The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 69. CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1869 NO. 12.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 00
For each additional insertion,	25 00
For Merchantile Advertisements,	4 00
Legal Notices,	7 00

Professional cards without paper.
Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the neatest and most complete establishment in the County. Four good presses, and a general variety of materials suited for plain and fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons wanting Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. South Hanover Street.
May 17—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Road Street, two doors north of the Bank. Business promptly attended to.
*1864.

MILLER Attorney at Law. In Hannon's building immediately opposite Court House.
Nov 67-1y

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham.
July 14 1864—1y.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa., No. 9 Rheem's Hall.
July 1, 1864—1y.

JOHN CORNMAN, Attorney at Law. Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House.
May 68 1y.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it.
January 19, 1866—1y.

S. T. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law. Office in South Hanover street, opposite Cloth's dry good store Carlisle, Pa.
September 3, 1866

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No 7, Rheem's Hall.
July 5, 1866—1y.

W. J. SHEARER, Attorney at Law, Office, North East Corner of the Court House.
12 ob 69-1y.

J. M. WEAKLY W. F. SADLER.
WEAKLEY & SADLER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 16 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa.
June 5, 67.

J. P. HUMRICH WM. B. PARKER
HUMRICH & PARKER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St. No. 6 Inlaw Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

U. S. PATENT AGENCY. C. L. Leckman, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa., makes entire drawings, specifications, &c. and procures patents or inventors.
14 feb 66-1y.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at Law, Office, Market Square, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.
April 19, 1867.

W. M. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwarded.
No fee required until the claim is settled.
Feb 10-1y, 1867.

DR. J. S. BENDER.—Homeopathic Physician, Office in the room formerly occupied by J. S. Bender, dec'd.
1 Jan 69-1y.

DR. GEORGE S. SEAMAN, Dentist, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother, East Pomfret street, three doors below Hanover.
april 1, 1864

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D.D.S. Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence, opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa.
18 July 1, 64.

S. M. COYLE. W. SCOTT COYLE
COYLE & CO
JOBBERS
Notions, Gloves, Fancy Goods and Stationery. Orders will receive prompt attention.
No. 11, South Hanover St., Carlisle.
Agents for the Chambersburg Woollen Mills
June 68 1y.

DR THEO. NEFF,
GRADUATE OF PENN'A. COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY DENTIST,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has taken the office No. 25, West Main Street, lately occupied by his father, where he is prepared to attend to all professional business. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platinum. Charges moderate.
17 april 68-1y

JOHN DORNER
MERCHANT TAILOR
In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle Pa., has just returned from the Eastern Cities with his largest and best
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
consisting of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vestings.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., ever brought to Carlisle.
His cloths comprise
ENGLISH,
FRENCH, and
AMERICAN MANUFACTURES
of the finest texture and of all shades.
Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of long experience is prepared to warrant perfect fits, and prompt filling of orders.
Piece Goods by the yard, or cut to order. Don't forget the place.
January 68-tf.

FRESH ARRIVAL.
Of all the New Spring Styles of
HATS AND CAPS.
The Subscriber has just opened, at No. 15 North Hanover St., a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best stock of HATS & CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.
Silk Hats, Cassimeres of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made. The Dunstard soft old fashioned brush, kept constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction. A full assortment of STRAW HATS, Men's boy's and children's fancy.
I have also added to my stock, Notions of different kinds, consisting of Ladies and Gent's Stockings Neck-Ties, Tassels, Gloves, Thread, Sewing Silks, Suspenders, Umbrellas, &c., Prime Segars and Tobacco, always on hand.
Give me a call and examine my stock, as I feel confident of pleasing, besides saving you money.
JOHN A. KELLER, Agt.
21my67 No. 15 North Hanover St.

