If you are growing Gray or Bald;

If your Hair is Thin, Brashy, Dry, Harsh, or Weak;

If you are troubled with Dandruff, Itching, or any Humor or Disease of the Scalp,

USE

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp, checks the falling out of the Hair and prevents it from turning gray, and is an unequalled dressing and toilet article.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of late JOSEPH MORTON, of Wilmot, Annapolis Co. N. S., are hereby notified to render the same duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the same will please communicate with the undersigned at nce.

A. F. MORTON,
JOHN P. SLOCOMB.
Executors.

Middleton, April 15th, 1885. n23m.

Executor's Notice!

ALL persons having any legal claims against the estate of the late MRS. SAMUEL WHEELOCK, of Torbrook, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to

EDWARD BARTEAUX.
Executor.

Torbrook, March, 31st, 1885. 3mospd.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of EDMUND F. BENT, late of Lawrencetown, in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

NORMAN F. CHARLTON,
Administrator, de bonis non.

Lawrencetown, May 14th, '85. 3m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of WILLIAM WILKINS, late of Upper Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN L. MORSE,
Executor.

Upper Clarence, May 7th, 1885. 3m.

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker,

Opposite

Bridgetown Drug Store

Also Agent for the

HARTFORD LIFE

—AND—

ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.

Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 16, '84.

For Sale!

35 Tons

Marsh and Upland Hay.

Apply to

BUSBY BENT.

Tupperville, Jan. 8th, '85. tf

MONEY

AT 6 PER CENT.

Can be obtained from the

N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,

On real Estate Security, payable in Monthly instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.

For particulars apply to

J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.

Annaolis 27th Feb 1883.y

JOHN Z. BENT,

UNDERTAKER.

Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.

Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 36iy

J. G. H. PARKER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, and REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 1ly

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Pubic, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

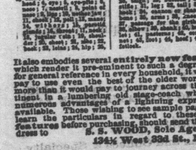
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

PACKAGE of Comic Pictures and our Big Catalogue for 3c and this slip.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

WEBSTER'S PRACTICAL

'Probably all of our readers have occasion to use a dictionary every day. In some cases words cannot be correctly spelled; in others, the pronunciation is difficult; while in still other cases the meaning is not understood. This is true, not only of children and of the unlearned, but of many of the more intelligent as well; and every one who attempts to do without Webster's Practical Dictionary attempts to do without one-half of his opportunities for intellectual improvement.

Webster's Practical is an entirely new work by the editors and publishers of Webster's Unabridged and contains more than twice the amount of matter and illustrations ever before offered for the price.



It also embodies several entirely new features which render it pre-eminent to such a degree that for general reference in every household, it will not pay to use even the best of the older works any more than it would pay to journey across the continent in a lumbering old stage-coach while the numerous advantages of a lightning express are available. Those wishing to see sample pages and learn the particulars in regard to these new features before purchasing should send their address to

E. B. WOODS, Sole Agent,
424½ West 33d St., N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

No reader of the WEEKLY MONITOR can afford to do without Webster's Practical Dictionary. If it could not be obtained for less than $10.00 it would even then be the best book investment that can be made. And yet we have arranged to offer Webster's Practical, for a limited time, with the WEEKY MONITOR, at only $2,10 for both book and paper. This also enables any subscriber to get the book for only 60 cents extra by at once forwarding the same with his renewal for one year in addition to the term already paid for.

2nd.—We also offer Webster's Practical Dictionary, post paid, as a present to any person who shall send $4.50 for THREE subscriptions for the WEEKLY MONITOR one year, or one subscription for THREE years in advance.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1885. NO. 10.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COLDS. "Orrville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1883. "Having been subject to a bronchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried.
JAMES A. HAMILTON,
Editor of *The Crescent.*"

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1883. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected.
HARVEY BAUGHMAN,
Proprietor Globe Hotel."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

LETTER "A" No. 62.

In the Supreme Court, 1885.

