

After encountering the full force of the monsoon in the Chinese sea, the *Challenger*, on the 16th of November, reached Hong Kong, the British sea-port of the Flowery Empire. Fifty years ago it was a barren rock. Now it is a great commercial emporium thronged with the shipping of every clime, the *entrepot* of the choicest products of the Orient and Occident, in instant communication by submarine telegraph with all the world, crowded



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with great warehouses, elegant shops, banks, hotels, and villas—all the result of the indomitable energy of the Anglo Saxon race. With these are mingled, in picturesque confusion, Joss houses and Chinese bazaars. Crowds of men of all creeds, colours, and nationalities—Jew, pagan, and Christian, Buddhist and Parsee, Chinese, Japanese, and European—throng the streets; and gangs of Coolies chant their monotonous song as they keep step beneath their heavy burdens. Strange street cries of itinerant hawkers of every conceivable commodity, sounds of gongs, clash of cymbals, and other discordant noises, almost bewilder the novice amid these extraordinary scenes. These teeming,