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Have you ever heard of a poor Chickering Plane' et me know where it is and I will exchange it.
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offer Mr Horsos Waters of New York, has made for advertising in your papers. The undersigned will do little better, if you will favor him with a call, and will furnish you with any Plano you order or desire. Given your order.

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HAVING received a PRESH SUPPLY of the Purest and

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by single Gallon and STILL lower when the quantit taken is greater. Remember the place is at the lines there of

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Erie, June 18, 1869.-2

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ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1860.

NUMBER 43.

THE RUINED CITY.

Loetical.

The shadows of a thousand springs, Cunumbered sunsets, sternly sleep Above the dust of per ished things That form this city's blasted heap Dull watch the crumbling columns keep Against the flerce, relentless sky, Hours, that no dial noteth, cre-p Like unremembered phantoms, by and still this city of the dead

Gives echo to no human treed A curse is writ on every stone. The Temple's latest pillar, itea Like some white Mammoth's bleaching

Its alters know no dection Fine columns of a palace rise, And when the sun is red and low, And glaring in the molten skirs, A shadow huge these columns throw, That like some dark colossal hand

In stience creeps across the sand The Senate slumifers, wondrous hire Of councils sage, of subtle schemes. But does no ling-ring tone survive To prove their presence more than decausal No light of revelations beams Around that voiceless Forum nos. Time bears upon his restless streams

that oft has frowned a nation's fate Here-where dark reptiles congregate Where, where, is now the regal rag That clothed the monarch of you tower, On which the rank weed flans its flat-Across the dusk this somber hour

No reflex of the haughty brow

Alss' for pomp, alss' for power, When Time navelle their navedness And Valour's strength and Beauty's flower Find naught to echo their distress And flattery-fine delusive breath Melts in the iron grasp of Death

Day rises with an angry grance, As if to blight the stagnant air, And burls his flerce and flery lance On that Doomed City's forehead bare The supset's wild and wandering hair Streams backward like a comet smalle, And from the deep and sulten glate

## Choice Literature.

The shuddering columns crouch in value

And through the wreck of wrathful years

The grim hymna stalks and speers.

## Through the Snow.

Mrs. Tubbs—fifty, lat and frosty, dressed black satin and flowery cap-comes from her housekeeping room (where she has been consulting Betty, her cook | into the study of Dr Tubbs, her husband, who, up later than his amiable spouse, breakfasts leisurely, and reads his letters grimly, on this snowy Christin morning. He is by no means a prepose sing-looking gentleman, though his cout is superfine and his

waistcoat large.
"I've ordered Betty," says Mrs. Tubbs, sinking into a chair. "to make the fellow a small suet-dumpling-no plums or cuiholidays where they ain't wanted they mu-t

take the consequences." "Of course, my dear," answered Tubba pompously, and at the same time winking terribly (for he has a visional defect which always keeps his eyelids moving.) "Your remark is most judicious. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, even this prudented arrangement will be unnecessary ; for i think of giving Gray notice at once, and getting rid of him this very morning. For-infor—this getting-on rapid -ystem of head. never do. If it continues, Mrs. Tuot , a. shall soon cease to be master and in allerof Goshen House, for here's a letter to an the Bailey's father, praising his boy's rigid; progress in anthmetic. Here's an oner from Wiggett's unche to say that fourgeneral advance is excellent, and to ac-

all, here's a third letter, from the Reserve.

Pike, canon of Diddlebury Cathed: a say that his grand-on 'progress in the car sics, is remarkable (you'll remember my dear, that there are lowr or the selar that they have learnt as much Greek and Latin in the half as at some schools they would have done in three years. Mand this, my dear. Now of course boys getting along in this way will soon leave. Instead will be enough under such a forcing plan. trees well when they should have been still in lines and cubes. I ve told thay of all this, times and often; but, but," adds Dr. Tubbs, with pathetic dignity, the minds years they lived, me no more than those boys who call me 'Old Winker.' He talks about 'moral honesty and trash of that sort, instead or paying attention to my behests. So as this education get on like a steam-engine-1'il

is the case -- and it don't do to let boy dismiss ham, and and this very morning. True, I must give some equivalent, as on arrangement was a month's notice on eath er side, and gratis board and lodging during the winter vacation. But better a lost pound than that this evil should make further head.

