TYPE OF THE TITLED PRENCHMAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

M. le MarquistronChamplason is a distinguished French nobleman who has got no work to do. It would be unnecessary to introduce him here were he not à type of many other noblemen similarly circumstanced, and whose inutility in the social system is beginning to excite the concern of those who feel kindly toward persons of high lineage. The Abbe Bougaud, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Orleans, lately uttered a wail over the fact that the nobility no longer enter the priesthood; and now some Legitimist papers have been complaining that they fight shy of the army and navy. As they do not practice at the bar, and regard both the medical and engineering professions as infra dig .- as, moreover, the low tastes of universal suffrage in the matter of choosing candidates have banished most of them from political lifewhat on earth do they do? How does M. de Champblason keep his hands and wits from rusting? Note that some noblemen do hold commissions in the land and sea forces, (though their titles have ceased to be printed in the army lists), and that others are to be found in the judicature, the diplomatic service, and in certain Church canonries. A few more are manufacturers; and there is an authentic Marquis who, for the fun of the thing-for he is a rich man-keeps a cafe near the Place des Invalides in Paris, and attends on his customers in person most affably. But, then, the roll of the French nobility is enormously long. It comprises more than 500 dukes, 6000 marquises, and counts more than can be numbered. It has representatives in every city; its escutcheons shine on the panels of two out of every three carriages you meet in the smaller provincial towns, and it possesses no end of land in small strips just big enough to allow each holder to call himself a "territorial proprietor." M. De Champblason has a small estate, comprising a couple of farms and a chateau, with a lawn, kitchen-garden and orchard, which he inhabits during the summer months, and a mansion in a country town, where he lives during the rest of the year. He calls his lawn a park, his or-chard a wood, and his kitchengarden a plantation, thereby increasing their importance in the public esteem; but he gets no electoral influence out of them, only fruit and vegetables enough to stock his table during a portion of the twelve-month. At election time M. De Champblason cannot command a vote beside his own, because he has never taken care to make himself popular, but rather affects to let it be known on all occasions that he belongs to a caste of bipeds who have no affinities with the present age, and think the globe has gone out of its orbit since 1789. His very gardener and groom vote against him, and the peasantry will not even trust him with a seat in their Village Municipal Council. When the Marquis attends mass on Sundays he walks in and out of church with his head erect, as if he were accomplishing an act of valor in an age of religious persecutions. The bumpkins bow a but they laugh at him in their sleeves, because M. le Marquis is a person who has forgotten the motto "Noblesse oblige," and is neither generous nor gracious nor sensible. He spouts a great deal among his cronies about the honor of France, and deplores that it should have fallen into Republican hands, but he himself has never done anything for his country beyond eating of its fruits. At present he talks dolefully about M. Jules Ferry's Education bill, which is to set up "godless schools;" and one would think to hear him talk that he had devoted his whole life to the promotion of popular teaching in connection with the Church. But he has never disbursed more than an occasional five franc piece toward this end; and he grumbles like a pagan when the Cure comes to him for a subscription, because, he says, the

M. de Champblason is stingy, and he leads a dismal life, because his policy is to grub up money by small savings. the town where he resides there is a 'Quarter Noble," and he inhabits one of the most imposing mansions in it, having a dowager Countess for his next-door neighbor, and two Barons over the way. Possessing an income of about £1200 a year, he might keep up some small state if he choose; but it costs him a pang to spend money on anything but necessities; for, were he to do so, he fears that he should not be able to give his daughter a suitable dower, or to leave his son enough to live in idleness like himself. His father shaped his life according to the same purpose, and so did his grandfather. There have been three generations of Champblasons who neither toiled nor spun, and who staked their ambition on bringing up a haughty and indolent progeny, marrying their daughters on sound business principles to men who could show penny for penny as much money as these young ladies had in their dots, and educating their sons in such tyle as to make them incompetent to earn their own bread. The present Marquis's marriage was quite an exciting argain, which had to be haggled about between notaries, and which was more than once on the point of coming to taught because of some obstinate aunts on Mademoiselle's side who declined to state how much they were going to leave their neice in their wills, so that the poor girl's precise value in "expectations not be appraised. Mme. Dehampblason came straight out of the onvent to be married, and she is a patern wife in her way-blameless as to torals, cold, dignified, not charitable in eech or deed, but very motherly ward her own children, and fearfully en about their interests. She has only o children, and does not want more, otherwise there would not be enough ney to divide between them. Her occupation is to attend to the etchen and embroider tapestry, while ar husband yawns over the Union in arm-chair or goes to his club. She s not do her marketing herself—that ould be too bourgeois; but she knows a centime the value of all edibles, and es her servant the exact amount reired for purchases, with not apenny r; and as she pays a dozen vaits to kitchen in the course of the day, etimes lending a hand to make the

