GEORGE MONCKTON'S TRIUMPH.

"For my part, Margarette, I like him. You may recollect I danced with him some years ago. We were little brothers then, and, since he came home, turned among us I can truly say I have seen nothing [illegible]

"You men never [illegible] when it suits you to be blind. Monckton is a jovial [illegible] tric man; at times [illegible]

Her brother smiled.

"And are you not slightly eccentric, too, my sister?" he asked slyly.

"Are you not just a little over-fastidious? And don't you prize yourself on your fine taste, and——"

"Nonsense, Henry!"

"And does not the amount to eccentricity, my dear sister?" he continued, without heeding her interruption.

Margarette Burton was a handsome girl, with coal-black, flashing eyes, a peachy complexion, and pearly teeth. She was now eighteen years of age, and, for two years, had been the "bright, particular star" in the love-sky of many a young fellow's hopes, heart-aches and fears.

But it seemed indeed, that the girl was hard to please, for many representations of the good, bad and indifferent, in every sense, had bowed before her—some for her money, some for the glittering show which, it was certain, she would make in the world of fashion—some for her really noble soul, which, despite her lofty port and outward reserve, showed itself—all drawn to her by that beauty which beamed from her countenance. But, as yet, Margaretta Burton's heart was her own; its warm pulses thrilled for no one else so lovely as her sister than herself. Her smile was free for all.

The truth was, Margaretta was inclined to be romantic; she was highly educated, had lived for a long time in the city, and was now at her home in the country. She had certain bred airs and notions, certain high ideas, which, she thought, were just a little too elevated for the country rightly to appreciate; and, as her brother said, she had carried her notions so far, that her conduct was eccentric.

About six months prior to the opening of our story, a young man by the name of George Monckton had settled down near Springdale. He was a man of about thirty. He soon became very popular throughout the country.

On the score of old acquaintanceship, he called, upon after his arrival at Burton Manor, to see his old friend Henry.

An introduction to the handsome belle, of course, followed; still, Mr. Monckton paid but little attention to her. He appeared to prefer his quiet chat with Henry over old times—his fragrant Havana; in one word, his own ease.

The girl was a trifle miffed at this. It seemed strange to her that a man of Monckton's sense—for she regarded him with intelligence and appearance, for his quiet, proud face, his tall, erect form, had been photographed in rather pleasing colors in her heart—strange, indeed, that he should fail to see in her what so many others had seen—if not a golden calf, a certainly passingly attractive idol, before which he should fall down and worship. She did not know George Monckton, that was evident; she did not know that in his bosom beat a heart as proud, as stern, as lofty as her own.

But a few days had elapsed, however after this preliminary call, before George Monckton, was again at Burton Manor; and this time, when he sent in his card, he asked for *Miss* Burton.

The girl smiled proudly as she gazed at the small piece of paste-board, on which was boldly written, in his own handwriting, the name of the visitor. She arrayed herself for conquest, and leisurely descended to the parlor.

But she was disappointed. George Monckton's gaze, which was steady—almost impertinent—did not denote admiration as she entered; far from it. Nor did studied words of eulogy and flattery salute her ear; nor did George Monckton break his neck to roll out the large velvety chair for her. He allowed her to seat herself and then, in a most indifferent manner began to converse on some strange out-of-the-way topic—a topic of which poor Margarette, with all her city seminary learning, knew not a word, and in her helplessness could only answer, "Yes," and "No." She bit her lip until the blood ran down; and still the uncouth visitor rattled on—still Margarette answered, "Yes," "No."

But all this terminated very suddenly; for George Monckton, abruptly drawing a cigar from his pocket, coolly proceeded to light it. To Margarette's utter amazement, he quietly commenced to whiff it, and the smoke curled lazily in the elegantly furnished parlor. But in a twinkling he sprang to his feet and said:

"Good-day, Miss—ah—ahem! I forgot Miss *Ramsby!*" and strode out of the room without turning his head.

Of course, Margarette had not been pleased with this visit. She had gone to conquer; but she had been vanquished, and, to make her defeat the more humiliating, she had been called "Miss Rumsby!" Oh, horrible! The fellow was actually so oblivious of her as to forget her name! This time the usual flood of tears relieved her.

But George Monckton continued to call, and he always asked to see Miss Burton. He always wore his same stern exterior, and acted in his queer eccentric manner. One time when he presented himself at the mansion, Margarette was distressed to find that she would not see him, and sent word she was not at home.

