

"Because Northern people know better than to enter people's houses, merely for the purpose of insulting them."

"Well, I am from the South," replied the master, "and I've come for your old man, and if I had you in Old Virginia, I'd give you thirty-nine on the bare back, every morning, and then rub you down with salt water, and I bet your tongue wouldn't wag so glib."

By the address and coolness of Mrs. Thompson, her husband was informed of this visitor, and escaped amongst the "Quakers." In a few days she converted what property she could quietly dispose of into money, locked up her house, and joining her husband, started with him for Canada.

Since that period, she has accompanied him, with her little daughter, through Vermont and other parts of New England, giving concerts, where they sang the touchingly plaintive songs of the slaves, and earning, in this way, the price of Mr. Thompson's freedom.

We never saw anything so touching as the joy expressed in the face of Mrs. Thompson, as she recited to us the incidents of her life, during the last few months, amongst the generous farmers of Vermont, and dwelt upon the fact that her husband could now go home!

Shame, say we, to the country which repays such love as these poor fugitives have for it with whips, chains and bondage.— Double shame on the dastard laws which would expatriate them, and then rob them of their hard earnings, before they can return home in peace. And yet, in the face of such facts as are furnished in the history of this family, numerous numskulls can be found who will solemnly inform us that negroes cannot take care of themselves.— Worcester Spy.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONISTS.

We extract from the North China Herald, of May 7th, the subjoined "strange if true" account of the Chinese Revolutionists. The narrative reviews the recollections of the days of Cromwell and the old English Puritans. If the Bible has been extensively circulated and read among the insurgents, we need not wonder at the effect produced; as considered merely as a historical work, everywhere sublime and powerful in diction, and abounding in passages of the most poetic grandeur and beauty, the Bible surpasses all other books in the strong hold it takes upon the mind of the new reader, and in the influence it exerts upon all the powers and qualities of the mind.

Despoticism, everywhere, fears the unrestricted reading of the Bible by the people, and this fact we regard as one of the strongest natural evidences that it emanated from God himself. In a world, in which Sin, and Satan hold extensive dominion, the Bible must be a revolutionary book; and if books written by inspired men have produced extraordinary changes in the world's history, there is nothing strange in the fact that wherever the Bible—the inspired Word of God—enters, it effects notable changes, even to the overthrow of powers and dominions, and the oldest and strongest despoticisms. But here is the North China Herald's statement:—

The insurgents are Christians and anti-idolators of the strictest order. They acknowledge but One God, the Heavenly Father, the Allwise, Allpowerful, and Omnipotent Creator of the world; with Him, Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of mankind; and also the Holy Spirit, as the last of the Three Persons of the Trinity. Their chief on earth is a person known as "Tae-ping-wang, the Prince of Peace," to whom a kind of divine origin and mission is ascribed. Far, however, from claiming adoration, he forbids in an edict the application to himself of the terms "Supreme," "Holy," and others, hitherto constantly assumed by the Emperors of China, but which he declines receiving, on the ground that they are due to God alone.

Their moral code the insurgents call the "Heavenly Rules," which on examination proved to be the Ten Commandments. The observance of these is strictly enforced by the leaders of the movement, chiefly Kwang-tung and Kwang-so-men, who are not merely formal professors of a religious system, but practiced and spiritual Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. The hardships they have suffered, and the dangers they have incurred, are punishments and trials of their Heavenly Father; the successes they have achieved are instances of His grace. In conversation they "boast" the more worldly-minded by constant recurrence to that special attention of the Almighty, of which they believe themselves to be the objects. With proud humility, and with the glistening eyes of gratitude, they point back to the fact that at the beginning of their enterprise, some four years ago, they numbered but one hundred or two hundred; and that, except for the direct help of the Heavenly Father they never could have done what they have done.

"They," said one, speaking of the Imperialists, "spread all kinds of lies about us. They say we employ magical arts.— The only kind of magic we have used is prayer to God. In Kwang-se, when we occupied Yang Guan, we were sorely pressed; there were then only some 2,000 or 3,000 of us. We were beset on all sides by much greater numbers; we had no power left, and our provisions were all gone, but our Heavenly Father came down and showed us the way to break out. So we put our wives and children in the middle, and not only forced a passage, but completely beat our enemies."

After a short pause he added: "If it be the will of God that our Prince of Peace shall be the Sovereign of China, he will be the Sovereign of China; if not, then he will die here."

The man who used this language of outrageous fidelity to the cause in every extreme, and in confidence in a far, was a shriveled up, elderly little person, who made an odd figure in his yellow and red hood; but he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of a hero. He, and others like him, have succeeded in infusing their own sentiments of courage and morality to no slight extent, considering the materials operated upon, into the minds of their adherents. One instance was a youth of nineteen, who acted as one of the guides to a party that rode into Nankin, and who again and again, as he ran along on foot, begged and besought Mr. Interpreter Meadows, to do some token from Nankin, to bring him a broad sword, but also extorted that gentleman to refrain from smoking, from drunkenness, and other vices, with a simple earnestness at once amusing and admirable. This lad, the son of a literary graduate in Hoonan, of the second degree, and himself no bad scholar, had left his father's house at the age of seventeen, and travelled some days to join the insur-

gent camp before Kwel-len, prompted by an adventurous spirit, to share in "conquering the rivers and mountains"—the expression by which the "boly warriors" of Tae-ping designate their enterprise.

