

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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POTTER JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY M. W. McALARNY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no undue respect to any party, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons. ELLIOTT LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 24 and 4th of each month. Hall in the 3d story of the United Block. D. C. LAMAR, Sec.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D., Practitioner of Medicine, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-19

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several courts in Potter county. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

OLMSTED and LARRABEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Penn'a. Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness, and will also attend to the several courts in the adjoining counties. Office in the second story of the Union Block.

ISAAC BENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attend. Court in adjoining county. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridge.

F. W. KNOX, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several courts in Potter county and the adjoining counties.

F. D. RITTER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon would respectfully inform the citizens of Coudersport and vicinity that he has opened an Office in the Coudersport Hotel, and will be ready to attend to all cases of medical or surgical character. Graduated of Buffalo Medical College of 1852. Jan 1 57.

ELLIOTT & THOMPSON, DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Putty, and Fancy articles, Books, all kinds of School and Office Stationery, and all kinds of Household Goods. Jan 1 57.

MILLER & McALARNY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Government, as well as Pension, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c. Address Box 85, Coudersport, Pa. M. McALARNY, J. C. McALARNY.

M. W. McALARNY, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT, 100 South Second Street, Coudersport, Pa. Insurance property against fire in the best companies in the country, and Personal Accidents in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-20

C. H. ARMSTRONG, HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores, Tin and Sheet Iron, Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style. 17-19

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M. H. SIMMONS, MERCHANT—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-20

CHARLES S. JONES, MERCHANT—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

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C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Pa. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads. Potter Journal Job-Office. Having lately added a fine new assortment of JOB TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE, Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania. BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent location, and prepared to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and to furnish them with the best of accommodations, and to give satisfaction to all who may call on him. Feb 12 67

MARBLE WORK, Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by C. Brennan, Residence: Eastside, 1/2 mile south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Shumanizing Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. Feb 12 67

DAN BAKER, PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY, Pension procured for Soldiers of the present war who are injured by means of wounds, or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. L. B. Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Feb 12 67

Itch! Itch! Itch! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! WHEATON'S OINTMENT, Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours! Also cure SALT RHEUM, ELDER'S CHILBLAINS, and all eruptions of the SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 50 cents to WEBER & POTTER, Sole Agents, 120 Washington street, Boston. It will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866. No apothecary will try.

A Woman's Complaint.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place." Yes, it is very easy to talk so easy that we have not unfrequently seen words absorb deeds entirely. Mr. Green quotes the old proverb at you, with appalling distinctness when you have committed the error of putting his slippers under the wrong corner of the sofa; but when you are turning the whole house upside down after the book that he has lost, you would imagine there wasn't such a thing as a proverb in the created world!

Now, this is hardly even-handed justice. Fair play is only reasonable, even if you do happen to be a woman! Why should Mr. Green think himself privileged to grumble at the disorder of the room where you have amused cross children, cut down big trowsers into little ones, patched, mended, and darned all day long, and then look surprised and persecuted because you object to his tossing his newspaper into one corner, and his hat into another, and his book into a third. No, it is not fair! "There is a time for all things." That's what Mr. Green says when you hint that you would like a little relaxation in the way of theater, opera, or concert—or when you ask him, meekly, when he is going to put a drop of oil on the creaking hinges of the parlor door, or sharpen the dull carving knife. Is there? Well, then, when is the time coming for that jaunt to the Catskills that has been promised you ever since you can remember? When is the time coming for the reading aloud of newspapers and interesting extracts from spicy books? When is the time coming for him to set plants and shrubs in the deserted garden, instead of smoking an evening cigar on the front balcony with his heels considerably higher than his head?

"Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire." Mr. Green thinks you can make the old lady poplin answer very well for a year or two longer. It's old fashioned and shabby, and Mr. Green wonders "Why his wife can't look a little more like other people." It is inappropriate to wear on many occasions, and the impracticable Gen "Don't see why you are not ready to go out with him when he asks you. Women never are ready!" Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire, what is the relative effect of broadcloth and cassimere, patent leather boots and diamond rings?

"Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves." "Be a little more economical in your shopping, my dear. Twenty-two cents a yard for calico, when I saw very decent on the Bowery for fifteen. I call that extravagant. Four cents a yard is worth saving." And if you were to try until to-morrow, you could not persuade my lord and master that twenty-two cent calico is actually cheaper for little frocks and sleeved aprons than the elegant article he saw on the Bowery. But as for wearing any thing else but the highest priced hats, or denying himself two pair of kid gloves per month—"My dear, you don't understand these things. A man must go well dressed down town!"

Now, you see, you can't say anything in self-defense, because Mr. Green says "a contentious woman is like a continual dropping on a very rainy day." You can only shut your mouth and crowd back the red hot answers, and wish in your secret heart that all the proverbs your husband has read at his tongues end were not so very applicable to one side of the question. What are all the antique old word dissections good for if they won't work both ways? You never had a nice little play yet, but Mr. Green cut it tender head off with one of these merciless packages of wisdom; and you are a most tempted to wish that poor Richard had never been born, and that Solomon had died before he went into the proverb business.

It is hard to endure; but then, after all, it's rather a consolation to be able to tell your troubles in print. You wonder what Green will say when he reads this article? Of course, though, he will never suspect it is he. Men never know themselves in such a very faithful looking-glass—more's the pity!—*American Phenological Journal*.

Strange Story of a Convict.

The Warren, O., *Chronicle*, of December 26th, has the following strange story: "Ed Day, colored, convicted of burglary at the last term of the court, was taken last week to the Penitentiary, making his third term in that institution. He seems to be an incorrigible fellow, but claims to have been more sinned against than sinning. He claims to be the victim of a merciless set of persecutors—an organized band of thieves and counterfeiters. Our readers will remember that we lately published two instances in which surgeons extracted needles from Day's neck and breast, while in jail awaiting his trial. Four large but thin needles were cut out of his person, and the surgeons say he has a great many more—perhaps fifty—in different parts of his body. But as the needles do not seriously affect him, except when they work to some especially sensitive part, he does not like to have the surgeons operate on him. We were present on one occasion when he was

being examined by a surgeon, and it was easy to observe the locality of needles in his face and neck. When first asked how they came to be in him, he obstinately refused to tell; but taking sick, and thinking perhaps, he had not long to live, he yielded to frequent persuasions to divulge his secret, under condition that it should not be made public until he was out of the way of his persecutors. He claims that his principal business has been to discover the schemes and rascalities of certain parties, and then to blackmail them to keep him from divulging. Some eight or ten years since the Treasurer's office in Ashland county was robbed. Day claims to have been made cognizant of the robbery and employed to carry several thousand dollars to certain parties, but instead of doing so he appropriated the money to his own use. This incensed his confederates that they determined to punish him. He was taken and bound, and while in this helpless condition, hot needles were forced into his flesh, and he was forced to swear eternal secrecy, under a penalty of suffering a like punishment if he did not keep his promise. Two years ago last summer a party of counterfeiters in this place, endeavored to engage him to do some work for them. (Day is a tolerable engraver.) After finding out their plans he refused to do the work, but told them he wanted several hundred dollars hush money. One night he was decoyed into a place on Main street, knocked down, manacled and carried to a certain point on a back street, and put to tortures that would shame the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition. One plan was to tickle the soles of his feet until he would faint under the excruciating agony. After somewhat reviving, hot needles were driven in his body, legs, arms and cheeks. He says he knows the parties, but is afraid to make their names public. How much truth there may be in his story we will not pretend to say. The fact that his body is literally a needle cushion, leads to inference that some forcible means were probably used to place them there.

This strange story of cruelty and wickedness is hard to believe as having occurred in these days; yet there are certain circumstances that in some degree corroborate his statements. Had a sharp, discreet detective obtained the confidence of Day, he might have learned much that would have aided in unearthing this gang of thieves and their nefarious schemes. We have no doubt there are many men at large who are quite as deserving, to say the least, of Day's fate as himself. Although he is probably a thief himself, he is a sort of Ishmael among them. He says he met several members of the gang in the penitentiary, and that he was not free from their hate and persecutions even there, and that the prison keepers were at a loss to know why he was concerned in so many quarrels with the prisoners. He did not dare tell them, because he did not suppose he would be believed. He is more than ordinary sharp; has a good common education, and read law for a while with John M. Langston, of Oberlin. He is a good penman, and says counterfeiters used him to imitate signatures to their bills. He learned the art of engraving no doubt to make his services more valuable in the counterfeiting business. When arraigned before the bar for his late sentence, he made a short speech in his defence, in which some points were made with considerable ability. His attorney, however, did not consider his case defensible, the proof of his having committed burglary being too positive to be evaded. He goes to the penitentiary for three years, but he told the jailor before he left here he did not expect to live through the term. It is hard to realize what there is in life to render it desirable to him.