"Go and tell the young lady," he said, sternly, to the girl, "not to make your lie needlessly. Tell her I saw her hide behind the curtain as I drove up; and that I'll hammer here all day and all night, until I see her."

So Margarette had to come down. This time he was a trifle—just a very small trifle, too—gentler than usual but he astounded the poor girl terrified her out of her wits—by turning suddenly and asking her, without preface, to marry him!

The maiden's angry blood came to her relief, and gave her speech. Her reply was an indignant negative.

He gazed, for a moment, sharply into her face, and leaning over toward her, said, in a low tone:

"YOU SHALL!"

And dashing at his hat, was gone in a moment.

And so, on the this evening which we have chronicled above, Margarette pouted her pretty red lips before replying to her brother's accusation.

"But, Henry, if I am eccentric—which, mind me, I do not admit—I am, at least, decent above it."

"And is not Mr. Monckton decent, as you phrase it, in *his* little queer notions, too Margarette?"

"No he is not, and you know it! He is coarse, impudent and presuming—"

"But he loves you my sister."

A softer light beamed in the girl's eyes, but it soon went out.

"Then why does he not show it differently?"

"Why, Margarette, that's his way, and he can't—"

"To the witches with his way! It does not suit *me*. In the first place, when he visits here, he alarms the neighborhood by the vehement manner in which he pulls at the bell. You know, well enough, that the hanger has been here twice to fix the bell wire after Mr. Monckton had called. Really, I think he should be made to pay the bill and—"

At that moment a furious pull on the wire jingled the bell violently; but a second claused, ere it clattered and changed again.

"There he is! I am sure, I am—"

"Tell Miss Burton that George Monckton wishes to see her at once; and that he can't wait all night for her to come down either!" sounded a loud voice, as the door was opened.

Margarette raised her hands, as if in despair, and then darted up stairs to arrange herself to meet her rough lover; and in strode George Monckton. A pleasant smile broke over his face as he saw Henry Burton. He extended his hand good naturedly; and then, while he placed his fingers to his lips, his face suddenly assumed Cromwellian stillness, and marched on into the parlor, with the precision of one of that great leader's Puritan heroes.

In a few moments, Margarette, her face wearing a half defiant, half pleasant expression, entered the room. Monckton, turned toward her.

"I shall not come here many more times, I can tell you. You know what I come for. Tell me—nay, but hear me out, or I shall not stay to listen to anything you may say, I am in a hurry. Tell me, then, when you will marry me? I can just most truthfully inform you that I shall not wait all my lifetime on you. Be quick about it! I am not bad looking. I have some money; and I'am, thus far, honest. You—you—well, you are passable, and—will do. Then—not a word; I'm off" and snatching up his hat, away he went.

"Wretch!" muttered the girl, angrily as the door closed on her lover; but there was a tumultuous throbbing at her heart. A sigh escaped her, as she gathered up her elegant, costly skirts, and ascended the black walnut stairway to her room.

Of a verity; there was food for that in Margarette Burton's bosom.

* * * * *

"The girl is a flirt—a heartless coquette, and I——"

"Do you know the meaning of your words, Langdon Cheeves?"

And with one stride, George Monckton confronted the speaker.

"I do, sir; and, for your satisfaction try to repeat them.

"Then, sir, you lie!" retorted Monckton, in a low, angry tone.

Quick as lighting, Cheeves slapped his face with his glove. The landlord and the bystanders rushed in and separated the two combatants.

"You shall hear from me, Langdon Cheeves! Be prepared to answer!"

The other smiled and bowed.

The sun was slowly creeping up behind the trees; already his rays were darting toward the zenith. The party were on the ground—a small clearing surrounded by trees. The principals took their places. The second withdrew. No apologies were offered, and none would have been accepted. Then the fatal word was given; then the handkerchief dropped. The pistols flashed simultaneously in the air; but, when the smoke cleared away, both duelists stood firmly on their feet.

Again the seconds endeavored to arrange the affair, but failed. The weapons were once more charged—the word given, the handkerchief fell—the solitudes again echoed to the explosion.

This time, George Monckton staggered wildly back—stood firm for a second, and then fell heavily to the earth. A dark stream welled sluggishly from his breast. The surgeon was by his side in a moment; but George Monckton had faluted—his lips were blue—his face contracted—the pulse had fled from the wrist. The surgeon shook his head gravely, as he stuffed the pattulous wound with lint.

* * * * *

Margarette Burton, her head between her hands, wept bitterly. Her brother slowly and sadly walked the room.

