

The Carlisle Herald.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1865.

NO. 5.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square one insertion, 25 cts.
For each subsequent insertion, 15 cts.
For the month, \$4.00.
For the quarter, \$10.00.
For the year, \$35.00.
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Obituary notices, 50 per cent. more.
Pamphlets, 10 cts. per copy.
Private communications, 10 cts. per line.

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Secretary of the Treasury—GEO. B. FRISVOLD.
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Treasurer—JAMES H. HARRIS.
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Attorney General—JAMES H. HARRIS.
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Attorney General—ANDREW G. CURTIS.
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—ANDREW G. CURTIS.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest corner of Centre and Third streets. Rev. J. W. Walker, Pastor.
First Methodist Church, South side of Centre street, between Second and Third streets. Rev. J. W. Walker, Pastor.
First Baptist Church, South side of Centre street, between Second and Third streets. Rev. J. W. Walker, Pastor.
First Episcopal Church, South side of Centre street, between Second and Third streets. Rev. J. W. Walker, Pastor.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Thomas M. Johnson, D. D., President of the College.
Rev. J. W. Walker, D. D., Professor of Natural Science and Chemistry.
Rev. J. W. Walker, D. D., Professor of the Greek and Roman Languages.
Rev. J. W. Walker, D. D., Professor of the Latin Language.

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Central National Bank—President, R. M. Hendon.
First National Bank—President, R. M. Hendon.
First State Bank—President, R. M. Hendon.
First Trust and Savings Bank—President, R. M. Hendon.

SOCIETIES.

Carlisle Star Lodge No. 105, A. O. U. W. meets at Martin Hall on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of every month.
Carlisle Lodge No. 290, A. O. U. W. meets 3d Monday of each month, at Martin Hall.
Carlisle Lodge No. 311, O. F. S. meets 3d Monday of each month, at Martin Hall.

THE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789—House in Lancaster, between Pitt and Hanover.
The Commercial Fire Company was organized in 1800—House in Bradford, between Main and Locust.
The Good Will Fire Company was organized in 1800—House in Bradford, between Main and Locust.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents per 100 miles in the County, free within the State. 10 cents per annum. To any part of the United States, 20 cents per annum. Advertisements, 2 cents per line. Advertisements for less than one line, 50 per cent. more.

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Photographs, Ambrotypes, Ivorytypes, Beautiful Albums! Beautiful Frames! Albums for Ladies and for Children. Albums for Soldiers and Clergymen. Albums for Families. Albums for Churches. Albums for Schools. Albums for Societies. Albums for all occasions.

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business formerly conducted by Linn, Givler & Co. now under the management of JOHN GREYSON, Green, Camb. Co.

DR. W. H. COOK,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, 101 North Second Street, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. 65.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

TERMS:—\$2.00 in Advance, or \$2.50 within the year.

Medical.

A PLAIN FROM SAVAGES.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Alas! for the pleasant peace we knew. In the happy summer of long ago, When the rivers were bright and the skies were blue By the homes of Heaven.

And read, and in a bubble of blood that ran Where the James and Chelabunghy strayed, Through the groves of Paradise.

The dream came true, for the afternoon, How true of our by our falls of granite. And the silver sink as the dark dragons Come rattling up the time.

The pigmies have flown from the seas and tides, And the flames have grown to the tops of steel, And the flames have grown to the tops of steel, And the flames have grown to the tops of steel.

They have torn the Indian father's nets Where the gray Panamogogee towards the sea, And blood ran in the cool deep shades. And blood ran in the cool deep shades.

I would that the year were blotted away, And the strawberries green in the tangled bays; And the squirrels ring in the tangled bays; And the squirrels ring in the tangled bays.

With a series of parting growls Tom White disappeared in the darkness, leaving me in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was half inclined at first to stay on deck all night, but eventually determined to get below, and seek oblivion from danger in sleep.

WINTER.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

Continued.

HIS DRESSING-CASE.

