

that I was obliged to reduce sail still further: the fore and main-top-sails were clewed up; the former was furled, but the latter being a new sail, much difficulty was found in securing it.



VINCENNES AMONGST ICE-BERGS.

A seaman, by the name of Brooks, in endeavouring to execute the order to furl, got on the lee yardarm, and the sail having blown over the yard, prevented his return. Not being aware of his position until it was reported to me from the forecastle, he remained there some time. On my seeing him he appeared stiff, and clinging to the yard and lift. Spilling-lines were at once rove, and an officer with several men sent aloft to rescue him, which they succeeded in doing by passing a bowline around his body and dragging him into the top. He was almost frozen to death. Several of the best men were completely exhausted with cold, fatigue, and excitement, and were sent below. This added to our anxieties, and but little hope remained to me of escaping: I felt that neither prudence nor foresight could avail in protecting the ship and crew. All that could be done, was to be prepared for any emergency, by keeping every one at his station.

We were swiftly dashing on, for I felt it necessary to keep the ship under rapid way through the water, to enable her to steer and work quickly. Suddenly many voices cried out, "Ice ahead!" then, "On the weather bow!" and again, "On the lee bow and abeam!" All hope of escape seemed in a moment to vanish; return we could not, as