

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

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Select Poetry.

A LOVE SONG.

Is not the following original lyric, by T. P. Healy, worthy to be set to the music of the melancholy sea-shell?

Oh! Mary, wilt thou love me well,
Thus well, and well forever,
Nor let the alien world's false spell
A love so sweet-linked sever?
Oh, answer yes, with sweetest vow,
Thus nestling near and nearer,
For e'en this bliss to pain would grow,
Could time not make it dearer.
And, Mary, wilt thou love me e'er?
And though the rest betray me,
Shall one fond voice still soothe my care,
And still this fond arm stay me?
Oh, tell me yes, with kindest vow,
Thus nestling near and nearer,
For e'en this bliss to pain would grow,
Could time not make it dearer.
And, ah! as in thine eyes I peer,
Far down their blue depths sounding,
How cloud mine own with darkest fear,
And still this quest propounding!
Then answer yes, with surest vow,
Thus nestling near and nearer,
For e'en this bliss to pain would grow,
Did time not make it dearer.
—Home Journal.

Facts and Fancies.

Dr. Kane.

The Arctic Explorer, is in New York, where he has made arrangement with an artist who is now engaged in the preparation of the maps, charts, plates, &c., for his own report, and for the use of Mr. Grinnell.

A Greenland Lady's Dress.

This consists of seal-skin stockings with the fur next to the foot, and of such length as to reach considerably above the knee. Over is drawn a pair of seal-skin boots in truth a seal-skin of double thickness, with the fur outside and inside too. The pantaloons are of seal-skin something in the form of the old-fashioned knee breeches. A jacket of seal-skin, fur inside fits closely to the body. The outer habiliment is a loose jarrah of calico. Around the neck is a ruff of dog's fur, but underneath this is a white or black handkerchief tied snug to the neck. The dress when ornamented is quite a handsome one as it is the best of the bloomer style.

Cannibals Among the Indians.

The Hon. G. D. Williams recently returned to Detroit from a visit to the Chippewas, who resided near Grand Portage, within a few miles of the national boundary between the United States and Canada. While there he became acquainted with Bois Forte Indians, a tribe who, as name denotes, inhabit the "thick wood" or heavy timbered lands near Pigeon river. The main subsistence of this tribe is upon wild rice which grows luxuriously in that vicinity. This crop is sometimes cut off by some vicissitude, and when this happens these Indians are frequently distressed for food, as the chase is uncertain and game scarce. The last winter was a particularly hard one, and in the course of it this tribe were reduced to the revolting and horrible state of eating their own children which they did to the extent of almost extermination. He saw and conversed with two women of the tribe, one whom had given up two and another three children, successively, to be slain and eaten. We had hardly supposed that cannibals existed so near our very borders.

Short Sermon on Money.

My hearers—this is not only a great but mysterious world that we live and pay rent for. All discord is harmony; all evil is good; all despotism is liberty; and all wrong is right for as Alexander Pope says; "Whatever is, is right," except the left boot, or wanting to borrow money. You may want sense and the world won't blame you for it. It would gladly furnish you with the article, had it any to spare but unluckily it has hardly enough for home consumption. However, if you lack sense well enough off after all: for if you commit a faux pas, as the French say, you are let go with the compliment poor fool he does not know any better. The truth is a great deal of brains is a great deal of botheration. An empty skull is bound to shine in company, because the proprietor of it hasn't wit enough to know that there is a possibility of making a nincompoop of himself, and therefore he dashes ahead, hit or miss, or generally succeeds beyond expectation. Let a man be minus brains and plus brass and he is sure of a pass thro' the world as if he were greased from ear to ankle, but rig up for him a complete machinery of thought, and it is as much as he can well do to attend to it. He goes to the grave ruffled and tumbled, curses life for its cares, and moseys into eternity pack-saddled with mental misery—Oh! for the happiness of fools.

A Yankee Sketch.

JONATHAN IN LONDON.

BY M. A. DENISON.

It was somewhere about the year 1778, and nearing the fourth of July, that Jonathan Melbourne resolved to go to London. Jonathan was a genius in his way, an oddity, a fine scholar, and a young man of wealth. His father had been dead three years, and had left a splendid fortune to his only son.

The Melbournes resided in Boston at the date of our story. No mansion in that prim city was more elegant, both as regards outward finish and inward decorations, than lifted its noble front in the vicinity of the rural plot of ground then called "the commons."

