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A SABBATH SCENE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER

Scarce had the solemn Sabbath bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
Walked stately through his people—

When down the summer shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling;
Oh, pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in Thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
To Heaven and Earth appealing:
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?
Had woman's heart no feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between
The hunter and the flying;
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

"Who dares profane this house and day?"
Cried out the angry pastor.
"Why, bless your soul, the wench's a slave,
And I'm her lord and master!

"I've law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me?"
Down came the parson, bowing low,
"My good sir, pray excuse me!

"Of course I know your righ divine
To own and work and whip her;
Quick, deacon, throw the Polyglot
Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
Its sacred pages stumbling,
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
The while his flock addressing,
The scriptural claims of slavery
With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day,
All secular occupations
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
Our moral obligations:

"And this commends itself as one
To every conscience tender;
As Paul sent back Onesimus,
My Christian friends, we send her!"

Shriek rose on shriek; the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder;
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear,
God answering with His thunder!

All still!—the very altar's cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking,
And dumb she turned from face to face,
For human pity seeking!

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking;
I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking!

My brain took fire; "Is this," I cried,
"The end of prayer and preaching?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching!

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
Who turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord,
To give it to the Devil!

"Than garbled text or parchment law
I own a statute higher,
And God is true, though every book
And every man's a liar!"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on;
I heard the priest cry, "Infidel!"
The lawyer mutter, "Treason!"

I started up—where now were church,
Slave, master, priest, and people?
I only heard the supper bell,
Instead of clanging steeple.

I woke; and lo! the fitting close
Of all my dream's vagaries—
Two bulky pamphlets, Webster's text,
With Stewart's commentaries!

But, on the open window's sill,
O'er which the white blooms drifted,
The pages of a good old Book
The wind of summer lifted.

And flower and vine, like angel wings
Around the Holy Mother,
Waved softly there, as if God's truth
And mercy kissed each other.

And, freely, from the cherry bough,
Above the casement swinging,
With golden bosom to the sun,
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
The lessons of the Teacher,
So now I heard the written word
Interpreted by Nature!

For to my ear methought the breeze
Bore freedom's blessed word on;
Thus saith the Lord: BREAK EVERY YOKE,
UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN!

STORY OF A CHINA PLATE.

The name which common consent has given to the best kinds of pottery and porcelain indicates its origin; and the name *China* is applied with equal intelligibility to the ornaments on the mantlepiece, the crockery in the closet, or to that vast empire which stretches from the north to the south of the east coast of Asia. To this country it is probable that we are indebted for many articles in daily use; and it is certain that the Chinese were acquainted with the use of spectacles and magnifying glasses, gunpowder and cast-iron, long before the light of civilization which arose like the sun in the east, and now fulminates in the West, had reached our shores.

Our present manufacturers have far outstripped, in beauty of material, the pottery of the old Chinese specimens, but fashion still gives a preference to Chinese patterns and forms. A remarkable instance of this preference is to be found in the fact, that the sale of the common blue plate, known as the "willow pattern," exceeds that of all the others put together. The name is derived from the figure of the tree which occupies the centre of the plate, and which is intended to represent a willow in the Spring, which unfolds its blossoms before its leaves appear.

Who is there, since the earliest dawn of the intelligent perception, who has not inquisitively contemplated the mysterious figures on the willow-patern plate? Who, in childish curiosity, has not wondered what those three persons in dim blue outline did upon that bridge; whence they came, and whither they were flying?—What does the boatman without oars on that white stream? Who people the houses on that charmed island?—or why do those disproportionate doves forever kiss each other, as if intensely joyful over some good deed done? Who is there through whose mind such thoughts as these have not passed, as he found his eye resting upon the willow-pattern plates when they lay upon the dinner table, or brightly glittered on the cottage plate-rail?

