

Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1856.

VOL. 29, NO 14

SUPERIOR TEAS
In the Original Half Chests.
IN BOXES, OF 6 AND 12 POUNDS, AND IN METALLIC PACKAGES OF 1, 1.2 & 4 POUNDS.
FOR SALE BY
JENKINS & CO.,
(ORIGINAL INVENTORS OF THE METALLIC TEA PACK.)
Wholesale Dealers in Tea Only
N. W. COR. OF MARKET & NINTH STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Teas in Metallic Packs put up in Half Chests, containing a variety of black and green, to suit buyers.
Printed Lists of Prices, Terms, &c., furnished by mail to all who order them.
All Teas warranted to please, or no sale. One and the same price and terms for all, and one only.
Half Chests of Black contain about 35 pounds, and Green, about 50 pounds each.
Feb. 29, 1856. c

WHO WANTS A FARM!

To those who wish farms—to have fertile land at a cheap price, and on easy terms, your attention is called to the Ridgeway Farm and Coal Company. Twenty-five acres or more in proportion are given for \$200, payable in installments of \$1 per week, or \$4 per month. It is located in Elk county, Penna., and has one of the best markets for its produce in the State. The soil is a rich loam, and is not to be surpassed for farming; an examination will show. It has the best elements of prosperity, being underlaid by two rich veins of coal, and will shortly be intersected by four railroads. The number is the most valuable kind. Title unexceptionably good, and watered deeds are given. It presents a good and substantial opportunity to commence farming, providing for the children, or making an investment. Further particulars can be had from the pamphlets which are sent to inquirers. Letters answered promptly. Apply or address Saml. W. Catell, Secretary, 135 Walnut street, north side, between 4th and 5th streets, Phila. Full information is contained in the pamphlets.
Feb. 29, 1856-3 m.

TANNERY FOR RENT.

THE subscriber wishes to rent his Tan- nery and Saw Mill, situated in St. Clair Township 2 miles north of Schellburg, to any person wishing to engage in the tanning business. This property will be a very profitable and desirable one, as bark is very abundant and cheap.
The Saw Mill is in fine running condition and will pay well. There is attached to the Tannery a good dwelling House, Stable and other out buildings, with running water at the door, and 6 acres of land.
The Tannery has a One horse breaking machine, 16 lay-a-way vats, two times 2 hatches, 4 leeches, and pool.
Any one wishing to rent, will please call on the subscriber living on the premises. Terms easy and possession given the 1st day of April.
ABRAHAM DENNISON.
Feb. 29, 1856.

PUBLIC SALE

OF a School House in Napier Township near Andrew Hornes and others, to be sold at Public Sale on Saturday the 22d day of March inst. One third of the purchase money in hand at the conclusion of the Sale, one third in six months, and the remaining one third in one year.
By order of the School Directors,
J. W. HULL, C. WHEATSTONE, WM. ROCK, HENRY ALBAUGH, P. KINSEY, J. R. MOWRY,
March 7, 1856.

LOOK OUT AND SAVE COSTS.
FINE Books and Notes of Peter Raabe, and are left in my hands for collection. Persons would do well to call and settle at once or costs will be added to them.
SAMUEL RADEBAUGH,
March 14, 1856-1c.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.
LETTERS of Administration have been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Daniel W. Blackburn, late of St. Clair Township, dead. All persons indebted to said estate are noted to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against it are requested to make known the same without delay to the subscriber living at Pleasantville in St. Clair Township.
SAMUEL BLACKBURN.
Feb. 29, 1856-1

SETTLE UP.

