin.

The main temple was quite deserted, the master being

away. Eternal silence marks this lonely region shut off from all the noisy world.

At night, the darkness and the solitude must be as impressive almost as in the ice-bound circle of the Pole. Only the falling water, and the rustling of leaves are heard, with now and then a strange, weird, forest cry.

On our return, we found in the soft sand at the bank of the stream, the track of a wild-boar who had crossed since we had come. Tigers, no doubt, some times look out on passers from the greedy depth of their inner being but keep quiet. Not having yet tasted human flesh, they let these strange fearsome creatures go by.

We came safely back and touched at Chi-jiang Temple. It stands on the west side of Chi-jiang peak, as Hell Gate, the Pool of the Yellow Shades, and the Tower of the Pure Mirror, stand on the east.

Chi-jiang is one of the greatest of the Bodhisattvas. He has charge of Hell and his office seems one that works to set sinners free. The Hon. Mrs. Gordon sees some resemblance between his name and that of Jesus.

Sept. 28th, 1917.

It being too late to go to Pyo-hoon I decided to make a list of buildings etc. attached to the Chang-an Temple and the abbot gave me the following :

1. The Main Hall.
2. The Temple of the Four Holy Ones.
3. The Temple of the Light of the Sea.
4. The Pavilion of the Sanscrit King.
5. The Hall of Nirvana.
6. The Pavilion of the Fairies.
7. The Temple of the Sea Shade.
8. Pavilion of Truth.
9. The Great Censer Pavilion.
10. Small Censer Pavilion.
11. The Hall of Hades.
12. The Hall of Pi-ro.
13. Temple of Long Life to the King.

The following pictures and images are found in the Main Hall : Images.

1. Middle, *Suk-ka Yu-rai* (seated).
2. Right hand *Yak-sa Yu-rai* (seated).
3. Left hand, *A-mi-t'a Bool* (seated).

Pictures.

1. *The Ryung-san Whoi* (Spirit Mountain Assembly).
靈山會

The Buddha in charge is *Suk-ka Yu-rai*. 釋迦如來
There are present the Eight *Bodhisats* with faces of yellow gold and haloes about their heads; ten great Disciples who are called *Na-han*; and the Four Kings of Heaven, besides angels and angelic beings.

2. *The Man-wul Whoi* (Full Moon Assembly). 滿月會
The Buddha in charge is *Yak-sa Yu-rai*.

There are here present also the Eight *Bodhisats*, and the Ten Great Disciples; while on the right-hand is the *Bodhisat* of the Sun (*Il-kwang Po-sal*), and on the left the *Bodhisat* of the Moon (*Wul kwang Po-sal*). Here also the Four Kings of Heaven are seen.

3. *Keuk-nak Whoi* (The Assembly of Nirvana). 極樂會
The Buddha in charge in *A-mi-t'a Bool*).

The Eight *Bodhisats* are here and the Four Kings of Heaven wearing fierce countenances.

4. *Sam-jang Whoi* (Assembly of the Three Gods of Space). 三藏會

Middle Figure, *Ch'un-jang*.

Right hand, *Hu-kong-jang*.

Left hand, *Chi-jang*.

There is a row of *Na-ch'al* also present. These are the constables of Hell. Angel boys, girls, and fairies may be seen likewise.

5. *Sam-ke Whoi* (Assembly of the Three Worlds).

三界會

Middle Figure, *Che-suk Ch'un-wang*.

Right hand *Tai-pum Ch'un-wang*.

Left hand, *Tong-jin Po-sal*.

Many constables and others are also present.

6. *Ch'il-sung Whoi* (Assembly of the Seven Stars).

The Buddha in charge is *Ch'il-sung-kwang Yu-rai*. Three of the Seven Stars stand to the right while four stand on the left. There are present also the Sun and Moon Bodhisats.

7. The Mountain God with the Tiger. 山神

8. The *Tok-sung Na-han* (One who awakens of himself to the Truth). 獨聖羅漢

9. *Kam-so Whoi*. This is an assembly in which all the souls of the world are being prayed for by the priests, seven being in charge, three representing the past and four the future.

Yi and I also examined the copy of the Nestorian Tablet given by Mrs. Gordon, that stands by the roadside.

On one side is written :

“After 1134 years, A. D. 1916, 5th Moon (May) an English lady, Gordon, had this stone cut and set up as a memorial before the Chang-an Temple.”

On the other :

“After 1079 years in *keui-mi* (1859) of Ham-poong, Ham-Tai-whan had the original stone placed under a pavilion. I regret to say that visitors were not allowed to see it.”

Other stones stand about Chang-an that are of no special interest. I looked for the one with the inscription by Yi Kok, but it was no where to be found.

In the afternoon Yi and I went to the Pyo-hoon Temple again along the pathway that leads by the Wailing Pool.

There are said to be no snakes in the Diamond Mountains but we saw a green one. Yi started after it with his umbrella. He pounded it and flung its coils right and left, but the creature got into its hole and disappeared. He turned to me with a very redly excited face and said, “If only you had given me your stick I could have finished off this limb of evil.

“Yes, and you would have broken my bamboo,” said I, “I could not think of giving it.”

Yi was very disappointed at not having killed the creature that is said not to inhabit the Diamond Mountains.

I told him I could imagine the snake going home and telling his wife that he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of a horrible creature that had no religion, for Buddhists never kill snakes. Yi replied, "I kill the devil whenever I see him."

We passed on till we came to the Rock of the Three Buddhas (*Sam-pool Am*), which I photographed with Yi standing at the side. This stone was chiselled into shape by the famous priest Nan-ong who lived in 1400 A. D., and has three Buddhas on the front, and the Fifty Three at the back.

We visited the little "Hall of Worthies" that stands just before the platform on which are found relic pagodas and the tall memorial stote of Su-san Tai-sa. In it are portraits of many famous masters of the Buddha, including, Chikong (an Indian), Nan-ong, Moo-hak, Su-san Tai-sa, and my old friend Oong-wul whom I had met and whose hospitality I had enjoyed 20 years before.

Sept. 29th, 1917.

After breakfast, when the dew had dried somewhat from the ground, our party crossed the bridge and started on a fifteen minute walk up the hill. The road branched off by a big rock that has written on it "Nam-moo A-mi-t'a Bool," (I put my trust in Amida Buddha.)

We climbed up to Chang-kyung Am, the Temple of Endless Blessing. Here we were greeted by a young priest and an old, old priestess, who came out with smiling face and put her arms about Georgie. How delighted she was to see him. "You'll be my little boy, won't you, and live with me always." Her age was 84, and her name, *Myo-tuk-haing*, Beautiful Virtue.

We sat for a time and enjoyed the view, while the old priestess laughed and called attention to Georgie's Korean. Yi stood aside and looked wonderingly and inquiringly on.

Remarking on her age, he said to me, "Anyone whose

ears cling close back to the head like hers is bound to live long.”

Later in the day Yi told me a very interesting story. He said when he lived in Hai-joo, forty years ago, their next-door neighbour and special friend of his mother, was a widow No-si, who had one son called Seven Stars (*Ch'il-sung*), his very dearest playmate. As a boy, his name, too, was Seven Stars, and so the two little Seven Stars played together. Later, his friend died and left a great blank in his life, but greater in that of the broken-hearted mother, now a widow and childless. She had many goods and much wealth, which relatives undertook to dispossess her of. Being determined, however, that this should not be, she sold all she had and disappeared.

Thirty years later Yi heard from the abbot of Puk-han that No-si still lived, that she had become a priestess and had gone to the east coast, to the Diamond Mountains.

Said he, “When I met the old priestess this morning, heard her voice with its Whang-hai accent, and saw the way she put her arms round Georgie, my memory went back forty years to No-si, who used to treat me in just the same way. I am sure it is she and shall immediately go and inquire.” We also visited another temple, some ten minutes distant along the same hill, called Kwan-eum Am.

Here we met an apple-cheeked old witchy body whom I had seen twice already on the road. She is evidently a grandmother of Humpty Dumpty judging from her cheeks and the pictures I have seen of him.

The surroundings of this temple are not so attractive as some of the others, but the hills behind are full of majesty.

Old Apple-Cheek told us to wait and see the chief-priestess who was in the rear room weaving. By an inner door we entered, and found her at a very simple loom weaving coarse linen. A young priestess was by her side lending a helping hand. She greeted us kindly but went on with her work.

My wife expressed a desire to have a piece of linen on which to write the names of the different abbots of the

monasteries at which we stopped and which she hoped to embroider later. The chief-priest of Chang-an hearing this, brought a piece that he presented with his very best compliments.

Sept. 30th, 1917.

At 2 P. M. we went to see Yi's old friend who turned out to be the person he thought, No-si of Hai-joo. She had lost her son when he was 12 years of age. He told of meeting her again, how amazed she was when she realized that he, the companion of her long lost Seven Stars, was before her.

We found her basking in the light of the most glorious sunshine. One of the finest possible views of the hills is to be had from her temple looking over the richly wooded valley just beneath.

The old priestess greeted us most cordially and referred to Yi as her boy, *Ch'il-sung* (Seven Stars). She was disturbed by the fact that she had nothing to offer us in the way of refreshments. We assured her, however, that that was quite unnecessary as we had just dined.

I had her sit for a photograph, Yi on one side and George and his mother on the other, and then I took her alone. Speaking of her little son she said his loss had left her broken-hearted and that she had become a priestess of the Buddha and had found comfort.

Yi read her a poem that he written and had a spoonful of rice brought with which to paste it up on the inside of her verandah.

She again turned to George and with the simplicity of the kindest impulse, took the string of amber beads that she was using as a rosary, put them round George's neck and said, "May you live as long as I, and may we meet again in the happy world to come, and say to each other. Why we met, long long ago, in Chang-kyung Temple in the Diamond Mountains, didn't we?"

Oct. 1st, 1917.

We left our delightful home at (Chang-an-sa) at 9 A. M. and said good-bye to the abbot who came out with a long line of retainers to see us off. For six days board for Yi and

the coolie and two extra meals we paid ¥4.70. I gave the abbot four yen as well for room rent and bade him good-bye at the foot of the stair that leads up over the Wailing Pool. It was a glorious morning, sweet, fresh, and full of sunshine.

We had four coolies to carry our loads and two to help over the impossible ways of the Cascade Valley.

As we passed Blue Heron Peak (*Ch'ung-hak Pong*) we came upon the *padok* board carved in the rocks, as well as the ornamental writing by Yang Pong-nai.

Pong-nai P'oong-ak, Wun-wa Tong-ch'un.

This is in some respects the most famous inscription in Korea while Yang Pong-nai is the most interesting man associated with the Diamond Mountains.

This Yang I knew was born in 1517 but he was such a strange mixture of man and fairy that I wanted a fuller account of his life than I had yet seen. At last I found it in the *Keui-moon Chong-wha*.

The way through the Cascade Valley leads over great rocks and along gorges that echo with rushing water. The eternal walls of squared masonry that enclose the way on all sides look like a building of the gods.

Over bridges of a single log we made our precarious ascent like the fairies, while the goods and chattels that followed, found safe passage on the backs of the genii.