Jack Melbourne sat listlessly in his mother's stately room. There had been company all day—beautiful girls with their dashing brothers; and Jack had kept them in one constant roar—pardon, shades of Melbournes—of laughter, until the last bright-eyed coquette, throwing a reckless glance over her little blue hood and bluer eyes, declared as she tripped down the steps, that Jack's wit had almost been the death of her; whereupon Jack looked commendably serious, thus eliciting a fresh burst of mirth.

But now, as I said, he sat listlessly in his mother's stately room. The setting sun and the hanging curtains, together, threw a wondrously rich glow of crimson over his fine features, and his contemplations of whatever kind they were, made his face serious, and gave a shade of melancholy to his full brown eyes.

The room was very large, and filled with antique, but massive furniture. On its wall hung portraits of old time people, with ruffles and powdered wigs, and short waists, and enormous curls and ribbons.—These pictured men and women were the ancestors of Jonathan Melbourne, some of them old English nobles, with haughty lips, and eyes that plainly said, "We look not on common things." Darker shadows with stately steppings, moved over the great room; the sun was gone, the twilight was gone, and the servants brought in candles; still Jonathan never moved. At last, springing up with a bound that nearly brought his head in contact with a massive bronze chandelier, (Jonathan was very tall,) he exclaimed, "I'll do it, by Jupiter!"

"Do what, my son?" said a low, rather sweet voice, as at that moment a woman of noble presence entered the room.

Instantly going to her side, with a respectful salute, Jonathan offered his arm, and conducted his mother—who, by her haughty bearing and rich, rustling silks, must have been a fit companion piece, framed to the Lady Clara Melbourne, dead a hundred years who hung in such a state between the windows—to her favorite couch, and seated himself at her feet.

"Do what, my son?" she asked again, laying her white hand upon his head.

"Go to London, mother, and hunt up some of our relatives," Jonathan responded.

"There!" he exclaimed, rising again, and brushing his hair straight behind his ears, assuming a look of wise simplicity and a drawing accent, "how shall I pass for a raw Yankee?"

"I am tired of laughing at your antics," said his mother, laughing nevertheless; "and as to your going to England, and leaving me alone, I sha'n't hear to it a moment. Be sensible, will you? Marry little Clara Vernet, and become a good husband and a useful citizen."

"Come, mother, I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Jonathan after some further remonstrance, "if I don't convert one of old Baronet what's his name's daughters into as demure a Yankee as you ever saw, I'll marry little Clara Vernet within a month after my return; but go to the old country I must, and have my fun out; come, confess now, it would be too bad to spoil a plan it has taken me just three hours, five minutes and fifteen seconds to mature; never thought for so much time consecutively in all my life," and he returned his gold repeater to his vest pocket, and, in his own irresistible way, won his mother's consent, though it was given with great reluctance.

JONATHAN'S FITTING OUT.

His tailor asked no questions, but followed, with a rueful face, the young man's directions with regard to the cut of his cloth. It was a fine and very costly blue cloth, the very best in Mr. Snipshears' immense establishment; and it grieved that retailer of fashionable costumes, that admirable getter-up of Parisian fashions, to fit

the legs should stop short by a couple of inches, of his large but not unhandsome shoes.

"If I might suggest—" spoke Mr. Snipshears tremulously, his forbearance completely put to rout by the young man's idea of a coat.

"I am to make all the suggestions this time," said Jonathan, quietly, his mouth imperceptibly curling; and the tailor measured away in despair, while great drops of sweat, drawn from the artist, not the man, stood on, or heavily dropped from his forehead.

"Ruin my reputation!" said he, standing with the measuring tape and shears in one hand, and the cloth in the other, and he gaped, with a silly, paralyzed stare after Jonathan, who was going down street.

"Plague take him! I'd rather give a suit away than let such work go out of my shop," and it was three days before the tailor recovered sufficiently to eat his breakfast. His wife saved it, however, on the third shelf of the kitchen pantry, it was "found devoured by the rats," when Mr. Snipshears became sufficiently sensible to be hungry.

"Luckily," said Jonathan, "I have those shirts that Madam Necker, made, with the ruffles half as long again as I wear them, but which I paid her for all the same, poor woman, because she was poor; they'll be just the thing; and with this 'slick' new hat that sets so nicely on the back of my head, these collars, and my new blue suit, I hope I shall give my venerable relatives on the other side, one opportunity to see the original singer of Yankee Doodle, as performed on life and drum at a particular period of colonial triumph and Johnny Bull's flusteration."

