The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, MAY 6, 1871: NO. 18.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. H. GIBSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the M. P. Church
[mar 16-1y

SAMUEL T. HOPKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE in the New Town Hall Building,
UP STAIRS, (*right hand door:*)
feb 18-1y S J C

BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW;
OFFICE ON DOVER ST.
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties.
feb 11-1y

JOSEPH B. SETH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
apr 1-1y

WM. G. ROBERTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church—the one formerly occupied by Judge Goldsborough.
Special attention paid to the collection of Claims. (apr 8-1y

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND.
(Formerly of Easton Bar.)
Forrester & Townsend
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Law Buildings,
Cor. LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.,
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-1y

ED. B. BATES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EASTON, MD.
CLAIMS promptly collected, and REAL ESTATE sold,
Office on Dover street, two doors from the Journal Office. [dec 17

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. At Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

Auctioneering.
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales when ever called on. [mar 9-1y

CONSTABLE
AND
AUCTIONEER.
JAMES B. RATHELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19-1y

Furniture! Furniture!!
House Furnishing Goods,
CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING.
SAMUEL PATCHETT
HAS removed to the store room and shed formerly occupied as a Hardware store by Nicols & Taylor, and respectfully announces that he intends to conduct the above business, and keep a full line of the following named goods:
BUREAUS,
WARDROBES,
TABLES,
SIDEBOARDS,
STANDS, CHAIRS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
BEDSTEADS, MATTRASSES,

Woodenware
Brooms, Oil Cloth, Carpeting, Table Oil Cloth, and many articles too tedious to mention!
A nice lot of Gilt, Walnut, and Rose-wood Moulding.
PICTURE FRAMES, all sizes, made to order.
PICTURES FOR SALE.
Looking Glass Plates put in old frames
All kinds of Furniture made to order
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
UPHOLSTERING DONE.
Such as repairing Sofas, Lounges, and Spring Chairs, Window Cornices and Curtains made and put up.
UNDERTAKING.
I most respectfully announce to the public that I have fitted up for the above business, which has long been needed in Easton, and have purchased a handsome HEARSE, employed a competent workman, and intend to furnish Caskets and Coffins in the best and handsomest manner, and at prices suited to the means of all. Hearse furnished and funerals attended at all times, when desired.
While I am thankful for past favors, I do not propose to sell my goods at cost to break down any opposition that may please to commence the same business, but to sell my goods at fair prices. The public is respectfully invited to give me a call. SAM'L PATCHETT.
jan 14

MISCELLANEOUS.
Agents Wanted for
"Wonders of the World."
Over one thousand Illustrations. The largest best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. One agent in Denver, Colorado, sold 100 copies in 4 days. One agent in Milwaukie sold 30 copies in 1 day, and a large number from 20 to 30 copies per day. Send for circulars, with terms at once, Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., N. Y.
apr 1-4w

A CURE FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA—Vallisat's Cholera Syrup is a certain cure for Chicken Cholera; if it should fail to cure after a fair trial, the money will be refunded. Price 50 cts. For sale at
TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

WHITE WASH BRUSHES of all sizes and prices; Dusting Brushes, Window do., and Feather do, for sale at
TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

PENDANT LAMPS—For hall or dining room, with celebrated Argand Burner attached, for sale at
Trippe's Drug Store.

NIGHT LAMPS—The consumption of oil in the little night Lamp is barely perceptible—for sale at Dr. J. Trippe's.

COCOA NUTS—A fresh supply for sale at ayr 1 Trippe's Drug Store.

Manhood: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure, (without medicine,) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cent
The celebrated author in this admirabl essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, private ly and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 6 cents, or two post stamps.
Also, Dr. Culverwell's Marriage Guide price 25 cents. Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York.
P. O. Box 4,586.
apr 1-1y

