

A Useless Nobility.

TYPE OF THE TITLED FRENCHMAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

M. le Marquison Champlason is a distinguished French nobleman who has got no work to do. It would be unnecessary to introduce him here were he not a 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 Bougand, 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 life—what on earth do they do?

How does M. de Champlason 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 judiciary, the diplomatic service, and in certain Church canopies.

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 machinist 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.

"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 engineer, 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—I 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 jammed off in a minute or two."

By this time we must have had fully two hundred pounds of steam on, and on looking over I 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 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 Lovell 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. I 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, never thinking to hold on to anything.

Southern Women.

The Richmond, Va., State, 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 woman,' 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 majority of them are thoroughly reconstructed, and accept as fully the situation 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 precious 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 their young 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."

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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 towers and cities, apparently the work of revolutionary incendiaries, and the Armenian journal Meschak reports that the grasshoppers are devastating the Caucasus. "Both banks of the Kura river are covered with them, from Jelissawepoi 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 droughts, is probably the work of the destructive propaganda. The Vice Governor of Peru telegraphs from Irbat that three fires had occurred in that place, the first consuming 158 houses, the second 44 and the third three; the Mayor of Irbat 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 Petropavlovsk, 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 reigns in Warsaw," and although the 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 passport. In spite of all the trouble, present and prospective in Russia, a considerable emigration from Germany to Russian Poland is in progress. Eight hundred German factory workmen arrived at Lodz last month, a large number of artisans have settled in the Government of 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 greatly improved by the exodus of its lowest classes. Charkoff has lost 10,000 of its 100,000 inhabitants.—Berlin Letter in New York Evening Post.

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Texas Carnabal.

There is in this city a Mexican by the name of Francisco Alvarez, 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, calling up a third member of their party. Alvarez was with a train which brought the two cannibals back to San Antonio. Many persons have doubted the truth of the tale told by Alvarez, 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 day on which they were discovered. 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 condition. 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 the following account of themselves: 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 beings were compelled to devour each other to save themselves from death by starvation."—San Antonio, Texas, Express.

"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 salute 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 bivouacked 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 commanding 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 life—the portrait of a lady." And then glancing back at the rough avayralmen, he added sorrowfully, "I suppose there is small chance of getting it again." "I'll 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 sergeant 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 adventurer—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 desire 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 control over them."

"No man can be free unless he governs himself."

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

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

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A Cave 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 a mastodon; on another picture a moose is quite plainly delineated. 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 and 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 carving mentioned really represents the mastodon, the work must have been done by mound builders.

The accumulated sand needs to be removed to get a full view, and possibly human remains may be found. The entrance to the cave had evidently been covered by a land slide, 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, has 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?" "Fouillard is much worn and much gendarme blue. In short, many fantastic costumes." "But the pictures!" "Oh, I'll go again to see them."

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