

mal of China. You see it on every flag, and it is supposed to bring luck or the reverse to every ruler. According to them, a dragon can do anything. It can make itself as big as an elephant, or as small as a gnat. It can build up empires and throw down kings, and when there was an eclipse of the moon here, about a month ago, I saw it soberly announced in the Peking Gazette that the people should turn out and make a great noise on the night of the eclipse, as it was said that the dragon would then try to swallow the moon, and he should be scared away. Well, the country here at Nanking is shaped just like a great dragon, and the emperor said: "If I can build my capital on the dragon's back it will last forever." The result was that he moved to Nanking and made it for a time the greatest city of China. He planned to build a wall outside of the present one, which should be ninety miles long, but he got no further than the first pillars of this before he died.

It was this man's son who built the famed porcelain tower of Nanking, putting it up in honor of his wife. This tower cost more than three millions of dollars; it was built of the finest of glazed porcelain slabs, and it blazed out under the sun of the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, rising to a height nearly half that of the Washington monument. It was octagonal in form, with a base about half the size of that of the monument, and this base rested on a foundation of brickwork ten feet high. It had nine stories and a spiral staircase within the tower led the visitor to the summit. The top of it was a great basin of iron, and the colors of its bricks were green, red, yellow and white. At every one of the nine stories a roof of green tiles jutted out, and to the corners of these roofs were hung bells which tinkled when swayed by the wind. It took nineteen years to build this tower, and it was kept in good condition till about forty odd years ago, when another beggar got up a rebellion and took Nanking. He had the idea that the tower was hurting his luck, and had it blown up. Its every brick has since disappeared, and when I visited its site yesterday the only vestige of it remaining was the great iron basin like dome which crowned its top. This has been placed on a foundation of marble. It is a hollow mass of iron big enough to cover the top of the largest haystack you have ever seen. It would make a bath tub for an elephant. And it would today be called a fine specimen of artistic casting. When it covered the tower it was plated with gold, and could be seen for miles up and down the Yangtse valley. It must weigh several tons, and how the Chinese with their rude modes of labor were able to poise it on the top of the tower, 261 feet above the earth, is a marvel. It lies today in front of the viceroy's arsenal, where the finest of modern guns are being turned out for the Chinese troops, and the steam whistle which calls the men to work in the morning makes its hoary particles vibrate, and it wonders, I doubt not, with the ghosts of its builders, who are supposed to hang about it, what sort of devils are working at their magic within.

Other wonders of ancient Chinese art and engineering you see scattered

throughout the ruins of the Tartar city, where the monarchs held their court. There are wide streets made of great flags of granite as big as the top of a dining table, worn by the feet of generations into the smooth polish of marble. There are five large bridges of heavy stones put together in beautiful arches without a keystone, and the fences which line this highway are made up of stones mixed with broken tile of the imperial yellow glaze and pieces of dragon discs of the green and red porcelain which once adorned the palaces of the city and of the shattered marble which formed the artistic walls of the past. The walls of the Tartar city which separated it from the common herd still stand in picturesque ruin, grass grown and crumbling, and beside a pillar of what was once in all probability the palace of a prince I saw lying the plastered coffin of a coolie whose poverty prevented his putting a mound above it. Close by it in the fields worked other blue-gowned men and women digging in the soil once sacred to royalty alone, and my boy led me into a tumble down palace and showed me two marble stones streaked with reddish veins. "These," said he, "were a part of the floor of the emperor's palace. One of his nobles had abused his confidence by saying that which he should not, and he straightway had his tongue cut out then and there. The blood from his mouth dropped upon the white marble and stained it as you see."

I took donkeys and rode out into the country yesterday to see the tomb of this famous beggar king. He was buried under Purple mountain, about five miles away from here, and his mausoleum must have been one of the most magnificent ever made by man. It comprised in its burial let an avenue through the country overlooking his city more than a mile in length, and this avenue was lined with gigantic elephants, camels, lions and tigers of marble, which still stand in solemn grandeur facing each other in the open fields. There are in addition to these giant warriors carved artistically from solid blocks of marble, and each of these warriors is, I judge, twelve feet in height.

I stood beside one and reached upward. My finger nails just touched the elbow of the stone warrior's folded arms. The elephants are as big as was Barnum's Jumbo, and they are cut from solid blocks of marble. There broad backs are covered with bushels of stones, and the people have a superstition that the man who can throw a stone and have it remain there will have luck from that time forth. At the beginning of this avenue there is a great tower, with four arched gateways, and in the center of the interior of this sits a turtle of black marble. It is so large that it would fill the average American parlor, and it is made from a single block of stone. It is the Chinese emblem of longevity, and from its back springs a marble tablet twelve or fifteen feet in height, upon which are inscribed the Chinese characters commemorating the greatness of the emperor who lies buried at the other end of the funeral highway. I did not count these immense animals and warriors, but they stand at short intervals along the avenue leading to the tomb inclosure. They must each way many tons, and

must have been brought from far in the interior of Nanking. Some of the carvings upon them is beautifully done, and the figures of the elephants and men are well executed. One of the stone horses have been thrown over, and it lies half sunken in a ditch. The figures of others are somewhat broken, but the most of them are as perfect today as when they were first erected four or five hundred years ago. The tomb, however, is in ruins. It covered several acres, and at its end there are the remains of a great tower of solid masonry, pierced in the center by a tunnel walled with marble, which runs from the ground upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. This tunnel is so high and wide that a train of passenger cars could be run through it without touching the walls, and these walls are of stone, with a dado of marble artistically carved. There was, I judge, originally a temple on top of this fort-like mausoleum; the four thick walls of some such buildings still stand, making you think of the grass-grown, moss-covered ruins of Europe. I ate my lunch within them, sitting on a stone, with my feet among the blue wild flowers which were springing out of the crevices between the stones of the grass-grown floor. As I did so I could look out through one of the great arched doorways upon the thousands of grave mounds of the Nanking of today, and the cries of a poorly clad woman who sat and wailed at one of them floated up to my ears. It was the mourning of the present amid the grandest tombs of the past, and I again realized that of all things death alone who rules from age to age, and who, with his mighty hand, makes all men of one size.

Frank G. Carpenter

MISSIONARIES IN MISSISSIPPI.

The following is extracted from a private letter from Elder Angus K. Nicholson, written at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, June 11th, 1894:

"Last Sunday my companion (Elder Grantham) and I held services at the home of Mr. John Burdin, a very staunch and amiable friend, residing in the locality of Bay St. Louis. A large and sympathetic audience assembled at the place of meeting. I addressed the people first, dwelling upon the theme of the necessity of present revelation and the functions of the Holy Spirit. Elder Grantham followed in a perspicuous explanation of some of the distinctive tenets of our faith. The Spirit of God was poured out in strength upon the people, and after the services, Mr. and Mrs. Burdin and a widow lady—Mrs. Windam—applied for initiation into the Church and Kingdom of our Lord.

"On the sylvan banks of a very broad and beautiful river, which bears the name of the sacred stream where Jesus was baptized, a group of about fifty persons assembled. These stood silent and attentive, as we sung one of the solemn hymns, common to the worship of Latter-day Saints. I then addressed them for a short time upon the nature and effects of the ordinance of baptism, and Elder Grantham amplified briefly the same subject. My