ESTABLISHED 1860.
Weinberger's Boot and Shoe Houses,
The Largest & Cheapest in the
UNITED STATES.
No. 103 W. Baltimore St.,
NEAR HOLLIDAY ST.,
AND
Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Gents' Fine Sewed Calf Gaiters,	$3,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Gaiters,	3,50
Gents' Fine Stitched B x Toe Gaiters,	3,00
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Boots,	5,50
Gents' Fine Sewed Congress Gaiters,	2,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Congress Gaiters,	2,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Boots,	1,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Balmorals,	2,75
Gents' Heavy Balmorals,	1,50
Gents' Heavy Balmorals,	1,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,00
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	2,60
Gents' Heavy Split Boots,	4,00
Gents' Waterproof Boots,	4,50
Gents' Sporting Boots,	2,75
Gents' Cloth Top Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Sewed Box Toe Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Lasting Congress Gaiters,	1,50
Gents' Low Cut Shoes, Sewed,	1,25
Mens' Heavy Brogans,	1,75
Mens' Plow Shoes,	1,50
Mens' Heavy Balmorals,	75
Mens' Gum Shoes,	4,50
Mens' Gum Boots,	1,50
Boys' Heavy Bolmorals,	1,25
Boys' School Shoes,	2,00
Boys' Heavy Kip Boots,	2,50
Boys' Waterproof Boots,	1,75
Boys' Calf Boots,	2,25
Boys' Box Toe Gaiters,	1,75
Boys' Sewed Plain Gaiters,	1,50
Boys' Pegged Gaiters,	1,25
Boys' Low Quarter Shoes,	2,50
Boys' Gum Boots,	60
Boys' Gum Shoes.	2,50
Ladies' Fine Lasting Button Boots.	2,70
Ladies' Kid Vamp Button Boots,	3,05
Ladies' Patent L'thr Vamp Button Boots	2,50
Ladies' French L'thr " "	3,75
Ladies' Bronze Button Boots,	2,00
Ladies' High Cut Lasting Gaiters,	1,50
Ladies' High Cut Side Lace Gaiters,	1,75
Ladies' Lasting Balmorals,	1,25
Ladies' Lasting Congress Gaiters,	1,75
Ladies' High Cut Morocco Boots,	1,50
Ladies' High Cut Calf Shoes,	1,25
Ladies' Pegged Calf Shoes,	2,25
Ladies' Kid Balmorals,	3,50
Ladies' Kid Button Boots,	3,00
Ladies' French Leather Button Boots,	2,00
Ladies' French Leather Balmorals,	1,25
Ladies' Medium height Lasting "	1,00
Ladies' " " Side Lace Gaiters,	2,75
Ladies' White Kid Slippers,	2,50
Ladies' Bronze Slippers,	1,50
Ladies' Morocco Slippers,	1,25
Ladies' Kid Heeled Slippers,	75
Ladies' Heeled Slippers,	1,75
Ladies' Maria Antoinette Slippers,	50 to 75
Ladies' Slippers without Heels,	1,50
Misses' Morocco Shoes,	1,25
Misses' Lasting Gaiters.	1,75
Misses' Kid Balmorals,	1,10
Misses' Calf Shoes,	75 to 1,00
Misses' Heeled Slippers,	25 to 50
Misses' Slippers without Heels,	50
Misses' Gum Shoes,	2,00
Misses' Gum Boots,	

Be sure to send your orders early, which will be attended to the same as if you would call and select yourself, as we have a department exclusive for orders. In ordering from this establishment parties will please notice terms invariably cash at stated prices.—The safest way to order is Post Office Money Orders, Registered Money Letters, or by Express, C. O. D. Parties will please give full directions in regard to the shipment of their goods. All parties ordering goods from us have the privelege of exchanging them within twelve months.
L. WEINBERGER'S
Boot and Shoe House,
103 W. Baltimore St., near Holliday,
And Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.,
mar 4-1y Baltimore, Md.

PRETTIEST CALLICOES in Easton, at Jones & Co's

SELECT POETRY.

Selected for the Gazette—BY RAYAH.

Ben. Fisher.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at the cottage door;
His good wife Kate by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor.
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor;
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he,
But loved at home with his wife to stay
When from daily labor free.
A cherub rogue, with a rosy smile,
On his fatherly knee found rest,
And merrily chatted they on, the while
Kate's babe slept on her breast.

Ben told how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
That the wheat on the hill was yellow turned,
And promised a glorious yield,
A glorious yield in the harvest time;
And his orchard was doing fair,
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm in good repair.

Kate said her farm looked beautiful;
The fowls and the calves were fat;
The butter Tommy this morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Papa a shirt had made—
'Twas made, too, "by the rule"—
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Anne was 'the head' at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of gray and brown,
'I tell you, Kate, what I think,' said he,
'We're the happiest folks in town.'
'I know,' said Kate, 'that we all work hard;
Work and Health are friends, I've found;
There's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

'They're worth their thousands, so people say
I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their wealth,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy;
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye.'

I fancied a tear was in Ben's blue eye—
The moon shone out still clearer—
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he drew to Kate yet nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his;
With visit St. Michaels every Thurs
[apr 3-6m

SEED POTATOES.
Bushels just received and for sale at
pr 22 THARP'S.

& M. BOLLMAN'S IMPERIAL FRENCH WINE VINEGAR.
Directions—Add to one gallon of this vegar two gallons of clear cold water, ich will make a superior article for le use. For sale by
H. A. Bateman,
Sole Agent for Talbot county.

he Spring Fashions.
Grand Opening of Hats and Trimmings.
MRS. E. A. MASON
NFORMS her friends and customers that she has returned
the city, and is now opening at her re in Easton, a beautiful assortment ladies and children's
SPRING HATS AND BONNETS,
bons, Artificial Flowers, Trimmings, ings, Laces, &c, &c.

SELECT READING.

AWKWARD JEREMIAH.

A YOUNG man, fashionably dressed, and with the air of one who would be at home in society, reached Boston towards evening, by the Fitchburg railroad. He proceeded at once to a hotel, not wishing to intrude upon his relatives at that hour, and took a comfortable supper. After this he read the evening paper and then went for a leisurely stroll on Washington street. On his way he passed Vinton's well known establishment, and it being a warm evening, decided to go in and have an ice cream.

He accordingly ordered one, and while waiting to have it served, had an opportunity to look about him a little and take a quiet survey of the company assembled. These were chiefly ladies, and to those who are at all familiar with Boston ladies, I need not say that the faces were very well worth looking at.

Our hero's attention, however, was chiefly attracted by two young ladies who sat at the table nearest his own. They were apparently about the same age, which could not have varied much from eighteen. Both, too, were quite attractive in personal appearance.

They were conversing together in quite an animated strain on a variety of subjects. At length one said:

'By the way, Emma, have I told you about the visitor we are expecting?'

'No,' said the other.

'It's a cousin from the country, who, suppose, will be a perfect rustic in every respect. Such fun as I expect to get out of him!'

'What is his name?'

'Jeremiah Onthank. I expect he will want us to call him Jerry.'

The other young lady laughed. 'His name is rustic enough, certainly,' she said. 'You must be sure to give me a chance to see him. Mustn't keep him all to yourself, Alice.'

'I don't intend to. I want somebody else to enjoy the fun.'

'Do you know how he looks?'

'No; but I can imagine. In the first place he is tall and awkward, not knowing what to do with his hands and feet, wearing cowhide boots and a full suit of blue, including swallow tail, studded plentifully with brass buttons. There what do you say to that picture?'

Emma laughed.

'I say this,' she replied, 'that if he at all answers your description he will be a decided accession to our society. When do you expect him?'

'To-morrow. Uncle wrote that Jerry, as he calls him, will probably arrive at that time.'

'I will call.'

'Do so, by all means.'

With these words they rose from the table and left the room.

The young man had listened to their conversation with an air of mingled amazement and vexation. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we will tell him what he has probably surmised, that the chance listener to the young ladies' remarks was none other than Jeremiah Onthank himself. He was quite the reverse of the picture which his cousin had drawn, being, as we have said, very gentlemanly, both in dress and address. He was born in Vermont, where his father, a good honest farmer, still lived; but had enjoyed the advantages of education in a college in the city of New York, where he had an opportunity to mingle in society. This fact was quite unknown to his cousin. In fact they were not first cousins, although the indefinite relationship was most conveniently expressed by that term. Hitherto the two families had known but little of each other.

'I will pay her off,' said the young man to himself, with a quiet smile.

The next morning he visited a ready-made clothing establishment.

'Have you any blue suits?' he asked.

'We have none made up recently.—They are not fashionable in the city, you know.'

'I am aware of that, but I intend to do a little masquerading.'

'Want to personate a countryman?' said the clerk, smiling.

'Precisely.'

'Then I think I can accommodate you. Not long since, a countryman called in and ordered such a suit as you desire, but, having been fleeced of his money by some sharpers, was obliged to leave them on our hands.'