"A pound! We shall save double that in the fellow's board. Why! it wants yet five weeks to the end of the vacation, and this-say at ten shillings a week-will be two pounds ten Go and do it at once. Dr. Tubbs, whilst I dress for church. And make haste; we can then drive off and then be spared the nonsense of 'good-byes' On my way up stairs, doctor, I shall countermand the suet dumpling."

Not without some little hesitation when his wife's eye is on him-for his conscience, seared as it is, points how base his conduct is to one like Robert Gray-Dr. Tubba draws certain sovereigns and shillings from his private drawer, and goes forth to the school-foom, where, by a most economical scrap of fire, sits the gentlemanly usher. -His slippered feet are on the hob, a little Æschylus in his hand, a short page in his mouth t behind him lies the wide, high school-room, beyond that the bare windows and the snowy Yorkshire land-cape of

wooded hights and barren moors. "Faugh! smoke-smelling like tavern! are Dr. Tubbs' introductory words and then, taking a distant chair, he proceeds to business. It is soon effected—as most base things are—and to his infinite but secret chagrin; for he expected demur and His usher's manner expression entreaty sense of relief and release. True, were the pompous pedagogue a reader of human hearts, he might have detected one vibration of desolate despair cross the elegr oright, maniy eye when the first words of

dismissal came; but it is gone like an electric flash, and he sees nothing before him, but the serenity of self-reliant manhood .-Hurrying over his gruff adieu, pocketing his receipt, and basely oblivious of all Gray's noble efforts to increase his school—which, when he came a year ago, was sinking to

sincere worshipper. Resolute and brief as young men are Gray gathers up his few books from off the school-room shelves, hastens up stairs, packs his port-manteau, and directs it to TIMOTHY SEED! TIMOTHY SEED!! the nearest railway station, puts the rest ter, all frozen over now—and toward the served me to-day, once in a manner irre- lord to keep your toddy hot until church of his things in a knapsack; and then going and so sais cheep by the served me to-day, once in a manner irre- lord to keep your toddy hot until church payable: so let me serve in turn." Thus was out."

The surprise and mortification of the saying, Gray is led up stairs to a chamber, among the servants, visits the old yard-dog night, I fear."

The surprise and mortification of the saying, Gray is led up stairs to a chamber, where a warm bath and dry clothes await brother can hardly be imagined.

in his kennel, gives one look around the old play-ground where has passed so many sad and weary hours, and then goes his way, his knapsack on his shoulder, a good oaken stick in his hand. There are some worthy souls to peak to in this primitive Yorkshire village—the parish clerk, the cobbler, the carrier; then he hurries on ward with a brisk step toward the moors. which he so high and far away; they must be crossed to reach the railway by which

he intended to go.

Turning by and by out of the more beaten highway, he proceeds down a lane with high banks and hedge-rows on either side. It lies deep in snow, though traversed by recent wireds, and wind away presently toward woodland and river scenery of exquisite beauty-though wreathed in snow and crisped by frost. Here is a cottage, old-fashioned and substantial, an exquisite garden around it, and clothed with a glowing pyracanthus. The berries are massed coronals; the leaves lie around in beds of richest green. But the windows—at least toward the lane—are shattered; no one seems keeping a Christmas within.

But as Robert Gray leans upon the paling looking toward a little window that now is bowery with scarlet and green-in summer with the myriad waxen trumpets touches his hat "If yer a wanting Mr. Watson, sir," he says, "you won't find him at home to-day.

Him and the missis be gone to see their youngest son. Old Tab the maid's minding the house; but she's uptatairs dressing I dussay now "Well, Mr. Watson deserves a holiday

Gone for long?"
"No: I reckon they'll be home to-mor row. Miss Marrianna, the daughter, ain't wi' 'em. She's gone to Master Fielding's, scross the moors, to keep holiday wi' the children. She's a particlar favorite there -a sort o' cousin to th' missis."

So saying, Hodge again touches his hat, and proceeds.

