

Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 58.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2977.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

VOL. 5, NO. 13.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

BY B. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:

\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.

\$2.00 " " if paid within the year.

\$2.50 " " if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

It has been decided by the United States Courts that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and is a criminal offense.

The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

RATES OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square of ten lines for three insertions or less, but for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged in addition.

Table and figure work double price. Advertisers' notices ten lines and under, \$1.00; upwards of ten lines and under fifteen \$1.50. Liberal reductions made to persons advertising by the year.

Popular Song.

KITTY CLYDE.

Oh, who has not seen Kitty Clyde?
She lives at the foot of the hill
In a sly little nook,
By the babbling brook
That carries her father's old mill.
Oh, who does not know Kitty Clyde,
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin,
That looks roguish as sin,
With always a smile as you pass.

Chorus:
Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty,
My own sweet Kitty Clyde,
In a sly little nook,
By the clear babbling brook
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put in her fish,
Ev'ry morning with a line and a hook,
This sweet little lass,
Through the tall heavy grass
Steals along by the clear running brook;
She throws her line into the stream,
And trips it along by the brook side.
Oh, how I do wish
That I was a fish
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde,
Sweet Kitty, &c.

How I wish that I was a bee,
I'd not gather honey from flowers;
But would steal a dear sip
From Kitty's sweet lip,
And make my own hive in her bowers;
Or if I was some little bird,
I would not build nests in the air,
But keep close by the side
Of sweet Kitty Clyde,
And sleep in her soft silken hair.
Sweet Kitty, &c.

ARTEMUS WARD SEES THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Notwithstanding I haven't writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter themselves that the undersigned is dead. On the contrary, "I still live," which was spoken by Daniel Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit that. Webster is dead now, however, and his mantle has probably fallen into the hands of some dealer in 2nd hand cloth, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be going round wearin it to any particular extent, now days. The regiment of whom I was kurnel formerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Guards, which accounts for not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as an American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dan. I spoke to my wife "but it at the time. My wife said it was well dan.

It havin' there a bin determined to perfect Baldwinville at all hazards and as there was no apprehensions of any immedj danger, I thought I would go out on a pleasure tour. Accordingly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washington. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to observe is about as uninteresting a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's future home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his Summer close. It is easy enuff to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becaws he can't help it. But he should voluntarily go and live in Washington is entirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was the reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for lookin at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room been in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much you ax a man for breathin in this equinomial tavon?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washington hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [B. B.—This is Sarkasum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immedjly ushered before him. He received me kindly and axed me to sit down.

"I have come to pay respects to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and harty."

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well,

sir?"
"Sound as a cuss!" I answered.
He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.
"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? Did he cum home arly nites? Did he perform her bedroom at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy? Did he go to the "Lodge of nites when there wasn't any Lodge?" Did he often go down town to meet a friend? Did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Californy? To all which questions the Prints perlutely replied, givin me to understand that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my loyal duke and most noble highness and imperials, because I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunning, he is long-headed, he is deep—he is grate. But unless he is good he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bostid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired slyly sarkastical.

"No, sir. But I believe in morality. I like-wise believe in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken windows, where gates hav no hinges, where the wimn air slipshod, and where maps of the devil's wild land air panted upon men's shirt-bosoms with tobacco juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do to much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsequently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever produced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his last days in catchin mackerel, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titey around him, (see picter-books,) but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his last words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sun of our Bigades!"

"This aboosed Jerome sed he scooped me, givin me the sack."

"Alexander the Grate was pumpkins," I continered, "but Napoleon was pumpkins! Aleck wept becaws there was no more words to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drownid his sorrows in the downy bole, and the downy bole was too much for him. It ginrally is. He undertook to giv a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad goak for Aleck!"

"Since you are so solicitous about France, and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is gettin along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could hav no idee of the grandeur it would one day assum," sed the Prints.

