

slowly after him, to his ship, he jumped up the side, and in a minute the rigging was manned; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within cable's length, and were not long in getting on board of my old vessel, where we were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome. Though we had not been supported by our names and characters, we should not the less have claimed from charity, the attentions that we received, for never was seen a more miserable looking set of wretches; while, that we were but a repulsive-looking people, none of us could doubt. If, to be poor, wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more; but if to look so as to frighten away the so-called charitable, no beggar that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unshaven since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well-dressed and well-fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe, for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its mark, unless to be contrasted with wealth; and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as we seemed to be. But the ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought, was impossible, while the new buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scene which now opened. Every man was hungry and was to be fed, all were ragged, and were to be clothed, there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance. All, every thing too, was to be done at once; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating all intermingled; it was all the materials of each jumbled together; while in the midst of all, there were questions to be asked and answered on all sides; the adventures of the *Victory*, our own escapes, the politics of England, and the news which was now four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and all was done for all of us, which care and kindness could perform.—Night at length brought quiet and serious thoughts; and I trust there was not one man among us who did not then express, where it was due, his gratitude for that interposition which had raised us all from a despair which none could now forget, and had brought us from the very borders of a not distant grave, to life, and friends, and civilization. Long accustomed, however, to a cold bed on the hard snow, or the bare rock, few could sleep amid the comfort of our new accommodations. I was myself compelled to leave the bed which had been kindly assigned me, and take my abode in a chair for the night;

nor did it fare much better with the rest. It was for time to reconcile us to this sudden and violent change, to break through what had become habit; and to inure us once more to the usage of our former days.—

*Capt. Ross's Second Voyage of Discovery.*

### THE PILOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,  
There's danger on the deep,  
I'll come and walk the deck with thee  
I do not dare to sleep,  
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,  
This is no place for thee;  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met,  
We all are apt to slight,  
And thou hast known these raging waves  
But to subdue their might.  
It is not apathy he cried,  
That gives this strength to me;  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulf'd  
My father's lifeless form;  
My only brother's boat went down  
In just so wild a storm;  
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not! but trust in Providence.  
Wherever thou may'st be.

### ON DEATH.

The fear of death is common to all,—There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has at one time or other shrunk from peril. Death is a certain evil, (if life be a good) Philosophy may welcome it, and passion may disregard its approach; but our instinct which is always true, first commands us to fear.—It is not so much the pain of dying, nor even the array of death, (though the *Pompa mortis* is sufficiently repelling)—but it is that tremendous thought—that vast impenetrable gloom—without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass, and no intellect pry into, that alarms us. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and heaven.

For my part, I have I confess greatly feared Death. Some persons dread annihilation. But to sleep forever without a dream—what is it if you feel it not? let me not be understood as wishing for this