The passengers on board the good ship *Golden Dream*, were bound for Melbourne, were beginning to get rather weary and tired of their trip. We were only in the fourth week of the voyage, but the month was July, the days were short, gloomy, and stormy; and the sea was covered with those mountainous waves which are to be seen in perfection off Cape Horn.

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got round a dead cat. Ah! Once let me set foot ashore, and you'll never catch me round the Horn again!

"Poor Tom! I dare say he had uttered this declaration five hundred times before, and had always forgotten it when signing articles at the shipping-office.

"I hope they're keeping a bright look-out forward, Tom?"

"A bright look-out! How can they? Why, the night's as thick as a tub of Dutch butter. Then it ain't these big lumps as I'm afraid of. If the lookouts ain't asleep, or yarning, they might chance to see them. What I funk is the nasty little sneaking bits of ground ice, about the size of a ship's long-boat.

"Stout ship? Ha, ha! Why, this is a soft-wood ship—a regular New Brunswick. She'd have no more chance against the ice than a chancy cup against a soup-and-bully tin; and then, with all this here copper ore in her inside, down she'd go—and you along with her."

"And you, too, Tom?"

"Well, I don't know about that, sailors ain't like passengers. There's the bonts to cut adrift. Besides, I'm on deck, and you'd be below, smothered like a rat in his hole."

With a series of parting growls Tom White disappeared in the darkness, leaving me in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was half inclined at first to stay on deck all night, but eventually determined to get below, and seek oblivion from danger in sleep.

I carried my cabin companion, the fat German, Schlawenwohl. He lay in profound slumber, while his nose trumpeted defiance to the creaking of the timbers and the dashing of the waves. I flanked advantage of a favorable lurch. I clambered up to my berth, which was over the German's head. I tried to think of every thing I could recall to my memory, unconnected with ship life, but the horrible snoring of my companion and the lurching of the ship destroyed all prospects of repose. I repeated over and over to myself, "I am a sailor, and I am a sailor."

I counted my breaths, and got up as far as six hundred and forty, when a sudden lurch of the ship roused me. I felt that she was heeling completely over, and that the mainmast was dipping in the waves. A fearful crashing of plates and dishes was succeeded by the still more terrible sound of rushing water. I opened my eyes, which I had until now kept obstinately closed. To my horror I discovered that the port-hole, instead of being at my side, was directly above my head. I unreservedly pert and thrust my head out. I was appalled by what I beheld. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her masts were disappearing beneath the angry sea. There was no time to be lost. Fortunately I had turned in by my day clothes, boots excepted, so I climbed through the port-hole, which barely permitted the passage of my body, and lay clinging to the wet, slippery side of the vessel. A thought struck me. Shall I waken Schlawenwohl? No; I might lose my own life in endeavoring to save his. His simple figure could never pass the narrow port hole. It is astonishing how selfish men are apt to become at such times. I murmured, "Requiescat in pace," and gazed around me once more.

The vessel was sinking rapidly. Her masts were now entirely under water, and only a few feet of her weather-yard-arm were visible. I heard a horrible grinding noise. Peering through the darkness I beheld an immense iceberg creaking against the ship's side. I summoned all my energies, took a tremendous leap, and fell into a small cavity filled with freshly-fallen snow. As soon as I recovered my feet I looked once more around me. The *Golden Dream* had disappeared, and nothing was visible save a few dark objects floating on the surface of the water.

I determined to secure one of these objects. "Possibly," I thought, "the harness-casks on deck have broken drift. They are filled with beef and pork, and the contents of one of them would support life for months." I descended cautiously through the thick darkness to a ledge which abutted directly on the water. The spray of the breakers was dashing in my face, and I trembled lest the frail piece of ice on which I stood should give way beneath my feet and precipitate me into the briny abyss. I stretched out my hand—it was instantly grasped by another hand! I drew back in horror, and the force of my retrograde movement was such that I pulled the person who had clutched my hand completely out of the water.

