#### MARY CLEMMER ON GRANT.

From the Independent.

A man never lived who personally possessed in a less degree the qualities which inspire enthusiasm. The fact that the enchantment of distance and the manipulations of politicians have lifted him into a hero in the minds of those who know him least, only prove how marvelous are the powers of the human imagination.

Fatally, for such glamour, I know Grant well. It was my misfortune to live for eight years in the very thick of his civil administration. It was impossible that I should be mistaken in its character. An Administration more corrupt never cursed a country. This was true while Grant himself was, at least, negatively an honest man. He did not pick and steal him-self, though he harbored and trusted thieves. He had that overweening love of money, of all that money brings, that nearly always marks the man deficient in the native power of money-winning. Such men poverty makes sordid. The man of substance, the natural money-getter, the sons inherited fortune, are the ones who fill his imagination, make his chosen so-

ciety, if not his trusted friends. Such men were always nearest and dearest to Grant. Stolid as he seemed, stubborn as he was, all discovered the unerring nerve in him which they had but to touch to hold him forever-the nerve of his inordinate self-love. all absorbing activity did not prove him to be by nature selfish beyond his Condition and circumstance had quickened it to preternatural acuteness. The man put off, baffled by fortune, is the man whom sudden success overcomes. He is the man who never learns the highest and finest use of power. As President of the United States such a man was Ulysses Grant. The sycophants, the place-seekers, the place-keepers surrounded him, despite his reputation for pugnacity, found it perfectly easy, by feeding his vanity, to hold this man

in thrall. They told him that he was "the greatest soldier that ever lived;" that he was the final star in the triumvirate that was to blaze for all posterity -Washington, Lincoln and Grant-that empire was in his destiny, and that he was to live and reign "chief," if not of Europe, of the United It was as agreeable as it was States. natural for him to believe all this, to gloat and swell with self-importance in the belief. In its full acceptance he left this country, expecting as his right that all Europe would "uncover" and bow before him, the chief of the western continent, over whose United States he was yet again to reign and rule to their ruin. As I have written before, Grant's tour through Europe and around the earth was decided upon and prearranged by the manipulators of his "third term" before he left the White House or the city of Washington. Among many letters received from men since I wrote first of Grant as a candidate for the third term, is one from a Presbyterian clergyman in a city of Iowa. He addresses me in that curious tone of mingled respect, condescension and authority indigenous to the Presbyterian ministerial mind when directed to one of that portion of the human family whom even St. Paul evidently did not al-

The clergyman tells me that I "should have said less about Grant or

together understand, dispite his assump-

tions and very excellent advice.

a great deal more."

I differ from the clergyman, as should, doubtless, in his conduct of "prayer meetings," though I myself "never" speak in any meeting what-soever. Deficient as it may be in quantity and quality, I seem to have said enough about Grant to have stirred considerably the minds of my brethren. Presbyterian minister, that I say as without consecrated protest. little as possible about Grant, not wishing to talk about him or about any man whom it is beyond my power conscientiously to praise. The clergyconscientiously to praise. The clergy-man points triumphantly to the fact that Hamilton Fish's praise of Grant has great weight with the public mind. Well, the "public mind" would be less moved by such praise were it as well acquainted with Hamilton Fish and Ulysses Grant as I am.

Hamilton Fish is a gentleman by inheritance, birth, breeding—the most of a gentleman Grant ever had in his Cabinet. A family more refined and praiseworthy than his never graced public life in Washington. Amid a crowd of plebeiaus and pretenders, their grace and simplicity was as eonspicuous as it was solitary. Yet Hamilton Fish himself is a man of the world—a bon vivant. While he far transcended Grant in inherited finesse; in, in fine, life-long associa-tions; in all that makes a gentleman; the tone of his nature, his intellectual habits, were not of that higher quality which suggested damaging compari-sons and put his chief to absolute disadvantage, as did the personal and mental characteristics of Carl Schurz and Charles Sumner. The unity of at least one side of the natures of Fish at least one side of the natures of Fish and Grant begot familiarity, if not sympathy between them; while the superiority of Fish on the other gave him a mental ascendancy over the President never habitually achieved by any other member of his Cabinet. Considering what for years their relation was, it would have been a strange, not to say disloyal, act for tion was, it would have been a house of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, and other woods in the manufacture from which strange, not to say disloyal, act for and the new Prince of Bulgaria is also of all kinds of fine furniture, coffins, dropped out.