On our way up we heard calls and shouts behind us as though some of the bearers had fallen, load and all, into the boiling deep. However they came safely through, bottles and cups undamaged. They charged 2 sen a *li* or forty sen for the whole journey. I gave them a *pourboir* of 40 sen each but they showed no superabundant symptoms of gratitude over it. I asked if they would come along, pick us up again on the 5th and see us safely to Yoo-jum-sa, but they said No, that was not their custom. If it were a continuous journey they could go through, but each temple had its own group of men, and we would have to employ those as we went along.

This is the far-famed Man-pok, the Valley of Ten Thousand Waterfalls.

Mr. Bribosia, the Belgian Consul, who had passed through the week before us wrote the following. Mr. Bribosia is a Frenchman as to speech and so his fine mastery of English is not natural but acquired.

"Pagan pilgrims in the land of the holy swastika, we direct our steps to another station placed in this sacred retreat of Buddhism, at the far end of the Asiatic continent, by the first apostles, who, long ago, came from the warm plains of the Indian lotus.

"Slowly we descend between walls of basaltic rocks, darkened by time. A vegetation that no hand dares desecrate clings and climbs toward the skies. The torrent rolls its limpid waters through a labyrinth of enormous rocks fallen from the heights above. The path forces its narrow way through wherever it can find a hold, gripping the flanks of the wall, taking advantage of fallen trees, held by creepers to the face of these gigantic monuments; it crosses and recrosses the rushing waters, the leaping cascades, the dizzy whirlpools of blue and green piscines carved in the stone. Up and down it goes through tortuous, shaded stairways of heaped up rocks, due to the work of nature, or to the kind thoughtfulness of the monks; always through a strange and tangled vegetation so foreign to our eyes, a vegetation that suggests "stage scenery" living, dying and lying in death, the three stages of the cycle that human utilitarianism does not here disarrange in their respective relations.

"It is in the maze of these gigantic boulders, heaped up together, leaning on one another in fantastic shapes, that is offered to the invader, who penetrates on tip-toe, a world so wierd, so mysterious, as to defy the fertile imagination of a Gustave Dorè. Its disconcerts one in its twisted forms as would the mentality of a painted Chinese landscape. The phantasy of an artist would discover here the abodes and the actors of Greek mythology, with its fauns and nymphs of woods and waters, the queer people of the fairy tales so dear to our childhood. You find here too the cave of Alibaba, the spot shaded by azaleas and lilacs, festooned with garlands of creepers, where so long slept the princess awaiting the kiss

of Prince Charming. Hark.....Diana, fleet of foot, may appear suddenly from behind one of these rocks in pursuit of the deer you hear in flight. Listen.....the wind cries through the foliage with the rumbling noise of the torrent, like the laugh of the satyrs, and the frightened cry of the surprised Naiads.

"Truly a world of wonder is this sacred land of the Buddha! In our heart grows a feeling of gratitude toward the old religion for the refuge it has granted to romance, everywhere expelled from our humdrum existence.

"Hooked to the side of an immense rock, a hermitage hangs over the valley. In its miniscule oratorium, fastened with chains to the basaltic wall, suspended in space, a man of silence, on his knees before the holy Buddha, murmurs the eternal words, fateful formulas in a dead language, of long ago, and which have passed during many centuries from the lips of other lonely recluses within these tiny walls.

"A true scene detached from the "life of the saint." Unconsciously one looks around for the dutiful raven which brings the loaf of bread to this new Simon Stylites.

"His eyes do not even for a moment leave the object of his adoration though the outside world thus invades his retreat; he is far away from this earth and the insects that crawl upon it, his thoughts are in the divinity which fascinates him. Hypnotized by the life beyond, he has no other desire but to take his flight toward the destiny which his God prepares him.

"Silently we withdraw in a graver mood, feeling the weight of the solitude, impressed by the meaning of this silent little scene, and the great unsolved problems it recalls to our frivolous minds.

"One could not escape the thought that perhaps, after all, the true wisdom lay with him, not with us, in his contemplation of this fleeting, human existence, evanescent like the sunset's glow on the hills above."

At last we reached that part of the course where we spied the little temple that sits perched on its projecting rock, with a long brazen pillar beneath it. It has stood thus on its

giddy edge for many hundreds of years, holding its place in all winds and weather. This the Po-tuk temple mentioned by Mr. Brihosia.

Near the head of the gorge and just before we reached Ma-ha-yun we came to a pool called Fire Dragon (*Wha-ryong Tam*) from which a specially fine view is to be had.

The Mahayana Monastery stands with the great peak of *Hyul-mang* just across the way. *Hyul* means "hole" or "opening" which one can see through the mass of masonry. What part the fairies have had in it, I know not, but some power has cut a tunnel through its flinty face.

At nightfall the moon came sailing up through the pine trees over the cockscomb ridges to the east, a splendid autumn moon, fair, and sweet, and strong, as though it had come fresh from the hand of the Maker, a glorious orb of light.

Oct. 2nd, 1917.

At 6 A. M. the light broke in through the paper doors and a beautiful morning in the woods began to dawn.

The maples, coloured by the touch of autumn, had broken out into red and yellow, giving the landscape a gorgeous setting and trimming with beauty the walls and battlements about us. The saw-toothed ridge, that rides all along the skyline, walls in this silent world of indescribable colour.

George and I visited Pearl Pool and while seated there a gendarme came hurrying by, his revolver strapped at his side and his legs bound about with puttees. It seems that he and his attending guard had started off that morning to rout out a den of thieves that were said to have their rendezvous near Piro Peak. We questioned, when we saw him going by, as to whether he had caught any of them. On return to Ma-ha-yun we learned that they had captured three who would pass shortly. A little later we heard calls from the valley and following this up the pathway under a guard of four gendarmes came these most unfortunate creatures. One was a big man with a black head and fierce beard, very ragged in dress; another a little old man with his head wrapped round.

also most dishevelled in appearance, the third, a pale-faced fellow with a very ill-constructed countenance.

They were tied with the regular police cord. One had had his arm broken the scuffle they said. After a short wait they all set out on foot for Chang-an-sa the headquarters of the gendarme guard. Their offence seems to be some encroachment on the Tungsten Mining Concession that lies north of Piro Peak.

The day closed rather sullenly.

Oct. 3rd, 1917.

In showing me about the temple the priest Yun-ho called my attention to their bell whose soft muffled note had awakened us in the morning. It was an *oon-pan*, Cloud Gong, which is said to call all beings from the air, the ordinary bell being used to call dwellers from hell. The *mok-u* or wooden bell, calls creatures of the sea, while the *pup-ko*, or drum, is for the hairy, or furry creation.

He also showed me a set of 66 volumes of the *Wha-eum Sutra* copied off many years ago by a famous priest named Ho-pong (Tiger Peak). This work of Ho-pong's is spoken of by the scholar Chu-sa, as a creation of the genii, so beautifully is it done. It cost him ten years of labour and is certainly a great literary treasure.

I learned that in the copying of the Buddhist Scriptures, if a single error is made on a page the whole thing is thrown away, just as the Jewish scribes did in days of old.

In the afternoon the abbot showed us the way up the stream as far as *Myo-kil Sang* the great image of the Buddha, that stands on the north side of the road, a huge bas-relief 70 feet high, reminding one somewhat of the Dia-Butsu of Kamakura,

Oct. 4th, 1917.

A glorious autumn day! Last night the wind blew and the hills roared a long wailing note that echoed through the valley. I looked out, no moon had risen and fierce darkness brooded over rock and chasm. The spirit of Tam-moo-gal sat high on his cliff dimly outlined against a murky sky.

By morning, the wind had fallen, and a great calm succeeded. The darkness took wing, and a light such as they talk of in the language of the Buddha, *Tai-kwang*, opened upon the world.

The chill of the night had changed still more deeply if possible the colour of the leaves, till the landscape had become exceeding beautiful.

No words can give any idea of this central valley of the Diamond Mountains in the early days of October. Let all lovers of nature come at this season and behold how the great Master of water-colour can scatter His tints over hill and valley.

We start tomorrow for Yoo-jum-sa.

Oct. 5th, 1917.

Up early this morning to leave for Yoo-jum-sa! Ten *li* it is to *An-moo Jai*, Inner Water Pass. Ten *li* seemed but a mere trifle. After crossing the Pass twenty *li* more would make but a pleasant day's outing.

The men, six of them, four to carry loads, and two to help over rocks and streams were to be on hand early, but Korean like, they were not to be seen even at 8 o'clock.

We started at 8.20. The morning was most glorious, the sunlight through the trees being tinted as if by amber.

Passing the great Buddha, *Myo-kil Sang*, we followed up the course of the stream. Sometimes the roadway was soft and carpeted with highly coloured leaves; sometimes, again, it made its way over rocks and boulders in a manner to make one's hair stand on end.

I inquired as to the animals that inhabit these woods, and the carriers told me of the *o-so-ri* which is like a wild dog, and yet eats earthworms. "Then there is the *tam-poi*, a most extraordinary creature, smaller than a dog, that goes, in packs like wolves. One *tam-poi*, acting as outpost, climbs a tree and gives warning to the others. It is exceedingly fierce and attacks and carries off even tiger's cubs. Elsewise," said the priest, "there would be no living in these hills for tigers." Thanks to the *tam-poi*!

Then there are *kom*, or bears. A young priest of our temple had seen two cross his path at An-moo-jai a day or two before. Bears, however, are timid and unless suddenly surprised seldom attack people.

The *ho-rang-i*, tiger, is everywhere. As we passed along, half way between Ma-ha-yun and the mountain top, we saw fresh marks of this lord of the underbrush that made us feel somewhat anxious. How close he must have been. Our untrained souls have no confidence in the prayer *Nam-moo A-mi-t'a Bool*, to effectually bar the tiger on his way. Under ordinary circumstances he is afraid of man. Unless the fatal taste of human blood be known to him, he will, in all probability, keep still and watch while these strange beings pass. We saw no tiger, nor did any other of the cat tribe startle us with its cry.

There are deer, *sa-sim*, and *no-roo*, as well as wolves, *neuk-tai* and *il-heui*, rabbits (*t'o-keui*) too, and blue rats (*ch'ung-su*), sables (*ton-yi*), squirrels (*ta-ram-choni*), otters (*soo-tal*), wild-cats (*salk*) and badgers (*no-koo-ri*).

The road was said to be ten *li*, an hour's run, but we kept on till 11.30, three hours, and still were not in sight of the top. A few moments later we reached it. What a terrific climb it was. Of course the bearers stopped and rested nearly a third of the time. However, after making due allowance, for such delays it is two strenuous hours to the top of the pass. Anyone going with coolies should allow three hours.

The top 4,300 feet above the sea, is reached without once meeting any dizzy height or dangerous place. How much higher it is than Ma-ha-yun I do not know.

On the top, is a wide open space surrounded by oaks and chestnuts. A short time before reaching it we had a glimpse of Pi-ro Peak (5,800). From the pass it is not visible though a fine view of the Chang-hyang walls, flat topped and bare is to be had.

