

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

All ADVERTISEMENTS for a less than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All results of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest; and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices and items sent per line. All legal notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

All advertising due after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:

3 months	6 months	1 year
One square . . . \$ 4.50	8 00	16 00
Two squares . . . 8 00	12 00	24 00
Quarter column . . . 14 00	20 00	36 00
Half column . . . 18 00	25 00	45 00
Column . . . 20 00	30 00	50 00

*One square to occupy one inch of space.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

All letters should be addressed to MEYERS & MENGEL, Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1865.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Juliana street, near the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1865.

ESPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., promptly collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House. Jan. 22, 1864.

JOHN H. FILLER, Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa., Office near the Post Office. Bedford, Pa., April 20, 1865.

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYLL, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., (4 1/2 miles S.W. of P. V. Y.) ten years professional services to the people of this place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65-ly.

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office on door west of Richard Langdon's store. Nov. 24, '65-ly.

DR. J. L. MARBOURG, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. Bedford, February 12, 1864.

C. S. BICKER, DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA. Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. TERMS—CASH Bedford, January 6, 1865.

Bankers.

R. RED AND SCHELL, Bankers and DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted. Deposits solicited.

RUPP, HANSON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT. COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Oct. 29, 1865.

Miscellaneous.

DANIEL BORDER, PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA. WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Red Glass, also Scotch Pebble Glasses, Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. Oct. 20, 1865.

H. P. IRVINE, ANDERSONS ROW, BEDFORD, PA. Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Queensware, and Various Goods at the shortest notice. Repairing done to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Oct. 20, 1865.

DAVID DEFIBAUGH, Gunsmith, Bedford, Pa. Shop same as formerly occupied by John Border, deceased. Having resumed work, he is now prepared to fill all orders for new guns at the shortest notice. Repairing done to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Oct. 20, 1865.

BEST BEREA GRIND STONES assorted sizes, also patent fixtures for same Nov. 10, at HARTLEY'S OLD STAND.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is the best Advertising Medium in Southern Pennsylvania.

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL, BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1866. VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,345.

Real Estate Sales.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable pieces of land: THREE CHOICE TRACTS OF LAND, containing 160 acres each, situated on the Illinois Central Railroad, in Champaign county, State of Illinois, 8 miles from the city of Urbana, and one mile from Kent's Station, containing 160 acres. Two of the tracts adjoin, and one of them has a never-failing pond of water upon it. The city of Urbana contains about 4,000 inhabitants. Champaign is the great new growing county in Illinois. Also—One-fourth of a tract of land, situated in Broad To township, Bedford county, containing about 40 acres, with all the coal veins of Broad To rising through the tract. Also—Three lots in the town of Coalmont, Huntington county, W. Va. F. C. REAMER, Jun 26, '66-ly.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

One lot of ground in the centre of Broad To township, containing one Main street about sixty-five feet, one of the very best business locations in Broad To. Also, ten acres of wood land, adjacent to Broad To, lying on the Bedford and Broad To roads, containing first rate iron ore and having there a never-failing spring of water. For particulars inquire at the store of Mrs. S. E. Mengel, Broad To Run, or of Dr. Hickok, Bedford, Pa. Dec. 15, '65.

VALUABLE FARM AND TANNERY FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale, his valuable limestone farm situated in Bedford township, Bedford county, adjoining lands of Philip Zimmerman, Charles Smith and others, containing 250 acres, 200 acres of which are cleared and in a rich state of cultivation, balance well timbered, and has a never-failing spring of water. Also, a large brick tannery, situated on the South side of Broad To, near the Bedford and Hollidaysburg Turnpike. There are upon the farm a large brick barn and other important buildings. There is also a fine orchard of apple, peach and other fruit trees upon the premises. The farm is divided into fields of 15 acres each, enclosed with post and rail fence. About 50 acres are in meadow. There is an excellent spring of never-failing water close to the dwelling house. Also, upon the South side of Broad To, there is located a LARGE TANNERY, containing 100 vats, with all the necessary buildings, the whole yard being under roof. The tannery is now in operation, and ready for business. Twenty-five acres of the farm will be sold with the tannery, if the latter be sold separately. Upon these twenty-five acres there are six tenant houses. For further particulars address T. H. & N. J. LYONS, Bedford, Pa. March 17, 1865.

Philadelphia Trade.

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING SALES.

FASHIONABLE NEW SILKS, Novelties in Dress Goods, New Styles Spring Shawls, New Travelling Dress Goods, Fine Stock of New Goods, Miscellaneous Furnishings, &c. &c. E. & L. have their usual assortment of Staple Goods. Also, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. P. S.—Our prices are now arranged to meet the views of Buyers. HENRY HARPER, 529 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA. WATCHES, Fine Gold JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE, and superior Silver Plated Ware, at Reduced Prices. [Mar. 23, '66-3m.]

