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WHO IS DON CARLOS?

Don Carlos, the Spanish insurgent chief, belongs to a rebellious family.—The rebellion in which he has been the leader for several years in Northern Spain, is only the last of a series of insurrections which that country has suffered at the hands of its members.—Don Carlos, like his uncle, and grandfather before him, is fighting for the Spanish throne, which he regards as his by right. In order fully to understand the reason of his claim, it is necessary to go back more than forty years.

In the year 1830 Ferdinand VII., a weak, indolent man, was King of Spain. His Queen, a princess of Naples, was, on the other hand, a strong-willed and ambitious woman; she was the fifth wife that Ferdinand had led to the altar.

They had one child—the Infant Isabella. Ferdinand's second brother was Don Carlos, the grandfather of the present Don Carlos. By law, or a custom which had acquired the force of law, females were not eligible to the Spanish throne. Isabella, therefore, was excluded, and Don Carlos was heir, who should succeed when Ferdinand died.

But Queen Christina, Ferdinand's wife, was not satisfied with this. She cajoled and threatened Ferdinand, until he at last consented, with the approval of his Parliament, to set aside Don Carlos, entitled to the throne at his death.

He died in 1833, and Isabella became Queen of Spain when she was three years old, with her mother, Christina, as regent of the kingdom. Then began the first "Carlos" rebellion. Don Carlos, declaring that he had been defrauded of his right, which was to mount the throne when his brother Ferdinand died, lost no time in waging war upon his infant niece and her strong-minded mother; and this war he kept up, in the same vicinity where his grandson is now established, for several years.

The Queen Regent's vigor, however, rendered his every effort vain; and at last, weary of fruitless fighting, deserted by multitudes of his soldiers, and exhausted in money and arms, Don Carlos retired to France, where he lived in sullen retirement for the rest of his days.

The second Don Carlos was his oldest son. He made several attempts, between 1845 and 1861, to invade Spain; but Spain was then governed by vigorous statesmen like Espartero and O'Donnell, and his invasions were easily repelled. This Don Carlos died suddenly in 1861.

The burden of the Carlist cause now devolved upon Don Juan, his younger brother; but Don Juan, unlike the rest of the family, was not fond of fighting, and preferred the luxuries and indolence of a quiet residence in France to the chieftainship of bands of rebels in the Pyrenees.

He had married Maria Beatrice, duchess of Este, a daughter of the house of Modena, and he gave his eldest son, who was born in 1849, the traditional family name of Carlos.

When this boy was old enough to enter actively upon the scene, Don Juan abdicated his claimed right to the Spanish throne in his favor. It was six years ago that this third Don Carlos, the same who is now at the head of the Carlist forces, took command of them, he being then but nineteen years of age.

Don Carlos was brought up to believe that his right to govern Spain, whether Spain wishes it or not, rests upon Divine authority. His early years were spent in the sombre seclusion of a monastery in Styria, an Austrian province. There the monks treated him as if he were a king, and at the same time instilled the most autocratic ideas into his mind. He was taught military exercises, and soon acquired a taste for military life, such as his father had not, but such as distinguished his grandfather and uncle of the same name.

He is described by those who have seen him as of medium height, full and strong in body, very dark in complexion, with large dark eyes and thick, stubby, jet black hair and beard.

☞ Said a Detroit lady to a small boy whom she found crying in the street, the other day: "Will yot stop crying if I give you a penny?" "No," said he; "but if you'll make it two cents I'll stop if it kills me."

WONDERS OF MAGIC.

So eminent a scientist as Professor Alfred R. Wallace has written several elaborate articles in an English periodical in support of the claim that the physical phenomenon called spiritualistic is produced by spirits which once inhabited human bodies. Many marvellous things are reported almost daily of this spirit manifestation. A few years ago nothing more startling than raps and table-tipping was produced, but now we are asked to believe, not only that mediums like Home elongate their bodies from six to eleven feet, carry red-hot coals in their hands without injury, and float visibly in the air, but that the 'spirits' can 'materialize' themselves so as to become the solid flesh and bone that they were in this life. Nay, more: Colonel Olcott, a clear-headed practical lawyer and a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, who is at Chittenden, Vt., investigating the alleged phenomena produced by the Eddy mediums, telegraphs to New York in triumph that he has succeeded in catching one of the spirits—a female one, and weighing her on Fairbanks' scales.

