BY THOS. F. GRENEKER Editor and Proprietor.

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Miscellaneous.

. THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE,

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e thank The New Yerk Tribunk for its
y and powerful words in de manding justice
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or the people of Alabama.—Mon-Jomery, Als., News.
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metre.

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and principles.

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es of the State. Send one cent stamp for specimen copy. DARR & OSTKEN, Proprietors,

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Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1874.

necessary to discuss their future.

give your daughter only four thous-

caught, and must bide the conse-

herrings, and not a cask can I find

"That does not surprise me," an-

swered Van Elburg, smiling: "you

bought up all my herrings, and I

Miceollunsons

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

bought up all your casks.

to put them in!"

back to it.

she is dead now, anyhow.

was nothing but a little lamb frv.

"Gathered shells," did he?-

equanimity.

quences."

No. 50.

Miscellaneous

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Vines and Liquors OF BEST QUALITIES.

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Boetrp.

AFTER AND OVER.

After the shower, The tranquil sun Silver stars when The day is done.

After the snow, The emerald leaves After the harvest,

Golden sheaves. After the clouds, The violet sky;

Quiet woods when The wind goes by After the tempest, The lull of waves; After the battle,

Peaceful graves. After the knell, The wedding bells; Joyful greetings

From sad farewells After the bud, The radiant rose After our weeping,

The blissful meed After the furrow, The waking seed After the flight, The downy nest;

Over the shadowy

After the burden,

Selected Storp.

Marriage on Speculation

The French entered Amsterdam the 20th of January, 1815. The soldiers stacked their arms on the pavements, and waited anxiously for their billets for quarters,

Despite the severity of the weather, the citizens turned out in large numbers to welcome and admire the veterans in their rags .-There was a general rejoicing throughout the city, which for the most part was illuminated. At the extreme end of the town there was a single house, whose dark, forbidding aspect was in strong contrast to the brilliant appearance of the neighboring buildings. It was the residence of the rich merchant Meister Woerdon. He was completely absorbed in his commercial operations, and neither knew nor cared to know what was going on in the political world; and then, he was too familiar with the rules of

economy to think of squandering candles on an illumination. At this moment, when all was joy and enthusiasm throughout Amsterdam, Meister Woerden sat quietly in his big arm-chair beside the fire. On the table there was a little brass lamp, a mug of beer, and a big clay pipe. On the other side of the fire sat an old maid-servant, whose rotundity betrayed her Flemish origin. She was occupied in shoving back the coals that had

"Who can that be?" "Go and see," said the old merchant to the

fallen out on the hearth, when there

came a loud knock at the street

maid, who had risen to her feet. A few moments later a stalwart young man entered the room. He threw off his mantle and approach-

"Good evening, father," said he "How? Is it you, William? I did not expect you back so soon."

"I left Brock this morning, but the roads have been made so bad by the army-trains that we have been the whole day on the way."

"Well, did you see Van Elburg?" "Yes," said the young man, seating himself before the fire; "Meister van Elburg consents to the marriage, but he adheres to his determination to give his daughter a dowry

"Well, then, he may keep his daughter and his dowry," replied Woerden, with a frown.

"Not a word, my son! At your age we have no more sense than to sacrifice every thing for love, and to despise riches."

"But Herr van Elburg is the richest merchant in Holland, and what he does not give now will be ours at his death."

"Nonsense!" replied Meister Woerden. "Am I too, not sick? Listen, my son. You will soon follow me in my business. Never forget these two rules; never give more than you receive, and never further another man's interest to the detriment af your own. Guided by these principles, one will better his condition in marriage as well as

"But father-" "Not another word, my son-not mother word!"

William knew his father too well to say any thing more, but he could not avoid evincing his displeasure by his manner. To this, however, the old man paid no attention; he calm: smiling. ly filled his pipe, lighted it, and be gan to smoke.

Again there was a loud rap at the street-door, while at the same time the dogs began to bark.

