

of the catastrophe but a loud, clamorous shock; a sinking of the broken deck; a whirling of the watery eddies; a wild and congregated shriek, so piercing, so horrible, that even the savage waves seemed to restrain their fury for an instant, to listen; and then I sank insensible among the waters.

I awoke as from a painful and horrid dream, disturbed by something striking with repeated blows upon the back of my head—I lay on my face; and turning sluggishly round, I was startled by the rushing of wings. An albatross, or sea-eagle, or some fowl of the deep, darted with shrill cries before my vision. I put my hand to my head; it was bleeding and mangled. My limbs were stiff and sore; and in many places severely lacerated.

I rose, and found myself in a hollow or cavern of the ice, the bottom of which was filled with fissures, underneath which I could hear the rumbling and dashing of waves; and fearing lest this frail floor should give way and precipitate me again into the abyss from which I had so providentially and mysteriously escaped, I crawled to the entrance of the cavern.

The sun was up; the waves were at rest, or rather were rolling onward with a regular and sluggish motion, scarcely sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of my icy float. Where were my companions? I shouted aloud; nothing answered me: the silence of death was on my island. A harsh scream struck my ear. A bird of prey was hovering in the air a rod or two from me, and occasionally darting swiftly into a hollow of the ice, from which it issued again with wild cries. I approached the spot. Before me lay the corpse of a young man, whose good humour and mirth had often, in dull and weary hours, enlivened the spirits of his fellow voyagers. Although his body was dreadfully mangled, and his face contorted, and in some measure mutilated, by the voracious fowl, I soon recognised him; and for a moment endeavored to please myself with the thought that he was not wholly dead.

A black ribbon was hung round his neck; I drew it forth and discovered the miniature of a beautiful young woman. I wrapped it together with his watch and pocket book; in his neck-

cloth, determining, if saved myself, to transmit them to his friends; as mournful mementos of his unhappy end. I then lifted the body in my arms, and approaching the brink of the ice, rolled it into the sea. I was now alone.

Struck to the heart with a feeling of my loneliness and forlornness, I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to despair. Why had not I perished with my companions? A quiet grave at the bottom of the ocean, or in the bowels of one of ocean's monsters, was preferable to this icy and living tomb.

The love of life prevailed over despair. I rose upon my feet, and looked around me for the means of preserving my existence. I soon discovered, that in the vast mass of ice upon which I stood, there were imbedded many fragments of rocks, trunks of trees, and other substances denoting it to have been formed by the shore of some distant land. Nothing, however, capable of satisfying hunger, was to be found. No frozen animal, nor lifeless bird, rewarded my search; and having wandered painfully and laboriously about, wherever the asperities of the ice, or the presence of some land object afforded me a precarious footing; I at last reclined hopelessly upon a cloven pine-tree that projected from the ice. Above me—for the berg was of great height—towered, in inexpressible grandeur, cold and glittering pinnacles of pure and almost transparent ice. Below lay the ocean, silent and calm, presenting a surface soundless and unvaried.

The day passed away wearily and monotonously; the night found me; and still I clung listlessly to the shattered pine. The moon rose—I have always loved the moon; and that night, while gazing upon her pure orb, now doubly solitary, and thinking of many friends with whom I had sat at my own vine-covered porch, almost adoring her peaceful loveliness—of many who might be that very hour, in my own lost land, recalling the memory of their friend by gazing upon her again—I forgot for a time that I was alone, and a dweller on an ice-berg.

A rack of clouds passed over her face; I started—a sudden explosion, followed by a