Now, all this from Messrs. Wallace, Crooks, and Varley, from Colonel Olcott, from Philadelphia, Moravia, N. Y., and other places haunted by materialized spirits, and from persons who have sat with Slade, Foster, and Mansfield is very wonderful, but is it conclusive proof that the claims of Spiritualism are right? What if it can be shown that phenomena quite as extraordinary have been produced by professional jugglers, men who have made no pretence that they were assisted by occult powers, and who have explained the mechanism of their tricks? If this can be done the inference must necessarily follow either that the Spiritualistic mediums are cunning impostors or that the professional necromancers are liars when they declare that their phenomena are mere trickery, and that they are really assisted by supermundane agents. All history is full of the deceptions practised either by these professional characters or of others who pretended to supernatural powers, and were subsequently exposed as charlatans. Jugglery was allied to the ancient religions of the Greeks, Romans, Egyptian, and Chaldecan. Hellas had its oracle, with its cunning priesthood; Rome its augurs and diviners, and Chaldee its world-renowned magicians. In the dark ages of Europe there were enchanters, sorcerers, and astrologers, and, a little later, witches, who had to have their conjury burned and drowned out of them. The Thaumaturgists and Rosicrucians pretended to magical powers. There is not an age in the world's recorded past, hardly a year even, that some *prestidigitateur* has not figured on the scene, either as a court appendage, a religious leader, or an actor performing for the amusement of the populace. Let the Davenport Brothers or Dr. Slade do more than is related here, and then they will have a right to ask us, to consider if the phenomena they show are the works of 'spirits.'

In the 'Lives of the Necromancers,' by William Godwin (London, 1874), there is an account of a conjurer at the Court of Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia and afterwards Emperor of Germany.—On one occasion this person, Zitto by name, exhibited his extraordinary skill to the court. He showed himself first in his proper shape and then in those of different persons successively, with countenances and a stature totally different from his own. At one time he was splendidly attired in robes of purple and silk, and then in the twinkling of an eye in coarse linen and a clownish coat of frieze.

In the same volume a sketch is given of Dr. Lamb, a noted necromancer in the time of Charles the First. The celebrated Richard Baxter is authority for the statement that Lamb, meeting two of his acquaintances in the street and they having expressed a desire to witness some example of his skill, he invited them home with him. He then conducted them into an inner room, when, presently, to their no small surprise, they saw a tree spring up in the middle of the apartment. They had scarcely ceased wondering at this phenomenon when, in a moment, there appeared three diminutive men, with little axes in their hands for the purpose of cutting down this tree. The tree was felled and the doctor dismissed his guests, who were fully satisfied with the solidity of his pretensions. An account of this feat will be found in Baxter's works.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of clever jugglery is mentioned in Salverte's 'Philosophy of Magic.' (London, 1846, vol. 1, page 105). It was seen at Nancy, in France, in 1829. A man from the audience was induced to lie down on the stage and the magician deliberately chopped his head off. He displayed the severed head to the audience so that they could recognize the features; he permited them to touch it, to open the mouth, which shut again of its own accord, and to examine the bleeding section of the neck at the extremity of the trunk. He removed the body and withdrew a curtain and immediately the supposed dead appeared in perfect health. Salverte says that the beheading trick was performed by the Mahometans, and the Ælian is authority for the statement that Esculapius apparently reunited the heart of a woman to her corpse and restored her to life and health.

According to Mr. Goodwin, in his 'History of the Necromancers,' it was a common practice at the time he wrote (fifty years ago) for jugglers in the market places of the English towns to make the scales of a balance move at command, alternately ascending and descending.

