



Weekly Monitor, Published Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Pass. and Exp., and Exp. and Pass. for the route from St. John to Halifax.

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Windsor & Annapolis Railway, WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMERCIAL Tuesday, 12th of Dec. 1876.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

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Poetry, AN ANNIVERSARY

In a chamber old and creaked, In a faint and faltering way, Half a dozen words were spoken, Just eleven years to-day, What was bound to be broken, Let a woman's conscience say.

Half a dozen words expired, Whispered by a lover's side; Half a dozen words were spoken, Just eleven years to-day, What was bound to be broken, Let a woman's conscience say.

Has a maiden not a feeling That can swell and sing, and soar? Come not of her spirit asking, What of those that were before? In her heart did not revealing, 'Till her love was something more?

Barely half a dozen glances, Half in earnest, half in mirth— Five, or six, or seven dances— Courtship in that romance is Cannot give a true love birth.

Lightly is the promise spoken, Lightly is the love-knot tied; And the maid returns the token, Living at her husband's side; And her heart—it is not broken, But it is not in its pride.

With the years shall come a feeling Never may, felt before; She shall and the heart concealing, 'Till the truth revealing, Silent the truth revealing, Real love is something more.

Select Literature, The Whaler's Device.

We entered the Arctic Ocean in 18— Our ship was the whaler St. Michael—an old tub of a vessel, whose timbers had been washed by the sea water for over thirty years.

As we now glided easily along, under whole topsails, with the water rippling about our bows, we leaned over the side, watching the stupendous masses of ice, which were piled up like a wall, and brightly in the beams of the afternoon sun.

Suddenly the man at the mainmast—head an old boat named Tom Titching, leaped forward from the cross-trees, giving the welcome cry of "There she blows!"

In a moment all hands were called, and soon after we were pointed by a school of porpoises, which came up far ahead, "Give it to him," roared the first mate, Mr. Thomas, when we were within six hundred yards of the monster with a great himp on his back.

The boatsteerer at once obeyed, driving both boats into the whale. The monster was met a backward rush, a second after up went his flukes, and down they came within an inch of the boatsteerer's temple.

The whale then went down, and away went the boat, dragged with terrific violence. Through the ice we were drawn the boat scraping and grinding against the ice, and the men humming and thumping as it ran smoking around the log-heap.

The ice was through which our boat was now being dragged, nearly one hundred feet thick, and so that there was at present no danger of our boat being stove.

Far ahead, however, were larger masses, far ahead in the fact coming up as high as the main yard of a ship, which must crush our boat like an egg-shell should we come in contact with them.

We hoped the whale would come up ere we reached that locality, and give our first mate—one of the best lancers in the service—a chance to kill him.

Suddenly, when the movement was least expected, he made a dash for the boat and just grazed the bow with his flukes, knocking off a portion, to which was attached the best hatchet.

Then down he went again into the cold chambers of his ocean home. The boat was, in a minute, again drawn towards the icebergs.

The mate having lost the best hatchet called for a knife.

One of the men reached over to hand him one, when a coil of the line caught him around the shoulder, and in endeavoring to regain his balance and escape, the coil he lost his footing, falling headlong against his shipmate.

Here was our first attended with peculiar results.

The boat dragged on, seeming about to be dashed to pieces against the berg, when the whale noddling (turning) under water it was drawn into a ravine between two masses of ice.

This ravine seemed very long. We were drawn farther and farther into it before the mate could obtain a knife.

At last, having procured one, he was about cutting the line, when the passage through which we were drawn becoming much narrower as we proceeded, jammed us in, and crushed the boat.

Two of my unfortunate shipmates caught in a tight of the flying whale-line, were drawn out of my sight in a moment, disappearing with one simultaneous shriek into the deep waters.

Never shall I forget the look of their wild, horror-stricken faces, which, for an instant, were revealed to me ere the sea closed over them forever.

The rest of us meanwhile, were struggling in the cold waters, two of the men holding on to eard, and the mate and I clinging to a spur of ice projecting from one of the bergs.

To add to the peril of our situation, a thick mist had gathered, hiding the other boats from our view.

