

A letter, said to have been found in a bottle which was picked up in the Sound, and is another proof of the existence of the Sea Serpent, and throws some additional light upon the subject of its size, velocity and habits, and gives us to hope we may still have one, for the inspection of the curious and the learned.

10th June, from on board the Sea Serpent.

On the 8th June, as we were weathering Cape Cod, a squall carried away the masts of our small schooner, in the morning discovered something astern—a monstrous thing, with its head out of the water, and moving towards us with its jaws wide open. We at first were much frightened, but its eye had a mild expression, and seemed to half smile upon us. Nevertheless, I loaded my musket, and when it was close under the stern I fired into what seemed a large red cave: it closed over us, and we were in total darkness. We are still in the stomach of the great sea snake, but our fears are much abated. We should have dashed to pieces on the sea shore, and all lost; if we had not fortunately been swallowed by this terrible animal. I struck a light and examined the interior. It looks like a grotto—bells of every description—very damp—a long list of lying herbs out stern—trunk full of papers, all Spanish, can't read them—cabin boy got upon the bowsprit, and discovered through his mouth Hoptang Point—our motion is as easy as though we were in a calm; though moving with incredible swiftness we appear to be at rest, and everything passes by as if the world was turning round, but we were standing still. It will not give you an adequate idea of the rate with which we move by telling you where we have been, as we have spent so much time at each place. Yesterday forenoon we were too or three hours in Hudson's bay. While lying off Albany fort, which I could plainly see with my spyglass, the serpent swallowed a few most singular fish—we have salted one of them, in hopes, if we ever return, of making our fortunes by the exhibition of the many curiosities we have preserved. About 2 o'clock, we arrived at the Pole—saw no ice—moved slowly round a very large and beautiful island, covered with trees of great height in blossom; as we approached the shore heard a great screaming, and multitudes of what we took to be men and women scrambling up the rocks, but which we found to be nothing but mermaids. This is the eighth time we have mistaken them in the same way. Snorter, as my mate calls him, only swallowed five of them. I have saved two, a beautiful young mermaid, about sixteen years' old, and her father, as I take him to be. If I can get his consent, and the deacon of our town will marry us, I will marry her in spite of her tail, for I shall be rich enough to ride in a carriage with her. Poor thing, she can only walk upon her hands; she is now looking over my shoulder weeping and wiping her eyes with her long green hair. I wish I could understand what she says; when she speaks to her father she sings with the most melodious voice all she has to say. I mention these circumstances so particularly, that in case we should never escape from our present awkward situation the world will have no longer any doubts about the existence of men and women in the sea, and who pity us as much, because we are without their means of moving from one place to another as we pity them for not having feet.

We passed near some vessels with English colours; distinguished Gregor M'Gregor standing on the companion way—I know him well—he fired at us, which set us all laughing: he might as well fire at our fort at Stonington.—Last night we were again along the coast of N. America, and for several hours lay off New Bedford and Gloucester; but it takes me too long to tell every thing, and perhaps I should not be believed if I did. We have been twice to Columbia River, as high up as Astoria. We went north about.

The Snorter is very particular as to his eating: he breakfasts at the Pole on mermaids, dines in the Pacific Ocean on sea lions, and many a nameless fish, and usually sups on moss-houkers and perka michellas in Long Island Sound.

I hope and pray that all the vessels along the coast will be sent out to look for us, and when we are a probable chance of being picked up I shall order black Simo, and Eben, to saw the Snorter's back bone across, which will stop his progress till we can cut our way out. Fore and aft he is about the length of the N. York Institution, his head about the size of Sen Jeter's Museum, and his teeth may be compared to the little pillars in front of the hall. The bottle in which I am going to cork this letter I shall throw from the end of the bowsprit out of his mouth, in sincere hopes it may be picked up, and effect our release. We have plenty of every thing but bread and vegetables. We took in such a quantity of fresh water last night we were all washed off the deck, and I was happy to find my dear S. Ambretella is no more fond of lying with her head under water than I am. In fact, her father has evidently got a touch of the rheumatism, from the dampness of the place we are in. I shall keep writing and throwing letters off, whenever I find we are on this side of the continent; and until I see a general turn out of all the vessels from New York to the province of Maine, which will so cover the water, that it will be impossible but some will discover us.—No more at present.

Yours, whoever you may be.

NICODEMUS NANTUCKET.