'The very thing,' exclaimed young Onthank.

'There is only one thing. He was not so tall as you, and they may be somewhat short in the sleeves and legs.'

'All the better. Such is the traditional country. Will you let me see them?'

The suit was accordingly shown.

Our hero at once put it on, and could not help laughing at the metamorphosis which it produced in his appearance.—He hardly recognized himself.

'I think I will keep them on,' he said, 'and have the others sent to my hotel.—I want two articles more, some cowhide boots and a flaming red bandanna, and then I shall be fully equipped.'

These last mentioned articles were not difficult to procure.

An hour afterwards he knocked at the door of his relative's aristocratic residence.

'Is Alice at hum?' he inquired of the servant.

'I believe so,' said the latter, staring at him with eyes wide open.

'Then go and tell her that her cousin Jerry wants to see her. If she's trying doughnuts or anything, tell her I kin wait in the sittin' room.'

The servant, stifling a laugh, went up and reported the arrival to Alice.

'O, charming!' she said, 'I was just thinking what I should do for amusement I'm so glad he's come.'

Alice descended and entered the drawing room.

There stood before her the exact embodiment of the picture she had drawn the evening before.

'How dy do, cousin Alice? I'm Jerry Onthank. Expected me, didn't ye?'

So saying he strode toward his cousin, and grasped her taper fingers in a painful squeeze.

'I am very well, thank you,' said Alice suppressing a smile with difficulty. 'I hope you left your family well.'

'Fust rate. Dad's alive and kicking, and mam's so's to be about—all well except the white heifer—she's took sick, and I'm afear'd she won't get over it.'

'That's a great pity, certainly,' said Alice, with much sympathy.

'I guess you'd think so. That er critter used to give fifteen quarts of milk a day, which dad used to sell to the milk man for three cents a quart. Most half a dollar a day, clean gone.'

'It is certainly quite astonishing.'

'Ye'es,' said Jerry, hesitatingly, looking perplexed.

'When did you arrive in Boston?'

'Last night.'

'Where did you stop?'

'To the Tremont House. What dew you think? That plaguy stage driver that took me there charged thirty-seven cents! I guess he seed that I was from the country, and wanted to cheat me?'

'I believe that is the regular price,' said Alice.

'Shoo! You don't, though? Guess you're made of money in Boston? It's a big town, though.'

'It is pretty large.'

'I never seed so many brick houses in my born days. There's one thing I want to see, though.'

'What is it?'

'It's a ship. They have them in Boston, don't they?'

'O, yes, plenty of them at the wharves.'

'Couldn't you go out with me and take a walk down there? I spose you're there most every day?'

'It isn't exactly considered proper for a lady to walk down to the wharves.'

'Shoo! Then you don't want to go?'

'I would rather walk to the Common. Have you seen that?'

'Yes, I seed it this morning.'

'And what did you think of it?'

'It's a confounded shame they should let so much grouud land go to waste. It would be pretty good to raise potatoes on. I've a great mind to tell the government I'll take it on shares.'

'I don't think it would do any good.—They keep it for children to play on, and for the people to promenade.'

'To *what*?

'To take walks.'

'Oh, that's the idea.'

At this moment Miss Emma Dickinson, the other lady, was introduced

Jerry made a shambling salutation, and the young ladies continued to ply him with questions, enjoying not a little his rusticity.

Two or three days elapsed, Jerry made his home at the aristocratic mansion of his cousin.

It would take altogether too long to detail all the instances of his rusticity during that time.

At this time his cousin determined upon a party, chiefly in honor of a young lady in New York, a representative of the best society in that city, to whom Alice wished to do especial honor.

When Jerry appeared to escort his cousin down stairs to the brilliant light parlors, she was surprised that he was attired in fashionable style. In reply to her interrogatories, he said, 'I kinder thought I'd like to dress a little more to Boston style, so I went out and bought some new clothes. They cost a mint of money—but darn the expense. *When* I'm in Boston I'm going to do as the Romans do.'

Alice was secretly glad of the change. Really, her cousin looked quite genteel, much more so than she had deemed possible.

Entering the room where a number had already assembled, Miss Emma Dickinson took charge of our hero, while his cousin did the honors to the arriving guests.

Soon the New York belle arrived, and was warmly welcomed by Alice.