THE subscriber, having disposed of his Store in Bedford, is desirous of closing up his accounts. All persons indebted to him are requested to settle up immediately. His books will be in the hands of Mr. Job M. Shoemaker, till first July next.
He is thankful to his friends for the very generous support they have afforded him since his commencement in this place and cordially recommends Mr. Job M. Shoemaker, as a young man of good business habits, of strict honesty, capacity and integrity, and who will not fail to give general satisfaction to my customers and the public.
ELIAS M. FISHER.
March 14, 1856-3 m.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

Collectors of the Poor Taxes are notified that Recollections will issue at once against all delinquent collectors of '54 and previous years, for balances remaining after the 15th of March next, and on the collectors for 1855 just as soon as their 15 months have expired. By order of the Directors,
GEO. W. BLYMIRE, Treasurer.
Feb. 29, 1856.

PUBLIC SALE OF 1700 ACRES of Valuable Broad Top Coal and IRON ORE LAND, AND ONE HUNDRED TOWN LOTS IN THE TOWN OF COALMONT.

A PUBLIC AUCTION
WILL be held at Coalmont, Huntingdon County on the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad, on **WEDNESDAY 15TH DAY OF APRIL**, next, when and where the following lands will be sold:
LANDS IN TOWNSHIP, HUNTINGDON CO.
One hundred choice building Lots in the town of Coalmont, each 63 by 150 feet.
A valuable tract of Coal Land, situated on the Fork of Sherr's Run, adjoining Coalmont, containing about 350 acres, more or less. It is composed of five surveys, part of Benjamin Pen, Nathan Lavering, J. S. Stewart, Evans & Hamilton, Evans, Hamilton and Anderson. It has five coal openings. It is the first coal land reached by the railroad, and is only 27 miles from the Pennsylvania Rail Road at Huntingdon.

A tract of Coal Land situated on Trough Creek and Sharp's Run, near Broad Top City, adjoining lands of Jesse Cook, John McCauley, and Broadtop Improvement Company, known as the "Roads Tract," containing about 104 acres, more or less.
A tract of Coal Land, situated on Trough Creek, adjoining lands of Broadtop Improvement Company, E. L. Anderson, Hone's heirs and others, known as the "Shoemaker Tract," containing 471 acres, with allowance.
This tract can be mined on the eastern slope of Broadtop.

LANDS IN BROADTOP TP., BEDFORD CO.
A tract of Coal and Ore Land, situated on 6 mile Run, near rail-road, adjoining lands of Curman's heirs, A. A. Duvall, Thomas I. Horton, and Septimus Foster; known as the "John Horton Tract," containing about 107 acres, more or less.
A tract of Coal and Iron Ore Land, surveyed on Sandy Run, about three miles from Hopewell, adjoining lands of John N. Lane's heirs, Richard D. Wood, and John Dorever, containing 289 acres with allowance.
A small tract of Coal Land, near the shore tract, adjoining lands of Samuel Pleasant and Jacob Smith, containing about 15 acres.

LANDS IN WELLS TP., FULTON CO.
A tract of Coal and Ore Land, in name of William Gray, on Rays Hill, adjoining lands of the Broadtop Improvement Company, and James Patton, containing 55 acres.
A tract of Ore and Timber Land, in the name of Abraham Wright, adjoining the above tract, containing 150 acres, and partly in the name of Hog Valley, about 6 miles from Hopewell, containing 245 acres.

All the above tracts of coal land are supposed to contain the famous "Cork Vein." They will be sold according to best measurement. For more particular information apply to Levi Evans, Esq., Coalmont, Wm. Foster, Broadtop, and Thomas W. Horton, Esq., Hopewell.
The subscriber will be at Coalmont for two days previous to the day of sale, and will exhibit a connected draft of the whole Broadtop coal field, and separate drafts of the tracts offered for sale.
All tracts and lots remaining unsold (if any) on the day of sale, will be offered at private sale on the day following.
Terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale.

The passenger train leaves Huntingdon for Coalmont daily, at 8 a. m. & 2 p. m.—Returning at 12 m. & 4 p. m.
WM. P. SCHELL.
March 21, 1856.

