

# THE KOREAN REPOSITORY.

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## THE KOREAN GENTLEMAN.

THE calm and composure that environs a Korean gentleman is one of the mysteries of the Orient. Embarrassed he may be by a thousand debts, and threatened by a hungry wolf at every chink of his mud dwelling, yet the placidity of his life continues on unruffled. He is a master of composure, which forms the ground work of other characteristics. From Confucius he has learned to mortify every natural impulse, and to move as tho he acted his part on a stage, where a single misdirected smile, or thoughtless turn would upset the greatest piece on record. His choicest word is *ye* or *ye*. If he but guard *ye*, he may offend against every command in the Decalogue, and still be the sage or superior man. If he breaks *ye*, he is covered with confusion and counts himself the vilest of the vile. *Ye* of course is the eternal fitness of things, the scholar's interpretation of Confucianism. If you mention a word in disparagement of *ye*, the gentleman is frantic, forgets *ye* altogether for the moment in his efforts at violence.

The Korean speaks respectfully of *Mencius* as *mang*, and of *Confucius* as *koag*, so that the names coupled together would read *mang-kong*. This word unfortunately has another meaning, namely, the croaking of frogs. A Korean gentleman who had travelled much abroad, and learned foreign languages, came home quite outdone with Korea's ancient civilization, and particularly set against Confucianism. In one of his public addresses to a company of Koreans he made use of the word *mang-kong*; "Of what benefit," says he, "has Confucius been to Korea? Those best versed in his doctrine are the most helpless people we have. They simply sit and croak *mang-kong*, *mang-kong* to every thing." A scholar who heard him, and whom I know well, left the meeting in a piping fury. "Nothing," says he, "but the knife for a man like that." Yes, murder he would for the sacred name of *ye*.

One thing that interferes with the rigid requirements of *ye*

is of course to be avoided, for which reason no gentleman indulges in manual labor, or in fact in labor of any kind. His life consists in a supreme command of coolie service, while the coolie responds *nyé* or *you* to every order. The lighting of his pipe, or the rubbing of the ink on the inkstone, must be done for him. Down to the simplest details of life he does nothing. Not even should he scold the coolie, who said he would, but nevertheless failed to do what was told him. Consequently the gentleman's hands become soft, and his fingernails grow long. From constant sitting his bones seem to disintegrate, and he becomes almost a mollusk before he passes middle life.

When once they have attained to this physical condition of pulp, they are in a measure immured from the thumps and shocks of ordinary life. It was my misfortune once to be obliged to ride thro a rough mountainous country, in company with a Korean gentleman. By keeping a constant hold on the halter-rope, I managed to avoid a somersault backwards whenever the pony jumped. I warned Mr. Cho of the danger he ran in sitting bolt upright, without girders or supports of any kind to protect him. He remarked, in reply, that it was not good Korean custom to hold on to the halter as advised and so we proceeded. When the sun grew hot, he added to his already top-heavy condition, by opening an umbrella. The startled pony with one bound shot Mr. Cho backwards out of the saddle, and his fall, which is the point of my story, was marvellous to behold. On that uneven surface he flattened out like a ball of Paris plaster. Jacket and pantaloons were lost sight of, even the hat was but a spot on the sun, merely an irregularity of color on an otherwise flattened surface. But from the mass came forth the man, illustrating how we have all proceeded from original protoplasm, for Mr. Cho pulled himself together, and said he was none the worse, tho I should certainly have been damaged by such a fall.

Not all the gentry by any means are scholars, tho they ought to be if they would come up to the standard of Confucian requirement. Those who have attained to this, are marked and honored men. They are all but worshipped by the mass of the people, are given the freedom of every city in the kingdom, and are admitted as distinguished guests to the presence of the highest, free of pass. Chinese characters seem to have for this few, a consuming fascination. Not so much the thought conveyed, as the character itself, seems the object of veneration. From them he "builds" (*cbita*) forms of expression and verses, as a child builds enchanted castles from blocks of various sizes, and as there is no limit to the variations, and combinations pos-



sible, so there is no limit to the charm they possess. Two scholars can find sufficient to argue on, to interest one another from a single character and as there are in use some 12,000 characters, we might say they have a fund to draw on that will last for a quarter of a century. No attempt is made to write more than original ditties or mottoes. Anything like an original work in Chinese, would be an attempt to outdo Homer in Greek, presumption unheard of. So the scholar plays his life away with this unending rosary of ideographs, that entwines not his neck, but his mind, and heart, and soul.

For the unlettered gentry, Chinese has no charm. They keep a few learned expressions at their fingers' ends as a sort of bulwark of defence, when hard pressed, but as far as possible they avoid the subject. Their life, since shut off from intellectual pleasure, consists in material pleasures, dress and enjoyment. This class of scholar is exceedingly common in Korea. In immaculate white he emerges from the holes and corners of every mud village. If he is an official of importance he does not walk alone, but is assisted by the arms on each side. If he ventures by himself, it is with a magnificent stride that clears the street of indifferent passers, and commands only onlookers. In one hand a pipe, three feet long, in the other a fan; over his eyes two immense discs of dark crystal, not to assist him in seeing, but to insure his being seen. How precious these are! Many a man will forego the necessaries of life, if only he can gain a pair of *Kyeng-ju* crystals, and so cover himself with glory before an onlooking assemblage.

I once offended greatly against *ye* in an effort to befriend an impecunious gentleman, who had told me of his financial embarrassments. He was wearing at the time a pair of dark crystals and thinking to make him a present under form of a purchase I offered him six American dollars for his glasses. He was amazed to think that I should virtually ask them for nothing, for he had paid equal to fifteen, and a bargain they had been at that. This is one of the absurdities of the orient, where a man pays equal to two or three months' entire income for something absolutely worthless. It was on the same principle that Chinese cavalry rode into the battle of Pyeng-yang, with fan and paper umbrellas, the servants bringing up the rear with Winchester rifles.

This impecuniosity of the Korean gentleman is also a profound mystery. I have figured for years on the question as to how an idle man, who has nothing left to-day, shall outlive to-morrow, but he lives dressed just as well, and misses none of his meals. He will tell you frankly that the last of his hopes for a

livelihood have perished, that he is financially a total wreck, that his present condition is one of clinging to the rocks, where he is every moment in danger of the devouring element. You are exercised deeply on his behalf, much more deeply than the man is himself. Months pass and he is still in the same condition, no better, no worse. By way of encouragement I have said, "You have managed to eat and live for this month. Just continue on in the same manner and you will do very well." "Eat and live?" says he, "Of course every dog eats and lives. You would not expect me to lie down and die would you?" and he leaves you in disgust feeling that the delicate points of an oriental question can never penetrate the shell that encases the "barbarian's" brains.

The fact that tradesmen and business people are regarded as low, encourages the Korean gentleman to neglect thought and training in this line. He is a veritable child in business. Many a foreigner entrusts his affairs to his native teacher and then wonders why they should turn out so unsatisfactory at the hands of a native of the country. It is explained on the ground that a man may be a foreigner and yet be incapable of taking command of a foreign ship. If business must be done, an honest "boy" will quite outdo in executive skill the best and most honest scholar.

Not only in business relations, but in other matters of life the Korean gentleman is a master of inaccuracy. He pretends to be absolutely certain of everything under the sun, and no object ever daunts him, or is beyond his ability to elucidate. The slightest clue gives him a key to the whole. Merely let him see the smoke from the funnel, and he will explain to you the why and wherefore of a steam-engine. He will tell you what a comet's tail is composed of, or what color the dog is that causes the eclipse of the moon. He compares the minor details of life about him, with what went on in the days of king *Sun* (2255 B. C.) with as much certainty as we would talk of yesterday. The barbarian from the west begins to think what a marvel for information the man is, and what a fund of accurate knowledge for him to acquire, and he is beaten too. It is only when you put his statements to the test that you find he is wrong in everything. By the rarest accident he may be right occasionally but it is the exception and is purely accidental. He has no intention of deceiving you. The defect lies in the fact that there is something radically wrong in his manner of reasoning, his premises and conclusion are strangely out of harmony.

He has a profound contempt for woman, speaking of her generally as *Ke-chip* or female. He takes for wife the one his

father bargains for him raising no question as to her looks, health, or *avoirdufois*. She is a subject altogether beneath his consideration, as a member of the male sex, with its massive understanding. She is relegated to the inner enclosure, and lives a secluded life. He refers to her as *kōsiki* (what-you-may-call-her) or *ka* (she) and never loses an opportunity of showing how little is the place she occupies in his extensive operations. If the truth were told, however, we would know that the little woman, with delicately tinted skirts, within that enclosure, is by no means the cypher he pretends her to be, that she is really master, commander, and skipper of the entire institution, and that no man was ever more thoroughly under petticoat government than the same Korean gentleman.

His prime object is to have a son who will sacrifice to his shades, when he is dead and gone. The boy is expected to obey his father implicitly. If he but develop this trait, he may grow up to be quite as useless or more so than his sire and yet be a model son. If no son is born to him, he adopts a nephew or near relative, as the best substitute under the circumstance, but the stranger never wholly takes the place of the real son, who is regarded, in this life, as his strong right arm and in the life to come, as his eternal satisfaction.

In order to make sure of this eternal life thro posterity, the gentleman marries his son off when he is still a mere boy, sometimes but nine or ten years of age. Child marriage is one of the old and respected customs of Korea, and the reason it is not more common is the fact that it requires an outlay of money, that parents are not always willing or able to make, and so the lad is sometimes left unmarried until he can provide for himself.

The serious question in the life of a Korean gentleman is the service of his ancestor's shades. His life is marked by periods of mourning, three years for parents, and lesser periods for those more distant. A succession of fasting and feasting, requiring forms of dress, and outlays of money, consumes more of his time and means than the service of the living. But to neglect these forms would degrade him to the level of a Mohammedan who had renounced his faith.

