

Outrage on British Missionaries in China.

Recent advices from China speak of an outrage having been committed upon a party of English missionaries in the neighborhood of Shanghai. The particulars of the affair are given in the "Friend of China," of March 22d, from which we make the following abridged statements:

On the 8th of March, a party of missionaries, consisting of Messrs. Medhurst, Lockhart and Muirhead, went on an excursion to Tsing-poo, for the purpose of distributing tracts. On their arrival at the city they proceeded, as the custom was, to distribute tracts, which is generally done from house to house, among those persons who appear able to read. While thus engaged, a number of Shang-tung men, who navigate the grain junks, then lying off Tsing-poo, came behind the missionaries, pushing and striving to get a larger number of books than would come to their share, and also throwing stones.

By an inadvertence on the part of Mr. Lockhart, one of the grain-junk men received a slight blow on the face, which so irritated the grain-junk men, that they commenced throwing stones and threatened further mischief. An appeal made by Mr. Medhurst to the mob, produced quiet for a short time.

After passing through several streets in quietness, the missionaries left the city, but had not proceeded far, before they were overtaken by the mob, armed with poles, iron bars, swords and other weapons! among the rest was one with a heavy iron chain, apparently the ring-leader, who had stripped off his upper garments in order to enable him to act the more freely, and who was brandishing his chain ready to beat the objects of his fury. The missionaries then began to talk quietly with the men, and asked them what they wanted, when, without further parley, each of them was attacked in the most furious manner by the men just referred to. Finding it impossible to make head against such numbers, thus armed, Messrs. Medhurst and Muirhead, being free from their grasp, ran for their lives. Mr. Lockhart, however, was soon found not to be with them, and the two above named returned to rescue their companion, when they found that the mob had throw down Mr. L., and were beating him with the heavy chain alluded to above. Happily, he was enabled to get up again, when he joined his companions; then they all ran as fast as they could, with the mob after them. The chase was continued for more than a mile in the direction of their boat, which had been left five miles from the city, that the boatmen might have rest while the missionaries went to the city and returned. Being unable to run any further, the three gentlemen were overtaken by their pursuers, who now came on with redoubled fury, and in increasing numbers, cutting off all chance of retreat, and surrounding the victims of their attack. There another attempt was made to reason, but in vain: the pursuers approached nearer and nearer, with long poles, heavy hoes having teeth like rakes, and murderous weapons in abundance. Whilst warding off the blows from these as well as he could, Mr. Medhurst was struck from behind with the butt end of one of the above named hoes, the blow of which immediately stunned him, and he fell flat on the ground; the bystanders then came up, and struck him a number of times, whilst lying on his face; among the rest, one gave him a severe blow with a sword on the side of the knee. The other missionaries were equally ill treated, Mr. Muirhead being so much beat about his legs, that he was scarcely able to walk; and Mr. Lockhart received a severe wound on the back of the head, which bled profusely.

After having beaten them as much as they thought proper, the marauders proceeded to plunder them of their watches, spectacles, caps and clothes, with whatever else they could lay their hands on. This showed that the main object of the attack was to disable the Englishmen so far that they could not resist, and then to rob them. It was a great mercy, however, that they were not murdered in the process, as any one of the blows so profusely dealt out, was sufficient, if rightly directed, to have caused death. After the missionaries were pillaged, they were ordered to proceed back toward the city, and when the least unwillingness was manifested, fresh blows were dealt out. Messrs. Medhurst and Lockhart, being acquainted with the language, endeavored, as they were led along, to

remonstrate with their captors, and thought to move them by appealing to their feelings or sense of justice, but only got blows in return.— On seeing any respectable looking people by the road, if the missionaries appealed to them for help, they got additional blows, and if any strangers approached too near, they received blows also.

The missionaries were urged forward, with the threat that they should be conveyed on board the junks, and should not be released without the payment of \$5,000 each. The man that held Mr. Lockhart was somewhat softened when he heard that he was a surgeon, and had previously healed gratuitously, several of the grain junkmen in Shanghai. The others, also, as they approached nearer the city, appeared to soften in their treatment; gradually the party was joined by others of a different stamp, and who, though they kept fast hold of their prisoners, did not ill use them. They were discovered by degrees to be men from the magistrate's office. When within sight of the city gate, the escort came to a halt, the one party wishing to retain the Englishmen there, or carry them off in a different direction, (perhaps to the grain junks,) while the latter pressed them to go into the city. The latter party prevailed; on arriving at the gate of the city, several respectable people came out, and endeavored to re-assure the missionaries, and make them go to the office for protection; indeed, throughout the whole affair, the inhabitants of the place manifested the utmost sympathy with the missionaries, and sorrow at what had occurred, and though the square before the office was filled with people, not one of them showed the least disposition to insult or annoy them.