The old willow-pattern plate! By very association, in spite of its want of artistic beauty, it is dear to us. It is mingled with our earliest recollections; it is like the picture of an old friend and companion whose portrait we see every where, but of whose likeness we never grow weary. Unchanged are its charms whether we view it as a flat oval dish—rounded into a cheese plate—hollowed out into a soup tureen, or contorted into the shape of a ladle. Still, in every change of form, are the three blue people rushing over the bridge; still the boatman sits listless on the stream, and the doves are constantly kissing and fluttering in great glorification at the result.

What it is all about we will presently inform the reader, if he will provide himself with an orthodox plate, and go with us through the following story, which is said to be to the Chinese what our "Jack the Giant-Killer," or "Robinson Crusoe," is to us. It is the story of the Willow Pattern Plate.

On the right-hand side is seen a Chinese House, of unusual extent and magnificence. The wealth and resources of the owner are indicated by its being two stories high—a most rare thing in China—by the existence of out-buildings at the back, (to the right,) and by the large and rare trees which are growing upon all sides of the main building. The house belonged to a mandarin of great power and influence, who had amassed considerable wealth in serving the emperor in a department corresponding to our excise. The work, as is the case in other places besides China, was performed by an active Secretary, named Chang, while the business of the master consisted in receiving bribes from the merchants, at whose smuggling and illegal traffic he winked in exact proportion as he was paid for it. The wife of the mandarin having, however, died suddenly, he requested the emperor to allow him to retire from his arduous duties, and was particularly urgent in his suit, because the merchants had begun to talk loudly of the unfairness and dishonesty of the Chinese managers of the customs.

The death of his wife was a fortunate excuse for the old mandarin, and in accordance with his petition, an order signed by the vermillion pencil of his imperial majesty, the emperor, was issued to a merchant who had paid a handsome douceur to his predecessor.

To the house represented on the plate did the mandarin retire, taking with him his only daughter, Koung-see, and his secretary Chang, whose services he had retained for a few months in order to put his accounts in such array as to bear a scrutiny, if from any unforseen circumstances, he should be called to produce them. When the faithful Chang had completed his duty he was discharged. Too late, however! The youth had seen and loved the mandarin's daughter. At sunset, Kong-see was observed to linger with her maid on the steps which led to the banquet room, and as the twilight came on, she stole away down the path to a distant part of the grounds; and there the fond lovers, on the last evening of Chang's engagement, vowed mutual promises of love and constancy. And on many an evening afterwards, when Chang was supposed to be miles away, the lovers' voices in that place might have been heard amongst the orange trees; and as darkness came on, the huge peonies which grew upon the fantastic wall had their gorgeous petals shaken as Chang scrambled through their crimson blossoms. By the assistance of the lady's handmaid, these interviews were obtained without the knowledge of the old mandarin; for the lovers well knew the hard fashion of the country, and that their stations in life being unequal, the father would never consent to the union. Chang's merit, however, was known, and the affectionate wishes of the young people pictured a time when such an obstacle would be removed by his success. They believed as they hoped, and the year of their fancy had only two seasons—spring-time and summer.

By some means, at last, the knowledge of one of their interviews came to the old man, who, from that time, forbade his daughter to go beyond the walls of the house; the youth was commanded to discontinue his visits, upon pain of death; and to prevent his chivalrous course any gratification, he ordered a high wall of wood to be built across the pathway from the extremity of the wall to the water's sedge. The lady's handmaid, too, was dismissed, and her place supplied by an old domestic, whose heart was as withered as her shrivelled face.