As soon as I had deposited the unknown individual in a place of comparative safety I demanded his name. The figure drew a long breath, and replied, "Julius Schlawenwohl."

"I staggered back in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Why, good Heaven, how came you here?"

"Very easily, my friend. You see I am a good diver and swimmer, and I took my time about it."

"Why, you've got a long rope tied round your body?"

"Full hat upon it and see what you will bring out."

I hauled as he bade me, and presently landed on the iceberg a large case.

"You see," continued the German, "I am never in a hurry. Von do sheep turned over, I turned out of my hair myself, and don't I think to myself, Julius, you will want it as soon, so I filled this box with prog and solvam quietly up the cabin stairs."

"My dear Schlawenwohl!" I exclaimed, embracing him, "how delighted I am to have been the means of saving your life!"

"Vell, I don't know about that," responded the stolid German, dryly; "I could have saved myself. You see, my friend, the prog is just enough for you—no more."

"My noble fellow!" I replied, "do not harbor such selfish thoughts. Remember we are brothers in adversity, and should help each other."

"You can you help me to?" asked Schlawenwohl, with a touch of sarcasm. I stammered, "I—I've nothing, but—yegs! I have a pound of tobacco I bought of the Steward to day, and here it is safe in the pocket where I put it."

"Ja—vivallo!" shouted the German, enthusiastically, "that is just vot I have not got. Yes, my friend, we will swear brotherhood, and share our goods together."

"Agreed," I replied.

Schlawenwohl laid himself down with a pillow of snow for his head, and was presently snoring as tranquilly as if in his own beloved fatherland, with a full-croquet of the finest down to cover him. The peril of my position prevented me from sleeping. I sat down on a corner of icy rock, and took the liberty of resting my semi-frozen feet on Schlawenwohl's expansive body. I soon began to feel more comfortable. I lighted a pipe (my matches were fortunately in a water-proof case), and anxiously awaited the coming of daylight.

As I sat thus, I began to reflect on my fortunes of heart. I had not been so far from home on the rest of the passengers, or on the crew, and yet they had probably all perished. But they had met with a sudden and speedy death, whereas I was doomed to a slow and lingering one. Even supposing that I had an affinity of position, what prospect of rescue would remain when the last fragments of the vessel should crumble away under the treacherous action of the waves? Another and far greater probability was still more appalling. The durability of the iceberg would probably far outlast our store of food, I strove to realize the dreadful situation.

Two human beings floating at the caprice of the wind and waves on a frail deceptive mass of crystallized water, glaring at one another with famine-stricken eyes. At length it would become necessary to cast lots and decide which should slay the other. Horrible thought! I withdrew my feet hastily from the German's body and sat, with my head bowed upon my knees, brooding. Exhausted nature yielded, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was daylight. At first I gazed around me with astonishment, as one usually does after sleeping in a strange place, and then proceeded to examine the iceberg. We had been resting in a small valley, surrounded on every side by the one from which I had entered by steep rocks of slippery ice from sixty to eighty feet in height. We were thus completely sheltered from the piercing wind, while even the dash of the breakers was barely distinguishable. I advanced a few paces along the path of ingress for the purpose of viewing the ocean, and there found Schlawenwohl encamped in a corner industriously combing out his flaxen beard by the aid of a pocket-mirror stuck in a crevice of the icy rocks. He was singing *Kennst du das Land*, and saluted me with cheerful caresses.

We breakfasted on a couple of sardines and half a biscuit, slaking our thirst at one of the numerous rills which trickled down the slowly melting rocks. There was something alarming in the idea of thus making a beverage of the house we lived in. Every gallon of water that welled away represented some six cubic inches of our fragile habitation. If this liquefaction took place in the high southern latitudes, with the temperature scarcely over forty degrees, how rapidly would our floating ark dissolve as we approached the line! If, on the other hand, we drifted antartically, we ran the risk of being hopelessly frozen up in regions far beyond the haunts of any human creature. These terrible reflections passed through my mind while I was manufacturing, with the assistance of a pocket-knife and the lid of a deal box, a pair of sandals to protect my feet from the chilling surface of the ice. This task completed, I proposed to Schlawenwohl that we should ascend the rocks for the purpose of further ascertaining the extent of the iceberg. He assented, and, after two hours' hard work, principally spent in cutting steps for our feet with our knives, we gained the summit.