Then began the easy course down the hill, a soft twenty *li* I had pictured it, but it turned out to be a good three hours journey.

At first the hills were somewhat uninteresting but later,

as we got down to the wonderful world of colour, with the bald peaks of *Ch'il-po-tai*, *Eun-sun-tai* and others standing out before us we were intoxicated with the joy of it.

About noon our whole party, that is the bearers, sat down and drew a comfortable luncce from a net-bag and ate while we kicked our heels against the rocks and waited for them. The down-trodden Oriental coolie may appear to be but a "poor little Hindoo," but remember, please, that albeit of a most unassuming guise, he is a king in his own right, and can teach the Ben Tillets and Hendersons, and Ramsay Macdonalds, points as to how the real lords of creation command things in their own favour. He may not be able to read the clock but you may be sure that all the world will go hollow cheeked and hungry-eyed before he loses his *pap*. Later on, we entered a lovely valley decorated with every imaginable shade of autumn colour, and the water rushing by over rock and shingle.

At one point we passed many relic *budos* and tall upright memorial stones, marks of this ancient religion.

By 2.30 P. M. after six hours of strenuous walk we were at *Yoo-jum-sa*. Let any future voyager know that six hours are required for the trip from *Ma-ha-yun*.

Oct. 6th, 1917.

The day opened fair and fresh. Judging from the fact that the hill just east of the rest-house is marked 2,903 feet above the sea, the temple here must stand about 2,600, or the height of *Pai-on-tai*, *Puk-han*. This explains the cool refreshing atmosphere of Manchuria that it enjoys as it sits high up above the world of rice and persimmon.

The abbot came down to speak his morning greeting, and after breakfast we made a round of the temples—the oldest in Korea, not the actual buildings but the site.

Associated with this place is the story of the 53 Buddhas that came from the Punjab (*Wul-chi Gook*) in 5 A. D., or 60 years before the first news reached China. As told by a little Korean maid who visited this place in 1835 it is one of

the most interesting stories that I find in connection with the Buddha.

She goes on to say, "These Buddhas are said to have come from the Punjab, India, in the far off days of Silla. They were made by the Moon-soo Bodhisat, at first in the shape of bells, but when he said his prayers they became Buddhas and danced and flitted before him. They sailed across the sea, some say in a stone boat, others on an iron bell and arrived in the port of An-chang County where they disappeared among the rocks and trees. The magistrate, No Ch'oon, hearing of this, gathered his retainers about him and went in search of them. The Moon-soo Bodhisat hastened to appear in a dream to a certain priestess, telling her to go out and meet the magistrate. He found her sitting on a rock at a spot now known as the Nun's Resting Place (*Yi-yoo Am*). She led him on his way, for a time, and then a white dog made its appearance, looked at him and wagged its tail. He followed this animal over the Dog Pass (*Koo-ryung*). Later, overcome by thirst, he had his men dig the ground, when water suddenly appeared, the spot being called No-Ch'oon's Well (*No-ch'oon Chung*). As they went on the dog disappeared and a red deer took its place. A little later the deer too disappeared and the sound of a bell was heard. This place he called Deer Neck (*Chang-hang*). Delighted, he hurried on over the hill that was called Glad Hill (*When-hewi Ryung*) because of the bell. He continued on and at last entered a narrow defile where he came to a large pool with Keyaki trees at the side. Here a bell was swinging, and on the limbs of the Keyaki tree sat the 53 little Buddhas.

A soft fragrance filled the air. No Ch'oon came with his followers and bowed. He then informed King Nam-hai (4-24 A. D.) of it and a temple was built where the Buddhas were seated on the Keyaki trees, the temple being called *Keyaki-tree Rest-house* (*Yoo-jum-sa*)."

We went into the main hall where a prayer service was going on at 10 A. M. and saw rice placed before the altar. In the limbs of the artificial tree sat the Buddhas, all gilded and of different sizes. There are now only 33 however. Three

were lost early in their history, and three years ago 17 were carried off by some thief. Now they are wired in carefully from the public, and when the priest is through with his daily prayers he takes up a little board that lies on his table with the 33 marked, each in its place. He counts them with the board in hand to see that all are where they ought to be. These 33 little Buddhas constitute as unending source of anxiety to those in charge.

Oct. 7th, 1917.

Early in the day the abbot came to call, when I asked him about Dog Pass, No Ch'oon's well, Yi Yoo-am etc., and he said we would see them all on our way down.

What about the writing of Queen In-mok?

Keum-wun, the little maid says in regard to it, "Queen In-mok (wife of Injo 1650 A. D.) copied off, with her own hand, the *Mita-Sutra*, which book is now preserved in the Yoo-jum Monastery. She did this when a prisoner in the West Palace. At the end she added a note in small characters saying, 'May my parents and relatives, and my son, Prince Yung-chang, all be blessed in the next world by my having copied this off.'"

The priest showed me a document as well written by King Sung-jong in 1470, the year of his accession to the throne, which proves how beautifully a king could write in those distant days; also a little book by Nan-ong with Indian characters at the back, copied by his own hand. He died in 1376.

There were some very valuable pieces of pottery too, one a dish of the Choo Kingdom dated 1130 B. C.; another a beautiful jade bowl, marked 15 A. D., was said to be worth 10,000 yen. Other dishes of Koriaki ware were also shown us.

Oct. 18th, 1917.

By 6. 30 we had our baggage packed and were on our way to Sin-ke-sa. The question was, Would it rain? We were somewhat disappointed with Yoo-jum-sa and needed a special send off to give it a worthy place in our memory. We got it on our journey out when we passed through a world of

indescribable colour along the steep bank of a roaring torrent, over Deer Neck Pass that No Ch'oon had crossed 1912 years before on the track of the 53 Buddhas. No region could ever lend itself better to a fairy tale than this walk by No Ch'oon's Well, where he drank on his thirsty way.

Later we passed a wretched inn and walked for some few minutes along a desolate heath then dropped down over an emerald ridge and suddenly came upon a panorama that out does my powers of description. Under somewhat lowering clouds was a vista of hill and valley that ended in the long blue reaches of the sea. Deep and deeper shades of green blended with the thickening sky and shaded off into the watery distance.

After a long look at this unusual picture we began the descent of 2,300 feet down, down, till finally we came to a wood devoid of all colour, and a world of soft April showers, entirely different from the region we had left.

Gradually the poetry faded away from the landscape, and soon we were into flat paddy-field prose as dismal as possible.

I forgot to say that we passed Yi Yoo Am, the rock on which the priestess waited to point No Ch'oon on his way. Po-hyun Tong is the place where No Ch'oon met the Bodhisat who directed him upward.

Not far from this is a shrine to No Ch'oon's wife. It seems she was about to accompany her husband when she suddenly realized that she had left some washing out to dry and expressed anxiety about it. No Ch'oon at once told her that she was a worldly-minded woman unfit to share the bliss of the Buddha and that she should stay here and see the priests hull rice for all eternity. There she remains today.

By 5.20 P. M. we had crossed a rushing stream on the back of a strong athletic coolie and were safe in Sin-ke-sa. It lies at the foot of the Mount of the Fairies (*Chip-sun Pong*) 5,440 feet high.

Tired somewhat over the walk of 27 miles, much of it through mud and rain, we turned in to sleep at 8 P. M.

Oct. 9th, 1917.

We passed rather a cold night but were refreshed by a beautiful morning breaking in upon these impressive heights. We are walled up on the south-west by the most tremendous fortifications, five thousand feet high, gray granite rocks that permit of no pathway or exit of any kind whatever.

Oct. 10th, 1917.

The day threatened rain with clouds on the tops of the hills so we made no special plan for a journey anywhere. We went later up the valley as far as the little pass beyond which is the pebbly edge of the stream. Here we threw stones into the water with which sport George was delighted.

When we returned home and were sitting on our verandah thirteen gendarmes disguised with long white outer coats came in with nine brigands in tow, captured near Pi-ro Pong, three women and six men. They were a very unsavoury looking lot.

Oct. 11th, 1917.

By early dawn we were informed that the day was clear and most hopeful for a trip, so we hurried through breakfast and made ready. At eight thirty we were off, the old padre, three young priests, a coolie whom I hired, Yi Sun-saing and Yi, the man who carried George's chair on his back, quite a procession in all.

After an hour up through a most ponderous canyon we came to Diamond Gate. Just on front of it a Japanese couple whom we had met in the valley the previous day, have a little stall where they sell post-cards, ginger-ale, beer, apples, tea and cake.

Before we reached this point we met a half dozen wild looking fellows, a part of the rabble that infests Pi-ro Peak. Several other uncanny creatures came out of the shadow of the bushes as we went by. There is evidently a numerous brood inhabiting these inaccessible heights.

Passing the Japanese fruit stall, we bowed our heads beneath the Diamond Gate and little by little advanced up a

very rugged valley where no woman should ever attempt to go. The road is all but impassible and my anxieties were great when I thought of our little lad being carried on coolie back along these giddy edges with roaring torrents far beneath. We passed places where the road is anchored fast by chains; where mountain creepers are all we had to cling to; where a single log stood between us and a skid over 500 feet of slippery rock.

We had to watch our feet so carefully that we lost much of the grandeur of the scene. One part of the canyon that specially struck my fancy was the *Ok-ryong Kwan*, Dragon King's Palace, to which we were introduced by the Diamond Gate. Then we passed Pi-pong Falls, a very pretty toboggan slide over the face of the rock.

A few turns further on brought us to the *Sun-tam*, or Boat Pool, that we crossed by clinging to a creeper that was bolted to the wall. The Boat Pool is very beautiful and yet others beyond it are even more attractive. Later on we found the way walled in by a chain to which we clung as we passed.

The road gradually grew more and more difficult till finally my wife felt it impossible to descend to the depths required, while the final drop before the Dragon Fall was too dangerous to attempt. She had to be satisfied with looking on from a distance. I crossed the stream and looked up at the face of the fall, some three hundred feet high, they say, and as white as a sheet of bleached cotton let down from the Milky Way.

Just below the pavilion, in front, there is an inscription written in the rock by Song Si-yul, which reads.

The angry fall pours down and makes dizzy the eyes that see.

Also one by Yang Pong-nai,

Ch'un-chang paik-nyun man-kwoik chin-joo.

(A thousand measures of white linen, ten thousand buckets of jewels.)

I found it hard to make my return over the slippery rocks and could not have done so except for Yi Sun-saing's

help. Once more along the giddy way we went clinging to ledges by decaying poles, holding to iron rods and chains and moving backwards down block stair-ways.

At 12 M. we passed the corner above the Pearl Pool where a Japanese last year slipped foot and went skidding down to death. The old padre told how he had said prayers for his soul, and how a letter had come to him from the lad's mother in Japan thanking him.

Once more through the Diamond Gate we passed the wonderful opening that leads to the Dragon King's Palace.

Oct. 12th, 1917.

The morning dawned as sweetly and beautifully as an April day. I proposed a walk to Yang-jin along the new road bringing us within a mile of the sea.