DRUGS, BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

DR. F. C. REAMER,
Bedford, Pa.
HAVING purchased the Drug and Book Store of Dr. S. D. Scott, has constantly on hand, at the old stand, a large and well selected stock of choice Drugs and Medicines, wholesale and retail, all of which will be sold at fair terms. The assortment consists in part of Drugs and Chemicals, Dye Woods and dyes, Paints and Oils, Window Glass and Glass Ware, Tobacco and Segars, Perfumery, Fancy articles, &c., &c.
Patent Medicines.—Having the regular agency for the sale of all of these medicines, the public are assured that they are of the best, such as have stood the test of time and experience, and can be safely recommended as genuine. Also a great variety of **FRANCY'S STATIONERY**, Cap, Post and wrapping paper of every quality, Paper Hangings in great variety. Window Blinds in patterns or by the piece. Wall Paper, Steel and Fancy Goods.
BLANK BOOKS of every size and quality. Pocket Books and Port Monies, Diaries, Blank Books and Mortgages, gold Pens and Pencils, Combs, Brushes, Perfumery in great variety, Soap, &c., &c.
Lamps, and Camphine Oil and Burnin' Fluid, kept constantly on hand.
CHOICE LIQUORS for medicinal use; Wolff's Sarsaparilla, Schnapps, Gin, Port, Sherry and Madeira Wine, &c., &c.
Aug. 15, 1854-1c.

IMPORTANT TO MILL OWNERS!

WOODWARD'S Improved Smit and Screws for Mill Machines, Mill Bushes, Bolting Cloths and Bran Dusters, of the most improved plan; Mill Screws, Bars and Cob Grinders, Patent Bridges for Mill Spindles, Portable Mills, warranted to grind ten bushels per hour, Mill Irons and Mill Burrs made to order. Also, Stover's Patent Corn Mill and Grain Dryer—a valuable invention. The above articles are kept constantly on hand, and can be obtained at any time, from **A. D. BROADBENT**, at Schellburg, Bedford County, who is also agent for Bedford, Somerset, and adjoining counties.
Millwright work done at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
February 13, 1856.
MCCORMICK'S Resper and Mower for sale by **M. B. BROADBENT**, at Schellburg, Pa., agent for Blair and Bedford counties, February 13, 1856.

COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE LIVES LOST!
Nine Days of Horror in an Open Boat.
ONLY ONE SURVIVOR.

On the 20th of February the packet-ship John Rutledge, Capt. Kelly, of New-York, while on her voyage from Liverpool to this port, struck upon an iceberg and sank, with the mate, carpenter, and 30 to 35 passengers on board. Our information in regard to this disaster is derived from the only known survivor, Thomas W. Nye of New-Bedford. So far as we have been able to learn, the following narrative contains all of the facts in the case:

The packet-ship John Rutledge left Liverpool on the 16th of January, with 120 passengers, and a crew of officers and men numbering all told, 16 persons. During the passage she encountered severe weather. One of her crew was washed off the bowsprit, and a male passenger was carried through the bulwarks by a heavy sea and drowned. On the 20th of February the John Rutledge was struck by an iceberg, and went down. From the log-book of the mate, which was saved in the boat with the boy Nye, we extract the following entries:

"Monday, 18th February—8 a. m., thick, foggy, with drizzly rain. Middle and latter part, strong breezes and rainy. Passed several icebergs on both sides. I passed one within ten feet of the weather side. Lat. dead reckoning, 45 deg. 34 min. N., lon. D. R., 46 deg. 56 min. W."