"Aha!" said Meister Woerden, "it must be a stranger, or the dogs wouldn't bark so. Go and see who it is, William."

The young man went to the win- present. I shall soon give my en-

"It is one of the militia horse men," said William. "Militia horseman! What can he | the wishes of the young people; proaching him for running away

want?" At this moment the maid-servant I determined to compel you to do his hotel bill. entered and handed Woerden a let- your duty toward them. With this

ment," said he.

His hand trembled as he hastily in the market. Now in order to for her now. opened the letter and read it, but comply with the terms of your lighted up with a joyous expres- and my price is fifty florins a thous- hear nor ma. sion as he cried:

"Good-good! I accept." The letter contained an order for four hundred thousand herrings for the army to be delivered within a riving at this mercantile deduction, always slept in the basement except month.

"William," cried the old man, have a capital thought. You would marry Van Elburg's daughter, and have a handsome dowry with her?" "Yes, father, I would; but-"

'Well, leave the matter to me,

interrupted the old man. see that there are two horses ready for us to-morrow morning, early." The next morning, at sunrise, father and son were on the highroad from Amsterdam to Brock, his daughter. Now the tables were "I'm Saddest when I Sing" was which they reached about midday. They repaired immediately to the residence of Van Elburg, who, when

he saw them enter, cried out: "Ah, good-morning, Meister Woerden! Have you fled from the Parlez-Vous? In any case, you

"No I flee from nobody. You know I have nothing to do with politics. I come to propose a good speculation to you."

"Yes? What is it?" "I have an order from the govern ment for four hundred thousand herrings, to be delivered within a month. Can you furnish me with that number in, say three weeks?' "At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand." "Ten florins! Yes, I will furnish

Sweet Home." never had a home. "Very well, and now to dinner; I am half famished. At the table we will talk of another matter."

Woerden introduced the subject of the marriage, but Van Elburg could not be persuaded to increase the dowry he had offered to give his daughter to the amount of a single stiver. They nevertheless decided that the wedding should take place that day next week.

The following day, Woerden and his son returned home. Hardly had they left Brock when the young man asked:

"Then, father you have changed "How so ?" "Have you not decided to accept

the dowry offered by Meister Van Elburg ?' "Let me manage the matter in my own way, my son, and ask no

When the wedding-day came.-Woerden and his son returned to Broek. Van Elburg received them kindly, but he was so flurried and nervous that William feared he had some bad news for them. His father, however, had no such misgivings; the old fox knew too well the cause of his colleague's disturbed

"What is the matter, Meister Van Elburg ?" he asked, with a sardonic "You seem to be worried about something."

"Ah, my friend, I am greatly em barrassed. I must speak with you. "What is it? Have you changed your mind with regard to the marriage. Speak frankly; it is not too late."

"No no; it is another matter entirely."

"Well then, let us first proceed with the wedding-ceremony. Afterward I shall be quite at your ser-

The company, therefore, repaired to a neighboring church, and in a few minutes the young people were husband and wife. When they returned to the house, Van Elburg asked Woerden to go with him into his private room. "My friend," began Van Elburg,

when he had carefully closed the door, "in accordance with our agreement, I should within two loon. Angels indeed. weeks from now deliver to you four hundred thousand herrings. Thus far, however, I have not been able to procure a single one. There are most part. none in the market; they have been all bought up."

"Certainly they have, I bought

night how! till day light. them up myself," replied Woerden.

mother's kitchen.

