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REV. I. B. BILL,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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THE HOME OF LOVE.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Commend me to that loving time,
Commend me to those joys sublime,
To that calm sky, that genial clime,
Where no storms come;
Where wedded hearts at evening, chime
In their own home.

The smile with which the fond wife meets
Her husband hastening from the streets;
The kiss with which that smile he greets,
So holy seem—
'Tis strange, of such pure, sacred sweets,
Some never dream.

Were I a woman, as I am not,
I sometimes think—have often thought,
Had I a husband—one who sought
His joys to find
Away from home—he should be brought
To change his mind.

And yet no harsh, reproving word,
Should ever from my lips be heard;
No murmur, no complaint preferred,
Should pain his ears;
His eye should see no "hope deferred"
Drown me in tears.

But love's fond tones, which soothe and bless
With smiles and looks of loveliness,
Such as first won his warm caress,
Should daily prove
His sweetest fount of happiness—
The home of love.

So may it be! Man's wayward heart,
Though prone its own best good to thwart,
When pure affection deigns impart
Its wonted skill,
Is lured by woman's loving art,
Whene'er she will.

[From the American Baptist Memorial.

TAI-PING-WONG.

THE CHIEF OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

From various sources we compile the following account of the origin and progress of this wonderful revolution, which has inspired christian hearts with such bright hopes, and which indicate the speedy fulfilment of the promise that a "nation shall be born in a day." The proper name of the insurgent chief is said by Rev. I. J. Roberts to be Hung Sow-Tsuen; Tai-Ping-Wong and Tien-Te, and mean Prince of Peace.

In 1846, there came to Canton a young man but little more than twenty years old, a native of the Hwa-bein district, which lies some distance north of Canton. He was among the inquirers that visited Rev. I. J. Roberts, and for several months was in constant attendance upon his instructions. A little tract entitled "Good Words Exhorting the Age," had fallen into his hands, while attending a literary examination, at Canton, arrested his attention, and led him to seek for the teachers. That little tract, it may yet prove, was the unostentatious-herald of Chinese regeneration.

After remaining with the Missionary for several months, he requested to be baptized and received into the fellowship of the Christian Church; but Mr. Roberts requested him to wait for a season, until he should furnish clear evidence of the sincerity of his faith, and of the thoroughness of his repentance.

He left Canton for the province of Kwang Ly, where his zeal prompted him to preach the gospel to his countrymen. Here believing it to be his duty, from his study of the word of God, and the instructions of the Missionary, to be baptized, and there being no authorized administrator of the ordinance in the province, he and Fung-Wun-San, the present second chief, or Prime Minister, immersed each other in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Converts and adherents gathered around him, by whom he soon came to be regarded as a leader and chief. In an able article in the Electric Review, published in London, Tai-Ping-Wong is spoken of as "a young man of uncommon merit, studious, retired,

modest, with a profound conviction of the righteousness of his cause, dauntless resolution, and a politic and winning bearing, scarcely compatible with the inexperience of youth. To account in some measure for this, he is said to be accompanied by a counsellor, whether his friend, father, or teacher, who remains perpetually invisible. Some have supposed this personage to be a clever myth like the genius of Socrates. But in that case we should only be encountered by greater difficulty in the attempt to account for that profound wisdom, by which the actions of Tien-Te have on nearly all occasions been characterized.

His first followers consisted chiefly of the Miao-tze, a fierce and warlike tribe, living in small isolated societies, among the sterile ridges which extend to the central provinces of the empire. They choose secluded spots to dwell in, never congregating to the number of more than two thousand. Like the Malays, they raise their houses on piles, keeping their domestic animals under the same roof. Though agriculturists, they are much addicted to war, reckless of danger, and accustomed to fatigue. They are among those tribes which the Tartars have never been able to reduce to submission. They still adhere to the ancient costume of their nation, have never shaved their heads, and have invariably repelled the authority of the mandarins, and the customs of the Chinese. "Their independence," said a mandarin, "is now an established fact, and in our maps their country is left white, to show that they do not submit to the emperor."