GAS FITTING & PLUMBIN.
The subscribers having permanently located in Carlisle, respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Their shop is situated on the public Square in the rear of the 1st Presbyterian Church, where they can always be found.
Being experienced mechanics, they are prepared to execute all orders that they may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices.
PUMPING RAMS,
WATER WHEELS,
HYDRANTS,
LIFT & FORCE PUMPS,
BATHING TUBS, WASH BASINS and all other articles in the trade.
PLUMBING AND GAS AND STEAM FITTING promptly attended to in the most approved style.
Country work promptly attended to.
All work guaranteed.
Don't forget the place—immediately in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church.
GAMPBELL & HERWOOD.
July27 69-1y

THE FARMER'S BANK, OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
Recently organized, has been opened, for transaction of a general banking business, in the corner room of R. Given's new building, on the North West corner of High street and the Centre Square.
The Directors hope by liberal and careful management to make this a popular institution, and a safe repository for all who may favor the bank with their accounts.
Deposits received and paid back on demand; interest allowed on special deposits; Gold, Silver, Treasury Notes and Government Bonds, bought and sold.
Collections made on all accessible points in the country. Discount day, Tuesday. Banking hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M.
J. C. HOFFER, *Cashier.*
DIRECTORS.
R. Given, President, Wm. H. Miller,
Thomas Paxton, David Heikes,
John W. Graighead, A. J. Herman,
27mar 68-tf Abraham Witmer.

JONES HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PA.
The undersigned having leased the popular and well known house, which has been thoroughly repaired and greatly improved, and as well as entirely refurnished throughout with elegant new furniture, including all the appointments of a first-class Hotel, will be ready for the reception of guests, on and after the 15th of November, 1868.
THOMAS FAULKY,
Proprietor.
20nov 68 3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON D. C.
Chartered by Special Act of Congress, Approved, July 25, 1868.
Cash Capital - - $1,000,000
BRANCH OFFICE PHILADELPHIA
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,
Where the general business of the Company is transacted, and to which all general correspondence should be addressed.
DIRECTORS.
Jay Cooke, Philada. E. A. Rollins, Wash.
C. H. Clark, Philada. H. D. Cooke, Wash.
John W. Ellis, Cincinnati O. W. E. Chandler Wash
Wm. G. Moorhe d, Philada. John D. Defrees, Wash
George E. Tyler, Philada. Edward Dodge, N. Y.
I. Hinckley Clark, Philada. H. C. Fahnestock, N. Y
OFFICERS.
CH. CLARK, Philadelphia, President.
HENRY D. COOKE, Washington, Vice-President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.
EMERSON W. PEET, Philada., Sec'y and Actuary.
E. S. TURNER, Washington, Assistant Secretary.
FRANCIS G. SMITH, M. D., Medical Director
J. IRVING MEARS, M. D., Assistant Medical Director
MEDICAL ADVISORY BOARD.
J. ZIEGLER, Surgeon-General U. S. A. Washington
E. P. VOLLMITZ, Chief Medical Department U. S. N., Washington.
D. M. BLISS, M. D., Washington.
SOLICITORS AND ATTORNEYS
WM. E. CHANDLER, Washington D. C.
GEORGE HARDING, Philadelphia, Pa.
This Company, National in its character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium and new Tables the most ample means of insuring life yet presented to the public.
The rates of premium, be it is, are reduced, and made favorable to the insurers as those of the best Mutual Companies, as I avoid all the complications and uncertainties of Notes, Dividends and the misunderstandings which the latter are so apt to cause the Policy-Holders.
Several new and attractive tables are now presented which need only to be understood to prove acceptable to the public, such as the INCOME-PRODUCING POLICY and RETURN PREMIUM POLICY. In the former, the policy-holder not only secures a life insurance, payable at death, but will receive, if living, after a period of a few years, *an annual income equal to ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the par of his policy.* In the latter the Company *agrees to return to the assured the total amount of money he has paid in, in addition to the amount of his policy.*
The attention of persons contemplating insuring their lives or in raising the amount of insurance they already have, is called to the special advantages offered by the National Life Insurance Company.
Circulars, Pamphlets and full particulars given on application to the Branch Office of the Company in Philadelphia, or to its General Agents.
LOCAL AGENTS ARE WANTED in every City and Town, and applications from competent parties for such agencies, with suitable endorsement, should be addressed TO THE COMPANY'S GENERAL AGENTS ONLY, in their respective districts.
GENERAL AGENTS:
E. W. CLARK & CO., Philadelphia,
For Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey,
JAY COOKE & CO., Washington, D. C.
For Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia and West Virginia
15 sep 68 1y.

