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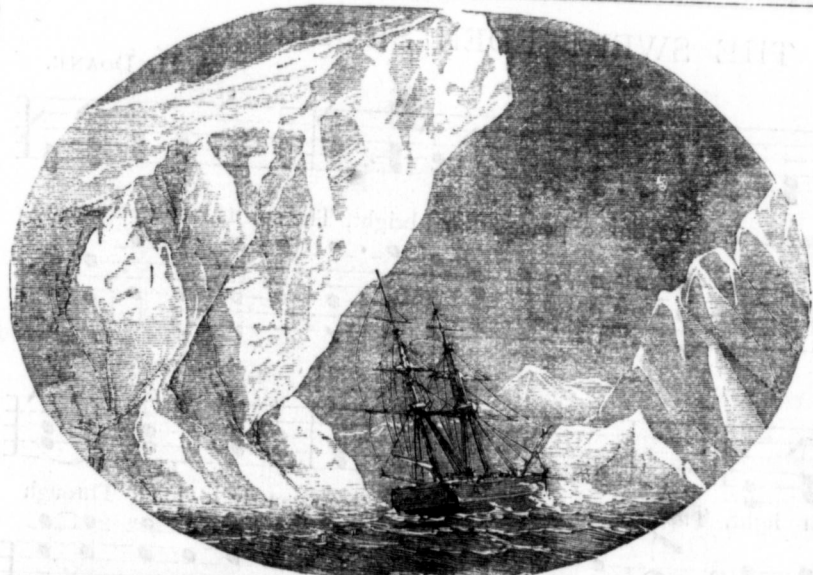
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ICEBERGS OFF THE COAST OF NEW-
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Among the most imposing and grand of the many wonders of the ocean world, are the fixed and floating icebergs, the "palaces of nature," which assume extraordinary and fantastic shapes, and more than realize the most sublime conceptions of the imagination. "Well, indeed," observes Snow in his "Journal of the Arctic Seas," "may the mind become awe-struck and the heart almost cease to beat as the lips exclaim, 'Wonderful Thou art in all Thy works! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory!' on beholding these mighty and surpassing works of the great Creator. East and west, and north and south, the Arctic regions present a picture of grandeur and magnificence nowhere to be equalled—great beyond conception—impossible to be truly portrayed."

These icebergs are described by Arctic navigators as mimicking every style of architecture on earth; cathedrals with pillars, arches, portals and towering pinnacles, overhanging cliffs, the ruins of a marble city, palaces, pyramids, and obelisks; castles with towers, walls, bastions, fortifications, and bridges; a fleet of colossal men-of-war under full sail; trees, animals, and human beings: one is described as an enormous balloon lying on its side in a collapsed state. A number of icebergs seen at the distance of a few miles presented the appearance of a mountainous country, deceiving the eyes of experienced mariners.

The Rev. Mr. Noble thus describes the strange and sudden transformations and the changing tints of icebergs. "One resembled, at first, a cluster of Chinese buildings, then a Gothic cathedral of the early style. It was curious to see how all that mimicry of a grand religious pile was soon to change to another like the Coliseum, its vast interior now a delicate blue, and then a greenish white. It was only necessary to run on half a mile to find this icy theatre split asunder. An age of ruin seemed to have passed over it, leaving only to the view inner cliffs, one a glistening white, and the other blue, soft and airy as the July heavens." Another berg shone like polished silver, dripping with dews, the water streaming down in all directions in little rills and falls, glistening in the light like molten glass. Veins of gem-like transparency, blue as sapphire, crossed the mass.

Fearfully appalling are the dangers arising from these icebergs on their floating voyages, and we cannot wonder at the terror excited by their appearance among the early navigators among these ice-bound seas. In the expedition of Captain James Hall, under Danish auspices, for exploring Greenland, in 1605, we learn that the sailors were in sight of the south point of that country, and, to avoid the ice which encompassed the shore, they stood to the westward, and fell in with "mighty islands of ice, being very high, like huge mountains of ice, making a hideous and wonderful noise," and on one of them was observed "a huge

rockstone of the weight of three hundred pounds or thereabouts." Finding nothing but ice and fog from the 1st to the 10th of June, the "Lion's" people hailed the admiral, "calling very fearfully, and desiring the pilot to alter his course, and return homeward."

The alarm spread to the admiral's ship, and they had determined to put about had not Cunningham (the captain) protested he would stand by the admiral "as long as his blood was warm, for the good of the King's majesty." This pacified the seamen for a moment, but the next floating island of ice renewed the terrors of those on board the "Lion," who, having

fired a piece of ordnance, stood away to the southward.



THE STRENGTH OF THE WHALE.

As an instance of the mighty strength of the *Leviathan of the Deep*, a better example cannot be brought forward than a narrative of the loss of the "Essex," Captain Pollard, in the Pacific Ocean. A number of sperm whales being signalled by the look-out, three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship to repair the damage. While he was thus engaged, a sperm whale, thought to be about eighty-five feet long, broke water about twenty yards from the ship on the weather-bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bows of the vessel just forward of her chains. At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The whale passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail, as if suffering intense agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and greatly enraged. In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed directly across the vessel's course to windward. Meanwhile the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were instantly rigged. While working at them, one of the men cried out, "God have mercy! here he comes again!"

The whale had turned about one hundred yards from the ship, and was making for her with double his former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing head on, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship went down in ten minutes from the first collision.

The crew took to their boats as the vessel was sinking, and after fearful hardships and sufferings, the survivors of this catastrophe reached the low island called Ducies. It was a mere sandbank. On this uninhabited island, dreary as it was, three of the men chose to remain. The poor fellows were never afterwards heard of. Out of a crew of twenty, only five remained to tell the story of the whale's victory.