BETWEEN TIMOTHY D. RUGGLES, Plaintiff.

AND

THOMAS G. MUNROE, and others, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the office of T. D. Ruggles & Son's, at Bridgetown, in the county aforesaid, on

Saturday, 4th of July, next,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 22nd day of May, A. D., 1885, unless before the day of sale the said defendants shall pay the said plaintiff or his solicitor, or into court the sum due on the mortgage herein, and costs.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendants, of, in, and into, all those certain lots of

LAND,

and premises, situate, lying and being in Clarence in the county aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows:—

1. All that certain tract or parcel of land on the east side of Church road, so called, at the northwest corner of land sold by said Thomas G. Munroe and James E. Munroe to William Miller and running northerly on said Church road, to the Clarence road, crossing the said road and continuing northerly on the east line of land now owned by James Marshall, to the top of the North Mountain to other lands of the said James Marshall; thence running easterly on said Marshall's south line to land now owned by Charles Marshall; thence southerly on said Charles Marshall's west line and the west line of William Chipman's land to the north-east corner of the said William Miller's land, and thence westerly on said Miller's north line to to the said Church road, and place of beginning, containing 100 acres more or less.

2. Also, all that certain other lot of land situate, lying and being in Granville, aforesaid, now called Clarence, bounded and described as follows:—

On the north by lands belonging to the said Thomas G. Munroe and James E. Munroe, on the east by lands belonging to William Chipman on the south by lands belonging to Joseph Wheelock, and on the west by the Church road, so called, containing twenty-six acres.

TERMS.—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of the deed.

J. AVARD MORSE.
High Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Solicitor of Plff.

Bridgetown, May 25th, 1885. 5i.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Wm. M. Bath,

of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis having by deed bearing date the 10th Jay of April 1885, assigned to me all his personal property and assets of any kind and description, in trust, first to pay all expenses connected with said assignment second to pay certain preferential claims therein specified, and then to apply the residue toward the payments of the claims of such of his creditors as shall execute the said assignment within sixty days from the date thereof.

Notice is hereby given that the said deed of assignment lies at the office of JOHN ERVIN, Solicitor, Bridgetown, where the same may be inspected by those interested, and creditors of William M. Bath, wishing to participate are requested to sign.

All parties indebted to the said William M. Bath, are requested to make immediate payment at the office of the said John Ervin, or to the subscriber.

ARTHUR M. BROWN,
ASSIGNEE.

Bridgetown, April 13th, 1884. n13m

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMEMT!

Whereas

JOHN E. ELLIOTT,

of Wilmot in the County of Annapolis, Trader, having by Deed of Assignment bearing date the 25th day of April, 1885, assigned to me all his assets and effects, real and personal in trust, first to pay the mortgages on the real estate, and the balance, after paying all expenses connected with said assignment, and certain preferential claims, therein named; to be applied pro rata to the payment of the respective claims of such creditors as shall execute said deed of assignment within ninety days from the date thereof.

Notice is hereby given that the said deed of assignment is recorded and filed in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at my office, where parties interested in the assignment may inspect the same. Creditors failing to execute the same within the time named will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder.

All persons indebted to said John P. Elliott, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

JAMES. H. WHITMAN.
ASSIGNEE.

April, 27th, 1885. 3m.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given, that

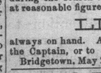
Edward P. Gilliatt,

of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, Yeoman, by Deed of Assignment, bearing date the 13th day of February, A. D., 1885, conveyed to me in trust his real and personal estate to the undersigned for the benefit of those creditors who shall execute said deed of Assignment within sixty days from the date thereof.

The said Deed of Assignment lies at my office, where it can be seen for inspection and signature.

J. G. H. PARKER,
ASSIGNEE.

Bridgetown, March 17th, 1885. 49tf



Schr. Ivica.

CAPT. LONGMIRE.

THE above well and favorably known packet Schooner will make regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John,

during the season of 1885. Freight carried at reasonable figures and carefully handled.