Church ought not to be always fleecing

the faithful.

sauces, she can watch that there is no waste. Meantime, the Marquis keeps the key of his cellar, fetches up the necessary number of bottles every morning, and when he gets a new barrel in he bottles the wine in person, with a laudable care to see that the groom who assists him takes no furtive snacks. Bottling days are as field days to this 'descendant of the Crusaders," and supply him with something like healthy work for once in a way. His other days of labor are those-three or four at most-when he goes out in September to look out with a gun for the half dozen rabbits on his estate; and again, the days when he gives a dinner in honor of the marriage of some consin. As such dinners constitute a family duty, he endeavors to manage things on as thrifty a scale as possible, and is not prodigal as bourgeois folks are. He thinks it enough to make his guests eat out of very old China and drink out of crystal glasses, which Madame washes next morning with her own patrician hands for fear of breakages. As he is no giver of hospitality, so does he accept none, except now and then from persons of his own rank and as little inclined toward dinner-giving as himself. Sometimes he goes to spend an evening with the Dowager Countess next door, and plays a rubber with her for centime points along with the two Barons over the way. Between deals they talk scandal about the Government functionaries of the department-Prefect-General, Public Prosecutor, etc., and laugh at the audacity of these up-starts in sending them, the nobles, invitations to their vulgar junketings. The Marquis has a story to tell of a friend of his who, being once be-guiled into a prefectorial ball, was made to dance in a quadrille with the daughter of his own boot-maker, who happened to be a Municipal Councilor. Even at the club the Marquis and his brother nobles take care not to mix with Government officers or with the plutocrats of the town. They would have a club for themselves if they could afford it; as it is, they do their utmost to show all the other members of the "cercle' that no sociability is to be expected of them. The formality of balloting has had to be abolished in many provincial clubs because of the reckless way in which the local nobles "pilled" the lowlier bourgeois, and in those clubs where members are admitted on simple presentation the bourgeois, of course, revenge themselves for the taboo put on them by the aristocrats by saying a good deal that is unpleasant to the latter under the form of political chat. In fact, provincial nobles like M. De Champblason have only themselves to thank if they are looked upon with feelings the reverse of respectful. They and their opinions enjoy no prestige; and they have so far compassed their wish to remain isolated that nobody courts their society or enjoys it if brought into it by accident. The French nobility would, perhaps, do well to consider these things if they wish to avoid being utterly left out of account as factors, either in politics or society.—Pall Mall Gazette,

THE BUCKEYE STATE. - A correspondent of the Marietta, Ohio, Register, contributes this interesting little chapter of history: "The first settlement in Ohio was made at Marietta, at the Junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, by a body me off. Soon after the Queen, having of New England emigrants, forming a nothing more to do, drew out from the part of the Ohio company, an incorporated fight, and I got down from my perch. body presided over by General Rufus Putnam of Massachusetts, assisted by a board of directors, composed of gentlemen of integrity and marked ability. General Putnam was a cousin of the revolutionary hero, Israel Putnam. The company had purchased from the old Congress large body in the southeastern part of the territory, and the mouth of the Muskingum was selected as the site of the first settlement. During the winter of 1787-8 the first installment of the company's emigrants, numbering forty-three men, were journeying by wagon train from New England to Pittsburg. In consequence of the impassable condition of the roads over the mountains, caused by heavy snow-falls, the wagons were abandoned, and by pack-horses the company reached Sumrell's Ferry, thirty miles above Pittsburg, in the latter part of March. Here the emigrants found a craft somewhat resembling a common flatboat, but with a roof and raking bow, so that it could be used in ascending as well as descending the stream. This craft was named the Mayflower. They had also one flatboat and three large barge canoes. On this insignificant flatboat forty, eight men, the germ of the State of Ohio, with its millions of population, its vast stores of wealth, and its eminent position in our sisterhood of States, em-

