

of human sounds. Nor is their instrumental accompaniment any better. The musicians are on the same stage with the actors, with gongs, horns, and cymbals. Melody there is none. They blow and beat, and beat and blow, varying the monotony of the sound by frequent and successive crashes. The plot of the drama, whether tragedy or comedy, it is impossible to understand. It seems to have no proper beginning or end, but to go on from day to day in a succession of battles and love-makings, until the patience of the audience is exhausted.

After leaving the theatre, we reach the native quarter, and passing through "Curio" Street, the first thing to arrest our attention being the busy, untiring industry of the Chinese in their little shops, where sandal-wood boxes, ivory turning and carvings, lacquer-ware, tortoise-shell and bronze goods, silks, and embroidery are laid out in tempting array.

Continuing on through long lengths of streets, we pass corn and rice mills, dye-houses, blacksmiths, carpenters, umbrella and lantern makers, bootmakers, tailors, and barbers, shops with gaudy swinging sign-boards—the several characters noting the name and style of the firm.

Some of the narrowest parts of the road we find quite a difficulty in passing, from the crowds of purchasers and vendors of fish and pork and vegetables and endless other articles of food, whose stalls and tables occupy the side walks in front of the