Some half an hour after, Jeremiah found himself near her. To his surprise he recognized a young lady whom he had met in society.

The recognition was cordial on both sides. They were conversing, unnoticed Alice, when the music struck up for a quadrille.

'Will you accept me in lieu of a better partner, 'Miss Vancouver?' asked our hero.

The lady inclined her head in the affirmative.

They took a place opposite Alice and a young military gentleman.

'Good Heavens!' thought she, 'how on earth did Jeremiah get introduced to Miss Vancouver? He will make us all ridiculous.'

But she had no time for remonstrance. The music struck up.

To her surprise, Jeremiah went through the figure with perfect propriety. He did not jump about as she anticipated.

The quadrille over, she went up to the pair.

'I didn't know you had been introduced to my cousin,' said Alice.

'We have been acquainted for two years,' said Miss Vancouver, quietly.

'Where did you meet?' asked Alice amazed.

'In New York,' said her cousin, significantly. 'I was at that time a college student there.'

Alice was overpowered with astonishment, which she managed to conceal, however, until the party was over, when her cousin made an explanation, adding with a smile, 'Cousin Alice, you were hasty in assuming that all who live in the country are clodpoles. If you will come to Vermont next summer, I hope to convince you to the contrary.'

Alice did visit Vermont as invited.—Her visit is likely to be a long one, as she has become the wife of the awkward Jeremiah.

LARRY is a good natured, civil fellow, but has one failing, that when he goes to his home at night he is usually more or less under the influence of contraband fluids. One night he started for home with a nice turkey, safely done up in strong wrapping paper under his arm.—Larry found the road to his house uncommon rough that night. He several times stumbled and fell over all sorts of obstructions in his path. Each time he fell he dropped his turkey, but contrived to pick it up again. On entering his house he steadied himself as well as he was able and said to his wife:

"Here wife, I've got 'leven turkeys for you."

"Eleven turkeys, Larry! What do you mean? There's only one."

"There must be 'leven turkeys, wifey, for I fell down 'leven times, and every time found a turkey. There must be 'leven turkeys."

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Sun.]

Where to Buy a Cheap Horse.

A Saturday in the Second Avenue Horse Market—Operations of the Dealers—How they Sell Horses and How they Sell Buyers—A Band of Sharp Gypsies.

On the block adjoining the Third Avenue Railroad depot is located the horse market, where the mass congregate to swap steeds of doubtful qualities, of uncertain age, and oftimes of peculiar make up and gait. The quadrupedes paraded range in price from twelve shillings to the reputable figure of seventy or eighty dollars; but when such a sum is demanded, the animal must be guaranteed to pull at least a ton on week days and show a forty gait on Sunday over the Lane. Despite the pranks vigorous young March was indulging in on Saturday last, the Board of Horse Brokers convened at their favorite headquarters, and many a close connection between master and beast was ruthlessly severed by the hammer of the Hon. Thomas Riley, who officiated as auctioneer. Fred Buckley, an old New Yorker, is the lessee of the ground, and acts in the capacity of master in the ceremonies, in which he is most ably assisted by the polite, handsome Billy Baldwin, who is ever on the alert to see that customers receive every possible attention, and even occasionly takes a hand in showing off some high strung animal that no one else can manage. The buyers in the main are small farmers from Long Island, New Jersey, and Westchester, on the lookout for bargains in brood mares, licensed venders, small contractors, tinware peddlers, with a slight sprinkling of laboring men, anxious to take one step up the ladder, and establish themselves as proprietors of a horse and cart.

THE SELLERS

Each seller as he entered the gate marched direct to where the proprietor stood, and deposited in his outstretched palm a ten-cent stamp for each and every animal he had then and there on sale. A large portion of these sellers were of the class usually termed professional dealers, who flock to this market to dispose of uncertain stock which they become possessed of in trades with railroad companies and other horse-killing agencies—animals which require an extra dose of ginger to induce them to stand up long enough to show what they have been in former days. Now and then a chance one is culled from the list which by proper care can be made not only useful but valuable.

MEN WHO KNOW THEIR BUSINESS.

