

and indignation, he seized a sharp knife, rushed out of the house towards the spot where an unfortunate hen of his own was sitting on a nest of eggs, just at the hatching point; cut her open, tore the liver from her living body, grilled it, and sent it to his master upon a hot plate.

A Chinese named Aping, who was employed in the Company's Stores, came to me one evening to request I would look at some copies which an invalid soldier had written for him, who professed to teach him to read and write, which he was very anxious to accomplish before he returned to China, as he proposed to do the following year. He was a remarkably clever and intelligent person, and had discovered that his tutor neither spelt, nor formed his letters correctly. I delighted him by engaging to become his instructor myself, if he would come to me two evenings in the week. In return for my lessons in reading and writing, he was to teach me Chinese! The result was such as might have been expected; he learned to read and write remarkably well, and I remained as ignorant as before. After he had finished his evening lesson, I endeavoured, but as it appeared without any good effect, to explain to him the nature of true religion. This would lead him to give some account of the superstitions, to which he had been taught from infancy to yield implicit faith: some of his tales of Giants, River Gods, and