By the time the escort had reached the city gate, the grain junk men had, one by one, slunk away, and the Englishmen were left entirely in the hands of the office servants. These conducted them to the magistrate, who soon appeared, invited the missionaries into the visitor's apartment, and, after asking them to sit down, down, inquired into the affair. Being informed of the whole circumstance, from beginning to end, he promised that the stolen articles should be returned, and that the men who committed the outrage should be punished. Having then provided chairs and boats to convey the missionaries back to their own boat, he despatched two military and two civil officers to escort and protect them from further harm. In this way they reached their own boat, and finally their own homes in safety, thankful for the preservation of their lives, but smarting severely under the wounds which they had received.

The British Consul, Mr. Alcock, has taken up the matter officially, and by the next arrival from the coast, we shall learn with what probability of success. A notification advises British subjects, for the present, to abstain from lengthened excursions into the country.

London.

[From Rev. H. W. Bellows' Correspondence in the Christian Inquirer.]

We may have been a fortnight in this great city, and have had time, as yet, only to glance at its principal features. A year would not suffice to give one anything like a thorough acquaintance with its immense variety of interesting objects.

The first and last characteristic of London, the peculiarity which thrusts itself upon you every moment, is its size! Of this no description gives any adequate idea. To say that it is thirty miles round, or that one may ride seven or eight miles across the town without getting out of uninterrupted rows of houses; to say that it is ten times as large as New York, and has a hundred streets half as long and as well built as Broadway; to say that it includes parks, in which the whole city of Boston, or all New York below Bleeker street, might be enclosed, may help one to form a notion of its magnitude. But one must be on the spot, and have occasion to visit different parts of London, to realize its immensity. Instead of one great omnibus thoroughfare, such as we are accustomed to at home there are at least twenty, connecting different portions of the rim of the city together. As a sample of the distances, let us mention one afternoon's ride to make three calls. First from Temple Bar to Eaton Square, two miles; next from Eaton Square to York Terrace, in Regent's Park, three miles; next from York Terrace to King's Cross, a mile and a half; and from thence to the Hackney road, three miles; home

to Temple Bar, four miles. There was no repetition in this circuit. Fifty drives of equal distances might be taken in London, without going twice through the same street.

But although London is so large and so populous, it cannot be called a crowded place.— The streets of what is known as the city—that is, what was included within the old city walls—are exceedingly narrow. But this is only a very small part of London, and a very unimportant part to the stranger, except when he visits his banker, or makes a visit to St. Paul's or the tower, or indulges his curiosity in hunting up the lanes and coffee houses, and habitations of the literary heroes of Queen Anne's glorious time. The London in which the traveller lives and moves is far away from the city and there the streets are usually wide, and are interrupted very frequently by open squares and spaces. There are, it is true, numerous lanes and alleys, in which the poor are huddled together; but these are very much out of the visitor's way. But besides the many squares answering to Washington Square and Union Place, in New York, there are at the West end of the city, those immense breathing places, well called the lungs of London, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, St. James's, and the Green Park, which are, as it were, generous fields and forest taken up from the free, wild country, where land is abundant and cheap, and set down in the midst of London in all their amplitude where land is scarce and most costly. The liberality, the magnificence of England is exhibited in nothing more than in these public parks of London.— Their sale would probably pay their national debt; but it would spoil the Metropolis, for they form the chief ornament and glory of the capital, a beauty which no architectural piles could rival or take the place of. We shall have occasion to refer to these parks again.

Another feature of London is the number, and size, and costliness of the public buildings. Every site at all conspicuous, is occupied by a church, a government office, a club-house, some institution of charity, or some palace, or House of State. With a few exceptions, the architecture of London is not happy, but the costliness, and extent, and number of the public edifices cannot be exaggerated. Nor is there any mean scrimping of the room around those built within the present century. It would often seem as if the Old World, where room is so much needed, never refused it to a public edifice, while the New, where room is so abundant, rarely or never allows sufficient around any building, however splendid or important. The reason, perhaps, is that we in America, know nothing as yet of the value of elbow room. In England the grounds reserved about public edifices are the only spaces in town or country where the mass of the citizens are not intruders. It is clearly right, that at any expense public grounds should be reserved on an island where every foot of ground is valued and jealously guarded by its owners, from intrusion.