The very selection of the province of Kwang Ly for the first seat of the insurrection may be enumerated among the proofs of his judicious policy. Taken altogether, it is perhaps one of the least excessive, as it is one of the most interesting of the divisions of China. Its general aspect is singularly picturesque, and offers points of view which have often been delineated by Chinese painters. Their landscapes, however, always appear strange to European eyes, with their inaccessible mountains, which look as if created by the human imagination—the rocks having a resemblance to gigantic animals—the rivers falling into abysses crossed by impassable bridges—all these seem to us like something belonging to the realm of fancies. But, as in other mountainous regions, the land for the most part is barren, or forced into fertility by the incessant toil of its inhabitants, who acquire with their contests with nature, a bold and hardy disposition of mind. Men dwelling among such scenes, have in all parts of the world been advanced to independence, so that the forces of the most powerful empires have often suffered disaster and defeat from a handful of desperate mountaineers resolved to perish or be free. Among the rumors of the day, one was circulated attributing the discovery of silver mines in this wild region to the leaders of the insurrection, who were thus, it is said, enabled to support their troops until victory had rendered them masters of the rich cities and plains of China.

In the south-west portions of these strange provinces the insurgents passed the first month of 1850, though they gradually congregated upon the frontier. Several cities fell into their hands, after more or less opposition from the mandarins; and, by adopting the tactics of feigned retreats and ambushes, they defeated the imperial forces whenever they met.

Up to this time there was no idea of a pretender to the Chinese throne. One general after another was appointed, who avowed a design to overthrow the Manchou throne; but no mention was made of establishing a new dynasty in its place. Even when they left their own provinces, passed the boundary of Kuan-Tuang, cut a hostile army to pieces,

and heard that the far-famed Commissioner Lin was ordered against them, they fixed on no policy to pursue, when their first object was accomplished. The vigorous old mandarin set out immediately for the province he was commanded to reduce, and peremptorily summoned the insurgents to surrender. They replied in a bold and able proclamation, declaring the Manchous to be aliens and usurpers, and maintaining their own right to dispossess them. This was their first political act, and soon after the death of Lin occurred, which strengthened them in proportion as it weakened their enemies.

At the commencement of the next year, the government by false reports of its own victories, had set the currents of trade and industry in full flow; but, meanwhile the insurrection was gaining strength, and, one by one, the Anglo-Chinese presses began to perceive the true character of the movement. They had treated it as an insurrection of robbers; but now understood it to be a war of races for power. The Tartars had imposed on the conquered people the fashion of shaving the head, so as to leave only a long tail from the *sinciput*; and, therefore, when the rebels began to let their hair grow, and to wear their clothes according to the custom of their ancestors, it was clear that these acts—amounting in China to high treason—signified an irreconcilable rupture. The court was greatly alarmed, as well as the commercial community, and so the official journal published a forged document, pretending to be a confession from the rebels, and a petition for mercy. It was also announced that the miraculous standard of the insurgents had been captured. Nevertheless, acts of unusual vigor were thought necessary, and a new commissioner of ferocious character, was appointed to quench the flames of revolt. This was Li, with his lieutenant, whose name was terrible throughout the empire, and he speedily added to his sanguinary renown by wholesale execution, under the sanction of "preventive justice." His victims were put to death without trial. They were probably members of the secret societies which ramified throughout the empire, with the known object of dethroning the Manchous.

Terrible as the name of Li's lieutenant was, frequent as were the rumours of imperial triumphs, and bloody as were the executions, nothing daunted the insurgent armies. They raised up a competitor to the throne, clothed him in majestic yellow, resounded his name through the empire, and circulated myriads of his portraits, contrary to the Tartar law, which prohibits subjects from copying the features of their sovereign. The insurrection was now nothing less than a civil war, and the activity of the court was doubled. Rumors had come that a Christian spirit was alive in the rebel camp; that Pagodas fell, and idols were broken, as they advanced, and that Tien-Te, though under a pagan title, was a Protestant. The mighty Mandarin Li was therefore charged to aid in suppressing the revolt, and set out on his expedition, after being exasperated by various wounds to his pride in Canton.