1866, PHILADELPHIA 1866.

HOWELL & BOURKE, Manufacturers of Paper Bags and Boxes, of every description, at 4th & Market Streets Philadelphia. Always in store, a large stock of Linen and Oil Shades. March 2, 1866-3m.

ALLEGHANY MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

RAINSBORO, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA. J. W. HIGGINS, Principals and Proprietors. The Spring Quarter of this Institution will open TUESDAY, APRIL 10th, 1866. This Institution is a well planned situated in Friends' Cove, Bedford county, Pa., the terminus of the Huntingdon and Bedford Railroad, and 24 miles from Cumberland, a station on the North Central Railroad. Rainsboro is a small, quiet, and exceedingly healthy town, in the midst of beautiful scenery, and sufficiently removed from the influence of large towns and cities to render it a most desirable place for a literary institution. Its inhabitants are moral and religious, and there are few temptations to vice, idleness or dissipation; situated in a rich agricultural section, this Institution for Young Ladies, is not only one of the cheapest in the country, but is one of the most approved plans of the best Institutions of the kind. Its main object is, to impart sound learning, All branches of classical, Chemical and Ornamental, taught. The mental and moral culture are carefully attended to, and (without sectarian prejudice) a due respect for religion is inculcated, both by precept and example. "In things necessary, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; and in all things, charity." For circular and information, Address HIGGINS & STEWART, Rainsboro, Bedford Co., Pa. March 2, '66.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of J. B. Williams & Co., is dissolved by mutual consent. All persons owing accounts or notes to said firm will please call and settle immediately, as in 30 days time they will be placed in other hands for collection. B. WILLIAMS, S. D. WILLIAMS, Bloody Run, March 15, '66.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN THE STAND HERETOFORE OCCUPIED BY J. B. WILLIAMS & BROTHER, WISHES TO SAY TO HIS FRIENDS THAT HE FEELS GRATEFUL FOR PAST FAVORS AND BENEFITS, AND REQUESTS THAT ALL WHO WILL GIVE NOTICE THAT HE CANNOT SELL GOODS ON LONG CREDITS, AND PERSONS BUYING MUST NOT LEAVE THEIR ACCOUNTS STAND OVER SIX MONTHS.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS.

R. ANDERSON.

Licensed Scrivener and Conveyancer.

CENTREVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA., will attend to the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Articles of Agreement, and all business usually transacted by a Scrivener and Conveyancer. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. April 6, '66-ly.

O YES! O YES!

S. J. McCASLIN, Auctioneer. The undersigned having taken out license as an Auctioneer, tenders his services to his old friends. Persons desiring an auctioneer will find it to their advantage to patronize him. March 9-3m S. J. McCASLIN.

NOTICE.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors, offers his services to the people of Cumberland Valley and Loudon county townships, to cry sales of real estate, personal property, &c. He will guarantee satisfaction to all who employ him. JOHN DICKEN, Nov. 24, '65-6m.

O YES! O YES!

WILLIAM DIBERT, Auctioneer. The undersigned tenders his services to all his old friends. Persons desiring an auctioneer will find it advantageous to give him their patronage. Post Office address, BEDFORD, Pa. Jan. 19, '66-3m WM. DIBERT.

TERMS FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOB PRINTING CASH!

For the reason that for every article we use, we must pay cash; and the cash system will enable us to do our work as well as it can be done in this city.

FARMERS WILL FIND THE BEST OF MACHINES, at Factory Prices, by ordering from Hartley & Co., the best Shovels, Forks, Traces, Chains, Axes, Whips, &c. Harness and Lubric Oil, Wheel Grease, &c., at HARTLEY'S [Nov 10]

EVERY VARIETY AND STYLE OF JOB PRINTING neatly executed at low rates at the BEDFORD GAZETTE OFFICE. Call and leave your orders in the city.

MERCHANTS AND MECHANICS.

And Business men generally will advance their own interests by advertising in the columns of THE GAZETTE.

The Bedford Gazette.

[From the Constitutional Union.] SARGO'S NEW SONG. TUNE—"Mary Blanc."

De "white-trash" Sumner blows about Is good for de nigger, sure, But he's got de inside track ob de road, And de "de-last is made de best."

De darkey won't split wood, or "toat" And he won't do any "finz," But he's got de "inside track" and vote, GORILLA NOW IS KING— Wid white and "coal black" roses round, De habit ob de darkey, he's iron ore and having there a never-failing spring of water.

Louise, my beautiful fellow traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father hurriedly remarked:—"We are on the mountains!"