An Amorous Shoemaker Come to Grief.

We are laughing over an adventure in to which an amorous shoemaker fell. He was not content with the one wife he had taken, but he must needs go poaching on his neighbor's grounds. His neighbor's wife, annoyed by his declarations, told her husband. The latter replied: "We will punish him." They put their heads together to devise some suitable punishment. The evening after his family consultation, the amorous shoemaker (who lived immediately opposite the house painter, whose wife he so love!) seeing the husband called on the wife. He was in higher spirits than ever; he bought an enormous rosegay, made entirely of roses, and was as full of compliments as the could be. The wife said to him, in reply to a question: "My husband has gone to St. Germain to recover a debt of some 200¢." The shoemaker was delighted at the prospect of spending the whole evening with her. Two hours flew away in most delightful conversation. He pressed her to yield; she refused. At last she said: "My greatest objection to you is the horrible odor of leather, which all shoemakers have. Take a bath in my husband's bathing tub, and perhaps, after you smell like other people, I will not be so obstinate as you say I am. The Shoemaker hesitated. He dreaded foul play, but faint heart never won, fair lady—he understood and was soon in the

bath: He had not been in it more than five minutes when loud, quick knocking was heard at the door. The wife screamed, *Mon Dieu!* There is my husband! What will become of us?" The shoemaker was frightened out of his wits, his teeth, chattered, his knees knocked together, he was utterly bewildered with fright. "Come into this wardrobe, quick!" exclaimed the wife. He obeyed instantly. The wife opened the door; the husband entered in a towering fury and violently threw his cap on the floor, exclaiming: "Accursed trip! I have not brought one cent back with me to pay the note of 200¢ due to-morrow. I never in life was in such a bad luck as I am now. Give me something to eat! I am half dead with hunger and thirst." The wife replied, in her softest, sweetest tone, "Here is some cold meat, bread and wine, dear!" The husband seized two knives on the table and sharpened them in such a manner as must have made the poor shoemaker's blood run cold as he crunched in the wardrobe naked, we shivering with fear, and cold, nearer lead than alive. "Wife," continued the husband, "I must sell the wardrobe to-morrow. My friend the shoemaker over the way has long been wanting to buy it. I will carry it to him to-morrow morning." As the husband spoke, he went up to the wardrobe, and after rattling the keys for some time, in which were new terrors to the poor amorous shoemaker, who, doubtless, vowed if he ever got out of this scrape, he would let other men's wives alone. After supper husband and wife went to bed. The next morning at nine o'clock the husband went out to get four porters. They took the wardrobe and carried it over to the shoemaker's family in a state of the greatest consternation. The shoemaker could be found nowhere; the warmest apprehensions were entertained of his fate; his family were in tears. The husband was unable to relieve their anxiety; he had neither seen nor heard of his friend. The shoemaker's wife accepted the wardrobe (which she knew her husband had long desired to purchase), and when the house painter gave her the key she opened the door to examine the condition of her purchase. The instant the door opened a naked man with hair on end, covered with red, bounding forth, knocked down the wife. Her screams, the terror of the porters and the apprentices, were dreadful. Meanwhile, the naked man, evidently beside himself, ran wildly about the shop; his wife, porters and apprentices, flew at him with whatever they could lay hands on, and gave him such a drubbing, until he recovered his senses sufficiently to discover himself. The house painter had prepared the bath with a large quantity of glue, and had thickly "dusted" the inside of the wardrobe with powdered chre, which had been transferred to the poor shoemaker's body during his night's restlessness; while the glue, getting into his hair and drying made his hair seem to stand on end. When the shoemaker's wife found out all these things, she took a broomstick and belabored her husband thoroughly. An immense crowd was assembled in front of their door, (they lived in the Rue St. Antoine), and the poor shoemaker has become so ashamed, he has not since the occurrence dared to show his face in the street.—*Paris Letter*.