LIME,

always on hand. Apply either on board to the Captain, or to MRS. LONGMIRE.

Bridgetown, May 20th. '85. 13i.

NOTICE!

The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favour for all who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.

W. A. CRAIG.

AFGHANISTAN!

—:0:—

As the fertile plains of India excell the barren wastes of Russian Tartary, so will Farms on which

NEILY'S FERTILIZER

is used, flourish beyond those where owners neglect to take advantage of a Cheap and Excellent Manure. Farmers are cautioned against being induced, by any bad results of the rainy season of 1884, to pay larger prices for other Fertilizers, when NEILY'S FERTILIZER still further improved,—owing to Experience and Low Rates of Raw Materie, can be had at a price so reasonable. While quite willing for Farmers to try experiments with any of the Fertilizers being introduced, and forbearing to run down the produce of other Manufacturers, being willing

LIVE AND LET LIVE,

we protest against the excessive profits charged by them, and would earnestly urge upon farmers the propriety of using

$5.00 WORTH OF OUR FERTILIZER, ALONGSIDE OF $8.00 WORTH OF ANY OTHER SORT,

and carefully compare the produce of each kind in the fall.

☞ If there is no Agent near you, apply directly for a supply to

L. O. NEILY,
AYLESFORD.

P. S.—The comparative value of Fertilizers cannot be told by trying a differen kind each year. They need to be tried in the same field the same year. n519

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

The Slaughter of Louis Reil and his Followers is Nothing

—TO THE—

SLAUGHTERING PRICES

—FOR WHICH—

MORRISON, THE TAILOR

—IS SELLING—

CUSTOM CLOTHING

He has just received the **LARGEST and BEST STOCK OF CLOTHS** in the County, and is bound not to be Under Sold.

My workshop is in charge of a first-class Workman, who is a first-Satisfaction to I guarantee **Mr. Wm. Robertson,** who is a first-Satisfaction to FIT and WORKMANSHIP, or no sale. Cloths sold by the yard Cheap. A nice Line o

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

To arrive this week from Boston, a complete stock of American

Hats and Caps. Hard and Soft. All Colors.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

A. J. MORRISON, Merchant Tailor, MIDDLETON, N. S.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

BRIDGETOWN

FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS,

HAY CUTTERS,

MILL and Other Castings.

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., where advertisements may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

ERVIN'S

Real Estate REGISTRY,

—FOR THE—

County of Annapolis!

A list of Farms for sale can be seen on application at the office, Bridgetown. I have at present several applications to LEASE FARMS. Parties wishing to rent will please communicate with the subscriber.

EXCHANGE.

A party having a large FARM desires to exchange for a smaller one.

I have lately added several eligible places, to be disposed of at reasonable terms if sold at once. Notably one at Middleton.

JOHN ERVIN.
Solicitor.

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $350,000. None but first class security will be taken.

J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

50 LOVELY Chromo Cards, with name and a prize, for 10c and this slip.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S

Poetry.

For Monitor.

[Original.]

A Noble Revenge.

SCENE I.

