

## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE &amp; NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## TOM'S YARN.

BY GEORGE NOAR.

Author of "the Reformed," etc.

Comrades, hear a brother sailor.

Sing the dangers of the sea.—*Dibdin.*

On a fine summer's day in the month of June—the sun shone brightly, and the sea gulls flitted from wave to wave in innocent playfulness, as the "Bengal" lay snugly at her anchor in the river Mersey; the British ensign waved triumphantly o'er her, and the signal for sailing was hoisted to her mast-head. Considerable bustle might have been noticed on board, as hurried preparations were in progress for sailing.

A small boat propelled by four lusty seamen was seen approaching from the shore, and in a few minutes gained the ship—out of which stepped the master of the vessel—the sailors nimbly scaled her sides—the boat was hoisted on board, and the command given to "weigh anchor."

The sun glistened in the white sails, and the merry songs of the sailors resounded through the air, as her canvass was unfurled to the breeze. The trim built vessel cut through the water at an almost incredible speed; onward she sped from wave to wave like a mighty ruler of the deep. The shapool was far astern. Towards night the wind began to blow considerably, dark lowering clouds partially obscured the moon; the foaming waves beat against the sides of the vessel with a pertinacity as it to test her strength.

The captain paced the quarter deck with a rapid, but firm step, considering the violent emotion of the vessel; ever and anon casting uneasy glances at her tall masts as they bent and strained; the lower sails had all been safely stowed—when the captain raised his hands to his mouth—and ordered:—

"All hands on deck—close-reef—top sails!"

The order echoed from mouth to mouth, as the "watch below" "turned out" of their hammocks, and hurriedly bundled on the first articles of clothing that came to their hands: not one of those hardy-hearts showed the least sign of hesitation, as they stared death in the face, and proceeded to obey the Captain's orders. Everything was "made snug," the wind gradually abated, and the "watch below" adjourned to the fore-castle.

"Hard spell that," said an active young looking sailor, as he leisurely laid aside his wet clothes. "That deserves a Bottle o' grog from the Capt., eh Tom!"

This remark was addressed to an old tar, whose bronzed and weather-beaten countenance told of long and hard service—yes, honest Tom Hardy, had braved the perils of the mighty deep for many a long year—but to our story. Old Tom did not answer the youth, except by a shake of the head; he sat with his head resting on his hands, and elbows on his knees engaged apparently in deep thought; presently he looked up into the face of the youngster with an earnest gaze.

"If you'd seen as much harm from grog as the Cap'n has, you'd never wish to see it ag'n!"

"I've heard as how he does n't drink" the other replied, "but never heard why he turned teetotaler."

"Well, if you'll cast anchor for a side, I'll tell you" said old Tom, the while cutting a huge piece of tobacco which he deposited carefully in one side of his mouth, by way of prelude.

"Bravo! Tom!" echoed the whole group of sailors, "let's have the yarn."

"I know it'll be a mighty tough 'un," chimed in one of the group.

"Spin it fine Ben."

"Ay, ay, lads—but it's no joke—so here goes:"

"'Twas in the year 18—, that I sailed from Plymouth in the "Lass o' Gowrie," as fine and stout built a craft as you'd wish to set eyes on. The Cap'n o' the Lass o' Gowrie was a tall strong built man, with dark piercing eyes, and a scowling countenance. Our Cap'n was mate of her—and you all know pretty well by this time what he is. Although he used to drink as hard as any of them."

"We saw little of the Cap'n for the first few days. He sat in his cabin drinking from morning 'till night, and when he did come on deck, it was only to swear and find fault with the men—until they got quite frighten'd of him."

"Well, the Cap'n and mate were drinking in the cabin as usual; it had been quite calm all day, but towards night a small breeze sprung up. We were going some nine or ten knots with all sail set, when the Cap'n an' mate stagger'd on deck,—they had been quarrelling about someth'ng, and it made me a kind o' tremble to hear the Cap'n swear."

"The wind was gett'ng higher every minute—when the mate stammers out:—"

"Clew up the main-sa'!"