AN INHABITANT OF MILWAUKEE STAGE STRUCK.—The Webb sisters recently appeared for the first time in "Griffith's Gaunt" in Milwaukee. The red and yellow posters on all the blank walls announced that an inhabitant of the town, who had never before appeared on any stage, would lend them his assistance for that night only. The excitement was great in Milwaukee. What inhabitant was stage-struck? The theatre was crammed from top to bottom. As the play went on the inhabitant of Milwaukee who had never appeared on any stage was discovered to be a pig!

Fred. Douglas said, at the Equal Rights Convention, that a few years ago the only luxury he enjoyed was a whole seat in the car. Even that luxury he didn't have now. The other night he was riding, muffled in a blanket, when somebody asked him for half of his seat. He stuck out his head and says he, "I'm a nigger." "I don't care who the devil you are; I want a seat." The people are conquering their prejudices.

THE BRUTE.—A Chicago reporter, describing a masked ball, remarks: "If there are prettier women than blondes, they are brunettes. Cleopatra was a brunette. Brunette was a brunette. Rachel was a brunette and so is Miss L. If one wants a flirt, take a brunette; if one wants a cook, take a blonde. If one wants a wife take neither."

The removal from office since July last are stated at 445, out of 2434 appointments. The nominations sent to the Senate were 247, only five of which have been acted on. Of 197 removals in the Post Office Department, 120 were for political reasons.

Rights of Married Women.

A case that has a double interest for one class of travellers was tried in the Supreme Court of New York city a few days ago. It grew out of an action brought by a Mrs. Rawson against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to recover the value of certain baggage destroyed whilst in transit over the road of that company. The case had been once tried in an inferior Court, where the jury rendered a verdict for \$3,995 10 damages, and it was taken up to the Supreme Court on an appeal from that judgment. There were two trunks destroyed in September, 1864, containing clothing, jewelry and other articles, claimed to be the full value of the sum given by the jury in their verdict. An interesting feature of the case was that it not only involved the rights of travellers on railroads in this state, but it also involved the rights of married women. The defence seemed to be based mainly on two points: first, that the ticket given to this lady had printed on it a limitation which restricted the passenger to 80 pounds of baggage and of a value not exceeding \$100, unless upon notice given and an extra amount paid for the luggage at double first class freights; and second, that the property in the trunks was the gift of the husband and remained his property at common law; that he, therefore, should be plaintiff, and that Mrs. Rawson, his wife, had no standing in court. So far as the first point is concerned, the Supreme Court reaffirmed what we have frequently published in these columns as the law on the subject, namely, that a railway company account, by any notice placed on a ticket or elsewhere, even where such notice is brought to the knowledge of those whose persons or property it undertakes to carry, avoid its responsibility as a common carrier for the safe conveyance of what is entrusted to it for transportation, or limits its responsibility by any such notice. Passengers may waive their rights by positive contracts for a valuable consideration, but these rights cannot be taken away by the mere printing of words upon tickets.

A MILLION DEATHS FROM FAMINE IN EASTERN INDIA.—Under the above startling heading the "Friend of India" of Nov. 29, has the following: "Mr. T. Ravenshaw, Commissioner of Orissa, has sent the Bengal Government a report of the famine in that Province. Never has so heart-rending a picture been drawn. An official whose bias, if it exists, must lead him to tone down the horrible facts, estimates the loss of life from want of food and its consequences at from 500,000, to 600,000, and in some places at three-fourths of the whole population. This among the four and a half millions of Orissa alone, where the official reports show the deaths to be still going on at the rate of 150 a day. The mortality was not less severe proportionately in the adjoining district of Ajmerpore, with its population of more than half a million of people, the calamity was comparatively light, but famine, disease and debility swept away thousands. The same is true of Chota Nagpore. We have a reliable record of the deaths of paupers from famine-stricken districts in Calcutta. Add to all these mortality in the other districts of Bengal from Saugor Island to Patna and the borders of Nepal, and we have a record of the loss of life which exceeds in horror and extent that of any one of the six great droughts of India during the last century. Before the destroying angel takes its final flight the tale will have mounted up beyond a million known deaths."

Some time since it was announced that a man at Titusville, Pa., committed suicide for the reason that he had discovered he was his own grandfather. Leaving a dying statement, explaining the singular circumstance, we will not attempt to unravel but give his explanation of the mixed up condition of his kinsfolk in his own words. He says: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i. e., my step-daughter, also had a son; he was of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grand-child, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather." That this was a strange condition of things it must be confessed, but we can see no possible reason why it should cause a man to commit suicide.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

Encounter with an Iceberg.

