

abreast on it, with towers every few hundred yards. This was the Great Wall of China at its commencement, and it is, I think, almost more wonderful than the Pyramids. I have seen both. Both astounded me by their evidence of colossal industry; but the Great Wall of China, pushing straight over the mountains, regardless of height and distance, is, perhaps, the most impressive of the two. There are points, however, in which the Pyramids excel the Great Wall. The Pyramids are perfect throughout. Not a flaw can be found. Each huge block is laid with absolute precision, and there is no sign inside or out of anything less enduring than these immense blocks of stone being employed. The Great Wall, on the other hand, though it runs for hundreds of miles in the magnificent state I have described, dwindles down eventually to a mere mud wall, and, moreover, even in the best parts, the inside of it is only rubbish. It is not perfect throughout its entire length, nor solid right through. The Pyramids will remain when the Great Wall has run to ruin.

At Shan-hai-kuan we found several modern forts constructed and armed with Krupp guns—a curious contrast to the antiquated wall of defence by which they lay. An instructor to the Chinese in the use of these guns, a German non-commissioned officer, was stationed here. He spoke very disparagingly about the interest the Chinese took in their duties. It was impossible, he said, to get them to look after their guns properly. They could not be made to see the necessity of it, and costly, highly finished guns were going to ruin for want of proper care. This defect is seen everywhere in Chinese naval and military officers.

From here we went to Kaiping. On the way we passed cart after cart laden with coffins, and with a cock in a cage at the top of each. A Chinaman dislikes being buried outside the Great Wall, and as soon as his relatives can afford it, they bring him home inside it again. These were the bodies of colonists