



From the New York Ledger.

### THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Brave fellows, in my day,  
Have I beheld,—  
Bravo on the quarter-deck,  
Brave in the hour of wrook,  
Brave where no hope impelled  
And death before them lay.

But if you ask of me,  
Who of them all  
First to my thought appears,  
Bright through the mist of years,  
Foremost at memory's call,—  
This would my answer be:

John Maynard, he's the first—  
Here's to his fame!  
He of the Ocean Queen,  
He of that fearful scene,  
Who, out of smoke and flame,  
On us a savior burst.

Crowded with passengers  
Was our good boat;  
Crossing Lake Erie, we  
Hardly the shore could see,  
When came that dreadful note  
Which most the heart-blood stirs—

"Fire!" And the captain cried,  
"See to it there!  
Wheel, ho! Whose hand is on?"  
"John Maynard's," "Steady, John!  
East-south-east let her bear!"  
"Aye, aye, sir!" John replied.

John, a rough sailor-lad—  
Why should he stay?  
Thrust at by tongues of fire,  
There at his post expires?  
"Fly, John, at once! Away  
Where rescue may be had!"

True, all to God in thee  
Look now for aid;  
Trembling in view of death,  
Men, women hold their breath—  
But shall they safe be made  
Through the deep agony?

Swathed round with flame and smoke,  
John still held on:  
"Only five minutes more,  
And we may jump ashore,  
Steady!" the captain spoke.  
"Steady it is," said John.

"One minute longer, John,  
Can you remain?"  
"Aye, with God's help, I can,"  
Quoth the lad, grown to man  
In that extreme of pain,  
With crown celestial on.

Up, on its wings of flame,  
Up drove the keel;  
Up to the shelving beach,  
Out of the billows' reach,  
Where men could leap and kneel,  
All with a glad acclaim.

"Saved! All are saved!" one cries—  
"Three hundred saved!  
John Maynard—where is he?  
Bring him forth! Let us see  
Him who the fire-fiend braved!"  
"Hush! There, in death, he lies!"

Obituary: Jan.  
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Inter Ocean*,

EVERY schoolboy, and every man who has been a schoolboy, is familiar with the name of Epes Sargent, whose collections of school declamations have been as commonly used as Ray's arithmetic or Webster's spelling-book. Epes Sargent died at Boston last week, at the age of 72. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and entered a literary career at an early age as one of the editors of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. Afterward he was engaged with that well-known writer, Samuel Goodrich, in the preparation of juvenile books, chief of which were the well-thumbed and universally popular "Peter Parley Series." He was employed in journalism at the same time, being connected with the *Atlas*, the *Transcript*, and other Boston papers. During his life he wrote many plays and much poetry, being the author of the popular song:

"A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds their revels keep."