

should go in a strange city, where we did not know a soul—when we were relieved from our embarrassment by the appearance of the Vice-Consul, who came on board to meet a friend. He told us that, owing to an expected ball, all the houses were unusually full, and that not one of the people who had been written to could take us in. This was rather bad news, but we felt sure that something would turn up.

We landed, and, after proceeding a short distance along the dirty street, came to a bridge with iron gates, which were thrown open by the sentry. After crossing a dirty stream we found ourselves in the foreign settlement—Shameen it is called—walking on nice

turf, under the shade of fine trees. The houses of the merchants which line this promenade are all fine, handsome, stone buildings, with deep verandahs. At the back there are compounds with kitchen gardens, and under the trees dairy cows are grazing. Every household appears to supply itself with garden and farm produce, and the whole scene has a most English, home-like ap-

pearance. We went first to the Vice-Consul, and then to the Jardine Hong. All the business houses retain the names of the firms to which they originally belonged, even when they have passed into entirely different hands. After a little chat we went on to the Deacon Hong, where we found they had just done tiffin, and where we met some old friends.

By the kindness of various people, to whom we were introduced, we all found ourselves gradually installed in luxurious quarters. As for us, we had a large room comfortably furnished in English fashion, with a bath-room attached. All the houses are very much alike, and are fitted up in an equally comfortable style.

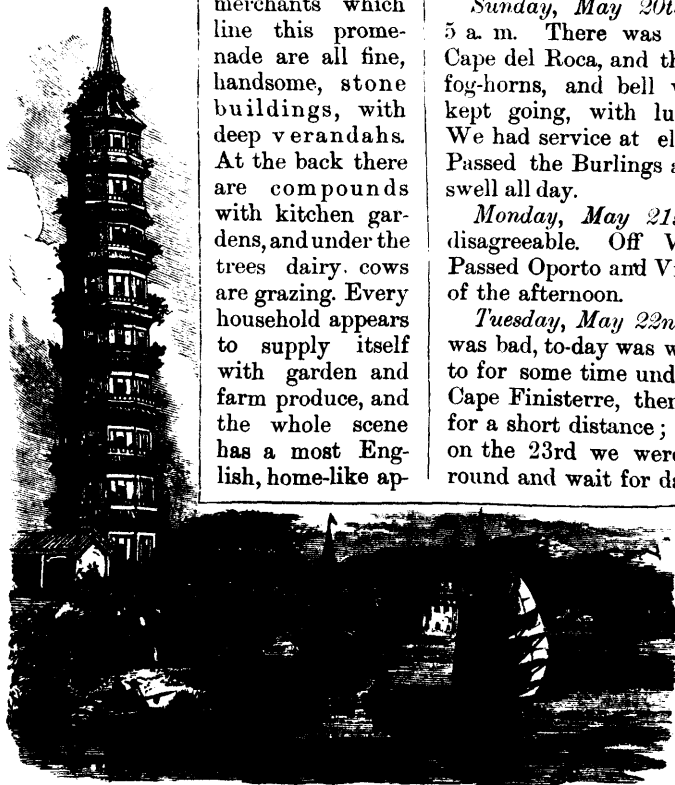
HOMEWARD BOUND.

Sunday, May 20th.—Weighed at 5 a. m. There was a dense fog off Cape del Roca, and the steam-whistle fog-horns, and bell were constantly kept going, with lugubrious effect. We had service at eleven and 4.30. Passed the Burlings at 1.30. Heavy swell all day.

Monday, May 21st.—Rough and disagreeable. Off Viana at noon. Passed Oporto and Vigo in the course of the afternoon.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—If yesterday was bad, to-day was worse. We hove to for some time under the shelter of Cape Finisterre, then went on again for a short distance; but at 1.30 a. m. on the 23rd we were obliged to put round and wait for daylight.

Wednesday 23rd & Thursday 24th.—In the course of the day the weather mended, though the sea still continued rough, and our course was really in the direction of



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOATS.