The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.'---Euripides.

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The Examiner

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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 3d day, 6h. 23m., morn., E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 6h. 59m. even., S.
Full Moon, 18th day, 7h. 38m., even., S. E.
Last Quarter, 25th day 10h. 21m. even., N. E

D. M.	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun fast of clock	Moon rises	High Water	Day's Length
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Wed	7 28	4 10	0 41	4 44	9 8	8 42
2	Thur	29	10	0 18	5 59	10 2	41
3	Fri	31	10	9 54	sets	10 55	39
4	Sat	32	10	9 30	5 45	11 44	38
5	Sun	33	4 10	9 5	6 42	morn	8 37
6	Mon	35	9	8 39	7 42	0 33	34
7	Tues	36	9	8 13	8 43	1 22	33
8	Wed	37	9	7 47	9 50	2 10	32
9	Thur	38	9	7 20	10 52	2 57	31
10	Fri	39	9	6 52	11 51	3 44	30
11	Sat	40	9	6 25	morn	4 33	29
12	Sun	7 41	4 9	5 57	0 50	5 22	8 28
13	Mon	42	9	5 28	1 52	6 11	27
14	Tues	43	9	5 0	2 42	7 2	26
15	Wed	45	9	4 31	3 32	7 52	25
16	Thur	46	10	4 2	4 40	8 41	25
17	Fri	46	10	3 32	5 38	9 28	25
18	Sat	47	10	3 3	rises	10 14	24
19	Sun	7 47	4 10	2 33	5 17	11 1	8 24
20	Mon	48	11	2 3	6 16	11 45	24
21	Tues	48	11	1 33	7 20	even.	24
22	Wed	48	12	1 3	8 25	1 20	24
23	Thur	48	12	0 33	9 40	2 9	24
24	Fri	48	13	slow 10	50	2 57	25
25	Sat	48	13	0 25	morn	3 48	25
26	Sun	48	4 14	0 56	0 2	4 42	8 26
27	Mon	48	15	1 26	1 15	5 41	27
28	Tues	48	16	1 55	2 28	6 42	28
29	Wed	7 48	17	2 25	3 40	7 44	29
30	Thurs	48	18	2 54	4 40	8 46	30
31	Fri	48	18	3 23	6 12	9 43	30

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
DUNNS BLOCK,
QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.
June 28, 1868.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Great George Street,
Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866 tf.

A. McNEILL,
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, - - - P. I.
May 31, 1869. tf

Direct from Bordeaux, via Halifax
THE Subscriber has just received from Bordeaux via Halifax,—
50 cases Cognac BRANDY.
50 " CHAMPAGNE
5 hhds Burgundy RED WINE.
5 " Good Grave White WINE.
5 " Pure White Wine VINEGAR.
All of which are offered for sale at extremely low rates.
OWEN CONNOLLY.

H. HASZARD,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.
April 26, 1869.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST
CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building,
Ch'town September 18, 1868.

WILLIAM KOUGHAN
Ship Broker & General Agent,
Queen's Wharf.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
REFERENCES:
Messrs. Peake Brothers & Co., Carvell Brothers, L. C. Hall, Esquire.
Feb. 8, 1869.

Marine and Fire Insurance,

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,
FIRE & MARINE.

HEAD OFFICE—Corner of Church & Court Streets, Toronto.

Capital and Assets upwards of - - -	$500,000
Deposited at Ottawa - - - - - -	$50,000

G. P. RIDOUT, Esquire, - - - Governor,
PETER PATERSON, Esquire - - - Dep'y Gov.,
T. W. BIRCHALL, Esquire, - - - Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON!

OFFICES—1 Old Broad Street, and 15 Pall Mall.
Subscribed and Invested Capital, £1,965,000.
$105,000 deposited at Ottawa for the Protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - - -	$400,000
Surplus, - - - - - - - - -	319,000
Total Assets, 1st July, 1869, - - - - -	$719,000

MARINE RISKS taken on HULLS, CARGOES and FREIGHTS at moderate rates consistent with the hazard.
FIRE INSURANCE effected on every description of Property.
All Policies issued immediately on application, without reference to the Head Offices.
For further particulars, rates and conditions, apply to
Fenton T. Newbery,
General Agent.
Ch'town, Sept 13, 1869. (Next door to the Telegraph Office.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY:

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Strictly Mutual and charges only Cost of Insurance.

NON-FORFEITURE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE ORIGINATED BY THIS COMPANY.

If you want a Life Policy, choose Experience, Ability & Success.

ASSETS, - - - $12 000,000

Twenty-fourth Annual Report, January 1st, 1869.

INCOME FOR THE YEAR	$4,698,280.20
TOTAL CASH ASSESTS	11,000,822 50
DIVISIBLE SURPLUS	1,689,282.17

Policies issued during the year, 9,105, insuring $30,765,947.00
MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-President & Actuary,
WALTER BURKE, Manager for Dominion of Canada.
Blank Forms, Tables of Rates Reports and all information can be had at the office of
HENRY A HARVIE,
General Agent for P. E Island

PHILIPS & LEWIS,
Carpenters & Builders,
HILLSBOROUGH PARK,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,
Have constantly on hand a large stock of WARREN'S Improved Fire and Waterpr of
FELT, COMPOSITION, AND GRAVEL,
and, from a long experience in the use of this material, can guarantee the laying of the same in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
August 2, 1869.

9,000.
NINE THOUSAND
ROOM PAPER!
ROOM PAPER.
JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—
Nine Thousan Rolls ROOM PAPER, from 3d per Roll, upw ards.
H. A. HARVIE
May 24, 1869.

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
OFFICE: 4 doors south of Bank of P. E. I.
GREAT GEORGE STREET
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

ALBERT HENSLEY,
Attorney at Law, Notary Public &c.
OFFICE.—2 doors below Bank of P. E. Island, Great George Street, Ch'town.
Nov. 29, 1869. 3m

ERSKIN'S
BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS
A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for
Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia
Lumbago, Sciatica,
As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.
☞ See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE
WM. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

Table Delicacies of Every Description.
at the
"ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,"
MACEACHERN & Co.
Nov. 15, 1869.

A. HERMANS,
Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,
Dorchester Street,
(Next to Reading Room Building.)
BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand
A neat Assortment of
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c., &c., &c.
ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.
Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as
Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.,
I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style
To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch
A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.
SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,
Sold Cheaper than ever
July 12, 1869

NOTICE!
THE SUBSCRIBER has JUST RECEIVED, Ex Schooner "M. E. BANKS," his usual supply of
Yrmouth Cook, Box and Franklin
STOVES,
which compare favourably with any STOVES yet imported into the Market,
and will be sold on usual terms.
He also informs those INDEBTED to HIMSELF or MARY STEPHENS, that if they do not pay up their respective ACCOUNTS and NOTES, on or before the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, they will be sued for without further notice.
CASH PAID FOR
Hides, Oats,
AND ALL MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE
R. J. CLARK.
Orwell Cheap Store, Nov. 1st, 1869. tf

Feathers. Feathers.
WANTED immediately, at Newson's Cabinet Factory, a large quantity of FEATHERS, for which the highest cash price will be paid.
Ch'town, November 8, 1869.

1869
SPRING STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.
City Hardware Store.
Just received, per Steamer from BOSTON Ship *Undine*, from LIVERPOOL, and *Amphion* from LONDON, the best and most suitable
STOCK OF HARDWARE
ever imported into Charlottetown, consisting in part of:

NAIL.
4-3 bags assorted fine American Cut Nails,
Cut and Wro't Spikes,
Brads and Finishing Nails,
Wro't Nails, all sizes,
Boot Nails, in copper, zinc and iron,
Horseshoe Nails,
Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets,
Wood Screws, ½ to 4 in,
Brass Hinges & Screws

PAINT.
4 tons Paint,
Best No. 1 London White,
Red Lead, Black Paint,
Green Paint,
Venetian, Red & Blue Paint,
Orange Crome Paint,
Burnt Terra Sienna do.,
Emerald Green
Ultramarine Blue,
Patent Dryers,
Red Ochre,
Extract Logwood,
Umber, mixed and un mixed,
Drop Black,
Metallic Paint,
Glue,
Paris Whiting,
challac.

