

the Bay of Bengal we sailed, now as calm as a duck-pond, but at times dreaded by mariners, swept as it is at certain seasons by gales and cyclones, and abounding in treacherous and constantly shifting currents. The first point we touched at was Akyab, in the province of Aaracan, conquered by us in the first Burmese war in 1824. In the harbour, the Stars and Stripes were flying from three mastsheads. I scarcely knew with what feelings to regard this national emblem of your neighbours. The first feeling was almost one of affection; it seemed as if an old friend was near. But this feeling did not last long. If the U. S. are our neighbours, they are not neighbourly; you cannot long regard as a friend the people who encourage cut-throats, and receive at their "White House" jail-bird scoundrels, who, if they had their due, would never see the sun, save through prison-bars. If the U. S. would only "let us alone," one could without difficulty preserve at least an equilibrium of mind themwards, or even get up a positive liking; but as it is, I confess, that, as a Canadian, I have a somewhat positive feeling towards them that is NOT a liking. So I soon turned the head away, sighing to think that as a patriot I could not feel kindly towards a neighbour.

Landing in the afternoon, I drove up to the Telegraph Office to send a telegram back to Calcutta—for there was some one there who had a right to be anxious—saying that I was getting stronger every hour, in proof of which was the fact, most significant to smokers, that on the previous evening I had smoked a cheroot, a feat I had not accomplished for weeks. Driving through Akyab, one was struck by the variety of the nationalities and mixed races represented in its streets. Here was John Chinaman with his broad, good-humoured, materialistic face, shaved pate and long pig-tail, industriously hammering away at his boots, for John is a born shoemaker; there was a wily Bengali Mahajun (merchant) swindling the "natives;" there were representatives of the aboriginal tribes, Mugs, Howlongs, &c.; there were Mussulmans and low castes from Madras, energetic workers; and there, too, were the Burmese whose specialty everywhere seems to be the same, doing

nothing. Besides these, you could detect signs of combinations between all these races, results of inter-marriages that seemed to recognize no limit.—Akyab is itself a beautiful spot, and is the port of a magnificent rice-growing district; but I fancy there is little in connection with it which would be interesting to the readers of the *Record*; so let us on to *Rangoon*, the capital of British Burmah. A city this in many ways remarkable—note-worthy for its trade, its rapid increase, its manifest signs of future greatness, and above all for its "Grand Pagoda," or Buddhist Temple, the centre of the reverence and worship of all the Burmese. Probably the first thing that strikes a stranger in Rangoon is that though you are in the capital of Burmah you seldom see a Burmese engaged in any work. They are mighty at smoking their little black knock-down cigars, at sitting on their haunches, and at doing nothing. Probably there is not a lazier race on the globe. You look at the men who are discharging the cargo; they are all Madrassees. You drive along the strand; all the enterprising stopkeepers are Chinamen. You enquire for a skilled labourer; every skill'd labourer is either a Madrassee or Chinaman. Where are the Burmese, then, and what do they do? They are everywhere, and, as far as a stranger can see, they do nothing. There is a great row of them sitting along the wharf, staring in an abstracted way at the passengers; in the Bazaars you will see multitudes of them, but so utterly abstracted, so apparently uninterested in mundane matters, that you feel it would be breaking in upon the enjoyments of a philosopher, or recalling from blissful Nirvana (the Buddhist future state and very closely resembling annihilation) to ask the price of that handkerchief of Chinese silk, or that box with a series of boxes inside of curious native manufacture. The Captain of our steamer told me that he had never seen a Burmese put a hand to the loading or unloading of a vessel. Fine, stalworth fellows they are, too, and quite able to work if only willing, and unable only with the inability of unwillingness. I don't wonder at them accepting Buddhism. Perfect REPOSE is what they desire, and the Nirvana of Buddha