To provide for his daughter's imprisonment, and to enable her to take exercise in the fresh air, he also built a suite of apartments adjoining his banquet-room, and jutting out over the water's edge, upon terraces, upon which the young lady might walk in security. These apartments having no exit but through the banquet hall, in which the mandarin spent the greatest part of time, being completely surrounded by water, the father rested content that he should have no further trouble from clandestine meetings. As also the windows of his sitting-room looked out upon the waters, any attempt at communication by by means of a boat would be at once seen and frustrated by him. To complete the disappointment of the lovers, he went still further—he betrothed his daughter to a wealthy friend, a Ta-jin, or duke of high degree, whom she had never seen. The Ta-jin was her equal in wealth and in every respect but age, which greatly preponderated on the gentleman's side. The nuptials were, as usual, determined upon, without any consultation of the lady; and the wedding was to take place, "at the fortunate age of the moon," when the peach trees should blossom in the spring. The willow tree was in blossom then; the peach tree had scarcely formed its buds. Poor Koong-she shuddered at what she called her doom, and feared and trembled as she watched the buds of the peach-tree whose branches grew close to the walls of her prison. But her heart was cheered by a happy omen; a bird came and built its nest in the corner above her window.

One day she had sat on the narrow terrace for several hours, watching the little architect carrying straw and feathers to its future home, the shades of evening came upon her, and her thoughts reverting to interviews that were associated with that hour, she did not retire as usual, but disconsolatedly gazed upon the waters. Her abstraction was disturbed by a half coconut shell, which was fitted up with a miniature sail, and which floated gently close to her feet. By the aid of her parasol she raised it from the water. Her delighted surprise at its contents caused her to exclaim in such a manner as to bring the old servant to her side, and nearly to lead to a discovery; but Koong-see was ready with a plausible excuse, and dismissed the woman. As soon as she was gone, she anxiously examined the little boat. In it she found a bead she had given to her lover—a sufficient evidence from whose hands the little boat had come; Chang had launched it on the other side of the water. There was also a piece of bamboo paper and in light characters were written some Chinese verses.*

The nest yon winged artist builds
Some robber bird† shall tear away;
So yields her hopes the affianced bride,
The wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

"He must have been near me," she murmured, "for he must have seen my bird's nest by the peach tree." She read on:—

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell,
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained,
A hundred cars the triumph swel.

Mourn for the tiny architect—
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless stolen bride—
How vain the hope to soothe her breast!

Koong-see burst into tears, but hearing her father approaching, she hid the little boat in the folds of her loose robe. When he was gone she read the verses again; and again wept over them. Upon further examination she found upon the back these words, in the peculiar metaphorical style of Oriental poetry: "As the boat sails to you, so all my thoughts tend to the same centre; but when the willow blossoms droop from the bough, and the peach tree unfolds its buds, your faithful Chang will sink with the lotus-blooms beneath the deep water.‡ There will he see the circles of the smooth river when the willow blossoms fall upon it from the bough—broken away like his love from his parent stem." As a sort of postscript was added, "Cast your thoughts upon the waters, as I have done, and I shall hear your words."

Koong-see well understood such metaphorical language, and trembled as she thought of Chang's threat of self-destruction.§ Having no other writing materials she sought her ivory tablets, and with the needle she had been using in embroidery, she scratched her answer in the same strain in which her lover had addressed her. This was her reply—"Do not wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen? The sunshine lengthens, and the vineyard is threatened to be spoiled by the hands of strangers. The fruit you most prize will be gathered when the willow blossom droops upon the bough."—Much doubting, she placed her tablets in the little boat, and after the manner of her country-women, she placed therein a stick of frank-incense and launched the little boat upon the stream. The current gradually drew it away, and it floated safely till she could trace it no longer in the distance. That no accident should have overturned the boat or extinguished the light, she had been taught to believe, was a promise of good fortune and success; so with a lighter heart she closed her casements and retired to rest.

Days and weeks passed on, but no more little boats appeared; all intercourse seems to have been cut off, and Koong-see began to doubt the truth of the infallible omen. The blossom upon the willow tree—for she watched it many an hour—seemed about to wither, when a circumstance occurred which gave her additional grounds for distrust.

The old mandarin entered his daughter's apartment one morning in high good humor. In his hands he bore a large box-full of rare jewels, which he said was a present from the Ta-jin, or duke, to whom he had betrothed her. He congratulated her upon her good fortune, and left her saying, "that the wealthy man was coming that day to perform some of the preliminaries of the wedding, by raking food of wine in her father's house." Koong-see's hopes all vanished, and she found her only relief in tears. Like the netted bird; she saw the snare drawing closer and closer, but possessed no power to escape its coils.