When the honest fellow is out of sight, Gray opens the gate gently and steals in. Then from the before-mentioned bowery

window he cuts a spray of pyracanthus with his pocket-knife, and coming forth again, hurries away like one guilty of a serious sin. When he is far out of sight of the cottage, on his path again to the high-way, he looks at it long and tenderly, and then opening his knap-ack, lays it within. This shall go with him far and far away; it grew about her bowery window—she whom he has met once or twice in country homes-she whom he has spoken to a few times—she whom he has looked upon and

loved Like a man who has accomplished a mission, he now walks steadily onward, regains the highway, and begins the ascent to the moors-to the lower ones, which he at the base of the higher and more remote. Deeper became the snow, wilder the scene neither man nor bird nor beast giving life to the whitened waste. By and by he comes to a few solitary homesteads, and beyond these to a lonely grave-yard, where the dead sleep eternally ainid the great The any length of time, to give a small suct-dumpting—no plums or cut-hush of nature. He must pause a moment, rants in it, Dr. Tubbs—and send it in with for here hes a poor school-boy who died of the control of the c My reputation as a Musician and business man would be lost it these instruments should not prove good, and I Tubbs. The ham-like learn I keep for the saure the public that nothing is spared to bring about the desired result, vis:

| A rasher of bacon. The fat bacon. Dr cold and fever Gray nursed—Gray loved bring about parlor; for if ushers will stop during the color without saving targets. ever, without saying tarewell to the insen-

tient dust As he diverges to the gate of entrance into this lone burial-ground a middle-aged gentleman comes toward it from the rear of the small thatched church, and, striving to undo the latch, can not; his fingers may be cold. He may have entered the grave yard by some other path. For days, possibly, there has been no passer in Be this as it may, the gentleman can not make egress. Gray hurries forward, and from

his side undoes the latch. Thank you." says the centleman raise ing his hat, 'a courtesy is always pleasant, even on a lonely Yorkshire moor vai -a happy Christinas -a good day "-He is a handsome, thoughtful man, of undelle like, his hair just touched with gray his manner prompt, his words court, like one whoself dings are many with men and the world Perhaps he is a Yorkshire manufacturer-who knows '-many have factories in the horlows of these moorsrich, exact carnest men -gethering whole populations round them, and making steam their willing slave

When the stranger is out of sight Gray passes in, and following the footsteps in the of having ax years out of 'em apiece, two | snow, they lead him to a simple gravestone at the rear of the church, off which the There were the Fieldings, too: why did they leave? Why, that they could draw recorded the death of two old persons man and wife-who died some five years before. Their names were Fielding; their marriage life a long one, considering the

> "I thought as much," says Gray to himself, "that gentleman was Mr. Fielding, the rich spinner, and this the grave of his tather and mother. I have heard that he was as noble a son as he is a noble father husband, master and man. Yes! I thought there was a likeness in his face to the boys that came to Tubb's, to be taught drawing, half a year ago. How often does the pro-sic hide the depths of a poetic nature!-This is his visit to his parents' grave, on the anniversary of the death, and who knows of what worth such visitation and self-communion may be? The virtues of a year may be sown thus in a single hour. firay passes on to the schoolboy's solitary grave. No reverent feet have visited it -no reverent feet have scraped off the lazzling snow. The marks where the little redbreasts have hopped across it are plainly visible, and yet it is not solitary the wind sings a dirge, the snow presses downly, and at night the moonlight sweeps over it and silvers it with glory. Under the arch of heaven no single thing but what has some hymn sung to it-some

tears wept over it by nature! The poor usher resumes his walk ently, for he has far to go. The cold is benumbing, the snow deeper, yet he presseon; and he stops to find a small flask in the pocket of his outer coat; from this he sips a drop of brandy, (it holds but very little,) and then plods on The day begins to fade—the distance is yet considerable he grows anxious.

At length the moor dips downward into the valley, and beyond this is the higher, leaker, lonelier moor, across which lies the station he wishes to reach: through the valley sweeps a vast water-power, and here stand the wondrous mill in which laily work three thousand people, employ ed by John Fielding, the great cotton lord But the mighty giant of spindle and mule sleeps to-lay, the fires are low, and labor ests her hands! Some mile from the mill the mansion of the cotton lord stands embosomed in woods, and here at the foot of the fell is a cluster of cottages.

Descending to one of these he asks a wo the opposite fell. "Why, cross the beck by the bridge, and

take the road before thee. But oh, sir! it's reach the Hall. a coming on a wild night for the moors: the verge of ruin—the pompous and shall and now I'm thinking, if you go by Gray- of sympathizing friends welcome the poor : door, when Parson B-exclaimed low pedagogue makes his exit to go to stones. Mr. Fielding's park anem there-church—a hollow conventionalist, not a you'd find it more sheltered like, and a hit nigher still. You can't miss the way if ye keep this side the beck to the mill then cross it, and a bit beyond get into the park by a stile; the path then'll take you opened the gate of the little, lonely burial- this time, as I passed the tavern this mornby Greystone-pool-a mighty piece of wa-

mill-hands' cottages—almost all of them tenantless to-day—finds his way to the pool and so to its furtherest side near the moor. As he approaches the road leading thereto, he sees a man dressed as a servant standing on the bank as though attending three or four boys who are skating up and down the pond. They are all of them fine, athletic lads, and Gray knows them to be his old drawing pupils, the Fieldings.-Though he has no intention of approach

ing them, for they are skating some distance from where he has to turn off, he can not refrain from staying a moment to watch them. As he does a bell at the hall rings loud and clear its echoes are taken up in the solemn moors, and re-echoed back again