"Tuesday, 19th. p. m.—Follows with light winds and hazy. The vessel was surrounded with icebergs, it being very difficult to steer clear of them. At 8 saw a large field of ice ahead; tried to steer clear of it, but there being little wind it got down to the ship before we could get past it, and the wind dying away, we could not steer clear. At 11 the ship was completely wedged in with drift-ice and very large icebergs in all directions, and the breeze springing right aft, there was no alternative but to proceed through it. The further we got in the thicker the ice got, and the greater the number of icebergs. Midnight, light winds and the ship making very little headway through the ice. 4, morning, the same. 8, steady breeze, and the ship making more headway. Passed some very large bergs. At 9 the "

Here the log abruptly terminates. From this we infer that the collision with the iceberg took place between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of the 20th of February. And it would seem that the mate was writing up his log when the fatal shock occurred. The ship was abandoned about six o'clock the same evening. Before leaving his vessel, Capt. Kelly, finding that she leaked badly, manned the pumps with passengers and seamen; and as the leak continued to gain upon her, had about 100 bags of salt and a number of crates of crockery broken out of the fore hold and thrown overboard. Getting clear of the ice soon after, it was discovered that a plank was started from the forefoot, and an attempt was made to stuff the leak with blankets and rags. It appears that this was not very successful, as the captain subsequently decided to abandon the vessel. There were five large boats on board in which 134 persons were to be saved. How the captain bore himself at this time we could not learn, as the survivor lies in a very critical situation, and we could not question him closely. We only know that four boats put off before that in which Nye was. The captain's boat was the only one of the four which had a compass. How Capt. Kelly distributed the provisions and season we could not learn. The last boat which left the ship contained only thirteen persons. It appears that Atkinson's mate, put his wife into this boat, and with the carpenter, went to sound the pumps. While they were gone the boat was struck by a heavy sea, which broke her from her fastenings, and she rapidly drifted from the ship leaving the mate and carpenter, with from thirty to thirty-five of the passengers, on board. When last seen the ship was down to her mizzen chains in the water and from the character of her cargo, salt and crockery—she probably went down in a short time afterward. Of the thirteen persons in the last boat, there were four women, one little girl, five male passengers, Mr. Nye, a Scotch sailor, and the boatswain, an Irishman, whose wife resides in New-York. For the subsistence of these people there was only one gallon of water and six or eight pounds of bread. The mate had placed a compass in the boat, but his wife, in leaping from the ship, had bro-

ken it. Cast thus helplessly upon the open sea, among the fogs and mists of the Banks of Newfoundland, and surrounded by drift and berg ice, their prospect could hardly have been more gloomy. Soon after the boat broke adrift, night came on—how it passed may be imagined. From what we could learn, but little was said by any one, and probably all of them soon came to a realizing sense of their dreadful situation for as soon as Mrs. Atkinson entered the boat she seized the vessel containing the water, and being a large robust woman, fought off all who attempted to obtain a drink from it. Nye got only two or three sallows; the rest was drank by herself and the boatswain. What disposition was made of the bread does not appear. The probability is that there was no organization whatever among the little party, but every one looked out for himself. Having no compass, nor sign by which to steer, they did not exert themselves, other than to keep the boat before the sea. The sailors were warmly clothed, as was also Mr. Atkinson; but the passengers, for the most part, were very scantily attired and suffered keenly from the cold. Day after day only dawned to raise their spirits anew with hopes of success, which the long and dreary nights turned to the bitterness of despair. Thus time passed until the third day, when one of the little band, a man whose clothes were quite too thin to shield him from the bleak weather, sank under the combined effects of cold and hunger, and his body was committed to deep. Then a woman in the arms of her husband and little daughter, and her corpse was also silently dropped into the sea. The fourth day came, and with it the same angry sea, the same leaden sky—no ray of hope anywhere visible. The cold was so intense that it almost froze the marrow, and not a drop of water could be obtained, while only a small quantity of food remained. Human nature could not bear up much longer against this exposure and privation, when, just as they were about to give up all hope, the wind lulled, and led a big horse in sight. "She was not very far off," and they pulled for her with might and main. Signals were also made. For some time they seemed to gain upon her, but she did not see them and the wind freshening, she was soon out of sight. With her went all hope. A burning thirst soon fell upon all of them, and needless of young Nye's earnest appeals, they fell to drinking salt water. This only increased their thirst, and they drank eagerly and repeatedly of the fatal fluid. What followed is the old story of delirium and death.

