

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance...

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type...

AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Song of the Soul.

Art thou faithful, upward tending? Glory waiteth for thee here!

The Timely Warning—A Thrilling Story.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the home so dear to him.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat, and take a walk with him.

My father owned this land, said he. It was my playground when a boy.

My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window.

A gentleman of Louisville, in a letter declining to be held up as a candidate for the office of Coroner, gives the following description of a vision which prevented his accepting the situation his fellow-citizens intended for him.

answer; I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night.

me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock.

My mother, being feeble in health, sat down and beckoned me to sit beside her.

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered, failed to move me!

It is school time now, said she. Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said.

I will not, said I, in a tone of defiance.

Then follow me, said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me!

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Another footprint, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it!

My son, the suffering such memories awake must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that prays upon it forever.

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct.

Genius has the power of condensing mighty truths into a small compass, as is illustrated by the quotation which leads this article.

A Short Sermon.

Man's a vapor, Full of woe, Cuts a caper, And down he goes.

This shows that man is forever puffed by vanity; that his most mighty deeds and loftiest sayings are but wind; that when he talks 'tis gas, when he waxes eloquent 'tis fog, and when he becomes angry, 'tis all smoke.

This is another startling truth. Every man cuts a caper—some wise and foolish. He does not cut his neighbors capers, but his own!

DOG-ISH ADVERTISEMENT.—A Kentucky editor advertises as follows: "Wanted at this office, a bull-dog, of any color except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove, and steal the exchanges."

A gentleman of Louisville, in a letter declining to be held up as a candidate for the office of Coroner, gives the following description of a vision which prevented his accepting the situation his fellow-citizens intended for him.

"I sat in judgment over the lifeless trunks of 150 candidates who had failed in their high hopes and lofty aspirations, and poor fellows, like the frog in the fable, they had swelled, and in excess of effort, had burst open."

I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their kind influence.

astounding Discoveries.

The following extracts from a letter from a Californian, published in the "Banner of the Union" of the 9th of April, if not a hoax of the most courageous character, which it must be confessed they very much resemble, reveal one of the most truly wonderful and astonishing discoveries of the age.

The following are the extracts—"We had been digging in this manner with tolerable success for about two weeks, and had partly determined to abandon the place, for one spoken of in my former letter to T. S. H.;"

Accordingly early one morning, several of us set to work in good earnest, in removing the earth from the spot indicated, and after working hard for three hours, we laid bare the opening to what appeared to be an immensely natural cavern.

We were at once forced to arrive at a conclusion which filled us with astonishment, and gave additional incentive to our researches.

By mutual consent everything was suffered to remain exactly as we found it. Indeed it would have been sheer folly to have attempted anything like a removal of this monster mine of wealth, without deliberating long upon the subject, and making those arrangements absolutely necessary to effect it properly.

So bewildered were we by all that we had seen and passed through, that we could scarcely find the door by which we had effected our entrance. After groping about however, for some minutes, it was discovered and we returned to daylight once more, where we found our two sentinels still upon duty.

That afternoon and evening we held a kind of cabinet council, and it was determined that Stole, Cooper and myself should go immediately to San Francisco, and procure such articles as were absolutely necessary in order to secure a portion of this store of wealth.

We arrived here yesterday, and as I met with a slight accident on the way, I am keeping still to-day in order to recruit myself, Cooper and Stole attending to the purchase of ropes, chains, pulleys, &c. There is no telling what further astounding discoveries we may yet make in this subterranean palace!

One thing is certainly remarkable in connection with this matter, and that is the entire absence of dampness and all deleterious air or gas, although it must have been closed up for hundreds of years. By whom was it constructed? what its object? and how came there all this immense wealth? are questions of which I am at present totally unable to give the solution.

The editor of the Indiana Jeffersonian gives the following notice:—"Our purse is lost!—The finder is respectfully requested to return it, being careful not to disturb its contents, which were a brass rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted, and very good leather string."

How do you think you can get it?—There is nothing to be gained by dangle for a twelvemonth after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her your wish, like a man, and not like a blubbering school boy.

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How to do It.

The Albany Dutchman "lets off" any quantity of "good things" weekly, and among other sensible advice, says:—"There is nothing to be gained by dangle for a twelvemonth after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her your wish, like a man, and not like a blubbering school boy.

The whole party were soon collected round the edge of this apparent pit, and we were immediately made aware of the existence of a flight of steps, which gradually contracted downwards. We began the decent. When near the bottom, we came to a platform or bridge from which the steps continued only on two this platform, was ninety-four. Here I rested, sides. The number of steps from the top to considerably fatigued, but my companions were eager to continue the exploration of this monster subterranean structure, and commenced a further descent. Gazing over the bridge, upon which I had seated myself, I anxiously awaited the result. But a few minutes had elapsed, however, ere an exclamation of surprise from one party, determined me to join them. Descending with as much haste as possible. I was soon at the termination of the steps, but my companions had disappeared.

The experiment now being exhibited in Paris, by which the diurnal rotation of the earth is rendered palpable to the senses, is one of the most remarkable of the modern verifications of theory. Although the demonstrations by which the rotation of the earth has been established be such as to carry a conviction to the minds of all who are capable of comprehending it, to which nothing can be imagined to add either force or clearness, nevertheless the natural philosopher himself cannot regard the present experiment without feelings of profound interest and satisfaction, and to the great mass, to whom the complicated physical phenomena by which the rotation of the earth has been established are incomprehensible, this experiment is invaluable.

From the London Globe, April 5. Rotation of the Earth Rendered Visible. The experiment now being exhibited in Paris, by which the diurnal rotation of the earth is rendered palpable to the senses, is one of the most remarkable of the modern verifications of theory.

Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum which vibrates over it does not revolve, the consequence is that a line traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball will change its direction relatively to the table, from minute to minute and from hour to hour, so that if such a point were a pencil and that paper were spread upon the table, the course formed by this pencil during twenty-four hours would form a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table, and the two lines formed after the interval of one hour would always form an angle with each other of 15 deg., being the twenty-fourth part of the circumference. Now this is rendered actually visible to the crowds which daily flock to the Pantheon to witness this remarkable experiment.

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