

lower Chinese women wearing. They look bad, these women. They are forward and luring. A Japanese prostitute would look like one of Hudson-Taylor's costume missionaries beside them. This narcissus bud afforded our guide, who was ragged and filthy, intense pleasure. He sniffed it between his finger and thumb in a correct snuff attitude all the afternoon. I think he was astonished at us. We would not even buy gold fish. Gold, silver, black and blue, you could get them with anything up to six taels apiece, from ten cents to ten dollars a pair, according to size. They were sold in odd glass bowls. He took us into a sort of piazza where they were being raised in huge earthenware baths, which he assured us had their water changed every day, though they looked like cesspools.

Then he took us past a big crowd staring at two women who were turning somersaults on a raised platform, to one of the marvellous clusters of tea houses, where Oriental fancy has run riot. Conceive a large pond of grotesque shape, with balustraded banks, crossed by bridges that wriggled like dragons, surrounded on all sides by tea houses, with tier upon tier of turn-up-toed roofs, and walls half windowed, half wattled, all as uneven as the pavement of San Marco, and looking as if the whole fabric would tumble down before you had time to take a good look at it; in the centre of the pond, connecting with all the bridges, an island, containing the queerest and tumble-down tea house of them all. "Poor man go below," says the guide, "rich man and Englishman go upstairs, you like go up now?" Says Madame Janzay, "we do not wish to be stilted or poisoned, and though doubtless these places are perfectly safe under the shadow of a British settlement, it is altogether too much like Ratcliff highway; pass on." Ah! you see Joss house. This is more to our taste, and we are taken to the Temple of the Hundred Josses, where Chinamen go to tell their fortunes. Madame Janzay was delighted with the smell of incense sticks which women were burning in handfuls, it reminded her of her eternal Parree, where, I presume, she played at being a Catholic; and with the clusters of red wax tapers which they were lighting in front of this or that Joss, though it offended her sense of propriety, as well as her nose, that people should be smoking pipes, and a yard long, too, right in the temple. Now Madame, in spite of the ebon dye of her bang, was on the shady side of sixty, but the guide was evidently a student of human weakness, for it was Madame Janzay, and not either of the younger ladies, whom he appropriated with, "You want to have baby how muchee? You want to marry how muchee? Every Chinaman comes tell fortune. This one Mother Joss. Mrs. Joss long with baby boy, baby girl." Seeing that, although she put on the new moon simper, she did not buy incense or candles, he ran through a list of other desirable Josses. One Schoolmaster Joss, this one Kill Tiger Joss, this one Dragon Joss, this one Snake Joss, this one Rabbit Joss.

In this fortune-telling each number up to one hundred has some animal or device attached to it, which is borne by the corresponding Joss, and each has certain attributes, but it was perfectly impossible to gain any distinct ideas from the pigeon English of the guide, when he entered into lengthy explanations. The poor Chinese are evidently profoundly superstitious, for the Joss House was full of them, lighting tapers, and burning incense-sticks. "This one not good Joss house," proclaimed the guide, after we had been humbly investigating it. "Typhoon Joss House more better," and he took us through a crowd of coolies, in the bright blue pijamahs, which this class wear in China, to a Joss house, at the entrance of which, ceremoniously enthroned, was a mandarin Joss with three beards, the central stream of the latter being the largest. This was the entrance to the Typhoon Joss house, of which he thought so much. As we went in there was a hum of voices and a hoarse, but not unmelodious, chant of flutes. Evidently something of note was going on, for opposite the entrance were sitting a couple of swell mandarins. The guide pointed with pride to the gold buttons on their fur capes, with their stillness and imperturbable faces, looking like staffed figures belonging to the place. It was for them that the entertainment was going on. In front of the Typhoon Joss himself, said to be the luckiest, probably because they were afraid of him, was a dinner of twenty-four courses, arranged in saucers, with four more saucers containing little figures, and nearer still to the god were great dishes containing a large fish, a chicken and a joint of pork. These had been presented with an offering of

three or four dollars apiece. Evidently the priests fare well. They are said to be able to squeeze about anything out of the superstitious Chinaman in times of danger or importance. The high priest was an amusing old beggar, and he could talk a little English. He offered to insure me good luck for myself and my party for 30 cents (about 23 cents American), so I graciously and generously consented. All he did was to turn about two dozen little silver criss in what looked like the ash-hole of a laundry boiler, and to say that Joss would put a good heart into us. But he promised Miss Aroostook a husband shortly. Oh foolish priest of Baal! if you had paid the nice little compliment to Madame Janzay instead, she would probably have paid for the repetition of the process, whereas Miss Aroostook was a scoffer without any even of the Chinese cash in her pocket. I said to the priest, "This isn't very interesting; show us something." He replied, with a snigger, that the guide could do it just as well. As we went out we noticed suspended near the door a couple of models of old-fashioned junks, about eight feet long. These, the guide said, were "two hundred year more," referring to their age—they were probably offerings to avert, or in gratitude for a rescue from the dreaded typhoon. The four figures sitting underneath them, looking like shabby mandarins, he pronounced marine Josses. At all the Joss houses there was much vending of silver paper, incense sticks and red wax tapers.

Outside the Joss house were a succession of courts, in which the usual sort of fair was going on, and, rather incongruously, an English mission, in which sturdy missionary and untidy women, who hustled round, played the harmonium, started singing, etc., had got together a fair congregation of Chinese, who joined in the singing heartily.

