

KOREA - CUBA - HOUKDEN.

November 30, 1905 to December 15, 1906.

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Dear Whitey:

I have been intending to write you for a long time, that's one satisfaction anyway, but really after those stories of yours I couldn't do it without something to return for your rotten Irish humour. I've always had an idea that the Irish were really witty, maybe you've been in the Far East too long or something like that, in any case you need to make excuses for yourself. I've been busy, good Lord, over me ears in work of all sorts and any letter that I might have written would have been of a poor sort, poorer even than usual. For the record of events of the past few days I am sending you herewith a few clippings from the Korea Daily News. Bethell in his leaders is carried away by a personal spite and a bitterness which does his own cause more harm than good, but in these articles he has presented facts merely, and his stories as far as I have been able to make out are substantially correct. The suicide of Min was a sad affair, tragic, but calculated I imagine more than anything else to impress the people. I was of course in the streets a good part of that day, and saw the tail end of the afternoon's row. The gangs of coolies who were tied up and being dragged off to the Military Headquarters were about as tame a lot as you could wish to see. The Japanese however, were not maltreating them at all. In fact I think that they have done remarkably well. The crowds are muttering and any incendiary speech might fan the smouldering wrath into a horrid conflagration, the Japanese by keeping the streets clear are saving everyone trouble. There has been no needless brutality as far as I have been able to see. It's awfully sad, that's all. A people who are absolutely without virility of any sort, a lot of sheep, footless, inane, yet after all a people. Their country taken from them. They realize what it all means that they cannot compete with the Japanese, they know full well how hopeless their condition is, some of the highest officials committing suicide. Min Yong



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Whan, own cousin of the Emperor, second cousin of the late Queen, the highest Korean outside the immediate Royal family. He when he was Envoy to the coronation of the Czar tried to do two things. He saved his money, he was a wealthy man, and bought agricultural implements. He bought them in Russia its true where he had to pay duty over and above their regular cost in Germany, but that was only because he did not know the world, and he purchased band instruments. He went home to establish an Imperial Military Band and to inaugurate a reform in Korean agricultural methods. He was granted an appropriation by the Emperor for the Band but he could never get a cent for the farming experiments. Of such stuff is his Majesty. He did yield to the Japanese, his Palace was full of gendarmes and police of course. I saw them myself for our Legation is not seventy-five feet from the Palace building and separated only by a low wall. Hasegawa was in the room and a number of Japanese officers. One wouldn't say that the Koreans were free agents exactly. However, he signed. It is also interesting to remember that since the murder of the Queen Japanese soldiers, their mention merely has filled his weak soul with terror. So that the presence of armed Japanese within the walls would probably have greater effect with him than cold steel at the chest would do with an ordinary person.

Two days ago, Brown and Sir John Jordan went away, the two men who almost brought on war in 1898. The one who kept the other in power, now the little Chinese Minister, a clever devil, being afraid that he would lose face if Morgan left before he did, has suddenly announced on twelve hours notice that he's off. It may be that he's been called to Peking for consultation over the Manchurian demands of Japan, I don't know in any case he's off too. Morgan leaves for Japan on Wednesday of



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next week. The German Minister goes in a month, the Italian has already gone. I follow Morgan in a fortnight and go home with him. It is like the stampede of the rats from a sinking ship. All the foreigners are going almost. Customs and Legation, only a few broken hearted missionaries left. Their case is the most pitiable of all. Here they are forsaken by their Governments, their Legations which mean much to them, gone, the people for whom they have worked, over whose troubles they have wept, with whom they have rejoiced, whose life has been their life, borne down by the weight of a national calamity. Broken spirited, humbled, abject, hopeless, Here are these poor missionaries, not trusting the Japanese feeling that with the withdrawal of their Legation that not only will they lose the protection of their interests which even in the past has in some cases not been sufficient to secure them impartial treatment, when they know that the Koreans themselves feel that they have been betrayed, and that they will many of them turn from the Church feeling that the comfort and consolation which they sought within its sanctuary had been denied them. Its really pitiful. And what can be done. The Japanese are obviously doing the only possible thing. They are doing it well, making mistakes yes, but I believe that their intentions are honest. It makes one realize what a Juggernaut this world and its events really are, how little the feelings of the individual or the good of the few mean, where history is being made, and the relentless law, the base of all things, survival of the fittest, grips. I'll see you in a week or two, hows things anyway?

Yours always,