parked far their destination. After floating a few days without any marked incident, about noon on the 7th of April, 1788, the settlers landed on the site of the present city of Marietta, Two of them immediately took each his own axe, each wishing to cut the first tree. Neither of them knew the species of the tree selected by him. One attacked a a beach, which, being a hard wood, the process of felling was slow. The other elected a buckeye, which, being soft, soon came to the ground. And thus, it is affirmed by a family tradition, which, during nineteen years, has not been contradicted by any history, or denied, Ohio came to be called the Buckeye State. The successful competitor in this little contest was Captain Daniel Davis, of Killingly, Windham county, Conn. He was my grandfather, who, with a somewhat numerous family, spent five years in a private or neighboring fortification, called Fort Frye, which was located where the town of Beverly, Washington county, O., now stands. With his eldest two sons he participated in the perils of Indian warfare, with which the settlers were rassed until after General Wayne's victory over the savages of the Northwest in August, 1794."

THE GOOD HORSE-THE TIPSY RATS. A friend of mine is employed on a farm near Toranto, Ontario, where a horse belonging to the wife of the farmer is never required to work, but is allowed to live the life of a gentleman, for the following reason: Some years ago the above mentioned fell off a plank bridge into a stream where the water was deep. The horse, which was feeding in a field close by, ran to the spot and held her up with his teeth till assistance arrived, thus probaby saving her life. Was this reason or instinct? Again, a gentleman engaged in the business of distilling at Cincinnati has more than once told me that the rats in his dis tillery are in the habit of drinking any spirits spilt on the ground or left in open

A Ride on a Safety-Valve.

"Jimmy Carr came to America in 1835," says the Cincinnati Enquirer, "and took up his abode in this city soon afterward. Liking the country, he settled here to work at his business of machinest and engineer, and was always a good citizen and a faithful employe. He was rather old to begin the profession of arms when the war began, but he did the next best thing, he went into the navy, enlisting as assistant engineer on the steamer Queen of the West, a freight boat which had been bought of the Government and altered into a "ram" here in Cincinnati. The vessel, which was under the command of Captain Elliot, was ordered South, and it was at the battle of Memphis that Jimmy Carr met with this particular adventure, which made him a hero in as peculiar a manner as ever a hero gained the title. We give the tale as he tells it :

"It was on the 6th of June,' said Jimmy, 'that Memphis was taken. I remember it well, for it was a hot day, and I was in a hot place, too, I can tell you. The fleet was laying five miles above Memphis, and the Queen was a volunteer that morning. Early in the day we got orders to move toward the rebel batteries, but had no sooner got in range than the 'Johnnies' opened fire upon us. Our captain called on Curtis, the first enginzer, to let loose, and he did, and we were soon streaming down the river.

'We weren't long under way until we had one hundred and fifty pounds of steam on, and still rising. Curtis detailed me to look after the boilers-we had four which were on deck- and I went off to my post. The first thing I noticed was that the safety-valve wasn't weighed heavy enough for the extra pressure, and the steam escaped. I couldn't see anything lying around to weigh it down but a large lump of coal. I lifted that on to the lever, but it was no use, as it was tumbled off in a minute or two. By this time we must have had fully two hundred pounds of steam on, and on looking out saw the rebel gunboat, the General Lovell, steaming up and firing at us. We had no guns aboard, and only eleven sharpshooters, and the shot was flying around us pretty lively. I knew it was the Captain's intention to try to sink the Lovell, and I saw that it would never do to allow the steam to escape as it was doing. I had to think quick—there was nothing near that I could weigh down the valve with, but I was bound not to be beat, and I just got astride of the lever myself and sat down on it. It was pretty hot, but I stuck it out. I looked out and the Lorell was only a couple of hundred yards off. She stopped to round to, but the Queen was too quick for her, and with a rush we were into her, just astern of the wheel and almost went clear through her. was so excited that I never took my eyes off her when we were coming up, and just bore my weight down on the lever, neverthinking to hold on to anything. When we struck, the shock was so terri-ble it knocked me head over heels over the boilers. Curtis was watching me, and thought I was killed, and halloed out: 'There goes poor Jimmy?' but I wasn't gone. I was stunned for a minute, but jumped up and climbed over the boilers'

and straddled the lever again, this time taking a good hold. "The Lovell sank in about five minutes, but we had hardly time to get clear of her before another rebel craft, the *Beauregard*, steamed up towards us. We treated her the same way as we treated the Lovell, but this time I kept my seat and clung on felt a little sore, and had a few burnsfor it was a hot place I was in-but that was all the worse I was for the adven-