"You will fulfill it. Listen, friend a week contriving it—and she ad-Van Elburg: you will some day mired his contrivance. eave your daughter a handsome

The author of "I know a Bank, fortune; I shall leave my son at &c., didn't know one where h les as much; it is therefore un- could get his note discounted. The only check he ever had was This, however, is not true of the white check on a faro bank. H never held a red check in all his tire business to my son, while you life. "What are the Wild Waves Say

but when I consented to their union, from Long Branch without paying "Who will Care for Mother now? ter. He carefully examined the object in view, I contracted with Who, indeed. You took the old you for four hundred thousand her- woman to the poor-house just be "From the provisional govern- rings, at ten florins a thousand, al- fore writing the song, and there is though I then had all the herrings nobody but the poor-master to care

"Hear me, Norma" was deaf and suddenly the old tradesman's face agreement, you must buy from me, dumb. He couldn't make his pa and : you have therefore, only to pay "My Mother, Dear" used to thrash

> over to me the sum of sixteen thous- the old woman within an inch of and florins, and we shall be square." While Meister Weorden was ar-The author of "Rain on the Roof

Van Elburg regained his wonted when he slept out of doors. "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mo "I see, I see," said he, "you are ther" got mad because his mother yearsclever tradesman. I am fairly wouldn't have him, and whipped

"I Dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Their conference ended, and the two merchants rejoined the wed- Halls" used to cheat at marbles ding-company, as though nothing when a boy, and his dream was unusual had occurred between them. horrid nightmare, brought on by A week later, Van Elburg went the remorse at the recollection of to Amsterdam, ostensibly to see fraudulent marble hands.

tickled almost to death when invited "Ah, meister," cried Woerden, on to.

"Happy Be Thy Dreams" sold seeing his colleague from Broek, "I am in a terrible dilemma. The benzine whiskey. You can fancy time is approaching when I must what kind of dreams were produdeliver the four hundred thousand ced.

SMILEY'S GUN.

thing to go out to see if he could not shoot a rabbit or two. He al ways kept his gun loaded and ready, in the corner of the room, so he merely shouldered it and went out. After awhile he saw a rabbit, and DECEIT OF SONG WRITERS. taking aim he pulled the trigger.— The gun failed to go off. Then he pulled the other trigger, and the cap snapped again, and then, taking a pin, he picked the nipples of the gun, primed them with a little pow No, of course not, all his folks at der, and then started again. Prehome says he didn't. Nobody who sently he saw another rabbit, but ever writes about anything ever had both caps snapped again. The rabbit If a man is out of anything he did not see Smiley, so he put on mediately goes and writes about more caps, and then they snapped it. No man writes so many "head- too. Then Smiley cleaned out the ings" as the man who is out of his nipples again, primed them, and fired the gun off at a fence. Certainly he didn't have any the caps snapped again. Smiley home. The man who wrote the became furious, and in his rage he "Old Arm Chair" never had an arm expended forty-seven caps in an chair in all his life. The best he had effort to make the gun go off .was an old split-bottom without any | When the forty-seventh cap missed also, Smiley thought there might The author of "Take Me Back to perhaps be something the matter with the inside of the gun, so he Switzerland" never was in Switzer land. The nearest he came to it tried the barrels with his ramrod. was sitting in the William Tell Sa- To his utter dismay he discovered loon eating Switzer kase; kase why? | that both barrels were empty. Mrs. that was the best that he could Smiley who is nervous about fire arms, had drawn the loads without "Mother, I've Come Home to telling Smiley, for fear of making Die" has not spoken to the old wo- him angry. If there had been a man for years, and wouldn't go near | welkin anywhere about it would the house. Besides he's of that would probably have been made to class of spiritualists who don't be- ring with Mr. Smiley's excited delieve they will ever die. His health nunciations of Mrs. Smiley. Finalwas never better. His mother is ly, however, he became cooler, and nothing but a mother-in law, and loading both barrels, he started again after rabbits. He saw one There is the author of "Old Oak- in a few moments, and was about en Bucket," too. There wasn't a to fire, when he noticed that there were no caps on his gun. He felt bucket on the old farm, water being drawn with a tin pail and a cistern- for one, and to his dismay found that he had snapped the last one off. Then he ground his teeth and walk-"If I Had but a Thousand a Year' stated privately to his best friends ed home. On his way there he saw that he would be contented with half at least six hundred rabbits. He that sum, as he was doing chores for has been out hunting every day his board and three months school- since, however, with his gun in first-rate order, and he has never The author of "Champagne Char- laid eyes on a solitary rabbit. Smiley" never drank anything but 10 is wrong in the government of the The man who wrote "Mary Had universe.