We have glimpses occasionally of the gentleman's ability as he shares in the games of the outer guest-chamber. Chess, and *patok*, a kind of draughts, he plays frequently. A half hour's teaching will show him the moves on a foreign chess board, and a very respectable player he becomes from the outset. His best work is seen in the leisurely development of the game. I have seen excellent players who had no gift whatever for the solving of a problem. When one attempt failed, he would give it up and say, "It can't be



done." This again proves the jellyfish in his nature, his condition being passive not active. Anything like a determined effort he is entirely incapable of, as the mollusk is incapable of performing the feats of the shark or swordfish. Were we to choose one common saying from the language that enters more largely into the life and character of a Korean gentleman than anything else it would be *Hal su ūpta*—There is no help for it, or It can't be done.

A marked characteristic of the Korean gentleman and his home, is entire respectability. There is frankness and freedom in speech, but no looseness, and few conditions exist that would in any way offend in the best-ordered western household. Strange to say, even in a home where there are a number of concubines, propriety and good order obtain.

I once made a journey in company with a strict and devout Korean Confucianist. He had heard much of Christ and Christianity, and while he assented to and rejoiced in whatever of it agreed with his ancient faith he remained a Confucianist firm as ever. We took ship from one of the eastern ports, and started for Japan. He had heard of the adoption of western life and custom in the Sunrise Kingdom and was desirous to see something of the benefits it would confer upon a race. The first sight that met him was the depravity of the women. "Selling themselves," says he, "in the eyes of the public and for copper money too." A year's residence confirmed him in the belief that what he had seen was not an exception, but a natural trait. "Where women are so depraved, the men must be equally so. They know nothing of Confucius and no fear of God is before their eyes. Western civilization only tends to encourage such depravity." He lived as in a kind of nightmare, horror-stricken by sights that he had never dreamed of in his isolated kingdom. He saw two drunken English and American sailors, and the so-called "respectables," whose life was merely pleasure seeking. "Your Christ," says he "has but a meagre hold upon you after all." He had put off his Korean dress, and laid aside his top-knot, but his heart remained still faithful to the garments of his ancient faith. The more he saw of life abroad, the more he sighed for his straw thatch and mud hut, where modesty and virtue had honor still, and where life was lived with some degree of regard for the teachings of the ancient sages.

So he passes from us, one of the last and most unique remains of a civilization that has lived its day. His composure, his mastery of self, his moderation, his kindness, his scholarly attainments, his dignity, his absolute good-for-nothingness, or better, unfitness for the world he lives in, all combine to make him a mystery of humanity that you cannot but feel kindly toward, and intensely interested in.

## THE ORCHARD IN SEOUL IN 1897.

**H**AD you asked me to tell the distant readers of your esteemed magazine, for their amusement if not their edification, something about the political situation in Korea, during the past one or two years, I would not have hesitated a moment in saying what I think. But you are not that kind of a man. Nor is your magazine of that character. But when I am asked for a review of the situation of the orchardist in Daihar, especially in Seoul, during the past year, I am full of hesitation and delay, as this late reply indicates; for I have not to any extent gone into the orchards and gardens of our friends, nor have I talked much to them on this palatable subject.

My experience during that time has been almost entirely limited to my own acre of herbage and its varied fruits. This acre consists of soil made productive recently only by unremitting labor. The greater part of it has a slight inclination to the south, with some terraces, altho other parts of it are quite level and are apt to retain too much water during excessive rainfalls. As all know, gathered fruits rot where there is too much dampness and change of temperature, so are growing fruits damaged by too much water. In fact young trees even, and shrubs are soon drowned out under similar circumstances. And our 1897 rainfall during the fruit season was, if not prodigious, as the pen was about to say, certainly very exceptional, for the amount was about double that of an average rainy season. That is, forty-five to fifty inches, for the regular rainy season was ushered in by three weeks of almost continuous showers, beginning the night of June 1<sup>st</sup>, tho immediately followed by a severe drought. The surplussage of rain, it is generally thought, affected deleteriously all fruits more or less, and some disastrously; tho not always in the same way. The summer apple?—Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Red June, Sweet June and Jersey Sweet—under the influence of the early June rain, grew very fast and then began to ripen during the warm and rainless days of the latter part of the month, only to be caught in this natural process by the regular and-soaking rains of that season, when the apples again began to grow, as you

no doubt have often observed branches do just so after such rains. Upon the trees which had been well fertilized, as all summer apple trees especially should be, like the peach, this additional growth of the ripening fruits was so great that the apples growing (from the centre) faster than the skin, broke open in one, two or three places, the fissure sometimes extending half-way around.

This was not the worst of the injury, for into these openings several ravenous beetles, seemingly too large or too nauseating for the gullets of some of our chickens, burrowed themselves clear out of sight and, if not molested, were with their voracious appetites, not long in devouring all under cover of the skin which nature had provided as a protection to the developing nectars of the interior. This gluttonous beetle seems to thrive almost exclusively upon these disruptive fissures as do lawyers and dip'omats upon the misfortunes and mistakes of the weak of their fellow kind. I have said so many bad things about these beetle imps that I am restrained from continuing in that line for fear that the good reader may finally conclude that I am prejudiced. I would not accuse them wrongfully. It must be acknowledged therefore that they never asked me the loan of an implement to make an opening into a healthy apple, as the leaders of the grasshopper hosts are said to have done one year in arid parts of Kansas to get down to the potatoes after eating off the tops.

And the beetles have my thanks that they seemed satisfied with two or three weeks of such hospitality as I could afford. In some western countries, notably the United States, there is a later brood of beetles (coming in September), which prey upon succulent fruit. If a second brood is also developed here, as seems probable, the lack of dainty fruit in the orchard or the sharp end of the hornet may have kept them away from my trees. More probably the latter was the cause, for there is no fruit many of us believe, more delicious than the pear which ripens about that time.

The ravenous beetle is not the only epicure of the Korean orchard. There is another—the wasp or hornet, just as fond of delicacies. And it does not seem satisfied, like the beetle, with a sojourn on a few trees with specially sweet juices, but, armed as it is, lays tribute upon the whole orchard, as remorselessly and indiscriminately as the Korean soldier with his stick has been known to have done upon a province. The hornet, more tardy at the feast than the beetle, when it does arrive is at once given the place of honor, and in supremacy carries as long as it finds the least sign of hospitality.

The skin was no protection against the formidable battery these freebooters carry around with them—dangerous at either end. By the middle of October we had to gather in the last of



the fall and winter apples, because of the hornets' attacks on the sweeter and more tender varieties. The healthiest of these, excepting the very hard or late varieties were not proof against their attacks. Several of these depredators, seemingly a brood working on the communistic plan, soon made breaches. Several times I found apples (pears as well) healthy in appearance in the middle of the forenoon, which early in the afternoon had only form without substance, several of these creatures having made a crater as if also provided with dynamite, and burrowed into it like the beetle out of sight, only the skin and form of the apple remaining. And it must further be said of them that they are as impudent as the magpie and as ungrateful as the average Korean.

Endowed by nature with more curiosity than wisdom, as a Korean edict would say, several times I sought to learn what was taking place in the crater. Dynamite surely enough thought I as they resented disturbance when in the enjoyment of the feast I had been instrumental in providing them. It was several days before I began to forget my experience on one of these occasions, when I received sensible proof that the order of nature is sometimes reversed, and the females carry stinging rapiers around with them. These two pests—the beetle and hornet—must be dealt with individually, in the orchard. And no one needs advice as to whether he should carry about with him a battle-axe or bludgeon, if fowl and ordinary care in the destruction of larvæ, &c., do not prevent the ruinous production of the pests.

But I did not finish about the effects of the excessive rains. In the lower parts of my orchard where water was most likely to stand, the leaves and some of the fruit on several of the trees were spotted with an apparently fungus yellow growth. The leaves contained many spots, while the fruit usually had only one or two. But these one or two gradually grew from the merest discoloration observable by the eye, until the whole apple was converted into a spongy, fermenting mass. This tiny discoloration of the skin, as if it had been stung by an insect, was the first indication observable that all was not right with the fruit. If left on the tree, the spot in any case did not grow to any size before the apple fell, and soon rotted thereafter. Learning this we plucked all thus affected and cooked them, for only the grown or nearly full-grown apples were thus affected, and these were fall or early winter apples. However, it probably was the location and not the character of the apple that must bear the blame for this disease, for similar apples in better drained parts of the orchard were less, if at all, affected. I have seen it stated that if these colored and slightly swollen spots upon the leaves are opened they will be found to contain myriads of infusoria. Having no microscope I

could not test the question. Another statement was that the order of nature was reversed there in some mysterious way—the leaves and green fruit ordinarily giving out oxygen and absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere, in this diseased condition absorbed oxygen and gave out carbonic acid, like ripe fruit. But this question does not affect us practically.

A friend when looking at my trees and hearing the opinion that excess of rain caused the dropping and opening of apples and some other fruits, asked me if I was sure of my ground. Well, it may now be said with due humility, in reply, that I am not at all as dogmatic about such matters as I am when my friend Dr. S—prescribes ipecacuanha instead of Enos' Fruit Salts for me.

But this indiscriminate falling or opening of several different kinds of fruit never occurred in my Korean orchard before. This peculiarity came with the exceptional amount of rain. Moreover, after a very heavy rain of two or three days, only such apples as were nearly ripe were affected so far as bursting open is concerned—fall and winter apples of slower growth not being affected at all in that way, altho later, as we have seen, began to rot and drop off. Apples (wind-falls), will as we all know, drop off prematurely in windy weather and during drouth.

But the apples this year were not subject to either of these conditions. On the contrary, the fall atmosphere was unusually quiet, and water was given without stipulated price, the spirits controlling such matters in this land of superstitions, responding generously to the appeals and offerings of the delegated official during the June drouth. After a heavy rain there generally remained upon the trees some apples not far enough advanced towards maturity to break open. We were always hoping that they would ripen before another rain came. Some, indeed many of them did. But, if not, the next rain was sure to have the effect of bursting those approaching maturity. And this was also observed with the apricots which were ripening about the same time. In fact, in the case of the apricots, when an extremely heavy rain came and opened some of them, if another heavy rain did not very soon occur, the fissure in the skin seemingly healed and the fruit ripened as if nothing unusual had overtaken it, thus showing a natural resistance to the unusual conditions. This was also sometimes the case with apples when the fissure was slight but the apples generally suffered more from the mishap than the apricots did.