Much stress has been laid by the advocates of Spiritualism upon the ability of the medium Home to handle live coals without injury or showing a scar. He has been seen to put red-hot coals on his head, and the hair was not singed. The 'fire ordeal' is a very old and familiar one to necromancers. One of the most ancient feats of magic was the performing [illegible] During the insurrection of the slaves in Sicily in the second century before Christ, a Syrian named Eunus acquired by his knowledge the rank of their leader. In order to establish his influence over their minds, he pretended to possess miraculous power. When he wished to inspire his followers with courage he breathed flames or sparks among them from his mouth. At the same time he was rousing them by his eloquence. St. Jerome informs us that the rabbi Burchechebas, who headed the Jews in their last revolt against the Emperor Adrian, made them believe that he was the Messiah by vomiting flames from his mouth. And at a later period the Emperor Constantius was thrown into a state of alarm when Valentinian informed him that he had seen one of the body-guards breathing out fire and flame. Sir David Brewster, who quotes these instances in his interesting 'Letters on Natural Magic,' was not able to explain the exact methods by which these effects were produced; but he said that Florus informs us that Eunus filled a periorated nutshell with sulphur and fire, and having concealed it in his mouth he breathed gently through it while he was speaking. This act is performed simply by the modern juggler. Having rolled together some flax or hemp so as to form a ball the size of a walnut, he sets it on fire and allows it to burn until it is nearly consumed. He then rolls round it while burning some additional flax, and by these means the fire may be retained for a considerable time. At the commencement of the exhibition he introduces the ball into his mouth, and while he breathes through it the fire is revived and a number of burning sparks are projected from his mouth. The sparks are too feeble to do any harm, provided he inhales the air through his nostrils. The kindred art of walking on burning coals, [illegible] were of the same antiquity. The priestesses of Diana at Castabula, in Cappadocia, were accustomed, according to Strabo, to walk over burning coals, and at the annual festival which was held in the temple of Apollo at Mount Soracte, in Etruria the Hirpi marched over burning coals, and on this account they were exempted from military service, and received other privileges from the Roman Senate. This power of resisting fire was ascribed even by Varro to the use of some liniment with which they anointed the soles of their feet. Of the same character was the art of holding red-hot iron in the hands or between the teeth, and plunging the hands into boiling water or melted lead. About the close of the seventeenth century an Englishman named Richardson rendered himself famous by chewing burning coals, pouring melted lead upon his tongue, and swallowing melted glass. Brewster says that these effects are produced by deception and partly by a previous preparation of the parts subjected to the heat. The fusible metal composed of mercury, tin, and bismuth, which melts at a low temperature, might have been substituted in place of lead, and fluids of easy ebullution may have been used in place of boiling water. But though the conjurors with fire may have availed themselves of these singular properties of individual bodies, yet the general secret of their art consisted in rendering the skin of exposed parts callous and insensible to heat—an effect which may be produced by continually compressing or singing them till the skin acquires a horny consistence.