One convincing proof of the sincerity of the ruling mind is, that while fighting to free their country from a foreign yoke, and anxious to obtain adherents, they, nevertheless, throw great difficulties in the way of a rapid increase of numbers, by insisting on a general adoption of a new and revealed religion learnt from "barbarians."

While they have materially derived their religious beliefs from the writings, if not in some cases the direct teachings of foreign Protestant missionaries, they appeared to be extremely ignorant of foreign nations. Canton was known to them as the seat of a great foreign commerce; but Shanghai (which had indeed sprung into importance during the few years they have been fighting in the west) was found to be quite unknown to several of their leading men. It is gratifying to learn that under these circumstances the existence of a common religious belief disposes them to regard their "foreign brethren" with a frank friendliness which past experience renders it difficult to comprehend in a Chinese, but which we earnestly trust every effort will be made to cultivate and establish in their minds.

It would, to speak of it in thing else, do more for our commercial interests, should the insurgents succeed, than hundreds of ships and regiments. We understand that, during a long ride of ten or twelve miles into the city of Nankin and back, along what may at present be called one of the streets of a large camp, Mr. Meadows did not hear one of these abusive and derogatory epithets applied to himself or companions, which have always been so liberally bestowed on passing foreigners by the heathen Chinese. There was also the fullest evidence that the obscene expressions with which the latter garnish all their conversation, are prohibited, and almost banished from the language of the Christians.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest queen.

THE CUTEST TRICK YET.

The following to raise a good bottle of wine free gratis for nothing, is the "cap shaft" of all the pieces of impudence we have heard of lately. In the present instance a gentle-looking leader entered a store in this city where he knew they had a splendid article in the shape of wine, and at a time when he knew the master had gone to dinner, and nobody but a small boy left in attendance. Entering with all the importance of a regular wholesale dealer, our visitor commenced with—

"Is Mr. — in?"
"No, sir— he's just stepped out— gone to dinner, sir."
"What time do you expect him back, boy?"
"Not short of an hour, sir, it generally takes him about an hour to eat his dinner."
"Not under an hour? Well, I'm told Mr. — has a fine specimen of Old Madeira. He told me to call and taste it, but as he isn't in, and I am in something of a hurry, I wish you would bring out a bottle as a sample, and I'll see what it is."
"Yes, sir," said the boy, who immediately brought forth a bottle of the pure old stuff itself. The waiter took the wine, held it up to see its quality and color, drew the cork, took a small sip, smacked his lips, and inquired—
"Boy, have you any ice?"
"No, sir; we never keep any."
"Never mind, it's about cool enough. Anything in the shape of crackers about? They help to get a correct idea of the wine."
"Nothing of the kind, sir."
"All the same thing—I believe I have some in my pocket. I always carry them with me when I am out purchasing," at the same time taking out a paper of the above mentioned articles, and commenced munching and drinking. "This is a delicious article, what does your master ask for it?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Don't know, eh? Got much of it?"
"Considerable."
"Well," said the new sample of the Diddler tribe, as he finished his crackers and chutney and the last of the old Madeira— "well, I should like the lot. Just inform Mr. — that a gentleman called and examined his wine, and has a very favorable opinion of what he has seen of it. Good afternoon."
"Say, hadn't you better wait until Mr. — comes in? He'll be along shortly."
"No, I'm in something of a hurry now, but will call again." So saying, the latter departed— as is needless to say he has not been seen since.

"A DEAD SELL."—An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a Duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied—declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or non-resemblance be left to a little dog belonging to the Duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly, the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait, than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present assumed that the picture had been retouched during the night, which was actually the case; the painter having rubbed it over with a thin coating of white. The dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

CONCERNING EGGS.—At breakfast, one morning, in a quiet and comfortable old inn, a foreigner made quick despatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had been already prejudiced against him by his mistakes, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said—
"Why, sir, you leave all the white." How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"
"Vr," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't had me eat the yolk. Do youik do to shucken, do the ice do seducts. Am I to make ren bolster of my stomach."

