

man no put shot in he guns, Chinaman .. out shot in he guns, makey noisey all same!"

At the distance of about ten miles from Canton is the village of Whampoa, where the foreign shipping lies at anchor, the cargoes of the different vessels being brought down to them from the city in native boats. The steamer passes through a long line of frame and bamboo houses built upon piles, and which are rather difficult of access when the tide is on the ebb.

Two celebrated pagodas are among the first objects of attraction, but their design and the object of their erection have been so frequently described by travellers, that further reference to them is unnecessary. The river between Whampoa and Canton is very narrow: on the opposite sides, embankments are thrown up to prevent the river from over flooding the paddy fields. The country on either side is under a high state of cultivation, and in whatever direction one chooses to look, from the mountain top to the valley below, on the face of the hills and over the plains, there cannot be seen one single foot of eligible soil which has escaped the tillage of the industrious Chinaman. The hills and mountain sides when practicable are terraced and prolific with sweet p potatoes.

When near to Canton the number of native craft begins to increase in the channel, and the pilot stands in the bow of the steamer waving his hand in every direction as a warning to his countrymen to keep out of the way. Accidents occasionally happen which can only be attributed to the temerity or stupidity of the sufferer. The boatmen take their own time to retreat, and sometimes risk running across the bows of the steamer rather than to wait for a few seconds until she passes—happening every trip the steamer makes, it becomes very trying to the temper of the pilot and others belonging to her, who sometimes hurl a well directed missile at the craft which has approached within such an offensive proximity.

The appearance of Canton from the river is very unprepossessing, the foreign factories, the only buildings of any importance having been recently destroyed by fire. While they stood, with the beautiful gardens in front of them, over which were flying the different foreign flags, there was an aspect of comfort characterising at least a portion of the suburbs of the city which existed not within the walls.

No steeples nor domes rise up in the distance, no sloping hills crowned with solid edifices adorn the prospect, no smiling grounds surrounding a happy looking abode lie on the water side, no wide-stretching avenue opens to the view the heart of the city, no wharves