MARQUART'S
CELEBRATED
LINIMENT,
FOR MAN OR BEAST.
This Valuable Preparation is admirably adapted to the Cure of all those Diseases for which a Counter-Irritant or External Remedy is required.
REFERENCE.
Abram Marquart, Esq., has shown me the receipt of which his Liniment is composed. From my knowledge of the ingredients, I do not hesitate in certifying that it will be beneficial where an external application of a similar nature is indicated.
Sharpsburg, Sept. 15, 1868. A. STEWART, M. D.
Fully conversant with the chemical components and medical effects of A. Marquart's Liniment, I cheerfully commend it to those who may need it.
Jacksonville, Dec. 8, 1868. S. S. TICKER, M. D.
Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in saying that I have used your Liniment for chapped hands, and it cured them and made them feel well. I think it the best I have ever used, and would cheerfully recommend it to the general public. WM. GRACY.
Newton Township, Pa., Nov. 21, 1868.
I hereby certify that I have used A. Marquart's Liniment for Scratches and Sprains on two of my horses with the greatest success, and would recommend it to all that are in need of anything of the kind. C. MELLINGER,
County Treasurer.
Coudersport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1868.
Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I have used at half a bottle of your Liniment on my horse Dead Collar Gall, which was the most obstinate sore the kind I ever saw; also on my arm for Rheumatism, and it has given entire satisfaction both cases. I would not do without it for ten times its cost, and cheerfully recommend it to the public. MICHAEL LATSHAW.
Jacksonville, Pa., Nov. 20, 1868.
Mr. Marquart, Esq.:—Dear Sir: I had a very severe attack of Rheumatism in my back, so that I did scarcely walk, which was very painful. A using half a bottle of your celebrated Liniment, I was entirely cured. This is not a recommendation, but the plain truth. You can make use of this you please. JACOB LONG.
Mount Bottom, Pa., Nov. 20, 1868.
Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I have used your valuable Liniment in my family for different pains and aches, and it has proved satisfactory in every case. I do think, as an external Liniment, it stands without a rival. I would cheerfully recommend it to the public. Respectfully,
GEORGE W. YOCUM.
Jacksonville, Pa., Nov. 21, 1868.
Mr. Marquart, Esq.:—Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to certify that I have used your Liniment on my neck, in a case of very Sore Throat; which was much swollen and very painful. After two or three applications, I found it to act like magic, and would recommend it as an excellent Liniment.
JACOB SEVERS.
Mount Bottom, Pa., Nov. 19, 1868.
AGENTS WANTED! Address
A. MARQUART,
Walnut Bottom, Cumb. Co., Pa.
Sale at HAVERSTICK & BRO. Drug Store, Carlisle, Pa.
1 68-1y.

NEW DOWNS WAREHOUSE,
BENJAMIN H. SHOEMAKER,
No. 205, 207, 209 & 211 N. 4th St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Importer of
Inch and English Window Glass.
Inch Plate Glass for Windows.
Inch Locking Glass Plates.
Ribbed Plate Glass for Skylights
" " " Floors.
Cored and Ornamental Church Glass.
Red Glass for Conservatories,
Every Size and Thickness,
the Original Case; box, or Single Light.
Sash cut to any Irregular Shape.
1 68-3m.

Veler and Wilson and Elliptic
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machines.
Best Simplest and Cheapest.
THESE machines are adapted to do all kinds of family sewing, working equally well in Silk Linen and Cotton goods, with Silk, Cotton and Linen thrads, making a beautiful and perfect stitch alike on both sides of the article sewed.
Machines sold are warranted.
Call and examine at Hall's Road Telegraph Office, Carlisle.
Mr. 1867-tf. JOHN CAMPBELL.

VALUABLE MEDICINES.—A. Staubs and Wm. F. Aberly, are associated under name and style of A. Schaubs, & Co., for the manufacture and *Sale* of Shurk's Bitter Tinctur Roots, and L. Rock's Pain Victor. These invaluable remedies for many diseases, are sold wholesale by the company at No. 56, South over street, Carlisle, and by agents every.
11 6 3m.

A. L. SPONSLER'S COLUMN.

A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent, Surveyor, Conveyancer, Insurance and Claim Agent. Office Main Street Near centre Square.

FOR RENT.—A Store Room and Cellar, on West Street, between Pomfret and South Street, in the Borough of Carlisle, nicely fitted up with Shelving, Drawers and Counter. Well suited for a Grocery Store, and in a good location. Apply to
A. L. SPONSLER,
22jan 69. Real Estate Agent.

