

with a window or hole near the top. The fresh coffins are put into this window and placed upon the ledge, half sticking out. The next comers push the coffins on the window into the charnel house and put their own infant dead into their places, to be shoved in turn by those who follow them. As the scenery along the Yangtse, however, it is a general idea that China is one vast plain, covered with grave mounds. I saw some graveyards, it is true, but they were comparatively few. The people bury near their houses when they can, and the graveyards were probably far back from the river. They used the elevated spots and hills. A large part of the country is rolling, and the idea China consists of one vast flat plain is incorrect. Where I am now writing I am surrounded by magnificent hills, and all along this great river you find breaks of rolling country. I saw the snow on the mountains when I came up past the city of Kiukiang, and at Ichang, above here, there are gorges which compare with the canyons of Colorado in their magnificent grandeur. There are 1,000 miles inland, and the sources of the Yangtse are two miles above the sea.

These gorges are narrow chasms, with a current so swift that the boats which pass up them have to be hauled along by gangs of men, and the water in them, it is said, sometimes rises 100 feet above its ordinary level. They are comparatively short, and if they could be passed by steamers the vast region of the Yangtse could be tapped, and steamboats could travel 2,000 miles into the interior. There is still talk of building steamers small enough and powerful enough to withstand the current of these gorges, and it is not an impossibility that the whole of interior China will at some time be opened up by steam.

The Yangtse today is one of the greatest trade routes of the world. China is said to have more boats on her waters than all the rest of the world combined. She is the best watered country in God's green earth and has more wonderful waterways. Suppose you stretch a river wider than the Mississippi in an almost straight line from New York to Chicago. Suppose it to be navigable for the biggest ocean steamers for that distance from May to October, and let ships from Russia, Germany, England and other parts of the world sail through it and load at its wharves. This would be about what can be done on the Yangtse and Kiang below Ichang. If you wish to carry out the comparison, however, you must let the grand river extend further west. If you could stretch it on a straight line it would go to Denver, and still be navigable for large boats and barges. You must push it on further west to San Francisco, and you are still five hundred miles from its source. It is said to be three thousand five hundred miles long, and it has to rise in the mountains of Thibet and has tributaries all along its course. It taps two great lakes, which give it canal communication with other provinces, and the most of the tea of the world comes from the land south of it and is shipped across the Poyang lake, near where I now am, and sent to Hankow for sale.

In coming into the Yangtse its mouth is so wide that it is hours after you see

the muddy color of its waters before you can distinguish the banks, and for the fifty miles of our journey we passed through what seemed to be a great inland sea, ranging from twenty to fifty miles in width. Our first hills were passed about fifty miles inland. I found its width to be more than a mile, and it holds that width nearly all the way from Shanghai to Ichang, a distance of about one thousand miles. It contains many long, narrow islands, and it now and then branches out into different streams or cut-offs from the main bed of the river, which at high water materially shorten the course. It is as full of modern steamers as the Mississippi, and has in addition the thousands of odd boats and junks of the Chinese. I could fill this paper with the mention of the different kinds of crafts and their loads, and among the ships there are many which would be a surprise to American seafarers. There are Chinese life boats, for instance, everywhere. They are low junks with oars and sails, and they watch the river during the storms and pick up such sampans and fishing boats as they are overturned. They are under control of the districts through which they go and form a sort of a river police.

Now and then they capture a smuggler or a pirate, and here and there outside of some of the villages I saw boats which had been cut in half and set up on end. I asked what they were, and I was told that they had belonged to pirates and thieves. The culprits had been caught and beheaded, and their boats were thus put up as warnings to their brothers to beware of the law. Such boats are usually put up at the places at which the crimes were committed.

Everywhere you meet with native and government officials. The different provinces have their customs officers, and they levy a heavy tax on all the native boats, each official gets his squeeze, and the taxation is terrible heavy. The customs collected for the general government are in the hands of foreigners, for the emperor cannot rely upon the honesty of his own officials, and so an Irishman, Sir Robert Hart, collects his duties for him, and his boats and officials are at all of the leading ports. You see their customs officers scattered all along the banks of the river, and at high water they sometimes use the little huts of bamboo, which are brought down in the crafts from the upper Yangtse.

This valley of the Yangtse Kiang is a vast garden. All along its course the grass is as green as Egypt in winter, and two or three crops a year are everywhere grown. In looking over the landscape you see no fences or barns. The people live in villages made of thatched huts, with walls of plaited reeds, which they plaster inside and out with mud. Sometimes the huts stand alone in the town, and at other times they are joined together in blocks. The best of them are not more than twenty feet square, and the average farm house has only one story. The earth forms the floor. You could, I venture, build a good one for \$5. The houses stand flush with the slimy mud sidewalk, and the filthier and dirtier this is, the better it seems to please the people. Each village has a clump of trees about it, and in looking over the valley you see hundreds of these clumps, and realize the force

of the statement that the whole empire is one vast village. Many of the villages, I am told, consist of only one family or clan, and the Chinese are said to take better care of their relatives and to work together better than any people of the world.

The best of the towns here are close to the river, and we have passed many walled cities, with pagodas and temples rising above the other ridge-shaped roofs. At some of the bigger centers this ship stops to take on and discharge cargo, and I have gone through a number of cities since I came to China the names of which I had never heard. Take the city of Nganking—not Nanking, the old capital of China, you have all read of that—but Nganking. How many of you have ever realized that it existed? Well, we have just left it. It is a city of about a half million people and is bigger than St. Louis. It is the capital of the state of Ganhui, which has a population of more than one-third of the whole United States, though it is not as big as the state of New York. It lies right on the banks of the Yangtse, about 150 miles above Nanking, and it has miles of walls about it. These walls are twenty-five feet high and so wide that you could drive a buggy around the city on the top of them. Nganking is well built and rich now, though it was nearly ruined during the Taiping rebellion, back in the fifties. At that time the rebels held it under siege, and food became so scarce that human flesh was used, and, it is said, was sold in market places for its weight in silver. The city has now a great native trade, though it is not one of the treaty ports, and foreign steamers cannot stop at it. It has one of the finest pagodas on the Yangtse. It is a seven-storied tower of rose pink, rising, as it were, right from the banks of the river, to a height, I judge, about half that of the Washington monument. It is many-sided and its top is decorated with a beautiful cap of bronze, which is built in rings, like those of some of the temples in Siam to a point. This tower was being repaired when I visited it and a framework of pole scaffolding extended from its base upward to a height of more than one hundred feet. Upon this hundreds of Chinese masons and painters were working, and away up on the sixth story I could note little fly-like celestials clinging to the wall and patching up the ravages of the weather. I was glad to see it, for it showed me that there is at least one place in China where the monuments of the past are respected, and where both the religion and the temples have not gone to seed.

Frank G. Carpenter

D. A. & M. SOCIETY.

The directors of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing society met at the society's rooms in the Constitutional building Saturday, the 12th, at noon. President John R. Winder held the gavel and the directors present were Messrs. Peters, Sears, Bamberger, Cragun, Hatch, Empey, Simon, Melville, Willey and Secretary Pyper.

The chairman announced the standing committees appointed by him as follows: