

crease its coldness. The brightness of the heavens was like the light of the countenance of a hard philosopher's ungracious Deity—clear, serene, and chilling cold. They turned towards the wind, and it breathed upon their faces cuttingly severe, charged not only with the coldness of the region whence it came, but also with the frozen moisture of the atmosphere, already converted into needles of ice. From the care of their vessel they began to look to that of their persons. They had been wet with the moisture of the air in the early part of the night, and drenched with the spray which the waves had dashed over them during their various labours. This was now congealed upon them. Their hair and garments were hung with icicles, or stiffened with frost, and they felt the nearer approach of that stern power which chills and freezes the heart. But in looking for proper defence against this adversary of life, it was ascertained that the master had taken with him no garments, but such as were suited to the softer weather in which he had sailed. The outer garments of the son had been laid on the deck, and in the confusion of the night, had gone overboard. Smith, likewise, had forgotten precaution, and was wholly unprovided against a time like this. So that here were three men, in a small schooner, with most of their sails useless encumbrances, spars and rigging covered with ice, themselves half frozen, exposed to the severest rigors of a winter's sky, and winter's sea, and void of all clothing, save such as was suited for moderate weather or the land.

In this emergency they sought the cabin, and with much difficulty succeeded in lighting a fire, over which they hovered till vital warmth was in some measure restored. On returning to the deck, they found their perils fearfully increasing. The dampness and the spray which had stiffened and loaded their hair and garments, had in like manner congealed in great quantities about the rigging, and on the deck, and over sails. The spray as it dashed over the vessel froze wherever it struck; several inches of ice had gathered on deck, small ropes had assumed the appearance of cables, and the folds of the shattered mainsail were nearly filled. The danger was imminent, that the accumulating weight of ice would sink the schooner, yet all means of relieving her from the increasing load were utterly out of their power.

It being now impossible either to proceed on the voyage or to gain a shelter in Plymouth, there was no alternative but to endeavour to get back to their own harbor. It was difficult to make the heavy and encumbered vessel yield to her helm. As to starting a rope, the accumulated ice rendered it impossible. Nevertheless, by persevering effort they got her about, and as wind and tide act together that way, they cleared Monument point and came round into Barnstable Bay once more.—They were now but a few miles from their own homes. Even in the moonlight, as they floated along, they could discern the land adjacent to the master's dwelling house; and they earnestly longed for the day, in the hopes that some of their friends might discover their condition, and send them relief. It was a long, perilous and wearisome night. The cold continued increasing every hour. The men were so chilled by it and so overcome with exertion, that after they had rounded the last named point, they could make but little effort for preserving their