The duke came, his servants beating gonge before him, and shouting out his achievements in war. The number of his titles was great, and the lanterns on which they were inscribed magnificant. Owing to his rank he was borne in a sedan, to which were attached eight bearers, showing his rank to be that of a viceroy. The old mandarin gave him a suitable reception and dismissed his followers. The gentleman then set down to the introduction feast, according to the custom, and many were the "cups of salvation," which were drank between them, till at last they became boisterous in their merriment.—The noise of revelry and the shouting of the military duke seemed to have attracted a stranger to the house who sought alms at the banqet-room. His tale being unnoticed, he took from the porch an outer garment which had been left there by one of the servants, and thus disguised he spread the screen across the lower part of the banquet-hall; passing forwards, he came to Koong-see's apartment, and in another moment the lovers were locked in each other's arms. It was Chang who had crossed the banquet-room. He besought her to fly with him, "for," said he, "the willow blossom already droops upon the bough." She gave him into his hands the box of jewels which the duke had that day presented to her, and finding that the elders were growing sleepy over their cups, and that the servants were taking the opportunity to get intoxicated elsewhere, Koong-see and Chang stole behind the screen—passed the door—descended the steps, and gained the foot of the bridge, beside the willow-tree. Not till then did the old mandarin become sensible of what going on—but he caught a glimpse of his daughter and raising the hue and cry staggered out after them himself.

To represent this part of the story, are the three figures on the bridge. The first is the lady, Koong-see, carrying a distaff, the emblem of virginity; the second is Chang, the lover, bearing off the box of jewels; and the third is the old mandarin, the lady's father, whose paternal authority and rage are supposed to be indicated by the whip which he bears in his hand. As the Chinese artist knows little or nothing of perceptive, he could not place the old gentleman—to be seen—in any other situation than in the unnatural proximity in which we find him. The sketch simply indicates the flight and the pursuit, and is graphic enough for the purpose.

* * * * * *

The old mandarin, tipsy as he was, had some difficulty in keeping up the pursuit, and Chang and Koong-see eluded him without much effort. The Ta-jin fell into an impotent rage at what had occurred, and so great was his fury that he frothed at the mouth, and well-nigh was smothered in his drunken passion. Those few of his servants, indeed, who were sober enough to have successfully pursued the fugitives, were destined to attend upon the duke, who was supposed to be in a fit, until the lovers had made good their escape.

Every suggested plan was adopted, during the following days, to discover whither the the undutiful daughter had fled, but when the servants returned evening after evening, and brought no intelligence which afforded any hope of detecting her place of retirement, the old mandarin gave himself up to despair, and became a prey to low spirits and ill-humor. The duke, however, was more active and persevering and employed spies in every village for miles around. He made a solemn vow of vengeance, against Chang, and congratulated himself that, by his power as the magistrate of the district when Chang should be discovered, he would excercise his plenary authority, and put him to death for the theft of the jewels. The lady, too, he said, should die,* unless she fulfilled the wishes of her parent, not for his own gratification, but for the sake of public justice.

In the mean time the lovers had retired to an humble tenement at no great distance from the mandarin's establishment, and had found safety in the concealment afforded to them by the hand maid of Koong-see, who had been discharged in consequence of affording Chang an opportunity of clandestinely meeting his love in the gardens of her former home. The husband of this handmaid, who worked for the mandarin as a gardener, and Chang's sister, were witnesses of the betrothal and the simple marriage of the fugitives, who passed their time in close concealment, and never appeared abroad except after nightfall, when they wandered across the rice-grounds, or, from the terraced gardens on the mountain sides breathed the rich perfume of the olea fragrans, or the more delicate flowers of the orange or citron groves. From the gardener they learned the steps taken by their pursuers, and were prepared to elude them for a considerable time. But at last the mandarin having issued a proclamation, that if his daughter would forsake Chang and return to her old home, he would forgive her, the young man expressed himself so exceedingly joyful at the signs of his master's relenting, that suspicion was at once attached to him, and the poor house in which he resided was ordered to be watched.