The coffin was a plain one—no flowers on its lid,
No rose-white satin lining its rude interior hid,
No ribbon, smooth and glossy, upon that shroud was placed,
No cap with plaited border, that brow of marble graced;
The dark-brown tresses, parted, were plainly brushed aside,
A smile of peace disclosing, which grim death could not hide.
The city undertaker, with stern, and reckless mien,
Prepared to hide forever that slumberer serene.
'I want to see my mother,'—a sobbing voice implored;
'You can't, go 'way I tell you, I cannot well afford
To waste my time in waiting, so just be still, I say;
Won't some one have the kindness to take the *brat* away?'
The poor heart-broken orphan still urged his humble plea:
'Please only just *one minute*, let me my mother see?'
And at the rude box clutching, tears streaming o'er his face
On which no bloom of childhood the watcher's eye could trace,
'Twas utterly heartrending to hear his cry of woe;
'Oh let me see my mother just *once* before you go?'
But, brutally, the monster with heart as hard as steel,
Struck that poor boy, so helpless, a blow which made him reel.
The poor child stood a moment, grief, rage swelled in his heart,
His bright blue eyes distended, his pale lips spread apart;
While through his tears there glittered the glow of hatred's fire;
With most unchildish accent he screamed with vengeful ire:—
'When I'm a man I'll *kill* you, yes, that I gladly will!'
He raised his arm, so puny, but soon his voice grew still,
Despair came o'er his features, his fever'd brow grew cold
His little heart seemed bursting, his anguish was untold,
When from his home, so lonely, the undertaker took
His *only* friend, not granting even one fond parting look
A heap of earth—a coffin, now mockingly doth lie
Between that child and mother; no tombstone rearing high
Points out her place of resting; but in that boyish heart
A monument is builded, in memory of that smart
Wrought by that deed so heartless,—stronger than granite, far,
Time never can erase it, or heal the cruel scar.

SCENE II.

A densely crowded Court House—the Judge sake loud and clear;
'Now, as this prisoner's counsel, does any one appear?'
A silence, when he finished, fell on the listeners all,
'Till from the crowd stepped forward, a stranger, young and tall,
His lips press'd hard together, while recognition's grace
Blent with reserve most haughty, o'erspread his handsome face.
He plead for one so erring—his genius all entraced,
His arguments convinced them, so pointedly advanced.
Then spoke the man acquitted, with gratitude so true:
'O, sir, may God reward you, 'tis more than I can do!'
'I want no thanks,' the stranger with icy coldness said,
And with a meaning gesture he bow'd his stately head.
'To me you are unknown, sir!' the pardon'd man began.
'Ah! I'll refresh your mem'ry quite easily, my man!
No doubt you still remember that twenty years ago
You struck a weeping orphan, with hard, and cruel blow,
Away from a rude coffin, which held his mother dear,
Regardless of his pleading, and of his falling tear:
I was that boy, so wretched; now, what have you to say?'
'Oh, sir have you thus saved me to take my *life* away?'
'No, my *revenge is sweeter*, to-day I've saved the life
Of one whose deed, so brutally has waged its gnawing strife
For years within my bosom. Go! but remember long
The tears of one heart-broken—the deed that did him wrong.'
The humbled man before him stood with drooping head,
Guilt, shame, remorse commingled his countenance o'erspread
He left his benefactor, amazed beyond degree,
That such a gen'rous spirit in man could even be.
And that forgiving lawyer has felt the smile of Heav'n,
Since a revenge, so *noble* by him was freely giv'n.

SADIE O. PRINCE.

Springfield, Annapolis Co.

Select Literature.

The Maelstrom.

Concluded.

(From John Allen's Book Worm.)

The ways of God in Nature, as Providence, are not as our ways; nor are the models that we frame any way commensurative to the vastness, profundity, and unsearchableness of His works, *which have a depth on them greater than the well of Democritus.*—JOSEPH GLANVILLE.

'Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once—for we laid entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I had never an opportunity of ascertainiug. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.'

'For some moments we were completely, deluged as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our boat gave herself a little shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that was come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was over board—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-strom!*'

'No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

'You perceive that in crossing the Strom *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that'—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

'By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

'I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother but in some manner in which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say '*listen!*'

'At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!*

'When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

'Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance round—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe strom, than the whirl as you now see it, is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as in a spasm.

'It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned into a shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam altogether. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larbord arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

'It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

'It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little lightheaded.

'There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusions of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

'How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lerch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

'As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

'Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radience they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

'At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

'The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of the thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Musselmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

'Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks; that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

'Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a fixed, strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

'It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope came partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent, the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere—the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.*

'There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on a level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

'I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

'The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack—but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its terror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions—but they knew me no more that they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.'—From *The Prose Tales* of EDGAR A. POE.