"It cannot be helped Margarette. He is wounded—wounded very dangerously. He now lies at the point of death! Poor fellow he——" Henry Burton's voice choked, as he paused and leaned against the bookcase.

"Oh! God, Henry—to think he exposed his life—that dear precious life—on my account—for me! And I have scarcely noticed him! Oh Henry, I'll go crazy if he dies! I cannot, oh, I cannot stand it! I must go to him—I *will* go."

"There, there, Margarette, don't worry yourself so much. You'll make yourself sick. Besides, I have been down to his rooms, to inquire about him, and the doctor would not let me in to see him. Margarette; of course, he would not let you in. The poor fellow has not rallied since he received that terrible, I fear fatal, wound."

"Oh! do not say *fatal*, Henry. The very thought of his death would drive me mad. Oh! Henry I must go to him; I will die if I stay away. He risked all, even his precious life, for me, and I must, even if my cold, miserable heart that was, did not yearn for him—go to him!"

She spoke earnestly, the deep, loving, sympathyzing woman was speaking. Her heart was touched, as she reflected that her lover, however uncouth and rough he was, had endangered his life on her account. Her brother looked at her silently for a moment, and then going up to her, laid his hand gently on her head.

"I am glad to see this spirit, my dear sister; but, believe me, if you go now, it will be to poor Monckton's injury. I know you would do nothing which would add to the dangers of his condition."

"Ah! no, my brother, but I will pray for him, and God's will be done."

She bowed her head resignedly.

For many a long, weary day did the vital spark quiver in the wan, wasted body of George Monckton. Sometimes it was nearly extinguished, but the kind hand of the physician was ever ready, and he would feed with a liberal hand the dying flame. Death fought hard for his victim, but the destroyer was finally overcome, driven away discomfitted. At last the poor fellow, a shadow of himself, was declared convelescent.

He was sitting by the window one cool autumnal afternoon watching, idly, the crimsoning clouds floating above the western horizon. A tear stood in his eye, and his face was as still as a woman's. Suddenly a timid rap was heard at the door. He faintly said, "Come in," and Margaret Burton all tears and blushes, and glad, happy smiles, entered.

"Oh! God-be thanked, my dear Monckton, that I see you once again." And without reserve, she ran up to him and nestled by his side, while the long curls from her bowed head fell on his face and shoulders. Geo. Monckton's face flushed with one grand glow of triumph, and an angel smile played over his usually stern features. His feeble hand nestled among those ebon ringlets; but as the girl looked up, his countenance was again cold, as he said harshly:

"Don't flatter yourself too much in this affair, Margaret Burton! I would have done the same thing for any woman I—*loved!*" And despite himself, a smile broke over his handsome face, and the tear came again in his eye as he gazed in her face. She glanced up at him furtively, half naively. He averted his eyes. She grasped his hand timidly.

"Oh, George!" she murmured.—He turned instantly, and in an unnatural voice, said:

"Margaret Burton, I will give you fifteen minutes to say whether you will marry me. Now decide. There is the clock."

She looked at him for a moment, with downcast eyes.

"You have given me *too much time* George," she said archly.

"How so?" he stammered.

"Because it takes but one breath to say—*yes*."

A strange, lightning like metamorphosis passed over George's face as he threw his arms passionately around the beautiful girl. Two months after that they were married, and the groom was like other men: There was no sternness now in those handsome features, no coarse words, no snappish demeanor, no odious cigars; all that had passed away; the man appeared ever after as he really was—a perfect gentleman.

Harvest is backward in consequence of frequent rains.

NASBY.

On a Farm, Three Miles from Confederit X Roads [Wich is in the State uv Kintucky]— June 29, 1869.

The die is cast! The gulloteen has fallen—I'm no longer Postmaster at the Confederit X Roads, which is in the State uv Kentucky. The place that knowed me wunst will know me no more forever—the paper wich Deekin Pogram takes will be handed out by a nigger—a nigger will hev the openin' the letters addrest to parties residin' hereabouts, containin remittances—a nigger will hev the riffin of letters addrest to lottery managers and extractin the sweets therefrom—a nigger will be—but I can't dwell on the disgustin theme no longer.

I had been in Washington two weeks assistin the Caucushens uv that city to put their foot upon the hed uv the cussid niggers who aint content to accept the situashen and remain ez they alluz hev bin, inferior beins. To say I hed succeeded is a week expreshen. I organized a rude onto 'em so effectoually ez to drive no less than thirty of them out of employment, twenty-seven uv which wuz compelled to steal their bread, wich give us a splendid opportoonity to show up the natural cussidness uv the Afrikin race—which we improved.