There are two other important matters, especially, which it may be well to talk about to our good readers, altho some of them may, as well as myself, have been making observations which during the past year have in my mind chrystalized into maxims.

The borer and the aphid have extravagant appetites and are ambitious in their climbing propensities—preying upon the more tender branches which shoot out from year to year on the upper tree. In a young tree the borer found succulent food from the ground up. Now when it has reached four or five years of age and has with care escaped the great danger of destruction from a borer tunnelling thro its body, it has little further danger to encounter in that respect, especially if some additional care be bestowed by working around the base of the tree and putting ashes of coal and its kindling-wood there in the late fall. But there still is danger, tho of a different character and less troublesome. The mother beetle lays her eggs during June in the crotches of the upper limbs.

You may have noticed the grub's entrance of a limb—the first hole it makes is just above a crotch. It does not descend—the formand has inherited more discrimination—it delves into the tenderest shoots large enough to admit its telescoping joints, growing as it gnaws its way along until the limb becomes too small for the expanding body, too confining for its liberty-loving self. It retraces its path, and if the season is not too far advanced the borer similarly damages the other limb springing from the crotch. In any case, before frosty weather overtakes it, it closes the upper hole, seemingly for security, and descends to hibernate where it is protected by thicker wood and bark. The older the tree gets, seemingly the higher are the crotches where the eggs are laid and the less danger is there that the body of the tree or its large limbs will be attacked. A little care will now protect the tree from further similar damage. When the borer is ascending in the spring or early autumn, it is quite impracticable to reach it with kerosene, tobacco or carbolic acid. But in the fall when it has begun to descend, this treatment, after finding the uppermost hole, may be adopted with advantage, if one prefers this method. My own experience, however, directs to the knife and amputation.

The other of the pests—the aphid—I have specially experimented with on two or three trees. There is abundant experience teaching the necessity of feeding the trees well, for they need vigor as do animals, to resist disease, and insect attack it may be said, for disease in all nature perhaps is mostly caused by insects or germ pests. But even the healthiest in appearance sometimes suffer under certain conditions as when germinating stable manure is used too exclusively as a fertilizer. Very little about this insect, besides what has already appeared in this magazine, need be stated, for it is not so destructive of vitality in the tree as the borer. But it has as discriminating a taste





and attacks only the leaves of the new shoots on the young limbs. Two or three of my trees were specially attacked about three years ago.

Not getting rid of the insect by the use of ordinary washes, after repeated rough applications (lacking a sprayer), the affected limbs were cut off and burned. No sooner did new shoots spring out, the same year or the next, than they were attacked more voraciously than those cut away had been. Neither of these trees has borne any fruit, or bloom for that matter, during these three years, for every year the same course was pursued towards them, to determine the best course to pursue in the future, with the result that they were more furiously attacked after each successive amputation. The conclusion reached me finally as I had divined it would, that we had simply (in both senses) been cutting away branches which under the ordinary provisions of nature and with a little more care would soon have grown vigorous and beyond the attacks of the predatory insect, to be supplanted by new and tender shoots and leaves specially suited if not adapted to the palate of that voracious feeder. Since I quit purveying for these insects, prospects have appeared for fruit on these trees the coming year. There is an important lesson conveyed in these facts.

The pear is another fruit which suffered from excessive rainfall, and especially where there was not good drainage, both surface and underground. Altho the leaves showed very little if any such injury as did the apple leaves the fruit was injured by very yellow spots similar to those upon the apple. Even some young pears were thus affected but the growth of the diseased portion seemed to be slower than that upon the other fruit; eventually, however, causing the pears to fall and to rot instead of to ripen. This disease showed itself more or less upon three trees. The one that suffered most is situated upon level ground, where there is but little surface or underground drainage.

There was but little "set" of fruit on this tree and only a small fraction of that little remained on the tree to ripen.

The next severe sufferer is under and close to a terrace whose drainage it received besides its own share of the direct downpour of rain. Early in the season it had a beautiful set of fruit; but perhaps two thirds of it was destroyed by this disease and the hornet. The other of the three trees, with better surface drainage than the other two, suffered less from disease. Three other bearing trees, more favorably situated, exhibited no signs of that disease, altho there was an unusual falling of unripe fruit. As more than the usual amount of fruit was left upon these three trees in the spring, they may have been overtaxed,

yet I am inclined to ascribe the falling mostly to excessive amount of water in the soil. It may be of interest to have the fact mentioned that the three trees which escaped the yellows were Bartlett, while two of the three affected ones were not. The ripening pears, like the apple, suffered from the attack of the hornet tho not from the borer. I observed on these trees signs of no other preying insect or disease, excepting a few aphids upon one tree, which a nest of red ants at the base of the tree soon destroyed—at least what a drenching of soap-suds left of them—notwithstanding it is said that the ant milks them for the sweets they contain. This wonderfully interesting and intelligent insect seems to treat the aphides as man treats the orange. I had almost forgotten that a few pears were pierced by the codling-moth, causing their premature falling. This had not happened before. If memory does not fail me, I am right in saying that no other of the surrounding fruit suffered this year from that insect, altho the apple in some places seems to be its favorite fruit. The chickens may have destroyed many of them. May it also be said, in this out-of-the-way place, that the mischief-loving magpies did not trouble any fruit this year as they did the late apples last year.

Peaches also suffered from excess of rain. They and the nectarines, later in maturing than the apricot, suffered extremely from the yellows (may the disease be called?), the leaves coloring, curling, and thickening, retarding the growth of all fruit on the same limb. A very young tree which, unattacked by disease or insects, had the year before borne quite a number of fruit, lost all of its half grown fruit this year, by withering, rather by shriveling and falling, altho it suffered comparatively little from the insects which took possession of other trees of that species. Thus, the aphides, coming as they do in myriads, notwithstanding tobacco and lime, have been the *yang-bans* of the peach orchard in the Kingdom of Korea.

Let us hope the Empire of Daihan may be more fortunate—may be more than a name and have a panacea for evils of every kind. Any resident may satisfy himself, if he will only observe when the harvest of leaves and fruit is approaching, what myriads of ravenous animal life, rush frantically around up and down, remorselessly climbing over each other to get at the harvest, destroying everything within reach, *yang-ban*-like, without care of the morrow. It is not certain that the later rains were not in a measure a benefit to trees which had suffered the ravages of this pest for three weeks, for some fruit whose healthy growth had consequently ceased, began as the insect disappeared, to renew their growth. However, the matured peaches were not

so good as they would have been with a steady growth especially as every peach but one had been pierced by the curculio. But this one, a late Crawford, satisfied me that the freestone as well as the cling, grown successfully the year before, will do well here if the trees can be depopulated by the use of Bordeaux mixture or other insecticide. Apricot-trees were not so seriously attacked by the aphid as some peach-trees, both foreign and native, and therefore growing right along, suffered only, as already said, severely by the bursting of the skin, which the peaches escaped doubtlessly because they had ceased to grow when the ravages of the insect were so severe.

The basket-worm, a caterpillar, was another parasite upon the apricot trees, devouring the leaves. They had done much damage before they were discovered, when we prescribed the torments of sulphur burned under their noses and quieted them for the season at least. A little later, however, a full-bearing plum tree was similarly attacked and successfully doctored in a similar manner. An occasional plum was also bursted open, altho the tree is upon well-drained ground. But the fruit was free from the attacks of curculio, or codling-moth, and wasps.

Cherries on well drained ground entirely escaped disease and insect (even bird) attacks.

Grapes, a delicious fruit for so many people, I fain would not have to write that they especially, altho eighty per cent of their composition is water, are, like the water-melon, fond of plenty of breathing-spell between drinks.

It is pertinent to say I once put in one hundred and fifty acres of an arid region in corn, and left three men tented upon the field to regulate the irrigation. They by neglect suffered the corn, which is fond of water, to get too much, the consequence being that there were no ears, altho the stalks grew to sixteen and more feet in height, and as fodder saved me my outlay. Even in countries not having so continuous a rainy season as we have here the successful grape grower as in southern Italy, Switzerland, &c., locates his vineyard upon hillsides and slopes, to be sure of proper drainage. I have in mind three places I visited during the bearing season of this year. At two of these were vines growing and spreading magnificently, literally weighed down with fruit half grown, impelled in its early growth by the first rains. So far well. But, unfortunately, the rains continued, and clusters continued to grow and new ones to come, grapes shrank, new ones too late to ripen crowded themselves among the old which fell in quantities to cover the ground. Excess of water few will question was here primarily the cause of the failure to have an abundance of good fruit; but it was



secondarily due to too much growth of wood which could have been prevented by proper pruning. The third place was that of Doctor, whom I have been abusing.

Here a vine was on a gentle slope to the south, and judging from the color, with enough iron in the soil (like that of the southern point of Italy), to keep up a vigorous and healthy growth. Altho this vine was subject to the same rains which drenched the other two, there was upon it, young as it was an abundance of excellent fruit. My own young vines are not so favorably situated as this one, and suffered from the rains. In the most unfavorable locations the leaves colored and were preyed upon by insects, and there was much shrivelled, imperfect and unripe fruit. However, much of the damage was caused by borers, for I dug out seven of these plagues which had ruined several of the principal vines. It seems to be the same borer, with a black-pointed snout, as infests the willow in the orchard. It has the habit of the flat-headed apple-tree borer, of descending in the fall and may generally be found within two or three inches of the lower hole which is filled with saw-dust from its grinders.

About berries it need only be said that they seemed to be successfully grown in nearly all situations, independent of the character of the season, and by nearly everybody, for there was always an interval between rains long enough for some of the short-lived fruit, on rich soil to grow and ripen, even tho others were injured by too much moisture.

