The colour of the skin is almost identical; the colour of the hair, the nature of the bone, and the muscular development of the limbs are the same; the countenance is but slightly different, and the peculiar mode of squinting down to eat renders the similarity very remarkable.

My friend, the missionary, said to me the other day, "Singapore is a very strange place: I never did see one like it. It belongs to the English, who look upon it as the most beautiful place in the world, and the Chinese say it has quite for themselves. They take what ground they like, and make plantations, and then sell them for a great deal of money, and nobody says anything. It is really a very strange place." The Chinese, in this they are right, and therefore flock here in great abundance, as places where they can have land for nothing, and are perfectly free to come and go, and to do as they please, are not to be found anywhere. The results of this over-liberal policy have been lately evident in the difficulty there was in putting down the recent insurrection. The Chinese have settled in such a mixed group, that in places which can only be reached by paths scarcely known but to themselves, that they are almost out of reach of all law and police, and can commit murders, when so included, with impunity and with their hands regularly sold by purchase at even a nominal rate from the Government, and all squatt ing in the more remote and unexplored tracts.

The insurrection was a purely national one, confined entirely to the Chinese of two rival provinces, who have such an hereditary hatred for each other, that every two or three years it breaks out in open warfare. The Chinese on this island are committed, men, women, and children murdered in cold blood, houses burnt, and much property destroyed. They might be left to fight it out by themselves, for they are divided into districts and districts depend for a supply of rice solely on the town of Singapore. Individuals and small parties are afraid to venture there in times of disturbance, and no wonder, when it is as easy to get into the town, and all order is at an end. One morning 600 Chinese passed our house in straggling single file, armed, in the most imposing manner, with long-handled three-pronged fishing-spears, knives, hatchets, and long sharpened sticks of hard wood. They were going to buy rice, they said, but they were stopped on the road. As a party of about a dozen Malay police, five of these Chinese, and three of the disturbance lasted a week, and even now men are still occasionally killed, nobody knows why. But the excitement the Chinese are very bloodthirsty and cruel, and their principal delight is in torture. It dreads to one seems about the proper proportion for an equal fight between them and Europeans or Malays. A Chinese village is a strange sight. It was crowded like ruminant or pigeons, with a receptacle for every description of filth, a cesspool in front before the door: pigs, whose excessive fatness we vainly seek to imitate in England, roam about everywhere, with ducks and fowls in profusion; vegetables, fruit, strange compounds of every description for sale, among which piles of rancid, or, to speak more plainly, stinking fish, forever preserved by salting, fermentation, and distillation: half naked long-tailed Chinamen (but no women), some eating rice and the fish just mentioned; others, pen-soup sweetened with brown sugar—for they sweetness almost everything but meat, and such titbits as lizards and frogs on mats in the verandahs, a few smoking opium, and the rest gazing, with the ludicrous expression peculiar to them, at the white intruders, and they have no idea of the existence of the Non-Metals.

The Chinese in Singapore (at least) are a most amusing industrious people. It is almost painless to be among them, and, except when eating, they are never seen idle. They are not only a short pair of breeches, reaching from the hips to half the thigh, and thus, as quickly to heavy loads of Gambier leaves and pepper, or other goods, with the back, down the road, Singapore, a distance of ten or twelve miles, with a hundred-weight of plantains for sale. Seeing them thus at work, I have been much struck by their great resemblance to some of the more athletic tribes of South American Indians. Singapore is entirely dependent for its supplies of provisions on the neighbouring island. Neither plantains, nor even carrots are grown here: meat and vegetables are brought from Malacca and the Moluccas. Fruits are scarce, and not very good. The oranges are scarcely edible, the plantains are very much better, and the famed mangoes, though very delicate, are not of the first quality, and furthermore, much to render it a desirable residence, and I shall soon leave it, probably for Borneo, when I have had a few more weeks' emollient, the only class of animal at present interesting.

A. R. W.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Among works of general interest announced for publication are the following, by Messrs. Longman and Co.—Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, the Engraver, illustrating his Artistic Life, and his Brother-in-law, Andrew Laing, under the title of the "Antiquities of Rome," by James Dennistoun, Esq. Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders, with Illustrations of their Manners and Customs, by Edward Bracken, Esq. The Southern Districts of New Zealand. A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters, by the Right Hon. Lord首席 of Carlisle. Gleanings from Piccadilly to Poulton-le-Fylde, by W. Oliphant. Colonel R. N. Murray, announce, in the series of British Classics, an edition of "Johnson's Lives of the Poets, with Notes by Peter Cunningham, and a Preface by J. N. Findlay." Works of the Rev. Whitworth Elwin; and the "Works of Dryden and Swift," based on Sir W. Scott's edition. Among miscellaneous works publishing by the Rev. Dr. Duhamel, of Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, and the Southern Provinces, edited by J. A. Lloyd, F.R.S, H. M. Chargé d'Affaires to Bolivia. Mr. Bentley announces "Letters of Henrietta Maria, including her private Correspondence with Charles I., and correspondence from the public Archives in France and England," and Mrs. Green, author of "Lives of the Princess of England." Mr. Newby announces, in three volumes, "The Countess of Blessington," and a "Memoir of Comte D'Orsay," edited by Dr. Mudden, Author of "Shirines and Sepulchres of the Old and New Testament." The most interesting of all, however, is his materials, so far as quantity is concerned; how far in other respects we shall see when the work appears.

The Royal Polytechnic Institution a course of Popular Lectures on Science has been commenced on Monday evenings, specially intended for working men and their families, admission being by payment of sixpence each, provided a ticket is produced signed by the foreman, or other responsible person of the works to which they belong. The inaugural lecture was delivered to a crowded audience. On the evening, by the Rev. A. Bath Power, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Schools, Norwich, On the Advantages of a Knowledge of Science, illustrated by experiments. The lecture next Monday is to be by Mr. Pepper, the well-known artist, and the subject will be "The Chemistry of the Non-Metals." Professor Baden Powell lectures, on August 28th, On the Physical Causes of the Precession of the Equinoxes.