HIGHLY IMPROVED FARM IN ADAMS COUNTY AT PRIVATE SALE.
Situated on the Conawaga Creek 3 miles from Hanover on the high road, and on the Railroad leading from Hanover to Littlestown, adjoining what was formerly known as the Kittendiffer Mill property, containing
171 Acres of Limestone Land,
cleared but about 30 Acres, which are covered with heavy White Oak Timber.
The improvements are extensive, and consist, viz
A LARGE TWO STORY BRICK MANSION HOUSE,
60 feet in length and 45 in breath, containing a Hall and Eleven large Rooms, all newly papered and painted, a piazza running along the entire front, and cellar under the whole house, and an excellent well of water near the kitchen door. The out buildings belonging to the above consist of a large Carriage House, Wood and Coal House, Hog Pen, Brick Smoke House, Poultry House, Wash House, all new except the latter. The garden is large and highly cultivated, containing hot beds with glazed sash. The grounds around the house are adorned with shrubbery and studded with many choice fruit and ornamental trees, adjoining which is a fine apple orchard, next
A LARGE BANK BARN
nearly new 90 feet by 50 with Wagon Shed and Corn Crib attached, and a never failing Well of Water in the Barn-yard, also
A NEW TENANT HOUSE,
30 by 30 feet, containing seven rooms, the outbuildings to same consisting of a Wash House, Bake Oven, Hog Pen, &c., a Pump at the door and an excellent garden.
This property presents superior advantages, the location being eligible and the land of the best quality of limestone, well watered and the cattle having access to water from every field, a great portion of the land has been recently limed, the fences in good condition and all the corn ground and part of the oats ground ploughed for the coming Spring. There is a Grist Mill, Blacksmith Shop and School House within a short distance of the buildings.
The property having been recently purchased by a gentleman from Baltimore who after fitting it up at great expense, is now desirous of returning to the city, will be disposed at an *extremely low fair*, and upon reasonable terms. Enquire of
A. L. SPONSLER,
25dec 68. Real Estate Agent, Carlisle, Pa.

VALUABLE PRIVATE RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
Situate in South Hanover street, Carlisle, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Washmond, late the property of Benedict Law. The lot fronts on Hanover st., 80 feet, and extends back the same width 210 feet to an alley. The improvements are a large two-story FRAME HOUSE, with Verandah in front, containing Double Parlors, Hall, Chamber, Dining room and Kitchen on lower floor and six Chambers and half-room on the 2nd story. Gas and water have been introduced. There is a large Stable and Carriage House at the foot of the lot. The lot is well stocked with choice fruit trees and strawberries, besides fruit of almost every description and Grapes of the most choice selection in abundance.
Enquire of A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent.
23oct-68

VALUABLE FARM in Perry Co, AT PRIVATE SALE.
Situate in Carroll township, 9 miles north of Carlisle, 4 miles north of Carlisle Springs and 11 miles west of Duncannon, adjoining lands of J. Sheafer, Nancy Cling and others containing 126 ACRES, now owned by Levi Lords, 90 acres of which are cleared, in a high state of cultivation and under good fence and the residue covered with thriving timber. A never-failing stream of water runs through the farm and plenty of lime within 2 miles.
The improvements are two-story Log & Weatherboarded House, large Barn and Spring House with excellent water. School House and Church at a convenient distance. Apply to
A. L. SPONSLER,
23oct-68 Real Estate Agent.

1026 MILES
OF THE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD
ARE NOW COMPLETED
As 534 miles of the western portion of the line, beginning at Sacramento, are also done, but about
200 MILES REMAIN
To be Finished to Open the Grand Through Line to the Pacific. This Opening will certainly take place early this season.
Besides a donation from the Government of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the Company is entitled to a subsidy in U. S. Bonds on its line as completed and accepted, at the average rate of about $26,000 per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, for which the Government takes a second lien as security. Whether subsidies are given to any other companies or not, the Government will comply with all its contracts with the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Nearly the whole amount of bonds to which the Company will be entitled have already been delivered.
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
AT PAR.
By its charter, the Company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, and no *more*. These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the entire road and its equipments.
THEY HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN, AT SIX PER CENT, and, by special contract, both
PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST
ARE
PAYABLE IN GOLD.
The U. S. Supreme Court has recently decided that this contract is in all respects valid, and of legal obligation.
Such securities are generally valuable in proportion to the length of time they have to run. The 5s of 1871 are six per cent. interest bonds of the U. S. (the 6's) will be due in 12 years, and they are worth 112. If they had 30 years to run, they would stand at not less than 125. A perfectly safe First Mortgage Bond like the Union Pacific should approach this price. The demand for European investment is already considerable, and on the completion of the work will doubtless carry the price to a large premium.
SECURITY ON THE BONDS.
It needs no argument to show that a First Mortgage of $26,000 per mile upon what for a long time must be the only railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States is PERFECTLY SECURE. The entire amount of the mortgage will be about $30,000,000, and the interest, $1,800,000 per annum in gold. The present currency cost of this interest is less than $2,000,000 per annum, while the gross earnings for the year 1868, FROM PAY BUSINESS only, AN AVERAGE OF LESS THAN 700 MILES OF ROAD IN OPERATION, WERE MORE THAN
FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,
The detail is of which are as follows:

