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The Trembling Eyelid.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, that during our war of revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails, and steered from the harbor with a fair, fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever braved the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty near the harbor of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cloud was terribly

severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks.— She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt or hardihood endure. But so fearful was the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together on the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water. They were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck.

But unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny,