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Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms
AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

From Godey's Lady's Book for February.

The Evening Skies.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Soft skies! amid your halls to-night
How brightly beams each starry sphere!
Beneath your softly mellowed light
The loveliest scenes grow lovelier!
How high, how great, the glorious Power,
That bade these silvery dew-drops fall;
That touched with bloom the folded flower,
And bent the blue sky over all!

I love to glide in these still hours
With heart, and thought, and fancy,
When nought but stars, and waves, and flowers,
May give me their sweet company!
When far below the waves outspread
Glide softly on with liquid hue;
When winds are low—and skies o'erhead
Are breathing beautifully blue.

Oh, what a heavenly hour is this!
The green earth seems an Eden-home,—
And yet I pine, amid my bliss,
For purer blisses yet to come!
How can my spirit gaze aloft
Upon your deep delicious blue,
And float to those far realms so soft,
And never sigh to flutter through!

And yet this spot, so still, so lone,
Seems formed to suit my mournful mood—
The far blue heavens seem all my own,
And all this lovely solitude!
A voice seems whispering on the hill
Soft as my own—and on the sea
A living spirit seems to thrill
And throbb with mine deliciously!

Yet, though my thoughts from care seem freed,
And a soft joy pervades my breast,
That makes me almost feel indeed
That hearts on earth are sometimes blest!
There is a spell in those hushed skies—
A something felt in this lone spot,
That makes my very soul arise
With longings for—it knows not what!

Beneath such skies I sometimes doubt
My heart can e'er have dreamed of sin—
The world seems all so calm without,
And all my thoughts so pure within!
Such dreams play o'er my folded lid!
Such heavenly visions greet my view!
I almost seem to glide amid
The angel-bands, an angel too!

A Tailor's Secret.

Alphonse Karr, as clever a scribbler as any France possesses in these days, relates that he lately sent for a tailor to make him a coat out of a piece of cloth he had purchased.

"Can't do it," said Snip, after measuring the cloth, "can't do it; there isn't stuff enough."
Karr then sent for another tailor, who, after carefully measuring the material, undertook to make the coat. In due time the garment was delivered, and Karr stuck himself into it. His first visit was to the tailor.

"Well, sirrah," said he, "behold me in the coat from the very stuff you said was insufficient! You see that there was stuff enough after all!"
"Very likely," said Snip, with imperturbable sang froid; "very likely so; but the son of the tailor who made it, is not so big as mine!"

Childhood's Tears.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush—the flower is dry.

A genius who long had been ill of phthisis,
Being dunn'd by his doctor for visits and physic,
Replied he would pay for the physic with pleasure,
But the visits he guess'd he'd return at his leisure.

There are nine thousand three hundred and seventy-eight miles of Railroads in the United States.

Snooks and Ventriloquism.

The following amusing sketch was furnished by a correspondent to the editor of the Delaware Gazette:

Sometime since while on a visit to the interior of Pennsylvania, in my professional capacity; about 4 o'clock the stage in which I was esconced, drove into a small village—as business was to detain me for a couple of days I was thinking how to improve the monotony of my leisure hours, when my attention was arrested by some very large handbills, one setting forth the merits of Ventriloquism by Mr. T. V. Skelline, whom I ascertained had acquired considerable celebrity in that science; the other was on a lecture on the subject of Animal Magnetism, by Mr. M.

About the exhibition hour, I visited the exhibition room of Mr. Skelline, but no company having arrived, we adjourned to the room of his more successful rival for stray change and public fame.— Upon entering the room we found it literally crowded with all ages, sexes, sizes and characters; on a platform erected for the occasion, Mr. Snooks was addressing the audience, expatiating on the science of Mesmerism.

After he had concluded a committee was appointed, among whom was the Rev. Mr. A—, pastor of the village church, and Dr. G—. My companion remarked to me that he was determined to expose the humbug or test its claims as a science—accordingly things being arraigned, a lady was placed in the operating chair on the platform. After requesting silence, Mr. Snooks fixed his eyes, gazing intently upon the subject reminding us of the serpent charming Eve, our old lady mother, and then commenced his manipulations by moving his hand up and down her face. He was pretty soon interrupted by the snarling and barking of two dogs; Mr. Snooks arose and expostulated with them for the delinquents had not paid their admission fee, a negro was ordered to expel them. Cuffee, coming forward exclaimed, "What is um?" at the same time flourishing a large broomstick, he said, "Just leff me ober dar, I'll botch 'em, and fotch 'em out do high grass," but no four legged quadrupeds of nature being found, order was again restored, and Mr. Snooks kept on moving his arm. My companion remarked, "I fixed them a little."

Soon afterwards Skelline threw his voice so as to proceed immediately from the Rev. gentleman, exclaiming, "go it my boy and don't spare elbow grease! that's time o'day!" All eyes were directed towards the Rev. gentleman, particularly Dr. G—, who looked daggers at the Rev. offender, while the Shepherd cast his eyes around in utter amazement. Significant glances were given by two virgin maidens whose appearance indicated that they had passed the meridian of their charms, which Skelline observed and immediately cast his voice to them remarking,

"Bless my soul, it can't be possible—I never thought that our Minister drank before!"
"Nor does he," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. A—
"Ladies and gentlemen—this is utterly inexplicable to me, as I have not said a word; to be sure I did hear something very near me, but I assure you it was not myself that used the phrase."

Our two virgin ladies now removed some distance apart, each one believing the other to be the offender, by breaking the decorum of the audience. At last in spite of all interruption the magnetic sleep was produced. Mr. Snooks now addressing the audience said:

"Gentlemen and ladies, you see the effect of Animal Magnetism in the case present—no power on earth except my own can arouse her from this deep sleep."

A variety of experiments were now tried upon the subject, when suddenly a voice was heard in the midst of the committee, crying Mad dog! Mad dog!!

"Bow, wow, wow," exclaimed Skelline, transferring his voice immediately under the chair of the magnetized lady. Quick as thought Mr. Snooks and the committee sprang from the stage, and a movement was visible in the magnetized lady of drawing the feet up to the spokes of the chair.

At this moment another tremendous snarling was heard in various directions of the audience, which caused a general rush to the door, in which one lubberly fellow trod on the toes of the patient, who could not suppress a loud scream.

Cuff was again called to remove the intruders forthwith. "Who is you dogs," says Cuff, pushing his broomstick under the stage. "Just leff me hear you say what you is, and see if I don't sweeten you." No answer being made to Cuff's reasonable request, he was forced to get under the stage, where, by thrusting and groping his way, putting his stick in every direction, he was again startled by another, snarling and barking at his heels. "Look out da, what is you about," halloed Cuff, making a hearty retreat.

At this crisis another voice was heard at the door, crying out, "Ladies and gentlemen, escape if you can, as the rafters beneath the house are giving way under the weight of our pressure! and

we shall soon have the whole timbers down upon us from above."

A general rush was now made for the door; among the first was the magnetized lady, followed by Mr. Snooks, who no doubt had exercised his will toward the lady sufficiently to awaken her.

Being jammed out into the midst of the moving crowd, who were crying, hallooing and exerting themselves to obtain egress, I lost my companion. Finding all amusements for the evening at an end, I retired to my hotel. I had not been long seated before I rushed our fat, jolly landlord, laughing, until I thought his fat sides would burst:

"Gentlemen," said he, as soon as he could obtain sufficient command over his risibilities.— "Who do you think it was that kicked up that all-fired rumpus over yander! Why it was that slick little Ventriloquist!!"

Mr. T. V. Skelline performed in Bridgeton the next evening, and gave some very striking delineations in character and Ventriloquism and which afforded perfect satisfaction to a large and respectable audience.

Female Curiosity.

A naval officer, who some time ago came to reside in Edenburg, having previously engaged a large mansion on a short lease, despatched his butler to receive his furniture, and have his house put in order. The butler engaged a young woman, residing in the neighborhood, to clean out the rooms and arrange part of the furniture, and he assisted her himself to carry up a large chest of rather singular appearance.

This gigantic box his master had purchased as a curiosity: but unlike that described in the song of the 'Mistletoe Bough,' it did not shut but opened with a spring attached to the lock, which being touched, the lid flew open and a tall brawny Highland man, in full costume, stood erect and stuck out his right arm in which there was a wooden sword.

The gentleman had purchased it as a curious piece of mechanism, and was wont to amuse his children with it.

"That's a heavy chest," said the woman as they placed it on the floor.

"Yes," answered the butler, who was a wag of the first water, there's something heavy in it that's certain, but there's something mysterious about it also, for although the key hangs at the end of it, no one is allowed to open it.

"Did you ever see the inside of it?" replied she walking round it.

"Never," said he, "it's worth as much as any of our places is worth even to speak about it."

So saying the knight of the cork-screw looked first at the woman, then at the chest, then on the floor, and then retired slowly down the stairs whistling, to work on the ground floor. The girl proceeded to put things to rights in the room; but every time she passed the chest she thought it looked more odd. "Frailty, thy name is woman," she tapped on the lid with her knuckles—it had a curious hollow sound, very! What on earth could it contain! Well it was none of her business, so she went diligently to work for five minutes, at the end of which time she saw herself, with her arms akimbo gazing on the chest. "It can do no harm to look into it," thought she, so she quietly took the key from the nail and applied it to the lock. Of course she heard footsteps on the stairs—as every one will do when afraid of detection in the commission of some act they wish to keep secret. Again she regained confidence and returned to the chest, she stooped and turned the key. Up flew the lid, and the wooden Highland man kilt, and phillibeg, sprang on his legs with more than human agility, and fetched the petrified girl a sharp wiaack across the shoulders with the flat of his 'Andrea Ferrara.' A prolonged shriek ending in a moan of despair, indicated that the poor woman had found relief in a swoon.

In the course of a few moments the girl rose on her elbow, looking wildly around the room, till her eyes caught the Highland man bending over her—seeing nothing but destruction awaiting her, two springs brought her to the door, down stairs she went, nor did she slacken her pace till she found herself standing in the house of a lady in the neighborhood. The poor woman did not recover from her fright for several days.

Pennsylvania Militia.

The Adjutant General's Report presents a favourable picture of the militia of this State. The number of Major Generals is 17. There are 39 brigades, Brigadier Generals and Brigade Inspectors; 168 regiments, by numbers; 1452 militia companies; 223,223 militia; 622 volunteer companies; 4590 cavalry; 3591 artillery; 14,139 infantry; 12,322 riflemen—258,043, aggregate of brigades; 258,060, aggregate of divisions—82 brass six pounders; 6 brass four pounders; 34 iron six pounders; 75 sets of harness; 19,725 muskets; 16,007 bayonets; 15,654 cartridge boxes.

Using Lightning for Manure.

Strange as it may seem electricity has been applied successfully to fertilize the ground.— This has been the novel idea at the recent meetings of the British Association. It was first discovered by a lady in Scotland, who carried some wires from an Electricity Battery to her flower ground, and found it very useful.— Since that the experiment has been successfully tried of collecting the natural electricity, by wires on poles, and conveying it to a limited piece of ground, with a powerful effect on the vegetation.

"Measures," says the Boston Yankee, "are to be taken immediately to prevent the Niagara Falls from roaring on the Sabbath."

Irish Machine Poetry.

Jem Dodge married ould Judy Rouse—
Och, she was a charming young bride;
With turf he then built a brick house,
And the front door was on the back side.
The roof it was tiled wid oat straw,
The cellar was on the first floor,
And the chimney in order to draw,
Was built just outside of the door.

A beggar was Teddy Malone,
His sister was his only brother;
He has nothing at all of his own,
Except what belonged to his mother.
One night Teddy says to the squire,
I'm so cold give me something to eat,
I'm so dhry let me sit by the fire,
And so hungry I must warm my feet.

'Och! honey,' one day says Pat Tigg,
For he was a scandalous glutton,
'To-morrow I'll kill my fat pig,
For I'm sure he'll make illigant mutton;—
So then he goes into the hovel,
And he hangs the pig up by the heel,
Cut his throat all so nate with a shovel,
Saying, 'this is the way to dress veal!'

One day Paddy Mulligan swore
He had scallt all his mouth to a blister,
While at dinner the morning before—
'And what was it wid?' asked his sister.
Says Paddy 'just thry for to guess'—
'Och, I can't!—then I'll tell ye, my swate, O
'Twas nothing at all, more or less,
'Than a raw-roasted frozen potatoe.'

Oregon.

We have intelligence from Oregon, by way of the Sandwich Islands, to the 2d of August. By it we learn that the people of that territory have formed a government for themselves, and one of a purely republican character. There is an executive committee of three, a legislative committee of nine, and a supreme judge. The legislature had met and adjourned, after passing a wholesome law, imposing a penalty of \$100 on any person who should make, sell, or give away ardent spirits in the territory.