From Passengers:	$1,024,065 07
" Freight.	2,040,233 16
" Express.	51,423 06
" Mails.	136,235 59
" Miscellaneous.	81,026.17
" Government troops: " freight.	104,077 77
" Contractors' men.	440,440 33
" " material.	201,179 09
Total.	$5,060,051 01

This large annual net is only an indication of the immense traffic that must go, over the through line in a few months, when the great tide of Pacific coast travel and traffic is estimated that this business must make the earnings of the road from FIFTEEN TO TWENTY MILLIONS A YEAR.
As the supply of these Bonds will soon cease, parties who desire to invest in them will find it for their interest to do so at once. The price for the present is par and accrued interest from Jan. 1, in currency.
Subscriptions will be received in Carlisle by
A. L. SPONSLER,
and in New York
At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street
AND BY
John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers No. 59 Wall St.,
And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.
Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.
A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED October 1st, containing a report of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.
JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
Feb 25, 1869.3m

THE CARLISLE COOK STOVE.
Manufactured at F. GARDNER & Co's Foundry and Machine Shop, Carlisle, CANT BE BEAT! This is the testimony of scores of families in Cumberland, Perry and Adams Counties, who are now using them. Call and see them.
CORN SHELLERS,
running either by power or by hand—constantly on hand and for sale by F. GARDNER & Co. Foundry and Machine Shop, East Main Street.
STEAM BOILER MAKING.
We are prepared to make Steam Boilers of all sizes and kinds promptly and on the boiest terms. Smoke Stacks and all articles in that line. REPAIRING of BOILERS and Engines promptly attended to in the best manner.
F. GARDNER & CO.,
Foundry and Machine Shop, Carlisle, Pa.
Jan 24-tf.

Select Poetry.

LIFE'S ROSES.

BY ALICE CARY.

When the morning first uncloses,
And before the mists are gone,
All the hills seem bright with roses,
Just a little farther on!
Roses red as wings of starlings,
And with dimond-dew-drops wet;
"Wait," says Patience, "wait my darlings
Wait a little longer yet!"
So with eager upturned faces,
Wait the children for the hours
That shall bring them to the places
Of the tantalizing flowers.

Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,
Vexed with only fleeting fears,
So the broader day advances,
And the twilight disappears.
Hands begin to clutch at posies,
Eyes to flash with new delight,
And the roses, Oh! the roses,
Burning, blushing full in sight!

Now with bosoms softly bearing,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Youths and maids together meeting
Crowd the flowery harvest land.
Nor a thought of rainy weather,
Nor of thorns to sting and grieve,
Gather, gather, gather, gather,
All the care is what to leave!

Noon to afternoon advances,
Rosy red grows russet brown;
Sad eyes turn to backward glances,
So the sun of youth goes down.
And as rose by rose is withered,
So her sight begins to find
Many a false heart has been gathered,
Many a true one left behind,
Hands are clasped with fainter holding,
Unfilled souls begin to sigh
For the golden, glad unfolding
Of the morn beyond the sky.

Miscellaneous.

UNDER THE ICE.

CHAPTER I.

