

—Lieutenant Douglass having been hitherto obliged to endure all the discomforts of the common prison—although it deprived me of the company of my friend. Subsequently we met only when we visited and dined at the mandarins, which we did at first frequently, but after their curiosity was satisfied I seldom saw them. When at their house, they amused themselves by questioning us about her Britannic Majesty and her government, the number of her navy and army, and the rank and income of the officers. Often I had to repeat my sad tale, particularly on the arrival of other officers—this I thought a great trial, especially when alone. Their inquiries about our respective families were most minute; particularly what relatives we were to Queen Victoria, and whether I myself was not her sister, which, notwithstanding what was said to the contrary, I was declared to be. But it would be endless to repeat all the foolish questions they asked; however they made notes of all our replies. Captain A. was generally employed drawing, and I am sure his great talent, as well as the patience he exhibited, often insured us kindness. I dwell with gratification on those bright shades of my then dreary life. It was always with deep regret I saw the arrival of my little cage. I had the pleasure of receiving from the gentlemen's prison a note almost daily. The compradore lived near me, and showed me many and great acts of kindness.

Two days after the removal of the gentlemen from the common prison, all the remaining captives were taken to a distant gaol under the pretence of better accommodations, excepting two who were sick. I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing them passing my door, but was not allowed to speak to them; it made my heart bleed to observe their distressed looks and haggard countenances.

It was October the 6th, that Captain Anstruther received some supplies from Chusan, with letters that held out hopes of release. He kindly sent me a large share of his clothes. The compradore was now taken away from us, which distressed me greatly, as I had now not a creature to whom to speak. They now gave me a bedstead, which I found a great luxury, having hitherto lain on a dirty floor. I was sometimes allowed to see and converse with the sick prisoners, and I almost felt a consolation in dwelling upon the dreadful past. Frequently my heart was sadly torn, on account of different reports about my late dearly beloved husband and child. I was once told that he was seen going to his cabin to rescue his child, and was afterwards seen dead with the baby on his bosom. Many were the sleepless nights that such accounts gave me, but I found subsequently, when meeting all the prisoners at the mandarins, and minutely examining into the fact, that this rumour was unfounded, for they had never seen the captain after the ship had heeled over.

On the 8th of October I was far from well; two days afterwards I suffered much from violent pain, and was not able to lie down during the whole night on account of the pain. This I felt deeply, not being able to speak to a creature, and being threatened to have irons put on my wrists; they had let them off only one night, on account of my being so ill. On the 9th I was only too glad to see the compradore return, who has been sent to Chinhae in order to ascertain whether the British delegate was really Captain Elliot; and if this was not the case, the individual who dared to appear under an assumed name was to be taken.

On the 14th, they sent another woman to wait on me, with a little cross boy about four years old, who cried the whole day long. This I felt a great trial, as I could not have a

moment to myself, and what distressed me most, my communion with God was interrupted. The other old woman brought also her girl, so that there were now four dirty creatures in my dirty hovel. This was scarcely endurable, but after many entreaties, and the lapse of a considerable time, both the children were removed. On Sunday the 18th, I heard the melancholy tidings of one of our sailors being removed, by the hands of death. I had seen the poor boy several times, and as I felt sure he could never recover, the few moments we were allowed to speak were spent in dwelling upon solemn subjects. Though he was a mere skeleton, and weak as a child, still he wore his irons to the last. A day or two before his death, he told me he knew that he would never be well again, but his mind was calm, and I fervently hope that the Saviour was present with him. As we parted for the last time, he said with much earnestness: "God bless you, mistress;" these words I still remember, they have been fulfilled, and God has remembered me. The two sick marines were much distressed at the death of the poor boy, and I was delighted to afford them some comfort, temporal as well as spiritual.