Ned Colton, one of the most extensive of this class; Jew Abe, with his diamond pin; Prince, Gus Christman and John Ferguson, Tom McLoughlin of Brooklyn, Bill Brooks, Royle, Larry Duffy, John Costello, Cilly Kehoe of Brooklyn, Frank Smith of Westchester, Pete and Steve Dubond, John white, Tom Sopers Lockwood of Williamsburg, Shiner, a quick-eyed representative of the colored persuasion; Abbott, a magnificent specimen of the genuine cockney school, oily, silver-tongued, innocent as a dove, with a score besides equally deserving of renown of Simon Pures, were on hand, chanting the praises of the noble creatures each was willing to let some good man have. The professional dealers though roughly attired for business, differ but little from their brethern who drive hier priced bargains in more arristocratic vicinities, and descanted as glibly on the merits of their uncurried spavined racks of the others do when they gently remove the blanket from some pampered Hambletonian who is the pride of road and turf, and established the fact that the educated, true horse dealer is the same being the world over, and that his love for the horse is not narrowed by any sordid money value.

HOW THEY DO IT.

It is an unspeakable treat to listen as the praises of a horse are intoned. The charm would vanish if attempted by an untutored bungler in the art. The tone, the look, the shrug, the half unconscious smooting of the coat cannot be described. The charm which sells the kicker, the cribber, hides the splint or curb, and turns defects into beauties, can only be felt by direct contract with those much abused but really gifted members of society. The professional dealer's love for the horse seems so deep-seated that to part with one, even at his own price, appears to wring the fibers of his tender heart. The feeling is so general among the craft that it must be real, and doubtless is communicated in some special manner from the horse to the professional dealer who holds the halter. Men devoid of sentiment rail at these exemplary traders, call them horse thieves and other infamous names. These should visit the gentlemen at their stalls or on change; and, if they have not become too greatly prejudiced, they will soon be melted by their sincerity, suavity, and honesty which characterize the men who spend their days and nights in close command with the horse they love so well.

BEACH.

As a rule, matters at the horse market are conducted in the most orderly manner. The professionals needed but little watchin. Still base counterfits will now and then slip in and attempt to to play their deceitful games. Whitman, one of Bergers right hand men, is at hand to watch the sharpers who are, summarily dealt with by officer Tooker of the Nineteenth Precinct. So that the most verdant countryman may buy a horse with perfect impunity—that is, if he buys him of a real professional dealer. If however on reaching home, and after a more minute inspection of the new treasure, he finds that a slight unsoundness has been concealed, a blemish or two carefully covered, a peculiarity of temper unmentioned, these mere oversights must be set down to the dealers overwhelming love for the horse—too strong to note either faults or frailty.

A BAND OF GYPSIES.

To vary the scene on Saturday last a troupe of Gypsies appeared on the ground, mingled with the crowd, and devoted themselves, to horse-trading.—These men were swarthy from exposure, somewhat fantastic in their costume, but by no means of that wild sort who are said to run away with little children.—They affected the innocent but one tall chap, with American silver quarters for buttons, was far removed from the class called verdant. His education had been prefected by intercourse with London society, as was evinced by his marked indifference to the letter h, his swagger, and the careful parting of his hair, points not essentially Gypsy, but Cockney in the extreme. The band brought horses with them, and rumor says they are going to take Yankee notions with them on their return to their native heath.

A Serio-Comic Wedding.

The quiet community round about Ben Bow, a small town in Marion county, Mo., was thrown out of its customary even channel a few days since, and set in social agitation by the extraordinary matrimonial freak of highly esteemed young couple, in which pluck had more to do than mutual attraction. The sensation consisted in that the parties did not want to marry never intended to marry and had no idea what they were doing until the wedding was a fact, the result of a thoughtless dare.

The particulars, as obtained from a correspondent, show that the couple, Joseph Chipman and Miss Nannie Hutchinson, a few weeks since were passing the time in a conversation upon matrimony, without, however, any serious import. During the *tete-a tete*, Mr. Chipman thoughtlessly made the boast that he could back Miss Hutchinson out in getting married. Miss Hutchinson retorted that he could not do any thing of the kind, and challenged him to a trial. The young man declared that he would not go back on what he had said, and that there would be a wedding that night unless she concluded to take back the challenge. The young lady was disposed to defy the young man, and while neither contemplated any serious end to the affair neither would give up.