It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and let this magnificent continent to the intelligent savage, who when they get hold of a good thing know enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't have scooped, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the heel with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. Christ merrit well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

We talked some more about matthers and things, and at last I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tool-ries, when he gets older, and would like to embark in the show business, let him come to me and I'll make a man of him. You find us somewhat mixed, as I before observed, but come again next year and you'll find it clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has livid too sumptuously of late—his stummic becum foul, and he's now takin a slight emetic. That's all. We're getting ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the far will fly and secession far so deep a grave that nothin shor of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman."

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congress-er, trippin in the dance, dressed up in her store close. Sarah's father used to keep a little grocers store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her head in a contemptuous manner, walked away from me very rapid.

"Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codish, also!" I guess this remind-ed her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood!"

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's

melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the mussy dance. She sed we should, and so we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very s-s-ris, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in.—Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komic paper to publish a goak once in a while.

Yours Muchly,

WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

What that Election Teaches.

The result of the late election satisfies us that the people of Pennsylvania, if the opportunity were given them, would to-day decide in favor of recalling the National Democratic party to the power from which, less than a year ago, it was driven by the triumph of a sectional political organization. Without a State candidate to unite upon, and with only the comparatively unimportant local interests of the several counties, to draw out the voters, the returns, taking either the Judicial or Legislative tickets as a basis, will show a large majority of the popular vote on the Democratic side.

This indicates an extraordinary change in public sentiment since last November, when Mr. Lincoln carried the state by nearly sixty thousand; and can be ascribed to nothing else than a conviction in the minds of the people that they committed a grave error in taking the administration of the Federal Government out of the hands of the National Democracy; and that the surest and speediest way of bringing the war to a close and restoring the union to its former peaceful, prosperous and whole condition, will be through the restoration of that party to power.

This returning sense of confidence in the nationality and administrative ability of the Democratic party, is not confined to those who are or have been its adherents; but is shared by moderate Republicans—those who still cherish national feeling, and are opposed to perpetrating the war for the Union into a crusade for the abolition of slavery. The evidence is presented to us, in their voluntary union with Democrats in counties where they are ordinarily in the majority, in the choice of tickets made up of an equal number of candidates from each party.

The change of feeling in Pennsylvania, which the "sober second thought of the people" has quietly brought about, and which has found partial expression in the late election, will be made manifest in the political complexion of the House of Representatives at the next legislative session. With the 10 Democratic members elected on Union tickets, we shall have 54 members—a gain of 24 over last year.

11 Senators chosen this year, which gives us 10 in that body, where last year we had but 6. These results, however cheering in themselves, are gratifying chiefly for the encouragement they give for the future. We agree with the Harrisburg *Patrol and Union*, that it is a matter of comparatively little consequence whether we have a majority in the next House of Representatives, because political questions will not engage the attention of that body, and Democrats are as ready to furnish means for pushing this war to a successful conclusion, as their political opponents.

In regard to the war, there is no vital difference of opinion sufficient to create a political issue—and in this respect it matters little which party has control of the Legislature. But there is a future before us.

The time may not be far distant when the destiny of this nation may depend upon the political position of Pennsylvania—when the leaders of the Republican party may be disposed in despair to abandon the country to the terrible fate of separation, and when nothing can save it from this calamity but the strong arm of the Democratic party, which in times past held the Union together in the powerful bonds of fraternity, and may again be called upon to save it from threatened disintegration. Always distinguished as a Union party, with sympathies as broad as the continent, eschewing sectionalism, bound by no geographical lines, entreaining no narrow or fanatical views, the Democratic party is the only political organization with principles broad enough to govern a country so diversified in interests institutions and opinions, as ours. Its downfall was followed by the attempted dismemberment of the Union. Its restoration to power will, we trust, be followed at no distant day by the restoration of the Union, firmer and stronger, and more glorious, for the fiery trials through which it shall have passed.