Yang-jin is a little corner village with a Sun-chun man for shop-keeper. An indifferent mortal he seemed to be with not the first shadow of manners about him. Here he was in his cluttered up shop selling goods with no more sense of order or neatness about him than if the whole thing had been shot out of a gun. I asked him if he was a Buddhist. No. Was he a Christian? By no means. What religion had he? None!

From Yang-jin on the way to Onseri we had a magnificent view of Pi-ro Peak.

Oct. 13th, 1917.

It is interesting to note that the sun went down behind the hills, as we sat in the verandah at Sin-ke-sa at 4.10 P. M.

After breakfast we went to Po-kwang Temple where the priest in charge received us in the little chapel of the Seven Stars and treated us to chestnuts and cake. His room is filled with all sorts of curiosities, a scroll among other things, with the character *Bool*, Buddha, in which one of the arrows runs clean down to the bottom of the kakamoni. His picture of the tiger is also very good.

After seeing these Buddhist temples and making a list of things that somewhat suggest a similarity between Buddhism and Christianity I give the following.

BUDDHISM	CHRISTIANITY
1. Temples	Churches
2. Monasteries	Monasteries
3. Monks and Nuns	Monks and Nuns
4. Sacred Books (Sanskrit and Pali)	Sacred Books (Hebrew and Greek)
5. Rosaries	Rosaries
6. The Cross (Swastika)	The Cross (Various Forms)
7. Different Denominations	Different Denominations
8. Celibacy	Celibacy
9. The Trinity (Amida, Kwannon, Taiseji)	The Trinity
10. Pool (佛)	I H C (Man, arrows and bow)
11. Prayer in an unknown tongue (Sanskrit)	Unknown tongue (Latin)
12. Images	Images
13. Robes	Robes
14. Founded on Faith (<i>Keui-sin Non</i> 起信論)	Faith (Romans)
15. Posal, Nahan	Saints, Martyrs
16. The Buddha (God)	Jesus (God)
17. Charms and Magic	Charms and Magic
18. From the West	From the East
19. The Nestorian Stone (Buddhist)	The Nestorian Stone (Christian)
20. Heaven (Nirvana)	Heaven (Paradise)
21. Hells	Hell
22. The Seven Stars (Temple)	The Seven Stars (Revelation)
23. Wild Beasts (San-sil- lyung)	Wild Beasts (In desert ruled by Christ)
24. Bells and Gongs	Bells
25. Relics	Relics
26. Patriarchs	Fathers
27. Servants of all men	Servants of all men.
28. Hermits	Hermits

Oct. 14th, 1917.

This was another wild, windy morning. Yi Sun-saing had tried to do Manmool Sang yesterday, and had been nearly blown off the cliffs, so he came home with his trip unfinished and said he had paid too dear for his whistle.

In the afternoon we as a family went to the Nirvana Hill to meet the old padre on his way home from On-chung-ni. We did not see him, however, and came back in the dusk after a very delightful outing in the pines. The view of the temple toward eventide from the hill is very fine, the valley beneath being wrapped in shade.

Sin-ke-sa is the most accessible of all the monasteries and also the most attractive in some respects. It sits among the eternal hills, companion of the Fairy Peak (5,400 ft.) and holds the gateway to the Nine Dragon Pool. It lacks the magic spell that accompanies the Inner Keum-kang and those tints that mark its every winding way, but it is wonderful to a degree and worth a trip at any time.

Oct. 15th. 1917.

By 8 A. M. we were packed up and ready to start for the port town of Chang-jun.

Four coolies waited with our goods on their backs while the old padre and all his retainers came out to bid us go in peace. Very kind and courteous have been all these sons of the Buddha.

It is a lovely walk of two and a half miles, a good road all the way. We touched the sea half an hour after leaving Yangjin. The beach is somewhat bare, as Korean sea-beaches usually are, but it is sandy and suitable for bathing. We found the San-yo Hotel a suitable little place with an agreeable prospect. Here we put up.

From here to Wonsan we went by road along the beautiful shore of the sea, golden grain all about us, and a lovely expanse of water off to the east. The road as it lifts and falls gives every variety of view. The Giant Causeway Rocks offer a new excitement in the way of form and colour. All the way, in fact, is a world of delight.

From Wonsan we returned home reaching Seoul Oct. 22nd, our trip having taken one month and one day.

I

A TRIP TO THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS IN 1489 A. D.

by Yi Wun. (李龜)

(Before America was discovered, and while Copernicus, Sir Thomas More and Michael Angelo were still boys).

(Biographical Note:—

Yi Wun's father had eight sons, of whom Wun was the third. On the night of his marriage, he dreamed that an old man came to him and said, "My eight sons are under arrest and will all die because of you." Yi awoke and asked his wife what she thought this dream could mean. She said she had no idea unless it might refer to eight turtles that she had caught and put into a crock ready for to-morrow's feast. He at once went out and set all the turtles free. In doing so, however, he unfortunately let one fall and put its eye out.

Like the number of turtles he had eight sons, and the third, Wun, had only one eye. He it was who visited the Diamond Mountains and recorded the impressions that he caught so clearly. He was a man of special rectitude of life and high motive. Nam Hyo-on speaking of him says, "He was favourably recommended as the King's adopted son."

In the year 1498 he proposed an honorary title for Kim Chong-jik one of Korea's greatest scholars. The king, not liking Kim, regarded this as an offense and had Yi Wun sent into exile to Kwak-san. Three years later he was taken to Na-joo and beheaded.

A servant, knowing the danger that his master was exposed to, attempted to take him on his back and carry him off by force, but Yi refused saying, "I shall not run away from the commands of the King."

"But," replied the servant in tears, "Yi Chang-kon escaped and lived, why not Your Excellency?" But he refused.

When he died he showed no fear, but to the last spoke words that were strong and full of fire. King Yun-san, hearing of this, was furiously angry, and sent his father and all his brothers into exile.

Yi Wun was a great scholar, a renowned poet, and though he suffered much hardship and injustice, no mention of it appears in his writings, Sorrow and murmurings he recorded not.

What he wrote he scattered to the winds with no thought of ever gathering again.

Kim Il-son in speaking of his *Journey to the Diamond Mountains* says nothing could be finer. (J. S. G.)

The Diamond Mountains.

(Selections.)

This spring I became Secretary to the Office of Ceremony, but because of a slip I made, lost my place. In heart, I was glad, as it opened up the way for my going east and seeing the Diamond Mountains. I decided upon a day and made all ready. Setting out I directed my steps eastward and finally reached Ko-sung. There I met the magistrate, Kim Che-tong, who is the youngest son of Prince Moon-jung; also his son Keun, who had formerly been a playmate of mine. They treated me with the most lavish kindness.

On the day following, along with the Director of Education, my friend Keun and I crossed the river that flows from the Diamond ridge. This stream passes Yoo-jum-sa, turns east, and south, and then by many windings enters the sea to the north.

About noon we reached the entrance to the hills, where we found a number of high buildings and pavilions. We were told that these were the store-houses of Yoo-jum-sa, that had been built by King Se-jo. Here the yearly supply of grain is kept for the service of the Buddha.

From Sook-ko we turned south to where the mountain streams rush down with great velocity. Trees cover all the landscape. For ten *li* we could scarcely see the sky, while the cool refreshing air revived the inner man to the marrow

of his bones. At the side of the road I noticed a stone pagoda, and, on asking its name, learned that it was the seat of the Moon-soo Bodisat, (Moon Soo Pong).

To the south-west is a mountain range called the Dog Hills (Kai-jun Hyun). The overhanging cliffs seemed ready to fall upon us. The rushing streams, with their impact on the rocks, shook the earth. The road zig-zagged up, up. It was like a great dragon snaking off into the heights, or like a wild horse galloping across the sky. A hundred times it wound back and forth hardly wider than a strip of cotton. A single slip of step and like a stone flung from the heights, away would go body and soul to the bottom, metamorphosed into dust and ashes.

Some five *li* before we reached the top of the pass, we came to a rock called the Priestess' Outlook, with the ground cleared and a platform of stones in front of it, as though it had been used as a resting place for priests on their way by.

Half way up we came to a small spring called No Ch'oon's Well. Not more than four or five people at a time could possibly quench their thirst from its limited supply.

We reached the top and rested for a little. On three sides were hills, and on one side the sea. No sound of human habitation, only the stream rushing by to the call of the birds.

Toward evening we crossed the Deer Neck Pass, and following the stream south west reached the entrance to Yoo-jum-sa. The hills vied with each other in stately grandeur, and a hundred valleys sang to us along our way. Peaks and cliffs walled up the torrent's face till there seemed no entrance and no exit. They were like scholars and warriors dressed in ceremonial robes, kneeling as they meet, with lofty dignity written on their countenances. Surely another world is this than ours.

On the north side of the stream is a hill called Happy Ridge (Whan-heui Ryung) over which one can walk but not ride. We crossed it in the dark and finally reached the temple of Yoo-jum-sa.

Two priests called Ch'ook-jam (Buried in India) and

Ke-yul (Rejoicing in the Law) met me and led me into the gate. Towers and pavilions stand out like the fantastic horns of the hills, or pheasants flying through the grove. Carved railings and eaves dazzled my wondering eyes.

Some of the buildings would measure as much as twenty paces on a side, chief among them being the Main Hall with eight great windows to it. It encloses an odd carving of trees and hills, gilded and ornamented with many colours, rich gems and jewels. Throughout these are to be found scattered the 53 Buddhas.

The name-board has on it Heung-in Chi-jun (The Hall of Love). Its size, as well as its special decorations, mark it as one of the noted buildings of the East.

On the east side of the compound there is a little temple that sits with its back to the north and face to the south. It has in it a picture worked on silk of a gentleman with a cap on his head, a black coat, a belt, and a sceptre in his hand. Before this picture, sacrifice is offered every spring and autumn, and on the 1st and 15th days of the moon. On the tablet is written, "The Tablet of the Magistrate of Ko-sung, No Ch'oon."

I said to the priest, "It was custom in olden days when an official won favour for his people to erect a stone in his honour, but what special good did this man No Ch'oon ever do that he should be remembered thus?"

The priest in reply brought me a book and asked me to look it through.

He said, "This is a history of these hills."

It read, "In ancient days 53 Buddhas, made of metal, come on board a floating bell all the way from India to the port of Ko-sung. They landed and dragged the bell up to this place. The magistrate attempted to follow, but lost touch with them. When he reached the Moon-Soo Terrace he met the Moon-Soo Bodisat, and when he reached the Dog Pass he met a dog. By the Priestess' Rock he met a priestess, and at Deer's Neck he met a deer. In each case he asked where the Buddhas had gone and they all pointed him the way. Thus he gave names to the places just as he had met

the different ones. He was overtaken by thirst and drove his staff into the ground from which a spring of clear water gushed forth. This he scooped up with his hands and drank. Arriving finally in front of the temple, and hearing the sound of a bell, he was filled with wonder so that he danced for joy. This place he called the Hill of Joy (Whan-heui Ryung). He came and found that the Buddhas had hung the bell on the limb of a keyaki tree while they themselves were seated on the small twigs. Here he had a temple erected with a pagoda in front of it in which he placed these Buddhas and called it Keyaki Rest Temple (Yoo-jum-sa)."