One of the most adroit jugglers of the present age, was Robert Houdin, a Frenchman, who for many years gave fashionable entertainments in Paris.—Houdin wrote his autobiography, and related many curious feats performed by him in the course of his professional career. On one occasion he was invited to display his art before King Louis Phillippe and his court at the chateau of St. Cloud. Houdin invented a trick especially for this royal and noble assemblage, and received unbounded applause for his success. He borrowed from the King and his courties six handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel and laid on the table. Then at his request different persons wrote on cards the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this was done he begged the King to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider the most suitable. "Let me see," said Louis Phillippe, "what this one says, *I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece.* Ah! that is too easy for a sorcerer, so we will pass on to the next card: *The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.* That would suit us, but it is much too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the King added, as he looked at the last card, "I am afraid, Monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?"—Houdin, with a respectful bow, declared that he did not. "Well," responded His Majesty, "it is desired that you send the handkerchiefs to *a spot beneath the roots of the last orange tree on the right of the St. Cloud.* Houdin affected the utmost nonchalance. "Only that, sire," he said. "Deign to order, and I will obey." The King gave certain directions in a low voice, and immediately a number of his attendants departed off to the orange tree to watch it. He then said, "I select the orange tree."—Houdin's first business now was to send the handkerchiefs on their travels. So he placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking his wand touched the bell, the little door [illegible] He raised the bell, the little door was no longer there, and a white dove had taken its place. The King then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange tree to assure himself that the guards were there, and when this was done he began to smile and shrug his shoulders. "Ah! Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said, ironically, "I fear much for the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room where several servants were standing, "Tell William to dig immediately below the last tree at the end of the avenue and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he does find anything." The attendant proceeded to the orange tree. The earth at the side of the tree was carefully removed, and down among the roots, after much groping, a small iron box eaten with rust was found. It bore every appearance of having been in the ground many years. This curious "find" was cleansed from its mould and brought in and placed by the side of the King. The greatest excitement prevailed on all sides. Houdin brought, perched on his finger, the dove to the King, and around its neck his Majesty discovered a little rusty key. At the desire of the conjurer he unlocked it and opened the box. The first object that met his eye was a time discolored piece of parchment, upon which he read: "*This day, the 6th June, 1786, this iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family.*" "There is certainly witchcraft about this," cried the King, and then he looked again and found in the bottom of the box a parcel sealed with the well-known seal of the famous Cagliostro. He broke it off [illegible] there were the six hankherchiefs which but five minutes before were lying on the conjurer's table. Was not this trick as remarkable as the producing of "Katie King" from a dark cabinet?

Houdin was employed by the French Government to go to Algeria on a novel mission. The Marabout priests exercised great influence over the natives, because they were able to perform certain feats of jugglery, which they pretended proved their divine power. These Marabouts were enemies of the French and encouraged turbulence among the Arabs. The government thought that it might be a good stroke of policy to send Houdin through the colony performing his miracles and demonstrating to the natives that a French sorcerer was greater than an Arab sorcerer.—Accordingly Houdin appeared before large audiences, beginning in the city of Algeria. At the first of these performances he introduced a box which became heavy or light at his order.—This box was brought by him to the footlights and while holding it in his hands he declared to his hearers that he possessed the power to deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at will. He invited any one who thought himself strong enough to come on the stage. An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, came to his side with great assurance. "Are you strong?" asked Houdin, measuring him from head to foot. "Oh, yes," he replied carelessly. "Are you sure that you will always remain so?" "Quite sure." "You are mistaken," said Houdin, "for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child." The Arab smiled disdainfully. Houdin told him to lift the box. He stooped and lifted it without any effort, and said coldly, "Is that all?" With an imposing gesture Houdin solemnly pronounced the words, "Behold you are weaker than a woman; now lift the box." The young Hercules grabbed the box quite confidently, but, to his amazement, it would not budge. He attacked it vigorously over and over again, while his countrymen sat looking on in silent wonder, but it resisted. He vainly expended on this box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until at length, panting, exhausted, and red with anger, he buried his face in his burnous and retired from the stage.—Houdin does not explain the secret of this strange trick by which he made bodies heavy or light at will, and without apparently touching them, but it was a favorite trick of his and he often exhibited it to his fashionable Parisian audiences.

At the same exhibition in Algeria of which we have written, Houdin invited one of the audience to come on the stage. A young Moor, about twenty years of age, tall, well built, and richly dressed, advanced. There was a plain table on the stage (the space between the top and the floor being unmistakably open), which Houdin asked him to mount.—When he did so Houdin covered him with an enormous cloth cone, and, instantly removing it, the Moor was gone. This trick produced a panic in the audience. Screaming, "It is the Evil One!" they clambered over the benches in wild terror and rushed out the door into the street, where, in the public place, rubbing his eyes in stupefaction and wondering how he got there, they found the young Moor.