Since the arrival in Oregon of the Rev. Mr. Gray, some important changes have been going on in the Methodist mission, of which he is superintendent. The Indian school has been discontinued, and the building lately occupied by it has been sold to the Methodist Episcopal Church, lately organized for a literary institution. The mission has also parted with its mills, herds of cattle, and nearly all its property, which the settlers bought at good prices.— The lay missionaries were about to be dismissed, but would remain in the colony as settlers. The colony is in the most encouraging condition. The crops were giving promises of an abundant harvest.

On the 1st of August, a Belgian brig arrived at Oregon city, having on board a number of nuns, and several Roman Catholic Priests, from Antwerp, sent out to Oregon by the Church of Rome.

Value of Corn Meal.

H. A. Pitts, after experimenting more or less, as the spirit of invention moved him, during the past year, has at length completed a Corn and Cob Grinder, and put it in operation in Winthrop village, where he resides. As we stated sometime ago in the Farmer, it is so small and compact that, with the exception of the hopper, you may put the whole of it into your hat. It is a terrible cob eater, though, if it is so small. We have had ears of corn "chawed" up by it after the rate of a bushel in four minutes, and this too, when it had ground so much that its teeth were dull, and the bands too loose to give him "top speed."

The corn was green and damp, being a lot of "pig corn," sorted out from the best. Mr. Pitts has it so arranged that he can crack up your corn, without the cob, to any required fineness, from coarse samp to superfine bannock. But what's the use of grinding up the cobs?
Why not keep them to kindle your fire with, smoke your bacon, or make manure? Why, let us see what they are worth for horse or cattle feed. If we can prove to you that the cob meal is worth as much *hushel for hushel, as oats*, you will allow it is an object to save them.

Every body who has fed a horse or an ox much with "corn mubbins" in the fall of the year, has noticed that he will eat the whole, cob and all, and seem to prefer it to shelled corn. We once owned a horse that wouldn't eat corn, any way you could fix it, unless it were on the ear, when he would "munch" the whole together very greedily. Every one knows, too, that when we feed an ox or cow on this, a considerable portion of the kernels of the corn pass through whole, undigested, and of course are the same as so much corn thrown away. Now for some proof that the cob of the meal is equal to the same measure of oats, we find in the New England Farmer the following statements, quoted from the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository of 1823. It is a communication from Mr. Rice, of Shrewsbury. He is a stock raiser, and a man of great experience in feeding cattle. He gives an account of using cob meal, as feed, as follows:—The second year, if I mistake not in which I made use of cob meal, I thought I would try an experiment by feeding one ox with corn and oats ground, the other with corn and cobs, having a yoke of oxen so evenly matched that no one who viewed them was satisfied which was the best. Accordingly, I fed as above. The cob is computed to make a little more than one third; therefore I mixed the other with one third oats, as was my former mode. I gave each ox an equal quantity at a time, except the one which had corn and oats sometimes became dainty and would not eat his allowance, while the other kept an equal course. The allowance of both was a little over three pecks per day. When taken to market and killed, they weighed twenty-eight hundred and a half. The one fed on corn and cobs weighed half a hundred the most; while the one fed on corn and cob meal was considered half a dollar per cwt. the best beef. The one fed on corn and cob meal had 163 lbs. of tallow—the other 162 pounds. From this experiment, it will be seen what the comparative value of cob meal is.

We have been informed by a farmer's wife, that the meal from the cob ground alone, when sifted fine, will make very good "flap Jacks." We have also found by experiment that hens are very fond of corn and cob meal. Our hens would eat that which Mr. Pitts ground for us, as greedily as they would corn, and this is the only way we know of to get cobs down a hen.

Here, then is a chance for farmers to make a great saving. If the cob meal amounts to one-third of that made by corn and cobs ground together, then the farmer who raises a hundred bushels of ears of corn and throws away his cobs, is equally as imprudent and foolish as he who raises thirty-three and a third bushels of oats and throws them all away, when he has harvested and thrashed.—Maine Farmer.

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"Will you take a pinch of snuff, Mr. Spriggins?"—"No, I thank you: If my nose had been intended for a dust hole, it would have been turned 'other side up.'"

The story that there is a chap down east so cross-eyed that he courts two girls at once, is contradicted by one of the girls.