PRESIDENT GREVY AT DINNER,-The French President recently entertained at dinner the Prince and Princess of Wales. M. Grevy, says a foreign journal, " had no English order to wear in compliment to the Prince of Wales, who is a grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. The President represented very well the dignity of the French Republic. In the parlance of the Elizabethian period, the Chief of the Executive is a most worshipful person. His manners are quiet and grave, and an undercurrent of good nature and of humoristic perception keeps his pride, which is inordinate but not aggressive from assuming the form of hauteur. While the Prince and Princess of Wales were treated with the respect due to their rank and representative character, no courtly ceremonial was attempted. Nor was there any display of underbred independence, or the 'we-are-as-good-as-you' sentiment. M. Grevy and his wife went to the vestibule to receive their royal guests and to conduct them to the drawing-room. The Princess of Wales were a black gauze robe, brightened up here and there with diamonds, and a diamond aigrette in her She would not probably have hair. dressed so much had she not agreed to appear after dinner in the President's box at the opera. Things were timed to enable the Prince to pass, after coffee was handed round, half an hour in the smoking-room. In the drawing-room, smoking-room. while the gentlemen were enjoying their cigars and chatting, the ladies fell into groups. They again all took seats. like that,' said an American ex-Secretary of Legation, who has been talking to me about English royalty breaking out in this fresh place. La Marechale had a contemptible way of behaving toward princely guests. I was never in all my ite so disgusted as one evening at the Elysee, when that mountain of loose flesh. Queen Isabella, was there. My wife was within six weeks of being ill, and was She naturally sat down. The Merechale espied her, and sent an aid-decamp to say that in the presence of a sovereign it was not admissible for any one but a crowned head to be seated."

Gen. Gourko, Governor of St. Petersburg, is a very practical man. He received a letter which said he would be poisoned. Not at all alarmed, he sent for his cook, and thus addressed that personage: "You see this letter. Read it. Very well. Now keep in mind, the first time I get the colic I will hang you."

No sales of pictures are made in the French Salon. If a visitor wishes to buy a work he communicates directly with the artist. The London Royal Academy's custom is to have a sale clerk in the rooms during the exhibition. Our National Academy does likewise.

A Michigan lady writes, with rare truth: "Under great sorrow or any great trial we can be calm and brave, but it is the thousand and one little vexations consequence, so tipsy that they can not run, and are easily taken by hand. Which is this?—Nature.

Southern Women.

The Richmond, Va., Mate, in a recent issue, says: "The reported remark of Mr. Jefferson Davis, at a press meeting in Mississippi, that he had never yet seen a "reconstructed Southern man," has been the cause of a great deal more discussion than its importance entitled it to, or the author had the remotest idea it would call forth when, in a spirit of quiet humor, he gave it utterance. We all know here what the ex-President of the Confederacy meant, and how very harmless was the expression, properly understood and interpreted in its true spirit. But even construing it as it has been by our enemies at the North, and allowing it the widest latitude from their standpoint, it is, after all, but negative. But, given its most liberal meaning, what does the remark of the ex-President amount to, and how far was it correct? Are there no reconstructed women in the South? We know there are, and very many, too; in fact, a large

tion as nine-tenths of the men do; but not in the sense of being changed in their sentiments as to the righteousness of the cause in support of which their husbands, brothers, sons or fathers fought, and for which so many of them died. The women of the South find no difficulty in reconciling their duty to their country now with their devotion to and loving remembrance of the cause to which they freely gave their most pre-cious jewels, and, while all perhaps teach their children to honor the memory of their fathers by upholding the justice of the quarrel in which they engaged and by revering the cause for which they fell, yet they do not consider that in so instructing they wrong the restored Union to which they owe and acknowledge duty and allegiance; and surely that woman would scarcely be held a good mother among any people who should impress upon her children that their duty to their country involved the terrible alternative of cursing the memory of their fathers. That our Southern women are very reasonably reconstructed, Mr. Davis could have found sufficient evidence had he sought it by passing through the country and mingling promiscuously with the people.

of the political questions of the day."

majority of them are thoroughly recon-

structed, and accept as fully the situa-

Our Northern friends may restrain their anger against this terrible army of Southern women. We can assure them they are not conspiring to overthrow the Union, plotting a new rebellion, or raising up children to revenge the wrongs of the South. Nothing of the raising sort; but, like true women, are busying themselves wholly about the happiness

