The Franklin Courier.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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☞ TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE

SELECTED STORY

A wonderful Deliverance.

BY WALTER WEST.

It was a beautiful summer's day, some eight years ago, that the young people of Milford set out on a picnic excursion to "Lover's Leap." "Lover's Leap" was a romantic mass of rocks, seemingly thrown together in great disorder, and with one precipice of great height.

The day was fine, not too sultry, nor yet so cool as to be uncomfortable.—We were to go thither, a distance of five miles, in four-horse teams, and a merrier company it would have been difficult to find; but I doubt if there was a happier couple in the party than myself and Ada Mayne.

She was a charming specimen of a true American girl—fair, tall, and of exquisite form. She was what some would call a trifle wild, but which characteristic in a male might be termed a mild sort of recklessness.

We had been engaged for nearly two years, and during that time not a cloud had marred our happiness, and we were looking forward to a happy copartnership thereafter. Having taken an early start, we arrived at our destination before the sun had risen many hours, and were scattered through the beautiful grove in little knots, enjoying ourselves as only young people can.

There were a dozen or more of us standing at the base of a seemingly insurmountable precipice, from which, according to an old tradition, two unhappy Indian lovers had leaped into eternity. We were speculating as to whether the precipice could be climbed, and were pleasantly inviting one another to attempt the ascent. All, however, declined, excepting Ada, who laughingly declared that if the rest of us would go to the summit by the path leading around, she would ascend from where she was standing, and thus put to shame us effeminate gentlemen.

In vain we expostulated with her; she was determined in her purpose, though the thing had never been attempted before by men, much less by ladies. Seeing that argument was of no avail, we did as she requested, and with eyes strained to the utmost watched her ascent.

She went swiftly at first, and with a saucy "see-if-I-can't" expression on her face; but, as she reached a greater height, she proceeded more slowly, and her face began to wear a more determined aspect. But she went steadily on, now clinging to a point of rock and raising herself skillfully over it, and now hanging by her hands only, as a rock on which she stepped gave way beneath her weight.

We grew dizzy watching, for it seemed impossible for her to reach the summit. Suddenly a huge stone on which her feet were resting gave way, and she hung on by a sharp point above, with no hold for her feet. Her struggles were gradually lessening, and the point of rock on which she clung slowly but surely giving away.

She signalled to us that she was in danger, and while some ran for ropes and others stood paralyzed, unable to speak or to stir, I reached the foot of the precipice by the circuitous path, and went up, with all possible haste, behind her. I exerted myself to the utmost, when suddenly the rock to which she was clinging gave way.

I was unprepared for this, and felt her body fall heavily upon me. I can remember clasping her in my arms and falling backward; and then all was darkness.

* * * * *

When I again opened my eyes, I was lying upon the soft grass, with a company of watchful friends around me. My first thought was for Ada, and I tried to raise my bruised body that I might see her. But it was unnecessary, for she was standing close behind me. She had experienced some heavy bruises, but was not badly hurt.

And then came the explanation. We had fallen several feet, and fortunately caught upon a crag where we remained till assistance arrived. It took several weeks for me to recover from my broken arm, and terrible bruises, but I had a gentle nurse, which made my sickness almost a pleasure.

You may guess who that nurse was. Ada and I are now happy man and wife, but we often think of that fearful adventure, and thank God for his goodness in preserving our lives.—*Waverley Magazine.*

Strange Presentiments.

A paper published in England, gives an account of a strange presentiment experienced by a miner, Samuel Finley, who was killed in a pit. As deceased was "setting a tree," a quantity of rock fell from the roof of a pit, and fractured his skull. The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death.' In the course of the evidence it was stated that, during the night preceding the accident, deceased awoke his wife and told her he felt a ton weight of rock upon his head. She endeavered to persuade him that it was headache, but he was quite free from that complaint. He said he could not sleep, and requested his wife to place their only child beside him. In the morning he appeared very reluctant to go to work, and on his wife reminding him that he would be late if he did not make haste, he went to the bedside where the child lay, and said, "Let me have my last kiss." But strange though this may appear, it is by no means the most singular incident connected with this melancholy affair. It appears that deceased has a cousin—also a miner—between whom and deceased there had always existed a more than ordinary friendship, and that this cousin who had been on the night shift in a neighboring pit, was returning home, and just about the moment the accident occurred he saw the deceased standing before him in the highway.—So struck was he with this occurrence, that he hastened toward deceased's house, there to receive the melancholy confirmation of the doubts raised in his mind by the apparition he had seen. In this locality miners have had presentiments of their fate. Not very long ago a miner who resided at Blowich went to his work, but when about half way to the pit, which was about a mile and a half or two miles from home, he had a presentiment that he would that morning be killed. He returned home, and requested his wife to assemble the children, and when this was done he read a chapter in the Bible, and then engaged in prayer.—He then took farewell of his wife and children, and having done so, went to his work, but had not been at work many minutes when he was killed on the spot by a fall of rock. The above facts come out on evidence at the inquest which was held upon the dead body.