JONATHAN IN ENGLAND.

The voyage proved very rough, very wearisome, and almost insupportably long to our hero. Seven times he read through a package of neatly folded notes, tied up with all sorts of ribbons: three times, Robinson Crusoe; and, as he had promised the good lady, his mother, that he would read a chapter in the Bible every day, he had finished the last of Revelations when they came in sight of old Albion. For some time, Jonathan indulged his eccentricity to the utmost in a public way; putting up at the best hotels, spending money lavishly, and always attired in his raw costume; until all London rang with the ways and sayings of the queer Yankee who spent like a prince.

"And by the way," said the Marquis of L—— to his friend, the Earl of M—— "it is said he boasts of a connection with the old Melbourne peerage."

"Psha!" returned the earl, with a dignified frown. "I'd like to have him claim kindred with me! I'd take the starch out of him!" The Earl of M—— was a relative of that distinguished family; any one might have known it by the manner in which he said "Psha!"

That very night Jonathan and the marquis met at a great party, where all the former's little oddities were amiably forgotten, as it appeared, by his retaining the apparel that must have looked uncouth beside the splendid dresses of that period.—

But Jonathan was the lion. Standing where the light struck out his handsome, intellectual features, he looked an Apollo—till he spoke. Then—ye verdant nymph of America! how fashion opened her eyes and nobility stared, dumbfounded, until some quaint conceit, inimitably expressed, provoked smiles, and sometimes laughter.

"What a splendid profile he has!" said the Duchess Langendon, agitating the air with her scented feather fan as she passed him with a haughty look.

"Yes, but what a fool when he speaks! how can Lord Amien and Lord Bently spend their time with the creature. What is he one of the native curiosities of the new country?"

"I'll tell you," whispered a bright, fluttering little creature, "he's a specimen of American aristocracy; and with a dear little titter, the young lady glided off to spread the information.

"And what, on the whole, are your impressions of England, Melbourne, now you have travelled so much of it over. Here of course you find more real splendor, more hoary antiquities, more historic interest, than in any other portion of the globe," said the pompous Marquis of L——.

"Well—it's a nation fine place," drawled Jonathan, "but then I have objections to it—oh, yes!" and he speculatively contemplated his boots.

"And pray what are your objections?" asked the other, graciously.

"Why," said Jonathan, drolly shrugging his square shoulders, as he pinched his eye collar, "my reasons, captaining, seeing's your sort on knowing 'em, are the same ones the

old hen gave for not liking the speckled chicken."

"And what were they?" asked the Marquis; "I see," he added, "you're a disciple of La Fontaine."

"No, captaining I ain't a disciple of anybody—I'm a true blooded Yankee, and nothing else. But about the old hen. You see she had a fine brood of chickens, two or less. One was a delicate white one, the other was speckled; and the speckled one seemed to be the old hen's abomination. One day Chanticleer, took it up; says he 'why in wonder do you treat our progeny so mightily unequal? Look at that poor thing,' he went on, with tears in his eyes—'I must read you a lesson on parental tenderness.'"

"Well, the old hen she looked up and turned an eye to where the speckled chicken scratched its way in solitary glory."

"I should like the thing well enough," she said, with a toss of her comb, "if it was not so peskily spotted!" so with me, captaining," continued Jonathan, with the same droll manner, "I like the place well enough but it's so peskily spotted."

The marquis laughed.

"True as water, captaining"—continued Jonathan—"there's some spots in that countenanced tower of yours, big enough to cover the conscience of your whole aristocracy, and tuck under comfortably," he added, with a wink.

"Psha!" said the earl, who stood a little back—"I'll make him pay for his impertinence."

CHRISTMAS.

It was three days before Christmas, and Jonathan was still in England. So completely had he carried out his idea, that no one mistreated he was other than that redoubtable Yankee—Jonathan—a type of American wit and crudity—a green, grandnephew of portly Johnny, whose surname is Bull. And yet they hardly understood him; they were afraid to measure humor with him, because he always turned the laugh upon them. The ladies tho't him so handsome, and so comical, but their poor thing, such an ignoramus, to be sure.

The baronet Antwell had five pretty daughters, and only one of them sensible. Not that they were idiots, by no means, only they were swallowed up so, brains and all, like thousands of our own fair countrywomen in the fashions—in style and caste—that they were but little better in a certain sense. But Anna Antwell was charming. Beautiful as an angel she was yet modest, gentle and appreciative. Having said this much of her, I shall say no more—till I speak of her again.

