

could not distinguish whether these were frozen human beings, or the common fixtures of a vessel's deck. Thinking, however, that there might be living men on board, who, if they were roused might change the direction of the schooner, so as to avoid the approaching death shock, they raised a shout clear and shrill, and alarming.—Whether it was heard they knew not. But very soon three men emerged from the cabin, and exhibited themselves on deck, shivering, half clad, meeting at every step a dashing spray, frozen ere it fell, and exposed to a cutting wind, as if they were

‘——all naked feeling and raw life,’

‘Put up your helm,’ exclaimed an aged master, make sail and round the rocks; there’s a safe harbour on the leeward side.’ Lest his words might not be heard, he addressed himself to the eyes; and by repeated motions, wavings, signs, and signals well known to seamen, warned them of the instant danger, and pointed the direction in which they might avoid it. No movement on board was seen in consequence of this direction and those signals. Ellis and his two men felt that such effort would be unavailing, and did not even attempt it.

It was a moment of thrilling interest to both spectators and sufferers. The difference of a few rods, on either side, would have carried the vessel to safety and preserved the lives of the men. The straight forward course led to instant destruction. Yet the straight forward course the schooner, with seeming obstinacy, pursued, as if drawn by mysterious fascination; and hurried towards the rocks by a kind of invincible desire. Near and more near she came, with her encumbered bulk, till she was lifted as a dead mass on a powerful wave, and thrown at full length upon the fatal ledge.

The men on board when they felt the rising of their vessel for the last fatal plunge, clung instinctively to such fixtures as they could grasp, and in solemn silence waited the event. In silence they endured the shock of her striking; felt themselves covered not now with spray, but with the partially frozen substance of the waves themselves, which made a highway across the deck, filled the cabin, and left them no place of retreat but the small portion of the greater deck abaft the binnacle, and a little space forward near the windlass. To the former place they retreated, as soon as they recovered from the shock, and there they stood, drenched, shivering, and ready to perish; expecting at every moment the fabric under their feet to dissolve; and feeling their powers of life becoming less and less adequate to sustain the increasing intensity of cold.

We will make an effort to save them, said the agonising spectators of the scene. A boat was procured and manned by a hardy crew, resolved to risk their lives for the salvation of their imperilled, although unknown fellow men. The surf ran heavy, and was composed of that kind of ice thickened substance called technically *sludge*; a substance much like floating snow.

Through this she was shoved with great effort, by men who waded deep into the semi-fluid mass for the purpose. But barely had she reached the outer edge of the surf, when a reflux sea conquered and filled her. Fortunately she had not gone so far but that a long and slender warp cast from the shore reached one of