Heaven.

Many curious speculations have been indulged regarding the exit of the soul of a righteous man—how it passes through the air and etheral regions; and how, leaving stars and systems behid, it soars with strong, swift pinion into the august presence of Diety.—Such speculations are far more inquisitive than important. The fact that the holy soul is immediately transferred to the highest heavens is infinitely more interesting and consolatory than the method of its transmission. It has no "successive ascensions," everchanging its home, and therefore never at home; rising from one height of glory and blessedness to another still higher, only that each height may be gained and left behind. Scarcely has death broken down 'the middle wall of partition,' scarcely has he lifted the vail, when a boundless territory of brightness and joy stretches out before the naked spirit. Not a sand has time to fall. One step, and the soul is in glory. The flight through the immensity is made "in the twinkling of an eye;" the pilgrimage to the spheres occupies but a moment. There is no waiting for a celestial convoy. A troop of angelic beings, unseen crowd the chamber of death, and are ready with outstretched wing to bear the spirit home to God; the last quiver gasped from the bloodless lip, the last sigh breathed out, and swifter than the beams of the morning, or the flash of lightning, they tower with it to glory. The beggar was borne to Abraham's bosom by swift winged angels. The dying felon had scarcely groaned his last on Calvary when he opened his eyes in Paradise. He passed direct from a cross to a throne—from consummate ignominy to celestial honor. Ere his dying wail had spent itself, he had begun the song of immortality; ere his mangled frame was cold and stiff in death, his feet had trod the crystal pavement of "the holy city," and his fingers had struck celestial notes from a golden lyre.

"Oh, change! Oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars.
This moment there—so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!
Oh, change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless cloud:
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with God!"

One would imagine that on being so suddenly urshered into the infinite sublimities of a new and glorious world the soul would be overwhelmed, nay, annihilated. Great excitement has sometimes driven reason from her throne, and burst the rejoicing heart; and verily the joy and splendor of that movement is more than enough to confound the bravest and holiest spirit.—But no: He who has protected it from all evil also shields when embodied amid that opulence of celestial glory, so that it feels serenely calm and perfectly at ease the moment it crosses the threshold of its heavenly home, and is encompassed by the stupendous realities of an in-ternal condition.

Shall We Meet Again.

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

"The fiat of nature is inexorable.—There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch who ever shook the earth with his foot-steps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day, will disappear as the foot-steps on the shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of Immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again, to which he replies: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All were dumb, but as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again Clemanthe."

Female Ornament.

Ladies who would shudder or scream at the sight of a black beetle or bumble bee can yet tolerate other insects on their person, and glory in a host etomological spoils in the shape of beetle earrings and necklets, and tiny insects attached to the artificial flowers they wear. Indeed, they are as savagely bedecked with the spoils of the animal kingdom as any aboriginal American belle, save that theirs are more richly set and strung, and involve more labor and outlay on their manufacture. A lady may almost be clothed and decorated from head to foot with the products of the animal kingdom. The insect tribes will furnish her silk robes and hose, the gauzy tissues she wears are embroidered with dazzling beetle wings. She may indulge in necklets of beetles, and earrings and brooches of the same. Her coronal or tiara may be of the brilliant breasts and heads of the humming bird, or other most costly nodding plumes. For submarine spoils she may indulge in elaborately carved coral, cameoes, or other shell jewelry, with pearl rings for her dainty fingers: Her gloves and her shoes will be of kid. Her fan—of ivory, of tortoise shell, of pearl, or of feather trimmings—may have much ornamentation from the hand of the carver or delicate flower painter. Her opera glass may be of ivory, of mother-of-pearl, or of tortoise shell setting. Indeed, there is no limet to the obligations she will be under to the animal kingdom.

[*Art Journal.*

What I Have Noticed.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is 'Forgive us our debts,' while he makes everybody that owes him pay the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbor to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man,s ambition and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum-pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be dowdright mad.