In spite of all the trouble, present and prospective in Russia, a considerable of their homes, husbands and children, emigration from Germany to Russian taking very little part in the discussion Poland is in progress. Eight hundred German factory workmen arrived at Lodz last month, a large number of arti-sans have settled in the Government of THE SECRET .- "Hard times!"-we hear it on all sides, and at all times, until we are sick and tired of the "old, old song." Kalisch, and other arrivals are expected. On the other hand, the harsh passport regulations threaten to deprive several of the larger cities of Russia of a large part of their population. In Odessa a lack of female servants is already felt although the city's sanitary condition is

But what is the cause of "hard times." This question is easily answered. want industrious and energetic menmen who work at anything that is honorable, in which there is money to be True, we have some men in our midst who are industrious and energetic, but unfortunately not enough of them to make this highly favored country "blosin New York Evening Post. som as the rose," as it surely would do with the right sort of energy, go-a-head-stiveness and elbow greese. The trouble with this and all other countries is, that we have too many of that class that are content to eke out a miserable existence "hand-to-mouth" drones on society-to make the country prosperous and selfsustaining. Steady employment is just as

certain to bring prosperity as the sun rises in the east. Most of our bad luck, as it is called, can be traced to our own doors. Through our idleness we have brought poverty, not only to ourselves but to our families. We should work more and idle less, remembring that in the coarse of an ordinary lifetime, thousands of dollars are lost on account of loss of time. If a man succeeds in this life he must put in full time. A BRIGHT BOY'S HAPPY THOUGHT .- The

Hartford correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: "There was a pretty bright thought of one of the Battersons, quite plainly delineated. who, when employed some years since as a lad in an office in New York, was sent to present a bill to a shaky concern, with orders to collect it at all hazzards. After much urging, the head of the debtor house gave him a check for \$100, the amount of the bill. Hurrying to the bank at which it was payable, the lad decomposed. presented the check only to be told, 'Not enough funds to meet it. 'How much is the account short?' was the boy's quick 'Seven dollars,' said the teller. It lacked but a minute or two of three clock, and the teller was about to close the door on the boy when the latter suddenly pulled out seven dollars from his own pocket, an pushing it over with a deposit check said: Put that to the deposit check said: Put that to the credit of — & Co., the parties who had given the check. The teller did so, when the lad at once presented the check for \$100, and drawing the full amount thereof mound builders. went back to his employers in triumph. But, as he puts it, '—& Co., who failed the very next day, were hopping mad when they found that they had no funds

An Accommodated Passenger.

in the bank."

The other day, says the New Haven Register, an Irishman evidently not long a resident of this country, walked up to the ticket office in the Union depot and said to Alderman States:

"Give me a ticket for Easthampton." "Massachusetts or Connecticut?" asked the genial dispenser of pasteboards. "Naythur; I want a ticket to East-

"I understand, but there are Easthamptons in both this State and Massachusetts," exclaimed Mr. States.
"Bedad, an is that so? Which one does it cost the most to go to?" asked the zon

of Erin's Isle. 'Massachusetts," answered Mr States, "Well, then, be the powers, I'll take the

cheapest one!" The traveler was accommodated with a ticket to Easthampton, Connecticut, and he got aboard the Air Line train apparently quite bappy.

Here's a nice question for the debating societies: Which had you rather be, an heir of Anneke Jans or the man who succeeds to the claimantship left vacant by the death of Prince Napoleon?

The young gentleman who spoke so eloquently at his commen sement of classical reading will to-day pull out a yellow-backed dime novel and abandon himself to the delights of a wild border life.

A Few of Russia's Plagues.

The war with Turkey being at last closed, and the Asiatic plague, one of its consequences, suppressed, nihilism is now terrorizing the heart of the empire and leaving it an open question whether the near future of Russia is to be red "Republican or Cossack." At the same time, from a dozen different quarters, come accounts of terrible destitution and suffering caused by the burning of tow ers and cities, apparently the work of revolutionary incendiaries, and the Armenian journal Mschak reports that the grasshoppers are devastating the Cau-casus. "Both banks of the Kura river are covered with them, from Jelissawetpoi to Terter on one side, and on the other to Akstafa. Vegetation is entirely destroyed, and starvation stares the inhabitants in the face. Breadstuffs have risen from 80 copecks to one ruble 60 copecks per pood. (The Russian silver ruble is divided into 100 copecks and is worth about 73 cents of American money, and the pood is equal to 36 pounds) Another journal, published in Tiflis says that the track of the Poti-Tiflis railroad was so thickly covered with grasshoppers on the second of May that a train was brought to a stop and for some