What nonsense! Metal and stone are not given to floating, and beasts of the field bear no such relation to man as is here represented. Any fool knows this. Could metal Buddhas possibly make such a journey, or deer point the way? Such stuff, who would believe it?

Looking at the close of the book I find that it is written by a scholar of Koryu, named Min Chi (1248-1326 A. D).

Now this Min Chi was a Confucianist, who had no occasion whatever to exalt the Buddha. To write all this with his own pen can hardly be regarded as other than a great offence. As a deceiver of the people he is indeed a No Han (Old Rascal)

The next day I decided to go on to the Inner Hills.

Toward evening we reached Ma-ha-yun where we found some eight or nine priests sitting as the Buddha sits facing the wall. Each had a short board, a foot or so in length, on his head to warn him against falling asleep. If he nods and it drops, the teacher gives him a sharp blow with a flat stick. All day long they sit thus as though they were really thinking in their hearts.

I asked, "What are you thinking of?"

The teacher said, "They are meditating on vacuity." I said again. "How can such unsophisticated louts as I behold here understand these things? Why do you not first of all teach them something easy, and then, little by little, lead them on to what is more difficult. As it is now, it is like

inviting them into your house and then shutting the door in their faces.”

At first the priest made no reply, but a little later he said to me. “Do you see creation with the eyes, or does creation come in to you through your eyes?”

I replied, “Creation comes within my vision when I look upon it, and when I think of it again it returns in memory. We say in regard to this, ‘Studying things leads to knowledge. Knowledge enters my soul and I become informed.’”

The priest made no further reply.

The next day we intended going to Chung-yang-sa to see the general outline of the Inner Hills. Chung-yang stands on the highest ridge and takes in the whole circle of the enclosure.

Our supplies had given out and the man who accompanied me wore an anxious, troubled look.

I said to him, “Adversity, as well as prosperity, depends on God, hunger and satiety are according to His decrees. If a man is prosperous, his stomach is well filled, if he is poor he is hungry. Would you say that our hunger to-day was not of God’s appointment?”

About noon we reached the Lion Rock (Sa-ja Pong). Here we bathed in the Fire Dragon Pool (Wha-ryong Tam) and walked slowly down the Myriad Cascade Valley (Man-p’ok Tong). The angry waters rushed by us; the blue rocks shot up their multitudinous shapes; the passing clouds reflected deep their hurrying forms. No sound was heard of man, or bird, or beast. I wrote a song as I sat within the mystic canyon.

To the south of this valley is a small temple called Potuk. High it stands, supported by a brazen pillar, and with tiles upon its roof. Thus it hangs over the yawning abyss. Chains too, are fastened to its beams and pillars by holes drilled in the rocks. A slight swing to one side and all the structure trembles beneath you with a creaking noise. The stones have been hollowed out to make a possible way up with guards fastened to aid the climber. My ancestor wrote

a verse about this temple and I take the same rhyme character and write as well.

The white cloud rolls the valley full,
The gray peaks touch the distant stars
The flying waters leap like hounds
Loosed of their leash, past rocks and bars.

Along with the priests we followed down the gorge. One of them said to me, "On the north side is a peak called Keum-kang Tai. Two cranes make their nest there. When they are called they come forth, and when they are dismissed they go away. They have been taught by the priests."

I did not believe this at first but seeing it done I had to accept it.

I remarked, "This bird has a blue back, a white breast, a long neck, a red bill, long red legs, and a sharp red tuft on its brow. In general appearance it is like the ordinary crane though rather smaller. In the account given of the crane by Im Po I find a few similarities, but many differences. It is like a crane, and yet, evidently, not a crane.

"You are right" said the priest, "for if it were only an ordinary crane how could it understand so well all that is said to it?"

I made answer, "Fowls and dogs are inferior creatures and yet when they are called, they come, and if they are driven off they go away. They are perfectly under the control of man. This bird has grown up here and lived so long under man's influence, that when it is called in the morning, and dismissed in the evening, it responds. Why should it differ specially from fowls, or dogs?"

Alas, the priests in their ignorance of nature have thought this creature a fairy. The bird too, in giving its confidence to the priest had no idea that it was being treated as something supernatural.

In the evening we arrived at Pyo-hoon-sa. The abbot hearing that I was coming, prepared my room and came out to meet me. He sent me tea and cake and greatly refreshed me after my journey. He inquired, also, as to my name and place of residence.

Later I went to Chung-yang Temple. The abbot, Cho In, I had met before in Seoul. He had me seated in the pavilion on the south side of the temple where all the view is free and open. There was no wind and the air was perfect. Nature sparkled with glorious light. The rocks and mountain peaks looked to me more wonderful than ever. Each was a mystery in itself. Great masses of masonry threw up their arms and left deep chasms disclosed to view. Off to the east was the highest peak of all, Mount Pi-ro. Next was Kwan-eum, then Mang-ko Tai, then Il Wul, and Chi-jang, and Tal-ma. On all sides were these great walls smooth as though faced by steel, their turrets and battlements tipped with white.

Some of the peaks that stand shoulder to shoulder and wall up the valleys, are sharp like spears, some blunt and ill defined; some alive like roaring lions; some like glaring tigers; some seem to burst with rage; some have paws uplifted; some again like Hang-oo, hold a knife driven deep into the throat; some, like Pun K'wai grip a swine's leg in the teeth; some, like the armies of Poo Kyun and Sa Hyun, muster face to face on the banks of the Pi-soo, a thousand spears and battle-axes. Girded soldiers are they with steel clad horsemen ready for the fray. These hills are indeed the warriors of the world.

When the Creator made them He employed His greatest skill.

As evening fell we returned to Pyo-hoon-sa. Here I found a young priest eighteen years of age, who had just come from Yoo-jum-sa his eye-brows softly pencilled, and his face full of sunny smiles. He had a considerable knowledge of the character, so that he could converse intelligently, and was evidently of a very good family. I asked him his name, and he said Haing-tam was his Buddhist name, but that his lay name, was Hyo-jung. I inquired as to his family and he said he was a relative of Ha Ryoon on the mother's side, and that Pak Choong-ch'oo was his grand-father. So interested was I in his intelligence and gentle manner, that I kept him with me, and asked why he had become a priest, but he held down his head and did not answer.

The next day we intended going on to Chang-an-sa, so the abbot, hearing that I was out of supplies, gave me one measure of rice.

We went slowly down the Paik-ch'un Gorge. Here again the views are very fine, the trees and shrubs so green, mingled with grottos and deep pools. It is like Man-p'ok Tong for depth and solitude but even more wonderful.

The priest said to me "There is a peculiar being seen at times in these hills who came here some sixty years ago. He appears as the flowers come out and the moon shines. His face has grown no older in all that time and his hair remains still as black as lacquer. I had understood that he was a hermit refugee, and yet I wonder if he may not after all be one of the genii."

On hearing this I wrote a poem :

He rides his windy chariot o'er the earth ;
He walks, a fairy with a shining face.
The pigeons call him to the *Western Queen ;
He drinks him deep, and wraps him in the clouds,
When morning comes he digs the hill for herbs ;
And with the eve he ploughs the sky for gems.
When work is o'er he sits among the rocks,
And blows his pipe till moon and hills respond.

By evening time we arrived at Chang-an-sa, and entered the inner hall where we found 1200 Buddhas assembled together according to the 1200 peaks of the hills. In halls and pavilions, this temple is much like Yoo-jum-sa, but the hills and rocks and rushing streams about it are far superior.

The day following we returned on our tracks to Ma-hayun where once again all our supplies gave out. We asked the priest to help us in our need, but he replied, "I wonder what is the reason that we have so many folk passing this year who are out of rice ?"

I replied by the question, "Are there others besides myself ?"

He made answer, "Yesterday, one gentleman by the name

* Chief goddess of Taoism who dwells on the Kuenlun mountains of Tibet.

of Yang Pyo, from Seoul, slept here. He asked for supplies before he started off for Pal-pun." Though the priest had said this as a joke still I felt and realized afresh my poverty.

To the north of the inner Water Pass is a ragged peak that holds up its hands to heaven, like a father to Pi-ro, an older brother to Mang-go and a son to Chi-jang and 'Tal-ma. The grass and shrubs on its face, touched by the north wind, are all shrivelled and dry.

By noon we reached Tai-chang Rock, and leaving Pine Field Temple (Song-chun Am) behind we went on to Pal-yun. Already the day was descending to its close. It is 80 *li* from Ma-ha-yun to this place. The wonder of the rocks, the streams, the woods along the way, are beyond my pen to describe. I found the man Yang Pyo, and he turned out to be an old friend whom I had known ten years before under a different name, Yang Choon.

In the early morning we went with the priests to the waterfall, which is about 40 feet high. Here they gave us an exhibition of swimming. The bed of the stream is very slippery. They tumbled about so that sometimes heads only were seen and sometimes feet. Sideways, endways they went flat on the face, or gazing upward at the sky. Down they flew like a flash over the smooth face of the rock. Not a full sail, or galloping horse could equal the speed by which they shot by. The rocks had no angry corners and were smooth as though rubbed with oil. No one was hurt, though they spent the whole day at these sports.

When evening came we arrived at Ko-sung.

(End of trip made in 1489 A. D.)

II

JOURNEY TO THE DIAMOND MOUNTAIN.

(by Yi Chung-kwi (李廷龜) 1603 A. D. (1564-1635 A. D.)

(Biographical Note:—Yi Chung-kwi, a famous literary master of Korea, was born in the same year as Shakespeare, though he outlived the English Sage by 19 years. He is one of the greatest of the literati, and has left a long list of re-

corded works. He made the trip to the Diamond Mountains when he was 39 years of age. Unfortunately his trip was not as complete as one could have wished. J. S. G.)

When I was young I visited many of the hills of my native country but had never seen the Eight Sights of the East Coast. Now, with responsible office on hand, and years of experience back of me, I had less and less freedom to come and go; and all my plans, more than once, for such a trip, had come to naught.

In the year *ke-myo* (1603), however, repairs were made on the Tomb of T'ai-jo's mother in Ham-heung, and it was customary on such occasions for one of the highest officials of the Office of Ceremony to see to the work and report. I was at the time, head of this office and it naturally fell to me, though His Majesty had not yet signified His approval. My special desire for going was that on my return I might come by way of An-pyun, and see the Diamond Mountains.

On the 1st day of the 8th moon I paid my respects to the Court, and asked permission to resign all subsidiary offices, but this request was refused. Some of the ministers said, "How can any one in charge of the Office of Ceremony make so great a journey?" Thus the matter hung fire for some days but I repeated my request so urgently that permission was finally given.

Han Suk-pong was at that time the magistrate of Hyup-gok, and he happened to be in Seoul. He joined our party and we moved outside the East Gate, where we put up for the night.