When I arrived at the Corners I knew to wunst that suthin wuznt exactly right. I hed rid over from Secessionville on Bascom's mule, wich he hed sent over fur me, and ez I rid up to his door, I knowd suthin hed happened. The bottles behint the bar wuz draped in black, the barels wuz festooned gloomily, (which is our usual method uv expressin grief at public calamities), and the premises generally wore a funeral aspeck.

'What is it?' gasped I.

Bascom returned not a word, but waved his hand toward the Postoffis.

Rushin thither, I bustid open the door, and reeled almost agin the wall. At the general delivery wuz the grinnin face uv a nigger! and sittin in my chair was Joe Bigler, with Pollock beside him, smokin pipes and lafin over suthin in a noosepaper.

Bigler caught site uv me and darting out pulled me inside them hitherto sacred preshnks.

'Permit me,' sed he, jeerinly, 'to introdooce yoo to yoor successor, Mr. Cessar Lubby.'

'My successor! Wat duz this mean?'

'Show him, Ceeser.'

And the nigger, every tooth in his head shinin, passt me his coimmishun dooly made out and signed. I saw it all at a glance. In imitashen uv our Secretary Boric, I hed left my biznis in the hands uv a depitty, wich is now the favorit way uv doin biznis. It arrived the day after I left, and Isaker Gavitt, who distributed the mail, gave it to the cuss. Pollock made out the bonds and went onto 'em himself, and in ten days the commishen came on all regular, whereupon Bigler backt the nigger and took forcible possesshen uv the offis. While I wuz absent they hed had a peresshen in honor uv the joyful event; said peresshen consistin of Pollock, Bigler and the new Postmaster, who marched through the streets with the stars and stripes, banners and sich. Bigler remark that the peresshen wuzn't large, but it wuz talented, eminently respectable and extreemly versatect. He [Bigler] carried the flag and played the fife; Pollock carried a banner with an inscripshen onto it, 'sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,' and played the base drum; while the nigger bore aloft a banner inscribed, 'Where Afrie's sunny fountins roll down their golden sands,' with his commishen pinned onto it, playin in addishen a pair of ashent cymbals. Bigler remarkt further that the peresshen created a positive senshun at the Corners, wich I shood think it wood. 'It wuzn't,' sed this tormentin cuss, very much like the grand peresshen wich took place when you received yoor commishen. Then the whites uv the Corners wuz elated, for they expected to get wat yoo owed em in doo time, and the niggers wuz correspondingly deprest. They sneak into by-ways and side-ways; they didn't hold up their heads, and they dusted out ez fast ez they cood git. At this peresshen there wuz a change. The niggers lined the streets ez we past, grinned exultinly, and the whites wuz deprest corrispondinly. It's singular that at the Corners the two races can't feel good both at the same time.

My arrival havin becum known, by the time I got back to Bascom's, all my friends hed gathered there. There wuzn't a dry eye among em, and ez I thot uv the joys once tastid, but now forever fled, mine moistend likewise. There wuz a visible change in their manner toward me. They regarded me with solisitood, but in it I cood discern that the solisitood wuz not so much for me ez for themselves.

'Wat shel I do?' I askt. 'Suthin must be devised, for I can't starve.'

'Pay me wot yoo owe me,' ejaculated Bascom.—

'Pay me wot yoo owe me!' exclaimed Deekin Pogram, and the same remark wuz made by all uv em with wonderful yoomanimity. Whatever difference uv opynuh there mite bee on other topics, on this they wuz all agreed.

'Gentlemen,' I commenced, backin up into a corner, 'is this generous? Is this the treatment I hev a right to expect? Is this—'

I should hev gone on at length, but jist at that minit Pollock, Joe Bigler, and the new Postmaster entered.—Roomi wuz made for em, and cheers offered em, but they declined to sit.

'I hev biznis!' sed the Postmaster, 'disagreeable biznis, but it is my offishel dooty to perform it.'

At the word 'offishel,' comin from his lips, I groaned, wich wuz echoed by those present.

'I hev in my hand,' continyood he, 'de bond giben by my predecessor, onto wich is de names uv George W. Bascom, Elkanah Pogram, Hugh McPelter, and Seth Pennibacker, ez surities. In dis obber hand I hold a skedool ob de property belongin to de partment wich wuz turned ober to him by his predecessor, consistin of table, chairs, boxes, locks, bags, et settry, wid sundry doffurs worf ob stamps, paper twine, &c. None ob dis postoffis property, turned ober to my predecessor by his predecessor is to be found in de offis, and de object ob dis visit is to notify yoo dat outless immediate payment be made uv de mout dareov, I am directed by de partment to bring soot to wunst against de said sureties.'