Hamilton Fish to have spoken in him that, in praising Grant, he should have dropped disparagement upon the name of Charles Sumner. I heard from Charles Sumner's own lips the entire tale of his personal association with Grant, and of Hamilton Fish's personal part in the affair. After making due allowance for all human infirmity in the three men, one inevitable conclusion remainedthat the mental arrogance of Sumner, if such he felt it to be, was less insufferable to Grant than the immeasurable moral and mental superiority of Charles Sumner himself.

Nothing so unerringly marks the intrinsic fibre of a man's nature as the quality of the men whom he chooses as his nearest companions. The strong, crude, narrow forces of Grant's mind, fought instinctively the the broader, higher ideas of great men. Their simple admission put his own at dis-

Mighty in the brute force that holds and propels armies through seas of human blood, he was a selfish boor in the use of the finer weapons of mind and spirit that make and unmake the peace, the purity, the prosperity of a

The people have but to know and to remember the character of the men lifted and held in place by this manthat their abuse and degradation of political power made the administration of Grant memorable as the most corrupt in the whole history of the Government-to make it impossible that a like administration be ever repeated as a national affliction. The report has been brought back from India that General Grant will refuse the nomination. Why? Not excepting his friends and admirers, does nobody believe it. Why? Simply be-cause everybody who knows the man knows that he not only will accept a third nomination, but that he expects it. So blinded is he by adulation, by lust for perpetual power, by the flattery and promises of the toadies and office seekers whose future importance hangs upon his re-election-which by day and by night they are manipulating-he can no longer see that his one hance of honor with posterity lies his speedy retirement as a soldier. Let him in such retirement make the repetition of the failures, the mistakes, the sins of his civil admistration, forever impossible, and the tarnished repute of the Executive may yet be covered by the lustre of the soldier's name.

The New York Herald, which, the

world knows, is so devoted to his fame that it has sent a polished Boswell to proclaim it round the entire circle of the earth, yet declares that, if General Grant wishes to perpetuate it undi-minished, unclouded, upon his return he will retire, crowned with a soldier's fame. There is certainly one pen that will never follow him into such retirement with one line of reproach or ac-

cusation.

But let no man assume to arraign me for writing the truth of a man who, standing at its head, yet through self-love, allowed the Government of nis country to be administered on the lowest plane of selfish greed and cupidity

Neither Grant, or any man politically or personally identified with him in Washington, should ever be made President of the United States. Surely the nation is not so poor in manly honor, in exalted personal probity, in Executive worth, that it can find no man "available" as a possible President outside of the hungry "hacks" and "bummers," political, who have been perpetually posing and masquerading for the Presidency for the last five years.

I love my country, love its people; best of all, love its honor. I cannot live so close to its heart to see it dis-Let me now confess to honored—accursed as I have seen it these perturbed beings, including the by the men who assume to govern it,

I do not overestimate the force of any word of mine. It may drop far short of its mark; it may reach but one human mind; but wherever it falls, it shall be the priceless seed of

# Germans and European Thrones.

During the last fifty years all the newly created thrones in Europe, or those in which the male hereditary succession had from any cause lapsed, have been filled by princes of German dynasties. A Prince of the House of Saxe Coburg was elected ruler of the newly formed kingdom of Belgium shortly after he had refused the title of King of the Hellenes, which had been offered him. Princes of the same house married the Queen of Portugal, Maria II de Gloria, in the year 1836, and Victoria, Queen of England, in the year 1840; and their sons have become the heirs to the thrones of those States. All attempts to fill the thrones of Spain and Roumania with rulers not proceeding from German dynasties have proved a failure. Both King Amadeus I of Savoy and Prince Couza, a born Roumanian, were, after a brief period of rule, compelled to leave the countries of which they had leave the countries of which they had become sovereigns. The throne of Greece was first occupied by a Prince of the Bavarian dynasty, Otho I; and after his dethronement by George I, a Prince of the Sleswic-Holstein-Sonderburg Glucksburg line. The present Greece was first occupied by a Prince of the Bavarian dynasty, Otho I; and after his dethronement by George I, a Prince of the Sleswic-Holstein-Sonderburg Glucksburg line. The present ruler of Roumania is a Prince of the honoral large of Hologorian and samples of imitation of marble, mahogany, etc., were shown, which might deceive the most experienced eye. Not only does Mr. Hamilton claim a substitute for lumber in sash, doors and blinds and finished stuff, but also a substitute for black walnut.