While in the interior Houdin gave an open air exibition to the wild sons of the desert. He pretended that he was invulnerable and offered to let a Marabout shoot at him. There was a great crowd, and a vindictive-looking fellow came out from it and claimed to have the honor of killing the hated Frenchman. [illegible] District at Z, I. [illegible] that the vents were clear. The Marabout put in a fair charge of powder and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced Houdin chose one which he openly put in the pistol, and it was also rammed down. By the same process the second pistol was loaded. Everybody watched with the most profound solemnity. Houdin posted himself fifteen paces from the Marabout without evincing the slighest emotion. The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols and on Houdin's giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at him. The pistol went off and the ball appeared between the magician's teeth. More angry than ever, the Marabout tried to seize the pistol. "You could not injure me," said Houdin, "but you shall see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at the wall." He pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall appeared a large patch of blood exactly at the spot where he aimed. The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and raising it to his mouth convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty his arms fell and his head bowed on his chest as if he were annihilated. It was evident that for the moment he doubted everything, even the prophet. This seemingly incomprehensible feat Houdin performed by means of prepared balls. With bullet-mold and a bit of wax mixed with lampblack he had manufactured a very fair imitation bullet. Another bullet of the same material he had filled with blood. Of course, it was by sleight of hand that he changed the bullets forced upon him by the Marabout and substituted his own. An old trick enabled him to get the real bullet between his teeth while the waxen one was shattered to pieces. So with the second ball, it was shattered upon striking the wall, but a spot of blood was produced. If Houdin had not explained this part it would be quite as wonderful to most people as the phenomena of spiritualism, and could have been passed off as good evidence of spirit agency.

When William H. Seward made his tour around the world he witnessed some performances of jugglers in India which were quiet surprising. He saw a man climb a bare pole sixty feet high standing in the open air, and when he reached the top he mysteriously disappeared. After a while his feet reappeared, then his legs and body, and he came down. He claimed no supernatural powers.—How did he do it? There was an Indian juggler who had a little den on the Bowery, in this city, a few years ago.—He was a dirty fellow, and respectable people were not much disposed to venture into his place. A gentleman told the writer that, moved by curiosity once, he went in. The juggler made him sit on the floor. In a moment two figures, apparently human, rose out of the floor in obedience to the wand of the conjurer. They grew to the ordinary height of a human being. The visitor made a motion to rise, when the figures sank through the floor instantly. An examination of the place betrayed no visible solution to the ingenious performance.

The writer, while looking up these facts, interviewed a well-known Spiritualist, and presented them before him, asking him for an explanation. If such a feat as that performed before Mr. Seward was but a clever piece of jugglery, why should more than that be claimed for the appearance of alleged spirit forms in Chittenden and Philadelphia. The Spiritualist was not at loss for an answer. He boldly took the ground that the disappearance in the air seen by Mr. Seward was not a piece of jugglery, but was the production of spirit intervention. All phenomona which could not be explained he relegated to the realm of ghost work. He was not to be put down. But mere assertion is not going to convert the unbelieving inquirer who goes forth armed with the facts related here.

COSTLY HORSES.—The following are the prices currently reported to have been paid for the noted American horses named: Kentucky, $40,000; Norfolk, $15,000; Lexington, $15,000; Kingfisher, $15,000; Glenelg, $10,000; Smuggler, $15,000; Blackwood, $30,000; Jay Gould, $30,000; Dexter, $43,000; Lady Thorne, $30,000; Jim Irving, $30,000; Goldsmith Maid, $20,000; Startle, $20,000; Prospero, $20,000; Rosalin, $20,000; Lulu, $20,000; Happy Medium, $26,000; Clara G., $30,000; Pocahontas, $35,000; Edward Everett, $20,000; Auburn Horse, $13,000; Judge Fullerton, $20,000; Mambrino Bertie, $10,000; Socrates, $20,000; George Palmer, $15,000; Mambrino Pilot, 12,000; Flora Temple sold, when aged, for $8000, for brood mare; $25,000 was offered and refused for Tom Bowling last summer; $30,000 was offered and refused for Bassett in his three-year-old form; $25,000 will not to-day buy Baywood or Asteroid; $40,000 was offered and refused for Woodford Mambrino, and $30,000 for Thorndale.

Beginning to leave—the leaves.

[BY REQUEST.]