OIL.
21 casks Oil, in Boiled and raw Linseed,
Olive Oil, extra,
Machinery do.,
al Oil,
Kerosene Oil,
Cod and Whale Oil,
Turpentine,
Black and Brown Japan,
Walnut Stain,
Copper Paint,
Pitch and Rosin,
Mander's Fine Mahogany Varnish,
Capel Oak do.,
Pale Carriage do.,
Quick gold size,
Knotting Composition,
100 Boxes Glass, from 7x9 to 30x42,
Putty,
2 tons Zinc,
100 rolls Tarred Paper,
Stove Polish.

PAINT BRUSHES.
A choice lot of Paint, Graining, Tar and Whitewash Brushes,
Blacking, Scrubbing, and Horse Brushes.
Shoemakers' Ink and Outfits,
Whips,
Fairbanks' and other Scales, from 8s. to 120s.
Wire Cloth, all sizes,
Fence, Well and Mud Digger Chain,
Hemp & Manilla Rope,
Best quality American Mackerel and Cod Line
Hook and Fishing Gear,
Silver Table Bells,
Hand Bells and Gongs,
American Patent Roller Bushes,
Brass and Enameled Stew Pans,
Egg Beaters,
Clothes Wringers,
Flour Sifters,
Wire Sieves,
Wire Dish Covers,
Blacksmiths' Anvils, Vices, Hammers and Bellows,
Blister Steel,
Carriage Mountings, in Axles and Screw Bolts,
Malleable Castings,
Hub Bands, in Silver and Brass.
Dash Centres, &c., c.,
Taylor & Bros celebrated Circular, Crescent Hand and Tenon, Pastel, Keyhole, and Mill-Saws,
Large assortment of Files, of every description,
Locks, Hinges and Screws, of all kinds,

Few Boxes IX Tin Plate,
Bar Tin and Spelter,
Brad's celebrated Bench, Narrow and Broad Axes,
Adzes, Shingle Axes &c., &c.,
Carpenters', Joiners' and Coopers' Tools of all kinds,
Fanner Wheels and Bushes.

A few Double Barrle GUNS, a very superior article; Revolvers and Breech Loaders Ammunition of every description.
A large Assortment of English and American FORK, SHOVELS SPADES and HOES Garden Tools of every description, Hay FORKS, SCYTHES, NEATHS, RAKES.
CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS Pocket, Pruning and Sportmens' KNIVES Hutton's Famed British PLATE in Table, Dessert and TEA SPOONS, TABLE and DESSERT FORKS, &c., &c.
The above is but a small portion of the largest stock of Hardware ever imported into Charlottetown, all of which has been purchased for CASH, on the very best terms, and we feel satisfied that we can please the public in price and quality. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.,
Successors to
H. E. STARBIRD, & CO
June 28, 1869

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED AT
JOSEPH A. McDONALD'S
Queen Street,
PER STEAMERS "ORIENTAL" & "ALHAMBRA,"
4 Cases Fancy Caps, New Style
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Per "City of Quebec," from Montreal,
3 Cases Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Per "St. Lawrence,"
1 Case Ready-Made Clothing,
(Fashionable Make.)
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Ch'town, Oct. 4, 1869.

A very large Stock of
SHEET MUSIC & MUSIC BOOKS,
received and for sale low.
The old Stock of Sheet Music offered at HALF PRICE.
G. BREMNER.

MORE SNOW!!
READ THIS & TELL YOUR FRIENDS
THAT
JOHN BELL
CAN
CUT OUT,
OR
MAKE UP
Garments of Every Description,
IN THE LATEST
ENGLISH or AMERICAN
FASHION.
If you want your Clothing MADE WELL, and to FIT YOU COMFORTABLY,
Call at BELLS.
If you want your garments finished at the PROMISED TIME,
Go to JOHN BELL,
AT
BELL'S
Tailoring Establishment,
Queen Street, Charlottetown.
Nov. 15, 1869.

THE COMPOSITOR.