There was no braver guide, or more skillful hunter, that ever sat foot upon the Matterhorn, or crawled over the dangerous glaciers of Monte Rosa, than Ulric Peterson. He was a man of immense strength and great daring; and had often tracked the wilderness of snow when those who followed the same calling willingly remained in their cottages in the well protected villages. He laughed at his companions, when they talked of danger, and made light of the fears of his good wife, when she trembled at the howling of the fierce winds, or the avalanche of snow, that now and then swept down with irresistible force upon the little chalets. With well-spiked shoes, a stout alpine stock, confidence in himself, and a firm and ever fervent trust in God, he avowed that a man was as safe upon the top most cliffs of the cloud-piercing Matterhorn as in the brook-threaded valley of Tourmanches. But the timid heart of womanhood could not look upon the matter in the same light, although her trust in the good Lord was equally strong, and so, when she saw him take down his trusty rifle, powder-horn, and heavily shod iron-staff, one morning, she clung to him and begged him not to go upon the mountains. "There is every sign of a storm," she said. "You know how terrible they are. We have food enough in the cottage. Do stay at home with the little ones."

"That would I, wife," was the reply, "if I had not seen an ibex as I was coming home yesterday evening. He was a stout old fellow with huge horns; and I fancied he was almost laughing at me as I crept around the cliff upon which he was standing."

"But, Ulric, think of the storm that is certainly coming."

"I've been in many a one, and care nothing for them. I love the free whistling of the wind upon the mountain-tops, and the whirling of the feathery snow. So, good wife, get me something to eat. I must be off before the day dawns."

With a heavy sigh the woman did as he had requested; and with his fond kiss still lingering upon her lips, she saw him climb the mountain side, until a turn in the path hid him from her view. Then she sunk upon her knees, by the bedside of her still slumbering children, and committed him to the keeping of that God who had thus far preserved him in the midst of every danger. Meanwhile Ulric hastened onward with a light foot. It was still dark in the valley; but far above him he could see the white peaks glittering in the dim light of the morning, and the fast paling stars. Higher and higher he climbed; and soon the sun arose, shedding its rays of rosy gold upon the icy piles, and making them flash as if gilded by myriad diamonds. To a stranger it would have been a dazzling sight; to the brave hunter, it had lost something of its charm by familiarity, and he pressed onward. The road grew more rough and difficult. He was obliged to pick his way, to clamber up steep crags; but at last he reached the edge of a large glacier. He sat down and rested for a little time, satisfied his hunger, examined his shoes and the point of his alpinestock, and again set bravely forth, leaping the yawning chasms, and guarding against the treacherous cracks.

A wall of polished ice arose before him, and he knew that he would have to scale it before he could get within shot of the coveted game. With great difficulty it was accomplished; and, finding the tracks of the ibex, he followed them, until, suddenly turning a ragged point, he found himself within easy shot, and in an instant the report of his rifle had awakened the echoes of the mountain. With the "thud" of the bullet, the beast sprang forward, but its tail was dropped, its head hanging heavily down, its gait slow, and step uncertain. He knew that the whizzing lead had reached its mark; that the animal would soon die; and he paused to re-load his rifle before he followed him. "I will surprise my good wife," he thought, "by returning sooner than she expected; and I will have a hearty laugh at the cowards who dared not venture from their snug cottages for fear of a storm."

With a smile upon his lips, he hastened to where the ibex was lying, and raised it in his arms. Then with a cry of horror, he felt his footing give way, and hunter and game were swallowed up in a crevasse of almost unfathomable depth. The thin covering of ice had been sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the beast; but that of Ulric added had shivered it as if it had been an egg shell.

Down! down! Hunter and ibex, through the depths of snow and ice, lying there for a thousand years. He fancied that the bottom would never be reached. The most profound darkness enveloped him; his hands could clutch nothing but dampness and chilling flakes. Fortunately the carcass of the beast was beneath him. Yet, for all that safeguard, he lay for a long time insensible. When consciousness returned, another day had dawned, and its golden glories had found their way even to the bottom of the yawning grave in which he was lying. He thought upon the utter helplessness of his situation; that he must perish from cold and hunger; of the lingering tortures he must endure, before death came to put an end to his misery; and every nerve in his body quivered with horror. He looked around to see if there was not some possible chance of escape. On either side smooth ice walls arose, emitting a bluish steel glitter. He felt that he was buried alive! "O, God! Why was I not instantly killed!" the exclaimed, in an agony of despair, and then, as better thoughts swayed him, he thanked the Almighty, with whom nothing is impossible, for his safety thus far, and prayed to Him for guidance and deliverance.

CHAPTER II.