With an instant activity, I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words:

"The coach is moving backwards! God in heaven!" Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that revealed the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backward.

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seemed to me that it must be a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against the traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of heavy thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By this light I could see a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven and his lips moaning like one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her aching cheeks and super-erect towards me as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing an indignant defiance at the descending carriage, and war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge as of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand around the waist and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent, I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was almost instantly deprived of sense and motion.

On an humble couch in an humble room of a small country house I next opened my eyes in the world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and sadness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber and a gentle voice lushed for atimeall my questionings. I was kindly, tended by a fair young girl about sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any converse with me. At length one morning, finding myself sufficiently strong enough to sit up I insisted on hearing the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of your broken coach, with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you, the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way beyond the place where my father and uncle Joe got you and the lady.—We buried their bodies in one grave close by the clover patch down in yon meadow ground."

"Poor Louise—poor orphan! God pity you!" I murmured in tones utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. Would you like to see her?" She added:

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in bitter tears by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention detailing the efforts I made to win her from her great grief, but briefly acquaint you that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the South; and that

serpation of a thunder storm in the Ju-

ra immediately recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. Jesu Marie! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very heavy volume of rain coming down at each thunderburst, and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

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two months after the dreadful occur-

rence which I have related, we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her percepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveler, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "that accident has made a physical coward of me at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had listened to the recital of the story with attention; what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road within a few yards from the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

ANOTHER BENT IN SUMNER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Mr. Sumner is most unlucky in his statements. Some time ago, it will be remembered, he put on sackcloth for a certain Brigadier-General Osband who had been murdered, as he informed the Senate, by a band of brutal rebels at Skipworth Landing, in Mississippi. After the Massachusetts Senator had delivered half a dozen speeches on the barbarism of Southern whites, dwelling with pathetic detail on the stabs and bullet holes through which the martyred Osband's soul had made its exit, his eloquence was suddenly brought to an end by a letter from the Brigadier himself, who not only declared that he was alive and in full health, but expressed a contempt for the author of his funeral oration, which spoke badly for Mr. Sumner's popularity at Skipworth Landing. Again has the great collector of scraps, the Colossus of paste-put and scissors, come to grief, as appears from the following, taken from the editorial column of yesterday's Inquirer:

A DESPATCH.—An official dispatch is published from William T. Minor, United States Consul-General at Havana, to Mr. Seward, in reference to the charge made by Mr. Sumner, in the United States Senate, upon authority of a letter from Mr. Coffin, stating that thousands of negroes had been kidnapped and transported to Cuba, and sold into slavery, on the block, to the highest bidder." Mr. Minor declares that the statement "is without foundation in fact." General Dulce, Captain-General, also writes to Mr. Seward, stating that what was said by Mr. Sumner is not true, and that "such a case cannot be made out even for a solitary individual." The story may therefore, be taken to be untrue in all particulars.

GEN. W. W. H. DAVIS.

Among the distinguished officers of the late volunteer army of the United States, none merit the approbation of their countrymen to a greater degree than the gentleman whose name headed our columns throughout the campaign of 1865, as the Democratic candidate for Auditor General of the Commonwealth. His self-denying patriotism and heroic personal courage were illustrated on many a hard fought battle field. He led his regiment to the fight, not for the purpose of destroying States and obliterating the Constitution, but to quell civil disorder, and restore the insurgent communities to their original position in the Union. That he thus fought, was reason enough for the war Secretary to refuse him the stars which his valor had won.

But reparation has come at last.—Though tardy, Col. Davis has at length received a partial reward. For gallant and meritorious conduct in the field, he has been invested with the brevet of Brigadier General, and the Senate has confirmed him in the possession of the honor. The peculiar friends of the soldier, who have covered Col. Davis with abuse and calumny, may now hide their heads in shame at the rebuke they have received from the house of their friends. Let the warring be headed, for there are other gallant soldiers, thus far neglected, who will receive from Andrew Johnson and the Democratic party, appropriate acknowledgments of their services. Disunion office holders must quit the places which they have dishonored; way must be made for those who fought for and would uphold the Union of the States! —Norristown Defender.

Two gentlemen walking together were talking of the senses—seeing, feeling and the like. One remarked that his sense of hearing was remarkable for its acuteness, while the other was not wonderfully endowed in this respect, but observed that his vision was wonderful. "Now, to illustrate," said he, "I can see a fly on the spire of yonder church." The other looked sharply at the place indicated. "Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear him step."

A TASTE for reading will always carry you into the best of possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.

THE vessel no woman objects to embark in—courtship.