I did not take any household servants with me except a skilled flautist, whose name was Han Moo-soi. My remarks to Han Suk-pong were something like this :

"This journey is by the good favour of God, and here I have the master of Hyup-gok for my companion. Another piece of great good luck is the fact that Ch'oi Rip is the magistrate of Kan-sung. If he hears that I am coming he will assuredly plan for a meeting. We shall enter the mountains of the fairy together, such a happy pilgrimage will be ours as mortals seldom see. In fifteen days or so I shall finish

all I have to do in Ham-heung, and return, while you go ahead and await my coming."

Suk-pong replied, "My good fortune is that I am a member of Your Excellency's party where we are to make the journey together. We shall behold the world of the fairy, write down our impressions, and have something worth remembering superior even to our trip to Japan.

We reached the post-station, Sin-an, and there the station-master pointed out a road to the right that leads east and crosses the Hair-cut Pass, a hundred *li* distant (Tan-pal). Hearing this my joy was full to overflowing. We waited for some little time so I wrote a poem and sang it while Moo-soi accompanied me on the flute.

Passing on we reached Hoi-yang. The magistrate, Han Soo-min, brought me *sool* and cheered us on our way. This drink and other refreshments were most excellent in flavour. I wrote a poem here and pasted it upon the wall of the room. Later I included it among my collected works.

On the 11th day we reached Ham-heung and by the 15th I had finished the work that I had come to do.

On the 17th I bade farewell and came as far as Yung-heung. On the 18th I was overtaken by a fast courier from the north carrying official despatches. Word was that Manchu barbarians, several hundred horsemen of them, had crossed the border and surrounded the town of Chung-sung, that the magistrate, Chung Si-who, was taken prisoner, but whether dead or alive no one knew. I was greatly perturbed by this, in fact knocked clear off my feet.

On the 22nd day I reached An-pyun. Here the magistrate Nam Cha-yoo, had a feast prepared in the Ke-tang Hall, his brother and sons being present. The next day he urged me to remain still, saying that the day following was his mother's birthday, so I waited two days in all. I hoped also for news from the north.

These northern barbarians, not being in any great force were expected soon to retire. We waited at An-pyun and bent our ears to hear, till word came that matters were gradually

growing worse and all the people were in a great state of excitement.

When I left Seoul I had not resigned my connection with the War Office, and so I felt that it would be unworthy of me to leave the country to its fate and go off for pleasure. I therefore wrote a note to the different magistrates excusing myself and started for Seoul on the 25th, by the main road, crossing the Ch'ul Yung Pass that day. The plan that I had cherished for years, with all its delightful anticipations, had fallen through. As I mounted the hill and looked off toward the land of the fairy, my heart was as much disturbed as though I had lost my choicest treasure.

We arrived about the *Sin* hour (4 P. M.) at the Hoi-yang River when suddenly there came a courier from the north at full speed with word that the invaders had retired across the border, and were gone. Now my regrets were that I had not waited at An-pyun.

By evening I reached Hoi-yang. The magistrate was not there but off in the hills awaiting my arrival. I went into the vacant guest-room, sat down and inquired as to how far it was to the Diamond Mountains.

The secretary replied that it was 180 *li* by way of Wha-chun and 160 by way of T'ong-koo, but that the T'ong-koo road was very rough. I then called my assistant and remarked that the Creator (Cho-mool Choo) was evidently jealous of me, and that the devils (*ma*) had blocked my way. "This" said I, "is really the saddest thing I have ever known. If I fail of my wish and have to go back to the dust and worry of the Capital, I shall be filled with resentment even to the Yellow Shades. Now, however, that the invaders have made off, there is no need for me to specially hasten back. A few days, more or less, will make no difference. Let me look the inner mountains over and find for my pent up wishes some measure of fulfilment."

My joys awoke again and I scarcely slept a wink. Before cock-crow I had the horses fed, and was ready to be off, hoping to make the journey in one day. I asked Yi Hyung-wun if he could follow me.

Yi said, "Though somewhat difficult, I'll try."

I summoned the people of the office and ordered them to make ready three days food, each man to carry his own portion. By the fourth watch of the night, all having been put in readiness, we were off and soon reached Sin-an, 40 *li*. Even yet the night was deep upon us. This is the place where we had inquired about the road on our way out.

We were resting for a little to feed the horses, when suddenly six or seven officials made their appearance and came forward to greet me. I asked who they were, and they informed me that they were from Kan-sung, T'ong-ch'un and Hyup-gok sent by Ch'oi Rip, An Kyung-yong and Han Kyung-hong. They had heard of my going back by direct route to Seoul, and in their disappointment had sent letters and expressions of regret by these men, as well as refreshments to cheer me.

Among them was a special letter from Han Kyung-hong which said. "The Elders of the country of Hyup-gok, grateful for all your many favours, had prepared food and wine and made straight the way. Hearing, however, that you were returning direct to Seoul, greatly disappointed and distressed, they have dispersed"

The reason for this kind thought on their part was that in the year *kyung-ja* (1600), when I was Minister of Finance, I had done a small favour in their behalf. The people of Hyup-gok had memorialized the State asking that their taxes be lessened. I felt sympathy for them, as their county had fallen somewhat in the scale of prosperity, and so passed their request on to the King. This was the reason of their gratitude. These old men, with worn caps and white hair, had come all the way to bring their offerings of food and wine, a grateful gift that gladdened my heart. I had the wine and other things carried along so that I could enjoy them in the hills.

Leaving my chair at the magistrate's office at Sin-an I took two specially good horses for exchanges on my hasty journey. Only three persons accompanied me, Han Moo-soi

the musician, one secretary, Chang Eung-sun, and my artist, P'yo Eung-hyun.

Thirty *li* from Sin-an we reached T'ong-koo, when the sun was just nicely up. It was a most secluded place with the charming surroundings of hill and valley. From here the road winds on through thick woods and along steep defiles. In some places we had to cut the grass and shrubs that blocked the way, till finally we reached the Hair-cut Pass. Here, all of a sudden, a wonderful view of the horns and peaks of the Diamond Mountains met us. My hair stood on end and I felt a creepy sensation pass over my body. The saying is that once upon a time a certain king came this way and being so impressed with the view he had his hair cut and joined the brotherhood of priests, hence comes its name, Hair-cut Pass (Tan-pal Yung).

From Sin-an to this point is a hundred *li*, hills, range on range, and wall on wall, blocking the way. Now that I was in full view of the object of my journey how strange it seemed.

When we had crossed the Chin Hill and passed a river flat, we reached the valley of Chang-an along which the water rushes fresh and clear, the hills about, different, seemingly, from the ordinary haunts of men. This stream in its marvellous course comes down through the Myriad Cascade Gorge. We crossed it nine times and finally reached the temple. I called on Moo-soi to play me a tune as we rode along the avenue of approach.

An old priest met us and showed me into the Hall of Meditation.

"Whence cometh these honoured guests?" asked he.

I did not answer him directly but said, "I am a literary man from Seoul. Are there any other guests here?"

He said, "A few days ago several gentlemen came announcing that the Minister of Ceremony would stop on his way from Ham-heung. They waited for a time, but learning that he had returned direct to the Capital, they left.

Hearing this, I smiled.

We had 'wine' brought that quenched our thirst and then we turned in and rested for a time.

The priests, inquiring of the runners from the post-stations, as to who this was, found out my name. At once they all came to make their most profound bow, saying, "We have made a most unpardonable mistake. But we really cannot understand by what way Your Excellency has come."

I then told them, fully of our midnight trip.

They said in reply, "But the road from here to Hoi-yang is a two day's journey, and you have made it in one.

As we were talking, a young priest came hurrying up to say that guests had arrived.

I asked who they were and he said. "The Vice-governor of Kang-wan, and the Keeper of the Royal Stables from Eun-ke. They are now in the upper monastery of Pyo-hoon some five *li* from here."

I called the lad and told him to go at once and say that I had arrived. It was then about the first watch of the night.

The Vice-governor was Yoon Kil, and the Keeper of the Stables, Yi Yu-keui. Along with them was No Sung, Guardian of the Chip-kyung Palace. They had waited for me at Hyup-gok, but hearing that I had gone direct to Seoul, had decided to see the Hills for themselves.

Finding out from the priest how matters stood, they gave a great shout of surprise, thoroughly mystified, and came tumbling over each other all the way to Chang-an-sa. They bowed and asked, "Did Your Excellency come by way of the starry sky?" They then inquired as to my health and safe arrival.

I opened our supplies and had something prepared for them to eat, while they asked further about the journey. They remarked regarding the fare, "This is very good indeed but there is abundance ready at each place specially for you, why dine off these cold things?"

In a little others came from other counties with quantities of good things for my health and comfort and so the night passed.

The fast fading moon had risen in the east. Under the

influence of 'wine,' I went out and sat in the Moonlight Pavilion. The night was silent, and soft shadows filled the valley. As I looked up the mountain peaks stood white in the distance leaning over us. To the north was Kwan-eum, next Chi-jang, next Po-hyun.

We slept in the east room, where was also a priest named Tam-yoo, over 80 years of age. His eyes sparkled with peculiar light, and his eye-brows stood out white as over the luminaries of the genii. He told me all about the past history of the temple.

The following day, early in the morning, I got up, dressed, walked out and climbed the hill back of the Main Hall. The peaks in front of me glistened in my sight like gems. I wondered if snow had fallen, but looking more carefully I saw it was only the rocks.

Hastening through my morning meal, and carrying a light load, I rode a chair up through the gorge of the Ten Kings. Great boulders locked and barred the way. A few diminutive bamboos were seen, while pines and cypress grew about the pools and rushing water. One peak to the north shot up its form so far toward heaven that we could scarcely glimpse it. This was Chi-jang that I had seen in the night.

Passing one defile we would come to another, and beyond one gorge still another would await us. In each was a rushing stream, falls and pools.

We rested for a time at Mi-ta Temple and then descended to the Myung-yun Tam.

From here on, the way is full of dangerous defiles over which flimsy bridges have been thrown. We left the chair and, with staff in hand, made our precarious way step by step clinging to the rocks and jumping over rapids. The streams fought furiously in their narrow courses, and when a rock blocked the way would leap forward in a fall. The hollow basin underneath becomes the pool. These pools are called by various names, Alms-bowl (*Pal-tam*), Fire Dragon (*Wha-ryong*), Black Dragon, (*Heuk Ryong*), Blue Clouds (*Pyukha*), etc.

The gorge itself is called Myriad Cascade, or Man-p'ok Tong.

Its course is a great cleft driven through the rocks. By this time I was tired almost to death, and so found a flat rock on which to sit down. Here the Secretary brought us 'wine' and refreshments and passed them round. On a stone near by are the characters of Yang Pong-nai:

Pong-nai (蓬萊) *P'oong-ak* (楓岳) *Wun-wha* (元和) *Tong-ch'un* (洞天).

Each stroke is as large as the leg of a mountain deer. To our left was the Diamond Peak (*Keum-kang Tai*), on the top of which among the stones were the nests of the heron, empty however. The priest said to us, "These birds frequently come, but after circling about, cry plaintively and then go away." Their feathers are blue and their heads red.