of German origin. Fifty years ago other than terms of personal praise of the privilege of filling vacant or newly-Ulysses Grant. It was less honorable created thrones belonged almost exclusively to France and Austria; several thrones in Italy were held by Bourbons and Hapsburgs only twenty years ago.

#### PREACHING BY TELEPHONE.

LISTENING TO A PREACHER AT A DIS-TANCE OF THIRTY-SIX MILES. From Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, April 15.

A number of gentleman-electricians and others-met on Sunday morning at the office of Mr. E. C. Warburton, Superintendent Engineer Lancashier Yorkshire Railway Company's Telegraph Department, Manchester, for the purpose of witnessing an interesting experiment with the telephone. Their object was, in fact, by means of this instrument to form part of the auditory of the Rev. Dr. Mellor, who was conducting his usual service at the Square Congregational Church, Halifax. One of the ordinary conducting wires of the railway telegraph was It was fitted at the Manchester end with four of Bell's telephones, while Halifax the wire was extended to Dr. Mellor's chapel, and connected with one of Mr. Louis John Crossley's pat-ent telephone transmitters, which is a modification of the microphone of Prof. Hughes. The arrangements at Halifax had been carried out by Mr. Emnot (Messrs. Blakey Brothers & Emnot). The distance between Man-chester and Halifax as the wire goes s about 36 miles. Precisely at 10-30 o'clock the service commenced with the singing of a hymn, which was reproduced through the telephone almost perfectly, the sonorous voice of Dr. Mellor being heard above that of the congregation. Afterward there was prayer and the usual lessons; but we pass at once to the sermon, which was regarded as the crucial test of the instrument. The result was, on the whole, very encouraging, though it was made evident that much remains to be done before this mode of communication is perfected. The chief drawback to the success of the experiment was the induction caused by the transmission of messages along the telegraph wires, the wire in connection with the telephone gathering in the sound and drowning the voice of the speaker. This difficulty, however, will When the wires were be overcome. rest Dr. Mellor's powerful tones were heard quite distinctly, but the articulation was not so clear, and it was rarely that whole sentences could be heard. A dozen or twenty consecutive words might be caught, and the rest were lost, owing, doubtless, to a way which the preacher seemed to have of lowering his voice at the end of a sentence. In order not to expose it to the gaze of the congregation, the transmitter or microphone was placed the pulpit, almost at the reverend gentleman's feet, so that when he leaned over the pulpit or turned his head in a particular direction, hearing was rendered difficult. Had the instru-ment been placed before him it is unquestionable that but for the unhappy trick which the conducting wire had of gathering in sounds from the other wires, every word would have been distinctly heard. The experiments will be prosecuted further, and it is hoped, in course of time, to introduce the telephone as a means of communication between the railway signal box-It is obvious that it will have for that purpose many advantages over the telegraph. After the service, conversation was carried on between parties at Halifax and Manchester, and the hearing was perfect. We may mention that the telephone is an institution in Dr. Mellor's chapel, it having for some time been in successful opera-tion between that place of worship and the residence of an invalid lady, about three miles distant. The transmitter used was the same one which the telegraph wire was connected on Sunday

# Making Lumber from Straw.

Mr. S. H. Hamilton, of Bushnell, Ill., has discovered a process for making hard wood lumber out of common wheat straw, with all the effect of polish and finish which is obtainable on the hardest of black walnut and mahogany, at as little cost as clear pine lumber can be manufactured for. process of manufacture as explained by Mr. Hamilton is as follows: Ordinary strawboard such as is manufactured at any paper mill is used for the purpose. many sheets are taken as is required to make the thickness of the lumber desired. These sheets are passed brough a chemical solution, which thoroughly softens up the fiber and completely saturates it; the whole is then pressed through a succession of rollers, dried and hardened during the passage, as well as polished, and comes out of the end of the machine hard, dry lumber, ready for use. It is claimed that the chemical properties hardening in the fiber entirely prevent water soak ing, and render the lumber combusti-ble only in very hot fire. The harden-ed finish on the outside also makes it impervious to water. The sample exhibited could not be detected. It is

etc., and also an excellent substitute for marble in marble top tables, mantle pieces, bureaus, etc. He clathat it will not warp in the least. He claims