The reader will find this house significantly represented at the foot of the bridge. It is only of one story in height, and of the most simple style of architecture.—The ground about is cultivated; the tree that grows thereby is of an unproductive species, being a common fir, and the whole place has a sad air of poverty and dullness, which becomes more striking when the richly ornate and sheltered mansion on the other side of the bridge is compared with it.

It having been agreed that in case any suspicion fell upon the house, the young gardener should not return at the usual hour, Chang and his wife suspected that all was not right when he did not enter at the customary time in the evening. The gardener's wife also saw strange people loitering about, and in great sorrow communicated her fears to the newly married pair. Later in the evening a soldier entered the house, and after having read the proclamation of the mandarin, he pointed out the great advantges which would arise to all parties who assisted in restoring Kongsee, and bringing Chang to justice. He told her, moreover, that the house was guarded at the front, and reminded her that there could be no escape, as the river surrounded it in every other direction.

The attachment of the gardener's wife for her old mistress was, however, sufficient for her to retain her presence of mind; and after appearing exceedingly curious as to what reward she would obtain if she was successful in discovering Chang, she led him to suppose that he was not there, but in a friend's house, to which she would conduct him if he would first obtain the distinct promise of reward for her in the hand writing of the mandarin and the duke. The soldier promised to obtain the writing, but told her, to her great disappointment, that he must leave the guard about the house. She dared not object to this, or she felt she would be convicted, but she talked as loud as possible of the impropriety of rough soldiers being left without their commanding officer, and thus gave the trembling lovers a chance of overhearing what was passing, and of learning the dreadful extremity in which they were placed.

As soon as the officer had gone, a brief conference was held between the lovers and their protector. A few minutes—an hour at most—was all they could call their own. A score of plans were sugested, examined, cast aside. There was the suspicious guard, who were ordered to let no person, under any circumstances pass in front, and behind was the broad rapid river. Escape seemed impossible, and, for Chang at least, detection and arrest was death. To attempt to fight through the guard was madness in a man unarmed—and what would become of Kong-see?—What was to be done?

It was almost impossible to swim the river when it was most quiet; now it was swollen with early rains; but the river was the only chance.

"But you will be seen and be butchered in the water before you climb the other bank," suggested the gardener's wife.

"It is my only chance," said Chang, thoughtfully, as he stripped off the *poupou*, or loose outer garment commonly worn by the highest classes, or by those who seek for literary honors.

Kong-see clung to him, but his resolution was firm, and bidding her be of good cheer—that he would get across, and come again to her, he jumped from the window into the stream below, with Koong-see's promise of eternal constancy ringing in his ears.

The struggle was frightful, and long before Chang reached the middle of the torrent, Koong-se's eyelids quivered and closed; she fainted and saw no more. Her faithful attendant laid her upon a rude couch, and seeing her color returning to her lips, gazed out of the window upon the river. Nothing of Chang was to be seen; the river—the rapid torrent had carried him away. Where?

Time passed on, every moment seeming and age, and darkness began to come down upon the earth. The poor gardener's wife hung over her pallid mistress, and dreaded her questions when consciousness would be restored. The officer had been absent sufficiently long to visit the duke and mandarin; hark—he was now even knocking at the door.

