

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A HORSE EXCHANGE—EIGHT REAL ZULUS—OTHER ITEMS.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.)

NEW YORK, March 26, 1881.

We have stock, mining, produce and other exchanges here for buying and selling all that we have (and more frequently selling that which we have not), but the latest in this line was the opening on Wednesday of the American Horse Exchange, in the new building which covers the greater part of the block bounded by Broadway and Seventh avenue and Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets. All of the horses offered were imported from England, and, while the attendance was large, the bidding was not as spirited as was expected, and the prices were much lower than the first cost of the animals. The first sale was an Arab stallion for \$350. Others brought higher figures. The Englishmen present were disappointed, but prices will doubtless go up when the character of the stock and the exchange are more favorably known. It is at least a novelty now, though intended to protect the interests of buyers and sellers of horseflesh. Admission fees and a regular commission on all transactions are charged.

The steambath Greece, which arrived some days since at her pier in Hoboken, brought eight live Zulus—five men, two women, and a child. When the ship came up to her pier, they were all in a row on a seat behind the long dining table of the main saloon, dressed in all the fantastic toggery of Zululand, and chatting and chattering merrily. The men wore a cloth wound tightly about the waist, and parti-colored blankets, which they occasionally drew around their shoulders, though for the most part they withstand the cold and damp air with no other protection than their breech-cloths—that is to say, no external protection. Internally it was different, for the poor savages have already become so civilized that, though the mystery of plug hats and trousers is still beyond their ken, the inspiring effect of rock and rye is familiar to them, and they swig Kentucky whisky with a gusto that would delight a Western man and cause him to "set 'em up" indefinitely. They appear to be magnificent specimens of African manhood and womanhood. But if the men get "drunk and disorderly," as they did in London recently, it may create a small riot here, as it did there, and necessitate something stronger than a club to crack their skulls. Their heads would make good targets for police practice.

This week opened with a flood of broad sunshine, which seemed to throw warmth and renewed vigor into every part of life. It was the first touch of the Spring-time, in pleasant contrast to Vennor's prediction of returning snow and ice. It really made the "openings" in the windows of the Broadway stores look as if they were not, in weather parlance, false "indications" of the season, but very decisive probabilities of what is to follow. It has given a marked impetus to trade, for, according to the reports of the wholesale dealers, the food has come as sudden as it is general. The orders for goods from every quarter—especially from the South, where cash buyers are reported to predominate this year—exceed those of last Spring, and a strong and healthy vernal tide is expected to continue. There is no good reason why this should not be so. Nearly every portion of the country is prosperous, and that prosperity ramifies sooner or later into this commercial center to attest the soundness and vigor of the whole.

General Grant's acceptance of the Presidency of the World's Fair Commission was a blunder, and his occupation of the place has been a failure, as attested by his resignation. It has mortified and astonished his friends that capital failed to embark in the enterprise. An effort is now being made to induce Vanderbilt to accept the position, because it is believed he can command the capital and enable his roads to reap the benefit. Vanderbilt has not yet given a decided answer, but has the matter under consideration. The railway king's money may save the enterprise—nothing else can.

European travel from this port will be immense this season, and steamship companies say that the demand is not for passengers, but for steamers in which to accommodate them. Large quantities of money are coming in, so that we shall have enough to send abroad. The patriotic American of the period expects to spend his profits in Europe. George Washington did not approve such doings, but he belongs to a past and vulgar period. Dress, manners and social customs are all now of foreign birth.

AUGUST.

WHIPPED BY HIS WIFE FOR PLAYING POOL.—Joe and Cinda are the Christian names of a young couple of Quincy, Ohio, who were married about a month ago. Joe is given to whiling his time away playing "pool," very much to the disgust of his wife. On the night of March 18, he was engaged with eight of his companions in seeing who could stick the most balls in the pockets. Cinda followed and requested him to return to his home, but he heeded not. She departed, and all went merrily until the house was closed and the party came down stairs. There the wife met Joseph with a tough apple sprout of the thickness of a man's middle finger. She collared him; she pelted him; she put it all over him; to put it truthfully and mildly, she whipped him unmercifully. She is a small, delicate woman, while he is a big, strong fellow; but he was as meek as a lamb.