a Little Lamb" knew very well it lyn, New York, is a Lady Washing. now is to attend church, and to go cedent by two thousand years to "Shells of Ocean" is a humbug, ton Tea Party, at the Academy in buggies and carriages. We walk- the Cloaca Maximd of Rome-of The very plaintive poet, who repre sents himself as wandering, one of Music. Revolutionary uniforms ed from three to five miles in going sculpturing a Doric column one girls. have been obtained from the Put- to meeting, playing with the girls thousand years before the Dorians ummer eve, with sea beat through. man Phalanx and elsewhere. Ladies all the way. I have seen from are known in history-of fresc on a pensive shore, was raised in the interior of Pennsylvania, and never was ten miles from home in all his in knee breeches, silk stockings, their shoes and stockings in their sonry. And it is no less clear that All the shells that he ever gathered were some egg-shells back of his ladies in the cap, scarf, stomachers along the branch, washing their Egyptian monuments the progress and petticoat of "ye olden time."

"Hark I hear the Angels Sing" Have the courage to cut the most | to going in. pent all his evenings in a beer saagreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he The man who wrote the "Sons lacks principle. A friend should of the Shirt" hadn't a shirt to his bear with a friend's infirmities but with anybody's domestic affairs, but weaver throwing the same hand back, wearing a wampus for the not with his vices. "Oft in the Stilly Night" used to

get on a spree and make the stilly not long since. She arrived there has been insane through constant The author of "We Met by about the first of the evening, but reading and study of the sixth chap-

Mark Twain has been interveiwed. It took some preparation to Chicago Times writes: One of the get Mr. Twain's mind in a condi- most successful lecturers of the day tion to be interviewed-he didn't is John B. Gough, who began his take to it naturally though he was career as a speaker in favor of tem extremely willing. At last how- perance. Born in Landgate, Engever, the interviewer got Mark's land, fifty-seven years ago, hi wandering attention fixed and at it father being a pensioned soldier and ducats. I could not oppose ing?" knew very well they were rethey went in good earnest.

Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen, in June. Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born? A. In Missouri

Q. When did you begin to write? In 1836.

you are only nineteen now? A. I don't know. It does seem curious somehow. consider the most remarkable man

A. Aaron Burr.

pen to meet Burr?

Q. But you never could have

her little boy within an inch of his Q. Wellit was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you hap-

> A. Well I happened to be at his make less noise, and-

that way.

Q. Still, Idon't understand it all. he was dead? Recently it occurred to Mr. Smiley, A. I didn't say he was dead! of Darby, that it would be a good

O. But wasn't he dead. A. Well, some said he was, and has lectured as many as two hunsome said he wasn't. Q. What did you think? A. O, it was none of my busi-

Q. Did you-However, we can never get this matter straight-Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth.

ness! it wasn't any of my fune-

A. Monday, October 31, 1693. Q. What! impossible! That would make you 180 years old .-How do you account for that? A. I don't account for it.

now you make yourself out to be He had health, good looks, proper 180. It is an awful discrepancy. A. Why, have you noticed that? ciety. The only perceptible effects (Shaking hands.) Many a time it of his potations then were the height has seemed to me like a discrepan- ened color in his cheeks, increased