"Gentlemen, calls the servant, "there is the first dinner-table you had better re

They prepare, as it seems to obey, by skating toward the shore; and Gray turns away, not willing to be recognized and detained, for he feels desolute and low in heart. For him no welcoming least is spread, no ear listens for him, no èye expects him. Snow before him, snow behind he not see the pretty Marianna, the idol of him—a sad and solemn Christmas day to his dreams!" him! Yet the snows of winter hide the of the yellow jasmine—a man plods by and buds of spring, and out of our sorrow our truest joys are oftenest born.

He has turned his face and his steps away from the pool toward the moor, when a crash, followed by awful cries, met his ear. Looking round, hurrying toward the pool, he sees that the talless youth, in skating toward the shore, grounded dan-gerousice; it cracked, and he fell through. He is now struggling in the water—his head above it, his hands battling with the ice; while his brothers, hastening to his rescue, seem in peril too. The poor demented servant-a coward, perhaps, by nature-stands on the shore, wringing his

hands and shouting.

At a dozen athletic bounds Gray has reached the spot. In another moment he has thrown off his coat, hat and knapsack. "Stephen! Walter! Falkland!" he calls 'don't attempt that : I'll come to Harry's rescue." Even while he speaks he dashes his way across the ice, goes through itis in the pool, not a minute too soon—the lad is spent, and, benumbed with cold,

is sinking. "A brave heart, Harry-a hand there there, now my arm's around you-bear up. I'm Grav, your old drawing-master." Hold ing the lad's head above water, swimming dextrously, battling with the ice, in an anxious moment or two he has reached the shore. Having heeded Gray's warning the other boys are safe, too, and now crowd

"Harry is not much the worse," said Gray, kindly, as the spent and benumbed lad leans on him and begins to recover .-"A near chance, but a drop of brandy, with a run home and cwarm bath, will set him all right Walter, feel in my coat pocket, you'll find my brandy flask; it holds but a drop, it'll do good. So saying, when the flask is found, Gray makes Harry take what it holds, and then hurries him off home

"But you'll come, Gray?" says Stephen, who is the next eldest to Harry, "papa will never forgive us. if you don't come, after having saved us our dear Harry. We always liked you, Gray, and were talking of you this very morning. Come on ; you're dripping like a dog. "Thank you; I want to be at-station

by eight o'clock to-night, and at Leeds tomorrow, so I can't. I have dry undergarments in my knapsack here, which I can change in that folder shed yonder. Goodby. I want to cross the moor before it is too late. "The moor Gray! Why, you'll have a

hard fight with the snow. Our shepherds report it as very deep. But why are you tied for a few hours." "I have left liables; I taught too fast to

him; but if I reach Leeds by to-morrow may get a tutor-hip : for there was an ad vertisement is lating to one in the last uaper. So run home Stephen: I'll write to Gray does not stay for any reply, but seizing his coat and knapsack, hurries to

the distant shed here he changes his shoes and neither garments and then, to get warm, sets off on a run as soon as he has dressed and swung his knapsack on .-Up the snowy road, by the moorland crags on to the moor itself-a wide, wild waste of whitehed desolution. Yet some traffic through the day marks the road sufficiently for it to be easy to find,

while light lists and the snow holds off so he keeps on at a rapid pace: for the whole distance now to traverse is but some six miles, and he is not without hope that it will be easily effected. But presently the snow-drifts get deeper, and baffle him more and more at every step. The clouds a close; and at last it begins to snow heavily, as though the clouds had burst. Still he keeps his way, not without hope. But when the road becomes more and more indistinct, when the snow comes down heavier and heavier still, when the rising wind whirls it round and, when the cold becomes so intense as to benumb him, even while he is moving and regrets his folly in having slighted the kindly invitation to Mr. his sermon a marked copy. Fielding's house. But Gray is a proud man: he has had the birth and education of a gentleman, and he can not go fawning anywhere uninvited, like a beggar.