I WAIT FOR THEE!
The hearth is warm—the fire is bright, In vain—she finds the welcome vain.
The kettle sings—the cups are set, And waits his glance on mine.
The cloth is spread—the lamp is lit, So earnestly, that yet again
The white cakes smoke in aspirings, His form into my heart I strain,
That glance is so the true.
And now I wait for thee
Come, come, my love, thy task is done,
The black neck takes its evening glow,
The blue net hangs the curtains down,
The warm chair to the fireside draws,
The boy is in my knee.
Come home, love, come, his deep fond
Looks round his waist;
And there the whispering waifs go by,
As if they would step woeigh,
He crows exulting.
In vain—she finds the welcome vain,
And waits his glance on mine.
So earnestly, that yet again
His form into my heart I strain,
That glance is so the true.
They task is done—no time
Here, I wish, thy footsteps roam,
I heart will spend such kindly care,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those who wait for thee
Ah, now along the step walk fast,
I well know'st what thou dost care,
The left is drawn, the fire is past,
The kettle is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes here!

INSPECTION OF NUNSHERIES.—An attempt was lately made in the British Parliament to pass an act subjecting nuns to taxation, the same as public institutions. The Romanists, as might have been expected, made a great out-cry against the measure. We think such a law should prevail in every country, and we have no doubt one will shortly be enacted in England and in the United States. If the Catholics cannot stand such a law as this, they are not fit to live in any country, much less in any civilized country. A writer in the June number of Blackwood's Magazine, alludes to the subject in the following manner:—"But let the convents should be suffered to subsist, and even grow in England—that when we punish a wretched being, who in distress and despair attempts to drown himself, we should suffer a foolish girl of fifteen, who knows no more of herself or the world than an infant, to bind herself by a frantic vow for life, and leave monks and priests to keep her to that vow, however she may long to abandon the slavery that consigns her to misery for the rest of her days—is among the most mysterious contradictions of the spirit of human liberty, and even to the law of moral obedience, that the artifice of man, and the cruelty of a sullen and terrible superstition has ever conceived. It is said that a large proportion of the nuns in foreign convents die raving mad; and another proportion of them perish by the penances and severe punishments of the convents. There are no coroner's inquests in convents; even here the Habeas Corpus, which insures the pride of English liberty, and is the safe-guard of every English peasant, offers no protection to the unhappy nun; her life is unprotected, her death is unaccounted for, her rights are refused, and her wrongs are unavenged. How long is this offence to God and nature to be perpetrated in England?"

ALL HONOUR TO THE LADIES!—The Ladies of Fairfield, Huron Co., on the 5th of July, went into the den of a liquor-seller in that town, and at once enacted and executed the Blue Law. After smashing decanters and other fixings in the way, they went down cellar and knocked in the heads of all the liquor-casks. That is the only kind of spirit rapping I believe in.

KISSING NO CRIME.—We find by the Dundas Warden, that Mr. Gardner, Methodist Minister, has been called on at a Kingston Quarter Session, to show cause why he should not be fined for kissing the young and pretty spouse of Wm. Henry Franklin. From the evidence of the "pretty little dear," it seems that the Missionary united her and the injured Frank in the holy bonds of matrimony, when she was fifteen years old; that he called at her husband's house to enquire "if she had family prayer; how she liked Wm. Henry, (her husband) and what put it into her head to get married." On these occasions, it was his custom to give the blushing bride the "kiss of peace," till she became offended.
The question of kissing, and when, and the law, applicable thereto, underwent much discussion, but the preacher gained the case. The Warden advises the husband to cowhide priests, &c., if they thus behave in future.

JOHN KNOX'S DAUGHTER.—The spirit that animated Scotland's great reformer descended to his children, one of whom, Elizabeth, married a minister by the name of Welch. He was banished by his opposition to the attempt of King James to introduce popery, and took up his residence in France. After many years of laborious service in the gospel he was seized with consumption, wishing to reclaim his son, in Scotland, application was made to the King to permit him to return. The King refused. Mr. Welch was enabled to obtain access to the King, and to urge, in person, that our husband might be allowed to come home to die.
"Who was your father, woman?" said the King. "Mr. Knox." "Knox and Welch! the devil never made such a mix as that." "It is quite ugly, sir, for we never asked his name."
"How many children has your father left?" "Three, sir."
"Are they a 'ds or lasses?" "They are all lasses." "It is thankful for that, for had they been three lads, I had never met my three kingdoms in peace." "May it please you to give my husband his native air again?" "If you will persuade your husband to submit to the Bishop's, I will permit him to return to Scotland." Lifting her apron, and holding it towards the King, she replied:—"Please your Highness, I would rather have my head in this apron."

BEAUX'S OPINION OF BEAUTY.—I do not talk of mere beauty, (commonly known as beauty of face or complexion, but of expression, looking out of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful, who never could have interested my feelings from their own countenance; and others, who were little marked, have struck me as being captivating, from the fire of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day, with a pulse of change and variety, but sunshine should be seen over it, to replace the clouds and showers that my eyes desire, which, poetical description apart (said Byron), is the pure means that good humoured smiles ought to be ready to chase away the expression of prudences or care that cannot be easily all called forth. We are very mean; to be the greatest of all, that is finest in our nature, and the soother of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome stream be, after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a sort of look that does not bear the sight of for a week, and yet a char is the look that pass in society, for pretty, handsome and beautiful.