We shouted with all our might, though we had but little hope of making ourselves heard.

Now and then, as we still clung to our hold, we could distinguish far up in the mist through the opening in the ice ravine the form of some Arctic bird wheeling past with rushing wings, while all around us fell the eternal roar of the icebergs, as they were washed by the everlasting waves.

Finally the mate pointed out to me an opening in the side of the berg just above our heads, leading probably to some cavern in the bosom of the iceberg.

How to reach it however, we could not determine, until at length unbuckling the long straps around his waist the mate formed a hitch at the end and threw it over a spur of ice projecting just above the hollow. By this, with our half-bummed hands, we for many minutes contrived to draw ourself into the cave.

We entered to find it comparatively warm; and by exercising, which we now had plenty of room to do, we contrived to induce some degree of warmth into our chilled frames.

Then we commenced to explore the cave. It was more than four feet deep, and had a sloping roof, of which, like a crystal chandelier, depended large fragments of ice of almost every shape and hue. There were green, gold, blue and purple, and some seemed studded with precious stones, gleaming with a beautiful luster almost dazzling to the eye.

"I think we are safe enough now," said the mate. "The boats will, doubtless, be here soon, as they were pulling after us when we got fast."

"Aye, aye," answered the boatsteerer; "but let us shut us so as to make ourselves heard."

We adopted this suggestion, but it seemed to us as if our voices did not penetrate beyond the ice gorge.

Meanwhile we waited vainly for the appearance of the boats.

Night came upon us dark and gloomy and still there we were in the cave.

All night long we remained without closing our eyes.

In the morning, the mist having cleared, we took a survey of our situation. It was about the same as the previous night, still no sign of the boats.

As on the previous night we again about-boarded and thought this time we heard a response.

"Hark!" said the boatsteerer; "I think there's the sound of paddles."

"Dip! dip! dip!" Eagerly we gazed round the edge of the cave opening, expecting every moment to behold one of our boats coming to the rescue.

Suddenly we saw the edge of a boat come round the corner of the ice gorge.

Not ours, however, but one of a different kind.

It was about twelve feet in length, and carried a single oar, and was manned by a single man.

It contained about half a dozen Esquimaux, wearing garbs of sealskin and having great rings fastened in their ears and nostrils.

They were a most uncouth looking set, being short, squat, and armed with lance-shaped fishbones.

The moment they caught sight of us, they stopped their boat and stood gazing at us with a hideous expression on their faces.

By signs we endeavored to make them understand what had happened, and that we were very anxious to get back to our ship.

"Cepti—cepti!" they all screamed, implying that we had no tobacco, which was really the truth, as we had chanced up all through the icebergs during the night.

They seemed, however, to doubt us, and withdrawing round the angle they held what seemed to be a consultation, judging from the sound of their voices.

Finally they re-appeared and we knew it was with hostile intent.

A party of whalers had recently committed an outrage upon their tribe, whom they had driven from their vessel, which they had boarded for the purpose of trafficking, and afterwards peeted them with rotten potatoes.

Padding their sealskin boat to within a few yards of our retreat, they commenced throwing their lances at us and pulling them back by means of long warps attached to the landies.

We easily avoided these missiles, however, by dodging back into the cave, though we had several very narrow escapes.

We made many attempts to seize the spears as they came into the cave, but they were always withdrawn too quick for us.

Meanwhile, the sharp missiles coming, as they did, in a perfect shower, were fast breaking away the angles of ice which afforded us shelter, so that we must soon be fully exposed to the dangerous missiles.

Thus in a moment we found ourselves fully exposed to the weapons of our assailants.

There they stood—the whole party—their hideous faces convulsed with demoniac triumph as they glared upon us.

We gave ourselves up for lost, for, at so short a distance, our enemies could not help hitting us.

Apparently, fully aware of this, they set up an exultant shout, showing their teeth, which were long and hooked, as they did so.

We all stood awaiting our fate like men, although had the canoe been near enough, we might have concluded to spring into it, as, at least, not to die without a struggle.

We saw the wretches take aim, saw them about-burled the deadly missiles, when there was a crash like thunder, and a huge mass of ice fell upon them, beneath which boat and all vanished in a moment.

