

ship. They beheld the ice accumulate upon the deck, the rigging and sails; they felt the vessel becoming more and more unmanageable, and their own danger growing more imminent every moment, yet were wholly unable to avert the peril, or hinder the increase of its course. It was with them,

“As if the dead should feel  
The icy worm around them streat,  
And sudden as the reptiles creep,  
To revel o’er their rotting sleep;  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay.”

Morning at length began to dawn. But in its first grey twilight they could only perceive that they had been swept by the land they desired, the home they loved. Yet not so far but that in the dim distance they could see the smoke of their chimney top, reminding them of the dear objects of their affections, from whom they were thus fearfully separated, and between whose condition and their own, so dreadful a contrast was exhibited. They looked between themselves and the shore, saw the impossibility of receiving assistance from their friends; and abandoning their vessel to fate, sought only to save themselves from perishing of cold.

Their last remaining sail had now yielded to the violence of the blast, and its accumulating burden of ice. It hung in shattered and heavy remnants from the mast. The vessel left to its own guidance, turned nearly broadside to the wind, and floated rapidly along as if seeking the spot on which it might be wrecked. They passed the three harbors of Sandwich, that of Barstable and Yarmouth, either of which would have afforded them safe shelter could they have entered it. But to direct their course was impossible. With hearts more and more chilled as they drifted by these places of refuge, which they could see but could not reach, they floated onward to their fate.

From a portion of the town of Dennis, there makes out into the sea, a reef of rocks. On the westerly side of this there is a sandy beach, on which a vessel of tolerable strength might be cast without being destroyed; on the westerly there is a cove, having a similar shore, which is a safe harbor from a northwest wind. But the reef itself is dangerous.

In the early part of the day, January seventeenth, an inhabitant of Dennis beheld from an eminence this illfated schooner floating down the bay, broadside towards the wind; her sails dismantled, covered with ice, gleaming like a spectre, in the cold beams of a winter’s morning. He raised an alarm and hastened to the shore, where he was shortly joined by such of the inhabitants as the sudden emergency allowed to collect.—Many were seamen themselves; they knew the dangers and the hearts of seamen, and were desirous to render such assistance as they might.

The strange vessel was seen rapidly approaching the reef of rocks above named. She was so near, that those on land could look on board, but they saw no men. They could perceive nothing but the frozen mass of the disordered sails; the ropes encrusted with ice, to thrice their proper size, and objects so mingled in confusion, and so heaped over with ice, that even experienced eyes