One by one they grew mad and madder besought each other to kill them: then they dreamed of sitting at sumptuous feasts, and spoke of the rare dainties which mocked their grasp; of the delicious beverages, which they in vain essayed to quaff. At length worn out with the intensity of their physical and mental sufferings; they grew more subdued, their laggard features became rigid, their wild eyes assumed a glassy look, and their shrunken forms seemed gradually to subside—the next lurch of the boat tumbled them off the seats dead! Such were the sights which young Nye witnessed daily. As they died, he threw their bodies into the sea, as long as his strength lasted. He says that although his thirst was of the most agonizing character, he not only wanted his fellow sufferers against drinking salt water, but showed them how he obtained relief by simply rinsing his mouth occasionally. They were hopeless and desperate, and would not listen to him. The boatswain grew delirious, and died within twelve hours after drinking it. In his delirium he was most violent: He attempted to throw the oars over board, and did not succeed in throwing over the bucket with which they bailed out of the boat. Nye did his best to quiet him and stop him from drinking more sea water; but he struck him a severe blow upon the chin, inflicting a wound which has not yet healed up. Mrs. Atkinson was also very violent, and being of a strong constitution, it was a long time before she expired. Our informant's recollection of events which occurred about this time is very indistinct. But, from what could gather, on the sixth day there were only himself, a small woman wrapped up in two blankets, and the little girl alive in the boat. Before sunset the child died, and on the day following the woman breathed her last. He had strength enough to throw the body of the child overboard but that of the woman, together with the bodies of three others, was so coiled up under the thwart that he was unable to extricate them. Feeling a strong sense of drowsiness creeping over him, he fastened a red shirt and a white shirt to an oar, and hoisted it to attract any passing vessel; he coiled himself up in the stern of the boat and dozed away the hours. Occasionally he

would rouse himself, and bale out the boat, and then lay down again. He did not sleep the time passed in a kind of waking vision. Occasionally he felt light-headed—and began to dream of being at home in New-Bedford with his family. Fearing that he too might be delirious, he fought against these influences, and kept himself awake by various means. At first the sight of his ghastly companions caused him much distress, and his mind became oppressed with gloomy forebodings. He resolved to shake these feelings off and hope for help even to the last, thinking it better to go to the next world with all his senses about him than to die a raving maniac. Thus resolved, he bore up bravely to the end. On the 23rd of February a ship bore in sight of the lonely boy. He says that he saw her before those on board discovered him, and he was "sure from the first that they would pick him up. That vessel was the packet ship Germania, Capt. Wood, from Harre, bound to New-York. When Capt. Wood descried the solitary boat, he ordered one of his own quarterboats to be lowered, and sent an officer to see what it contained. At they approached him poor Nye groined—"For Jesus Christ's sake, take me out of this boat." They did take him out, with womanly tenderness, and with the boat and his fearful load in tow, rowed back to the ship. The young sailor was quickly transferred to the comfortable cabin of the Germania, and his little companions, already far gone in decomposition, were thrown into the sea. The boat was half full of water, and the bodies washing about in it had covered the seats and sides with blood. It is a wooden life-boat, about 25 feet long. After being thoroughly cleaned, it was hoisted on board and brought into port.

Under any other treatment than which he received on board the Germania, young Nye would not have lived to see his home again. But Capt. Wood and his lady took him into the cabin and nursed him with parental tenderness. His feet were softened with salt-water, and so badly frosted that they were nearly black. They were washed with brandy, and he was given some food and liquors in infinitesimal quantities at first, until his stomach became accustomed to the changes; but now he can eat quite heartily. His mind is still bewildered at times, more especially when the scenes through which he has so recently passed are recalled; he has an almost infantile fondness for those who wait upon him, and can scarcely bear them to be for a moment out of his sight. Yesterday a companion of his childhood, who is clerk in a store in this city, went to him, and will stay with him and accompany him home to New-Bedford.