BY ONE OF THEM

With fingers weary and worn,
With body tired and sick,
The pale faced printer stands at his case,
Setting up type in a "stick."
Pick, pick, pick!
O, how weary the hand and head.

Letter and space and lead,
Lead and letter and space,
What wonder that the printer has
Such a wan and dejected face?
No matter how late the hour—
No matter how tired or sick,
The jaded printer must stand at his case
Piling up type in his "stick."

How wearily pass the hours,
How weary body and brain;
But his hands must move, however hard
The effort, or great the pain.
Click, click, click!
The letters drop in their place,
And pale, pale, pale,
Is the weary printer's face—
O, how he sighs for a rest,
As he dolefully hums a rhyme,
But its all in vain—the paper's behind,
And it *must* be out "on time."

As he moodily stands at his case,
With a mingled sigh and groan,
He sighs for some genial clime
Where printing is unknown;
And his heart begins to throb,
And his brain begins to reel—
O, who can paint the distress
That the worn out printers feel?

O, citizens, friends, and divines,
Remember us when you pray,
For you must have the news
If we work both night and day;
Our life is a life of toil,
And pale and thin our faces—
While you repose on beds of down
We printer's are at our cases.

With fingers weary and worn,
And face of ashen hue,
The weary printer stands at his case,
Wasting his strength for you.

KATE ELLERSLIE'S FATE;

OR THE

FORTUNE-TELLER'S PREDICTION.

'Only two more days, and she will be all my own.'

How the glad thought careered through and through Carle Neville's mind, as he strode up and down the narrow platform in front of the obscure little railway station waiting for the long delayed coming of the tardy train. He was a slender, well made young man with something of a foreign style about his dark hair and eyes, and bronzed complexion, and a dreamy look in his face—the look of a man who contemplates the future.

So wrapped up, was he in his own thoughts that he scarcely noticed the ragged, but old woman, who crept along the platform, her eyes shining with a weird, stealthy expression, beneath the shadow of her quilted hood, and one yellow, claw-like hand thrust forth to claim the stranger's attention.

'If you please, kind gentleman, a penny,' she croaked stepping close up to him and assuming an imploring attitude as she spoke.

Carle Neville turned instantly around.

'A penny? and for what?' he asked.

'For telling your fortune, sir,' she answered in an insinuating way.

He laughed—the cherry, genial laugh that is born of inward happiness.

'But I know my fortune already, mother, you can tell me nothing new.'

'Let me look at your hand, she coaxed. 'There's many a secret my eyes have learned to read on the lines of the palm that you never would dream about. Only let me look.'

'Look then, quickly,' he said, extending his hand with a careless laugh, 'for there is the whistle of the train at the next station above.'

She caught the outstretched palm and bent her withered face over it, muttering as she did so, as if holding communion with some invisible spirit within herself.

'Well?' he asked, half curiously, 'what do you see? Is there an altar there? and bridal blossoms?'

She looked up at him with a start

'Yes' she said, in a low, mysterious tone, 'there is an altar, and a brave show of bridal flowers, and I see you there, but——' and she broke off with a low shuddering cry, 'I see Death standing there with you.'

He drew back his hand angrily, while a sudden shade of pallor crossed his cheek.

'What nonsense!' he cried, recovering his equanimity, at least in some measure 'I am a fool to stand here listening to it.'

And as the train swept up to the station with a warning shriek, he flung the old crone a piece of money and sprang on board.

Through the growing dusk, with a single golden-pointed star shining out across the deepening purple of the night sky, just where the sun had gone gorgeously down, the train thundered on—and as it rushed upon its tireless way, Carle Neville tried his best to forget the ominous forebodings which the bent old fortune-teller had whispered so hoarsely into his ears. 'Death standing there at the altar with you. And yet, spite of his most resolute efforts, the cold perspiration would start out on his brow as he sat there trying to forget.

'I wish the old hag had been in Jericho before she came here to torment me with her hideous croakings, like the ugliest night-raven that tunes her pipes in all these gloomy woods,' he muttered with sincerity than smoothness.