Dr. Hays, in his new work, "The open Polar Sea," thus relates a dangerous encounter with an iceberg: "Giving too little heed to currents, we were eagerly watching the indication of the wind which appeared at the south, and hoping for a breeze, when it was discovered that the tide had changed and was stealthily setting us upon a nest of bergs which lay to leeward. One of them was of that description known among the crew by the significant title of 'touch-me-not,' and presented that jagged, honey-combed appearance indicative of great age. They are unpleasant neighbors. The least disturbance of their equilibrium may cause the whole mass to crumble to pieces, and we be unto the unlucky vessel that is caught in the dissolution.

"In such a trap it seemed, however, that we stood a fair chance of being ensnared. The current was carrying us along at an uncomfortably rapid rate. A boat was lowered as quickly as possible to run out a line to a berg which lay grounded about a hundred yards from us. While this was being done, we grized the side of a berg which rose a hundred feet above our topsides, then slipped past another of smaller dimensions. By pushing against them with our ice-poles we changed somewhat the course of the schooner; but when we thought that we were steering clear of the mass which we so much dreaded, an eddy changed the direction of our drift, and carried us almost broadside upon it.

"The schooner struck on the starboard quarter, and the shock, slight though it was, disengaged some fragments of ice that were large enough to have crushed the vessel had they struck her, and also many little lumps which rattled about us; but fortunately no person was hit. The quarter deck was quickly cleared, and all hands crowding forward anxiously watched the boat. The berg now began to revolve, and I was settling slowly over us; the little lumps fell thicker and faster upon the after-deck, and the fore-castle was the only place where there was the least chance of safety.

"At length the berg itself saved us from destruction. An immense mass broke off from that part which was beneath the surface of the sea, and this a dozen times larger than the schooner, came rushing up within a few yards of us, sending a vast volume of foam and water flying from its sides. This rupture arrested the revolution, and the berg began to settle in the opposite direction. And now came another danger. A long tongue was protruding immediately underneath the schooner; already the keel was slipping and grinding upon it, and it seemed probable that we should be knocked up in the air like a foot ball, or at least capsized. The side of our enemy soon leaped from us, and we were in no danger from the worse than hailstone showers which had driven us forward; so we sprang to the ice-poles and exerted our strength in endeavoring to push the vessel off. There were no idle hands. Danger respects not the dignity of the quarter-deck.

"After we had fatigued ourselves at this hard labor without any useful result the berg came again to our relief. A loud report first startled us; another and another followed in quick succession, until the noise grew deafening and the whole air seemed a reservoir of frightful sounds. The opposite side of the berg had split off, pieces after piece, tumbling a vast volume of ice into the sea, and sending the berg revolving back upon us. This time the movement was quicker; fragments began again to fall, and I already sufficiently startled by the alarming dissolution which had taken place, were in momentary expectation of seeing the whole side nearest to us break loose and crush bodily upon the schooner, in which event she would inevitably be carried down beneath it, as helplessly doomed as a shepherd's hut beneath an Alpine avalanche.

"By this time, Dodge, who had charge of the boat, had succeeded in planting an ice-anchor, and attaching his rope, and greeted us with the welcome sight 'Hail in.' We pulled for our lives, long and stealthily. Seconds seemed minutes as I minutes hours. At length we began to move off. Slowly and steadily sank the berg behind us, carrying away the main boom and grazing hard against the quarter. But we were safe. Twenty yards away, and the disruption occurred which we had all so much dreaded. The side nearest to us now split off, and came plunging wildly down into the sea, sending over us a shower of spray, raising a swell which set us rocking to and fro as if in a gale of wind, and left us grinding in the debris of the crumbling ruin.

"At last we succeeded in extricating ourselves and were far enough away to look back calmly upon the object of our terror. It was still rocking and rolling like a thing of life. At each revolution fresh masses were disengaged; and as its sides came up in long sweeps, great cascades tumbled and leaped from them hissing into the foaming sea. After several hours it settled down into quietude, a mere fragment of its former greatness, while the pieces that were broken it floated quietly away with the tide.