Jonathan had "scraped" an acquaintance with the kindly old Sir Robert Antwell, who was a good natured, happy soul and "immensely" fond of curiosities. At this particular time, three days before Christmas, our Yankee chatted with the baronet in his library.

"Well, what about Christmas?" exclaimed Sir Robert, rubbing his hands and holding them towards the blazing fire alternately.

"Well—Christmas is coming—At least they say so, down our way 'bout this time," rejoined Jonathan.

"Will you be round by that time?" asked the other, a smile and the fire-light making his face ruddy.

"Well, I don't know, captaining—can't tell replied Jonathan surveying his slender proportions respectfully. "I don't grow on the principle of roundity, anyhow—but May-pole fashion—no; rather guess on the whole I sha'n't be round at Christmas."

The baronet laughed—so did Anna who came to say something to "papa"—but she laughed at the droll look in those magnificent dark eyes and she blushed because they seemed glued to her sweet face.

"Then in plump, proper terms, where will you be at Christmas?" again interrogated the baron, his attention arrested by his keen visitor.

"Ah, Colonel—that there ain't a possibility of knowing," was his answer, "I may be above ground—I may be below—but if I'm alive, I guess I'll be somewhere, where there's a fat turkey and suitable fixing."

"Because I should like the pleasure of your company on that day to dinner," said the baronet.

"Many thanks, captaining; much obliged all the same if I shouldn't be here;" and Jonathan took his departure, donning for a moment his own graceful, courtly mien, as he bowed particularly to Miss Anna.

She, all blushes and palpitation, ran to her sisters to tell them the news.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Nell, the eldest (the words are on record!) "stars!" cried the second; "mercy on us!"—said

the third, aghast; "creation defend us," cried the fourth; "and the Earl of M—— to be here!"

"Pooh! he's ten times handsomer than the earl of M——," Anna protested with spirit; "such eyes you never saw, and he looked—!"

"Right at you niny; see her blush!" cried the four sisters; ha, ha! Anna's in love with a Yankee who says 'fateer' and 'caecou'!"—and the poor little girl ran out of the room—they jeered her so.

Mem.—she did love him.

However, Christmas day came, but no Yankee. The baronet failed in convincing the Earl of M—— that Jonathan was not a boor; and after tea, the two gentlemen left the ladies and went out for a walk on the crisp lawn.

A burst of laughter almost rude, greeted the baronet and the Earl of M—— on their return. The latter stepped back for a moment while Sir Edward advanced and cordially offered his hand.

Seated in the chair of state, sat Jonathan, his long limbs drawn loosely together as he leaned toward the cheerful blaze. Enormous ruffles protruded from his bosom—he wore an awkward vest embroidered with gold, and his buttons, severely gilt, shone like so many oval mirrors, each with a Christmas fire in the centre. His pointed coat tails projected one over each arm of the great chair, and his fingers, spread in gesticulation, wore several cumbersome rings that blazed and sparkled, and were adorned with jewels of great value. His face worked in every feature; and it was doubtless his contortions as well as his witty anecdotes, that caused the clear, ringing mirth of the maidens. It ceased, however, after the earl came forward with a dubious face, speaking, as plainly as the countenance can speak—"I'm doubtful about this sort of familiarity"—and the baronet introduced him.

Jonathan sprang nimbly up, and in true Yankee style offered his seat. The earl bowed low, with a mocking sort of way, saying in a voice actually sarcastic, "I did not anticipate the honor, sir."

"Not at all—not at all!" exclaimed Jonathan, in quick, sharp tones—but not before the ladies had noticed an exceedingly graceful movement of the hand and inclination of the body, entirely foreign to his usual abruptness.

"Not at all; don't apologize," he added, with a smile, "I'm accustomed to that honor—do be seated—and captaining" turning to the baronet, who enjoyed it all hugely, "take the chair of ceremony, sir; perhaps you didn't anticipate the honor.—Nevertheless, I hope it won't overcome you."

This sally provoked a laugh that went the rounds, and the earl, too dignified to retort and quick enough to see the impropriety of which he had been guilty, contented himself with listening in kindly silence, not deigning to speak.

