

gers, whose artistic temperament outweighed their dislike of intense cold and impelled them to remain on deck and gaze in wonder at the startling spectacle. By day and by night the beauty of the scene remained equally great and equally impressive. As daylight died the moon shone upon the waters and lit with a ghostly splendor those white masses of ice that moved on their way with an imperturbable Sphinx-like gravity. If the weather was calm the steamers sped on swiftly through the night, taking good heed to keep clear of the white bulwark that loomed so grandly in the distance. As the day broke the sun let loose all his arsenal of rays and touched with his golden wand the scene and its strange denizens. A profusion of colors, such as sunlight beaming upon crystal can alone produce, straightway glorified the icebergs, until it seemed as though they were no longer white insensate masses of solidified water, but had been quickened into life and crowned with golden tiaras.

CAPTAIN STAMPER'S GRAPHIC STORY.

The transatlantic steamers Italy and Dorset, which arrived in this port yesterday, came within sight of an unusual number of these icebergs, and otherwise experienced no small vicissitudes during their trips from Europe. The Italy, of the National line, which left London on February 27, met with a succession of severe westerly gales during the early part of her voyage, and on the 8th of March sighted several large icebergs in latitude 44 deg. 20 min., longitude 54 deg. 40 min. On the following day more icebergs were passed in latitude 42 deg. 35 min., longitude 50 deg. 22 min. It was estimated by those on board that the largest mountain of ice was encountered in latitude 42 deg. 23 min., longitude 51 deg. 53 min.

The Dorset, of the Great Western Steamship line, which left Bristol on February 11, met with westerly gales from longitude 22 degrees to 45 degrees, after which stormy and windy weather prevailed. Icebergs were passed between latitudes 44 deg. 40 min. and 48 degrees and longitudes 45 deg. 30 min. and 52 degrees.

Captain William Stamper, of the Dorset, was found yesterday evening in the saloon of the steamer, which lay in dock at the foot of Congress street, Brooklyn. After heartily greeting the *Herald* reporter, he said, in reply to a question as to how he had enjoyed his trip:—"Well, sir, I have made close on two hundred runs across the Atlantic, and I can safely say that I have seen queerer things this time than ever before.—Just listen. We left Bristol on February 11, with nineteen passengers and a cargo of tin. We touched at Swansea, but our bow got damaged there, so we put into Queenstown for repairs. We left Queenstown on the 19th and made at once for the old Cunard track across the Atlantic. The second day after we got out the gales commenced, and at midnight there was a high head sea and a terrible storm. The next two days we had hail, rain, heavy westerly gales and a very high sea. We shipped large quantities of water over the bow and the vessel went under a good bit, I can tell you. We were then in longitude 36 deg. and latitude 49, about half way across. On the 6th of March, the squalls and gales increased and the ship labored very heavily. On the evening of the 7th it grew somewhat calmer, and on Saturday, the 8th, about four p. m., while we were in latitude 44.30 and longitude 45.30, we saw two large icebergs about a mile to the north of us. I was amazed to see them, as in all my experience I never knew of icebergs being seen in such a latitude and longitude. On the following day, Sunday the 9th, we passed a whole army of them, some north, some south and many very close to us. At eight o'clock that evening we parted company with them after keeping them in sight for twenty-eight hours. Yes, it sounds strange, but they could actually be seen for almost all that time, because the moon was at her full and cast a light on them that made them as distinct as in the day. The weather was beautiful at that time, and we kept up full speed, say ten knots an hour, so that any one looking at the icebergs from the ship would swear that they were stationary, though, as a matter of fact, they were drifting. The last one we saw was the most curious of all. It was very long, very low, and looked just like a solid wall fixed in the bed of the ocean. Others were very strange in shape; some having massive towers, like old castles, and others slender spires, like cathedrals. Their height? Well, I should say from 100 to 150 feet, and their length some hundred yards. At any rate, the ship looked very small beside them. The passengers, of course, were struck dumb when they heard about them first, and hurried on deck to get a look at them, but after a short time they found the cold too severe and went back under cover. And no wonder, for the wind about those icebergs is always intensely bitter. Still, it was a sight worth looking at. The sun made the ice every color in the rainbow, and to see it sparkle and flash was a wonder. When the moon came out those great white monsters stood out against the sky as clear and bright as herself."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

"But, fine to look at as they are, there is great danger in them, and I would like, through the *Herald*, to warn all captains against them. Of course, if a vessel is all right, it is easy to steer clear of them; but say a vessel takes fire, like that one did last week, the crew of which was rescued by the *Gloucester*, it is a thousand chances

ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.

WESTWARD-BOUND CAPTAINS SEE MARVELLOUS SIGHTS AND EXPERIENCE ROUGH WEATHER.

A novel and strangely beautiful sight was witnessed during the past month by the passengers of several transatlantic steamers. Mighty mountains of ice, clear as crystal and shaped into the most fantastic forms, some bearing the similitude of amorphous boulders and others tapering into needlelike spires, floated softly on the bosom of the ocean and drifted with a motion that was rarely perceptible. Seen at a distance, they appeared mere white specks on the blue water, but as the steamers gradually approached them, their true dimensions were seen and noted as a marvel, not alone by the captains and their crews, who un-animously agreed that an Arctic panorama of equal magnitude had never taken place in such a latitude and longitude, but also by those of their passen-

to one if any lives are saved. When a disabled vessel is hemmed in by ice it is little use for the men to take to the boats, as the men are almost certain to be frozen to death. The only way for a vessel to avoid them is to steer a course south of the Banks. A vessel going east, of course, would strike them in a different direction. Anyhow, it is just as well to keep one's eyes open."

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

"There is one thing I noticed that I cannot in any way account for. On Sunday morning, while we were passing between the icebergs, I noticed that the water around the vessel was sending up a heavy steam—so heavy, in fact, that it caused a regular fog. I got a bucket from one of the men and lowered it into the water. When I drew it up I put in the thermometer, and, to my amazement, I found that the water was fifty-two degrees. It was quite warm, in fact. While I was puzzling over it I heard a crash and saw that the projecting part of a great iceberg had toppled into the water. I knew at once that it had been loosened by the heat. Two hours later I tested the water again and found that the temperature was only thirty-eight degrees, while that of the iceberg could only have been about thirty-two degrees. Now how do you account for that? Some would say, 'It was the Gulf Stream;' but it was not, because we struck that later on. No, sir; it was simply a narrow channel of warm water flowing for a considerable distance among icebergs and raising a thick fog all around it. As to giving an explanation of the matter, I shall not attempt to do so, but I would be glad to have someone solve the puzzle. For two hours we were in that warm temperature, and surrounded on all sides by icebergs. Yes, sir; this has been a remarkable trip for me. I may see an equal or a larger number of icebergs, if I were to go toward the Arctic regions; but I doubt if, after this season, I shall ever see such masses of ice on my route between Europe and America."—*N. Y. Herald*