

chanted mel It was a splendid lesson for mutual instruction. With what ardor we sat ourselves to work at the task! The great end to be attained was that Rachel should not fall behind her predecessor. Not a single one of these three hundred words that we did not examine, inspect, turn this way and that way, every way, to discover the true, living and penetrating accent. Three (two hours) (one such) are worth whole months of ordinary labor."

Here we have one of the most intellectual men in France and a woman who was looked upon as being the greatest actress that the world has seen, spending an entire morning over the reading of thirty lines.

Edwin Forrest was never tired of extolling the merits of his great predecessor, Edmund Kean, and was ever dwelling upon his wonderful reading. He said once: "You might take a Betterton, a Garrick, a Kemble, and a Falma, and add to them old Roscius of Rome, and the sum of them all would not make one Edmund Kean. I would give fifty dollars a week for the rest of my life and fifty dollars a week for fifty years after my death, if my estate was sufficient to do it, to hear anyone read Othello's 'Farewell' once a week during the rest of my life as Edmund Kean used to read it. I have tried for years and years to read it as he read it, to produce the effect with it that he produced, yet I have never succeeded but once. It was down at the old Broadway theater. One night I struck the keynote and went through it to my entire satisfaction, and was rewarded with five distinct rounds of applause. I went home happy—I thought I had it at last, but I hadn't. I have never been able to do it since God Almighty was pleased to inspire me for that one occasion, and for that one only."

This is sufficient to illustrate the position we take in regard to reading and acting. The only serious objection, I believe, to the course I recommend is that it offers comparatively little opportunity for the professor to impress his pupils, and through them the neighborhood, with his profanity. In natural, common sense processes there is rarely anything that dazzles, never anything that bewilders.

Written for this Paper.

### ACROSS COREA.

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HE OCCUPATION of Corea by Japan is already beginning to change the country. An electric railroad has been planned from the capital to the Han river, which lies three miles away, and is probable that the machinery for this will be gotten in the United States. It is twenty-six miles from Chemulpo, which is the main port of the country, to Seoul, and the rail-

road will be built over the mountains, connecting the capital with the sea. Sooner or later other roads will be built from Seoul to the west coast, and to Fusan on the south coast, as well as to the north. The northern roads will be fostered by the Russians, and there will probably be a connection with the Trans Siberian road, so that we will eventually be able to go from Paris to within a few hours' sail of Japan by land. Today no one knows much about the country of Corea. There is no land in the world outside of Thibet which has been less explored.

Very few travelers have gotten into the interior, and the letters describing the country has been confined to the capital and the seaports. I am, I believe, the only American newspaper man who has traveled right through the peninsula from one side to the other. I doubt whether the trip could possibly be taken today. I made it last summer just on the eve of the rebellion, and it was curious in the extreme. My outfit consisted of six men and four horses, and spent seven days among the Korean mountains, traveling four hours in the clouds, and being lifted in chairs up hills so steep that the ponies could not follow. The most of the way was on bridlepaths, and a great part of it was really dangerous on account of the tigers and leopards. It was like going through a new world, and were it not for the notes which I took on the ground, I might think the whole journey a dream.

### THE SNAKE AND THE CROWN PRINCE.

I had spent a month in Seoul, and had been hobnobbing with the Korean nobles, having had my audience with the king, and I supposed that I would have no trouble in securing an escort across the country. I was mistaken. Just at the time I wanted to go the King of Corea had ordered all the horses in Seoul to be brought to his palace city, which lies at the back of the capital, in order to enable him to move to another vast establishment which he has in another part of the city. He has more power, you know, than the czar, and he is more superstitious than an African king. There are snakes in nearly all the roofs of the Korean houses, and just before we were ready to go a big black snake about as long as a man's leg had dropped down out of the roof into the crown prince's face while he was sleeping, and the king thought this was a bad omen, and that the gods wanted him to move out of the palace for a time. He sent out his order, and every pony in Seoul was laid hold of by his officials. I had engaged four fast trotters, and the grooms were bringing them to my house, when the officials seized them for the king. Had I or one of the foreigners been with them, we could probably have held them, but we were not, and they were carried off to the palace. I was stopping at this time with Ms. Power, the king's electrician, and he sent his soldiers outside the city, with orders to lay hold of the first ponies that came. They brought four shaggy beasts out of a party of eight. They tried to catch the whole lot, but the other four suspected their intentions and galloped away. They brought them into our courtyard and we persuaded them to go with us. A high official in Corea, as a rule, grabs everything, he can get, and pays for nothing. On this trip we paid for everything, and

it cost me to go from one side of the peninsula to the other three hundred thousand cash, or about \$100.

### CARPENTER'S GORGEOUS OUTFIT.

My party consisted of four ponies and six men, and I traveled like a Korean noble. The king had given me a passport, and this had an envelope almost as big as this paper, and the Korean characters upon it were circled with red in order to keep any one from changing them. This described me as a mighty American who was visiting Corea, and it directed the magistrates to entertain me on my way. We had a servant with us, who wore a gorgeous white gown and a hat of black horsehair. This man usually took the passport and rode ahead with it to the villages, in order that the magistrates might know that we were coming; and as we got to the towns we were met by trumpets and bands, and were escorted in state to the government offices, in the guest rooms of which we were kept over night. I had six Koreans in my party, and I made the trip alone with them. My old friend, Gen. Pak, of whom I have written before, was with me, and he commanded the outfit. He had a gorgeous blue suit, which he bought for the trip, and his clothes were spotless and clean. His horsehair hat, I venture, cost \$15, and his shoes were of kid with heavy soles of untanned rawhide. Pak spoke very good English, and he acted as my interpreter and commander-in-chief. We had four grooms, two of whom were married, and hence had the right to wear hats. The other two were bare-headed bachelors, and they were the shabbiest, shoddiest, dirtiest, laziest quartette I have ever seen inside of Corea or out of it. They were perpetually eating, and they stopped at every cook shop on the way. The four grooms walked. General Pak, the servant and myself rode. Pak had a saddle which he had borrowed from the prime minister, Min Yung Jun, the man whose oppressions caused the recent rebellion; and I had an American saddle loaned me by General Great-house. The two other ponies were loaded with our provisions and baggage, and the servant sat on the pack. We knew we would be entertained by the magistrates; and by General Pak's advice I bought a goodly supply of liquors and cigars. The cigars were very cheap—I think the newsboys would call them "two fers"—but they were wrapped in tinfoil, and the magistrates handled them as though they were solid gold, and their faces became oily with happiness as they smoked them. I had a half dozen bottles of champagne, several of claret, and not a few of Chartreuse and cognac. We were expected to treat every party we met, and as the journey lasted seven days, our supply was none too large. We lengthened it out however, by the size of the glasses. We bought little cognac glasses, holding about a thimbleful of liquor, and passed it around to the government clerks in this way. There is no glass in Corea, and the magistrates thought they were generously treated, and the higher the man the more glasses he got. As an especially great favor, we gave the empty bottles to them; now and then, and we found them greedily grabbed for wherever we went.

I wish I could show you how we rode in state out of Seoul, with my servant, going along in front and yelling to the common people to get out of the way,