

**COLLATION OF THE *POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL & EAGLE*
AND THE *CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAGAZINE***

	<i>Poughkeepsie Journal & Eagle</i> (July 19, 1845)	<i>The Church of England Magazine</i> (June 7, 1845)
	The First Known American Publication	The First Known British Publication
	THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE	THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE
1 5 10 15 20	<p>It was on a pleasant May morning that a steam-vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo, on lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea- lakes for which America is so famous; and, as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in one after another, you might well think that you were looking at the green ocean itself. The Jersey – for that was the name of the steamer – was dressed out with many bright flags: the Blue Peter, the signal of immediate sailing, was at her mainmast-head: porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarreling with each other for passengers; travellers hurrying backwards and forwards to look for their luggage; friends shaking hands, and bidding each other farewell; idlers lounging about, with their hands in their pockets; car-drivers jangling for a larger fare; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering place.</p>	<p>It was on a pleasant May morning that a Steam-vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo, on lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea-lakes for which America is so famous; and, as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in one after another, you might well think that you were looking at the green ocean itself. The Jersey – for that was the name of the steamer – was dressed gaily out with many bright flags: the Blue Peter, the signal of immediate sailing, was at her mainmast-head: porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers; travellers hurrying backwards and forwards to look for their luggage; friends shaking hands, and bidding each other farewell; idlers lounging about, with their hands in their pockets; car-drivers jangling for a larger fare; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering place.</p>
25 30	<p>But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and, leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward, and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day; and, as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation on politics; some sat apart, and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house, some were wrapped up in the book with which they were en-</p>	<p>But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and, leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward, and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day; and, as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation on politics; some sat apart, and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house; some were wrapped up in the book with which they were en-</p>

35	<p>gaged; and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, let danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be that day.</p>	<p>gaged; and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, let danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be that day.</p>
40 45 50 55	<p>It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southwards; Erie, the place to which it was bound, lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel; a bluff, weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a burning summer day, and by many a winter tempest. He had truly learnt to be content with his situation: none could ever say that they had heard him re-pine at his hard labor and scanty pay. He had, in the worst times, a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown: cast, often enough, into bad company, he tried, at least, and generally succeeded, to say or do something for its good. He was , from one end of lake Erie to the other, by the name of honest John Maynard; and the secret of his honesty to his neighbors, was his love of God.</p>	<p>It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southwards. Erie, the place to which it was bound, lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel; a bluff, weather beaten sailor, tanned by many a burning summer day, and by many a winter tempest. He had truly learnt to be content with his situation: none could ever say that they had heard him re-pine at his hard labor and scanty pay. He had, in the worst times, a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown: cast, often enough, into bad company, he tried, at least, and generally succeeded, to say or do something for its good. He was known, from one end of lake Erie to the other, by the name of honest John Maynard; and the secret of his honesty to his neighbors was his love of God.</p>
60	<p>The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from his cabin, cried to a sailor: “Dick Fletcher, What’s all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?”</p>	<p>The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from his cabin, cried to a sailor: – “Dick Fletcher, What’s all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?”</p>
65	<p>“It’s from the engine-room, Sir, I guess,” said the man.</p>	<p>“Its from the engine room, sir, I guess,” said the man.</p>
65	<p>“Down with you, then, and let me know.”</p>	<p>“Down with you, then, and let me know.”</p>
70	<p>The sailor began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when up he came with much greater speed.</p>	<p>The sailor began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when up he came with much greater speed.</p>
75	<p>“The hold’s on fire, Sir,” he said to the captain, who by this time was standing close to him.</p>	<p>“The hold’s on fire, sir,” he said to the captain, who by this time was standing close to him.</p>
75	<p>The captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow: no one had seen the accident; and now not only much of the luggage, but the sides of the vessel were in a smouldering flame.</p>	<p>The captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow: no one had seen the accident; and now not only much of the luggage, but the sides of the vessel were in a smouldering flame.</p>
80	<p>All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together; and two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and repassed; they were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the</p>	<p>All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together; and two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and repassed; they were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the</p>

	<p>“Could you hold on five minutes longer?”</p> <p>“I’ll try, Sir.”</p> <p>140 And he did try; the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him; his hair was singed; his blood seemed on fire with the great heat.</p> <p>145 Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand, till the flesh shrivelled, and the muscles cracked in the flame; and then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan.</p> <p>150 It was enough for him that he heard the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats; the cry of the captain, “the women first, and then every man for himself, and God for us all.” And they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known,</p> <p>155 whether dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavoring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell.</p> <p>160 At the moment the vessel struck, the boats were at her side; the passengers, sailors, and captain leaped into them, or swam for their lives: all, save he to whom they owed everything, escaped.</p> <p>165 He had died the death of a Christian hero – I had almost said, of a martyr; his spirit was commended into his Father’s hands, and his body sleeps in peace by the green side of lake Erie.</p>	<p>“Can you hold on five minutes longer?”</p> <p>“I’ll try, sir.”</p> <p>And he did try; the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him; his hair was singed; his blood seemed on fire with the great heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand, till the flesh shrivelled, and the muscles cracked in the flame; and then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he heard the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats; the cry of the captain, “The women first, and then every man for himself, and God for us all.” And they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known: whether, dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavouring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell. At the moment the vessel struck the boats were at her side: passengers, sailors, and captain leaped into them, or swam for their lives; all, save he to whom they owed everything, escaped.</p> <p>He had died the death of a Christian hero – I had almost said, of a martyr; his spirit was commended into his Father’s hands, and his body sleeps in peace by the green side of lake Erie.</p>
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-Norman Barry, Oct. 3, 2018