The panorama was grand in the extreme. We were full three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, which extended in every direction around us, studded at intervals with icebergs of every imaginable shape and size. Our own island was about a mile in circumference, and presented a series of ridges and valleys at irregular distances. We stood, as it were, in the centre of a gigantic star-fish, whose seven rays were represented by seven rocky back-bones, between each of which lay a deep and sheltered valley. The wind blew with great violence at the exposed point where we stood, and, as I have not a remarkable steady head, I did not care to venture too near the edge of any one of the seven abysses below. But the German insisted on it.

"Mr. Monkhouse," said he, "I wish you could look over into our valley."

"Why?"

"I think somebody, in our absence, may be pondering our prog-box."

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You talk as if you were on the top of the Nighi."

"Vell, my friend, you will oblige me by doing it. I am too stout to venture."

I crawled on my hands and knees until my face lay flat immediately over a perpendicular descent of three hundred feet. To my astonishment I beheld two human figures actively engaged in examining the contents of our invaluable chest.

I reported progress to Schlawenwohl, who became frightfully agitated. He gave vent to sundry Teutonic imprecations, and descended the face of the cliff in the most reckless manner, reaching the bottom some seconds before myself.

When I arrived I heard voices engaged in loud altercation.

"You, you, Tom Vite, you are no letter dan a thief, that is my box."

"That ain't your private bread," replied Tom, holding up a biscuit. "That's the ship's bread. Ain't it, Bill Atkins?"

"Ay," said Atkins. "Besides, you ain't never got to keep all this tucker to your own check. Why, there's a parcel of women and children in the next hullow to this as he had no breakfast yet."

"What! More people saved?" I exclaimed.

"Of course there is," said Tom; "when the iceberg drifted alongside, me and Bill hee-rod on the bowracks as the ship heeled over, and passed the passengers in as nicely as I was out of Blackwall Pier. There may be a lot more for aught I know in the other valleys. I've been busy salvaging the ship."

"On the weather bow, Sir."

"Ah right! Stop afloat, and say what it looks like as we get nearer."

A furious gale was now blowing from south-west, and I was obliged to crouch on my hands and knees to avoid being hurled into one of the chasms beneath. Our gallant iceberg churned through the dark water at railroad speed, leaving a long white track of foam miles astern. My fear now was that at the rate we were going—which could be little short of twenty miles an hour—we should be dashed on the rocks. To my great joy, as we neared the land, I perceived an extensive opening in the cliffs. I described it as accurately as I could to the watchful commander below. He presently came aloft and stood at my side.

"Port Steps!" he exclaimed, "by all that's merciful! It lies in the south-west corner of the main island. Now comes the ticklish time. If we touch the rocks on either side we shall be knocked to splinters."

and children are perishing with cold."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

Soup three or four of us climbed again, armed with knives and esk-staves. We reached the summit and descended into the valley safely. The walrus was seated as placidly as before. He seemed to be making a journey northward to visit some of his Falkland Island acquaintances, and seemed to look upon the icebergs as admirable species of public conveyance—cheap, swift, and comfortable. He was, however, apparently fonder of the society of ladies than of gentlemen. As soon as he saw us approach, flourishing our weapons, he turned over on his side, and quietly rolled into the sea. Our party, chagrined at the cool manner in which he had given us the slip, returned slowly and disconsolately, communicating the result of our proceedings to Tom White.

"Never mind the walrus, boys," said that energetic commander, who was in high spirits. "She's going fifteen knots, if she's going an inch. Mr. Monkhouse," he continued, in a whisper, "you ain't seen the skipper?"

"No, there are no signs of him."