This was but the beginning-before that interview was over there he kept on drinking for the effects must have been one, at least, of the and he got them, as every man will race of inquirers who had his curi- who keeps at it long enough. The

our commercial cities in those days, fingers being unable to find even Tennessee, it aroused and excited gagging over his whiskey and drink the whole community more than ing for the effects until he hadn't the killing of a bear caught in the any effects left except those painful cow-pen, which was a frequent oc- ly apparant ones, poverty, disease currence. When a calico dress was privation and vanished respectabilipurchased, the news spread like ty. Verily, he got the effects. wildfire. It was narrated abroad that such a one had bought a calico dress. In those days we had ogists, astronomers, chemists, painour sugar camps, and made our own ters, architects and physicians must sugar; coffee was bought at our return to Egypt to learn the origin of commercial cities, and used only writing-a knowledge of the calenon Sundays. Milk, the best and dar and solar motion-of the art of most healthy beverage in the world, cutting granite with a copper chisel was daily used, and the rose bloom- and of giving elasticity to a copper ed and played upon every girl's sword-of making glass of the vacheek. There were no calomel- riegated hues of the rainbow-of doctors' bills to pay. They are a moving single blocks of polished worthy and useful profession of the syenite nine hundred tons in weight present day. We had meeting for any distance by land or waterhouses in those days, made of logs of building arches round and pointand clapboards. We called it going ed, with Masonic precision unsur-The latest new thing in Brook- to meeting. The elegant phrase passed at the present day, and anteand gentlemen will attend in the fifty to one hundred ladies walking painting in imperishable colorsdress of the time, the gentlemen barefooted to meeting, carrying and of practical knowledge in macutaway coat and bag wig, and the hands, and on arriving, sitting down every craftsman can behold on beautiful feet, and putting on their of his art four thousand years ago stockings and shoes, preparatory whether it be a wheelwright build

ing: 'We don't want to interfere considered the best form now or if your wife asks you to read from shuttle. the sixth chapter of Hebrews often. A fashionable lady went to a party the following may account for it: "A old citizen of Hopkins, Mo., who

N INTERVIEW WITH MARK TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS O JOHN B. GOUGH.

A New York correspondent of the who had fought under Wellington, and his mother a school-mistress he came to this country as apprentice to an emigrating tradesman, in his thirteenth year, and took up his abode on a farm in Oneida county in this State. Soon after, he removed to New York, and went to work as a book binder. Con-Q. Why, how could that be, if vivial habits grew upon him until he became a confirmed drunkard. Penniless, homeless, degraded, it was his custom to resort to the low-Q. It does indeed. Who do you est grogeries in the Sixth ward to play the buffoon for liquor. At twenty-two he attempted to reform, and got married. He was doing quite well as a book-binder when he fell met Aaron Burr if you're only 19 once more into intemperance, lost his wife and child, and sunk to the A. Now, if you know more about | condition of a wretched outcast. A me than I do, what do you ask me | benevolent Quaker, meeting him in the streets one day, induced him to

take the pledge. After that he went to a temperance meeting, and related his experience with such power and effect funeral one day and he asked me to that he became a prominent orator in the cause. Two or three years Q. But good heavens! if you later he violated his pledge; made confession of the fact in Word been dead-and if he was dead, how Mass., and has since had strength could he care whether you made a enough to be entirely abstemious. In 1853 he went to England, at A. I don't know. He was al- the invitation of the London Temways a particular kind of a man perance League, and lectured to immense audiences. Of recent years he has devoted himself to the You say he spoke to you, and that Lyceum, and has found his profit in it. He has twice as many offers he can fill, and is, probably, the most popular speaker in the country. He

dred and fifty times during a sea

son, and has cleared from \$20,000

to \$25,000.

DRINKING FOR THE EFFECTS.—He said he didn't care anything about liquor, only the effects. He never liked the taste of it, always made him "gag" to drink it; and he made up an awful face as he took it down But it was the effects he was after If it wasn't for the effects he would never drink a drop of liquor in all his life. He was a nice young man Q. But you were only 19 and when we first heard him say that ty and a respectable position in socy, but somehow I couldn't make up | brilliancy of the eyes and vivaci my mind how quick you notice a ty in conversation. He was generous and liberal with his money, too and had a "host of friends." Well last time we saw him he was that most pitiful object a human wreck EARLY DAYS IN TENNESSEE. - When He was standing at a bar pleading lady went to Dover or Palmyra, for a drink on time, his trembling and bought a calico dress, says an | solitary nickel in the pockets of his exchange, speaking of early days in ragged apparel. He had kept on