Meantime, however, while the "Brother of the Moon" was walking in the imperial gardens at Peking, a man attempted to stab him, and was only prevented by persons coming suddenly to their master's succor. It was unknown whether the assassin was an agent of the rebels, or employed by the relatives of the emperor, who wished an older and more experienced man, at such a crisis, to guard the Manchou throne. Eighteen mandarins, with their families, were put to death, in consequence of this incident. In the provinces, reports were circulated that the attempt had been actually successful, and that Tien-Te was without a rival. Coins were struck in his name, and were now mixed with the cur-

rency which came into the hands of the European merchants. Towards the close of 1851, by means of these divisions, and through the *prestige* of constant success, the insurgents had gained such power, that the imperialists felt that their authority was shaken to the base. On the other hand the policy of terror was adopted, and the government, unable to punish the rebels, punished inhumanly those who failed to defeat them. But the "Son of heaven" was composing poetical pieces, while Tien-Te was publishing manifestoes, inspiring his troops, and by polite strategy, laying open a highway to the capital. More than 700 persons had been, during the year 1851, executed as traitors.—Great numbers perished in the field, but there was no diminution in the mutual fury of the belligerents, and China continued to be deluged with increasing bloodshed.

When Tien-Te published his next proclamation, the Christian element became more visible, and the influence of the Missionaries was very apparent. The Tartars saw their religion assailed as well as their dynasty, and were thus spurred by a double impulse to renew their exertions for defence. Thirteen thousand chosen warriors were marched into the insurgent provinces, and dressed in red cassocks, trimmed with white, bearing on the heart and back pieces of white calico, inscribed with large black characters; the appearance of this army was sufficiently grotesque. The horsemen, wrapped in long blue robes, look more like Turkish women than soldiers; and the standard-bearers, holding aloft their painted dragons, added to the dramatic, if not to the military effect. To meet this imposing array, the rebels assembled in moderate force, and an encounter took place near to Kiang-Kiang river, in Kuang-Si.—The banners were planted; the drummers formed a large circle round them; the regiments deployed under cover, and a signal was given to attack the enemy in flank.

The imperial troops rushed forward with horrible shouts, while the gongs were struck, so as to produce a storm of metallic sound. The insurgents feebly defended their position, moving from point to point, with their assailants in pursuit, until they planted themselves behind huge bamboo thickets, into which the imperialists were decoyed. Then the tactics of the enemy were displayed. From the hills on every side they swarmed down, with upwards of sixty guns; the Manchous tried in vain to retreat, and great numbers were put to the sword. Many joined the rebels, and not more than one half of the imperialists returned to their camp.

At the next battle the Tartar general sought to retrieve this disaster by a notable stratagem worthy of Homeric times. Four thousand buffaloes were fastened together, and torches were fixed to their horns. A troop of four thousand men were appointed to conduct them; but the enemy received intelligence of the plan, and opened a passage for the infuriated herd, as it came trampling and plunging along, casting a splendid light around, by the aid of which the rebels discovered all the movements of their enemy, and were enabled to effect a prodigious carnage. This bright idea of Sui caused a loss of more than two thousand lives.

The Pretender's army now commanded all that quarter of the empire. He himself, with a large force, was strongly entrenched on a mountain, near the Koneis Lin. The imperial envoy sent him an embassy, proposing terms of peace, but Tien-Te, surrounded by royal pomp, declared that he would not submit to the Tartar usurper, who was his subject, but whom he advised to leave the country, that each race might possess its own, and tranquility be thus restored. Shortly after he descended upon the plains, and his legions meeting the imperialists, inflicted on them a