At last, hopeless of regaining the track, thoroughly spent, and growing drowsy, he sits down on a crag the storm whirling around him and treezing his Mood. Then he closes his eyes lost in that dreamy enthanasia which precedes death by cold .- I joying the fruits of the sale of fifty-six From this he is are used by something warm ! and wet touching his hand-something lying heavily on his knee. Reluctantlyalmost with difficulty -he asserts with sufficient will and volution to open his eyes: | the back towns in the State of M .--- was, and then he sees a shepherd's dog rests its | without any exception, the most eccentric pass upon his knees and licks his hands | divine we ever knew. His eccentricities At the same m ment a loud halloo is heard. With still more difficulty than he has opened his ever, he makes a faint reply, for he is conscious the rescue is at hand. It is scarcely uttered before a shepherd ere the parson was two-thirds through the casts back the blinding snow and stands besid him.

"If you please, sir, you must come with Mr Fielding sent me and another off, with a horse and the dogs, on the moor after you: for no one, he knew, could live out such a night."

But Gray can only speak. So the Shepherds assist: now coming up with the some mysterious means, always brought horse, they place hon on it, give him some him in close proximity to the village cavwhisky they have with them, and one tern, which he would enter, "and thereby mounting behind, so as to hold the be-, hangs a tale." numbed gentleman, the other leads the way back to Graystones. But the way is that P.'s object in leaving church was to hard to find, the snow so blinds and baffles obtain a "dram." and he determined to man standing at a door the nearest way to them, so lies in monstrous drifts, and the stop his leaving and disturbing the congrecold so benumbing: yet thro' this desolate, gation if future, if such a thing was possiwaste they get at last, and by eight o'clock

There, in the wide porch, a whole group seat at the same time, and started for the gentleman. He can not talk much, but he replies to the pressure of their warm and kindly words.

"There, take my arm and lean on me." says the same gentleman for whom Gray ground this very morn; 'you have twice ing, I made arrangements with the land-served me to-day, once in a manner irre- lord to keep your toddy hot until church

Gray hurries on, passes the mill, the him Cherished and refreshed he hes down on a sofa, and has soup and wine and other restoratives These taken he sinks into a sleep. When he awakes it is ten o'clock or more; yet he finds Mr. Fielding seated beside him.
"Ood ever love and bless you, sir." he

says, taking Gray's hand; "for you I owe the life of my priceless boy. I can never repay you, for they have told me all—your bravery, your goodness—everything. But you must not leave us. Mr. Gray, for a long time. It was I who advertised in the last Leeds newspaper; for my boys want a master, and you were the one I thought of and should have liked, but I did not know that you were leaving that mean, pompous, shallow hypocrite, Tubbs. Make your mind happy, sir; you have a home here; to-morrow we will talk of money affairs. But be sure, even when your officeeds, you shall find me a sincere friend -Now, do you think you are strong enough to come down and see the Christmas-tree. and Sir Roger de Coverley danced? Mrs.

Fielding and all my people want to thank you, too. "Oh! yes, he is strong enough; for shall

earnest and warm in saying grateful and kindly words; and there is Marianna, a little tremulous and timid; and still more so, when Gray gives her off the Christmastree a small needle-book, on which is analogies to trace the connection by which finely wrought—"Love me, and I'll love they are led. The logic must be finely

Gray sits down beside one of the glowing fires, while they dance Sir Roger de Coverly. But by-and-by she leaves the dance and sits down beside him

"I was so sorry for you, Mr. Grav, ' she says, "think of you on the bleak moor." for the noise was assaulted by a gathering of about one hundred white citizens, who "Were you," that is good news, Marian, first smalled the windows, then kicked Before I ascended the moor I had

had a long walk. I had been past a cer-tain cottage, and cut off a spray of its ruddy pyracanthus; it is now up stairs in my, heads of the bridal pair. No harm was of wallet. But I am going to stay here as tutor. It is a piece of richer fortune than I thought of, particularly if the little one, whose face I first saw beside those cottage window-panes, is a glad."

She does not answer, but lays her hand in his, (all the rest of the folks are mad, dancing Sir Roger.) and looks up with teardimmed eyes in his.