'Never before did I so Appreciate A. Johnson and his Postmaster General Randall. Under their Administrashun wot Postmaster was ever pulled up for stealin? Eko answers.

This wuz the feather that broke the camel's back.—

'Wat!' exclaimed Bascom, 'shel I lose wat yoo owe me, and then pay for wat yoo've stole?'

'Shel I lose the money,' sed Pogram, 'wich I lent yoo, and in adishen pay an Abolishen Government for property wich yoo've confiscated?'

'But my property is here,' I remarkt to Bascom, 'yoo've got it all. Why not return it and save all this trouble?'

'Wat wood I hev then for the whiskey yoo've consoomed?' he ejaculatid vishusly. 'It's all I've ever got from yoo, and I've been keepin yoo for four years.'

'Didn't that property pay yoo for the liquor?' I askt, but Bascom wuz in no humor for figgers, and he pitched into me, at wich pleasant pastime they all follored suit. But for Joe Bigler they wood hev killed me. Ez it wuz they blackt both my iz and rolled me out onto the sidewalk, shettin the door agin me.

Ez I heard that door slam to, I felt that all wuz lost. No offisi no money! and Bascom's closed agin me! Kin there be a harder fate? I past the nite with a farmer three miles out, who, bein sick, hedn't bin at the Corners, and consequently knowd nothin uv the changes.

I heard the next day the result of the ruckshun. Bascom returned sich uv the property ez hadn't bin sold and consoomed, wich consisted uv the boxes. The chairs hed bin broken up in the frequent shindies which occur at this place; the locks hed been sold to farmers who yoosed them on their smook houses; the bags hed been sold for wheat, and so on. The stamps, paper twine, and sich, figgered up three hundred and forty-six dollars, wich wuz three hundred more dollars then there wuz in the Corners. Bascom advanced the forty six dollars and the three hundred dollars wuz borrowed uv a banker uv Secessionville who took morigages on the farms of the imprudent bondsmen for sekoority. Uv coorse, I can't go back to the Corners under existing circumstances. It wood be uncomfortable for me to live there the way matters hev turned out. I schl make my way to Washington, and shel see if I cant git myself elected ez Manager uv a Labor Associashen, and to make my livin until there comes a change in the Administrashen. I wood fasten myself on A. Johnson, but unforshunitely there aint enough in him to tie to. I wood ez soon think uv tyin myself to a car wheel in a storm at sea.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster.)

The Hope of the Commonwealth.

Our readers will welcome the admirable address made by Governor Geary to the Convention of School Superintendents, at Harrisburg, on the 21st instant. He said

"*Gentlemen of the Convention:* I feel indeed, very highly complimented in having the permission and privilege to meet with you for a few minutes this morning, and to extend to you a most hearty welcome to the capital of Pennsylvania. When I consider the business in which you, and I may say we, are all engaged, I feel that this is an auspicious meeting in the State of Pennsylvania. I am glad that this kind of meeting has been instituted, in order that there may be more unity of action in this Commonwealth in the cause of education. When I consider the object before us all as citizens of this State—the high duty devolving upon all of us—I feel that we have reason to look for higher power for aid in the noble work in which we are engaged, and I trust that power will not desert us in preparing the minds of our youth for better enjoyment of our liberties. I regard you all as members of a grand great army. You, Mr. State Superintendent, a great general; these as your staff officers; the seventeen thousand teachers of the State your line officers, and the grand army in the great contest between Intelligence and Ignorance, Vice and Imorality, are the children of the State, numbering more than eight hundred thousand. [Applause]. If this army is handled as it can and should be, I anticipate the most beneficial results in the cause of education. I feel that this meeting is one of intellect coming into contact with intellect, by which all should be encouraged and invigorated for the contest, and that through such meetings victory must perch upon our banners eventually. But we, in this generation cannot expect to close the contest.

"Perhaps, to the last day of the troublsome world, the contest between Intelligence and ignorance, vice and immorality, will continue; but let us go on for the benefit of the children who are the property of the Commonwealth. Education should not alone be intellectual; it should also be physical. Will our work amount to anything if we fill the mind with information without cultivating the muscle to put it in force? I see around me in everyday life, men of muscular strength, tall, straight and brawney. If intellectual men had such bodies, what an advantage would it not be? Do not, then, forget the physical culture of the school children. It is incumbent upon us to make a vigorous, hardy, strong race of men. [Applause]. We should build upon a physical foundation as well as upon an educational one.—The question may arise, "How are we to accomplish this?" I reply, give your scholars daily military drill and other kinds of exercise, and you will make them much better men.