We were informed that Capt. Wood is personally acquainted with the family of his protegee. The lad is 19 years of age, of olive complexion, thin and of wiry make, with black hair and eyes, and rather tall. He has just entered upon the sea, and has had an experience that will last him through life.

Of the other boats of the John Rutledge no tidings have been received. Nye thinks that those were as badly off as he was, if not worse, and entertains but little hope that any of them would be picked up. As before observed, only the Captain's boat was furnished with a compass, and it is probable that all of them were poorly provided with food and water. The survivor believes that with plenty of those the majority of the people in his boat could have endured the cold until they were picked up. The Germania kept a strict look-out for the other boats, and laid to during the night, hoping to fall in with some of them. Failing to do so, she bore away to the south-west with the same object. That morning a heavy snow storm came up and obscured the view. A bark came out of the ice at the same time as the Germania, and it is thought to be not improbable that she picked up some of the boats. It is probable that she picked up some of the boats. It is probable that she picked up some of the boats.

The John Rutledge was owned by Howland & Ridgeway. She was built in 1851, at Baltimore, and was 1,008 tons burden. Insurance men say that she was a cranky ship upon which they did not like to insure; we have been unable to obtain the names of a single passenger. Her captain is a Cape Cod man. The mate, Atkinson, belongs to Philadelphia. It is a singular fact that one of the owners of this ship Mr. Ridgeway is one of the passengers on the unfortunate steamship Pacific.

MAIL ROBBERY ANECDOTE.

In the early annals of our country, says Mr. Holbrook in "Ten Years, among the Mailbags," many instances of mail robbery are found some of which occasioned the display of great intrepidity and daring, as the perusal of the following will show:
While the country was yet thinly settled, and the mails were transported on horseback, or in different kinds of vehicles, from the gig to the stage coach, often through extensive forests, which afforded every facility for robbery, the office of the stage driver or mail carrier was no sinecure. Resolute men were required for this service, who on an emergency could handle a pistol as well as a whip.

Some thirty or forty years a mail coach ran in the northern part of the State of New York, through the famous Chateaugay woods. The forest was many miles in extent, and common fame and many legends gave it the reputation of a noted place for freebooters and highwaymen.
One morning the stage driver on his route had occasion to examine his pistols, and found that instead of the usual charge, they were loaded with wheat bran! A daring villain had through an accomplice, thus disarmed the driver, preparatory to waylaying him. He drew the charges, cleaned the weapons, and carefully loaded them with powder and ball.

That afternoon he mounted his stage for his drive through the Chateaugay woods. "There was not a passenger in the vehicle." Whistling as he went he "cracked up" his leaders and drove into the forest. Just about the centre of the woods a man sprang out from behind a tree and seized the horses by the bit.

"I say, driver," said the footpad with consummate coolness, "I want to take a look at that mail."
"Yes you do, no doubt, want to overhaul my mail," replies the driver, "but I can't be so free unless you show me your commission. I'm driver here, and I never give up my mails except to one regularly authorized."

"Oh, you don't eh? Well here's my authority," showing the butt of a large pistol partly concealed in his bosom.
"Now dismount and bear a hand, my fine fellow, for you see I've got the documents about me."
"Yes, and so've I, says the driver, instantly leveling his own trusty weapon at the highwayman.

"O, you won't hurt nobody, I guess—I've seen boys playing seeger before now—'Just drop those reins,' says the keeper of Uncle Sam's mail bags, 'or take the consequences.'
"O, now you're joking, my fine lad—'But come, look alive, for I'm in a hurry; it is nearly night."

