

porridge, vegetable stews, and soups were their chief food, which they ate out of bowls in huge quantities. Their houses were often comfortable, well-built, and roomy, though not always as clean as they might have been, but still on the whole far better homes than one would expect to find in the backwoods of a colony. And I was struck with the energetic spirit which these colonists showed in pushing their way through the forests. A Chinaman is always known to be industrious, but here was good tough vigour in addition.

At length we reached the Yalu, the natural boundary between Corea and Manchuria. It was a noble river where we struck it—three hundred yards or so broad, and ten to fifteen feet deep. Its sides were covered down to the water's edge with forests, and at intervals, where the ground was flatter, were patches of cultivation and a few farmhouses, or meadows covered with flowers of every description—often with masses of stately lilies, some specimens of which measured six inches across, or with waving sheets of purple irises and columbines. Then gliding noiselessly across the scene would come a raft drifting