I have not thought it necessary to take up space for a description of the condition of native fruits. Only may it be said about the favorite one—the persimmon—that so much of its growth is (like that of the winter apple) after the rainy season, that it does not seem to have been injured by the excessive rain-fall, and may be looked upon, in its deliciousness, as an evolution of peculiar climatic conditions. One very readily understands why the pear, both native and foreign, are grown here so successfully. The composition of the palatable substance of the pear and persimmon, judging from the taste, is probably about the same. And the pear contains nearly ninety-five times as much sugar as free acid—more than any other of the above-named fruits unless it be the persimmon. It is true that grapes, like the Concord, contain nearly double the quantity of sugar that the pear does; but it also contains so much acid that one's palate is not sensible of the real amount of sugar. I mention this because it bears upon the subject of improving the quality of fruit by cultivation. Cultivation increases the quantity of sugar, and diminishes the amount of free acid and insoluble matter in fruit. The better the cultivation, therefore, the

better becomes the pear, for instance. In fact the limitation of comparative acidity and insoluble matters improves the tastes of all fruits.

Notwithstanding the excessive rain-fall and insect ravages, the quality, *except as to keeping*, of most of the fruit was not below the average of other years; and the quantity, especially of apricots and summer apples, not long subject to the injurious effects of rain, even of pears, was *much above the average*. The "Ben Davis" and "King" apples were exceptionally large this year, many weighing nearly a pound.

Mr. Appenzeller would, perhaps, somewhat modify the conclusions from this article for the city generally, were he to kindly add a few words about his own experience and that of his immediate neighbors with fruits.

Wm. McE. Dye.

## THINGS IN GENERAL

## COUNTRY NOTES:—

[N the southeastern part of Kyeng kui province, west of the road from Ichon to Chong-ju sa chang, is a mountain standing somewhat off by itself. It is conical in shape, surmounted by a rugged, rocky peak which leans very much towards the south. The shape of the mountain and the inclination of the peak make it look like a Korean with his face towards the south. This led in ancient times to its being called the Traitor Mountain. All other mountains, it was said, face Seoul. This one turns his back on the royal city. So when a traitor had been executed and his mutilated body had been circulated around the eight provinces together with the proclamation of his crime the head was brought to this mountain and thro wn away there. At least those in charge collected their wages and wine money for so disposing of the body. Near this mountain are several smaller ones said to resemble a constable and his assistants who presumably aid to catch the traitor.

On these journeys around the provinces, the hir lings in charge of the body could not resist the temptation to "make hay while the sun shone." For instance, they would arrive at a market-place, hunt up the salt merchant's shop and inform the proprietor that as they were commissioned to carry this head around the provinces, and as the head was about to spoil, he would have to supply enough salt to salt it down. The merchant would persuade them that the head would keep till they reached the next salt merchant, who lived just around the corner or over the hill, using that kind of jingling persuasion to which Korean government servants are reported to be very susceptible.

Then they turned their attention to find the carpenter's shop and told the proprietor that they needed a box in which to carry the head. He replied in the same brazen-tongued language and they passed on to the seller of cotton goods and demanded some cotton cloth in which to wrap the head; and again yielded to the same artful persuasion.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*



Like all oppressed people the Koreans enjoy a story in which their oppressors figure as the conquered. One of their stories is as follows. A yang-ban was walking thro the village and as he passed some men, who were eating in front of their houses, one of them greeted his highness with, "Have you dined?" His highness replying? "No," the plebeian said good naturedly, tho perhaps with a little too much familiarity, "Then come and eat with us." His highness with becoming indignation replied, "This fellow! Do you ask a yang-ban to eat with a low fellow like you? Bind him and give him ten strokes."

Later on, hard times came to the yang-ban and he wandered thro the village on an empty stomach, and with no prospect of filling it. Perhaps not wholly accidentally he came across a group of men eating by the roadside. One of them politely asked, "Have you eaten?" "No," he replied, and an awkward silence followed. Then his highness with his old-time dignity administered the proper censure; "This fellow! why don't you invite me to eat?" "I was afraid to invite such a high yang-ban to eat with such a low fellow." But his highness did not hear the reply—perhaps he was thinking of something else, for he approached a little nearer the table looking with longing eyes at their contents. "What are you eating?" he asked. "Large-grained barley." "Is that so? if it had been small grained-barley I should have refused, but as it is large-grained, I'll take some." And he sat down, a man among men.

In the hill below the four government store-houses from which Chong-ju sa chang gets its name, is a large grave-mound somewhat flattened by great age. It lies in a square surrounded—all but a small gateway—by a wall of earth also showing great age. There is a pleasant simplicity about the grave, an absence of images and sacrificial tables that, along with the walled square, mark the grave as peculiar. It is said to belong to the old Song-do times and is the grave of the ancestor of the Min family. The Koreans say it is famous for fortunate situation as is proven by the prosperity of that family.

The Koreans from close and constant observations know a few facts about the natural history of certain insects, which facts do not appear in the books treating on those subjects.

As I arose one morning from the superheated floor, if you can so speak of a floor that is heated from below, I asked half aloud and half to myself, "Was it fleas or bedbugs?" Then lifting up my cotton mattress, I looked under it and said in the same dreamy way: "It must have been fleas for if it had been

bedbugs there would be some under here." Whereat my Korean companion in misery laughed at my ignorance and said; "Why no! bedbugs always run away when they hear the cock crow in the morning!"

\* \* \* \* \*

One often sees remains of Buddhist monasteries here and there over the country and he is apt to think it a sign of the decay of Buddhism. He may be right, but the Koreans have another explanation. They say the priests have to move their monasteries every once in a while. They may not kill the insects. They can carry them out into the woods near by and lose them, but like lost cats they may come home again, and anyhow the woods in time become full of them and the monastery must be moved. There is that oft-told story about the monastery that was moved 500 years ago and where, the Koreans affirm, if you turn up a stone anywhere on the mountain side you will find bedbugs.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dutiful son in Korea has what he thinks a pleasant way of sharing his filial piety. We might not think it cheerful, but as long as his parents are so pleased and satisfied it must be all right.

As soon as the parents reach the age of sixty years, the son buys and lays away—often in a conspicuous place—the coffins that shall contain their earthly remains. It sometimes makes one feel slightly melancholy—perhaps nervous—to be entertained for the night in a room that contains these coffins. One night we were so located. The coffin was resting on two rafters that extended along the end wall of the room—such as are found in all country houses and are so useful for holding the household clothing and for bumping your head. The ends of these rafters extended thro the wall and projected a foot or two under the eaves on the courtyard side. On these ends the chickens roosted. There would be nothing about these innocent facts to make one nervous, but the chickens did not sleep well. They turned over frequently and every time their toe-nails scratched the rafters the coffin, acting as a sounding-board, sent out sounds such as ghost stories say dead men make when they turn in their coffins.

A Korean stood the sound as long as he could and then got up and investigated the coffin, but the host assured us that it was the chickens turning over. This assurance, however, did not cure the insomnia of his chickens nor the consequent insomnia of his guests, till the sun rose and the crowing of roosters, the stamping and neighing of horses, the squealing of pigs, the quacking of ducks, the crying of babies, the barking of dogs, and other noises human and inhuman poured in from the courtyard, drowned the

noises of the chickens over turning rafters and lulled us to a morning nap.—REV. F. S. MILLER.

#### MISSIONARY HARDSHIPS:—

I am very often asked, "What about missionary hardships?" and in my long journeys, and in the 145 mission stations that I have visited in the last eight years, I have seen much of them; and I think that there are no missionaries who would not agree with me, that these hardships to which people refer and of which they dream at home have very little effect upon them. They have good houses—on the whole—good food, suitable clothing, and—best of all—regular mails. These things dwelt upon are nothing, and they would tell you they are nothing if they were asked. But it appears to me that there are most grievous deprivations attending missionary work which affect the spiritual life, and which must—unless they are battled with—lead to a depreciation of that life, as time goes on.

Then there are positive dangers, and on those I would touch very lightly. There is the danger of "grooviness" in work and in spirit. Then there is the natural temptation to envy the success given to the methods and work of others, and this oftentimes makes the heart and spirit sink. Then there is the feeling of having entirely sounded the mental and spiritual possibilities of the daily associates, and there is a staleness in daily associations which comes to be felt, when, perhaps, the associates for the year round number only two or three people. Then there is the deadening influence of the surroundings, which I have heard spoken of by many missionaries, and by none more than by the excellent Moravian missionaries in western Thibet.

Then there are things which are different to their expectations. We often heard—but not so much, I believe, as formerly—of the craving of the heathen for God, of the heathen flying as the doves to their windows to hear that gospel which is for the healing of the nations. It is really no such thing at all. The craving of the oriental mind is for money, for the things of this earth, and not for God. The longing which is represented to exist has, I believe, no existence at all. The constant tendency to criticise small things in those living about you, and the frequent feeling that you are yourself the subject of unfavorable criticism from those about you—these things sound, I suppose, very small; but



they make up the sum of what we may call the private life of missionaries in heathen lands, and they make up an amount of trial to which no physical hardships would bear the slightest comparison.

And I would say that these things press specially heavily upon women missionaries, because, if a man feels that there is friction, and that his associates are not perhaps treating him quite as they ought, he can go on an itinerating journey, or he can take a long walk, or perhaps even a good gallop, and the breezes blow it all away—and he wonders at himself for having thought this, that, and the other thing. But with a woman the case is different. Perhaps the naturally greater sensitiveness of a woman helps to make small things thought more of, and observations which have had no personal meaning often come to be treated as if they were actually personal. Then, by the custom of all oriental countries, a woman is deprived of these outlets which do so much to make life possible for a man. She is shut up within the courtyard, or goes out only in a closed chair. And so the thing grows and grows, till a remark which may not have had any meaning at all comes to embitter her life—till some fortunate breeze blows it away. And there are many other things on which I must not dwell. But I would ask the earnest and continued prayers of every one in this large assemblage for these, which are the real hardships and trials of the missionary. I have left one trial till the last, and that is the greatest of all, as I have been told by many missionaries of very many of the churches. When I have asked them what the greatest trial of missionary life is, they have told me that it is the falling away of persons whom they believed to be converted, and whom they had trusted as fellow-Christians.

—MRS. BISHOP.

[We have to thank Mrs. Bishop for these timely words which seem to us to represent faithfully the real hardships and difficulties with which missionaries have to contend.—ED. K. R.]