"I have a word of kindness for you this morning. I have been a teacher in my life. I know how meanly they are paid, and how hard they are fagged. Let us elevate the whole system, pay our teachers better, and thus obtain the highest order of talent. [Applause.] Give us the best men you can, and make the position of teacher one of the most honored in the State. I took occasion to refer to this subject in my last annual message to the Legislature. If teachers were paid better wages, better care would be taken of our children. I feel that the people so prosperous can afford to pay their teachers well. We have done a noble work in the education and maintainance of the soldiers' orphans. We can all appreciate this great cause. [Applause.] This work will be carried on faithfully, but in five or six years, at most, the greater portion of that work will have been performed. I feel, then, that we can appropriate a million more dollars to your object. If we should lose all else we have in the country, and still have an educated people, we will have a wall around our liberties, and on our ramparts we may say, "Victory! Victory!" With our flag nailed to the mast, let us tell the whole world that with an educated people we can face any storm Let us nail the banner of education, which is synonymous with our flag, to our masthead, and the ship of State will never go down. Let us have no cause to blush for any action of ours in connection with the great and everlasting cause of education." [Cheers.]

Know when your time Comes.

Mary Clummer Ames, in the New York *Independent*, says: You are beautiful to-day; many worship you. You will wake up some morning and find your beauty gone, your worshipers kneeling at other shrines. You have power to-day—so much it seems to you that the world, your world at least, could not get on without you. Some day you will come suddenly to the knowledge that your power has gone, your burdens have dropped upon other shoulders, your honors are worn by other men; and the world, even your world, gets on without you. Life offers no lesson to mortals so hard to learn, no lesson hiding in its truths so keen a sting to self love as this, that your prime has passed, and that you must make room for others, that the flower of your beauty, the flower of your genius are in their decline; that you must wait in the shadow, while the younger bask in the splendor that you have left behind. How few are ever willing to admit that their time has come to learn it. Thus it is that we see so many women refusing to grow old gracefully. Instead of wearing their years as a crown, mellow and beautiful in the light of their declining sun, they deck gray hairs and wrinkles with a hideous counterfeit of youth. This is why we see writers writing on reputations which they have long outlived; writing after they have ceased to have anything to say, except to repeat what they said better years and years ago. This is why we see men, once in power, still imagining themselves important, and in garrulous and important speech evoking the ghosts of a dead reputation in the councils of younger men.

—Three of the six nominees for Congress in Alabama are of northern birth, and were officers in the Federal army. They are: Col. Wm. D. Mann, publisher of the *Mobile Register*, in the First district; Capt. J. C. Parkinson in the Third, and Judge Peter M. Dox, in the Fifth.

—Many of those who design attending the opening of the Suez canal are providing themselves with silk tents. Eugenie's is to be of blue and white. The Viceroy of Egypt has one of red and white, and Madame Musard has provided one of white silk, with green and white borders.

A New People in Africa.

In the southwestern portion of Africa is a tract about three hundred miles in breadth from north to south, and between four and five hundred in length from east to west, laid down on the maps as Herero Land or Damara Land. It extends from the Cunene river on the north to the Walfisch bay on the south, and from the coast to Lake Ngami in the interior. Very few Europeans have visited it, three elephant hunters only, between 1857 to 1863. Anderson, whose works on "Lake Ngami," &c., are so well known, and Green and Smuts. Anderson was so much pleased with the country that he purchased a large tract of land there and raised some thousands of cattle. He died there in the early part of the present year.

There are two races inhabiting the country, the Bechuanas, who occupy some kraals or villages in the central and northern part, but who are in a dependent condition, and the Ovas, of several tribes—Ovambo, Ovarkerels, Ovambantleru, Ovamguari, Ovarkuenama, Ovambuere, &c.—a red race with long hair, curly, but never woolly, regular features and fine forms. They are the ruling race and exhibit a high degree of intelligence, and many characteristics which indicate their Asiatic origin. They are governed by a king, Tjitkongo, of the Ovambo race, who resides at Ondonga. He is assisted in the government by a council, without whose consent he cannot execute any measure.

