

serve up a meal of shell-fish, rice, and vegetables for a few cash; while coolies, boatmen, and others, waiting to be hired, are everywhere to be met with.

Here are dentists, letter-writers, fortune-tellers, and hawkers of odds and ends, in all directions; while the barbers have plenty to do shaving heads and cleaning ears; water-carriers, bearers of sedan-chairs, coming and going in all directions, dressed in their peculiar national costume, with their long tails either wound about their heads or trailing down behind. The streets of Hong Kong offer a thousand reflections to those who have never been brought in contact with the celestial race.

The restaurants, grog-shops, tea-houses, and gambling saloons are very numerous, and under strict surveillance of the police; but what usually at first arrests the attention of the stranger are the numerous little niches along the street sacred to Joss, where at certain hours are burnt strips of coloured paper and scented sticks, for some mysterious rite known only to those strange people. To see them at their chow-chow is of itself a treat, for it is all done openly in their shops; they have no glass fronts to them, as we are accustomed to see in most European cities. They have the character of being most patient in poverty, and if ill-luck befalls them, they will live on rice alone and suffer without murmuring. A disorderly Chinaman is rare, and a lazy one scarcely exists; so long as he has strength to use his hands,