So he came through the snow, for this

and this; he is no longer desolate but richly loved By sorrows we are baptized to holier duties and to happier lives'

AN ABOLITION CLERGYNAN SELLS HIS SLAVES AND LIVES ON THE PROCEEDS .- Rev. Dr. Potts, Pastor of the University Place Presbyteman Church, New York, is one of those divines who utters denunciations from the pulpit against the institution of Slavery. Potts formerly resided, and owned a plan-Mississippi. The Natchez (Miss.) Courter | female is branded as completely as though gives an exposition of the Rev. gentleman's the touch of her negro paramour had burnt slave property, upon the avails of which he now lives. It seems he sold his slaves and plantation taking a mortgage upon them is fullows:

District Court, and Messrs. Deunistoun & and re-argued before the High Court, and lecided in April, 1858. The decision was that Dr. Potis' mortgage on these "chattels" held priority to that of the Messra Dennistoun: and that Dr. Potts' ten per cent interest was not an usurious transactime. tion, as was alleged, it being to secure a loan of money. The sale of the "chattels" was ordered in January, 1854, without a word being said about "family separations," and the sale was accordingly made. The Rev. Dr. Potts received his principal and ten per cent interest, in all about \$40.000. which he securely invested in other property, and upon the interest of which he now lives in affluence, to preach before a sympathizing congregation about the language of "Southern statute books degrading human beings to a level of chattels," and to arouse them to a realization of how shocking a thing it is, and how entirely beyond vindication to speak of chartels at t all; and how inhuman and how much at war with christian rights and duties it is-to expose human beings to the breaking up of demestic bonds and in the separation of

families. After this Thanksgiving Phillipic to his charged with snow bring day auddenly to | no doubt delighted auditory in the Fifth avenue, New York, we should like to have read in his and their hearing the record of his long continued and strenuous endeavors, successful at last, to realize out of such chattels his \$18,892 and his ten per cent

interest for nearly fourteen years. We have wondered somewhat that Dr Potts has never replied to our notice of his sermon. We gave him every opportuean now understand the motive of his silence .—"The least said, the soonest mended."

Good-bye, Dr. Potts | The next Thank+ giving sermon against slavery had better be preached by some one who is not now en-

"chattels" and their natural increase A GOOD ANECDOIE .- Old Parson B .-who pre-ided over a little flock in one o were carried as far in the pulpit as out of

at. An instance we will relate Among the church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving sermon. This was practiced so long that after a while it became a matter of course and no one, save the divine, seemed to take As soon as he heard of the matter, notice of it. And he at length told brother P. that such a thing must be needless but P. said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it, nevertheless. On leaving church he always took a round about course, which, by

Parson B- -learned from some source

The next Sabbath, Brother P.-left his

"Brother P." P., on being addressed, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit.
"Brother P.," continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at

Amalgamation in High Life.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Inst delightful locality known as Chatham, C. W., the scene of numerous negro disturbances of late, and the object of much unenviable notoriety abroad, has again dis-It is well known that this place, which is forty miles from Detroit River, is overrun with negroes to such an extent that they have grown bold with numbers, and as sumed authority which nothing but stren uous measures can resist. The surrounding country is virtually under their control. as the township elections prove, and their efforts to obtain possession of the schools a few weeks since, together with the riot-ous proceedings which resulted, are well known. The present occurrence, however, is more peculiar in its nature, and, if possible, more aggravating to the whites than any that has yet been brought to light.

About two years since, the Exeter Hall

Abolition Society, a British association, whose principal business is meddling with other people's affairs, and neglecting it own, sent out here from England, amon other missionaries, a young woman named King, whose mistaken philanthropy had induced her to devote herself to the thank less task of improving and reforming our fugitive Africans. She is at this time nine teen or twenty years of age, an intelligent and refined lady, and possessed of an an-nuity of several hundred dollars a year. accruing from her property at home. affectionate interest in the negroes culminated a day or two since in her marriage to an old darkey preacher named Pinckney, near Chatham, an event which took the community by surprise, and excited the most intense disgust and indignation, as she was very well known and, from her education and attainments, much respect So they go down arm-in-arm together, and Mrs. Fielding and all the guests are ulate upon. Experience has determined that white women of all degrees can throw themselves into the disgusting embrace of any black scamp who invites them, and we are not sufficiently skilled in the law of

