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Zoetry.

THE TYPHO.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

THE TYPHO!—a singular creature is he, A bit of a wizard like him to be, A tyro in the art of war, and he's an instant, That shows that the statement you won't controvert:

He "takes" a great deal, and he "proves" all he And he "sets" while he stands, and he stands while he "sets!"

A magical power there is in his hand; And see the tyro's art in command; The art of war he has to teach; The incidents that make up to-day.

A wedding in pictures:—"click, click," and 'tis there;

The tyro merry party, the just-wed'd pair; You see the young wife in her garments of white, (You have gone to the wedding without an "in-

vit," and fancy you the good wishes of friends, And—there the bright pictures waitin' ends, For the tyro's part, the tyro's part, the tyro's part,

He says you're a marriage—the next is a death;

And low in the coffin you see a dear face

All silent and cold, that was full of rare grace;

A sombre scene, that will not be forgot;

The lips whose sweet presence they never will miss;

And softly the teardrops creep down o'er your lashes;

As sadly you echo the "ashes to ashes,"

"Click, click"—now he's spelling a railroad dis-

and fast; "click" the types, and still faster and

so fast; And see a soon on each one of their faces,

As quickly he ranges them into their places;

A terrible clang," you shudder, then laugh

With mirth, and will it not be a laugh?

A jolt of three or four, or dozen as brief

Done up—a rich bundle of fun—in a sheaf!

Then follow some "ads,"—patent bitters and

pills;

To cure every one of mortality's ills;

"Click, click," and just under his dugers they go forth;

"None genuine unless signed 'John Jones,'"

Now "none fair," and now a "Hair Dye,"

"To color, of course, for it's spelled with a 'y,'"

"Cough Syrup," perhaps, or a "Waf'r," or "Lo-

"tions,"

(A hush—condensed to a good "Yankee no-

tion!"

A something in short, for all human diseases—

You're in your money and takes what you

please!"

Variety truly gives living its spice.

And types can present it to win in a trice.

From gay to gay, every mood of the mind

Is by the tyro's art, and every mood of the mind

One moment they laugh, and another they weep;

But see their expressions whatever it may,

The tyro's art, and then they weep;

To all his commands they respond with a

"click,"

He rules with a stout little "rule" and a "stick."

Selected Miscellany.

UNDER THE ICE.

(Translated from the German.)

There was not braver guide, or more skillful hunter, than ever set 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 wilfully 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 alpenstock, confidence in himself, and firm and fervent trust in God, he always set out, as was so upon the topmost cliffs of the cloud-piercing Matterhorn, as in the brook-threaded valley of Touranche. 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 that he would not 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."

"I would, 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 have been in many an 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 old man did as he had requested, and laid his staff and alpenstock upon her. His wife saw him climb the mountain-side until a turn in the path hid him from her view. Then she sank 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. Meantime, 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 paleing 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 built of myriad diamonds. To the stranger it would have been a dazzling sight; to the brave Ulric, it had lost all of its charm by familiarity, and he pressed onward and 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 alpenstock, 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 bear, he followed them, until he suddenly turned a rugged point, and in an instant, the report of his rifle had awakened the echoes of the mountains. With the "thud" of the bullet, the bear sprang forward; but its tail was drooped, 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 reload his rifle, before he followed him. "I will surpass 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 eggshell.

Down, down. Hunter and ibex, through the debris of snow and ice, lying there on the bottom, would never be touched. The most profound darkness enveloped him; his hands could clutch nothing but dampness—but 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 Supreme Being returned, and he committed himself unto His holy keeping. "Heavenly Father!" he murmured, from between his parched and blackened lips: "It is Thy hand that has sustained me so far—has saved me from all danger. Thou givest food to the young ravens, and markest even the fall of the tiny sparrow. None but Thou can hear me, or help. 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 the night before. Yet, it was only to be awoken by a new fear. It needed no seer to tell him that the fohn, or hot south wind, was sweeping over the glaciars and snow fields of the high Alps; and that the rain was falling in torrents; and the enormous blocks of ice melting, at the touch of fire. The cavern he had dug with 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 crept his way out into the chasm, but it was only to return again as quickly as possible. Never raged raged more fiercely than the surging water here. Cautiously he crept, 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 mar shuddered, as he shook his fist defiantly, and murmured with his hoarse voice, "Your time has not come yet!" He thought also of his happy home and his dear wife and children, and, naturally, for he was a good man, he thought of his God. "I will not be awoken by a new fear," he said to himself, "until I have prepared for him." Having eaten of the bread and goats' milk cheese, and drunk of the little bottle of wine (which, strange to say, had remained unbroken), he reasoned that it would be cowardly to lie down and die, without an effort; and he remembered the goodness of God, and once more fervently 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 walls might be hundreds of feet thick; that they were of excessive hardness, and would soon render blunt both hatchet and knife. The bright hope that had been born with him was darkened by a sudden shadow. For the first time 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 fangs would drive away the wolves of starvation for many a day. A brief rest and he began the task, and toiled faithfully until 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 in the thick ice-walls, closing up the entrance, and thus obtaining a partial shelter from the chilling blasts. And once he heard the firing of guns, and his heart beat wildly within him. He dropped his dull hatchet, crawled to the center 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. His neighbors and friends had come and gone. The ibex was entirely devoured. He had split the bones and sucked 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 had slipped from his hand when he had endeavored to strike a blow, and he was forced to abandon the undertaking. There was nothing left to him now but to die.

Another day passed, and no help came.

He lay crouched in a corner wishing that the end would come, and that swiftly. His eyes were already dimmed 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 swooping down with wing and talon.

It was an unusual contest, and, at length, the animal, driven to desperation, attempted to leap the broad chasm. 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 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 "rain descended, and the floods came," and accomplished more in a single night than his hands could have done in a month. The morning dawned, and he crawled through the wreckage, and found, to his horror, that he was too much crushed, in body and soul, to resume his labors. He crept into the little cavern he had excavated (would it not be in a tomb?), and gave passionate vent to his griefs. Then, after an hour, 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 driven into the crevasses, and blocked up the opening; and with the strength of despair, he began to work. The machine gets out of order on a journey, with a lantern, a grease-box, india-rubber cushions for the iron bar in front of the machine, on which the legs are generally allowed to rest when not in action, and its attractions, has set going along the asphalt pavements.

Ordinary two-wheel velocipedes range in France, according to the completeness of their fittings. *Velocipedes de luxe* mount upon almost to any sum. Three-wheel machines are priced at from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and fifty francs, while smaller sizes, for children, can be purchased for fifty francs.

The same numerous effects, comprise the machine, the wheel, the chain, the sprocket, the chain gets out of order on a journey, with a lantern, a grease-box, india-rubber

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