The soldier knocked again before the gardener's wife could bring herself to leave Koong-see, but no other course was left to her; and scarcely knowing why, she securely closed the door of the apartment behind her, and drew the screen across to conceal it. The soldier rudely questioned her as to her delaying in opening the door, and showed her the document which he had obtained, in which large sums of money and the emperor's favor were promised to any person who would give up Chang, and restore Koong-see to her father. She made pretence that she could not read the writing, and having given the soldier some spirits made from rice, she managed to pass a very considerable time in irrelevent matters. When the officer became impatient, she told him that she thought it would be useless to attempt to catch Chang until it was quite dark, when he would be walking in the neighboring rice-ground. Two hours were thus whiled away, when the officer was called out by one of the men under him, and told him that a messenger had arrived from the Ta-jin, inquiring why the villian Chang had not been brought before him, and requiring an answer from the commanding officer himself. This gave the gardener's wife time to see what had become of Koong-see. She fancied she heard some noise in the apartment, and with intense curiosity she pushed the screen aside, opened the door, and popped into the room; Koong-see was not there. There were marks of wet feet and dripping garments on the floor, and upon the narrow ledge of the window to which she rushed. A boat had just that instant been pushed off from the shore into the river, and in it, there was no doubt, were her mistress and her husband, the brave Chang. The darkness concealed them from the eyes of friends or enemies, as the rushing river carried them rapidly away.

The gardener's wife gently closed the window, and hastily removed all traces of what had happened; she then cheerfully returned to another part of the house, and waited for the officer. He came, stimulated by a reproof for his delay, and commanded his soldiers to search the house, which they did most willingly, as, upon such occasions, they were accustomed to possess themselves of every thing which could be considered valuable. Their search was in vain, however, for they neither found traces of the fugitives nor any thing worth stealing. The jewels were with Chang upon the river, and the gardener was but a poor man. They suspected that the woman had played them a trick, but she looked quite unconscious, and in a very innocent manner persuaded the officer that he had been imposed upon, and that she was sorry she had given him so much trouble.

The boat, with its precious cargo, floated down the river all that night, requiring no exertion from Chang, who sat silently watching the prow, while his young wife slept in the cabin. When the gray of early morning peeped over the distant mountains, Chang still sat there, and the boat was rapidly buoyed onwards by the current. Soon after day light he entered the main river, the Yank-si-tes-keang, and their passage then became more dangerous, requiring considerable management and exertion of the boatman. before the sun was well up they had joined a crowd of boats, and ceased to be singular for they were in company with persons who lived wholly upon the rivers, but who had been engaged in taking westward the usual tribute of salt and rice to his imperial majesty's treasury. To one of the boat men he sold a jawel, and from another he purchased food with the coin.

Thus they floated onwards for several days towards the sea, but having at length approached a place where the mandarins were accustomed to examine all boats outward bound, Chang moored his floating home beside an island in the broad river. It was but a small peice of ground covered with reeds—but here the young pair resolved to settle down, and spend the rest of their days in peace. The jewels were sold in the neighboring towns in such a manner as not to excite suspicion, and with the funds thus procured, the persevering Chang was enabled to obtain all that was necessary, and to purchase a free right to the little island. It is related of Koong-see, that with her own hand she assisted in building the house, while her husband applying himself to agricultural pursuits, brought the island into a high state of cultivation.

On referring again to the plate, the reader will find the history of the island significantly recorded by the simple artist.—The ground is broken up into lumps, indicating recent cultivation, and the trees around it are smaller in size, indicating their youth. The diligence of Chang is sufficiently evidenced by the manner in which every scrap of ground which could be added to the island is reclaimed from the water. To illustrate this, narrow reefs of land are seen jutting out into the stream.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Chang, having recieved a competence by his cultivation of the land, returned to his literary pursuits, and wrote a book upon agriculture, which gained him great reputation in the province where he then resided, and was the means of securing the patronage of the wealthy literary men of the neighborhood for his children—one of whom became a great sage—after the death of his father and mother, which occurred in the manner now to be related.

The reputation of Chang's book, if it gained him friends, revealed his whereabouts to his greatest enemy, the Ta-jin, or duke, whose passion for revenge was unabated. Nor did the duke long delay the accomplishment of his object. Having waited upon the military mandarin of the river station, and having sworn, by cutting a live cock's head off, that Chang was the person who had stolen his jewels, he obtained an escort of soldiers to arrest Chang—and with these the Ta-jin attacked the island, having given secret instructions to seize Koong-se, and kill Chang without mercy.

