

MY FIRST VOYAGE TO SEA.

THERE are few professions more arduous than that of a sailor and navigator ; but although we hear every day of shipwreck and suffering on the wide ocean in all parts of the world, yet there are always young men and boys, who in spite of all they hear or know of life on the ocean, will court and brave its many dangers. My own experience of almost every one of its hardships during a somewhat long service at sea, and in nearly all parts of the world, should almost be enough to deter any young man or boy from engaging in a calling so full of danger, suffering and privation. In a shipwreck on the coast of Ireland, I saw some of its dangers on a dark stormy night in the dead of winter, when our stout new ship was nearly dashed to pieces on the dangerous banks of sand lying off the coast—In a voyage from the East to the West Indies with cholera raging on board, when among upwards of four hundred emigrants there were three, four and five