WISDOM OF THE EGYPTIANS.-Philol ing his chariot, a shoemaker drawing his twine, a leather-cutter using An exchange gets off the follow- that selfsame form of knife which i

> What is the best key for a Christ mas-box? A tur-key. The vegetable that young ladies

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RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

The irrepressible Detroit Free Press man writes: "It has never been definitely settled to the satis faction of the public who the Man in the Iron Mask was, but generations to come will know all about Dick Palmer, who got inside of something worse than a mask. His mother sent him after a brass kettle. which one of the neighbors had borrowed, and on the way home the boy turned the kettle upside down and put it on his head. Another boy struck it a blow, and it shut down over Dick's face as close as a clam in his shell, one of the ears digging into his head behind and the other pressing on his nose. The victim jumped and shouted and clawed at the kettle, but he couldn't budge it. A man came along and lifted at it, but Dick's nose began to come out by the roots, and the man had to stop. A crowd ran out of the corner grocery, Dick's mother was sent for, and the boys jumped up and down and cried 'Oh golly!" without ceasing. One boy said they would have to take a cold chisel and drill Dick out of the kettle, and another said they'd have to melt the kettle off. while everybody tapped on it to see how solidly it was on. Then they tried to lift it off, but Dick roared 'murder' until they stopped. Some said grease his head, some said grease the kettle, while the boy's mother sat down on the curbstone and cried out, 'O Richard, why did you this? The crowd took it coolly; it wasn't their inneral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't to be seen every day .-Tears fell from the kettle, and a hollow voice kept repeating, Tll never do it again. Finally they

Two STRANGE HUMAN BRINGS .- I was once sitting in a cool underground saloon at Leipsic, while without people were ready to die from heat, when a new guest entered and took a seat opposite me. The sweat rolled in great drops down his face, and he was kept busy with his handkerehief, till at last he found relief in the exclamation "Fearfully hot." I watched attentively as he called for a cool drink, for I expected every moment that he would fall from his chair in a fit of apoplexy. The man must have noticed that I was observing him, for he turned toward me suddenly, saying, "I am a curious sort of person, am I not?" "Why?" I asked. "Because I perspire only on the right side." And so it was; his right cheek and the right half of his forehead were as hot as fire, while the left side of his face bore not a trace of perspiration. I had never seen the like, and, in my astonishment, was about to enter conversation with him regarding the physiological curiosity when his neighbor on the left broke in with the remark, "Then we are the opposite and counterparts of each other, for I perspire only on the left side." This, too, was the fact. So the pair took seats opposite to each other, and shook hands like two men who had just found

had Richard on the walk, and, while

one man sat on his legs and an-

other on his stomach, a third com

pressed the kettle between his hands

and the boy crawled out his nose

shape, a hole in his head, and a

bump on his forehead. His mother

wildly embraced him, all the boys

cried Hip la!' and little Richard

was led home to loaf around on the

lounge and have toast and fried

eggs for a week."

ched and twisted out of

each his other half.

Popular Science Monthly. If a woman's child plays truant now-a-days, she frantically tears away to the police, screaming that her darling has been kidnapped.

manure of your old fodder. The Shah of Persia has given or

ders for a full corps of blonde ballet Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek

for knowledge under false pretense How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless

child-Shakespeare Revised. Sorrows are the shadows of past

When he makes his maiden speech Silver sardine boxes are not given to bridal couples.

When does a man feel girlish?

How to find a girl out-call when she isn't in.

Trails are worn to some extent.

"But-but-how about my con- Chance" knew very well it was ar- the last of her dress did not arrive ter of Hebrews, recently committee love is, to-match-oh! suicide by hanging." tract?" stammered Van Elburg ranged beforehand. He had been until after 12 o'clock.

agricultural paper remarks, "make