The peaceful inhabitants of the island were quite unprepared; but Chang, having refused the party admittance, was run through the body, and mortally wounded. His servants, who were much attached to him, fought bravely to defend their master, but when they saw him fall, they threw down their weapons and fled. Koong-see, in despair, rushed to her apartment, which she set on fire, and perished in the flames.

The gods—(so runs the tale)—cursed the duke for his cruelty with a foul disease, with which he went down to his grave unfriended and unpitied. No children scattered scented paper over his grave; but in pity to Koong-see and her lover, they were transformed into two immortal doves, emblems of the constancy which had render them beautiful in life, and in death undivided.

*Translated by Sir William Jones, in the Asiatic Translations.

†Cuckoos are common in China.

‡The blossoms of the water-lily appear to sink after their beauty is past.

§Suicide is estimated rather a virtue than a crime in the code of morals of the Chinese.

*Disobedience to parents is a capital offence in China; parents have power to put their children to death summarily; disobedience is, however, no less common.

The editor of the Savannah Republican has been presented with a sack of flour made in Augusta, at the Cunningham Mills, from the pure Georgia wheat of this year's crop.

A pail full of lye, with a piece of copperas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will produce a fine nankeen color, which will not wash out. This is very useful for the linings of bed quilts, comforts, &c.

Great Yield.—Some idea may be formed of the extent of the trade in strawberries from a fact we learned yesterday. On a farm in Anne Arundle county, a few miles from the city, in one day last week, upwards of six thousand quarts of strawberries were picked for market. The same farm has yielded to the owner this season more than six thousand dollars for this delicious fruit alone. A very large proportion of the fruit gathered in this region is sent off to the northern markets.—*Balt. Sun, June 26.*

A Strange Freak of Nature may be seen on an apple tree in Medford, in the yard of Mr. Nathan Childs. Upon a branch of this tree there are *three large white roses.* Orighally there were five, and what is still more singular is, they are all upon a new sprout of this year's growth.

Connecticut.—A bill has been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature, providing for the fine or imprisonment of clergymen and magistrates who shall unite white with colored persons in matrimony.

☞ Gen. James Wilson, Representative from the IIId district of New Hampshire, will resign his seat in the House within ninety days. It is his purpose to locate in California, where he will devote his attention to the practice of his profession—the law.

☞ A man named McEvoy, near Dillerville, while making hay, a few days ago, fell senseless in the field and survived but an hour or two. He had been drinking freely of cold water.

☞ The grand jury at New Orleans has found true bills against Gen. Lopez; Mr. Sigur, of Louisiana; Gov. Quitman, and Judge Pinkney Smith, of Mississippi; Ex-Governor Henderson, Mr. O'Sullivan, and ten others of the Cuba invaders.

Death of a Daughter of Mr. Monroe.—Maria Hester, wife of Samuel L. Governeur, and daughter of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, died at Oak Hill, Loudon county, Virginia, on the 25th ult.

From Havana.—Dates to the 13th ult., have been received from Havana. It is mentioned that the trial of the prisoners taken in the neutral waters, was progressing on board a Spanish 74. The captains of Georgiana and Susan Loud were still in close confinement; but the impression is given, that the prisoners would all be released upon a demand being made by our Government to this effect.

Cuba—Official Dispatches.

The Philadelphia Inquirer learns from Washington that dispatches have been received from Cuba by the Ohio, and of a highly interesting character. The two American sloops of war cruising off the port would remain until the arrival of Commodore McKeever, in the Congress. The prisoners, in all, do not amount to fifty in number, and General Armiro assumes a sort of independent control of them. The Inquirer thinks it is quite probable that the Cuban authorities are procrastinating the affair, with the object of hearing from Spain. No other reasonable cause can be given for this delay.—The correspondent of the North American, however, now concludes that Count Alcoy desires their execution if possible, and only dallies with our government, to see what is its ultimate temper in the matter, and if he dare do the deed. He well says that it is time for us to listen to no more "distinguished assurances" and plausible words, but to demand action and have it.

