melt in my throat, and also when Captain Tom Thomas, of Nantucket, would arrive in that comparatively warm and sunny spot. One night, when the aurora borealis was showing brightly in the sky, and a fine, strong wind was blowing, I saw a sight that made me start with horror, and up jumped my heart from my furred waistcoat pocket into my throat, and seized the lump of brandy by the bottom, and pulled it down to sunnier regions.

The captain, the helmsman, and I were the only men on deck aft. Nearly every one was below, trying to unfreeze themselves among the icicles of the cabin—icicles that their own breaths had formed all around the place—a sort of grotto of Antiparos, without its warmth and its little lake of water with fishes floating in its depths, and summer air blowing through its portals. It was a lonely night, and a savage one. Here we growl if the wind unwraps our cloaks from around our bodies and exposes our shivering persons to a current of air that could hardly freeze a bucket of water in two hours. There, the very sky seemed one dark mass of ice, over which, in vain, the blazing borealis flashed its "red artillery." A wind—I wondered how it could move in that frozen atmosphere—came hissing over the crested billows of the black ocean, chasing us out of that realm where even the whale dared not lift his miniature water-spout, and bulging out our stiffened canvas as full and hard as if it were not frozen almost into a board. No earth, except that which lay numberless fathoms away down beneath us; no pleasant sound of home of ours or other peoples'; no city lights to speak a starry welcome to the shelter of the harbor,—but grim, silent, save the wind and the swashing billow; silent, unutterably still; a void, lifeless, deathless, but all mysterious and silently awful; an eternity of nothingness, save again the wind and the billow, and the phantom ship that haunted the depth of the deep wofulness of the scene! My God! what a night it was, and what a sight I saw!

Believe me or not, as you please, but there it was; and even now I have to rub my eyes and pinch myself to bring me out of that dream of a reality, to convince myself that I did not die that night, and that I am not now a frozen corpse, whom the fires of that great pit prepared for the unrighteous cannot even melt.

Two huge icebergs broke out of a seething mist they themselves had made, as they turned in a new current of the tempest, and came driving madly after us. I was standing at the stern near the helmsman, and had lashed myself fast with a rope. There was one berg on each quarter. The fires of Boreas lit them up, and they gleamed in the spangled spectrality like phantoms of planets loosened from the skies, or from Pandemonium. On they came with the wind and the waves, gleaming from their high pinnacles; and now and then a shout arose from their dark crevices that pierced the air and sent a shudder to my heart, already quaking with a new and supernatural terror. The captain had by this time become aware of their proximity, and had already hurried to the gangway, to call the men up; but before he did so he came to where I was standing, and without uttering a word to each other, we stood and gazed upon the weird and awful spectacle.

Weird and awful in all the elements of grandeur and terror, I saw now, and so did our hardy and experienced captain, that there was no danger to the ship, for these two phantom masses of ice kept diverging from our sides, widening the distance between themselves, and assuring us that without some sudden and not probable change of the wind, they would not crush us in their mad career. But it was not the danger that impressed us now; that idea was secondary. The bergs had not caught up with us, but they were near us, and we could see the torrents from their sides as they struck head foremost into the opposing flood; and wild and shrill came the cries from their lit tops, and loud and thunder-like the bellowing moans from their dark dales and caverns.

"Jehovah in Heaven!" cried Captain Thomas. "What is that on the point of that nearest iceberg?"