#### MISS MULOCK'S CAREER.

She was obliged to write for her daily bread, and that she might forget how miserable she was, she wrote a great deal. Of course, with all this practice and with her vast experience n sorrow-for her pen was actually dipped in tears-she wrote better and better, till finally this retiring, grief-stricken woman awoke to find herself famous. Her first novel, 'The Ogilvies,' was very successful, and was published in 1849, when Miss Mulock was only twenty-three, but her great masterpiece, "John Halifax, Gentleman," did not appear till 1857. In 1874 a pension of sixty pounds a year was awarded Miss Mulock.

All this fame and unqualified sucss doubtless assuaged her grief and nelped to make life endurable; but to one with such a loving heart and such quick sympathies, bereft of a home and without a relation, her life was still very sad and lonely. But in 1865 Captain George Lillie Craik, an officer in the English army, who had been in the Crimea, met Miss Mulock, and although some years her junior, addressed her and succeeded in winning her hand. They have proved most congenial companions, and their married fife has been all that they could wish, with but one exception. The woman whose love for children amounted almost to passion, and who wrote 'Philip, my King," has been denied the happiness of feeling baby fingers upon her cheeks or of ever hearing herself called Mother. This is a severe sorrow, but even this pain has een partially assuaged. Strangely enough, one dark, rainy night, while she and her husband were speaking of hildren and of the joy and brightness they bring to so many dwellings, there came a loud ring at the bell and then furious knocking. On opening the door, lying upon the sill, they found a basket enclosed in many wrappings. When they were removed, they disovered a lovely little babe only a few hours old. The child was wrapped in one roll after another of India muslin, and on its breast was pinned a note begging Mrs. Craik to be kind to the little waif thus brought to her door, and assuring her that no mean blood flowed in its veins. Tenderly she lift-ed the little thing in her loving arms, and her heart opened as warmly to take in the poor little deserted \*creature. They called the child Dorothea, Godgiven, and she is now their legally adopted daughter whom no one can take from them, not even the parents who so cruelly deserted her. The little girl is most tenderly attached to the only mother and father she has ever known. Mrs. Craik's happy home is in the vicinity of Richmond. Let us hope that she has left all her orrows behind her, and that while she lives no pain or grief shall ever again cross her peaceful path.

# Mark Twain's Horse.

"Gentlemen, this horse of mine was tough-bitted, and he went so fast that I had to guide him by electricity— had to have wire lines and keep a battery in the wagon all the time in order to stop him."

"Why didn't you stop him by hol-lering who-a?" I inquired.
"Stop him by hollering whoa?
Why, I couldn't holler loud enough to make that horse hear me. He traveled so fast that no sound ever reached him from behind. He went faster than the sound, sir. Holler whoa-a! and he'll be in the next town before the sound of your voice reaches the dash board. Travel fast? I should say he could. Why, I once started from Virginia City to Meadow Creek right in front of one of the most dreadful rain storms we ever had 'Wind and on the Pacific coast. 'Wind and rain?' Why, the wind blew eighty miles an hour, and the rain fell in sheets. I drove right before 'that storm for three hours—just on the edge of that hurricane and rain for

"Did you get drenched?"
"Did you get drenched?"
"Drenched? No, sir! What did I keep a fast horse for? Why, I tell you, I drove right in front of that rain storm. I could lean forward and let the sun shine on me, or lean backward and feel rain and catch hail-stones. When the hurricane slacked up the horse slacked up, too, and when it blew faster I just said 'Git up!' to the horse and touched the battery, and away he went. Now, I don't want to lie about my horse, and I don't ask you to believe what I say, but when I got to Meadow Creek my linen duster was as dry as powder. Not a drop of rain on the wagon seat, either, while the wagon box was level full of hailstones and water."