Each tribe has its princes and its territory, and the princes are subject to the king and council, by whom, for any offence against the laws, they may be deposed or put to death.—Each principality is divided into districts governed by chiefs, who are amenable to the princes, but have an appeal to the king and council. Their roads are excellent, and each has an inspector whose business it is to see that every person coming into the kingdom is stopped and entertained until his name and purpose can be forwarded to the king, and permission obtained for him to travel thro' the country. In the case of explorers and hunters there is usually little difficulty, but traders are required to procure some responsible citizen of the country to be their guarantee that they shall deal honorably and pay all the debts they contract.

The religion of the country is, in many respects, so much like that of the Parsees as to induce the belief that the Ovas belong to that race, or have been under its tuition. They are not idolators, but believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator, who is omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, and whose symbols are the sun and the fire, and to these they pay homage as his representatives, but offer no sacrifice to them. They keep the sacred fire constantly burning, and the princes, who are also priests, intrust to their daughters, and sometimes to their wives, the duty of superintending these sacred fires. The Ovas also believe in the existence of a very powerful evil spirit, who is not, however, omniscient nor omnipresent, and to his interference they attribute their misfortunes and accidents, but they offer no sacrifice to him. They are said to be an honest, industrous and temperate people, far more regardful of their word and more observant of good morals than most of the African nations.—*Observer.*

Horace Greeley's Old Driver.

The story of Horace Greeley's ride over the mountains to Placerville has been much laughed over, but not generally believed. But at Reno we found the identical driver, Mr. Hank Monk by name, sporting a watch presented by the citizens of Placerville in honor of that ride, inscribed, "Be seated, Horace, and I'll take you through in time." He drove Mr. Wade from near Virginia City to Reno. He came out from the latter place by request to do this driving as a matter of compliment.

Mr. Monk is a slight, wiry man of medium stature, with a round face, blue eyes which look deep, and with a solemn expression of countenance which suggests a curtain drawn there over the very abode of mischief. His gloves told of four-in-hand under full headway, and a loose scarf around his neck was another insignia of his office.

"Mr. Monk, you drove Mr. Greeley pretty fast," said Mr. Wade. Mr. Monk looked unutterable things, but replied quietly, "we went a pretty fair gait."

"Mr. Greeley was a little frightened, we are told?"

"I guess Horace was a little scared," was his reply.

He then went on to tell and embellished with much twinkling of eyes and evident inward enjoyment, how he started under orders to make Placerville in time for the lecture Mr. Greeley was to deliver; how he drew out slowly to let his team get in good trim, and how he slowly, very slowly, ascended the mountains; how Mr. Greeley frequently consulted his watch, and leaned out of the window to ask if it would be possible to reach Placerville in time. So all the way up the long mountain Mr. Greeley was continually inquiring:

"Mr. Monk, don't you think that we had better drive a little faster?" and Mr. Monk was as often replying, "Don't give yourself any concern, Mr. Greeley, I'll take you through in time."

But no sooner was the descent begun, with a crack of the lash from the driver, and a slight setting of the break, for fear of an accident, than one class of fears abandoned Mr. Greeley's breast to make room for more. Mr. Monk asserts that he had hardly got under headway before Mr. Greeley shouted, "Mr. Monk, do you think that there is any need for such hurry?" and then, "Mr. Monk, we seem to be getting ahead of time," and next, "Mr. Monk, I believe I will give up the idea of lecturing tonight;" and last of all, "Mr. Monk, I have given up that lecture, had'nt we better slow up a little?" To all of which Mr. Monk made answer: "I have my orders, Mr. Greeley, I think we will get in in time; be seated, sir, I have my orders." And so at last Mr. Greeley got in, first to the tavern and then to his bed. But the story is old. For us it will henceforth be true, since we have laid eyes on Mr. Monk, and heard him tell the tale.

A Religious Imposter.

A curious phenomenon is exciting some attention in Poland just now. A man has appeared in a country district there who pretends to be our Savior come again for the salvation of the world. He has selected twelve followers, who go about the country, with him as apostles, and he pretends, in the usual manner of such people, to work miracles. He devotes himself particularly to the healing of the sick. All this has a great effect upon the Polish peasantry; the would be prophet and his followers have been everywhere received by them with open arms. He is now turning his success into political capital. He denounces the peasantry for their indifference to the rising of 1863, calls upon them to repent and prepare for new efforts, and prophesies the speedy re-establishment of the old Polish kingdom.