Besides the public buildings, London owes its splendor to the numerous columns and equestrian or other statues, that decorate its squares and open spaces. Every turn brings you upon the statue of some monarch or statesman, either lifted on a lofty pillar or mounted on horseback, or standing on its pedestal. These add an unspeakable charm to London, which to one who has not been to the continent, where they are, as we hear, far more common, is very new and delightful. London is full of points in which many streets centre. There are at least a dozen of these centres, very irregular in shape, and picturesque in effect. It is here that the public buildings are placed. One of these called Charing Cross, is perhaps as striking a collection of public buildings, arranged in as effective a form as any city in the world affords; at any rate far beyond anything we have seen. The irregularity of London adds much to its beauty. The surface is quite undulating. It does not seem to be thought indispensable, as with us, to reduce the city to a stupid dead level. We noticed that the omnibus scotched a wheel in descending Holborn Hill, one of the chief thoroughfares of London. The streets are as irregular as the surface. There is no main artery through London, no Broadway, no direct street, running from one end to the other. Indeed, it is difficult, nay impossible, for a stranger to find his way even with a map, between any two parts of the city two miles distant, for the streets con-

stantly fork or open into squares, in which it is difficult to decide which is the principal continuation. We can speak feelingly on this subject, having lost our way repeatedly with map in hand, although possessed of a tolerable bump of locality. But we forgive this for the sake of the striking angles, and handsome curves, and endless variety of strange forms in the spaces that terminate the streets. There are some beautiful colonnaded erections in London, and here and there, what is called a circus, that is a space surrounded by shops whose faces all curve in, forming a beautiful circle, from which perhaps five or six streets may radiate.

Samson's Death.

The time at last came when the daughters of the Philistines did rejoice, and the daughters of the uncircumcised triumphed. Both with his first and second wife Samson showed himself peculiarly alive to the force of female importunities, and apt to give way before the exhibition of female distress. In the former attempt to extort a secret from him, it is said that his wife lay sore upon him; in the present a tempt that his soul was vexed unto death. It looks a marvellous infatuation, the effect of melancholy weakness, that he should have been thus got the better of in the face of the former palpable designs to give him up unto the Philistines, evincing the blindness of passion, and holding forth a most impressive lesson to beware of it. The secrets came out at last. God had charged his mother before that he was born that no razor should come upon his head, making this the condition whether of the strength which he had naturally, or of the extraordinary visitations and gifts which he received of supernatural strength when the Spirit of God came unto him. He gave up his conscience and his vow to a perfidious woman, who, on his locks being shorn off, began to afflict him, a process which I cannot distinctly understand. At all events his strength did depart from him, and he, when he awoke out of his sleep, was unconscious thereof; but the Philistines prevailed. And merciless was the advantage they took of their success; putting out his eyes, and binding him with fetters, and forcing him to grind in a prison house. I know not if there be any natural connection between the growth of the hair and the recovery of strength. Samson may have repented of his infidelity, and the temporal chastisement of his loss of strength been withdrawn. And this strength was made the instrument at the last of a great and signal manifestation, a triumph over idolatry, a vindication of the supremacy of the one only and true God, and, finally, a most picturesque and characteristic termination to the career of a great hero. One recoils from the barbarity of the Philistines in bringing in blind old Samson to make sport of him; and, proportionally to this, one feels a certain wild and natural satisfaction in the avenging ruin which he brought upon his enemies, even though himself involved in the common destruction that fell upon all, both men and women, who were enjoying the savage spectacle. Thus fell one of the most noted of the historical personages whom Scripture, so full of them, has transmitted downward to future ages.—*Chalmers' Daily Scripture Reading.*

All is Wrong if the Heart is Wrong.

In vain will you endeavour to fix any one to the regular performance of that in which he finds no pleasure. As a child who does not love his book will leave it for his play; as a man who does not like his calling would gladly exchange it for another; so he who does not serve the Lord with gladness would soon throw off the galling yoke. Though the heart be deceitful, yet man is true to his heart. He may oppose his reason, he may act in opposition to the dictates of his conscience, he may triumph over particular passions, he may destroy all the harmony of his moral constitution, yet he will vigorously pursue whatever affords him the greatest delight. You may succeed in convincing his understanding of the rectitude of a certain line of conduct, you may impress his moral sense in favor of it, you may even make the soul tremble with fearful apprehensions at the thought of pursuing a contrary course, but until the heart be in some measure gained, nothing is effectually accomplished. My son, give me thine heart: this is the demand of God, this the voice of religion; and until the heart be surrendered it will endeavour to contrive some method or other to elude