# Where the Lost Certificate was Found.

A man bought some of the \$10 gov-ernment certificates at the Cincinnati office, and missed one after retiring from the window. He could find it nowhere. "Give me a dollar and I'll get it for you," said a boy. The of-fer was accepted. The boy yanked another urchin out of the line, and choked him until he opened his mouth, from which the hidden certificate

#### A. B. C. and the Great American Teaser.

From The Capital.

The Springfield Republican, anent the passage in the Senate the other day between Blaine and Bayard—or rather the personal assault of the former upon the latter—observed that Blaine is fast earning the reputation of the Great American Teaser. It is worth while to remark that the Republican, founded by Sam. Bowles, honorably perpetuates the memory of that noble fellow and splendid journalist under the management of his worthy son, and therefore is hostile to Blaine; unlike the Tribune, founded by Horace Greeley, which, having fallen into the hands of Jay Gould, quite naturally admires the hero of the Little Rock and Fort Smith infamy, and worships the author of the Mulligan correspondence. But this not to the point. The affair between the two senators mentioned has provoked an unusual volume of comment, the general drift of which is in the direction of amazement at the temerity of Blaine. Reasoning simply from the vulnera-bility of Blaine himself, and upon the logic of the proverb touching residence in glass houses, nothing could be more natural than astonishment at the utter abandon with which that remarkable person rushes into personal strife. Upon such premises it would appear that no man in the United States ought to fight shy of inquiry into personal record; for no man now prominent, unless we except Robeson, is handicapped with such an utterly wretched and absolutely miserable personal record as he is. Living, as he does, at the mercy of his fellowsenators, his impertinence is so absurd that it ceases to be offensive and becomes ludicrous. But if you take second thought upon

it, the reckless truculence of Blaine, instead of being a phenomenon, is really the most sensible course he could adopt. There is no reason why he should refrain from inviting personal recrimination, for his own record is as bad already as a record can be, and nothing that Bayard or Thurman, or anybody else could say in retort or recrimination, could make it any worse, either in fact or in ap-Under these circumstances Blaine stands in the attitude of a man who has nothing to lose. On the other hand he can fairly assume that the association of his name with those of Thurman and Bayard, even though it be the association of conflict, tend to elevate it in the general estimation. It is related that a certain English nobleman once tamely submitted to a rank affront from a gam-bler at Newmarket; the nobleman was one of the boon companions of the Regent, afterwards George IV., and that spirited prince demanded to know why his friend had not resented the indignity, adding: "If you don't chas-tise the fellow, I'll go and kick him myself!"

"I beg you, sir, to do nothing of the ad," replied the nobleman. "That kind," replied the nobleman. fellow would give a thousand guineas to be chastised by me; to be kicked by the heir apparent would make his

everlasting fortune!"

I will not say that the degradation of Blaine is such that the kick of a gentleman would be a boon to him; but his behavior sometimes amounts to a sort of paroxysmal desperation, or hysterical hardihood, calculated to suggest as much.

# Dear to Every Heart.

from the Cincinnati Commercial

Dr. Lilienthal recently stepped into a school room during a recitation in geography, and was invited by the teacher to ask the class a few questions. He courteously complied.
"What is the capital of Michigan?"

"Lansing," was the prompt answer. "What is the largest city in Michigan?

" Detroit." "Where is the great University Michigan located?"

"At Ann Arbor."
"What is the capital of Pennsylva-

"Harrisburg."
"What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?" "Philadelphia."

"What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citizen ?" That was a poser; the class was troubled, but made no answer. The

doctor repeated the question. "I know," said a little fellow on a back seat, as he stretched up his arm

to its length. 'Tell us what it is then, my boy,' said the doctor.
"The Mint," was the confident

# A Frightful Jump.

answer.

Peer, who jumped from the suspen-sion bridge at Niagara Falls, a few days ago, wore a rubber life preserver, to lessen the depth of his penetration into the water; a sponge over his mouth and nostrils, to prevent the water from being forced into them, and thick cloth over his feet and legs, to protect them from concussion. A brass wire, attached to his shoulders, was recled out as he fell, with just enough tension to keep him in an upright position. To strike the water flatwise would be certain death. Peer dropped 192 feet in four seconds. He was exceedingly nervous just before the feat, and it was thought that his courage had given out.