I called Moo-soi and had him, unknown to the others, climb to a ledge of Hyang-no Peak, hide in the pines and play to us. He played a soft quavering tune that sounded very sweet as though it came from the 9th heaven. The assembled guests looked at each other in wonder, listened and said, "Does Your Excellency hear it?"

I made as though I heard nothing, so they all kept perfectly still and said, "This is wonderful; the music of the upper spheres. Tradition holds that the fairies used to live here and now we hear them play."

The sound was especially sweet and clear and it did really seem to come from the clouds. As the wind blew it would cease and then be heard again. I knew what it was, and yet, I was inclined, nevertheless, to think the fairies were playing.

After some time, the group finally learning how it had come about, clapped their hands and laughed, saying, "Most interesting, Ha, ha!"

We were all made glad by the 'wine' and enjoyed ourselves till the day began to draw toward a close. Then we followed the stream back and when the shades of night had fallen arrived at Pyo-hoon-sa.

There is a stone by the gate of this monastery that was erected in the 4th year of *Chi-wun* (1338 A. D.). The com-

position is by Yang Chai, and the writing by a Minister of Koryu, Kwun Han-kong. It tells how Yung Chong, Emperor or the Mongols, had on his heart the future blessing of all mankind and gave money for this temple's erection. Now the Mongol court was very ardently Buddhistic, so that Imperial orders frequently made note of prayers and gifts. For this reason temples were set up in many of the hills of Korea, this one being the largest of them all. It fell a victim to the war of *Im-jin* (1592) and was burned down. Since then the priests have restored it but the final touches are not yet given.

At night we again drank to express our joy.

The day following we arose early and went up to Chung-yang-sa. This temple stands on the face of the hill with a steep road leading to it. Part of the time I rode, and part of time I went by staff. We were a long procession like fish on a willow string.

To the west of the temple is a pavilion called Chin-heul Tai with great trees standing on each side of it. The breeze awoke and the cool air refreshed our very bones. We sat long, drank several glasses of 'wine,' and then descended to the temple. It was vacant, no one apparently being in charge. The pavilion to the west offers the finest view of the Diamond Mountains. We had the place swept out, spread our mats and looked off over the railing where we could see clearly all those peaks that we had only glimpsed before.

One old priest said, "Because this hill is related to the sea it has many clouds and mists resting upon it, as well as gossamer webs and curtains of uncertainty. Sometimes sightseers wait ten days at a time without once seeing the shadow of a single peak. But now the rains have ceased and the hills are clear as a mirror, with not an atom of dust on the whole horizon. It offers its most wonderful display to Your Excellency. Its fair prospect is one that every soul must long to see. The autumn trees, too, are intoxicated with colour, not too deep in shade, nor too shallow, but just as though freshly dyed. Such an opportunity as this is afforded to but few. Your Excellency is assuredly heir to unmixed blessing."

The old priest then came and sat down by me and pointed out the various peaks saying, "Yonder, that one to the north-east, standing highest of all, is Piro Pong; yonder sharp one that stands alone is Hyul-mang; that one with two horns, that seems to hold up the firmament, is Hyang-no; that wonderful rock, that must have been split in two by the spirits, is Keum-kang Tai. Yonder one that circles about and gathers in all the atmospheric influences is Choong-hyang." Besides these there were others that looked like flying phoenixes, leaping dragons, seated tigers, fighting whales. Some of them are jumping, some running, some bowing reverently as at audience.

We went from here northwards up to the ridge of the hills and reached a temple called Kai-sim (Opening the heart). Its site is a little higher than that of Chung-yang, and most retired.

Passing Ch'un-tuk (Heaven's Virtue), and Wun-t'ong (Rounded Temple) we came to Mahayun which, for perfection of setting, ranks first of all. The Incense Walls (Choong-hyang) enclose the north so as to guard its rear. On each side are red-wood trees, pines, cypress, cedar. Of useless trees there seemed to be none. No birds are here, no winged creatures of any kind, no four-footed beasts. The priest said to us, "Between the Incense Walls and the temple there are no bugs, or reptiles, or earthworms, or any obnoxious creatures whatever."

We met a priest here undergoing a course of meditation, who ate only herbs, a very spiritual person he seemed to be, and one exceedingly loveable.

We noticed a peculiar tree in front of the temple that had leaves like the sea-pine and bark like the cassia. They called it the *ke-soo* tree. Breaking off a little of the bark and tasting it, I found it peppery, but it was not specially sweet a very interesting tree indeed.

Another day having dawned we all dressed and went, to pay a visit to Pool-chi Am and Myo-kil Sang. Arriving we found the place such a delight that we hated to leave it. How inviting this meditative life seemed with its deliverance

from the noisy world. I walked back and forth in front of the great image. There was a spring of water in a hollow, near by, that came bubbling forth. I tasted of it, and it was as sweet as sugared soy. We slept the night with the priests of Mahayun. Amid the darkness we could see the lights of other temples like fireflies. The Great Dipper too, seemed so near that I could almost put my hand out and pluck it from the sky.

Next day we set out for Po-tuk Cave by a way along the Incense Walls. Past the upper waters of the Fire Dragon we followed a path that led among the clouds. Where the road failed, logs were placed over chasms. We counted forty and more of these till finally on the left hand, we saw a temple of a few *kan* sitting on the rocks with two brazen pillars underneath it. It was a hundred *kil* or so high and had a half *kan* projecting over the abyss. In it was an image of Kwannon. There were two chains holding it, one fastened to a pillar, and one round the house riveted to the rocks. The temple itself hangs seemingly in mid air. When the wind blows you might think it would fall but it does not. Such a place however seemed too dangerous to stay long in.

We went up to Po tuk Outlook, poured out 'wine' and had a drink. Looking from here we beheld a white cloud rise from the Fire- Dragon Pool like a whiff of smoke from a brazier. It rose and then flattened out like a mat. In a little, each different pool sent up its cloud of silk that opened out so gracefully. These caught by the currents of air raced about, sometimes uniting, sometimes separating till they filled all the valley with the whitest curtain of snow that you ever saw. Looking down, the servants who accompanied me were lost in wonder. We could hear people's voices through the mist but could see no one.

As we moved along we were bathed in the full light of the sun while the world beneath our feet was dark as the regions of chaos. Assuredly it was a sight to see.

We passed various rocks and gorges filled with wonder, till my legs grew tired. Then I got into my chair and rode, and by evening arrived once more at Pyo-hoon where we slept.

Many representatives from the different district towns had gathered with 'wine' and refreshments to greet me and wish me well on my way. I was terribly fatigued and so after a glass or two retired to my room and slept.

On the 30th we put our baggage in order, left Pyo-hoon-sa for Chang-an and from here passed out of the mountain gate. The murmur of the stream seemed full of sadness and spoke our regrets at parting.

Wherever I went I always had my musician ride ahead so that when I rested, or waited, he would play for me. By noon we had reached Tan-pal Yung (Hair Cut pass.) The Governor of the Province, Yi Kwang-choon, anxious to see me, had come hurrying along a hundred *li* or more so that we met on the Pass. Here we sat on the grass and talked of days gone by. His son Yi Min-whan had come along with him. Wine was brought and we drank a glass or two and then separated. By evening we had reached T'ong-koo where we slept, and from here on we made our way back to Seoul.

A Visit to Piro Pong in 1865.

by Cho Sung-ha (趙成夏)

(Note:—Here is an account of a visit to Piro Pong(毘盧峰), the highest and an almost inaccessible peak of the Diamond Mountains. The trip was made in 1865 by a Mr. Cho Sung-ha (趙成夏), nephew of the famous Queen Dowager. His account shows that there was pluck and determination in the old ruling families of those days, and more, that they were master-hands at the pen. Few travellers could give a more vivid picture than this. J. S. G.)

I reached the Diamond Mountains in mid-autumn, and one morning after breakfast decided to ascend Piro Peak. I was afraid there might be an attempt made to stop me, so I secretly found a priest to choose bearers and show the way.

We passed the Myo-kil Buddha and when we had reached the turning point in the road already noon had come. From here we went straight up. By clinging to creepers and taking advantage of every stone and twig, and with the help of the

men who accompanied, pushing and pulling, we made our way up. What with bushes and stones it was a most difficult obstructed path, dim and over-grown, in fact hardly visible at all to the naked eye.

Thus we advanced some ten miles deep into the solitudes. It was a world waste and void. I imagine there must be some regular road to Piro Peak but we were evidently not on it, and instead were into an inextricable tangle. There are in all, several hundred priests in the Inner Hills and yet scarcely one of them has ever climbed Piro; two only of our whole number could I find who had made the trip. I imagine these men, too, led us wrongly.

We finally reached a high point and looked out, but there were three great peaks that propped up the heavens still ahead of us. The bearers suggested that we go back and try again another day, but I felt that to go back would be to lose all the effort we had put forth. So we sat down and thought it over. I urged them and at last got them to swear to see it through. One man shouted, "I'll see it through, live or die" and the others followed suit.

I then tied a handkerchief about my head, put off all my outer robes, brushed the shrubs aside and went up on all fours, clinging to points and horns as opportunity offered. We skirted precipices that went down thousands of feet, and skimmed by ledges the height of which no man could measure, till, finally, we crossed all the obstructing peaks. We gasped, and blew for breath, and at last stood on the top of Piro, the top of the topmost peak. The blue heaven was just above us with all its vast expanse, with the stars almost touching our heads. The air I breathed came from about the throne of God, but oh, we were tired and thought of how Kwa-po had exhausted himself chasing the sun.

I was thirsty and wished a drink and yet where was there water? We had long passed all springs and streams, and not a drop was there to be had. We looked off toward the east and there lay the Sea of Japan mingling with the sky. There was water everywhere but it was like the

cherries of Cho Cho, devoid of satisfaction. How were we to cure this thirst of ours?

In their search on the high peak, would you believe it, one man found under a stone a small spring of water. It was not a spring either, nor was it water from any apparent source. It must have been the melted snows of ages gone by, and yet it looked like nectar of the fairies. We drank of it till all was gone. No Tong drank seven bowls and yet was not satisfied, how much less we?

We walked back and forth while the sun went down, and darkness fell upon the world. Those who accompanied me were dead tired and reduced to a state of unconsciousness. They were scared too out of their wits. We sought out the smoothest part of the rock and there sat back to back and let the dew fall upon us while we dozed off.

The priests brought some shrubs and trees and heated up a little rice and cake which we ate. When this was done we had come to nearly the fifth watch of the night. The moon had fallen. The sound of the wind across the hill face was like the whistling of goblins. Its cold edge had in it points of arrows. Mists arose from the lowlands and filled the valleys. As I thought it over, I felt that it was indeed a mad journey, an insane venture. To come here meant really all sorts of risk to life and limb. What use was it? Still I remembered how I had longed to see this famous mountain, to taste of its hidden mystery, and now my dreams were realized. Here were the fairy cloud lights about us as we squatted among the rocks and shrubs. It was a rare and wonderful experience. I turned to this side and that, and gazed all about me. The night stretched everywhere. Yonder were the Seven Stars of the Dipper, and here the reflection of the white topped hill. The dew moistened all the world. I was on a boat sailing on ether between the Seven Stars and the Lovers' Bridge of the Milky Way. The North Star had passed the 38th degree, and the Yellow Meridian was in the constellation *Soonmi*. The Red Meridian was crossing that of Great Fire. Our position on Piro was not quite even with the star of God's Throne.