And then with a strong effort of the relaxed will, he closed his eyes, and leaning against the cushioned back of the seat, began to indulge his imagination in bright foreshadowings of the future that lay before him.

For in two days he was to be Kate Ellerslie's husband—the husband of that bright, willful, coquettish thing who had dazzled his eyes like a sunbeam, and bewildered the calm course of his being, as if she was a draught of sparkling champagne.

The next morning's sunshine was hiding itself among the crimson roses that overhung the casement at vine cottage, when Kate Ellerslie came into the breakfast room, a slight, graceful girl, with deep blue eyes and hair like a rippling cascade of gold.

'Give me a cup of coffee, quick, mamma,' cried Kate, drawing forward her chair, 'for it's past eight already, and the picnic party starts at nine.'

'My dear,' expostulated Mrs. Ellerslie, 'you are not going to the pic-nic to day.'

'Why not?' questioned Kate.

'To-morrow is your wedding-day,' reminded the matron.

'All the more reason I should enjoy the very last day of my liberty,' said Kate, with a merry toss of her lovely head. 'Carle does not arrive until to-morrow morning, and there is no cause for my shutting myself up in solitary seclusion, that I can see.'

'My love,' remonstrated Aunt Naomi, who wassilent up to this moment, nervously playing with her coffee-spoon, 'listen to me just once, and do not go.'

'But, aunty, why not?'

'I have had a dream,' was the old lady's reply, as she lowered her voice to almost a whisper, 'such a dreadful dream.'

Kate burst into a merry peal of laughter.

'Aunt Naomi is always having dreams,' she cried, with a bright incredulity.

'But not like this one'

'What was it then, aunty? Come,' laughed Kate, 'give us the benefit of your midnight visions.'

'Indeed, Kate, I would rather not,' pleaded Aunt Naomi. 'Only hear to me this once, and stay at home from this pic nic party.'

'Certainly I shall not remain at home, aunty,' said Kate, with a little positiveness of her head, 'after having promised them all.'

'Kate,' said Aunt Naomi, 'listen to me. I dreamed it twice over last night, and that means something you may be sure We were all going into the room to see you married, and when the door was opened, instead of a bride in her white dress, we saw a coffin, and you lying there in your grave clothes, and your hands full of waterlillies. Kate, it was a warning, and if you do not listen to it, your doom will be upon your own head.'

'My doom,' Kate laughed a defiant laugh at the imposing word 'Aunty, darling—it was nothing on earth but the lobster and salad and hot biscuits you had for tea last night Mamma, please fasten my shawl for me—there come the Livingstone girls for me, now, good-bye, mamma, and don t let Aunt Naomi dream any more frightful dreams about me.'

What a merry party it was that day making the peaceful old Dayton Woods vocal with their musical laughter, and Kate Ellerslie was the life of them all.

It was toward sunset when, turning upon their homeward way they came upon a shadowed spot in the river where it seemed half inclined to leave its roaming stream life and settled down into the translucent stillness of a peaceful lake, all starred and gleaming with the waxen white stars of full-blossomed water-lillies.

'Oh,' cried Kate, 'how beautiful. I must have some of those flowers to dress the rooms with to-morrow.'

And leaning over, with bright, flushed face and eyes that sparkled like twin saphires, she strove to reach the pearly flowers.

'There's a boat tied a quarter of a mile further up,' said Gilbert Aymer, 'let me go for it, Miss Ellerslie.'

'A boat! nonsense,' cried Kate. 'Why I can reach them with the crook of my parasol. I should not value them half so much, unless I captured them myself.'

'But, Miss Ellerslie,' cried George Livingston, 'water is very deep just here, and—

Kate Ellerslie tossed back her curls with a look of playful defiance.

'I am no city girl,' she said, laughing, to be terrified out of my senses by a few drops of water on the hem of my dress.'

But as she swung herself lightly from branch to branch, down to the steep shore of the river, a sudden recollection rose up into her memory—Aunt Naomi's words. 'A coffin—and you lying there in your grave-clothes, and your hands full of white waterlillies.'