This is an example many others in the country might follow with profit to their wronged and suffering creditors. his courage had given out.

#### Wild Life in the South.

Three instances recently mentioned by the Southern papers show that all the superstition has not yet been rubbed out of the negro. As he still keeps memoranda of household expenses by means of notehes cut into a pine stick, so he still fears the old boy with horns. A few days ago the colored Methodists of Macon undertook to bring about a miracle that would cure Minerva Brown, one of their number of fits. They met at the woman's bedside and prayed by turns for nine hours consecutively. During that time the sister was quiet, though she had previously been contorted as often as once an hour. As soon as the praying band went away she fell into a worse state than ever. The experiment will be tried again. Another story comes from Baltimore. Last week Susan Smith, a large colored woman, aged about sixty years, died in that city. Her family and friends followed the coffin to the cemetery last Thursday. At the grave the lid was torn from the coffin and the face of the dead exposed to view. All present then gathered close around and watched one of the deceased's sons raise the body from the coffin and carefully turn it over, face downward. While this was going on the bystanders kept their heads uncovered, mumbling an unintelligible prayer and going through strange motions of the body. They held charms in their hands. Hill, the old grave-digger, was greatly shocked. The darkeys refuse to tell why they buried Mrs. Smith face downward. Still another is from Boonsboro', Maryland, relating to Simon Summers, deceased. After the burial of Summers his widow became impressed with the belief that unless changes should be made in certain matters connected with the interment a great calamity would come upon the survivors. She accordingly had the grave and coffin opened and the changes made.

#### A Singular Dream.

Fairfield, (Me.) Chronicle

Two young men, residents of Norridgewock, met one morning and one

"Charles, I dreamed last night that you were a Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, that I was a minister, and that you called on me to open your court with prayer.'

Just thirty years after this Rev. Dr. Charles Allen, late President of the State College, happened to step into the Supreme Court room in Augusta. Judge Charles Danforth beckoned to him and asked him to open his court with prayer, and, behold, the dream of thirty years was verified. Rev. Dr. Allen is now pastor of the Methodist church at Fairfield.

THE other evening at a convivial gathering where all the guests did not happen to be of the same political opinions, as they sat down to dinner

one said to the company:
"Gentlemen, I should, before we begin dinner, make a little explanation of one of my peculiarities. It sometimes happens that when I have a little wine on board I take it into my head to jibe people who are not of my way of thinking in politics. I assure you that I mean nothing serious by such an action, and that if I should appear to be rude you will make a little allowance and not lay it to my

As he seated himself another guest a man seven feet high and with a hand like a jambon de Cincinnati, arose and said as courteously:
"Gentlemen, I too should make a

little explanation of one of my peculiarities. It sometimes happens that when I have a little wine on board and some one begins to jibe me for my way of thinking in politics I take it into my head to wring his darned neck or pitch him out of a second mean nothing serious by such an action, and that if I should appear to be rude you will make a little ance and not lay it to my account."

Not a word of politics was spoken at the table that evening and all went merry as a marriage bell.

DEATH AT A CIRCUS.—An old man named Samuel Widemen, whose resi-dence was in Clearfield county, and who had been swindled out of considerable money by some of the showmen, followed the rascals to Milton, and while making search for his man through the side shows in company with Constable Rissel of Milton, fell dead. Up to the time he dropped a corpse he seemed to be in good health, somewhat excited, it is said, because he had seen the man who had wronged him in the tent. Mr. Jacob Hartranft, landlord of the Broadway House, with whom the unfortunate man was during his stay in town, took the dead man to his former home.

A BANKRUPT'S EXAMPLE.-Hon-Scott Lord, formerly Democratic Representative of the Utica (New York) district in Congress, received a fee of \$100,000 from Cornelius J. Vander-\$100,000 from Cornelius J. Vander-bilt for his services in contesting the will of his father. This put Mr. Lord on his financial pins, and he returned to his former home in Genessee, and paid, principal and interest, all his past indebtedness, from which the bankrupt law had given him a release.