"Well, if he was aboard I'd guarantee to bring him in safe. And he couldn't do better nor what I'm doing now."

What Tom White was doing to assist our progress it would be hard to say; though he himself firmly believed that every thing depended on his exertions. Evening was coming on. "Mr. Monkhouse," said Tom, "you're the best hand I've got aboard the ship. How do you feel about the legs?"

"Rather stiff."

"Bill Atkins," said Tom, "serve out a bit of prog to Mr. Monkhouse. It's very precious liquor, for we've only one bottle aboard, but he deserves a drop."

I swallowed the proffered refreshment, when Tom said:

"Now I want you to go aloft again, to look for land."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, cheerfully, and I clambered up like a chamois.

"Loud ha!" I called. My distance from Tom was upward of three hundred feet; but ice must have an excellent conductor of sound for I could hear Tom's answer quite distinctly above the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the waves.

"Where away?"

"On the weather bow, Sir."

"Ah right! Stop afloat, and say what it looks like as we get nearer."

A furious gale was now blowing from south-west, and I was obliged to crouch on my hands and knees to avoid being hurled into one of the chasms beneath. Our gallant iceberg churned through the dark water at railroad speed, leaving a long white track of foam miles astern. My fear now was that at the rate we were going—which could be little short of twenty miles an hour—we should be dashed on the rocks. To my great joy, as we neared the land, I perceived an extensive opening in the cliffs. I described it as accurately as I could to the watchful commander below. He presently came aloft and stood at my side.

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The excitement on board the iceberg was intense. I shall not attempt to describe it. Just as night fell we entered the harbor. Had our gallant craft been the most skillful helmsman in the British Navy she could not have kept a better course. Tom White rubbed his hands with delight, and appropriated all the honor and glory to himself. As soon as we were fairly inside the harbor, and under the shelter of the cliffs the force of the wind abated. Fortunately, too, there was a strong current setting out to the harbor, right in the teeth of the wind. We have the log, and found she was going five knots, we hove it again, a few minutes later, and she was barely making two knots; in a quarter of an hour from that time a low grinding noise was heard, and we grounded on an extensive sand-bank in the centre of the harbor. We were obliged to remain there patiently during the night, as we had no means of communicating, by signal or otherwise, with the shore. We had matches, but the whole of our available fuel amounted to a deal board or two, and so small a fire would, probably, have attracted no observation. We passed a nervous, miserable night. As the iceberg grated backward and forward on the top of the bank we feared she was going to pieces; and her timbers (to speak metaphorically) would put together, and she hold out bravely until morning.

Never in my life did I feel so glad to see the day dawn. We were unexpectably delighted at about sunrise to observe several boats putting out from the settlement. The people in them had put off (it seemed when they came alongside) from motives of curiosity to visit the iceberg, but were perfectly astonished at finding her freighted with passengers.

The official in charge of the boats said, "We must observe some discipline in getting the people on board, or we shall have the boats swamped. Where is the captain?"

"I am the captain," quoth Tom White, boldly.

"Then, Sir, perhaps you will have the kindness to arrange your people in detachments."

Tom bustled about with great pomp, looking fully two inches taller after having been called "Sir," and having been addressed so politely by the government officer.

By this time more boats had arrived from shore, and the scanty population of the port were to be seen running to and fro like ants whose nest had been disturbed.

"Are these all your crew and passengers, captain?" asked the governor of the island, as he stepped aboard the iceberg.

"Hail, your worship!" answered Tom, apparently with some indistinct impressions of veneration, derived from the Thames Police Court, "the others," he continued, solemnly, "has met a watery grave."

"Dog your pardon, Sir," said a boatman, touching his cap to Tom White, "but there's a lot more people 'o' the other side the berg."

A rush of boats immediately gave way with a will to the spot indicated, and presently returned, and bringing off the captain, chief mate, second mate, third mate, boatswain, doctor, steersman, and midshipmen. Being in the after-part of the ship when the catastrophe occurred they had all leaped on board the iceberg together. And it seemed