Urged by an impulse she herself could not have accounted for, she half turned back, but it was too late. The stone, upon which her slender foot was poised, at that instant became detached from a bank and rolled downward, destroying her balance—she fell into the water, catching instinctly at the overhanging branches. But she missed her hold and grasped, instead the treacherous slippery net-work of stems which supported the floating carpet of waterlillies, while at the same moment her head struck against the submerged branch of an old dead tree which seemed to keep a spectral watch at the riverside.

And when they took her up, with golden hair all dripping, and face fair and unscarred as if it had been carved in moonlight pure alabaster, her dead hands were full of white water-lillies.

'I shall give them a pleasant surprise,' thought Carle Neville, as he walked up the narrow path leading from the gate to the Vine Cottage, in the mellow glory of the beautiful full moon. 'They don't dream of my being here until to-morrow morning. Darling Kate—I wonder what she will say to me.'

He softly opened the door and went into the large sitting-room, where Kate usually was to be found at that time of night.

Two wax candles were burning on the mantel, and in the middle of the room, on black draped tressels, stood a coffin Involuntarily Neville advanced, and with a heart that seemed literally turning to stone, looked down upon the dead face of Kate Ellerslie, all wreathed in white blossome, while in her pure folded hands lay a single cluster of the fatal flowers which had lured her to her death

He clasped both hands on his eyes with a cry that rent the very air, and when some members of the stricken family hurried in, they found the bereaved bridegroom lying insensible beside the coffin.

And, in all the long, desolite years of his after life, Carle Neville, being constantly faithful to the memory of Kate Ellerslie, never forgot the warnings which had proved so fatally true

[From the New York Herald, Nov. 30.]

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

INTERVIEWING THE MAN WHO SAW THE "SNAIX"—A MARINERS YARN.

The "Herald" of yesterday contained a statement of the fact that Captain Allen, of the Bark Scottish Bride, which arrived here on Sunday, is reported to have actually seen the great sea serpent and its young one on 22rd of the present month. The Commercial Advertiser of yesterday thought that Captain Allen deserved to be interviewed on the subject, and gives the result as follows:—

THE NARRATIVE.

Captain Allen is a bluff seaman, who has followed the ocean as a profession this last ten years. He is the very type of an American skipper, and all the statements he makes in regard to the serpent are worthy of belief. He states that on the 23rd of this month, when in latitude 38 16, longitude 74 09, he descended to his cabin about noon. He was just about eating his dinner, when his second mate descended the cabin stairs, and in an excited manner, told him his presence was required on deck. Thinking the ship had sprung a leak or that some other dire mishap had befallen them, he dropped the tempting morsel before him and rushed up. When he arrived on deck he found the crew assembled on the starbord side of the vessel, looking with awe stricken faces into the water. Not knowing the meaning of their strange conduct he also went there, and a sight met his eye the memory of which will never fade. During the morning the weather had been rather blustering. The wind had been blowing from "all quarters," at the same time; but now there had come a calm, and the water was quiet and as clear as glass, although the sky was covered with dark, heavy clouds, that threatened to burst forth into a deluge at any moment. Upon approaching the side of the vessel he saw in the water beneath a monster such as he had never seen before. It was about twenty five feet in length and proportionally thick; its head was very large and flat, while at each side, on the extreme edge, were set two bright, scintilating eyes, which, he says, looked dangerous and wicked. Its back was covered with large scales, like the crocodile, about three inches in length, which hooked together and formed an impenetrable armor. Its belly was of a tawny yellow color, and altogether hedious. It was accompanied by a smaller specimen of its species, and may have been its offspring. This was but a few feet in length, but in shape and color closely resembled the larger one. With the usual superstition that always takes hold of this class, the sailors regarded the serpent with a sort of religious horror, and all the efforts of the captain to have them make some attempt to capture it were abortive They looked upon it as something supernatural, and were not disposed to meddle with it. The thing was about four feet from the vessel, was lying out a few feet below the surface of the water and was easily discernable to all on board. The captain gave orders to have a boat lowered to attack the monster but in the mean time the attention of the smaller one was called to the presence of the vessel. It raised its head a few inches above the surface and then went toward its larger friend and seemed to tell it of the circumstance, but whatever transpired between them, the larger one raised its head as though to investigate its surroundings, and then, with an easy motion, it dropped into the ocean. In disappearing it went head downward, and its body described a circle like a hook, its tail rising out of the water, which the captain says, tapered off to a sharp point. The calm that had beset the vessel in the morning now gave place to a strong northwest breeze, that as night closed around, burst into a storm, accompanied by vivid lightening and rolling thunder. The ship was tossed about by the relentless waves, which ever and anon broke over her with terrific fury, and during the whole of the night the fearful sailors would not go on deck without lanterns, such was their fear of meeting the monster. None of them even would go to the captain and ask his opinion on the probability of that occurrence; but he being no wiser than themselves would laugh at their fears and bid them go to their work. About morning the storm died away, but until the following day, when they came in sight of land, the brave men entertained an unexpressed dread of the reappearance of the monster.