[*Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.*]

THE KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS REGION.

I have been visiting this beautiful and fertile region of Kentucky for the last few weeks, and my friends being farmers, I had not only the opportunity to see the country, but to understand the cause of its great agricultural prosperity, and also to become familiar with the methods of the farmers. [illegible] which the blue grass or the central portion of Kentucky, added to its natural advantages, has been brought, has made it, without rivalry, the most beautiful farming section in the United States.

Lexington seems to be the great centre from which radiate in all directions McAdamized roads as main thoroughfares to every part of the State, with cross roads of the same kind tapping them from each neighborhood. The farms are not generally very large, averaging, perhaps, three hundred acres. The soil is limestone, and well watered by living running streams, so numerous that nearly every field has a fine stream. The country is gently rolling; each farm is well fenced and divided into convenient fields for farm purposes. The houses are generally erected on the most prominent locality, and are not only comfortable but display architectural taste. All the outhouses, barns, stabling, &c., are solid and ornamental structures, comporting with the mansions. Around are clean shaven, blue grass lawns, setting off the impression of neatness and care that everywhere strikes the traveler.

Wealth here is very equitably distributed, arising largely from the co-operative system adopted by the early farmers of this region. The fact that the nutritious blue grass flourished in such luxuriance called the attention of the farmers to raising cattle, and I am informed that before the facilities of railroad transportation were afforded large droves of beef cattle were driven by land to New York. When the latter facilities were offered the farmers commenced organizing clubs, and by each member contributing they were enabled to import blooded cattle that developed to greater perfection on the blue grass sod than elsewhere. In that way principally they have become the most independent farming community in the United States. These herds of fine stock are grazed here in the woodlands, which are kept clear of undergrowth, and in which the blue grass grows waist deep. Here the cattle from the finest breeds of the world lazily graze under the shade. The sight of these herds stir a farmer seeing them for the first time into an enthusiasm.—This, however, is not the only source of their wealth. The soil is so rich that ten barrels of corn to the acre is considered a poor yield. They also raise all the cereals in the same profuse proportion. Their hemp crop is, too, a source of great revenue. Lands here average from a hundred to a hundred and thirty dollars an acre, according to the age of the sod and the improvements. The people are well educated, social and enterprising.

I was particularly struck with some new features of the granges that I observed here. The grangers, or as they name themselves the Patrons of Husbandry, in this section of the West are organized and worked upon a co-operative and charitable system. The social part of the system not only cultivates friendly relations in visiting, where each host exerts himself in the adornment of his place, in his horticultural and floral display to rival his neighbor, but it goes further, its main object being to encourage each other by example to reduce the number of outside employees, or rather to economize and untilize those who must live on the farm. From the wealthiest to the poorest, each child and every person of the family has a particular department about the farm to attend to. For example, a six-year old boy has the chickens under his care and when he arrives at home from school he drops his satchel and hurries with an emulous pride to the hennery. An older boy has the hogs to see to, and one still older the fine horses that receive his care. The females of the place are similarly disposed in the dairy, the flower garden and domestic affairs. In the afternoon you will notice the neat dairy maid with her butter paddle industriously plied; call in the evening and dairy maid of the afternoon, an elegant woman, receives you in handsome parlors, and the same fingers rattle off to you the latest musical selections on the piano. This very feature I may remark "en passant" is and will be the rejuvinating power of the South that is just awakening into action. The social feature of the Patrons goes further than this. They have through the fall months social barbecues, at which they are addressed on all subjects pertaining to their interest. I had the pleasure of attending one of these barbecues in Clarke county, near Winchester. I was informed that it was an impromptu affair, and was surprised to see about ten thousand farmers present. The profusion of food, enough to feed twenty thousand people, was illustrative of the plenty of this section of the country. An interesting address was delivered by the celebrated "Cerro Gordo" Williams, who previous to the war was a very extensive farmer in Illinois. The co-operative system is understood by your readers. It contemplates doing away with middle men.

