

The recent death of Mrs. Jacob Moser, of Mosenberg, Nor'hampton county, recalls the frightful week in winter fifty-two years ago, by which the deceased was made a widow. It is a reminiscence of the days when transportation between Philadelphia and Elizabethtown was by Durham boats—a style of craft unknown to this generation.

On Feb. 2, 1828, Jacob Moser,

his wife, Jerome Miller, his brother, Rinaldo Moser, and a cousin named Cortright, were returning in a boat from Philadelphia with a cargo of whisky. Jacob Moser was a portly man of thirty; Miller was the same age, and Rinaldo Moser and Cortright were both of eighteen. Night was approaching when they were caught in violent winds of wind and snow. Unable to make head or tail of where they were, they ran their boat on a small island. As it grew dark the storm increased in fury, and it was bitter cold. People who remembered that night say that it was the most fearful ever known on the river. The mercury was below zero and the wind blew a gale. The storm had commenced with such violence that the four boatsmen were exposed with not a scrap of wood on the island with which a fire could be kindled and nothing to shelter them from the tempest. They attempted to keep warm by running up and down the island, and after an hour's incessant exercise in that way, which rendered but little relief, except the party suggested the rolling of a large jug of whisky from the boat and setting it on fire. This however did not help the freezing crew, with hands red and great difficulty they unloaded the barrels. Then the appalling discovery was made that there was not a nail in the possession of any of the party. In that moment Jacob Moser had a idea. He would not make any further effort to keep warm, and for a long time he lay motionless. His brother dragged him along the island, endeavoring to keep him in circulation, in so far as possible, until the end of the boat went beyond all hope, and then, carrying a frozen corpse between them, while the discovery was made that there were no matches, Jerome Cortright knelt to the head of a whisky barrel in with a stick and let himself into the liquid within. Miller and Rinaldo Moser continued to fight all night long against the terrible cold that assailed them. Waking daylight appeared they were discovered by other boatmen and a rescue party came to their aid. The boat approached the wonderful scene that had kept Rinaldo Moser through the fearful night, deserted him and he fell to the ground unconscious. Jerome Miller, although his hands and face were frozen as white as snow and his feet were so stiff that he could scarcely move, never lost consciousness. Cortright's face and ears were terribly frozen, the nose was red, but the body was not penetrated by the whisky, having time but from his neck down be no imminent blisters; the big lump him.

The true survivors of the awful night and the dead body of his victim were removed to Bristol and subsequently to Mosenberg. Rinaldo Moser's legs were amputated at the thigh, as they were irreversibly frozen, so that he was unable to walk again. He lived, and became one of the most robust men on the river. He took up his residence with his sister-in-law, the widow of Jacob, and for twenty years supported himself and her by ferrying people across the river and by fishing. He became known as "The Captain," and no captain was better known than he was from one end of the river to the other. He was a man of exact knowledge of navigation and of a decided desire to be useful to his country. In a short time he became a successful merchant, and in his old age he was a member of the Delaware River Association. His body was interred at Bristol, October 1856, aged about 80 years.

Jerome Miller and Cortright both

survived, but both met tragic deaths

afterward. Miller was drowned in the Delaware, and some years afterward Cortright was buried to death in New Jersey. Jacob Moser left no issue. One of them was drowned in the Leigh River, and the other, at the same time the other was drowned in the Delaware. The death of his family removes the last survivor of the regularly interred family. She was about 76 years old.

DELINQUENT DESCRIPTIONS.—In Germantown Telegraph recently intimated to some of its delinquent subscribers that it is a matter of vital importance to a publisher that he should possess subscribers due him promptly.

It is nothing new to us in this minister. It is as old as the language themselves.

It has been stated to us that

it appears that the editorial

and publishing business

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