

giving the officer the name by which he was familiar to them as a household word, viz.: "fat policeman." The first curious place we visited was a pawnbroker's shop. Without ceremony or "by your leave," my companion pushed through the outer den, saying nothing to the proprietor, took up and trimmed an oily lamp, and led the way, through several low, narrow, odoriferous passages to the interior store room. Here were articles of all descriptions, duly ticketed with hieroglyphics, and for the most part left on pledge to raise money for gambling. Shoes, coats, hats, fans, opium pipes and pistols were the most plentiful deposits, if we except the collection of knives. These are John's favourite weapons of attack and defence. Without a knife or two about his person, he displays abject cowardice. Striking a blow with the fist is unknown, but, if desperate, he will occasionally scratch. He opens his palms and strikes sideways and downwards at his opponent's face, often inflicting ugly gashes with his long sharp nails. The variety in his knives is great, but the most formidable is the two-handed weapon. In a single sheath two handles and two blades are held, each with its side flat against the other. They vary from neat little ivory handled sets, eight or ten inches long, to murderous scythes of some eighteen inches. When, and not until, John has one of these drawn in each hand, does he consider himself in a position to take part in an argument upon a fair footing. Even the most mild-eyed heathen of them all never goes into the street without carrying a brace of knives somewhere under his dark blue blouse.

Following my guide next into a Chinese restaurant, I found him leading the way, uninvited as usual, straight through to the kitchen and scullery. O, the sight we witnessed there! Yet I am wrong in implying that any single sense was more startled than another. The appeal to the eye from the smoking cauldrons of boiling nut oil was not stronger than the impression which was received

through another channel, when the aforesaid nut oil overflowed, and the broiling onions and cabbage emitted their savoury fragrance. The cooking of meat, fruit and vegetables could apparently be only accomplished by the aid of nut oil. Before ducks were cooked they had been rendered thrice oleaginous by having been pressed and preserved in oil ere they left the shores of Asia. Among their odd dishes there was one which seemed the most popular. I can't venture to reproduce its original name, but when we came, and saw, and tasted, only one term in my own vocabulary occurred as appropriate. Does the reader remember the name of the first literary effort of the gifted Washington Irving? Without putting this forward as a conundrum, I think it a fair question, because any one who once heard the name, and looked up its meaning as interpreted by Johnson, could not forget it. Irving called his medley "Salmagundi," and Dr. Johnson tells us that this word was said to be corrupted from *selon mon goût*, and means "a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herrings, with oil, vinegar, pepper and onions." With a full sense of responsibility I do not hesitate to pronounce the dish in question to have been Salmagundi, "if not more so." That no fragments of the delicacy might be lost, or its flavour impaired, the *chef* elaborated the thinnest possible sheets of dough for its reception. The dough was literally rolled as thin as the paper on which this is printed, and then cut up into pieces the size of an apothecary's powder papers. Into each piece was rolled up a dose of the mixture, and to make this fit for the table it was finally fried in nut oil! As a variety in their cuisine I observed them frying green lettuce with fat pork, and cabbage with tallow. Besides a greasy soup, they seemed chiefly to revel in an insipid kind of rice cake and pea-nut candy. The guests were provided with chopsticks, and permitted to indulge a "square meal of all the delicacies of the season for a minimum charge of 12½ cents, or a "bit,"