Again and again did the laugh ring out as Jonathan, lengthening his mobile features, and making a panorama of his intelligent face, kept the tide of conversation flowing in his own channel. Things were spoken that night, that the jewelled cars of aristocracy had never listened to before; the nobility he dissected with the keen edge of his merciless satire—their follies lashed, their improprieties beresqued, their immoralities whipped, with an unsparing hand, and all in such a way, that his dainty audience treated it as delectable wisdom, done up in sweet like bitter pills coated with sugar.

"I expected you to dine with us to-day," said the baronet, during a pause in the running fire of his wit.

"Wal, captaining, I would a come," replied Jonathan with a twang, "but I dined with his majesty, sir—may his shadder never be—wal I was going to say, less; but on the whole it would improve him to lose a little flesh."

"This was too much!" the idea of Jonathan dining with King George, affected even the sensibilities of the earl; but Jonathan looked solemnly at the fire.

"And what did you think of his majesty?" asked the earl, with a supercilious sneer.

"Wal, he seemed a purty reasonable sort of fellow, I thought, and to tell you my private opinion, I think he'll knock under."

"I do not understand your idiom, sir," said the duke, his lip curling.

"Well, captaining," rejoined Jonathan, in his driest manner, "I dunno as I can help your understanding much; as to my idiom—may be I'd better give it to you in Latin; and to their astonishment he repeated his answer in good Latin—"now, if you take it in French or German, or Italian!" and he rattled off his reply in each dialect.

"The earl fell an inch or two in his boots—I mean—his dignity—he respected intellect almost much as rank; the rest were electrified—while little Anna's eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"And if that don't help your understanding Mr. Earl," continued Jonathan, "will you hev it in Hebrew or Greek—Spanish Low Dutch Cherokee, or Yankee again he added, with a twang so nasal, that the old room echoed with laughter. "Gracious!" he continued, "the fact is, captaining, you don't humbers and hear English; I meant to impress your far-reaching mind with this fact, that King George had better not make a tour to the colonies; this year, on account of his digestion; they eat cannon balls over there. Good night ladies, good night, captaining," and without glancing at the crestfallen nobleman, he left the room.

JONATHAN UNMASKED.

"Dear how this veil teases me," cried little Anna Anytwell; and she threw the flimsy, but beautiful fabric from her brow.

"How pettish Anna is growing lately; do you perceive it?" asked the eldest Anytwell young lady, of her tall, handsome sister.

"Indeed I do; even the anticipated pleasure of this ball doesn't seem to inspire her much," replied the other; she merely said when the invitation came, "well I shall go—perhaps."

The gorgousness of the grand old apartments, the beauty of the dresses of that period, the glorious light flashing over all, and making the scene one of bewildering splendor, why describe minutely?

"See," cried Anna, clasping her sister's arm "only see—Mr. Melbourne."

Nonsense, child! what a fool—where? no, he would not be tolerated here.

"But yonder superb figure, dressed in the violet tunic—there—look to the right he is talking with the Duchess of Montrose—oh! how graceful! He looks this way; and Anna, all blushes, sank back on her cousin's arm.

"I tell you, no—no," added Bell, somewhat hesitating, "that splendid man—Mr.—— I declare!" he oes look like him."

"Do you know what has become of our Yankee?" asked a merry young countess of the sisters. "Lo! look at this transformation—the most elegant looking gentlemen, upon my word, I have ever met with. So courtly—so polished! The whole ball room is wondering; did you ever hear such a freak? here he has been hoaxing us all this time; I declare it's sinful. But and she clasped her hands laughing archly, "won't those who have quizzed him get it now? They say he's a rich young American—oh! immensely, rich, and descended from the old Melbourne family; see the Earl of M—— is shaking hands with him."

Jonathan soon gained the side of the girl who had charmed him. Her blushes made her ten times more radiant, and Jonathan guessed to some purpose, when he guessed he might, easily win the baronet's gentle daughter. To get creak of Jonathan's visit, read the following to—

"DEAR JONATHAN: I hear with surprise the singular sensation you are creating in London. My dear boy, will you never quit playing the monk and put on the dignity that becomes you so well? What can our august relatives think of your course? as for me, I am blushing this moment for my dear, noble made-upon. Had I dreamed you intended to burlesque the country for which your father, Colonel John Melbourne, spilled his best blood I had never consented to your departure. But I hope—I know there must be some ulterior object in your thus assuming *outré* a disguise, and playing the innocent country clown. My dear boy, I regret to tell you that little Clara Vernet is married to the great Clement Davis; quite a rising lawyer he is, too. Ah! I had hoped but regrets are vain; I only trust you may not feel the disappointment as keenly as I do,

YOUR MOTHER.

