

NEW MAPLE SUGAR  
Sweet harbingers of early spring.  
Singing the praise:  
What recollections that do bring  
Of early days.  
In groves' windows that doo't lie  
The source of joy,  
And forthy saccharine juices sigh  
The girl and boy.  
Fain on thee would make a maid,  
And care no day,  
Because, O sweet, thou art not made,  
Of maple sap.  
What thou art made of no one asks,  
Fright of the sugar-cane,  
Of scrapings of the sugar-cane  
Or stale molasses.  
It is enough that thou art sweet,  
Not had to break;  
And when a boy takes thee out  
He takes the cake.  
The maple sap begins to flow  
When thou art here,  
"New maple sugar," and we know  
That spring is near.

### GRANT & WARD.

#### GEN. GRANT'S INNOCENT CONNECTION WITH THE FIRM.

The testimony of General Grant, taken in his house in New York on Thursday last week by James H. Fish, Official Stenographer of the Court in the trial of ex-President Fish, of the Marine Bank, is proceeding, was read yesterday in court. General Grant testified as follows, upon examination by counsel for the defendant:

By Mr. Clark—You were a partner in the firm of Grant & Ward?

A—Yes, sir. I was informed I was at the time the failure took place. I never knew that I was anything else than a special partner clear to the end. I paid \$50,000 first, and then afterward \$50,000 more. I don't remember dates. I paid in \$100,000.

Q—On the first of May, 1854, what did you understand you were doing—about what?

A—I supposed that I was worth well to \$1,000,000. I had no suspicion of anything, and, therefore, there was nothing to confine my mind to any such dates regarding my first acquaintance with Fish. I suppose it was upon introduction by my son or Mr. Ward. I suppose if you should go clear back that it was my son who got acquainted with Ferdinand Ward through Ward's brother, and that acquaintance was led on to that way. The man was supposed, as far as I ever knew, to be a reputable banker until after the failure, and it was not astonishing that a person should make his acquaintance. I had a dim recollection, after the failure, of receiving a letter from Fish while he was living at Long Branch. I went down there about the middle of June. I don't suppose that I ever saw the one that was published. I have a recollection of receiving a letter and sitting down and answering it at once, and then I saw my answer was that I had a good deal to do that day, and that it was doubtful when I should be able to see him; that if I could I would, but that I believed the matters that his firm were engaged in were all right. Something like that.

#### CARELESS WITH LETTERS.

Q—Haven't you any recollection as to what became of that letter of Mr. Fish's?

A—No, sir. I have not. I never have been in the habit of preserving private letters, and if I was to try I suppose I should make a poor record. My business in life has always taken care of the letters that had to be saved, and the only way I have now of preserving a letter that I wish to preserve is to put it in my side coat pocket, or put it in the drawer where I write, and then when I want to look for a letter it is about the last one I find. I might state here, although I don't know whether it would have any effect or not, that the letter I want in the firm I had a very small income, but I had some money that my son had saved for me while I was gone abroad—some money that I had left, and which he had so managed that I had saved some of it, and he proposed to let me have his interest in the firm, so I would have an income to live upon, and there was afterward an income raised for me, and after that the firm generally concluded to let me in as half partner, and then afterward as whole partner—special, not general—generally, as I thought at the time.

#### THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

The General was cross-examined by counsel for the Government.

By Mr. Roark—Q—General Grant, what was the hour at which you were accustomed to reach your office in the morning when you were staying at Long Branch in the summer of 1852?

A—Ten o'clock was about my arriving time at the office.

Q—Did you observe in the letter which you received from Mr. Fish, and to which the letter which was identified by you, and which is entirely in your handwriting, was an answer, any reference to Government contracts?

A—No, there was not. I had told Mr. Ward that the Government contracts were never made by any Government contract. There is nothing wrong in being engaged in Government contracts more than in anything else, unless made wrong by the acts of the individual, but I was not President of the United States, and did not think it was suitable for me to have my name connected with Government contracts, and I knew there was no large profit in them except by dishonest measures. There are some men who get Government contracts year in and year out, and neither they managed their affairs dishonestly to make profit or not, they are sometimes supposed to, and I did not think it was any place for me.

Q—And you did not find in that letter you received any reference to anything of the sort?

A—I did not find anything of that sort, or I should have heard about it. I never suspected there being anything wrong about it.

Q—Did you at any time know or understand that the firm of Grant & Ward had engaged in Government contracts, or had furnished

money to be used in carrying out Government contracts?

