

a military officer of the rank of Tajin, and everything that we had in our possession was taken from us. Again we were removed to a temple, and a mandarin on the suite of the Prince of I, named Tsing Tajin, who had behaved with marked rudeness to me at the morning's interview, came in and directed that we should be brought before him for examination. He asked us our names and who we were, and then insisted upon my telling him where I had obtained a paper that had been found in my pocket in which prominent mention happened to be made of several Princes and other important personages who are believed to be among the leading advocates of the war policy. Fearing to criminate the native writer of the memorandum (which was nothing but a list of names), I replied that I had obtained it in a Canton yamun. He declared this to be false, demanded why I presumed to make inquiries about Chinese Princes, and said that force should be used to make me divulge from whom I received the information.

At this moment he was suddenly called away: we heard a stir outside the house, and a number of soldiers with drawn swords rushed in, dragged us all out, and bound our wrists tightly behind us. They were much excited, and called out that death was only our desert, as our soldiers had been killing their people. After a short delay, during which Mr. Loch and myself took, as we thought, a final leave of each other, we were seized by the soldiers and run out of the house at a swift pace, exactly in the way in which I have observed the Chinese conduct their prisoners to execution. Again we came together under some trees, and all five of us were put once more into a cart. All was confusion around us; the camp we had previously observed was being struck, and I could see that some advance on the part of the allied force was evidently causing a retreat on that of the Chinese. Soon we found ourselves again on the Peking-road, and suffering much more than before from the jolting of the cart, as we could not now use our hands or arms to ward off the shocks. The cart being too heavily laden to proceed at the desired pace, another one was called, and the Sikh and one of the Frenchmen were transferred to it. We passed numerous bodies of Infantry in position along the road, and were met by a considerable force of Cavalry going in the direction of Tung-chow. The road was so much blocked up by men and vehicles retreating while others were advancing, that we were often obliged to halt. The Prince of I, Muh-yin, his fellow Commissioner, and Hang-ki, passed us in large sedan chairs, but would not deign to notice us. We could see that we were in the charge of Tsing Tajin, the officer already described as being on the suite of the Prince of I, and our first solicitations for relief from pain and thirst afforded him so much cruel gratification that we made no second appeal to his humanity. Fortunately one of the four soldiers in the cart with us was less relentless, and gave us a little water. It was about half-past 2 o'clock when we were put into the cart, and the sun was setting as we reached the Chaou-yang, or eastern gate of the city. The streets were crowded with people, and our captors made the best use they could of us, to give their return the character of a triumph. We continued to be driven through street after street, passing through the eastern and southern, and into the western quarter of the city, until we entered, at about 8 P.M., a large court, and I saw with a shudder that we were in the hands of the Board of Punishments.

After we had been kept waiting in a dense crowd for half-an-hour longer, I was taken from the cart, and carried before a tribunal composed of examiners of small rank, who made me kneel, and after treating me in a very tyrannical manner, and

questioning me on a few unimportant points, they loaded me with chains, and gave me over to a number of ruffianly-looking jailors. These men conducted me through several long courts, and, happening to halt for some purpose, I knew by the clank of chains that another prisoner was approaching. It proved to be Mr. Loch, but they would not allow us to converse, and hastily sent us away in different directions. At last we stood before a building, which I could see was a common prison, and as the massive door opened and closed on me, I found myself in a throng of seventy or eighty wild-looking prisoners, most of them offensive in the extreme, as is usual in Chinese jails, from disease and dirt, and who were naturally anxious to gaze on the new-comer.

I was again carefully examined and searched by the jailors, who also saw that my chains were properly secured, and bound my arms with fresh cords, not so tightly, however, as to prevent circulation, or to occasion serious inconvenience. At the same time, however, they removed, to my intense relief, the cords from my wrists, which being very tightly tied, had caused my hands to swell to twice their proper size, and were now giving me great pain. They then laid me on the raised boarding on which the prisoners sleep, and made me fast by another large chain to a beam overhead. The chains consisted of one long and heavy one stretching from the neck to the feet, to which the hands were fastened by two cross chains and hand-cuffs, and the feet in a similar manner.

Being exhausted with fatigue and want of food, which I had not tasted for upwards of twenty-four hours, I fell asleep, but was soon made sensible of my position by being called up, and again carried before the same Board of inquisitors. It was then about midnight, but the hour did not prevent the collection of a large crowd, composed, however, in this instance of police-runners, jailors, lictors, and the other numerous myrmidons of Chinese law. The mandarins, as I was placed kneeling in my chains before them, warned me that they would force the truth from me if I did not give it willingly, and, in proof of their earnestness, they ordered four torturers to seize me, even before they began to put their questions, by the ears, and the hair of the head and face. They first asked me if I were a Chinese. I told them they had only to look at my face and hair to see that I was not. Their next questions related to my age, length of residence in China, how and where I had been employed, &c. They then proceeded as follows:—

*Inquisitors.*—State the name of your headman.

*Answer.*—Which one do you mean—the Ambassador, General, or Admiral?

*Inquisitors* (angrily).—You have no such functionaries. Don't presume to use such titles.

Here the torturers suited their action to the tone of the Mandarins, by pulling simultaneously at my hair, ears, &c.

*Inquisitors.*—Now give the name of your headman.

*Answer.*—Which one?

*Inquisitors.*—The head of your soldiers.

*Answer* (in English).—Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant.

*Inquisitors.*—What?

*Answer* (in English).—Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant.

*Inquisitors.*—Say something that we can understand.

*Answer.*—I am obliged to use the English terms as you will not let me give you these in Chinese.

They attempted to write down, in Chinese sounds, "Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant," but not