Since the year 1858, the Democratic party has suffered defeat in this State. The Legislatures of 1859, 1860 and 1861, were overwhelmingly Republican, and hardly contained a corporal's guard of Democratic members. The success of the Republican party at the Presidential election last year, seemed to give it the finishing blow to the Democratic party; and its enemies vainly flattered themselves that it was humiliation for all time. But it has arisen from the dust of humiliation at the very time when they supposed that it was weakest, and least to be feared. Without patronage, to a great extent disorganized, falsely accused by its enemies of sympathizing with the Southern rebellion and treason, its leaders denounced and divided, its printing offices destroyed, its success bewailed as calculated to weaken the government and to encourage the rebels—in spite of these adverse circumstances and these torrents of calumny, the old patriotic Union Democratic party has achieved a great victory and confounded its slanderers.—*Reading Gazette.*

Many men live miserably and meanly, just to die magnificently and rich.

He spake well who said that little graves are the footprints of angels.

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

Pride is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

The death-smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark past an arch of triumph into a radiant future.

A VOLUNTRER ON DESPERATE SERVICE.

Shortly after the battle of Carnitex Ferry, communication was cut off between the Federal camp at Elkwater and that at Cheat Mountain summit, the rebels holding possession of the road. It was necessary that communication should be re-established between Gen. Reynolds at the former place and Col. Kimbel at the latter. Several attempts had been made, but the messengers had been killed in every case. Four had already set out and had been picked off. The whole camp at Elkwater was in danger, and it was necessary to get word at the summit at once, and another young man volunteered, but he was never heard from after he left camp. The commanding officer then stated to his men their danger, and called upon some one to again volunteer to perform the task. Not a man responded in all camp, until at last one was found in Captain Loomis's Michigan battery.

Henry H. Norrington, of Detroit, offered to peril his life to save others. He started out and succeeded in eluding the enemy, crawling miles upon his knees with his messages rolled up; and in his mouth ready to swallow in a moment if he was taken, and finally reached the friendly camp. He also had to return, and, after receiving his dispatches, set out in the night, the whole camp shaking hands with him never expecting to see him again. He traveled all night, guided by the North star, and the next day crawled as before, on his hands and knees. He finally struck the main road a few miles below Elkwater. Seeing one of the enemy's cavalry horses tied to a stake by the roadside, and the owner not visible, he crept up to the rope with his knife, and rode off in hot haste with several shots whizzing around him. He arrived safely in camp and delivered his dispatches, being the only survivor of six that had attempted the perilous task. As a reward for his bravery and daring, he was promoted in the company to be chief of a piece, and was placed upon the Commanding General's staff as Mounted Orderly. He was presented by the captain of his company with a sword, and by the General with an elegant revolver. He was greeted upon parade with nine cheers by the entire command, and his pay more than doubled. Besides this, favorable mention was made of the feat and the great service he had performed, in the official report forwarded the Department at Washington.

GENERAL PATTERSON.

speech delivered in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday night a week, alluded to Gen. Patterson, and his recent campaign on the Upper Potomac in the following language:

"You have done right, fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, in giving those cheers for Gen. Patterson, (applause.) for I know that through him interested and prejudiced parties have endeavored to strike at the military reputation of the Irish race; and equally and secretly do I know that, were it not for his own inviolable patriotism, which prefers private or public obloquy to anything which would detract from the credit or the strength of the Republic, that he has in his possession documents which would affect the efficacy of his military service. (Deafening applause.)

"When this war is over, assuredly it will be over, and that to the credit and supremacy of the United States, Gen. Patterson, at that time, will be able to do, what now, from motives of the purest though sacrificial patriotism, he declines to do. And until then, in the spirit of a loyal and devoted citizen, he prefers to incur suspicion rather than the Republic should take the slightest detriment."

This is good authority, and shows that General Patterson's conduct during the three months campaign, meets the approbation of military men of eminence, otherwise Meagher would not openly endorse him in this manner. We believe that when the truth is fully developed Gen. Patterson's campaign will only reflect credit upon him as a judicious and humane commander.

EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.

About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to bloom, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praise bestowed upon it by the vendor. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I discovered that I had only a middling *Multiflora*-state color enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot in which my rosebush was, about half an inch deep, with pulverized charcoal. Some days after I was astonished to see the roses which bloomed of as fine a lively rose color as I could wish. I determined to repeat the experiment; and, therefore, when the rosebush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the pots. You may conceive that I waited for next spring impatient to see the results of this experiment.