And this—

"DEAR MOTHER: Glory! that means, how glad I am Clara Vernet has gone. I did hate to cloak her so, she was so far beneath me, so very tiny. I always felt as if she ought to be helpless, and I take her in my arms. But mother, I'm coming home. Hurrah! Get the parlors new papered, buy the costliest carpet in Boston City, for that sunny room up stairs and exercise your inimitable taste in fitting up into the most elegant boudoir for my wife! Yes, mother, for my own little (and here let me say I haven't any prejudice against Mrs. Clara Davis for being so tiny) Anna, just the sweetest, loveliest, and most lovable girl you ever saw. You will mourn no more for Clara when

you see the angel I shall bring you; and then followed a long description of the charms with which he had been so incurably smitten.

Jonathan brought his English wife home and many a laugh the trio had together, sitting by their pleasant hearth, while Jonathan, not yet able to subdue his old propensities, related, with humorous look and gesture, his experience in the great city of London.

Farmer's Column.

Hoof Bound.

The following are the directions of Dr. DADD for this disease:

"In all cases we must endeavour to give the frog a bearing on the ground; and in order to do this the shoe ought to be removed. A dry brittle and contracted hoof may be improved by repeated poulticing with soft soap and rye meal applied cold. So soon as the hoof softens, let it be dressed, night and morning, with turpentine, linseed oil, and powdered charcoal equal parts. Yet, after all a run at grass in a soft pasture, the animal having nothing more than *tips* on his feet, is the best treatment. A very popular notion exists, that cow manure has a powerful effect on a contracted hoof; but it is the candid opinion of the author, and no doubt the reader will coincide that filth and dirt of every kind are unfavorable to healthy action.—Such remedy, aside from its objection on the score of decency, savors too much of by-gone days, when live eels were sent on an errand down horse's throats to unravel their intestines. If any benefit belongs to such an objectionable application, it is due to the property it possesses of retaining moisture; therefore cold poultices and water are far superior. Clay and moist earth, placed in the stall for the horse to stand on, are far inferior to a stuffing of wet oakum, which can be removed at pleasure. In order to keep it in contact with the sole, we have only to insinuate two strips of wood between the sole and shoe one running lengthwise and the other crosswise of the foot. It affords considerable pressure to the foot, is cooling and cleanly, as far superior to the above articles."—Farm Journal.

Horse Shoes Without Nails.

A Yankee by the name of Short has invented a horse shoe which requires no nails. He makes the whole two pieces, employing, in addition, two small screws to aid in screwing the parts together. But are made of malleable iron—the lower portion, or sole, being very similar to the horse shoe ordinarily employed, but with a groove around its exterior, and without nail holes. The upper portion, or vamp, is thin, and has a flange projecting inward from its lower edge to match the groove in the sole. The parts are so arranged as to secure a tight and firm connection, and the whole is made additionally secure by the aid of the set screws before mentioned at the heel. A shoe of this kind once fitted, the ramp may be made to wear out a great number of soles. The exterior may be highly finished and plated with silver, which gives a very fleshy appearance to a team of lively horses, or the shoes may be enamelled jet black when intended for white or gray animals. One practical advantage to be derived from this style of shoes is the facility with which they can be removed or exchanged, so that a skillful hostler may exchange the shoes, or rather the soles, on every occasion when the presence of ice or the like renders it desirable, and it may even be expedient in extreme cases of exhaustion, as with race horses, to remove the shoes altogether for a time, and allow a more refreshing rest.—Farm Journal.

Watermelon Molasses.

An article has been going the rounds of papers about the practicability of making molasses from watermelons. We felt incredulous on the subject, but have recently been presented with a bottle of it by our friend PHILIP A. MASON, of Woodbury, New Jersey, who is well known in this market as a successful grower of the mountain sweet watermelon. It was really a nice article, clear sweet, and of very pleasant flavor. He informed us the only process was to boil down the pulp to about one-half. The boiling was continued for several hours. Whether it will pay to manufacture molasses in this way is another question, and a matter of very great doubt.—Farm Journal.

A Bedouin Arab Stallion has just arrived at Philadelphia, of the celebrated Kylan breed in Eastern Arabia. He is a grey, four years old. We understand \$10,000 has been refused for him; his owners require \$12,500. The horse was 166 days on shipboard, during which he never laid down. He is said to be in excellent health.