I have noticed that as we are always waiting instead of working for fortunes we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortunes blind; but it is the best evidence that the old lady had most capital eyesight and is no granny with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other peoples' money.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

Startling Scene in a Menagerie.—The "Swiss Times" of December 23rd says that at the menagerie of Signori Bidel and Fairnali, at Turin on Monday evening, the audience were treated to a performance not announced in the bills. Signor Bidel, the famous lionlamer, entered, as usual, a large cage, in which were lions, lionessess, bears, hyeans and a lamb. After the feats of leaping, &c., ordinally shown in such exhibitions, the grand feature consisted in the simultaneous approach of the wild animals to the lamb and the exchange of the "kiss of fraternity." This was accomplished successfully, the animals methodically touching noses and then gravely stalking back to their places. The performance was to close with putting the lamb's head in the mouth of the lion. No sooner had the jaws closed upon the head of the animal than it was evident by the eyes and movement of the tail of the lion that foul play was threatened, and before the word of command could be given streams of blood were seen running from his mouth. Children screamed and women fainted, but fortunately the panic was of short duration. Signor Bidel, with a tremendous blow on the throat of the lion and a shout of command, forced the half-wild animal to relinquish his victim, and, though roaring fearfully, he sullenly obeyed the fixed eye and gesture of his master, retiring into a corner of the cage.

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What a Man Knows.—What a man can write out clearly, correctly and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he may be ignorant of—for knowledge that falls short of that knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain, I for one profess no respect at all; and I believe that there never was a time or country where the influence of careful training were, in that respect, more needed.—Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that, perhaps, the word "thinking" is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thougnt ready-made.—*Lord Stanley.*

The Newspaper.

General Jackson, when President, once said to one of his fiercest news paper opponents, "send me your newspaper. I know that you oppose me, but then I should like to see your paper every day. I want to see how many lies you can tell on me."

"General," said the editor, "I think I do right in opposing you, and I shall continue to do so with all the ability of which I am master."

Here was a man after Jackson's own heart, and he instantly replied, with an oath, "sir, send me your paper, for aside from your abuse of me, your paper is a good one. Besides, I never saw a newspaper in which I could not find something worth to read."

Just so. No man can pick up any newspaper without finding something of interest. You may take the paper and tear it into fragments and in each fragment you will see something to amuse or instruct you.

The Yankee whose portrait Mark Twain draws in the following paragraph would be worth knowing as a curiosity: "Harris is an American, a long-legged, vain, light weight village lawyer from New Hampshire. If he had brains in proportion to his legs, he would make Solomon seem a failure; if his modesty equalled his ignorance he would make a violet seem stuck up; if his learning equalled his vanity, he would make Von Humboldt seem as unletterod as the backside of a tombstone; if his stature were proportioned to his conscience, he would be a gem for the microscope; if his ideas were as large as his words, it would take a man three months to walk around one of them; if an audience were to contract to listen as long as he would talk, that audience would die of old age; and if he were to talk until he said something, he would still be on his hind legs when the last trump sounded. And would have cheek enough to wait till the disturbance was over, and go on again."

Some few Republican papers still manage to subsist in the South. How they do it will be apparent from the example of one of them now before us, In the first place, it has at the head of its columns 'Official organ of the United States." and then follows that by "Official organ of the State." Then it is all right, and begins to be intensely loyal and earn its wages. Presently a little dainty bit from the public crib comes to it, the State throws in a heterogenous mass of reports, official proceedings, laws and ordinances. A few carpet baggers advertise their wares, a Freedman's Trust Company or two temptingly invite the negroes to be thrifty and saving, and give their officers a living, and a few advertisements—quack medicines or fever and ague cures, probably—come from the North. So this paper, without a constituency, flourishes. Let us examine a little further. Eight columns are filled with State advertisements, five with those of the United States, and there are five columns and a half of Legislative proceedings. Some of the United States Government advertisements are absurd. What is it—except to waste money—publishing in, say South Carolina, "An act to provide for adjourned terms of the Supreme Court of Arizona?" It is nothing less than official bribery to publish such a notice in such a place.

[*Balt. Gazette.*

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer at an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

An incomprehensible idiot asks: 'What is the difference between a hundred-leg bug and a half dozen penny oranges?" And then, with fiend-ish delight, he answers: "One is a centipede and the other a cent-a-piece."

A young lady, writing on the subject of kissing, says: "I would as lief have a good kiss as a new cashmere." And we would quite as lief, if not leifer, give it to her.

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I would cheerfully refer the public to the men who have worked for me, and who are now out of my employment, in regard to the stock I use and the faithfulness with which my work is put up.

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No. 29--6m.

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