When it bloomed, the roses were as at first pale and discolored; but by applying the charcoal, as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red color. I tried the powdered charcoal, likewise, in large quantities, upon my petunias, and found that both the white and violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and the white petunias became covered with irregular spots of a bluish almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers are as I have proved insensible to the influence of the charcoal.—*Paris Horticultural Review.*

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the "young idea how to shoot," are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

SCHOOL ETHICS FOR PARENT AND CHILD.

No. 18.

To promote and preserve the harmony of the school as a whole, composed of individuals each having equal and undisputed rights, which must be preserved inviolate, the pupils will find devolving upon them *Duties to Each Other.*

They should be sociable. Circumstances sometimes unite to cause feelings of enmity and jealousy to exist among the pupils of a school. This is to be deplored, and should be corrected. Pupils must not recognize any distinction in knowledge, neither must they recognize wealth or poverty as a mark between each other; for, all are fellow human beings, all children of the same great family, whose home is this earth, whose sovereign and protector, God. We very often meet children who assume airs, haughty and aristocratic, from opinions given them perhaps by parents as stultified as themselves. They refuse to play with those who may be their inferiors in knowledge, and whom the stern mother poverty has reared in her hut of misery. Pupils should be made to forget such distinctions and act as if they were, for the time being, loving brothers and sisters. There are those again who naturally stand aloof from the many, thinking that they perhaps from some circumstances may not be welcome.—These should be made to feel differently, and be encouraged to join the merry and all be made to feel that none are their superiors in being. All should try to cultivate a spirit of friendship and love among themselves; for all their sociality devoid of both friendship and love, is a mere pretence and is not what is required of them as a duty. The least sneaking forth in cheerful words and however they may pretend to act, without having their feelings in accordance with their actions, a formal perhaps cold manner toward their associates, will be the result. It is indeed a pretty sight to see the pupils of a district school all engaging with whole soul in the same play, and all willing to recognize each other as equals; where pride, not of birth, wealth, nor knowledge, shall cause any one to stand aloof from his schoolmates. When strife and contention exist, the pleasure of both play and instruction will be sadly marred. There might be other reasons urged why the pupils should be sociable but it is unnecessary.

KAPPA.

GET READY.

Now that the schools of this county are about to be opened, we would say to the parents, children, teachers and directors, get ready, and prepare yourselves properly, so that the machinery of the common schools may run smoothly during this winter. Each of you has a work to do which if neglected, will be a clog in the way to success. Are you ready to assume the several responsible duties that are incumbent upon you in your several capacities; if not, it behooves you to get to work at once and have everything in readiness, so that your schools may become more interesting to all concerned.—Directors, have you got the school houses ready; have you them well cleaned and properly prepared for ventilation; have you everything ready that is necessary for the comfort and success of the teachers? If not, see to it at once, and neglect not the important duties of your office.—Parents, are you ready to do your part in the great work of education? Are you ready to take more interest in the training of the minds of your offspring; and have you made up your mind to cheer them on in their labors, by an occasional visit to the schoolroom this winter. Yours is a very responsible office, and it behooves you to see that you neglect none of its functions.—See that your children are supplied with proper implements in this warfare against ignorance and superstition, so that they may come out of the fight victorious, and be an honor to your name.

Teachers, are you prepared to enter upon the responsible duties of your calling? Have you devised new plans to enhance the interest of your profession, add the interests and welfare of those placed in your charge? Get ready to act well your part: do your utmost to make your teaching a complete success, the coming winter. In order to do this, solicit the aid and co-working of the parent, for the teacher and parent must cooperate in the great work of expanding the mind of the rising generation.—Again we would say, parents, children, teachers and directors, get ready; put your shoulders to the wheel, push on the column, and success will crown your efforts.