We never saw those Esquimaux or their boat again, but we now heard above us the shout of our gallant shipmate Tom Titching, who explained to us that he it was who had rolled the mass down upon our assailants.

He had also seen and signaled our vessel, which soon picked us up, and to the occupants of which we related our hazardous adventure.

THE STRANGE PROPHECY.

They were two stalwart whaling captains—Baker and Stephens. I should say that the former was six feet six inches in height, while the latter was not more than two inches of reaching the same altitude.

As these two tall skippers stepped on board of our ship, when they were trying-out-adeck-ber on the coast of Japan, they reminded me of Cooper and Coway on the boards of the old Park Theatre, the former as Brutus, and the latter as Marc Antony, in the play of "Julius Cæsar."

These two captains were slender and straight and moved as if they were rather proud of over-topping our Captain, who, though a man of an album size, looked quite diminutive when contrasted with his lofty visitors.

It has been said that large and powerful men are good natured. Such is not always the case; they are a man on board the frigate Guerriere named John Macaulay, who was nearly seven feet in height, and who would never attack but one man on board the ship—his name it is not necessary to mention—who was nearly as tall and much stouter than himself; while on the other hand, this man would fly at little fellows and give them a drubbing, when they offended him.

The two gigantic whaling captains resembled the latter more than they did Macaulay. On a voyage they were nearly killing him, for which they had to pay part of the time Stephens was captain and Baker was his mate.

But one would hardly have suspected them of being such cruel fellows when they came on board of us. They were very smiling and pleasant, and joked with our captain and mates, and even looked kindly upon the crew.

The two ships sailed in company with ours a few days, when we parted from them in a gale that flattened the sea like a marble floor. We saw no more of them, but they were on the way home. We had not broken up and thrown our try works overboard, as we still had room for a few barrels of oil.

We were running down the coast, and were near the latitude of Lima, when the men aloft cried out "Sail O!"

We soon made the hull of the stranger, and the captain, after examining her through the spy-glass, said she had hauled her wind to fall in with us.

She proved to be the ship commanded by Stephens. We have aboard, and the latter, a queer story told by the former in which I took little interest, as it then seemed to be of trivial import.

Captain Stephens mentioned that, lying at Valparaiso, he and a friend paid a visit to the city of Santiago. On their return he told him that he was not far from the abode of an aged Scotch woman, who had lived forty years in a deep gorge of the mountains, and who was supposed by the natives to be a witch.

Captain Stephens, being in a merry vein, proposed that they should call and see her.

His fellow-traveler told him it would be impossible to find her as her hut was completely hidden among the rocks and extremely low.

Stephens replied no doubt the natives knew where she lived; and finally they gave a rugged cholar a dollar to find them, though he was nearly blind.

Stephens and his friend followed the place, and the witch was at home. She was a very old woman, wrinkled and shrunk almost like a mummy, and was nearly deaf. She did not seem pleased by the entrance of her visitors, though she tall form of the whaling captain-at-once arrested her attention.

Stephens insisted that she should tell him her fortune. She refused to do anything of the kind, averring that she was no fortune-teller, but a honest woman who minded her own business, though a well-to-do man many lies had been told about her.

When, however, the captain pulled out a gold coin and offered it to her, she exhibited a more tractable disposition; but still, she fought shy, and it was not until the money had been given her, that she fixed her small green eyes on the face of Captain Stephens and said:

"You will be shorter before you are longer."

"That's no fortune-telling," said Stephens; "come, tell me something more of your own."

"It is enough for you," replied the hag; "go—go—that's your fortune. You will be shorter than you are now before you will be longer."

"All that I could do," added Captain Stephens, "I could not persuade the old witch to explain herself or to tell me anything of my own."

"What more did you want of the old fool?" demanded our captain. "Of course she'll never tell you anything of my own."

"I'll be all nonsense," you and I, Captain Stephens, are a couple of silly girls to believe in the slang of that kind of people."

Our captain then invited Stephens to go below with him, and soon the jingling of glasses and apoprosious laughter announced that the two skippers were enjoying themselves.

Continued on fourth page.