

beds and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. Frequently we met men, children, and beautiful girls, amiable, winning, and full of gentleness, in light and gauzy costumes; their hair tastefully drawn from off their forehead, and fastened with gold or silver pins in graceful knots on the crown. All seemed happy, talking, laughing, and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailed us wherever we went.

Here and there, at the end of long avenues, were to be seen gorgeous temples embosomed amongst giant camphor and cedar trees; standing about at their entrances were lazy-looking priests with shaven crowns, in robes of silk and transparent material. Sauntering up the shady walk, we ascend the steps and enter the sacred edifice dedicated to Buddha. The priest, for a few *tempôts*, shows us all that is of interest.

The floors are matted, the pillars lacquered and richly gilded. A large shrine, with a gilt image in its recess, gold and porcelain vases, lighted candles and tapers, surrounded by a forest of artificial flowers, at once attract our attention. In the rear are the imperial mausoleums, where lay the remains of Tycoons of centuries past. Before leaving, we are reminded of the collecting boxes in various parts of the building, where the pious worshipper fails not to contribute a few "cash," not as an act of charity, but to provide the means by which the priest may be enabled to feed the hungry demons.