A—I never knew of but one contract, that is, where he said there was a transaction of that kind, and he questioned him about it, and he said he had just been out and bought 350,000 bushels of oats. I think it was, and there was quite a large quantity more to be purchased in Chicago to be delivered. He told me and said that it was to be delivered, and that the contractor hadn't the money to do it with, and that he was doing it for a certain amount, a stipulated amount. But the contract was to other parties, and I said I did not see that there was anything the matter with that. The man had a contract with the Government for a quantity of oats, and was an article that could be purchased very easily on the Chicago market, and I said I didn't see anything wrong in that, as we had thousands of dollars of money in the Marine Bank.

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#### A Prisoner Kites Himself.

WELLSBORO, Pa., March 26.—Chas. Bird was arrested yesterday for incense and lodged in the jail here to await the action of the grand jury. This morning when the turkey was making his rounds he observed Bird's body lying on the cell floor and investigation proved it to be lifeless. A package of arsenic was found on his person and it is supposed that he took a dose of the poison. A coroner's jury held an inquest, but have yet made no report.

#### NO DISTRICT OF WARD.

Q—Now, did Fish at any time during the spring of 1854 communicate to you any distrust on his part of Ward?

A—No, sir. If he had I should have been very ready, I have no doubt, to take distrust.

Re-direct by defendant's counsel

—I had no distrust of Ward the night before he failed, nor the night after. And I recollect my son, U. S. Grant, after the failure, said he would come out all right. He had no doubt he would come out right, for he had such a profound friendship for his brother, Will Ward, he didn't believe it was possible for him to do a dishonest thing. It took me a day or two to believe it was possible Ward had committed the act he had.

By Mr. Clark—Exactly what you are saying to your present recollections, that Ward said the Sunday before the failure in regard to the securities of the firm in the Marine Bank?

A—He didn't say he had any securities in the Marine Bank; he spoke of our own private securities, the way I understood it; that we had \$1,300,000 in our vaults, and we had seven hundred and odd thousand dollars of money in the Marine Bank.

Q—That was Mr. Ward's statement to you on Sunday?

A—Yes, sir.

#### The Washington Women.

A Washington correspondent says: I noticed an instance of Washington snobbishness the other night in one of the leading groceries of the capital which well illustrates the character of one class of our high-toned society. I was waiting to buy some little things and a very pretty and modest lady was standing at the counter watching the clerk do up some packages for her. Another lady, the wife of an old Washingtonian, was also waiting, as I was, when the general—a leader of the Capital, and one of the newest of the nouveau riche, came strutting in, dressed in velvet and sealskin. She was a tall, angular woman, with a nose which seemed to turn up at everybody and everything. She had an eye-glass attached to a long handle in her right hand, and this she presented in front of her right eye and began looking superciliously around the store.

All the clerks were busy as they could be. But with the most arrogant air she turned to the one above spoken of, and said:

Do you not see, sir, that I am waiting?

The clerk dropped the bundles he had, and rushed over to her. She then pointed with a majestic air to a lot of tomatoes marked twelve cents a can. She said:

"I will take one of those cans of tomatoes; you may carry it out to my carriage with the other things that I have bought here."

#### An Anecdote of Garfield.

A year before his election, General Garfield had been seen gayly sauntering along Pennsylvania avenue, laughing, talking, nodding his head to his acquaintance and to that, without any obstruction to his progress in the shape of a sidewalk reception. Those who did not know him personally were familiar with his name and with the ladies had heard his eloquence in the House—the street urchins had seen him at the base-ball grounds, shouting, with the eagerness of a boy his pleasure or dissatisfaction as the game progressed. While a member of the House he often took occasion to run out into the suburbs of the city to witness this exciting sport. I remember one afternoon when he reached the stand erected on the grounds a few minutes after I did. I was leaning against the front rail of the platform, and clapping me on the shoulder, he asked:

"Who's he?"

I gave him the information, and he thereupon became so interested in the game that he seemed unaware that his heavy weight upon my little body was, to say the least, inconvenient. He was constantly exclaiming:

"Good catch!" "Fine hit!" "Oh! what a muff!" and other well-known extracts from base-ball language, and he soon grew so excited as to make me feel the effects. I thought it wise to move to a place of safety, and I finally succeeded in edging a way through the crowd—Edmund Alton in St. Nicholas for March.

#### An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received some of each bottle of Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and my leg is now sound and well."

#### Not Too Cold for Western Cattle.

CHEYENNE, WY., March 26.—The Leader-to-day completes a series of interviews with the leading stock-growers of Wyoming, Colorado and Nebraska, gathered here to attend the annual meeting of the Stock-growers' Association. The parties interviewed, representing over a million cattle, ranging at widely separated points, all agreed that the past winter has been the finest for many years, both for range and trail cattle. The losses will be below the average estimated variously at from 1 to 5 per cent. The larger portion of the losses have been trail cattle that reached the ranges later in the season.

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