A sharp report echoed through the forest, and the disciple of Dick Turpin lay stretched upon the ground. One groan and all was over. The ball had entered his temple.
The driver lifted the body into the coach, drove to the next stopping place, related the circumstances, and gave himself up—A brief examination before a magistrate resulted in his acquittal, and highwaymen about Chateaugay woods learned that pistols might be dangerous weapons, even if they were loaded with wheat bran, provided they were in the hands of one who know how to use them.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when the pale yesterdays look beautiful, through the shadows and faces changed long ago, smiling sweetly again in the bush; when one remembers the old folks at home, and the old fashioned fire, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was transplanted.

The ledger closes with a crash, the iron doored trunks come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, clack goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and the business man breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week, gently closes behind him, the world is shut out.

Shut out! Shut in, rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.
Maybe you are a bachelor, forty and frosty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you're nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue eyed or black eyed, but above all true eyed—get a little home, no matter how little, and a little peace, just to hold two or Geo. and a little in it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up; the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step, homeward bound.

"Saturday night," feebly utters the languishing, as she turns wearily upon her couch, "and there is another to come."
"Saturday night at last!" whispers the weeping above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow."

REDUCING A SWELLING.

The case we are about to relate happened in the practice of an old physician of our acquaintance. It illustrates the ludicrous manner the power of the imagination has in conjuring up phantoms of disease, which vanish into the air when the truth becomes known.

Deacon B—— was a very good man, and a very fair farmer. Being constitutionally sensitive to the cold, it was his custom in cold weather to wear two pairs of thick woolen stockings at the same time, having of course two stockings on each foot.

One day he was startled on putting on his second foot, to discover that it was quite impossible to get it on. This was the more remarkable since he had found no difficulty in getting on the other. In alarm he pulled off the first, and perceived at once that one foot appeared much smaller than the other.

To an apprehensive man like Deacon B. this was sufficiently alarming.
He concluded at once that he had been bitten in the foot, perhaps by a rattlesnake, and this was the cause of its swelling so frightfully.

"Run quick for the doctor," said he, groaning with apprehension. "I am afraid it's all over with me. Tell him to come immediately. It is a matter of life and death."

Catching her husband's alarm, the good wife hastened with all speed to the doctor, and told him that her poor husband was in a dreadful state, and might not be alive when they got back.
Of course the doctor made all haste to the deacon's dwelling, and on arriving there found the poor man surveying his doomed limb in a most woe-begone manner.

"Doctor," said he, "I have sent for you, though I don't expect you can do me much much good. I'm afraid it is all over with me."
"What's the matter?" inquired the doctor.

"Just look at that foot, doctor. See how it is swollen. It is nearly twice as large as the other, and it's keeping on swelling. While my wife was gone I have watched it grow larger."

This was undoubtedly a figment of the Deacon's imagination, for certainly the limb was not a particle larger than it was when his wife departed.

"He pressed upon the swelled limb, and thought it felt rather peculiar."

"I can form no opinion of it until the stockings are stripped off."

He accordingly proceeded with great care to pull off the first stocking.

"I always wear two," exclaimed the deacon, as he marked the doctor's look of surprise.

"And how many more?" queried the latter, as after taking off two, one was found remaining.

A light flashed across the Deacon's darkened mind, as smatching the limb from the doctor, he hastily proceeded to undress the other foot.

It was as he anticipated. The two pairs of stockings had been unequally distributed—one had been placed on one foot and three on the other. Hence the increased size of the latter.

The good man was so elated at this wonderful escape from danger that he ordered up a bottle of his best currant wine, in which he drank so many healths that he became a little oblivious.

A fellow out west being asked what made him bald, replied that the girls pulled his hair out, pulling him into the windows.
"Old age is coming on me rapidly," as the uplain said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming furiously with a cowhide in his hand.
"The Welsh have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fires in the morning."
An Englishman paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness—a dirty urchin, but wit, said—"My honey, all the poison you have is on your toes, and I give it to you."