

ped myself in my blanket and soon dropped off to sleep.

#### A MIDNIGHT SERENADE.

About midnight I was awakened by a horribel din. A hundred gongs were sounded. Two score of bells were ringing, and there were the beating of drums and the clapping of hands and a pounding of one piece of wood upon another. I rose to my feet and looked over the screen. About thirty monks were still sleeping, and forty others were trotting here and there through the temple on their way to prayers. A brawny priest was pounding on a gong near my head, and another was ringing a bell at the foot of my bed. I stood and looked on, for there was no use trying to sleep amid such a noise. This lasted nearly an hour, and then the priests slowly resumed their cuddled-up positions on the floor, and the Corean snore took the place of the gongs and the bells. I went back to my rice bags, and had just dropped off to sleep when the gongs and bells began again. I looked at my watch. It was 4 a. m., and the day was just dawning. The morning prayers had just begun, and this effectually stopped further rest.

#### AMONG THE NUNS.

After breakfast I took a walk over the monastery, and I met a number of the Buddhist nuns. These were the scrawniest, scraggiest, scraggiest women I have ever seen. Their heads are shaved, and the women I saw had faces as wrinkled as the leather of an alligator satchel, and they made me think of the idiots I have seen in our state asylums. They live apart from the monks in quarters of their own, and they are little respected by the people. I found none of the high-class Coreans had much to do with the monks or the priests, and they were looked upon more as a set of ignorant drones than anything else. The monasteries are travel resorts of the people, and many excursions are taken to visit them, more to admire the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded than anything else. The Coreans are fond of the beauties of nature, and on every fine day you may see scores of them wandering through the hills about the Corean capital and writing verses and poetry inspired by the sight. When the trees are in flower they have picnics under them, and the beautiful parks of the country are as well known as those of Switzerland are known to Europe. The gentlemen often have poetry parties, at which they compete with each other in writing verses on the spur of the moment on certain subjects, and they are very strict in matters of etiquette. More of them believe in Confucius than in anything else, and their culture, you know, all comes from China. Just outside of Seoul there is a massive Buddha carved out of stone, with a little temple above it, but it has few worshipers, and the only temples in the Corean capital are Confucian.

#### QUEER COREAN SUPERSTITIONS.

I found the Coreans superstitious in the extreme, and I met evidences of this everywhere. The trees which we passed at the foot of the mountains had piles of stone about them, and "General" Pak always picked up another stone and threw it on the pile. He told me that in those trees lived the gods of mountains, and that if we did not do them honor by giving them a stone they

would work us great harm. Nearly every house had a magic charm tied about it in order to keep out the spirits, and professional sorcerers are called in at funerals to drive off the demons. These are usually old women, who have a very curious dance, and who whirl about in the street for hours in order to keep off the evil ones. I saw several table rocks on my trip across the country which are used for sacrifices in times of epidemics, and one immense stone of this kind, about twenty feet square, I was told, saved the country from smallpox. The Coreans believe in astrology. They have their lucky days and their unlucky days, and they think that the spirits hover about them and work them good or evil. At the cross-roads I often saw straw effigies, which, I was told, has been made by men as a guard against evil diseases. In such straw men are hidden pieces of money, and the party who make them say a prayer over them, asking that they be delivered from all diseases and misfortunes for the next twelve months. They then give them to the boys, who tear them to pieces to find the money. The more the figure is torn, the greater the efficacy of the charm. The Coreans consider nine to be a lucky number, and they have all kinds of rain prophets and dream signs.

#### COREAN CHILDREN.

I found many boys in this big Corean monastery. They were studying to be priests, and the chief priest took four of them and posed them, in order that I might have their pictures taken. They were bright little fellows, and they went over the prayers of Buddha quite glibly, not knowing what they mean. The children form one of the most interesting features of Corea. They are bright and good natured, and very polite. They tagged at my heels wherever I went, and gave the chief amusing features of the whole trip. In summer children under six wear little more than a little jacket, which comes just down below the arm-pits. They eat great quantities of raw turnips and pumpkins, and the whole of baby Corea may be said to be pot-bellied. The children have all kinds games, and they delight in the flying of kites. Their kites are made differently from ours. They are square in shape with a hole as big around as a tin can in the middle. They let out the string by a reel, and they have kite fights. They use great skill in this amusement, and two rival kites will fight like live things hundreds of feet in the air. Each one of the fighters tries to entangle the other kites, to break their string and drag them down to the ground. The greatest kite-flying time is during the New Year holidays, and the men, as well as the boys, have their kites.

#### GAMBLING IN COREA.

The Coreans are fond of gambling, but the laws provide that there shall be no gambling, except at funerals, and then only among the friends of the deceased. This makes the dead man very popular, and all who have any claim whatever to friendship or relationship with him appear at the funeral. The ceremony usually lasts for days, and is a kind of a cross between the African hoodoo show and an Irish wake.

#### COREAN GRAVES.

Graves in Corea are quite as important as they are in China. Every family

has its burying ground, and the dead are carried for miles in order that they may be laid with their kind. The monuments are usually round mounds of earth, and the bigger the man the bigger the mound. A rich man will often take a whole hill to himself, and the cemeteries are usually located on the sides of hills. When a man dies hired mourners are called in, and these wail as they burn the clothing of the dead. They do this at night in the street in the front of the door. The funerals of Seoul have to pass out of certain gates of the city, and must go through just at dusk. The result is that they go to the grave on a run, for if they do not arrive there in time they will have to squat down and wait till the gates open in the morning. Such funerals are always accompanied by men, and there is dancing and merry-making on the way. I saw a number during my stay in Seoul, and there seemed to be more rejoicing than grief.

My next letter will be the last on Corea. It will describe my trip to the harbor of Gensan, whence I went to Siberia, and will show some queer unknown features of the hermit-kingdom.

*Yours truly,*  
G. Huntington

#### JACKSON COUNTY VETERANS.

SPRINGVILLE, Utah, Feb. 4, 1895.

Today I visited Brother Philo Dibble who, I believe, is the oldest living member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He is quite feeble and does not get out doors at all, I believe. He sits in his big chair—dressed without a coat, but keeps his hat on all the time and a cloak or shawl on his shoulders. A great many people call to see and converse with him and ask questions. He talks freely upon subjects pertaining to the Gospel and the rise of the Church, but upon no other subjects does he converse with any freedom.

In our conversation today he was upon the redemption of Zion and quoted from the Doctrine and Covenants concerning those that were driven from Jackson county in 1833, he being one of that number, which quotation, as rendered, promises that "few shall remain to return with songs of everlasting joy." He then stated that he was acquainted with nearly every one, if not every head of a family that was driven out, and as far as he could remember, he was the only one living. He seemed very desirous to know how many are yet living that were heads of families driven from Jackson county, and wished me to write to the editor of the DESERET NEWS, and request a call through that paper upon all who know of any living persons, as described, to send their names and where living to you for publication, that he, as well as all who are interested, may know if there is more than "a few" remaining.

Respectfully yours,

OLIVER B. HUNTINGTON.

The man who is responsible for the series of fires in Galt, Cal., last summer and who wrote the anonymous letters which so terrorized its citizens, is in jail in Sacramento. He has made a full confession.