

for the foreign Yangban. We wound in and out among thousands of low thatched huts, now skirting the sewers, which run in open drains through the streets, and again being squeezed against the wall in order that some high, silk-gowned noble might pass by in his chair. We rode for about a mile along one of the main business streets of the city, having moved carefully in order that our horses might not step on the pipes of the merchants, who squatted on the ground in front of their stores and smoked as they waited for customers. We went by the great barracks, where the ragged soldiers who make up the king's army live, and passed a gate of the old palace, which General Pak told me was the gate of Japanese skins, and has some tradition of a skinned Japanese connected with it. We passed by chairs containing the fair but frail dancing-girls of the kingdom, and when we had gone through the great gate of the wall, which leads out into the country, we found one of these girls sitting with her chair upon the ground. She was not a bashful girl, and when I told General Pak that I wanted her photograph, he asked her to get out of her chair, and she posed before my camera. We passed scores of coolies coming into the capital, who wore hats of straw as big as umbrellas, and went by caravans of ponies loaded with straw and pine branches, which were being brought into the city for sale. Within a few miles of Seoul there is a great caravan of these queer Korean hucksters, peddlers, travelers and swells, which is always moving in or out of its walls, and the scene is like an ever-changing kaleidoscope, or stranger than one of Kiralfy's most gorgeous extravaganzas. Inside and on the edge of the city all was dirt and squalor, and it was not until we had ridden an hour that we appreciated the beauty of our surroundings.

#### THE SWITZERLAND OF ASIA.

Corea may be called the Switzerland of Asia. It is a land of mountains and valleys, of crystal lakes and trickling streams. We rode for days through one beautiful valley after another; now going for miles through fields of rice lands, laid out in terraces and covered with water, out of whose glassy white surface the emerald green sprouts were just peeping. Such valleys lie right in the mountains, and the hills which rise from them are as ragged and bare as the silvery mountains of Greece. They change in their hues with every change of the heavens, and they now look like silver, and again turn to masses of velvet and gold, spotted here and there with navy blue pines. The clouds nestle in their hollows, and their tops, in the ever-varying air of Corea, assume at the edge of the evening all sorts of fantastic shapes. Our first day's ride was through a valley which was as rich as guano and as black as your hat. It was cut up with creeks, some of which were half a mile wide, and at these we found rough men clad in white with their pantaloons pulled up to their thighs. As we came up these men bent their backs and our grooms crawled up them, and clasp them around the neck they were carried through the water. The porters received one cent for each trip, and General Pak told me that this work is done by men out of charity, and that the gods esteem it a good act, and the water which washes their legs at the same time carries away

their sins and gives them a clear road to heaven. Other devotees stand with cold water in the streets and give drink to all that thirst.

#### KOREAN FARMING.

The country scenes of Corea are unlike anything you see in America. The land is not more than half farmed. It takes nine men to do what one man does in America. Think of putting nine men to one long-handled shovel! One man holds the shovel and presses it into the earth, and four stand on each side and pull the dirt out by a rope attached to the blade. The dirt is carried from one part of the field to another in packs on the backs of men, and the great part of the land is dug up with a hoe. The farmers spend most of their time in squatting and smoking. They have small holdings, and the crops seem to be good when they are at all cultivated. I saw much barley and some wheat. It was all planted in rows and the people hoe and weed their wheat as we do our potatoes. These rows were from one to two feet wide, and between them beans had been planted. I saw some of the crops being put in. The ground was first made fine and the planters then dug the hills for the beans by pressing their heels into the ground. They dropped the beans into a hole and covered them over with a kind of a twist of the same foot that made it. There were no fences and no barns, and I saw no houses alone on the fields. The people live in villages, and they keep their livestock under the same roof with their families.

#### KOREAN CATTLE.

The Koreans use ponies and bullocks as beasts of burden. The ponies are very small and the bullocks are very large. They are, in fact, as fine cattle as you will see anywhere in the world, and they seem very docile and kind. Nearly all the plowing is done by bulls, which are hitched to the plow by a yoke, which rests just over their shoulders. Our oxen have yokes around their necks and they pull by having the weight of the cart or plow somewhat evenly distributed about their necks and shoulders. These Korean bullocks push everything along by the tops of their shoulders holding their heads down as they toil. They seem to plow very well, and though their carts are the rudest, they carry great quantities of all sorts of farm products and merchandise. They are used largely as pack animals, and they have pack saddles of wood, which extend six inches above their backs, and which are heavily loaded. These saddles often galled the backs, and I saw many cattle that had patches of raw flesh as big as your hand, where the saddle had rubbed of the skin. The bullocks are of a beautiful fawn color, and they travel almost as fast as a horse. The second day of our journey one of our pack ponies dropped, worn out, by the wayside, and Gen. Pak hired one of these bullocks to take its place. He carried my bag and the cameras and about a bushel or so of money. At first I feared he would keep back the party but he led the procession, going on a sort of cow trot all the way and climbing up the hills and galloping down the valleys to the imminent danger of the baggage. His only harness outside of his pack was a ring of wood, about as thick as your finger and as big around as a dinner bucket, which had been run through his nose, and to which a rope

was fastened. The meat of these animals is very good, and you can get as good beefsteak in Corea as you can in New York. I found none for sale, however, on my trip across the country, and I was surprised to find that the people do not use milk nor butter.

#### HUNDREDS OF STREAMS.

Corea is a well-watered country. We found beautiful streams everywhere. There were no roads, and our journey was largely on bridge paths. We crossed the creeks and rivers on bridges, which were made of pine branches with a thin coating of earth. In some places these were very unsafe, and the horses and the bull went in up to their knees, so we preferred to ford when we could. There is a good system of irrigation throughout the valleys, and in some places I saw the people building canals in order to keep the water at high level and cover a greater extent of territory. There were fully one thousand men at work, and on inquiry I found that these men were composed of farmers of the neighborhood, who combined together for mutual advantage, and that the water was free for all of the association. The Koreans have their trades-unions and the planters probably have a guild of their own. One of the strongest labor unions of the country is that of the porters, who are practically the freight cars of Corea, and who carry more than either the bullocks or ponies. I photographed a number of them on my trip, and some of the men I took were terribly frightened. One was loaded down with shoes, and he thought we were going to capture his soul. This seems to be a general idea among the Chinese and Koreans. They think that if their pictures are taken the man who owns the camera will have control of their souls, and will work them evil thereafter. They are superstitious in the extreme, and the stories about foreigners cutting up Chinese babies for medicine and tearing out the eyes of Koreans to grind up to make photographic material have been industriously spread by the Chinese. Everywhere we went we found the people predisposed to the Chinese, and we heard no good words for Japan. The people have been greatly oppressed, and the men who entertained us in the villages were the officials who had been squeezing the life blood out of the common people. These villages are like no others in the world, and the little petty kings who rule the country under the name magistrates are so curious that I will devote my next letter to them.

*Y. rank G. Carpenter*

#### FROM SOUTHERN UTAH.

SILVER REEF, January 9, 1895.

The discovery of silver in the sandstone of this place was one of the wonders of this age. The opinion of miners previous to this discovery is well illustrated by an incident that occurred in Piöche. In that place there was an assayer who almost invariably gave large assays. He was endowed with the peculiar faculty of being able to extract the precious metals from the most ordinary kinds of rock. The miners concluded to test his abilities on sandstone. Accordingly a piece was chipped from a grindstone and