S. S.

We have received a copy of "Clark's School Visitor; a Day School Paper for Teachers and School Children Everywhere," edited by Alex. Clark, and published by Daughaday and Hammond, Philadelphia. It is a very neat paper and just the thing we need in our common schools. Its editor is well known throughout the State as an earnest friend of education and common schools, and we should like to see the "Visitor" receive a good circulation among the school-loving children of this county. Teachers should constitute themselves agents for this excellent paper. It will not only be a welcome guest in the school room, but the family circle will be made pleasant by the perusal of its interesting pages. A copy can be seen at this office.

KILLED FOR THE THIRD TIME.

The telegraphic correspondents are killing the rebel general McCullough, for the third time. He does not seem to mind it; but persistence in such a repeated act of cruelty can only be excused by the loyalty which suggests it. Every distinguished rebel general seems to bear a "charmed life," like Macbeth, for every one has been killed by the newspaper correspondents, and yet every one flourishes at the head of his division. The only instance on record of vitality equal to this is that of the celebrated Torreon, in the Mexican war, who was killed in every battle, but who bears the "deep damnation of his taking off" with remarkable equanimity, down to the present time, without seeming to be affected in his constitution or spirits. McCullough was in Mexico during that campaign, and probably acquired the art from Torreon of surviving after his death, or what is more likely, the "reliable gentleman" who use to telegraph us such fatality to the Mexican hero may possibly be at the end of the telegraph line which runs to St. Louis, and may be exercising his old habit of titillating the wires and the ears of the public with a sensation story.—*Phila. paper.*

THE WORD "SELAH."—The thoughtful reader of the Psalms can not have failed to ask himself what the word "Selah" means. It is a Hebrew word or sign, which the translators of the Bible have been forced to leave as it is found it, from their ignorance or disagreements as to its correct signification. The Targum and most of the Jewish commentators give to the voice. The word "Selah" appears to have regarded it as a musical or rhythmic note. Herner regards it as indicating a change of tone; Matheson, as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther, and others, it is equivalent to the exclamation *silence!* Gesenius says "Selah" means, "Let the instruments play and sing stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda!* (up, my soul!) Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah; they are calls for aid, and prayer to be heard, expressed either while either directness, or, if not in the imperative 'Hear, Jehovah' and the like, still earnest address to God, that he would remember and hear." &c. The word itself, he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah, itself, he thinks is an abridg the sound of the stringed instrument, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.

SAM. HOUSTON "SECESSES."—The Richmond *Enquirer* of Friday last, contains a letter from Sam Houston, dated September 18, which was written for the purpose of defining his position, and in answer to an article which he saw in the New York *Herald*, which states that General Houston has no sympathy with the rebellion. He says that previous to the act of secession by Texas, his opposition, to it was open and avowed; but since then he has changed his opinion, and is now with the South in all her movement. He declares that there is no Union sentiment in Texas, however strong it may have been at one time, and that "the Spartans were not more united in defence of their country and liberties than is Texas, united in support of the Southern Confederacy." It will then be seen, that old "San Jacinto" is in full connection with those who are seeking to break up the Government.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S AMAZON GUARDS.—Attached to the King of Dahomey's army there is a troop called "The Amazon Guards." The *African Herald* thus describes them:—The Amazon Guards, as they have sometimes been styled, are the most extraordinary troops that we have ever heard or read of. They are three thousand in number, all females, and display such a ferocious blood-thirstiness and hardihood as to bear a greater resemblance to a host of mad tigresses than to human creatures. They utterly despise death; they show no mercy to any living being in war; they are mad after blood, and seem not to know what fear means. They are, in fact, a troop of devils, so to speak, whose hideous wildness of manner, and the savage madness of whose demeanour, in times of excitement, are so appalling and inhuman, as to have led many well judging persons to opine that these dreadful creatures are periodically subjected to the influence of some species of drug which has its effect. The dress of the Amazons consists of a pair of loose trousers, an upper garment covering the breast and a cap. They are armed with a gun, knives, and daggers; some have blunderbusses others long elephant guns while the remainder carry the ordinary musket. In their military exercises they display good discipline, as well as wonderful dexterity and agility.