The Deception of Lopez.

The Kentucky papers inform us, that the Kentucky officers and men who engaged with Lopez in the Cuban expedition say they were deceived by him as to the feeling of the people of the Island toward them. He exhibited letters from leading citizens of the Island urging him to come as soon as possible; and even to come alone, if necessary, for his landing would be the signal for a general rising. Many men of high character also encouraged them to enlist, vouching for the truth of the statements of the re-doubtable leader. They had no idea of a mercenary invasion of the Island, but merely to render aid to the citizens in throwing off their yoke.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

Troops for New Mexico.

During the last week, the Government has ordered six hundred troops from different depots for New Mexico.

California Prices.

Potatoes at San Francisco were worth $35 a bushel, the 14th of May. Eggs were selling at from 80 cents to $1 per dozen; flour $12,50. Board at the leading hotels, $7 per day, or $40 per week. At private houses, from $25 to $30 per week. Prices in all cases, however, were soon expected to fall.

Dangerous Counterfeit!

Several Ten Dollar Notes on the new Bank of Danville, were passed in the vicinity of Reading within the last few days. They are calculated to deceive—as no counterfeits have yet been reported on this Bank. They may be readily detected by the central vignette, which in the counterfeit is an eagle. The genuine 10's of this bank have a centre vignette representing a furnace in full blast, with men at work, &c.

House Fired by Telegraph.—During a rain, on Thursday evening, a house in Norwich, Conn., was set on fire by a current of electricity from the wires of one of our telegraph lines.—As the ignition took place at the spot where the insulator was fastened to the corner of the house, it is not improbable that the insulation was imperfect. The air being surcharged with electricity during the evening, a stream of the subtle fluid was probably silently diverted from its legitimate highway. The firemen were called out, and soon checked the flames.

☞ A suggestion has been made to employ deaf mutes as operatives in the telegraph offices. It is a novel one, and the experiment, it is said, will be tried.

Foote and Benton.—The prosecution of Senator Foote before the Grand Jury of the District, by Senator Benton, terminated by that body's ignoring the case.

Cholera in St. Louis.—The interments in the several cemeteries of St. Louis, for the week ending the 15th ult., were 107. Of the deceased, 12 died of cholera.

☞ Elopement cases are becoming fashionable again. A few weeks ago, Miss Margaret Forry, a pretty and intelligent young lady of our neighboring borough, York, left her father's residence on pretence of going to a party; but instead, she met a young man named Morgan F. Medlar, from Orwigsburg, who had a carriage in readiness for her. They proceeded to Lancaster city, where they were married the same day. He is a respectable young merchant, and well to do in the world.

☞ If you would relish your food, labor for it, if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it, if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.—*Ex-Paper.*

☞ Mr. Truman Smith is confined to his house with a dangerous attack of erysipelas in the head and face. It is feared that the attack will prove fatal.

☞ The new comet is now faintly visible to the naked eye in the constellation of Ursa Minor. It will continue to approach the earth until the middle of July, and will then be thirty-eight millions of miles from us—nearer than the planet Mars. July 11th, it will be near the star Arcturus, and will then be distinctly visible to the naked eye.

☞ The proposed tunnel, connecting the east and west side of the Boston and Troy Railroad, through the Green Mountains, is estimated to be *four miles long.*

☞ The editor of the *Savannah Republican* has been presented with a sack of flour made in Augusta at the Cunningham Mills, from the pure Georgia wheat of this year's crop.

☞ If any man, from Maine to Georgia, says the Richmond Advertiser, will, on the first trial, say, "*six slim slick saplings,*" without making a blunder, and speak as fast as he goes over the words, he shall have the Crockett Almanac sent to him for six years.

☞ The National Division of the Sons of Temperance in Boston last week decided, by a vote of 75 to 5, that the admission of females into the order is "illegal."