THE people who have visited Niagara this season have noticed a very marked change in the appearance of the Horse Shoe as well as American Falls. The former has evidently given way almost thirty or forty feet in that part of the cone where the water looks so green, on the side nearest Goat Island, and it is estimated by geologists that from one to two hundred tons of rock must have fallen. This has not marred the appearance of the Falls. It is now a settled fact beyond question that Niagara does cave in some each year, and the change which has taken place this summer is probably the most extensive in the recollection of the present generation.

—The requiem to be composed in the memory of Rossini, by leading Italian composers is to be but an hour and a half long. No one composer is to have a hearing of over seven minutes. Verdi is to close the work with a soprano solo and chorus, winding up with a fugue.

—Isaac Heath, of Duxbury, Mass., being invited to address a school, responded by offering each scholar an acre of good land to plant on shares, he manuring and plowing the same, and promising in two years to give a clear title to such as had improved the land in a farm like manner.

—Isadora, youngest daughter of Albert Pike, was found dead in her bed, at Memphis, on Wednesday morning. She had retired to bed complaining of a nervous headache, and from an empty chloroform bottle found beside her it is supposed she used it to soothe the pain, and in her sleep had upset the bottle on her pillow.

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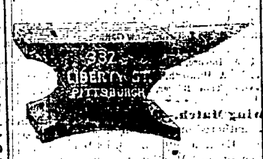

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On and after May 4th, 1869, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Trains leaving Chicago at 4.00 P. M. arrive at Pittsburgh at 4.15 A. M.

Trains leaving Pittsburgh at 2.10 P. M. arrive at Chicago at 2.15 P. M.

TRAINS GOING WEST.				
STATIONS.	Exp's.	Mail.	Fast L.	Pacific Ex.
Pittsburgh	8.45AM	4.00AM	12.00M	10.00PM
Rochester	9.50	5.04	1.22	11.27
Salem	10.38	5.52	2.00	12.03AM
Alliance	11.35	6.48	3.00	1.00
Canton	12.37PM	7.50	4.07	2.07
Massillon	1.04	8.18	4.35	2.37
Orrville	1.35	8.53	5.05	3.10
Wooster	2.06	9.23	5.34	3.40
Mansfield	3.05	10.20	6.30	4.37
Crestline	A 4.25	11.50	10.00	6.05
	D 5.00AM	12.20	10.25	7.00
Bucyrus	5.30	12.55	10.47	7.35
Upper Sandusky	6.20	1.37	11.19	8.27
Forest	6.55	2.17	11.43	9.02
Lima	8.10	3.35	12.50AM	10.20PM
Van Wert	9.07	4.05	2.07	11.17
Fort Wayne	12.01PM	7.00	5.00	2.05
Columbia	12.27	12.27AM	5.27	2.36
Warsaw	1.10	1.25	6.13	3.17
Plymouth	2.05	2.27	7.05	4.05
Valparaiso	4.00	4.14	8.41	6.03
Chicago	6.30	6.20	9.30	8.30

TRAINS GOING EAST.				
STATIONS.	Exp's.	Mail.	Fast L.	Exp'.
Chicago	8.00AM	8.00PM	10.00PM	6.00AM
Valparaiso	10.03	10.02	12.03	7.55
Plymouth	11.06	11.08	1.05	9.00
Warsaw	12.02PM	12.08	1.05	10.07
Columbia	12.37	12.51AM	1.05	11.00
Fort Wayne	1.55	2.20	11.20	1.01PM
Van Wert	2.58	3.10	12.33AM	2.17
Lima	3.54	4.40	1.23	3.10
Forest	4.58	5.46	2.33	4.18
Upper Sandusky	5.18	6.10	2.57	4.47
Bucyrus	5.55	7.02	3.24	5.44
Crestline	A 6.50	7.50	4.00	6.15
	D 6.10	7.40	4.15	12.05PM
Mansfield	7.08	8.23	4.45	1.22
Wooster	8.01	9.24	5.39	2.15
Orrville	8.37	10.04	6.06	2.50
Massillon	9.08	10.36	7.18	3.20
Canton	9.47	11.15	7.54	3.55
Alliance	10.40	12.12PM	8.53	4.57
Salem	11.30	1.00	9.55	5.39
Rochester	12.15AM	2.00	10.45	6.25
Pittsburgh	1.00	3.45	12.00M	7.45

GOING SOUTH.				
STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp'S.	Mail.	Accom
Cleveland	8.30AM	12.00PM		3.35PM
Euclid Street	8.41	12.11		3.46
Hudson	9.05	1.04		4.08
Ravenna