The bridegroom to be thought that when the ordeal came the lady would hesitate; the lady believed, for very good reasons, that the young man, when the test came, would eat his challenge, and postpone the ceremony. How much both were mistaken was recognized before many hours had passed. It so happened that there was no authority nearer than Emerson, four miles away, where a minister resided. The young man proposed to go after a clergyman and have the nuptials celebrated that night.

The young lady, not to be outdone in proposition, declared she would accompany him and save time and trouble—The couple left home in a buggy, late at night, for Emerson, with no intention of figuring as principals in a wedding, and leaving their acquaintances laughing at what they deemed a first-rate joke. Arriving at Emerson, neither of the parties were prepared to surrender, and each determined to see how far the other would go. The minister was hunted up and got in readiness and at mid-night, sitting in the buggy, the words were said the parties joined, and the benediction pronounced before they realized the situation. What makes the affair more interesting is that the bridegroom was engaged to be married to a young lady of the neighborhood, and intended to fulfil the contract. The bride was engaged to a young man in that vicinity, and was to have been expected to be married to him in May.

The banter which led to the unexpected wedding was made at a party at which where the bride that should have been of the bridegroom; and the bridegroom to be of the bride thinking at the time that it was a good joke. Consternation prevails among the four most interested, who do not at present, see see their way out of a disagreeable embarrassment. The married couple have not yet treated the marriage as reality, and are awaiting at their respective homes until some way shall be found to release them of their difficulty. The marriage was regular and legal, and so far there is no help for the parties, who are sorely distressed.

"I DIDN'T THINK."—Harry was a bright warm hearted boy. He wished to make every one happy, but somehow he seemed not only to be often in trouble himself, but too make trouble for those around him.

One morning mother said: "Try and be quiet, children, for Aunt Fanny has a headache." Harry was the first to promise that he would be still.

Not ten minutes after he was romping with Nero, shouting at him and making him bark. Mother sent Nellie to tell him to be quiet. "I am sorry," he said; "I didn't think."

In a few minutes he was showing as near as he could the way lions roar and bears growl. "O, I didn't think," said Harry.

"But you ought to think," said Nellie.

Harry could not help smiling when Nellie said this, she looked so very wise, and she was so much younger than he was. "I'll take my hat," he said and take a walk." When he was out in the open air, he said to himself. "What a stupid boy I am! Am I so dull that I cannot remember? No; for I seldom miss my lessons. If I should try, could I not do as mother wishes as well as Nellie? Yes, of course I could. And I do choose. I am bound to get rid of this bad habit. I will keep thinking and trying all the time. I hope no one will ever hear me say again, "I didn't think."

The Pitch of a Child's Voice—Tar.

The Secret Service—Vote by ballot.

The Science of Sorrow—sigh-cology.

A Deaman's Point—Between grave and gay.

A Jew-dical Act—Following the Hebrew faith.

The Colossus of (roads) Rhodes—A traction engine.

A Pledge of Love—pawning the engagement-ring.

Salutation among Brewers—"Ale fellow well met!"

How to Secure a Roaring Trade—Keep a menagerie.

Propagation of Bidding Plants—Encouraging the sluggard.

Appropriate Diet—Parties behind time should be fed on ketch-up.

A little fellow was eating some bread and milk, when he turned around to his mother and said: "Oh, mother, I'm full of glory. There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it.

A little boy disputing with his sister about something said, "It's true, for ma said so; and if ma says it's so, it is so, if it isn't so.

"More Honored in the Breach than the observance"—The Treaty of 1856.

Look Not Backward.

'Look not backward!' 'Tis before thee
That the glorious good is set,
Onward rides the bright sun o'er thee,
Forward rolls the ocean yet,
All great souls are true and earnest,
See their beacon star ahead;
And the strength for which thou yearnest
Lies not among the dead.

'Look not backward!' Radiant, shining,
Truth's bright sun adown thy path,
Warms the heart that ne'er repining,
Fear not aught the future hath,
God, who guides the little sparrow
As it falleth to the sod,
Joy will give thee for to-morrow,
If thy life be true to God.

'Look not backward!' Onward pressing,
Mark thy path with noble deeds;
Patient toil will bring the blessing,
Earnest labor forward leads,
'Look not backward!' 'Tis before thee
That the glorious good is set;
Onward rides the bright sun o'er thee,
Forward rolls the ocean yet.