

ping all sorts of things out of the country and in importing supplies for the king, the court and the people.

#### THE MISSIONARIES.

The missionary force in Corea is large, and it has done a great deal of good work. I don't believe there are more earnest, active and intelligent missionaries anywhere than you will find in this country. They have a strong hold upon the people, and they are thoroughly respected by the king. The headquarters of the missions are in Seoul. The work is chiefly done by the Presbyterians and Methodists as far as the Americans are concerned. The French Catholics have a large force at work among the people, and there is also a mission of the Church of England, which is, I think, managed from London. The American Presbyterian mission consists of something like twenty people, and the most of the missionaries have wives and families. The Methodist mission is equally as large, and both have hospitals and schools. The Corean College, under the Methodist Episcopal mission, is in the charge of the Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, who is also treasurer of the mission, and a most efficient man. I spent some time with him at his home in Seoul, and I can certify that he is thoroughly well posted upon the country, and that his organization is doing a great deal of good. The missionaries in Seoul live inside walled compounds or yards. Their gates are usually guarded by keepers, and in case of trouble like the present these walls would be a slight protection from a mob.

#### CONNECTED WITH THE KING.

In addition to these, there are a number of foreigners connected with the court and the king. Gen. Wm. McE. Dye was, for years, in the employ of the late Khedive of Egypt. He is a graduate of West Point, and he is one of the instructors and officers of the Corean army. He has been of great value to the king during the present rebellion, and in case there is protracted war between Japan and China upon Corean soil, his brains will have much to do with the direction of the struggle. I visited him not long ago. His red beard and hair have turned white since he left America, but his form is as straight as when he commanded his soldiers during the war of the rebellion, and his eye is as bright as it was during his wonderful career in Egypt. Gen. Clarence Greathouse, the foreign adviser to the king, is a Kentuckian by birth, and a Californian by adoption. He came from California to be consul general at Yokohama, and from there was called to Seoul as a foreign adviser to the king at a salary of \$12,000 a year. He has a fine establishment here, and his mother, who is one of the sweetest old ladies out of Kentucky, is with him. Then there is Gen. Le Gendre, who is also one of the vice presidents of the home office, and who is connected with Gen. Greathouse as foreign adviser, and Col. F. J. H. Nienstead, who is in charge of the government school. Last, but not least among the Americans, there is a bright young Washington man, named Power, who came to Corea to put the electric light plant in the palace, and who has the position of electrician to the king. He is only twenty-six years of age, but he has put up one of the finest electric light plants

that you will find on the other side of the globe, and when the country is again settled he will probably build an electric railroad which is projected from Seoul to Chemulpo.

#### COREA'S FORMER MINISTER.

It is very unfortunate that this rebellion occurred just at this time, and if the Chinese are allowed to control affairs they will put the country in a worse state than ever. The king himself is more progressive than any of his nobles, and he is anxious to see his country improved and his people bettered. It was only a few months ago that he undertook to establish a postal service, and to do this he called from Washington Mr. Ye Cha Yun who, for years, was the secretary of the Corean legation, and who acted for a time as Corean minister. Ye went to Corea very enthusiastic as to his work, and he was doing all he could to push modern progress there when the present rebellion broke out. He is one of the brightest of the younger Corean statesmen, and if his prominence does not result in his losing his head through the jealousy of those above him, he will yet make himself felt in the administration of the government. I called upon him one day at his residence in Seoul. He lives within a stone's throw of the palace, and the parlor in which he received me was furnished half in American and half in Corean style. He wore a gown of white silk, and on his head was a many-cornered black hat of horse hair net. The desk before him was full of papers, and he was working as hard as he did at Washington. He has, I am told, a good fat position in the province where the rebellion has occurred, and it is probably a lucky thing for his head that he is using it in Seoul rather than in southern Corea.

Frank G. Carpenter

#### HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The desire to kill and destroy seems to be implanted in the average human breast from early infancy, and is one of the connecting links between man and brute; as disciples of Darwin will doubtlessly inform one. The toddling youngster will leave his cherished toys to smash the flies on the window pane; let him sit on the pet cat and otherwise maul that long-suffering animal around, and he is divinely happy. As he grows to years of discretion, perchance some luckless, strange, gay plumaged bird may light on the branches of a neighboring tree. Does the average man stand still, lest he should frighten the beautiful bird, drink in the beauties of nature, and go into rhapsodies of poetic thought? On the contrary he generally sneaks away and falls all over himself in his haste to get a gun.

While scions of noble horses, globe-trotters and others annually make the Cape their happy hunting ground, at the same time three-fourths of the shooting done in South Africa is for commissary only. Among the small farmers around the coast, where mutton is a thing they read about, and roast beef generally assumes a resemblance to well-seasoned sole leather, from the fact that mostly senile træk oxen are slaughtered; hunting is a necessity. To

be a bad shot means simply roast mealies for dinner.

While on the subject of beef, Cape Colony furnishes a cut unknown to butchers of America and the old world; viz: the "scoof" or hump on the back of the neck. This generally partakes of a coal oil flavor, as the scoof is apt to get galled against the yoke in wet weather, whereupon it is anointed with that odoriferous fluid to scare off flies.

At daybreak every Saturday morning, especially in the Lower Albany district, one may see the red blanketed Kaffirs, converging along cattle tracks and paths to a common center, each boy with two or three knob kerries in his hand, also a most assorted lot of mongrels at his heels. By 7 o'clock the neighboring farms have each sent their representatives, in the shape of white folks, who are big enough to carry or borrow a gun. The invariable cup of black coffee is discussed, the scene of operations selected, and away starts the cavalcade for a day's sport—Jacob, Oomta, Sixpence, Narcot & Co., jabbering and grinning as only Kaffirs can, trotting in the rear; two or three bottles of villainous Cape Smoke and a share in the meat amply repaying them for beating the bush the balance of the day.

South Africa seems to be mapped out or the sportsman, the face of the coast belt being cut up into densely wooded kloofs (miniature canyons), all that the hunter has to do is to take up a position behind a bush and await events. As the guns are posted along the sides and terminus of the kloof a hapless buck skips out of cover to rid himself from the dogs, only to find a warm reception awaiting him in the veldt. Bang! bang! goes a gun, left barrel rifle bullet, right buckshot (for close quarters). "This is very inhospitable," muses the grand creature as he clears ten feet back to shelter only to be welcomed by two score of yelping dogs with a howl of triumph. Once more he breaks cover and runs the gauntlet, with half a dozen breechloaders throwing up the dust around him amidst a yell of "pombelic" from the invisible sons of Ham in the bush. "He's hit," "no he isn't," and away goes the beautiful animal, racing like a whirlwind, his black glossy hide gleaming in the sun, with white mane down the center of his back distended, head thrown back until his needle like spiral horns lay along his neck; little white tail erect. Over a bush he bounds in his mad career! What a grand sight is a bush-bok ram when racing for his life! What care we for poetry of motion—a lust for blood and destruction is in our hearts. He stumbles sorely wounded, the dogs close in on him and with an exultant yell the nearest hunter rushes to give him his *coup de grace*. With a stamp of rage he charges for his mortal enemy, man, dragging the dogs along with him.

The colonial is a man of nerve. He awaits his opening and when at close quarters sends a shot home, that either kills outright, or brings the animal down in a heap. With kicks and curses the dogs are beaten off, the now pitifully bleating buck, which turns its limpid great eyes entreatingly upon the hunter with no effect, struggles feebly as a cruel knife is drawn across its throat, then expires and in three minutes all that is left of one of the loveliest creatures in creation is so many pounds of