On the 26th, we were all summoned by the superior mandarins. I felt much grieved on my way, being entirely alone, not thinking what joy was in store for me. Clothes and letters had arrived from Chusan, clothes in abundance for myself and also for my dear boy—which I had not the least reason to expect, but for which, as I subsequently heard, I was indebted to dear Mrs. Proudfoot. The sight of clothes intended for my dear lost one, was overwhelming. May the Almighty reward the kind donor, and by his gracious and merciful providence, ever protect her from requiring such a comfort as she bestowed upon me. Among the above, I received a very kind note, with an acceptable present of shoes from my friend Captain Bailey. The gentlemen received large supplies of clothes, wine, ale, and other articles, with 300 dollars from Admiral Elliott; and all the prisoners had clothes given them. All the English, except the two sick, were present, and to our great satisfaction, our fetters were struck off; we were also informed, that we should be set free within five or six days for a certain. Gladness then pervaded every breast, but, as usual, mine was mixed with bitter grief; to think how short a time since I was a happy wife, and a joyful mother, and that I must now return desolate and alone. However, I could but be thankful to be freed from my fetters, having worn them, as I imagine aright, for thirty-two days; and on our way home, if our wretched prisons deserve such a name, our hearts were much lighter, and we began to put confidence in the glad tidings. Little did I then think that we should be obliged still to drag on four long months of our existence in the dreary abode. I now worked very diligently to provide myself with comfortable clothing, which I was soon enabled to do. On the arrival of letters, &c., I was usually the first person sent for by the mandarins to make known their contents. The gentlemen supplied me liberally with money, to provide myself with mourning, and other necessaries, as also with comforts for the sick.

To be continued.

From Dr. Tyng's "Letters from England," in the Episcopal Recorder.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

DEAR BRETHREN.—Among the occasions and objects of interest which were successively before me in England,—it will be difficult to avoid all which were of a character not purely religious. Perhaps it will not be considered improper if some of a different kind should be referred to; and yet I have hesitated a little how far we ought to

make our paper, designed for religious instruction, a vehicle for amusement merely. I will leave the matter, however, to your better judgement to determine,—allowing you to reject what may seem irrelevant to our purpose. Among the scenes to which I refer, was the Annual Literary Fund Dinner, on the 11th of May, to which I received a ticket through the politeness of the Stewards, and which I was tempted to attend, as an occasion of seeing most of the eminent literary men of this day and nation. The dinner was given in Freemasons' Hall, in Great Queen Street, in very magnificent style, and about four hundred gentlemen composed the company. The hall was very beautifully decorated for the occasion, and surrounded as it is with large and very splendid portraits of several of the royal family and other persons of distinction, it had the appearance of great magnificence. The galleries were filled with ladies dressed in a very showy style. And every thing was arranged to do honour to the occasion, and to the distinguished person who presided. Prince Albert was in the chair, it being the first occasion on which he had appeared in such a position. Their last royal president was the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen,—and the very last occasion on which he occupied the chair, he was called away by the expected occurrence of the birth of her Majesty. At the cross table, in the centre of which the Prince sat, were also many persons of eminence—among whom, besides several noblemen, were Archbishop Whately, Bishops Copleston and Gilbert and Stanley,—Mr. Everett, and Chevalier Bunsen and others,—Washington Irving was also present,—but I was amused in reading a notice soon after in a Philadelphia paper, that the dinner was given to him, and the Prince presided in that connexion. I was made a little alive to the foolish appearance of such notices by this,—for however elevated is the character of Mr. Irving, his being at this dinner was as much an accident as the presence of any other guest,—and I regret to say did not seem to awaken so much notice as my American feelings would have desired. Prince Albert is a young man of great personal beauty, and of a most modest and winning manner. He made three short addresses, very simple and unaffected, but highly appropriate. He speaks English with hardly a trace of foreign accent, and with so much accuracy and dignity, and with a voice so musical and sweet, that an entire stranger could not fail to be impressed with more than common regard for him, from even a casual hearing like this. He was received with the most animated proofs of universal affection, by the company, and when the following appropriate verse was sung in the national anthem of England, the enthusiasm of the assembly was unbounded:—

O Lord, thy blessings shed
On Royal Albert's head—
God save the Prince.
Hear, Lord, a nation's voice!
Long in their sovereign's choice,
May England's sons rejoice,
God save the Prince!

The assembly was in all respects dignified and appropriate to the purposes and objects of a Literary association. I saw many of those whose names are known in the literary world,—such as Hallam, Moore, Campbell, and many others whom I have not room to describe. The speeches were ordinary, and after having heard a few, my curiosity was abundantly gratified, and I left the place at an early hour. On this as on every occasion, I was deeply impressed, and I must say not a little pleased, with the loyalty of the English people. In all my observations there, the conclusion was the more fixed in my mind, that the nation was probably never so much devoted to the monarch,—nor the crown ever so popular as at the present time. All classes unite and vie with each other in expressions of this feeling, and I should unhesitatingly say, that love for the Queen is the language of England.

The only occasions upon which I saw her, were in public. But wherever she goes, she is received with unlimited demonstrations of affection. She is a small woman, with a countenance combining the expressions of firmness and tenderness, dressing in the plainest style, and seeming to meet the affectionate salutations she receives with a sincere reciprocation of feeling. Day after day a crowd of persons, most respectable in appearance and dress, wait around the gates of