## MY HOST.

I left the city on my bicycle for an absence of two weeks among my friends in the country. The great street leading from the West Gate was filled with pedestrians, and with cattle loaded with brush for the market. The patient creatures with their huge burdens came in long lines, and in groups, and by individuals, fit companions for their dull leaders. Drivers and bullocks seemed to look with a feeling of satisfaction to the great city gate beyond which they might lay their heavy burdens down.

The morning was bright and beautiful, but such a sober procession: One would think that the heart of each driver carried a weight equal to that on the bullock's back, and that a smile had never crossed their heavy features; but neither drivers nor bullocks had ever seen a bicycle. I took one side of the street deeming that to be my share. As my wheel glided toward that rank of bullocks they stopped dead still, their feet braced. For a moment, they fixed on me an amazed stare, then, with a loud snort, plunged right and left, out across the rough fields with their drivers clinging desperately to the tethers. Such a multitude, such confusion, such a wild, ridiculous race. The people broke forth in shouts of laughter that became uproarious as the confusion increased. I asked a group of women what was the matter. One holding her sides, to contain her mirth, gasped, "O those bulls!" The drivers when they were able to control their bullocks seemed to enjoy the scene most of all. I felt sorry for the discomforted drivers, but the scene of mirth which I had unwittingly caused remained in my mind a pleasant companion throughout the long ride of the day.

The wheel in the country may sometimes be a discomfort to the natives, but to the rider it is an unqualified success and source of enjoyment. You may choose your companions, or travel alone; you leave the air polluted inns of your night's sojourn, you mount the wheel; the crowds divide right and left; their parting salutation is already heard from a distance; the frosty air rushes past you; the blood mounts to your brain bringing a consciousness that you are a man for "a' that."

This particular morning my destination was a village in the south of the province—a village that had long since lost its social and commercial importance in the prefecture; but in the time of Kija, I am told, its influence was far-reaching, and that

monarch did not disdain to accept of its hospitalities whenever his journeys brought him within reach of her borders. Now, however, travellers study to avoid it as a village too meanly kept to have the care of any one's comfort. But as all villages in Korea are nomadic, it is simply an indication that in a short time, a few centuries at least, this particular one will pull up stakes and wander to a better locality. My host and friend of previous visits met me with a hearty welcome at his inn door. He is a man of few words. That, we are told, is an evidence of deep thought and a cause for admiration. At least, I was not displeased that his questions and solicitude for my comfort were soon over. One point of attachment between my host and me is our familiarity. He beamed upon me pleasantly a few times, then lay down to rest his head unevenly balanced on a wooden pillow and was fast asleep.

I was born with a sense of individual rights which I fear the Koreans do not appreciate. I don't like to have them feel themselves abused if they don't know all my business; and my food tastes sweeter if it has not the flavor of their hands. My host seems to think that my peculiar taste in the matter is of no particular concern and when once he accidentally spilled the kerosene from his lamp in my supper he merely remarked that it had gone in. But now as he lay with his head on the wooden pillow his face offered a pleasant subject for reflection and compensated for discomforts from curious strangers.

It is said that unconscious moments reveal a man's greatness. If it is in proportion to the depth of that unconsciousness, my host must be a Socrates. Tho, I sometimes fear, he never comes wholly out of his present state. He presently awoke. I asked for some Christian books which I had left with him on a previous visit. I had been pleased to hear him say he had studied them carefully. "O yes, he would get them." He thrust his arm to the elbow into a dust-choked box which was hanging from the ceiling.

The room and our throats were filled with its contents but he could find no books. I felt a nervous dread of looking around the room to find them pasted on the wall. It is to be regretted that the paper of Christian literature serves such good protection from the cold. I am sure my host can read, but why did he paste those leaves wrong side up? He has a somewhat humorous face, but I would never give him credit of inventing anything ridiculous, much less of suggesting the acrobatic feat necessary to read those leaves. I concluded that he, like one of more ancient date, was an honorable man and according to his word had studied.

My meditation on Korean veracity was interrupted by my host fishing from beneath a pile of bean balls a half-completed



bag. I noticed as he did so, he cast a fond glance towards those beans with which he intends to make a liquid to cheer his honest soul. I recognized the bag as one I had seen quite well on the way towards completion some months ago. He explained with an air of pleased confidence that he did that work at odd moments, that when done it would be about two and a half feet long, and might take two years to finish. The varying shades of dirt running in lines around the bag convinced me of his patient toil and over-burdened life. The purchaser of such a money bag, he said must always secure a receipt for the amount paid or he might be arrested by an official on the charge of having stolen it from a neighbor for the sake of its contents. I suggested that he might have trouble from the same source in the future, as he was the manufacturer and could have no receipt. He looked grave for a moment, but evidently did not believe in borrowing trouble, but sat down and with great vigor commenced to "improve a few spare moments." I looked for a speedy transformation in that bag. He took just thirteen stitches, groped around for his wooden pillow and was again fast asleep.

My host being an old man, I have asked him about his folk-lore and native heroes, but he assures me that the face of time as far as his sixty-four years have taught him, has had no change; all things have been the same as they now are, tho on further reflection he felt sure that houses occupied at the time of his boyhood had fallen into decay and had been replaced by others; and that there had perhaps been a few bright minds in his village, whose lamps had gone out. Here he paused as if wondering where they had gone, opened his mouth once or twice, closed it and looked sleepy as if it were a natural thing to do after being left in such darkness. I could never understand the mental process thro which my host reasons. I am quite sure he is ready to part with any thing he has for my benefit and would protest at the thought of receiving compensation. Yet he added to my bill also that of a crowd who had followed me from a neighboring village. He protested when I told him I was able to pay for my fire. Yet in the change of silver took advantage of twenty cash.

The evening after my arrival I held a service in a room eight by twelve feet. The service lasted two hours and before returning to my inn for the night I was glad to take a walk across the hillside to drink in nature's pure air. The crisp frozen grass crackled under my feet. The moon was as bright as an eastern moon alone can be. The reign of almost oppressive silence made me feel that the village at my feet was a dark shadow that had crept out of the great silent past. Was the

present offer of the Christian faith the only voice thro which God had spoken for three thousand years; or did that monitor, conscience, the possession of every man's heart, speak louder to them than to us who are called a more favoured people? I was sorry to disturb my host by entering the room late; he scrambled from the floor and hastily pulled his coat over his bare back. I tried to make amends for intruding upon his rest, by a short lecture on praying before he went to sleep. He said he would faithfully follow my suggestions and with a polite halt self-deprecatory motion laid his head again on the wooden block, his feet stretched under my cot and was fast asleep. I lay down by the side of the bean balls and for purer air turned my face in the direction of my host, and began watching the candle light play over his round features. I set to wondering when he would begin to pray. He may have thought that there was no fair dulcinea to release on his own account.

I don't think my host could be very wicked, his mind seems to take a course in the direction of the least resistance. I can, however, imagine that under some stress of circumstances he would grow fierce like his native tiger and strike terribly hard. Some time ago his grown-up son had displeased him. He stood in the door. His mild face grew hard and doubly wrinkled. He let forth a volley of words that would have done credit to a labor boss in America. Such an outburst would have remained in the mind of some, an unpleasant companion for many a day, but my host turned into the room, his face alight with benevolence and good will.

In the uncertain light of the room the number stretched upon the floor appeared uncanny. Among them was my helper, his high forehead thin, face, high cheek-bones and large nose, made me think of the mummy of Rameses III. His ancestry dates back to the time of that monarch but possessed none of the austerity of that race. The men upon the floor are a good representative of this relic of a people. The fierce nations have battered each other to pieces, while mildness and flexibility have preserved Korea a nation thro these thousands of years.

We took leave of my host late in the day. He followed us on our way to the top of a neighboring hill. As I looked back in the deepening twilight at his rugged figure outlined against the sky, he called out to my companions, "Take good care of my pastor."

The solicitude in his voice reminded me strangely of a gentle voice that had said farewell when I left my old home years ago.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINETY-SEVEN.

THE year 1897 was a comparatively quiet year for the Empire of Great Han. There was what might be called a lull in the storm that howls around us, at least until the sun had crossed the autumnal equinox. We have the somewhat unenviable reputation of being the political storm-center of the Far-East. We do not say this is true. For the last year, the major part at least, there was a low, cold, conservative wind blowing nearly the whole time, which in the last few months changed into a good stiff breeze. But we round up the year, if not in the desired haven of peace, prosperity and progress, at any rate headed for that port.

The first event of importance was the removal of the king from the Russian Legation to his own Palace, the Kyeng-won, in Chong-do:ng. This on February 20th. This took place amid general rejoicing on the part of the people, both in the capital and and in the country.

During the year, leading members of the Righteous Army "repented" of their past deeds of violence and lawlessness and received "forgiveness;" the memorialist, that somewhat doubtful reflector of a still more doubtful opinion, with mat, table and vermilion paper was a familiar object kneeling on the streets near the Imperial Palace gates; the cabinet changed several times it is true, but no lifeless forms of ex-members were dragged thro the streets of the capital at the chariot wheels of the successors, neither was there any wild scamper for a foreign asylum on the part of the retiring statesmen; we were represented at the Diamond Jubilee, and our roving Minister to Europe visited a few of the several courts to which he was accredited and then "retired," but has not yet returned. We paid off 2,000,000 yen of the Japanese loan and can wipe out the balance without difficulty. The imperial guards have improved so markedly in appearance that we are beginning to be proud of them as we see their serried ranks marching, with erect bearing and steady step, thro the streets—the coolie is developing into the soldier; our street improvements



continued throughout the whole year and at the present rate of progress we shall be ready for horseless carriages in a short time, if our enthusiasm is not chilled or checked. His gracious Majesty yielding to the earnest and repeated petitions and memorials of patrician and plebeian, reluctantly laid aside the royal purple for the imperial yellow; and Great Chosun gave way to Great Han—all as quietly and smoothly as a penny slips out of the small boy's pocket. Her Majesty, the late Queen Min, was buried with all the honors of an Empress, the Emperor himself attending the funeral and superintending the obsequies in person.

