

Demons, equalled any I have read in the Arabian Nights. Speaking to him of the Omnipresence of the Deity—"Oh yes," he said, "it is all the same in my country." "Nay," said I, "your Joss is an idol, or a picture. He has eyes but he cannot see, he has ears but he cannot hear." "O yes," he replied, "I'll tell you how he does it—he has plenty of little Gods. At daylight each day, one of these, with a book and pen in his hand, takes his station at every door, at every fire place, at every bedside, in every house, and writes down all that he hears and sees. At Gunfire every morning, they fly up to Joss, give in their reports, and in an instant resume their stations." And of the truth of this, I believe he was thoroughly persuaded.

When the time arrived, which Aping had fixed upon, to return to China, he found out that a friend of mine was going to India by that route, in the same ship. Joyful at the discovery, he told me that he had saved four or five hundred dollars; but that when he arrived at Canton, the Mandarins would be sure to find it out, and squeeze them all out of him; I could do him a great favour and secure his treasure, by asking my friend to take care of the bag for him; and on his reaching Canton, to give it to one of the Company's Servants at the factory there, from whom he could get a few dollars at a time, without exciting suspicion. My friend readily agreed to this arrangement, and I have no doubt