

## The Pilot.

[Founded on facts related by John B. Gough.]  
 You have heard the story of Maynard. No?  
 The pilot who sailed on the north lakes? O,  
 Well, he lived about twenty years ago  
 And run from Detroit to Buffalo.  
 He generally managed to have in tow  
 A passenger craft. Sometimes the cargo  
 Was somewhat mixed: men and women, you  
 know,

On the upper deck and resin below,  
 And barre's of tar and powder; and so  
 You see it was none the safest of ways  
 To sail on the lakes in the early days.  
 In case of accident, fire or wreck,  
 There were no lifeboats lashed to the deck  
 By which to escape, and the chances were  
 If the ship went down they went down with her.

John Maynard, the pilot, was known to be  
 A God-fearing follower of the sea.  
 One day his vessel, with a full cargo,  
 Was approaching the port of Buffalo,  
 When smoke was seen coming up from below;  
 The Captain cried out, "Ho, Simpson, you go  
 And see what the matter can be below!"

The man came up, and with lifted hands,  
 And livid lips and a look of death,  
 "The ship is on fire!" he said in a breath,  
 And the Captain sternly gave commands.  
 "Fire! Fire! Fire!" filled the air  
 While death was waiting in the rigging there.  
 Fat stood by, on a wave, and laughed  
 At their manly efforts to save the craft.

It was not long till the fire licked through  
 The ribs of the ship; the fierce flames flew  
 Over the heads of the frantic crew.  
 Denser lifted the clouds of smoke  
 Louder the dauntless Captain spoke  
 Ordering passengers, crew and all  
 To the forward deck; all obeyed the call,  
 Except John Maynard, who stood alone,  
 At the helm, as firm as a column stone.

In clarion tones the Captain spoke  
 Through the whirling clouds of fire and smoke;  
 "John Maynard!" rolled in a hurried whir,  
 And back came the answer, "Aye, aye, sir!"  
 "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, Sir!" came  
 Again through the rolling sea of flame.  
 "How does she head?" the Captain said,  
 "Sou'east by east, sir!" On she sped  
 A living flame and a floating hell  
 As the fires flashed and the timbers fell.  
 "Head her sou'east and run her on shore!"  
 Rang out in clarion tones once more.

Nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore.  
 In terror the Captain called once more:  
 "John Maynard!" feebly the answer came,  
 "Aye, aye, sir!" from the hero beyond the flame.  
 "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"  
 "God helping me I'll try to hold on!"  
 Was the answer that lagged through the heated  
 air  
 From the lips of the old man standing there.

His hair was scorched from the scalp, and he  
 Was breathing the air of death at sea;  
 Yet firm he stood as a martyr might stand,  
 His knee on the stanchion and his crisped hand  
 Clutched at the wheel. He braved it through.  
 He beached the ship and he saved the crew  
 And passengers. Not a man was lost  
 Except John Maynard. He was tossed  
 Forward and fell, to rise no more,  
 Just as the flaming ship struck the shore,  
 And some of the sailors that saw it, swore  
 They saw the soul of the pilot rise  
 Out of the flames into Paradise.

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—By Hood Alston.