Captain Allen thinks that the monster came from the regions of Florida, where he has often heard of similar creature from other ship masters, and by following the warm current of the Gulf Stream it reached the position where he found it. In his opinion it is a deep water animal, and he accounts for its appearance so near the surface by the fact of the dark day and the monster not knowing how high up he was. We have learned from other sources that this monster is not so mythical as generally believed. The same has often been seen before, but always in fresh water. It is known that he is bred in the warm South American rivers, and it is supposed that, after attaining a navigable size, he betakes himself to the ocean, where he preys upon the smaller members of the finny tribe. The serpent has no fins, so in this respect he cannot be classed with any kind of fish, and being covered with scales the eels will not own him; so till science gives him some fixed position he must remain alone. The only thing to which he bears any affinity is the shark, and this only in regard to his mouth, which opens underneath, so that, like the shark, he must turn upon his back to take his prey. However, there is one thing certain — all doubts about the existence of such a monster must end, for this one has been seen by a number of persons, who testify to the same story in all essential points.

A POLITE JUDGE.

In the early history of the State, justice was administered without much pomp or parade, and the judges did not assume that "excellent gravity" so much commended by Lord Coke

A certain Judge presided at a court in which a man named Green was convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence of death on the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him: Mr. Green, the jury, in their verdict, say you are to be hung. Now I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I who condemn you, but it is the jury and the law, Mr. Green. The law allows you time for preparation, and so the court wants to know what time you would like to be hung."

To this the prisoner replied: "May it please the court I am ready at any time. Those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready to suffer at any time the court may appoint."

The Judge then said: "Mr. Green, you must know that this is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man more than once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get The Court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. Clerk, look at the almanac and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday." The clerk looked at the almanac as directed, and replied that "that day four weeks came on Thursday." The Judge then said: "Mr. Green, the court then gives you until this day four weeks, at which time you are to be hung."

The case was presented by James Turney, Esq, the Attorney General of the State, who here interposed and said: "May it please the court, on solemn occasions like the present, when the life of a human being is to be sentenced away for crime by a human tribunal, it is usual and proper for courts to pronounce a formal sentence, in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner, a sense of his guilt impressed on his conscience, and in which the prisoner should be duly exhorted to repentance, and warned against the judgment in the world to come."

To this the Judge replied: "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him for a month. He knows that he has got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it in this way, don't you, Mr. Green?" "Yes," said the prisoner, upon which the Judge remanded him to jail, and the court adjourned. —*Western Journal for November.*

INTERESTING QUESTION.—At a debating club the question was discussed whether there is more happiness in the possession of pursuit of an object. "Mr. President," said an orator, "suppose I was courtin' a gal and she was to run away, and I was to run after her; wouldn't I be happier when I cotch'd her than when I was running after her?"

PROPER RESENTMENT.—"Why are you running about in the snow, Thomas, without your shoes and stockings?" inquired a kind father of his son "Because, sir," answered the urchin, "the shoemaker hasn't mended my shoes according to his promise, and I want to show proper resentment."

A LOTTERY has just been drawn in Vermont, and among the prizes were 8000 gilt rings, worth half a cent, and 150 empty flour barrels, while one young man sold $300 worth of tickets, drew a blue-edged plate