time could not proceed. The destruction of a number of cities by fire, although greatly aided by drouths, is probably the work of the dethree fires had occurred in that place, the first consuming 158 houses, the second 44 and the third three; the Mayor of Irbit telegraphs that all three fires "are doubtless of incendiary origin." In Orenburg, fire broke out a fourth time; Uralsk, containing 17,500 inhabitants, shared the fate of Orenburg, and a dispatch from Petropaulovski, in southwestern Siberia, recently announced that several quarters of that city were on fire. The Czar is meanwhile recreating at Livadia.

Notwithstanding the serious outlook in nearly all parts of old Russia, the territory acquired by the dismemberment of Poland remains quiet. "Order military force seems prepared for any emergency, business proceeds with its usual briskness, and no disturbance is apprehended. But a strict surveillance of all strangers is observed, and travelers' passes are carefully inspected, whereas a few months ago the bribing of Russian officers was considered an easier and cheaper way of journeying to and from Warsaw than the procuring of a

greatly improved by the exodus of its lowest classes. Charkoff has lost 10,000 of its 100,000 inhabitants.—Berlin Letter

Cavern of the Mound Builders.

A recent dispatch to the Pioneer-Press announces the discovery of a remarkable cave on the farm of David Samuels, ten miles from La Crosse. The cave is 30 feet long, 13 feet wide and about 8 feet high. Above the quarry-sand, which has evidently drifted in and covered the floor to the depth of three to six feet; upon the walls are very rude carvings representing men, animals, arms and implements, and some appear to be hieroglyphics. One picture represents men, with bows and arrows, shooting animals, three buffaloes and one rabbit, Another represents three animals which if large, must have been like the hippopotamus; another appears to represent mastodon; on another picture a moose is

There are eight representations that are canoes, much carved, or hammocks, which they most resemble. One sketch of a man is very plain; the figure wears a kind of chaplet or crown, and was probably chief of his tribe or clan. There are many fragments of pictures, where the rock had decomposed. The rock is a coarse, soft, white sandstone. On one side of the cave is a space about two feet high an I two and a half feet in length, made into the wall. Above are the upper fragments of pictures, and below are lower fragments, showing that they were made when the rock was entire. From the depth to which decompositions reached in this dry and dark cavern, the inscription must be quite ancient. If the carying mentioned really represents the mastodon, the work must have been done by

The accumulated sand needs to be re moved to get a full view, and possibly human remains may be found. trance to the cave had evidently been covered by a land slide, there being left open only a small hole, where traps have long been set for coons. The large number of these animals that were caught led to the belief that the space inhabited by them must be large, and investigation led to the discovery of the cave. Over the entrance, since the landslide, a poplar tree, eighteen inches in diameter, grown, which shows conclusively that the cave has not been occupied by human beings for more than a century.

"You've been to the salon?" "Ever since the opening." "What have you seen?" "Foulard is much worn and much gendarme blue. In short, many fantastic costumes—" "But the pic-tures!" "Oh, I'll go again to see them."

At a recent fancy dress ball in Londoa a crusader in armor was so well made up, and sat so still that "Atlas" tapped on him with his knuckles to find out whether he was real. He proved to be living, and forgiving.

There was a case not a very long time ince where it became necessary to draw a cork, and the only one present of a large party having a pocket corkscrew was a clergyman. He remarked that he used it to open ink-bottles.

The New Jersey mosquitoes went into caucus a few nights ago and unanimously resolved that the President might veto all their bills-if he could.

Texas Camathals.