The schools had a quiet and as far as we know a profitable year; there was no interference by the Department with the dress and coiffure. Many of the lads wore caps, others helmets, some the regular Korean hat. We believe in young Korea and in the boy in the school. Bright, tractable, polite, apt to learn and regular in attendance—give him a chance and he will grow up and be a man. He is thirsting for knowledge, and, in some instances of which we know, heroic efforts are put forth and splendid sacrifices are made to secure an education different from the old—an education such as is required by the times. The Christian schools for girls have already demonstrated that.

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,”

is ruthlessly, remorselessly, and we may add wickedly, at the tender age of ten or twelve, sent for the rest of her girlhood days into the “inner room” and kitchen, there to learn the three fundamentals of Korean house-wifery—sewing, washing and cooking.

The publication of “A Korean-English Dictionary,” by Mr. Gale, was the literary event of the year, tho the publication of two religious weeklies should also be mentioned.

The churches throughout the whole land had a year of marked prosperity. The colporteur, the native helper, the foreign missionary, all had a ready hearing wherever they went. As in the days when the Son of Man was in the world, so now, the common people hear the word gladly.

In trade there was an increase over the previous year and the opening of two ports, Chiuampo in the northwest and Mokpo in the south, will aid to stimulate trade in those districts.

The work on the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad, and that at the mines in the province of Ping-an must be regarded as among the peaceful victories of the year. Apart from political affairs—on which we shall carefully refrain from expressing an opinion—it seems to us the past twelve months must be reckoned as showing some advancement in the right direction. We have our seasons of depression, especially when we look at the political sky which is nearly always overcast, but when we take a calm view of the

country of our adoption, note the progress already made amid most untoward circumstances, our courage revives and confidence is restored. There is hope for Korea. She is in a transition state. Time is needed. The editor of the *North China Herald*, in a kindly notice of our November number, when commenting on the article, "A Week between Seoul and Song-do" says quite truly, "What a pleasant country Korea, with all its enforced poverty—poverty which is entirely due to its atrocious misgovernment—seems to be and what a promising field it offers for the introduction of western civilization, is well shown in this account. The more one reads of the non-official Koreans, the more he likes and pities them."

**The population of Korea.**—Two important facts concerning Korea, that of the numerical strength of the people, and that concerning the territorial area of the empire, have been in a state of indefiniteness exasperating to the average writer, and tho the recent census returns are now at hand we are sorry to say, still remain unsatisfactory. The idea of the census has not been unknown to Korea. Under the old regime the *Ho-bu* or Department of Finance compiled every three years an enumeration of houses and the number of their male and female occupants. The *Pyŏng-bu* or Department of war also preserved lists supposed to give the actual numbers of males available for military duty. Had an honest attempt been made to prepare these lists no doubt would exist in the matter, but it is notorious that the facts set forth in them have been absolutely unreliable. In making these lists the government depended upon the returns made by the local prefects, and these in their turn had them made up from the local records at prefectural *yamuns* in which the people are registered for supervisory and revenue purposes. The *gyŏn* or local clerks who compile these records are a hereditary class and are notorious for being unscrupulous. They have always falsified these returns, reducing them greatly below the actual figures in order to increase their own gains. That is, as the central government based its levies made on the provinces on these figures the hope of these gentry was that the amounts for which they would be held responsible would be greatly diminished by reducing the returns, while they would be free to collect the full amount of the tax from the people and pocket the difference themselves. To them, public office was a public opportunity to make a public raid on the public in general. It has therefore passed into common belief that the census returns are always one third of the actual number enumerated, and it is on this basis that it is declared that to raise the yen 5,000,000,

which finds its way into the treasury of the central government; yen 15,000,000 are actually collected from the people.

Under the old regime the approximate estimates of the population made by foreigners ranged from 5,000,000 to 28,000,000, the best authorities striking an average of from 12,000,000 to 16,000,000.

One of the early measures of the reform government was to secure an accurate enumeration of the people, and this work was undertaken by the Home Department. We are indebted to our contemporary *The Independent* for the returns. In passing we would note that the ancient division of the country was into eight provinces, but in 1895 the realm was distributed first into twenty-three and later into thirteen provinces, which is the present status. The facts of this census are confined to an enumeration of the number of houses and of persons male and female occupying them, nothing appearing concerning area and productions, occupations of the people, illiteracy and the many other items which render the census of a western nation so valuable. In explanation of the following table we would say that the suffix *do* is the common designation employed by the Koreans to indicate a province, in contradistinction to a *kun* or prefecture.

| NAME                | No. Pref'ts | Males   | Females | Total   | Houses  | Aver. per h. |
|---------------------|-------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|--------------|
| Seoul (city)...     | ...         | 115,447 | 104,368 | 219,815 | 45,350  | 4+           |
| Kyeng ki-do ...     | 28          | 352,863 | 291,367 | 644,230 | 167,230 | 3+           |
| N. Chung chong-do   | 17          | 147,330 | 132,372 | 279,702 | 72,313  | 3+           |
| S. " "              | 37          | 215,058 | 171,869 | 386,927 | 114,793 | 3+           |
| N. Chulla-do.....   | 36          | 189,780 | 150,342 | 340,122 | 97,815  | 3+           |
| S. " "              | 33          | 199,791 | 166,299 | 366,090 | 104,918 | 3+           |
| N. Kyeng sang-do... | 41          | 306,854 | 242,959 | 549,813 | 149,952 | 3+           |
| S. " "              | 30          | 261,499 | 199,533 | 461,032 | 126,972 | 3+           |
| Whang hai-do ...    | 24          | 184,456 | 151,059 | 335,515 | 93,550  | 3+           |
| S. Pyeng an-do...   | 23          | 198,331 | 168,910 | 367,241 | 96,406  | 3+           |
| N. " "              | 21          | 198,987 | 158,205 | 357,192 | 86,888  | 4+           |
| Kang won-do ...     | 26          | 142,203 | 111,897 | 254,100 | 75,853  | 3+           |
| S. Ham kyōng-do ... | 14          | 208,068 | 177,384 | 385,452 | 59,074  | 6+           |
| N. " "              | 10          | 148,900 | 101,897 | 250,797 | 41,187  | 6+           |
| Total.....          | { 3         | 2,86    | 2,32    | 5,19    | 1,33    |              |
|                     | { 40        | 9,767   | 8,481   | 8,028   | 2,501   | 2+           |

A number of interesting facts concerning Korea are suggested by this table. The realm now contains 340 prefectures, the province of north Kyōng sang having the largest number—forty-one. The largest single jurisdiction is that of the metropolitan province, whose governor has a population of 644,230 to rule.



The most populous section appears to be that of the southeastern end of the peninsula, where the provinces of north and south Kyōng sang report a total of houses 276,924 and persons 1,010,848. The most prolific people appear to be those of the north, northern Pyeng an reporting an average of persons 4+ to each house and in the two Ham Kyōng provinces the average is persons 6+. The general average throughout the country is persons 3+ to each house, but on this point we shall speak later. A most significant fact is that the males exceed the number of females by 541,286. If this is so, then Korea is an exception to the general rule throughout the world, which is that the females exceed in number the males. We doubt, however, if the census shows the actual facts. The seclusion of females, the difficulty of verifying returns, and the fact that the law regards women as standing in an exceptional attitude toward it, renders it quite possible that the returns should be incomplete in this item.

Thus far we have treated these returns as reliable, but it is with regret that we have to state that the census is absolutely unreliable, and its returns regarded as absurd. *The Independent* says:

The figures are absolutely unreliable, but as it is the first census the government has ever attempted to take according to foreign methods, it will be of some interest in the future to compare the actual number which may be ascertained before many years, with this first census. An official of the Department states that the figures only represent one third of the actual number for the reason that these new figures are one third less than those of the imperfectly taken census of 300 years ago.

The truth of this is apparent from the results which exhibit the average number of persons to each house. With the exception of Seoul (4+ persons) and the three northern provinces above alluded to, the average, according to these returns, is only persons 3+ in each house and one familiar with the interior of Korea must look with suspicion on returns which yield such an average. Heretofore the average has been placed at from 6 to 10 persons, tho an interesting experiment, in which the average in ten houses in each of five widely separated sections in Korea was taken, yields persons 5+. The point we have made against the returns of the number of females is further emphasized, for multiplying by three we are asked to believe that in a population of 15,514,034 the males exceed the females by 1,623,758, a disparity of over ten per cent.

In conclusion we are still compelled to confine ourselves to an approximation of the population and would place it at 17,000,000, which we obtain by multiplying the returns made by

three, and adding this disparity between males and females, which we do not think exists.

**In all the Churches.**—The year 1897 has been the best year in the history of Christian Missions in Korea. It has been so because more souls have been made free from sin, more homes redeemed from heathenism and sorrow, more hearts filled with the joy of a new and better life than any other year in the history of missions. Unaffected by the course of political events, from which the Korean church holds itself studiously aloof, the church steadily progressed under the influence of the momentum of past success—a momentum which has been greatly augmented during the past year. Statistics will fail to convey a true idea of the work done. It is safe to say, however, that the Christian church has doubled its members in the past year. The Protestant Missions have under their care fully 5,000 converts which number, when augmented by the 25,000 members of the Roman Catholic church; makes a total professing Christian population of 30,000, or approximately one five hundred and fortieth part of the population. There still remains a vast amount of work to do before Korea may take her place as a member of the commonwealth of Christian nations.

There is no more beautiful sight in any land than that of a Christian home. In Korea there are twice as many as there were last year; homes where morning and evening father and mother gather children and servants about the family altar to offer to the God of nations homage and prayer in the name of His Son; homes where the *Sōng-ju*, *Tō-ju*, *Kōl-ij* and *Ché-sōk*, dread demons of the heathen abodes, have been cast to the moles and the bats, and Christ, and the Bible, and song, and love, and hope and better things have taken their place. We have been in and out of these homes and have found them clean and neat and tidy. Wife-beating, a universal practice in Korean homes has been banished. One wife told in a prayer-meeting of the changed behavior of her husband toward her. "No more drunkenness and hard, unkind words and low, vile talk. We eat at the same table, at the same time and out of the same dishes." A missionary hastening into the home of one of his flock where death was expected, found the dying one full of a joy unspeakable and the household awaiting with resignation and gladness the entrance of the aged mother into that land where all tears are wiped away and perfect joy reigns eternally. Another missionary went into a home from whence the husband had been carried to prison on a trumped up charge. He found the young wife with her year-old babe lonely and a little sad, but

full of faith and hope that God would right the wrong and restore her husband. And He did in twelve hours. The great judgment and eternity alone will reveal what Christ has done in the homes of Korea in 1897. In one of the interior cities, the Christian church has without foreign help built a school building to accommodate 100 boys.

