

From Lintin, the country becomes green and cultivated land appears. We passed the Bogue forts which the British knocked about the ears of the Chinese two years before* and at last anchored in the Whampoa road, eleven miles below Canton.

The moment the ship was moored the little Tartar washer-women came on board with quantities of fruit and solicited our washing. One rather pretty looking girl claimed mine as she said she remembered me when I was there last time and left for the West Indies, although I did not remember her. I gave her a large canvas bag full of clothes to wash. If the ship should remain three months, they will wash all that time for you for one dollar. The women live in their boats and fasten a large gourd to the backs of their children, the use of which I did not comprehend until I saw a child tumble overboard. The gourd kept its head above water and, when the mother had finished her ironing, she paddled after the youngster and hauled him on board.

The number of junks upon the River can be reckoned by the millions, from the little canoe to the proud war junk.

Whampoa is a large town, situated on a hill. Close by is a pagoda of immense height and of so ancient a date that there is no authentic record of its erection. It is supposed

*The Anglo-Chinese Opium War.