His next thought was of his gun. When it was found that he did not return; his neighbors would certainly search for him, and by firing the gun he could attract their attention. Vain hope! Search as he would, he could find nothing of it. Even if he had discovered it, it would have been useless, for his powder-horn was gone as well. Over and over he turned the snow—down deep he dug into it until his hands burned like fire, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead—until his arms grew stiff and sore, and he was forced to give up the useless labor from sheer exhaustion. With his back against the frozen prison walls, he looked aloft, and saw the great vulture sailing upon its immense and tireless wings, around the mouth of the chasm; and the strong man shuddered, as he shook his fist defiantly, and murmured with his hoarse voice, "Your time has not come yet!" He thought of his happy home, and his dear wife and children, and then, naturally, for he was faint and hungry, he thought of the food his wife had prepared for him. Having eaten of the bread and goat's milk cheese, and drank of the bottle of wine (which, strange to say, had remained unbroken), he reasoned that it would be cowardly to die without an effort; and he remembered the goodness of God, and most reverently implored His help. Then a bold idea came to him. Why might he not cut his way through the solid ice? He had a hatchet, such as his class never travel without. Ah! but he was forgetful that the ice might be hundreds of feet thick, and it was of excessive hardness, and it would soon render blunt both hatchet and knife. The bright hope that had been born within him was darkened by no such shadow. For the time being he knew that he was safe. He was accustomed to the cold, was warmly clad, could use the skin of the ibex, in case of need, and its flesh would drive away the wolves of starvation for many a day. A brief rest, and he began his labors faithfully till darkness forced him to stop. A night of uneasy rest, a breakfast of the raw flesh of the ibex, and he resumed his labors. Another day of toil, and he again stretched himself upon the skin of the beast, wrapping it around him as much as possible, and slept long and heavily, although there had been a sudden fall in the temperature, and it was now excessively cold. For four days he toiled thus, his only food the raw and frozen flesh of the ibex; for four nights he slept within the hole he had cut away within the thick ice walls, closing up the entrance, and thus obtaining partial shelter from the chilling blasts. And once he heard the firing of guns, and his heart beat wildly within him. He dropped his dulled hatchet, crawled to the entrance of the chasm, and shouted with all his remaining strength—shouted until his strained voice was reduced to the very ghost of a hoarse whisper. He knew that his friends were in search of him; imagined that he could hear his name called; could do nothing to attract their attention; and, as the firing grew fainter, and further and further away, flung himself down, weeping and wringing his hands. The last plank to which he had clung had been shivered. His neighbors and friends had come—and gone. They would never search that part of the mountain again, and none would ever know his fate. He was buried in an icy tomb, until the last trump should sound, and but flashes of flames dissolve the frost work around him.

With his mind trembling upon the verge of madness, overpowered by sorrow, crushed by bitter agony, he fell back insensible, and lay for a long time upon the cold, damp snow, that must be his winding sheet. The black vulture flapped his wings above him, and he knew nothing of it. But after the hunter's consciousness returned, the was far too much crushed in body and soul to resume his labors, he crept into the little cavern he had excavated (would it not be to him a tomb?) and gave passionate vent to his griefs. For many weary hours nothing passed his lips; and with aching head and fevered brain, with trembling limbs and convulsive sobs, he prayed for deliverance if by no other hand, at least by the skeleton one of death.

It was rayless, sunless, starless, darkness in the ice cavern, when the springs of his life again became capable of action. He was ravenously hungry, and arose to satisfy his hunger with a portion of the ibex he had left remaining outside of the chasm. He felt around, but could discover no outlet. Had he been frozen in—shut out from God's blessed sunshine forever? Nothing but smooth ice met his burning and blistered fingers. Then, after an hour's search, he found a soft spot, and instantly solved the mystery. He knew there must have been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and that it had drifted into, and blocked up the opening; and with the strength of despair he soon dug through. It was still snowing heavily; the flakes fell like great feathers around; and he drew the remnant of the carcass of the ibex into the cave, and made another meal. And thus refreshed, a new hope was born within him, and again the ice walls resounded with the blows of his little hatchet. But it was slow work, and much of the time was taken up in clearing the chips from the little grotto.

A week passed—a week of the most severe toil and terrible anxiety—and yet he was not disheartened. His trust in God had returned; and love for his wife and dependent children kept alive his often sinking heart. He was yet in hopes of reaching the upper air—of seeing his dear ones again. But even as he was thinking thus, with something of his old time cheerfulness, a new anxiety took possession of, and nearly overpowered him. The carcass of the ibex, that had been the innocent cause of all his trouble, was picked almost to the bones.