We know a school where at noon the actions of one of the boys attracted the attention of his teacher and he asked him why he was always in such a haste to get home. "You see," was the answer "we do not have breakfast at our house until nine o'clock, while school begins with chapel at 8:30. So I come without my breakfast and get very hungry by noontide." That boy in his zeal to get a Christian education went without his breakfast. Another case came to our notice in a certain city. The Christian school had a good repute, and early in 1897 a bright boy applied for admission stating that he wanted learning and not religion. Recently a friend said to him, "Why do you pass this good school near your own home and go such a distance to a school of the foreign religion?" The boy said, "I do it not only because they give me the best learning, but also the best religion there is on earth." Christian schools are the hope of Korea.

Two thousand years ago, to the sick, the blind, the lame, the lepers, the suffering of every kind, there was no touch like that of Jesus of Nazareth. It will be an underestimate to say that 25,000 Koreans found relief from disease and suffering, in Christian hospitals of Christ, in this country in 1897. Christian medicine appeals probably in a special manner to the Koreans because of a national weakness for medicine in theory and practice. No country of Asia has paid more attention to medicine than Korea. For centuries the peninsula was the fruitful source whence, on the one hand, Japan came for medical knowledge and China for drugs. Christ and Christianity in the character of a physician has special attractions to the Koreans. And where is not this the case?

In a beautiful little village near a seaport there lived a man who had once bought a Christian book. He had often studied its contents but it was meaningless to him. One day a Korean Christian landing at the seaport saw the village a mile away across the valley, and led by an impulse went there, and to the first man he met announced himself a believer in the Jesus truth. This villager was the man with the meaningless book and he received the Christian with great joy, "For," said he, "I have a Jesus book, but that is all I know about it. Come and make it clear to me." That was in August. We are told that there are now ten Christian families in that beautiful village which has not yet been seen even by a foreign missionary.



The fast falling night found a colporteur of the Bible Society in a strange village. He accosted a villager and asked for food and lodging. It was given and when the evening meal was over the neighbors came in to *niagi*, "talk." Among them was a school-teacher who did not think there was "any good thing of out Nazareth," but the earnest words of the colporteur impressed him and he bought a Chinese bible on trust. The next we heard was that the school-teacher and his friends were hard at work weaving mats and sandals to earn money to pay for their bibles and buy more Christian books. In the center of a small town there is a large grave which has been the seat of a spirit shrine for hundreds of years and which gave the town its name shrine-town. But the heads of the village became Christians and led many of the villagers to follow their example and now at that grave where formerly the only symbols of religion were barbecued dog and the wailing chant of the *mudang*—sorceress—we have a Christian chapel and each Sabbath enlightening and uplifting instruction.

Recently a small Christian congregation was organized in the interior and shortly afterwards they forwarded their subscriptions for three copies of a church paper and one copy of *The Independent*.

We append no moral and make no comment to the above but add that a volume might be written of incidents, many of them even more interesting than the above, which have occurred in the churches in 1897.

**M. Kir Alexeieff.**—In the November number of *THE REPOSITORY* we gave the full text of the agreement entered in between the Russian Representative, M. de Speyer and the Korean Foreign Minister, Cho Pyeng Sik. In the December number we published some comments of the eastern press on the significance of this important and remarkable document.

M. Kir Alexeieff, who by the provisions of this paper is placed in charge of the administration of the finances of this country and Superintendent of Customs, is a gentleman of one of the first families of Russia. He is a native of Tambov, a district in the central part of the empire. He received a thorough military education, and spent three years in the cavalry service with the rank of lieutenant. In 1884 he entered the Finance Department in St. Petersburg, being connected with the customs service. His promotion was rapid, so that in ten years he rose to the highest position of chief in that part of the department. This position he has held for the last four years. He is a Councillor of State of the fifth rank and we understand will during the present year be promoted to the sixth rank. M. Alexeieff retains his relation

with the Finance Department in St. Petersburg and on his card he styles himself, "Agent du Ministère Impérial des Finances de la Russie." He is an expert financier and has had extensive experience in customs affairs. Like all Russian officials of high official position M. Alexeieff speaks several European languages fluently, but is unacquainted with the Asiatic languages. He is in the prime of life and we doubt not will discharge with fidelity the onerous and important duties of the offices in Korea to which his government has appointed him.

M. Alexeieff has with him his private secretary, Mr. Stephen A. Garfield, a young man likewise connected with the Finance Department in St. Petersburg, and detached to assist his chief in Seoul.

**Another Weekly Newspaper.**—With the new year appeared another weekly newspaper in the capital. The Mutual Friendship Society of Paichai school feeling the need of a closer bond of union between its 200 or more members, decided to publish a small weekly. Thus far every paper published in Korea has had foreign support and supervision, but this one is entirely under native control. The name of the paper is the *Hye-p-Sung Hoi Hoibo*. It contains four pages and in size and appearance is similar to the *Korean Christian Advocate*. The first page is devoted to the discussion of general and current topics by the editor, then follow domestic and foreign news on the second and third pages and the fourth is devoted to the interests of the society. The staff consists of nine men in which respect it reminds us of departments in the government.

In the third issue of the paper the local reporter under domestic news makes the following observations and reflections:

Back of Paichai is a large locust tree. On it for the last two or three years a magpie has built her nest and reared her young. A few days ago a terrible eagle came and lighted on one of the branches in the tree. The magpie was unequal to the task of getting the large bird away; she set up a series of loud cries, bit in this direction and then in that, putting forth every possible effort to give the alarm and to defend herself. From all directions came other magpies first, then crows and hawks. The magpies pecked the eagle with their beaks and struck it with their wings. The crows sat by waiting developments; the hawks went by and kept a sharp eye on the magpie and on the conflict; the sparrows kept gathering and flitting and chattering in great concern. After all it was the magpies that with united effort dislodged and drove away the eagle. When birds, even, become of one mind they are able to drive away large and voracious eagles.

And again:

On a certain street at the corner was a double house. The house on the west side was in good repair and complete in all respects; the one on the east side was indifferently kept and in bad repair. The owner of the house on the west side said, "I am most unfortunate, my house adjoining

your house is in danger of being damaged. Put money into your house, straighten it up so that I do not have to lose my house." To this the owner of the house on the east side made answer, "What concern of yours is it whether my house tumbles down or not?" The man on the west side said, "The tumbling down of your house while it is no business of mine, nevertheless as your house is built against mine, why does it not become a matter in which I am interested?" Bystanders hearing this argument and having decided the owner on the west side was in the right, the other not having any money himself tried hard borrow some, but as there were none ready to accommodate him, he found himself in a sorry plight.

**H. I. H. the Princess Tai Won.**—On Saturday, January 8th at 10:30 p.m. Her Imperial Highness the Princess Tai Won, mother of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, died at her residence in the north section of Seoul. The imperial lady was ill but a short time and at the time of her death lacked but two months of being eighty years of age. More than sixty years ago her nuptials with the Tai Won Kun were celebrated and their marital life covers one of the most interesting and stormy periods in Korean history. She was the mother of four children; the eldest, a daughter, married Cho Pyeng Ko, a former president of the War Office; Hon. Yi Chai Myōn, ex-Minister of the Imperial Household, is her second child; the third, His Imperial Majesty, having been adopted by the late Dowager Queen Cho, and is therefore regarded as the son of that lady and H. M. Ik Jong, (A. D. 1832). Her youngest child, a daughter also married into the Cho clan, her husband being Cho Chung Ku.

Her Imperial Highness was a lady of the Min clan, the late empress being her second cousin. The court has gone into mourning for thirteen days. A state funeral will be accorded her and it will occur three months from the time of death. During this period, a number of officials have been commanded by His Majesty to observe the proper rites attending the lying in state of the remains.

**The English Fleet at Chemulpo.**—The English fleet under Admiral Buller arrived in Chemulpo, December 30th, 1897. It consisted of eight ships. The feeling among the Koreans in consequence rose to a high pitch of excitement. No end of speculation, but there was a general feeling that the presence of the fleet tended to improve political matters rather than to complicate them. This had a quieting effect upon the common people. The interview between the Admiral and the Superintendent of Trade at the office of the latter also perhaps eased up the strain. The Superintendent expressed his pleasure at meeting the Admiral for which he was heartily thanked. There was also some concern manifested on the former's part for the welfare of



the fleet. After this preliminary shuffling, the Admiral was asked how long he expected to honor the port with his presence. "I do not know. All depends on the weather."

In the imperial palace, so Madame Rumor saith, there was great anxiety, even alarm, because of the visitors at the port. The versatile Foreign Minister, however, was equal to the occasion for he explained that it was the "business" of these ships to plow the billowy deep in winter as well as in summer, and that they "happened" to come to Chemulpo. It is also said that he was of the opinion they would leave again. The fleet is here still.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

*The Life of Rev. William James Hall, M.D.* Medical Missionary to the slums of the New York, Pioneer Missionary to Pyeng-yang, Korea. Edited by his wife Rosetta Sherwood Hall, M.D. with an Introduction by Bishop W. F. Mallalieu. Illustrated. New York, Press of Eaton and Mains. 12mo. 421 pages. Price 3 yen. May be ordered of Mrs. Hall, Seoul. Also for sale at the Chong-no book-store, Seoul.

This book came to our table just as we were making up the final form and we do not have space this month to review it. The many friends of Dr. Hall will be glad to secure a copy of this book as it not only presents the life and work of a most devoted man but imparts a great deal of useful information about Korea. The illustrations are excellent.