There is in this city a Mexican by the name of Francisco Alvares, now residing on East street, west of the San Pedro, who has frequently told a story about two runaway negroes, a man and a woman, eating up a third member of their party. Alvares was with a train which brought the two cannibals back to San Antonio. Many persons have doubted the truth of the tale told by Alvares, but it is nevertheless true, as there are many persons living who were here at the time, by whom the facts are remembered. John C. French, now one of our wealthiest and most respected citizens, was master of the train which found the surviving man and woman and returned them to this city. The details of the shocking story are also preserved in print, and are found published in the Western Texan, a San Antonio paper of that day, under date of March 20, 1851. The following is what the Western Texan said about it:

"Several gentlemen a short distance in advance of the train which had just arrived from El Paso encountered a party of runaway negroes at the Limpio Spring on the other side of the Pecos river. When discovered there were but two of the negroes alive, and they were in a state of misery almost impossible to be described. They had been entirely without food for ten days, and had been forced, to save themselves from actual starvation, to kill their companion, which act they had perpetrated on the morning of the structive propagands. The Vice Gover-nor of Peru telegraphs from Irbit that They had stripped his bones of every particle of meat which could be obtained, and after having satisfied their hunger with this revolting food, were, when captured, in the act of broiling and preparing the remainder to serve them in their onward march toward Mexico. Without doubt, they would have perished had they not been discovered at the time they were, as they were still 200 miles from the Rio Grande, without any means of killing game, and in a most emaciated condi-tion. The two that were taken, one a boy, calling himself Henry, and the other a girl, Melinda, were brought in with his train, and will be confined in San Antonio until some intelligence is received from their owner or owners. They give ment of Poland remains quiet. "Order reigns in Warsaw," and although the They say that all three belonged to the same owner, Charles Owens, who lives near Holly Springs, in Marshall county, Mississippi, from whom they escaped more than a year ago, and have been on their way towards Mexico ever since that time. The name of the boy who was killed was Morgan. They were all young negroes, apparently not more than 22 years old. After striking the El Paso road, they derived what sustenance they could from the hides of oxen which had died, and been left on the road, by the several trains which have heretofore made that trip. Finding that it was impossible to support life in that manner, they had conversed several times upon the question of drawing lots for their lives, to see upon whom the fate should fall of being sacrificed to support the other two. This project, however, was not assented to. The boy Morgan then threatened to make sure of the first opportunity, and kill Henry unawares. Henry, however, proved to be the more cautious of the two, and availing himself of the first opportunity when Morgan was asleep, he cut his throat, and made use of the body as above described. We have heard of instances of misery similar to the above happening on the ocean, but this is the first instance within our recollection upon land, where human were compelled to devour each other to save themselves from death by starvation." - San Antonia, Texas, Express.

The Lost Haversack.

"The bravest are the tenderest-

The loving are the daring. Of all the men that served under the Stars and Stripes during the war of the Rebellion, none were more thoroughly in earnest or more truly loyal to the Union than those recruited in Western Virginia. The war was terribly real to them. Not one but had a brother, a friend or a neighbor on the other side, with whom he had fought out the question in words long before arms were taken up. They felt that it was a personal quarrel. They were terrible fellows to fight, although frightfully lax in discipline. Their officers-those that were wise-took them for what they were, appreciated their fighting qualities, and soon ceased to worry about their lack of discipline. What mattered it if they were not exact in matters of salutes to their superiors? They were prompt to obey when duty called, as brave as lions in the face of the enemy, and kindness itself to those who understood and appreciated them. One day, a command made up mainly of rough but manly fellows of this sort had a fight with the enemy, and captured a large number of prisoners. That night captives and captors bivouseked on the battle field, and the next day began their march to the rear, where the prisoners were to be handed over for shipment North. Towards noon a rebel officer beckoned to his side the major com-manding the escort, "Last night," he said, "while I was asleep, my haversack was stolen. I know what war is, and I accept its fortune, good or bad. That haversack contained several things that I value-one that I prize as I do my lifethe portrait of a lady." And then glancing back at the rough eavalrymen, he added sorrowfully, "I suppose there is small chance of getting it again." "Til see," said the major. The command was marching "by fours." In four lines word was passed from front to rear, each man communicating with the comrade next behind him. Within ten minutes a ergeant rode up to the major and handed him a package. The major took it to the prisoner. "Open this," he said. There was the portrait, uninjured, and with it a bundle of letters, upon which the owner had written a request that it should be destroyed unopened in the event of his death. The seal was unbroken.

The Dramatic News says: "In her two seasons here, Mme. Modjeska—at the time she was taken up really a penniless ad-venturess—made \$65,000, after all expenses paid. Not a penny of this would now be hers had she not been placed in the hands of a man, who, knowing the de-sire of the American public for sensation, placed his star on a purely sensational basis, and humbugged the people to the top of their bent."

Our happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having con-trol over them.

No man can be free unless he governs