AMALGAMATION AS SEEN IN THE

DANCE HALLS OF BOSTON.—The local of the Boston Post, in describing the dance halls of that city, paints vivid pictures of vice. Here is his account of one he entered. There were many others like it, but we select this as a specimen:

Passing into the dance hall, we found quite a company present "tripping the light fantastic toe" to the music of a piano forte with violin accompaniment. This hall is about sixty feet deep, and is fitted up with considerable taste. The walls are hung with pictures, real and fancy, and to give a patriotic cast to the whole, names of all the Presidents and the names of the principal battles in which Massachusetts colored regiments have served, are printed in gold, and relieve the sameness of the dingy walls. But the scene here presented by those participating in the "social dance" is not only novel, it is disgusting. Young, good looking white girls and negroes, black as lamp black, mingle and commingle in the dance, and embrace each other with seeming tenderness of spirit. The tall, athletic specimen of the genuine African with gross gusto and enthusiasm whirls the young women in the mazy dance, and at the signal to promenade for drinks, escorts her to the bar and treats her to a tumbler of spruce beer and some pea-nuts. This scene is revolting in the extreme to one accustomed to respectable society, but it is practiced here, in this mixed company, nearly every night in the year. Familiarity knows no restraints. All are in perfect illustration of the theory of negro equality at the expense of white women's respect and virtue.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—The grand preliminary Convention for taking steps for a new translation of the Bible which has been in course of preparation for years held its first session in Paris recently and is slated to be a great success. The leading men of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish Churches have united for the first time in this great work, the object being to combat infidelity, and especially the writings of such men as Renan. As the President said in his opening address, the three great divisions of the Church, if they could not agree on the dogmas which they "drew from the Bible, could at least agree on the philology and literature of that book, and they could also agree on the necessity of doing something to put a stop to the perversion it was undergoing by the modern writers of the school of Renan. The first meeting was overrun with men of learning, and as there is none or little opposition to the project, great hopes are entertained that the convention will be harmonious and that important results will be arrived at.

A PIGEON STORY.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin tells the following: A few weeks ago a large number of pigeons had made a resting place under the cornice of the Austin Block, corner of Spring and West Water streets, and had become so great an annoyance it was necessary to keep them away.—For this purpose a wire gauze was nailed up the full length of the cornice. It happened when the gauze was put up one of the pigeons remained behind it, a close prisoner there, and has been for three weeks, but during all this time he has been daily fed by his companions. Almost every hour of the day several pigeons will be found clinging to the gauze, and waiting patiently their turn to deliver to the imprisoned pigeon the food they have brought him, and every one seems to be more anxious to supply him than he is to feed himself. The most choice bits that can be picked up are reserved for their poor companion and he is now living on the fat of the land. We have no doubt that, like an honest pigeon as he is, he would prefer to break the chains which bind him and work for his living, but as he cannot do that, must submit to being the pet of the flock.

LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.—An English missionary, who describes life in New Zealand in the last number of Hours at Home, relates an incident that occurred to him on one of the South Pacific Islands. While on a cruise he touched at a small island for food; he obtained a full supply, and was about leaving, when a chief asked him if he would like some flesh food. Says the missionary:

Thinking that doubtless they had hogs, I said yes; he gave a quick glance around him, as if he were looking for a messenger, and singled out and called to a fine young lad, apparently about eighteen years of age. The boy came and stood before him; and before I knew what he was about to do, and having my back turned to him, looking at the fruit, &c., I heard the sound of a heavy blow, and looking quickly round, found the still quivering body of the boy laid at my feet, with the words "Hei ano te kai?" (is that food sufficient for you?) Horror stricken, I denounced most bitterly the deed, and leaving all the provisions behind on the ground, returned sorrowfully on board.

AN analyzing dame reports that "she heard of but one old woman that kissed her cow; but she knows of many thousands of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

THERE is but oneschool for poetry—the Universe; only oneschool-mistress—Nature.

TO FATTEN FOWLS.—It is conceded

that the fowls of France are the fattest and whitest in the world. The method for preparing them for the market is this: Fifteen days before they are to be killed they feed them with dough made of wheat flour of the previous year, with ten grammes of salt to every quart of water, and three or four gravel stones to a mouthful of dough. Twelve hours before they are to be killed they should scarcely eat anything, in order to leave the intestines empty, and thus avoid the acid fermentation, which would produce decomposition, and make it impossible to transport them any distance.

Not a feather should be plucked till the fowl has been thoroughly bled, which is done without cutting off the head. So long as the blood is in circulation, each little vesicle at the root of the feather is filled, and causes spots if this is plucked till it is entirely drained. If they are killed immediately after they will keep only eight days; but if they have fasted twelve hours, they will keep fifteen days.