A little later we saw a Great Horn rise from the sea and mount up as the sky and water touched each other. Little by little clouds appeared. A little later all the sea and sky turned a fiery red, and the yellow wheel of the sun tipped its light over the horizon. Then it cut loose from the watery depths and was free to run its upward course across the sky, a red and fiery ball. The colours of the sun, yellow, blood red, light red, are due to the proximity of the water. It looked as though it was distant from me only a hundred *li* (30 miles) and about 70 *kil* high (400 feet). The water of the sea meanwhile had grown dark and the hills red. A little later the lower world gave off puffs of vapour so that all the vast expanse beneath us was turned into a sea, with Piro, where we sat the only little island remaining. We seemed to be lifting and falling with the heavy swell of the waves about us. A little after Yung-nang came through and then in a flash Choong-hyang. Then the Sun and Moon Peaks like a pair of twins showed their heads; then Soo-mi, Tan-pal, Paik-ma each in its place.

We looked off toward the East Sea, where I felt like rolling up my trousers and wading in, determined to reach the Pong-nai Hills of the fairy.

The day was now light and all the party bestirred itself. They gave a sudden cry of alarm. What was the reason? Here were tracks of a great tiger going this way and that round and round us. He had hovered about our sleeping place, evidently, all the night. Then suddenly there was a great shout on the part of my company. "The scholar is a man richly blessed, for the spirit of the hills has sent the tiger to guard him through the night." So each man bowed down and said his word of thanks to the God that guards the mountain top.

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INDEX

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Alms Bowl Pool
 Animals
 An Kyung-yong
 An-moo-jai
 An-pyun
 Apple-cheek
 Bears
 Black Dragon
 Beautiful Virtue
 Blue Cloud Pool
 Blue Cloud Peak
 Board and Lodging
 Buddhist Meditation
 Chang-an-sa
 Chang Bung-sun
 Chang Hang
 Chang-jun
 Chang-yu
 Chi-jai
 Chi-jai Temple
 Chi-ko
 Chi-ta
 Chin-h
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INDEX

Alms Bowl Pool		鉢	潭		50
Animals					32
An Kyung-yong		安	敬	用	56
An-moo-jai		內	水	嶺	32
An-pyun		安		邊	53
Apple-cheek					25
Bears					33
Black Dragon		黑	龍	潭	59
Beautiful Virtue		妙	德	行	25
Blue Cloud Pool		碧	霞	潭	59
Blue Crane Peak		青	鶴	峰	9, 27
Board and Lodging					27
Buddhist Meditation					47
Chang-an-sa		長	安	寺	6, 51, 57
Chang Eung-sun		張	應	善	57
Chang Hang		獐		項	35
Chang-jun		長		箭	42
Chang-kyung Temple		長	慶	庵	24
Chi-jang Bodisat		知	章	菩薩	50, 59
Chi-jang Temple		知	章	庵	21
Chi-kong		指		空	24
Chi-ta'l River		芝		嶼	16
Chin-heul Tai		真	歇	臺	61
Cho Cho		曹		操	66
Ch'oi Rip		崔		豈	53
Cho Mool-choo		造	物	主	55
Cho Sung-ha		趙	成	夏	64
Chook-jam		竺		潛	45
Ch'ul-yung Pass		鐵		嶺	55
Chung-yang Temple		正	陽	寺	9, 18, 48, 50, 61
Ch'un-tuk		天		德	62
Ch'ung-hak Pong		青	鶴	峯	9
Cranes					9
Crown Prince of Silla					20

Deer Neck Pass	獐 項	35, 45
Dog Hills	狗 嶺	45
Dog Pass	35, 46
Dragon King's Palace	玉 龍 關	39
Eight Sights of East Coast	關 東 八 景	53
Eui-jung-boo	議 政 府	12
Fairies	51
Fairy Peak.	42
Fifty Three Buddhas	五 十 三 佛	7, 11, 34, 45
Fire Dragon Pool	火 龍 潭	30, 48, 59
Giant Causeway	叢 石 亭	42
Gordon, Hon. Mrs.	18
Grains	15
Great Dipper	63
Ha Ryoon	河 崙	50
Hair Cut Pass	斷 髮 嶺	57
Hall of Worthies	24
Ham-heung	咸 興	54
Han Moo-soi	韓 武 釗	53, 56
Han Suk-pong	韓 石 峯	53
Hang Oo	項 羽	50
Happy Ridge	歡 喜 嶺	45
Hell Gate	地 獄 門	20
Heron Birds	60
Heung-in Chi-jun	與 仁 之 殿	46
Heul-sung-noo	歇 惺 樓	9
Ho Pong	虎 峯	31
Hoi-yang	淮 陽	58
Hong Eung-kil	洪 應 吉	4
Hundred Streams	百 川 洞	8
Hyang-no Peak	香 爐 峯	60, 62
Hyul-mang Peak	穴 望 峯	62
Hyup-gok	歙 谷	53
Il-wul Peaks	日 月 峯	50
Im-jin Year (1592)	壬 辰 年	61
Im-po	林 道	49
Incense Walls	衆 香 城	62

Inner Water Pass	內 水 嶺	32
Inscription	10
Kai-jun Hyun	狗 嶺	45
Kai-sim	開 心	62
Keui-moon Chong-wha	紀 聞 叢 話	27
Keum-kang Tai	金 剛 臺	49, 60
Keum-wun, Miss	錦 園	20
Keyaki Trees	47
Ke-yul	戒 悅	46
Kim Il-son	金 駟 孫 化	44
Kim-wha	金 化	13
King Se-jo	世 祖 大 王	44
King Sung-jong's Writing	46
King Yun-san	燕 山 君	44
Kim Chong-jik	金 宗 直	47
Ko-sung	高 城	44, 52
Koo-ryung	狗 嶺	35
Korean Empress of China	6
Kwak-san	郭 山	43
Kwa-po	夸 父	65
Kwan-eum	觀 音	59
Kwun Han-kong	權 漢 功	61
Kwun Keun	權 近	2
Lion Rock	獅 子 峯	48
Lovers' Bridge	烏 鵲 橋	56
Ma-ha-yun Monastery	摩 訶 衍	10, 31, 47, 51, 63
Mapoos	14
Man-mool Sang	萬 物 相	42
Man-pok-tong	萬 瀑 洞	48
Mang-ko-tai	望 高 臺	50
Mirror Rock	明 鏡 臺	8
Min Chi	閔 漬	47
Mi-t'a Temple	彌 陀 庵	59
Moon-soo Bodisat	文 殊 菩 薩	45
Moon-soo Peak	文 殊 峯	45
Moo-hak	無 學	24

Moo-soi	武 劍	57, 60
Mount Piro	武 盧 峯	18
Myo-kil-sang	妙 吉 祥	10, 31, 62
Myung-yun-tan	鳴 淵 潭	7
Myung-kyung Tai	明 鏡 臺	8
Na-han	羅 漢 州	22
Na-joo	羅 州	43
Nan Hyo-on	南 孝 溫	53
Nan-ong	懶 翁	7
Nam Ong's Writing	36
Nestorian Tablet	景 教 碑	18, 23
Nine Dragon Pool	九 龍 淵	42
Ninth Heaven	九 泉	60
Nirvana Hall	極 樂 殿	42
No Ch'oon	盧 椿	11, 35, 46
No Ch'oon's Well	盧 椿 井	35, 45
No Ch'oon's Wife	37
Northern Barbarians	54
Nun's Resting Place	尼 遊 岩	35
O To-ja	吳 道 子	9
Ok-ryong Kwan	玉 龍 關	39
Old Priestess	27
Old Wall	8
On-chung-ni	溫 井 里	42
Paik-ch'un Gorge	百 川 洞	6, 59
Paik-ma Peak	白 馬 峯	67
Paik-wha Am	百 花 庵	8
Pak Choong-ch'oo	朴 中 樞	50
Pal-tam	鉢 潭	59
Pang-kwang-tai	鉢 放 光 臺	9
Pearl Pool	真 珠 潭	40
Pi-pong Falls	飛 鳳 瀑	31
Piro Peak	毘 盧 峯	50, 64
Po-hyun Peak	普 賢 峯	59
Po-tuk Temple	普 德 庵	10, 63
Poem by Kwun-keun	3
Pong-nai Mountains	蓬 萊 山	2

Poo-kyun	符 堅	50
Pool-chi Am	佛 地 庵	62
Pools	9
Priestess Outlook	45
Punjab, The	月 氏 國	35
Pun-k'wai	樊 喻	50
Pyo-hoon Temple	表 訓 寺	7, 8, 18, 49, 50, 60
Pyung-kang	平 康	13
Queen In-mok	仁 穆 大 王	36
Rice Flats	48
Richard, Dr. Timothy	18
Sa Hyun	謝 玄	50
Sa-ja Peak	獅 子 峯	48
Sam-bool Rock	三 佛 庵	7
San Sin-ryung	山 神 靈	41
San-yo Hotel	42
Sea of Japan	65
Seven Stars of the Dipper	25, 66
Shin-an (Sin-an)	新 安	17, 54, 56
Sin-ke-sa	神 溪 寺	11, 36
Snakes	27
Song-chun Am	松 田 庵	52
Soo-mi	須 彌	44
Sook-ko	符 庫	44
Su-san Tai-sa	西 山 大 士	24
Suk-pong	石 峯 潭	8
Sun-tam	船 潭	39
Tal-ma	達 摩	50
Tam-moo	曇 無 竭	9, 31
Tan-pal Pass	斷 髮 嶺	17, 57, 64
Tea	49
Temple of Chang-an	長 安 寺	21
Temple of the Noontide	正 陽 寺	9
Three Buddha Rock	三 佛 庵	7, 14
Tigers	21, 33
T'ong-koo	通 溝	55, 57, 65

T'ong-ch'un	通川	56
Tower of Bright Mirror	明鏡臺	19
Wailing Pool	鳴淵潭	8
War Office	55
Water Pass	內水嶺	52
Weaving	25
Wha-ch'un	華川	17
Wha-eum Sutra	華嚴經	31
Wha-ryong Tam	火龍潭	48
Whan-heui Ryung	歡喜嶺	45, 47
Wul-chi Gook (the Punjab)	月氏國	34
Wun-t'ong	圓通庵	62
Yak-sa	藥師	9
Yang's Inscription	27
Yang Pong-nai	楊蓬萊	28, 60
Yi Chang-kon	李長坤	43
Yi Chung-kwi	李廷龜	52
Yi Kok	李穀	6
Yi Whang	李滉	3
Yi Wun	李龜	43
Yoo-jum-sa	榆岾寺	10, 34, 36, 44, 45
Yool-gok	栗谷	5
Yung-wun Am	靈源庵	8, 18

Index to volume 13 in volume 17