Herr von Brandt has published a book entitled "Three Years of East Asian Policy—1894 to 1897." The first three chapters of the book deal with the relations between China and Japan from April, 1894, to October, 1896. Chapter four describes the relations of other powers with the combatants in the late war. Other portions of the book deal with "Japan and Russia in Korea," while a chapter headed "Spolia Orima" enumerates the territorial and other advantages gained by England, Russia and France.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

On January 4th His Majesty appointed Mr. Yi Chong Xu, Chief of the Civil Law Bureau in the Department of Justice, to the responsible post of Chief Commissioner of Police. Mr. Yi is well known to the foreigners of the capital, and his appointment was immediately regarded as a promise of the enforcement of some of the good laws on the statute books. The first thing he

did was to release thirty prisoners who had been held for several months in the police jails as an accommodation to certain persons who thus secured private vengeance. The Commissioner said the law permits the police to retain prisoners only twenty-four hours. On January 10th instructions were issued calling the attention of the people to the laws against the *mudang* and other forms of Shammanite superstition; against gambling; against befouling the streets with refuse; against long pipes; and against fast driving. It is added significantly, "The department has issued such orders before, but they were not enforced thro various unfortunate causes. But if anyone considers this order in the same manner as the old ones he will soon find that he has made a great mistake. The department will not tolerate any irregularity or favoritism in official acts and enforcement of the city ordinances." On January 11th, the police orderlies, that have been in attendance on the ministers of state, were withdrawn in order to utilize them in the public service. There were police orderlies at the various courts in Seoul but as they were utilized for menial offices the commissioner withdrew them. This action much enraged Mr. Cho Pyeng Sik who, among other portfolios, carries that of the Law Office; so he issued official instructions to the courts to refuse to accept prisoners arrested by the police! This deadlock is a curious one and we suppose has been raised on the principle that the best way to spite your face is to bite off your nose. From these facts it may be inferred that the new Commissioner of Police is in earnest in the matter of the enforcement of the laws.

We append the edict No. 3 on the government of jails and the inmates.

(1) All the jails and prisons are under the supervision of the Home Department. But the immediate control belongs to the Chief Commissioner of Police and the Governor of the provinces. (2) Each judicial district shall have two kinds of jails: One is for those who are accused of certain offenses, but are not yet convicted; the other for those who are convicted. (3) The duties of wardens shall be to superintend their subordinates in the performance of their respective duties and specially to attend to the management of the prisoners so that the latter will not receive unnecessary harsh treatment. The turnkeys and police must inspect the cells day and night so that the cells may be kept in good hygienic condition and prisoners will not be allowed to escape. (4) The judges and their assistants must inspect these jails frequently. (5) The warden must give a receipt to the police officer whenever he receives a prisoner and in case there is more than one for the same offence, they must be confined in separate cells. (6) If a female prisoner desires to bring an infant, it may be placed with her. (7) The warden must make a record of the name, address, and personal history of each prisoner and the person of each must be searched and all weapons must be removed and valuables be taken and kept in the office safe, which will be returned to the owner upon his release. (8) The female prisoners must be kept separate from male, and except on official business, no one is allowed to enter the female cells. (9) The names of all the prisoners and the date of their arrest must be recorded in the office ledger. (10) When sending up prisoners to the courts for trial, the male and female must be sent separately, and, in case precaution is necessary, the prisoner's hands may be tied. (11) Whenever a prisoner is released the warden must report the fact to the court, and no prisoner shall be kept over twenty-four hours after the expiration of his term. (12) In case there is a fire, flood or earthquake, the warden must use his judgment in removing the prisoners to a safe custody. If he cannot find such, the light offenders may be temporarily released. (13) The amount of work which each prisoner is required to perform must be regulated according to the physical and mental condition of the pris-

oner, and it must be approved by the Minister of the Home Department. (14) After serving one hundred days in the prison, the prisoner must be paid the regular wages for the work done, but half of the amount deducted for his expenses. (15) The wages thus saved shall be given to the prisoner upon his release, but in case he should die before the expiration of his term, the money shall go to his nearest relative. If a prisoner escapes, the money thus saved shall be forfeited. (16) The following holidays shall be given the prisoners; first and second of January; anniversary of the foundation of the dynasty; Independence Day; Emperor's birthday; anniversary of the assumption of the imperial title; thirty-first of December, and three days should the prisoner's parents die. (17) The convicted prisoners' clothes and bedding shall be provided by the jail and allowance for a day's meal be eight cents per head. (18) Those prisoners, who are confined in the jail pending their trial, must provide themselves with clothes and food, except bedding. However, if any one is not able to thus provide himself, the warden may give him assistance, after obtaining consent of the court. (19) Minor rules and regulations shall be drawn up and promulgated by the Home Department after consulting the Law Department. (20) This law takes effect on the day of announcement, January 12th, second year of Kwangmu.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Gun-boat diplomacy!

Japan and Russia have recognized the imperial title of His Korean Majesty.

The greatest trouble our Korean statesmen are experiencing is the laws put on the statute books before their advent to power.

R. A. Hardie M.D. of Wonsan has an interesting article in the December number of *The Missionary Review of the World* on "Religion in Korea."

J. McLeavy Brown, L.L.D., was among those who received New-Year's recognition by his government. He was made an honorable Companion of Saint Michael and St. George. We congratulate.

Jack Frost seems to have fallen asleep. We have neither snow nor cold weather. Perhaps he is afraid of the warships now plowing these wintry seas, or riding calmly at anchor at Chemulpo.

Korean labor has found a good market in the coal mines in Japan. Recent news states that thirty-seven Korean laborers have been engaged by the Chikuho colliery to make good a deficiency in Japanese hands.

The Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Mrs. Baldwin, visited Seoul Jan. 20—24 and were the guests of Mrs. M. F. Scranton.



The announcement is made that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha finds it necessary to raise the price of freights to Korea. The amount has not yet been decided, but reports put it at from ten to thirty *per cent* on the present rates.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop has remembered her many friends in Korea with New-Year's cards most tastefully gotten up and bearing the Korean proverb, "You may recover an arrow that has been shot but never a word that has been spoken."

Both the President of the United States and His Majesty the Emperor of Korea have been afflicted by the death of their aged mothers. The sad event drew the two chief Magistrates towards each other in an interchange of messages of condolence.

What does it mean? The Council of State recently passed the following ordinance which received the Imperial sanction: "Hereafter the Korean Government shall not grant concessions to foreigners in building railways or working mines in the empire."

We should not be held responsible for the vagaries of the postal service. A subscriber in San Francisco wrote us a little while ago on this subject: "I note a curiosity in the matter of mail service—the July number of the magazine having arrived some days later than the August number." This is "curious" but it happened *en route* and not at the start.

The Korean telegraph service, while neither perfect in service nor operated under the most favorable conditions, is nevertheless progressing and used more and more by the people. There are now nine offices in the country, four of which were opened last year. The total receipts for the year amounted to \$13,940.01. The postal service likewise is growing in favor with the people. It gives us genuine pleasure to make note of records of this kind.

Sometime ago the government "recalled" the Korean students now in Japan, by announcing that no more funds would be forthcoming for their support. The Japanese in Tokyo, however, took the matter up and a large sum of money was raised by popular subscription for the students in order that they may continue their studies. It is not altogether a misfortune, however, that the young men should be thrown on their own resources in getting an education.

Korean New-Year was on Saturday, the 22nd inst. The weather was fine, the streets were crowded with people of all ages and sizes, and all the colors of the rainbow were represented seemingly in the clothing worn. High officials hastened to the imperial palace to offer congratulations to their sovereign; friends interchanged calls; the small boy and he, "of larger growth" were flying their kites. There was wining and dining and general merry making. May this new year be one of progress and prosperity to this country.

*Consolation.* The triple Ministerial dignities enjoyed by H. E. Cho Pyengsik are not without their consolations, as the following will show:—

"When the present Minister of Foreign Affairs and Acting Prime Minister and Minister of Law, Cho Pyengsik, was Governor of Hamkyeng he stopped the export of Korean beans. The Japanese Government demanded

indemnity for the action of the Governor on the ground that it was against the treaty stipulations. The amount of the indemnity was \$90,000 and from which Governor Cho was made to pay \$60,000. Mr. Cho brought in a bill to the Council of State a few days ago asking the Government to reimburse him the money. The bill was passed by the Council with one dissenting vote which was cast by Councillor Ye. Yunyong. Mr. Cho is said to have cast three votes as Prime Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs and of Law. The rule of the Council requires five members present to make a quorum and Mr. Cho represents three members on account of the triple responsibilities which he carries on his shoulders. All the business of the Council can be transacted when Mr. Cho and two other members are present and his three votes will make a majority every time." THE INDEPENDENT.

*Advice to the Russian Government:* We copy the following, without endorsement or contradiction, from *The Nagasaki Press*, Jan. 13.

The *Noroe Vremya* publishes a letter from Seoul, in which the writer gives an account of the schemes by which, he says, the Japanese hope to establish their domination in Korea, and describes the aversion with which, according to him, the Japanese are regarded by the inhabitants. He then goes on to advise the Russian government to defeat Japan's policy of exploitation by establishing Russian Consulates at all Korean ports, by sending a sufficient military force to assure the protection of such Consulates and of the Russian Legation, by organising banks, by taking over the financial and Customs administrations, by vigilantly guarding against any foreign interference in those services, by establishing Russian schools, by building at Seoul an Orthodox Church at least equal in size and splendour to the church constructed by the Roman Catholic missions, and by sending young Koreans to Russia to complete their education by technical studies, especially in mining and railway matters.

The journal's correspondent adds that the terminus of the Manchuria Railway ought to be connected with Ping-yang, near the Korean frontier, whence a French Syndicate is building a line to Seoul. A railway should also be built from the capital northwards to Gensan, and another southwards to Fusan, steps being taken for a rigorous exclusion of the Japanese from those enterprises. In conclusion, the writer says that Korea is a country rich and productive enough to render it worth Russia's while to make the sacrifices necessary for the firm establishment of her influence.

#### BIRTHS.

In Wonsan, Dec. 10th, 1897, the wife of Rev. W. L. Swallen, of a daughter.

#### ARRIVALS.

In Seoul, Jan. 10th, Mr. William Franklin Sands, Secretary of the U. S. Legation.

#### DEPARTURES.

From Seoul, Jan. 17th, Mrs. H. G. Underwood for the United States.