

and madness ensued. The officers remained clearminded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved about them. A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined. —The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the halt-frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in places surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants, who, they supposed, refused to do their bidding. Others there were, who, amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home that they never more must see; and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear.

A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making shrieks of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attributes. At length death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of death only by the trembling of one of his eyelids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain and lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from

the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial ground at Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay among the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink.—My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew, if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method in their power to restore them to order. They still fed upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious; they died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings of hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water.—I toiled with a rope to drag it up; but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil, yet we gave God thanks, for we found that by