shaded that explains the fact. The couple were married by an Episco pal clergyman, and immediately took possession of their domicil. The shades of night had hardly closed around them be fore the house was assaulted by a gathering first smashed the windows, then kicked the door in, and without ceremony proceeded in a demonstration on the house which threatened to demolish it over the ferred to them, but the efforts of the crowd did not cease until unmistakeable evidence of their disgust had been furnished, when the aspiring negro and his super-elegant piece it household furniture were inform that the operation would be repeated so often as an expression of sentiment on the part of the white citizens was needed He, as well as the rest of the negro population, were overawed by the popular out-bars, o for hig, and no resistance was of fered, which was, perhaps, fortunate, as a general row would have followed any such

movement. The party who took the law into then own hands in this case were respectable and responsible citizens, who were unable to restrain their indignation at such outrages upon decency. There was but one expression of sentiment, and that was that the blacksmoor deserved hanging, and that He preached a Thankagiving sermon the wealthy, and refined and philanthropic Miss King ought to be sent back to the last fall in which he presented the wick. pic Miss King ought to be sent back to the edness of Slavery, &c. The sermon found Exeter Hall Abolition Society as a fit subits way down South where it seems Dr. ject for the exercise of their reformatory twaddle. The universal disgust excited tation of 1,200 acres, and fifty six slaves, in by the occurrence is undisguised and the the mark of Cain on her

SINGULAR TIME FOR A MARRIAGE. - A lov for security. A law suit subsequently arose ing couple in Memphis. Tennessee, were between the Doctor and other parties to list week married under the following singrecover the value of the property with in- ular circumstances: They were taking a terest. The Courser gives all the particu- carriage ride in one of the principal streets las from the Court records, and concludes in that city, when they chanced to meet a br. Potts succeeded in the Chancery upon a favorite donkey. They at once accosted him and requested him to unite to appealed. The case was then argued them in the holy bonds of wedlock. He acceded to the proposition, and without dismounting, performed the ceremony. making the occupants of the vehicle one. and having for witnesses the mule and two or three persons who were passing at the

> "LOVE RULES THE COURT."-A jury in Texas lately acquitted a man on the charge of horse-stealing, although the crime was clearly proven against him, simply because he stole the horse to elope with his sweet heart, who was present in court during the trial, and waiting to marry him if acquitted. The jurors had probably all been in love themselves, at one period or another of their lives, and there was not perhaps one of them but what would have done the same thing, in their younger days, if they

> couldn't have got their wives without. At the Leeds Chamber of Commerce recently, it was stated by the President that a Frenchman had submitted to him a piece of cloth seventy-two inches in width which he affirmed he could produce at 3s per yard. The principle was the adoption of a machine which wrapped a wollen thread around a cotton thread, and this produced a fabric looking like wollen, but which could be produced at the price named. The machinery is to be tested

> A singular lawsuit is going on in London, a gentleman having sued a con fectioner for putting too many portraits o Mr. Spurgeon upon a supply of bonbons he had ordered. The lids were to be orns mented with portraits of celebrated living personages, and the confectioner had put five Spurgeous in each dozen. The plain tiff had no objection to a fair proportion o Sourgeon in his sweetmests, but he thou ive out ofevery twelve was more Spurgeon than he or his guests could stand

> The Boston Bulleten has the subjoin ed, which reminds one of the Daniel and blue-cotton umbrella story:
> "What's that a pictur on?" said a coun

> tryman, in our hearing the other day, in a print store, to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings.
> "That, sir," said the dealer. "Joshua

> commanding the sun to stand still." "Du tell! Wall, which is Josh, and which is his son ?" LINCOLN'S SPEECHES .- The New York

Tribune says: "The Hon. Abraham Lincoln visited the Five Points of Industry on Sunday, where he made a brief and affect ing address to the children. He left this city for his Western home on Monday morning." The Tribune does not say how much Mr. Lincoln charged for his speech—as it was delivered to children, we sup posed he asked only "half price," say

It is stated that a suite of twenty noblemen and distinguished gentlemen will accompany the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada this Spring. It is said fur-ther that His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Newcastle, and Major General Bruce, will be among the notabilities on that occasion.

The superintendent of Baptist col portage in Virginia has instructed the book agent of the Sunday school and publication board (T. J. Starke, of Richmond,) to send back all the copies of Spurgeon's sermonordered for their colporteurs and now on band.

"Mat" said a little girl to her mother, do the men want to get married as the woman do?" "Pshaw I what are you talking about?" "Why ma, the woman who come here are always talking about getting married, and the men don't do so.