Perhaps the best feature of these Patrons of Husbandry is their charitable system. I had an opportunity of knowing the workings of several granges in this vicinity in that respect. It is well known that the failure of the cotton crop in certain section of the South last year reduced many planters to absolute want. A gentleman connected with one of the granges in this county, who was formerly from Montgomery county, Alabama, revisited lately his former home and found many of his old friends destitute. He returned to Kentucky immediately and [illegible] county 100,000 [illegible] and other provisions in proportion to be distributed to the needy. This done so quietly that the fact has never yet been published, and the Alabamians are ignorant of their benefactors. There is only one instance. Other granges in prosperous regions are doing the same thing.

The Patrons of Husbandry are to be distinguished from the Independent Farmers. The latter are making war upon the railroads and engage in politics. The objects of the former are embraced in what I have stated. A question will naturally arise as to whether the Patrons of Husbandry will, as a body, take sides in politics. They have no such organic object, but it is easy to see that this general community of interest will finally culminate in their voting the same way. I may add that the leading men in those Patrons of Husbandry are not politicians, but men who have at heart the general good and the prosperity of the country. I was particularly struck with the fact that these men seemed under the influence of their organization to be divested of all feelings of selfishness, and to have cultivated a spirit of philanthropy and patriotism that can rarely be found.

WHO IS LIEUTENANT FITCH?—Some curiosity has been manifested as to "who is Lieutenant Fitch?" General Sherman's son-in-law. This question seems to be very well answered by the New York *Sun*, and, according to its statement, we should judge he was a nice, good fellow, of sufficient native, as well as acquired, ability to make his mark in life. And this is what it says:

Thomas William Fitch was born in Madison street, near Rutgers, on the 1st [illegible] 1849. His father was a hard-working man, and, at an early age the son was given a chance to earn his own living. Young Fitch who had four sisters and a younger brother, who has since died, was sent to Grammar School No. 23 The teachers, especially Mr. Durang and Mr. Meiggs, became warmly attached to him. On graduating from the school he obtained a situation in the *Home Journal* office, but did not remain long. He was then about fourteen. Wishing to learn a trade he chose that of a molder, and he became an apprentice in the Novelty Iron Works. He aspired to be the foreman of the place, and worked hard to attain a good position. By his fellow-employees he was generally liked. All knew him to be a quiet, industrious young man.—After finishing his trade in 1863 he entered the navy as third assistant engineer. He went to South America and Europe, and has since visited most of the seaports of the world, excepting those of China. He first saw Miss Marie Ewing Sherman in London on the 13th of last October.

In the navy young Fitch was promoted to be an engineer. When it was known in the 7th ward that he was to be married to Miss Sherman the joy of his old companions was unbounded.—His old instructor, Father Mooney, who had predicted a bright future for his pupil, was indeed proud.

Lieutenant Fitch's parents and his three sisters live in a pretty frame building at 147 Newell street, Greenpoint, whither they moved about four months ago. On Saturday the engineer and his bride visited them and they were joyfully received. The bride was described by Lieutenant Fitch's sister as a quiet little body, who was not proud." On Monday the bridegroom started for St. Louis [illegible] engineer has leave of absence for [illegible] and at the end of that time he will retire from the navy and engage in the wire business in St. Louis.

☞ The merriest monarch in the world, is Victor Emmanuel; the finest looking Kaiser, Billy, the most stuck up, Alexander II. of Russia; the thickest head, Francis Joseph of Austria; the most republican, Leopold of Belgium; the richest, Peter II. of Brazil; the most amiable, Christian IX. of Denmark; the youngest, Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway; the most productive, Queen Victoria; the dirtiest, the Emperor of China; the most married, Abdal-Aziz Khan of Turkey; and the "forgonedest," General Grant.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

☞ "I dreamed the other night," said Bijah, as he helped his Honor into his overcoat, "that I asked to borrow fifty cents of you, and you handed it out." "Curious coincidence," replied his Honor, as he buttoned his coat; "I had the same dream, except I told you I would see you hanged first."

It has been discovered that the jointed fishing rod was invented because one can't hide a long cane pole under his coat Sundays.