A little further on was a French one, which delighted Madame Janzay's heart, or at any rate her affections. She was beginning to go into it very much in detail, but the practical guide dragged her off. "Little boy make school; bimeby want money." Going out we passed a picture of the Saviour, and she asked him if he knew who it was. "That man best man top side," he replied, and led us to the court of office of a mandarin, easily distinguished by a large cage outside it, containing half a dozen prisoners, some chained to the wall by the neck by a heavy chain about six feet long, one end padlocked to a ring in the wall, the other padlocked round the delinquent's neck. Others were secured by heavy cuffs riveted round their neck and ankle, and chained together. None of them were manacled. They were exposed in this cage to elicit charity of passers by, but the guide said they were awful villains inside. Inside there was one of the wooden collars used for containing malefactors, and, the guide said, used for decapitating them in, but this I am sure was a mistake, as the Chinese stoop for decapitation. This had not the usual holes for the wrists, besides the large hole for the neck. There were also two or three larger cases for malefactors not particularly secure-looking. But then the Chinese are as ingenious at fettering their prisoners as the ancient Egyptians seem to have been from their pictures. Inside the building itself there were some horribly diseased people waiting to be touched by the mandarin (as the people used to be touched in England by the Sovereign for king's evil), or to be ordered to the hospital if he should consider that more efficacious. The *tour-de-force* of the whole day was the mandarin's tea garden. How Oriental! enough to fill an acre squeezed into a fraction of a rood; everything marvellously grotesque, a Chinese puzzle of angles! a garden of stone! it was well worth coming to China to see this alone, with its dragons leering out of caverns, its ponds full of many-tailed goldfish in the hollows of the rocks; its many petrifications, a couple of planks worn by the action of the water, and fifteen to twenty feet high, and great chunks of tide trimmed timbers. Here hard white stone trees were petrified in every nook in the rocks, some of them like the bamboos and loquats, evergreens giving one an idea of what the beauty of the gardens must be when superb shrubs like the bananas are in their full glory. I pointed a withered banana to Madame Janzay, and the guide said, "Soon turn willie hot." We couldn't make out from his copious explanation whether this garden belonged to a mandarin or was called a mandarin tea garden because it was frequented by visitors of this class. He said it was built by a "willie good mandolin," and pointed out sundry tablets as commemorating this gentleman creator, but I have lost my confidence in memorial tablets since I found one in a

church ascribing every virtue under the sun to the man who murdered poor Amy Robsart. "This one garden good mandoline make small mandoline—quarter-master mandoline keepee watch. The small mandoline quarter master mandoline keepee watch." The small mandoline quarter-master mandoline wanted me to pay 30 cents (25 cents American) for seeing the garden, but the guide said, "No, twenty cents," and frightened the small mandoline by saying that I was going to "lisee books." He showed us a fine tea house, very handsomely fitted up, which he pronounced "Mandoline's wife dancing place," and a much smaller one at a different elevation. These gardens have many elevations, as a Bastinear's summer chalet, which he said was the mandarin's dancing house. From this last, which commanded a view of the whole place, we took a long look at the extraordinary but exquisite farrago of little antique lakes and rivers, little artificial caverns, with lurking dragons, wonderful petrifications, gorgeously carved tea houses, with pagodaish roofs and roof tiers panelled with carvings as minute though not so delicate as the gables of the Ballestro or the pulpit in Santa Croce at Florence, bamboo clumps, cysriader, loquat trees, a theatre, tall lanterns, and I don't know what not, packed in as incongruously as the curio's in an old maid's cabinet, into a space that would be covered by many a house, and withal exquisitely picturesque.

Just as we were leaving, while our guide was arranging what the only Charles calls the come-ashore, a mandarin's wife was assisted in on her little lamb's feet, not at all shy, attended by two swell maids, and a big junk of a coolie woman leading her child. She was very handsomely dressed, but not so gorgeously as some of the common women we had seen. She was evidently not of the first rank, for she left her chair outside, and for great swells there are large folding doors, which open and allow them to be carried in on their chairs. The beauty of the garden had been enhanced by the red light of the low evening sun, but this warned us that it was time to get home for afternoon tea, so we retraced our steps along these quaint narrow streets, passing now a mandoline shooting round a corner in the chair, at a pace which takes no account of less important people's safety, now a singing beggar, and their name is legion, with his little piles of earnings in brass cash wedged in his ear (perhaps to keep out his own music), now a blind man striking a little gong, now a shop with a weaver weaving silk with the hand, now a pink theatre bill, now a couple of Coreans in their quaint steeple hats of black gauze, now a bamboo litter maker, now a gol-fish stall, now a conjuror, now an acrobat, and all the time endless beggars in every stage of putrefaction, endless coolies in the brightest of marine pijamahs, endless chairs and endless shops with quite young boys, as in Japan, trusted to do delicate work with expensive materials. The guide stopped us at one silk shop to show us a magnificent silk costume, which he invited us to examine. "Suppose theatre man wear that, all right; suppose me wear it, some man make a lobby." And then we took leave of Chinatown and took leave of guide No 32, Ah Mer, who spoke such intelligent English and took such burly interest in making us see everything and protecting us from extortion that, instead of debating as to whether he should have 30 cents or 40 cents, I was munificent, and gave him 50 cents.

Our pukishas men received us with shouts of delight. Probably they thought we had given them the slip. We went to the English and French post office, which we discovered, to our chagrin, shut at four o'clock. We had another drive on the Bund, now full of overdressed and bold Chinese women driving about in open hacks, and then we went back and enjoyed the society of our host until dinner was over and it was time to go down to the launch which was to take us back to the Parthia at Woosung, after one of the most interesting days we had ever spent.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A Considerate Employer of Labour.

Guest (to the host): "Count, how is it you have your old servant Jacob still wait at table? Why, he has the palsy terribly."

Count:—"Oh, you see I only use him for scattering sugar over the strawberries."—*Fliegende Blätter*.