A familiar instance of color blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

THE MIRTHFUL MUSE.

SOME CONUNDRUMS ANSWERED.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin.

Who shot Tecumseh?
I, said Colonel Johnson,
With my trusty long gun;
I shot Tecumseh.

Who struck Billy Patterson?
I, said the brick,
He fell mighty quick;
I struck Billy Patterson.

Who pinned Chase's coat, tall?
I, said the wooden joker,
And he hit me with a poker;
I pinned Chase's coat tall.

Who cut Whittaker's ears?
I, said the seissors,
You dreary old quizzers;
I cut Whittaker's ears.

Who elected Garfield?
I, said bold Dorsey,
In manner quite saucy;
I, said proud Roscoe,
And wa'n't it a boss go?
I, said John Kelly,
With hands on his—stomach;
I, said Jim Blaine,
And I'll do it again;
I, said the Jewell,
To deny it were cruel;
I, said General Grant,
Though loud you may rant;
I, say they all,
As loud as they can bawl;
I elected Garfield!

—Boston Transcript.

KISSING.

Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I say it's none ava;
For kissing has been in this world
Ever since there were twa.

Oh, if it wasna lawful,
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

AN EXPLANATION.

By Lord Roscoe, Young Don, and Black John.

Against Confederate Brigadiers
We often uttered notes of warning,
Because they kept aloof from us,
Our party men and measures scorning.

But when, to aid us in our need,
A Brigadier comes squarely over,
That act of grace a mantle is—
His former faults and crimes to cover.

Though such a rebel he may be
That Union blue can never dye him
No such objection shall we urge,
But gladly take him up and try him.

Though he may favor and defend
Wild measures of repudiation,
That matters not, if he will aid
Our party to control the nation.

For what he was, and what he is,
Let no man censure or defame him;
The thought that covers all this is,
That we in time of need can claim him.

So we have caught our Brigadier,
In spite of Democratic bluster,
And at the apex of our arch
Have placed the champion Readjuster.

At once we give him place and power,
And mean to make his honors larger,
Extending even to his friend,
The Brigadier named Riddlebarger.

We still abuse the Brigadiers,
And hope to reap the glory of it,
But gladly fold them in our arms
When we consider party profit.

—N. Y. Sun.

TO A LADY DOCTOR.

Yes, doctor, your physic I've taken,
That surely should conquer my ills;
The bottle was solemnly shaken;
I dote on those dear little pills.

I've followed your rules as to diet,
I don't know the taste of a tart;
But though I've kept carefully quiet,
The pain's at my heart.

Of course you've done good; convalescence
Seems dawning. And yet, it is true,
I fancy the light of your presence
Does more than your physic can do,
I'm well when you're here, but, believe me,
Each day, when fate dooms us to part,
Come strangest sensations to grieve me—
That must be the heart.

Your knowledge is truly stupendous;
Each dainty prescription I see,
I read "Hanusus status sumendus."
What wonder you took the M. D.!

I hang on each word that you utter
With sage Esculapian art,
But feel in a terrible flutter—
It comes from the heart.

Have you ever felt the emotion
That stethoscope ne'er could reveal?
If so, you'll perchance have a notion
Of all that I've felt, and still feel.

Oh, say, could you ever endure me?
Dear doctor, you blush and you stare;
There's only one thing that can cure me—
Take me—and my heart!

DOUBT.

The waves are breaking on the beach,
And on the soft, wet sand I stand;
Far out as human sight can reach
The ocean stretches from the land.

What is it that ye seek to reach,
Cold, curling, crested waves, that roar
An unintermittible speech
Along the endless, wreck-strewn shore?

"Oh, tell me that beyond the sea
A peaceful harbor lies!" I wail;
A mocking echo answers me,
"Lies! Lies!" and I can see no sail.

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