With dire starvation staring him in the face, he bowed his head and wept like a child. Starvation—that is dreadful, even in thought! Starvation—that lies in it more of horror than a thousand other deaths! He could almost see it silently approaching, and for a time despair alone had possession of him. Then his trust in the Supreme Being returned, and he committed himself unto His holy keeping. "Heavenly Father!" he murmured through his parched and blackened lips; "it is Thy hand that has sustained me so far—hast saved me from all danger. Thou givest food to the young ravens, and markest even the fall of the tiny sparrow. None but Thou canst hear or help me. Hear my prayer! Save me. O, God! Save me!"

Something of sweet consolation came with the utterance of the words, and he laid down to sleep more tranquilly than he had done for many previous nights. Yet, he was only to be awakened by a new fear. It needed no seer to tell him that the fohn, or hot wind, was sweeping over the glaciers and snow-fields of the high Alps; and that the rain was falling in torrents, and the enormous blocks of ice melting, as by the touch of fire. The cavern he had dug by infinite labor, was almost breast-deep with water, and it was rushing in with all the swiftness of a mountain torrent. Instantly he was wet to the skin and stood almost paralyzed with terror. Then he beat off his way out into the chasm, but it was only to return again as quickly as possible. Never cataract raged more fiercely than the surging water there. Cutting little niches in the wall, he climbed beyond the reach of the water, and trembled for his fate. The waves rose rapidly higher and higher; he had climbed until his head rested against the top of the little cave—could go no further. And yet, the waters rolled upward around him. They reached his waist—surged higher to his breast—crept up to his throat, and despite all his efforts, began to trickle into his mouth. In another moment he would be strangled by them; his hold would be torn away and his body dashed hither and thither against the sharp points of the ice. "O, God! Save me! Save me!" burst from him in the terrible agony of the instant—the moment of time that lay between him and an awful death.

A noise like thunder—a shivering crash—resounded through the chasm. It appeared as if the very foundations of the world were tottering beneath him. Now, indeed, he felt that his end had come. No! water was rushed out of the cavern with the most amazing velocity; he could descend and stand upon the bottom without fear. How this had been accomplished he knew not, and was forced to wait until morning to determine, and with the first beams he saw a great fissure had been opened, through which the imprisoned waters had found their way to the valley below. This unlooked-for preservation again inspired him with confidence—rendered more firm his trust in God. Through that tunnel he saw his way to freedom. It was small, to be sure, but he could enlarge it; and he worked diligently, until his strength utterly failed. The ibex was entirely devoured. He had split the bones and sucked out the marrow; he had gnawed them over and over again to appease his hunger. For two days he had not tasted a morsel of food. The hatchet slipped from his hand when he endeavored to strike a blow, and he was forced to abandon the undertaking. There was nothing left for him now but to die.

Another day passed and no help came. He lay crouched in the corner wishing that the end would come, and that swiftly. His eyes were already filmed and his heart beat faintly. Then a strange noise aroused him. He looked aloft, and saw a chamois vainly striving to defend itself from the attacks of two old vultures that were striking at it with wing and beak. It was an unequal contest; and, at length, the animal, driven to desperation, attempted to leap the broad chasm. The effort was a noble one, but it failed of success. The chamois missed its footing, and fell, bruised and helpless, at the very feet of the starving man. In an instant, his knife was plunged into its throat, and the warm blood was drained by his eager lips. This gave him new life, and he renewed his labor. It was almost a herculean task. More than once he fell fainting beside it. But hope was very strong within him. Still, he would have utterly failed had not Heaven assisted him.

Again the fohn was busy at its work of destruction; again the windows of heaven were opened; and the "rains descended, and the floods came" and accomplished more in a single night than his hands could have done in a month. With the morning light, he crawled through the now large tunnel, but when he reached the outer end he found no his hunter, that he was on the top of a mighty precipice. His blood boiled; his brain seemed on fire; his heart beat as if it would break through its ribs and flesh. He was if possible more desperately imprisoned than before. How was she to get down? Through his bewildered mind suddenly flashed the thought of the skin of the ibex and the chamois, and he was not long in making a rope of them. He then cut a deep hole in the ice, drove down his alpinestock, fastened one end to it, and swinging himself off, reached the bottom in safety.

With a cry of joy and a pray